SYMPOSIUM

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Desiring **truth**, awaiting it,

Laboriously Distilling

a few words,

For ever

Desiring-

a cry starts to the **left,** another to the right.

Wheels STRIKE divergently. Omnibuses comglomerate in conflict-for ever desiring

The clock asseverates with twelve distinct strokes that it is midday;

For ever desiring TRUTH.

For ever desiring

swarm

light sheds gold scales; children

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★This cover was inspired by Virginia Woolf's short story "Monday or Tuesday." Searching for the right answer and endlessly desiring truth is what gives our lives meaning, and I believe we never have to stop questioning what we know, see and experience. So keep on searching….

CONTENTS

WOMEN AND TEXTILES IN PHILIP SIDNEY'S *THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE'S ARCADIA*

Molly Mann

There is a curious scene in Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* in which Pamela, who has thus far been a fairly silent character, suddenly delivers perhaps the most eloquent speech in the romance. It is a prolonged refusal of Cecropia's advice that she be more amenable to Amphialus' advances. Rebuffed by Philoclea, Cecropia seeks out Pamela to see if she will be more receptive of her son's ardor. She finds the latter sister plying her needle to embroider a purse. What is remarkable about Sidney's description of this scene is that, in praising both the purse and its embroiderer, he fuses the two into one image:

> …the cloth looking with many eyes upon her, and lovingly embracing the wounds she gave it. The shears also were at hand to behead the silk that was grown too short, and if at any time she put her mouth to bite it off, it seemed that, where she had been long in making of a rose with her hands, she would in an instant make roses with her lips–as the lilies seemed to have their whiteness rather of the hand that made them than of the matter whereof they were made. (Sidney 354–355)

While the image of Pamela plying her needle patiently in captivity is very nearly hagiographic, circling this image are numerous economic and political tensions. It ties her to a practice that engages female empowerment and even aggression. Gloria Ferrari, author of *Figures of Speech: Men and Maidens in Ancient Greece,* notes how in classical antiquity the figure of the woman at her needle was both definitive of femininity and resistant to men. Citing Penelope, King Minos' daughters, Philomela, and Clytemnestra, to name just a few, Ferrari identifies textile work as a site of female agency and rebellion.

During the early modern period, the image of the female sewing or weaving remained tied to the concept of femininity, and specifically to chastity, as a signal virtue within that concept. But this image was one that retained its classical associations with female empowerment and resistance to the rule of men. Indeed, this association would have been even more palpable in early modern Europe given the cultural location of the textile industry and the very real way in which it empowered women. Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* is one of the major early modern texts that considers the complicated relation between the idealized woman as chaste and subordinate to male rule, and the image of woman as textile worker. His portrayal of Pamela, when viewed in this context, complicates and deconstructs the very ideal of femininity that the romance is ostensibly trying to uphold. In this essay, I will focus specifically on the lace trade because, due to its novelty and commercial importance in the sixteenth century, it renders the economic and political issues endemic to the early modern textile trade overall especially evident.

Sidney portrays Pamela as an exemplar of chastity, for she resists Musidorus' advances and Cecropia's proposals. The purse she embroiders remains shut, sealing its treasure within. Contrasted with her sister, Philoclea, Pamela has "more majesty" and "high thoughts, who avoids not pride with not knowing her excellencies, but by making that one of her excellencies to be void of pride" (Sidney 17). And in the passage following the purse scene, Pamela proves her character by resisting Cecropia's flattery:

> I fear me you will make me not only think myself fairer than ever I did, but think my fairness a matter of greater value than heretofore I could imagine it, for I ever till now conceived these conquests you spake of rather to proceed from the weakness of the conquered than from the strength of the conquering power...certainly, methinks, [beauty] ought to be held in dearness according to the excellency; and no more than we would do of things which we account precious, ever to suffer it to be defiled. (17)

Pamela's chastity is expressed by her ignorance of her own power as a beautiful and virtuous woman. It has very little to do with her actual sexual practices and more to do with her unwillingness to appreciate and assert her own value.

Pamela as a character representing chastity has been written about by numerous scholars. So, too, has the connection between women's bodies as economic units and the clothes they wear. For example, Melissa Mowry, in her article, "Dressing Up and Dressing Down: Prostitution, Pornography, and the Seventeenth-Century English Textile Industry" argues that societies, specifically Restoration England, express concern over women's bodies in economic terms. Textiles, like lace, as much as they are commodities themselves are also agents of the commodification of women. They are the tools with which women advertise themselves for a male consumer: the more marketable the woman, the finer her attire. And since chastity very often determined a woman's eligibility, this virtue became associated with female adornment. Though Mowry's article focuses on England during the Restoration period, most of what she says is based on realities of the English textile industry that began not in the 17th but in the 16th century. Nowhere is this more evident than in the highly lucrative and highly political lace trade.

Lace in the form that we know it, or pillow-lace, is a technological innovation of the early modern period. Though the technique of weaving nets is mentioned in Homer, and that of gold and silver embroidery began in the 13th century in Europe, lace that consisted of both ground and "gimp," or pattern, did not appear until the sixteenth century. There is no scholarly consensus on the actual

origin of lace. Most sources identify Italy as the birthplace of needlepoint, whereas Flanders is credited with the less expensive, more widely distributed bobbin lace. Pillow lace was a development of the latter technique: a skein of thread and bobbins are set against a hard pillow or bolster, and the threads are twisted, crossed, and braided to form a pattern.

Once linen thread was substituted for its predecessor, gold or silver, pillow lace proliferated throughout Europe until it was found in almost every household, noble and common alike. Formerly only used for ecclesiastical purposes, by the end of the 16th century, lace took on a profusion of uses for both household and personal adornment. As such, it became a formidable economic force, especially for women. Once learned, making pillow lace is an easy skill, and the cost of tools and working materials is so low that profit is derived almost entirely from the manual labor needed to produce it. The washability and elegance of lace also make it both practical and aesthetically pleasing. With all these factors in its favor, lace took on a wide usage that roughly compares to that of denim in the 20th century.

As an industry that was lucrative, centered on personal beautification, and driven by women, lace-making became a source of concern about women's economic and political empowerment. Not surprisingly, these concerns became conflated with broader anxieties about chastity. Lace-making was advertised as a way to keep women chaste by supplying them with work to distract them from their own beauty, which, ironically, lace was designed to enhance. John Ostaus, in the title page to his 1567 book of lace patterns, described the task as, "A most delightful way of occupying your daughters with work, such as the chaste Roman Lucretia gave her maidens" (qtd. in Von Boehn 69). A Venetian pattern book from 10 years earlier also remarked on lace-making as being, "a work not only beautiful, but useful and necessary" (qtd. in Jackson 16). In other words, lace, like Pamela, was beautiful but existed for other, more functional purposes.

Lace-making kept women's idle hands from soiling their chastity while feeding the English textile industry. "[The] well-disciplined textile laborer's body

[w]as the economic and social foundation that allows paternal reproduction to continue unfettered" (Mowry 87). But placing such a huge economic commodity in the hands of women gave them power within the confines of their social roles as "well-disciplined" textile laborers, power that the very practice of keeping them busy with their needles was meant to disarm. With this in mind, it should come as no surprise that the legends surrounding the origins of lace are bound up in questions about how women should both support and comport themselves.

In one legend, a young girl, often named Serena, was the most adept seamstress in all of Bruges. One afternoon, Serena sat under a tree and prayed earnestly for a miracle to provide her with the means to care for her ailing mother who had fallen suddenly and seriously ill. At the close of her prayer, a spider web suddenly fell onto her black apron. Its beauty so struck Serena that she went home and replicated the pattern with her needle and thread. The elegance and delicacy of her finished product led men and women from all corners of the world to want to purchase a sample, and Serena could therefore afford the medicine to save her mother's life. The passivity of the woman in this tale, like Pamela's in the *Arcadia*, is striking. The girl's very name, "Serena," and the way in which the idea for lace must literally fall into her lap, strip her of agency. While she is taking control of her family's economic welfare through her textile work, the conditions in which she does so allow her to uphold the image of the passive and disempowered woman.

This happy and morally instructive tale of the origins of lace-making is certainly apocryphal, but the tendency to subordinate the women actually involved in the lace trade to the appropriate moral frame can be seen in the story of Barbara Uttmann. Barbara was born in 1514 in Utterlein, where her father worked with the mines of the Saxon Hartz Mountains. She married Christopher Uttmann, a wealthy mining overseer. According to the tale, she learned the skill of bobbin lace-making from a Protestant who had been exiled from Brabant by the Duke of Alva. Later, after observing the mountain girls making nets for the miners to wear over their hair, Barbara taught them to develop their work into a plain lace ground. Receiving aid from Flanders, she set up a workshop at Annaberg, where she invented various simple patterns. Uttmann's workshop grew to employ 30,000 people. Upon her death at the age of 61, Uttmann left behind 65 children and grandchildren,

realizing a prophecy made during her lifetime that her descendants would equal in number the bobbins of the first piece of lace she ever made. Her tomb in Annaberg is inscribed: "Here lies Barbara Uttmann, died 14th January, 1575, whose invention of lace in the year 1561 made her the benefactress of the Hartz Mountains" (qtd. in Palliser 255). The association of her lace production with her children and her status as a "benefactress" translate Uttmann's entrepreneurial success into terms more appropriate to the ideal of woman as mother and nurturer.

The stories of how lace came to England are similarly wrapped in moral instruction. One legend is that Catherine of Aragon introduced pillow lace to England, and it is true that Henry VIII's first queen sewed quite a bit. Most of the work attributed to her, however, is embroidery. There is a type of lace called Catherine of Aragon lace, which is very distinct from other bobbin laces in that the gimp goes through the center of the design. The Kat stitch is also associated with her; it is an intricate one, requiring eight bobbins rather than the usual four. However, the association of these lace products with Catherine of Aragon cannot be substantiated, and it is more likely that the Catherine who married Henry VIII has been confused with St. Catherine, the patron saint of spinners and weavers who died A.D. 307, but the confusion speaks to the tendency to blur the realities of lace manufacture with the legends of saintly women.

In reality, lace production was a business. Women and girls sewed at home and brought their goods to the nearby villages every Saturday to receive payment from their village agents. Any material could be sewn into lace, even human hair. The best English lace, though, was made from pure linen imported from the continent. As in most cottage industries, lace-makers received a disproportionately low percentage of the total profit of the trade, but the fact stands that lace was a formidable commodity, the production of which was controlled almost entirely by women.

How formidable was it? So much so that it was smuggled across borders in coffins and, according to one fantastical story, under the false skins of dogs. However, the reality is perhaps more impressive than the legends. Jacob van Eyck aptly called

the fabric "a fine web, which feeds the pride of the whole globe" (qtd. in Von Boehn 89). Lace was essential to the Flemish economy, which was the primary source of England's lace imports beginning in 1554. It helped save Flanders from ruin when religious persecutions drove out most Flemish craftsmen. These refugees then taught lace-making to others, mostly women like Barbara Uttmann, in all northern European countries. Charles V, Holy Roman Emperor, ordered all girls to be taught lace-making from the age of five in schools and convents, to ensure that production would continue steadily. By the age of 10, these girls were able to earn their own livings sewing lace, mostly working from home. England introduced protectionist policies in an effort to increase home production and reduce its reliance on foreign imports. The 1532-33 "Act for Reformation of Excess in Apparel" dictates that "myxted joyned, garder or browdered articles of lynnenn cloth be only allowed when the same be wrought within this realm of England, Wales, Berwick, Calais, or the Marches." In the south and southeast of England, where many Protestant refugees from the Low Countries arrived with lace-making skills between 1563 and 1568, wives and daughters could earn money sewing lace when the fishing boats could not go out because of harsh weather. But these mundane stories of working class women taking initiative and contributing directly to their families' economic stability are less attractive, ideologically speaking, than the stories of queens and saints plying their needles as an attribute of their purity and nobility.

Indeed, the growing importance of this predominantly female labor became a source of great concern. By 1590, Philip II actually outlawed lace production for fear that it would give women *too much* economic power; by that point, many women were choosing lace rather than domestic service or other labors to make their livings. This law did not stand, however, as the political and economic value of lace production eclipsed concerns about the economic empowerment of the women who dominated it. One casualty of this economic reality was the idea of textile work as a means of enforcing an ideal of woman as a passive, disempowered, and chaste servant of patriarchal authority. The lace trade gave women precisely the power and autonomy that it was supposed to circumscribe. It is in this context that we must reconsider the image of Pamela working her needle.

Chastity is of great concern in the *Arcadia*. Pamela and her sister are disguised as shepherdesses and kept away from men so that their virginities are not threatened, and the tension of the romance centers on the attempts by Musidorus and Pyrocles to surmount this obstacle of chastity. Because Sidney so ennobles Pamela for resisting the advances of Cecropia on behalf of her son and Musidorus to surrender her virginity, it would seem that he is reinforcing early notions of female chastity. But the image of Pamela at her needle is such a vexed one, that it instead reveals how deeply complicated those notions are.

We are introduced to Pamela not through an observation of her own speech and actions, but through a painting. Kalander's introduction of Basilius' wife and daughters, paired with their depiction, shows them "so beyond measure excellent" (Sidney 16). He describes Pamela "who avoids not pride with not knowing her excellencies, but by making that one of her excellencies to be void of pride," as having "high thoughts, wisdom, greatness nobility [and] constant temper" (16). Of the two daughters, there is

> ...more sweetness in Philoclea, but more majesty in Pamela….methought Philoclea's beauty only persuaded—but so persuaded as all hearts must yield, Pamela's beauty used violence—and such violence as no heart could resist. (16)

Sidney tells us all we apparently need to know about Pamela through this fixed image of the painting. She is not proud, but rather noble, which would appear to mean that she chooses silence over promoting her own merits. Her excellence as a woman relies on her having violent beauty, but "constant temper;" her appeal is more to the eye than anything else. Yet Sidney's mention of her beauty's "violence" suggests her great potential as an empowered and dangerous woman. According to the force of this last statement, it seems that the dimensions of the painting are barely enough to hold her.

Pamela's needlework brings action to this static image. In describing Pamela's embroidering of her purse, Sidney speaks of Pamela's merits by praising "the fineness of her work" and her "undeceiving skill." The purse's value is directly proportionate to Pamela's own; both are judged by their beauty and delicacy. But

Pamela's embroidery is an act of creation. She is, in essence, generating her own value through her industry, literally reproducing within the text the values that the painted image of her passively embodies. What appears to be an effort on Sidney's part to make this female character one-dimensional in effect makes her an actor on her own behalf. Her chastity, represented by the closed purse, is something she herself creates, appreciates, and asserts. Both represent a commodification in which value seems granted by the beholder, though its true creator is the woman or embroiderer herself.

It is fitting that this image of Pamela reproducing and communicating her value through her needlework is interrupted by Cecropia. If Pamela is the exemplar of chastity and femininity, Cecropia is that of female debasement in the particular form of an unabashedly aggressive and assertive woman. Her name is the feminine version of Cecrops, the mythical Athenian ruler who subdued women through marriage. Bi-Qi Beatrice Lei, in an article entitled, "Rational Antifeminism in Sidney's *Arcadia,"* identifies her as the greatest misogynist in Sidney's text. Cecropia treats women, as patriarchy does, as governed solely by their anatomy. Cecropia even advocates rape, assuring her son, Amphialus, that "'no' is no negative in a woman's mouth" and that women "delight in those weapons of ravishing" (Sidney 402). If a woman is merely a sexual body, it is impossible for her to remain chaste without an overriding male authority. In Sidney's text, Cecropia embodies the ugliest aspects of patriarchy, which in the form of a woman are monstrous.

But Cecropia's sexual aggression is really only a symptom of her generally enterprising nature. If she argues that women are governed by their sexuality, she seems to be governed rather by ambition. As a young woman, she carefully plotted her future, agreeing to marry the brother of a king only because his succession to the throne of Arcadia seemed certain. As his wife, she understands her value as a cultural object and puts herself on display: "my port and pomp did well become a king of Argos' daughter" (Sidney 318). But she is not content to remain a silent object. She articulates her own value:

In my presence, their tongues were turned into ears, and their ears were captives unto my tongue. Their eyes admired my majesty; and happy was he or she on whom I would suffer the beams thereof to fall. (318)

Her pride contrasts sharply with Parthenia who meekly relies on outside report to advertise her worth. Cecropia's lack of chastity, therefore, is more than her sexual aggression. It has much to do with her high ambition and outspokenness, as well.

In the *Arcadia*, chastity emerges as a virtue that is not synonymous with virginity, but rather with submission to male authority. Pamela's feminine ideal rests on her unwillingness to assert her own value, value that is illustrated by the purse she embroiders. Yet Sidney's image of the female at her needle complicates this equation. The association of women with weaving and textiles is classically imbued with resistance to male authority, but here it is used to illustrate acquiescence to the confines of a patriarchal social structure. The realities of the lace trade in England at the time that Sidney is writing compound this irony. Lace was so profitable, and so adaptable to the conditions under which women could work, that it easily became a tool by which women could empower themselves economically. And yet, the cultural rhetoric of the time portrayed lace-making as a practice that would keep women chaste and therefore passive. Imprisoned, like Pamela, within a misogynist and heavily patriarchal society, early modern women held the keys to their cells in the same hands as their embroidery needles.

Pamela remains a resistant and triumphant character to the end of the *Arcadia*. Indeed, it is her very resistance to male encroachment that makes her noble and heroic and allows her to preserve her chastity through the end of Sidney's romance. Ironically, she does so by asserting an agency that the image of Pamela cloistered with her needle would seem to remove.

Pamela not only resists Cecropia's advances on behalf of Amphialus, but she also scorns the shepherdess Zelmane's urgings for her to entertain the villain Anaxius' advances so that he will spare her and her sister. When Anaxius threatens Pamela and her sister, Philoclea nears despair. She declares herself, "so beaten with the evils of life

that, though I had not virtue enough to despise the sweetness of it, yet my weakness bred that strength to be weary of the pains of it" (Sidney 318). She turns to Pamela as her moral guide, her "schoolmistress": "I see a light of comfort appear and how can I tread amiss, that see Pamela's steps?" (451). True to character, Pamela maintains a heroic defiance, daring death to come, "and put on his worst face, for at the worst it is but a bugbear. Joy is it to me to see you so well resolved; and since the world will not have us, let it lose us" (451). These words, almost a battle cry, do not fit with the image of a submissive woman, quietly plying her needle in captivity. That is because when placed in its proper context, the image itself connotes something far different from female submission.

Anaxius, when he sees Pamela, is filled with desire for her, a desire that has power to weaken his evil resolve against the sisters. The beams of her majesty, "so strake his eyes with such a counterbuff unto his pride that, if his anger could not so quickly love, nor his pride so easily honour, yet both were forced to find a worthiness" (451). Anaxius' reaction to the sight of Pamela fulfills Kalander's statement that "Pamela's beauty used violence, and such violence as no heart could resist" (452). Unlike the violence associated with Cecropia's character, Pamela's violence is a force for good. Anaxius begins to treat Zelmane with more respect after falling in love with Pamela, for "a new lesson he had read in Pamela had already taught him some regard" (16). Without even opening her mouth, Pamela has furthered the cause of women in the *Arcadia*. Zelmane quickly understands Anaxius' vulnerable position as a valuable tool for temporizing with him. But Pamela will have none of it. She scorns Anaxius' advances, "putting him away with her fair hand," and assuring him, "I think thee far fitter to be my hangman than my husband!" (453). It is interesting that Sidney makes a point of remarking on Pamela's hand here. It is the weapon with which she defends her chastity and, perhaps not coincidentally, the agent of her needlework.

When understood within the context of 16th century lace-making and the connotations surrounding a woman sewing in captivity, the image of Pamela in the *Arcadia* and the virtue associated with her take on new meaning. The qualities that make Pamela "[v]irtuous and fair" have less to do with meekness and obedience to

men than it does with resistance to men and dignified rebellion against anything but her own will (454). She is only able to preserve her chastity in the sexual aspect of the term simply because she is *not* submissive. It is with her hands, her weapons of defense and agency, that she is able to do so.

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A Ballad to the Moon

Translation by Aleksandra Terzieva

Ballade à la lune

A Ballad to the Moon

C'était, dans la nuit brune,
Sur le clocher jauni,
La lune
Comme un point sur un i.

The night was maroon
Over the yellowed steeple on high,
The moon
Was like the dot of an i.

Lune, quel esprit sombre
Promène au bout d'un fil,
Dans l'ombre,
Ta face et ton profil?

Moon, what somber spirit takes
Your side and your front for a stroll
In the shade
By pulling the end of a rope?

Es-tu l'oeil du ciel borgne?
Quel chérubin cafard
Nous lorgne
Sous ton masque blafard?

Aren't you the orb of the one-eyed sky?
Which damned cherub gives us
The eye
Behind your pallid mask?

N'es-tu rien qu'une boule,
Qu'un grand faucheux bien gras
Qui roule
Sans pattes et sans bras?

Are you nothing but a ball,
A fat daddy-long-legs,
Which crawls
With no arms and no legs?

Es-tu, je t'en soupçonne,	Aren't you, what I suspect you're like,
Le vieux cadran de fer	The iron gimble, as the old times tell,
Qui sonne	Which strikes
L'heure aux damnés d'enfer?	The hour of the doomed to hell?
Sur ton front qui voyage.	By reading your wanderlust front,
Ce soir ont-ils compté	This eve could they divine
Quel âge	How long
A leur éternité?	Would be their lifetime?
Est-ce un ver qui te ronge	Is that a worm that gnaws you all along
Quand ton disque noirci	And, while your disk turns evanescent,
S'allonge	Prolongs
En croissant rétréci?	Into a thin crescent?
Qui t'avait éborgnée,	Who poked your eye out, chump?
L'autre nuit ? T'étais-tu	That night, did you, gee,
Cognée	Bump
A quelque arbre pointu?	Into some pointed tree?
Car tu vins, pâle et morne	You are pale and forlorn
Coller sur mes carreaux	As you come to enchain
Ta corne	Your horn
À travers les barreaux.	Across the bars of my windowpane.
Va, lune moribonde,	Go, moribund moon–
Le beau corps de Phébé	Blond Phoebe's beautiful body's
La blonde	Swooned
Dans la mer est tombé.	Into the sea.
Tu n'en es que la face	All that you are is a face
Et déjà, tout ridé,	Yet, wrinkles can be seen;
S'efface	It fades–
Ton front dépossédé.	Your lackluster mien.
Rends-nous la chasseresse,	Give us back the white huntress
Blanche, au sein virginal,	With the virginal heart,
Qui presse	To press
Quelque cerf matinal!	Some early-rising hart!

Oh ! sous le vert platane
Sous les frais coudriers,
Diane,
Et ses grands lévriers!

Le chevreau noir qui doute,
Pendu sur un rocher,
L'écoute,
L'écoute s'approcher.

Et, suivant leurs curées,
Par les vaux, par les blés,
Les prées,
Ses chiens s'en sont allés.

Oh! le soir, dans la brise,
Phoebé, soeur d'Apollo,
Surprise
A l'ombre, un pied dans l'eau!

Phoebé qui, la nuit close,
Aux lèvres d'un berger
Se pose,
Comme un oiseau léger.

Lune, en notre mémoire,
De tes belles amours
L'histoire
T'embellira toujours.

Et toujours rajeunie,
Tu seras du passant
Bénie,
Pleine lune ou croissant.

T'aimera le vieux pâtre,
Seul, tandis qu'à ton front
D'albâtre
Ses dogues aboieront.

Oh! Under the plane tree's verdant flora,
Under the hazels that refresh,
Diana
And her Greyhounds full of flesh.

The young goat with suspicions
Is dangling on a boulder
And listens,
Listens how she's coming closer.

And following their quarries
Through meadows, wheat, and hay
Valleys,
Her dogs are now away.

Oh! Apollo's sister Phoebe is standing
In the breeze, one foot water-deep.
How surprising
She is, in the shade of the eve!

At the night's close
Phoebe is as light as a feather
And she falls
On the lips of a shepherd.

Moon, in living memory,
With your sweet love coo
History
Will always embellish you.

You will always be revived,
Full moon or crescent,
And glorified
By those who are present.

In you the old shepherd will delight,
While his mastiffs will bark at your
Side,
Made of alabaster core.

T'aimera le pilote	In you the pilot will delight,
Dans son grand bâtiment,	In his ship of grand size
Qui flotte,	In flight,
Sous le clair firmament!	Beneath the cloudless sky.
Et la fillette preste	And the nimble gal, who passes
Qui passe le buisson,	in the brush along,
Pied leste,	Ballast,
En chantant sa chanson.	While singing her song.
Comme un ours à la chaîne,	Like a chain-drawn beast
Toujours sous tes yeux bleus	Below your blue eyes will remain
Se traîne	Unreleased
L'océan montueux.	The hilly main.
Et qu'il vente ou qu'il neige	Whether wind blows or it snows,
Moi-même, chaque soir,	Every night while I
Que fais-je,	Repose,
Venant ici m'asseoir?	Why do I here lie?
Je viens voir à la brune,	I come to see in the maroon,
Sur le clocher jauni,	Over the yellowed steeple on high,
La lune	The moon
Comme un point sur un i.	Is like the dot of an i.
Peut-être quand déchante	Perhaps when a poor husband has
Quelque pauvre mari,	A pretty bad day,
Méchante,	You, alas,
De loin tu lui souris.	Viciously grin from far away.
Dans sa douleur amère,	As if put to the torture, the mother
Quand au gendre béni	Delivers the key to the nest
La mère	To her
Livre la clef du nid,	Son-in-law, already blessed.
Le pied dans sa pantoufle,	With feet in slippers, Halt!
Voilà l'époux tout prêt	The husband, all lustful,
Qui souffle	Blows out
Le bougeoir indiscret.	The indiscreet candle.

Au pudique hyménée	After the prudish marriage
La vierge qui se croit	The virgin thinks he is taking
Menée,	Advantage,
Grelotte en son lit froid,	As she lies in her cold bed, trembling.
Mais monsieur tout en flamme	But the gentleman all aflame
Commence à rudoyer	Begins to mistreat
Madame,	The dame,
Qui commence à crier.	Who begins to shriek.
"Ouf ! dit–il, je travaille,	"Phew!" he said, "I'm working,
Ma bonne, et ne fais rien	My dear, and I don't think it will
Qui vaille;	Be worth it;
Tu ne te tiens pas bien."	You don't behave well."
Et vite il se dépêche.	And he is promptly up to speed.
Mais quel démon caché	But which secret demon then
L'empêche	Impedes
De commettre un péché?	His committing a sin?
"Ah! dit–il, prenons garde.	"Ah!" he says, "beware.
Quel témoin curieux	What curious witness
Regarde	Stares
Avec ces deux grands yeux?"	With these two huge eyes?"
Et c'est, dans la nuit brune,	The night is maroon,
Sur son clocher jauni,	Over the yellowed steeple on high,
La lune	The moon
Comme un point sur un i.	Is like the dot of an i.

Alfred de Musset

THE COMIC VISION

Lauren Vetrano

Just one A in my life–oh, when have I ever wanted an A just once in my life?
(Hempel 95)

When it comes to the comic vision, *The Brady Bunch* said it best. With fringed bell bottoms and blindingly white smiles, they sang about one of the crucial elements of comedy: "When it's time to change, you've got to rearrange."

Though the phrasing differs, Edward Galligan delivers the same message: "The comic vision requires that those who live by it welcome, however ruefully, time and change." It may not be as lyrical, and there may not be any choreography to go with it, but *The Brady Bunch* and Galligan speak to the points of view of Donald Barthelme's Edgar in "The School," Ron Carlson's poor Rick in "Bigfoot Stole My Wife," Colette's Alice in "The Other Wife" and the anonymous speaker in Amy Hempel's "Memoir." These four characters share a comic vision that allows them to acknowledge the ever-changing environments they live in and, in turn, adapt to their surroundings despite their "rueful" outlooks.

To comics, irregularity and disorder are celebrated as contradictory ideas that come into contact with each other. In such chaotic settings, the lines between what is and what appears to be become blurred. Roles are swapped, characteristics altered, and boundaries tested. According to Galligan, "lines of demarcation between the self and the not-self are neither important nor interesting" (Galligan 124). There is a sense of ambiguity in the very simple act of knowing who one is which can lead to a feeling of disorientation and confusion. However, when the comic vision is in play, it allows for a view of the world as the mess of ideas and thoughts that it is. One becomes able to bend elastically, to allow for variations. In understanding the importance of flexibility, the comic realizes one major truth about the world. Though everything seems to be running at a frenzied pace with everyone colliding, there is one aspect that remains constant: the world cannot stand still. Time and change hold all of mankind in their clutches. The comic character does not run for cover at this realization but embraces it. Time constantly moves forward, and as a mechanism of survival, the comic must allow for flexibility in attitude and emotion.

Tragic heroes and comics often face the same scary circumstances of an ever-changing world. The two, though similar, are separate in their reaction to those situations. Where a tragic hero "will collapse before the impossible task of measuring up to the fundamental situations of living and being," the comic will alter his or her behavior in order to move forward (Galligan 25). There can be no standing still, no refusal of progress, because as the comic understands, the only way of existing in the world is to adjust.

How is the comic able to stomach the often terrible aspects of reality? Lynch states that the world, although always changing, is finite. A person lives one life, and the brackets at the beginning and end are definite dates: birthday and time of death. "The finite generates understanding and acceptance," and faced with the knowledge that an endpoint is ahead, whether immediate or farther off, the comic does not collapse (as qtd. in Galligan 26). The clock is ticking. A change is going to come.

Comic characters have the inherent ability to view time as a progression "rather than as linear" (Galligan 34). One thing may come after another, but this does not guarantee a cause-and-effect relationship. Instead, Galligan believes that the cyclical and repetitive nature of change allows the comic to exist better. When the comic vision is used to understand how changes take place in the world, a person becomes better equipped to face static social and religious institutions that would prefer a fixed standard. The comic vision explores new ideas. It goes against the rigid. It opposes mechanical beliefs.

These realizations are not always pleasant, and often the comic must relate to them with sadness, regret, and a sense of loss over what once existed. The acceptance of change is what binds Edgar, Rick, Alice, and Hempel's speaker. In Donald Barthelme's "The School," Edgar is a teacher who faces the difficult task of explaining death to his students. Eagerly they ask as many questions about the issue as they can. The classroom, which should represent a place of learning and innocence for a child, is transformed into a destructive power. Somehow, all that comes into contact with the students ends up dead, from trees they have planted to a puppy held secretly in the closet. Nothing or no one is sacred, not even the Korean orphan to whom the children sent money for adoption. Tragedies are as common as show-and-tell. Eventually death becomes predictable; the students "*expect*[ing] the tropical fish to die." There is no surprise when the fish are found floating at the top of the tank (Barthelme 310).

The set-up should be horrifying with death meeting the students at every juncture. But somehow, Edgar remains comic. In the voice of a man who has lived many years beyond the children, he tells them that they "shouldn't be frightened" of death, although he admits silently to himself that he is actually "often frightened" (Barthelme 312). Lynch's theory of the comic's acceptance of the finite is demonstrated by Edgar's education of his students. Posing questions about whether or not death gives actual meaning to life, Edgar is also faced with the ultimate problem of his own maturity and eventual mortality. Death, like change, happens, and adults cannot be protected from this truth any more than the children with

their over-watered herb gardens. The life cycle moves us each along without control. While Edgar's tone throughout the story is one of confusion and perplexity, there is a sense of resignation. Death, he agrees, is "a bloody shame" but a bloody shame that nonetheless occurs every day (Barthelme 312). Both Edgar and his students move forward diligently to the eventual point where they too will suffer the same fate as Billy Brandt's father who had been knifed to death by a murderer. The cyclical nature of days that eventually end is seen as comic in Edgar's inability to sound any more of an authority on the matter than his students. He welcomes this truth with a heavy heart because he realizes he has no choice.

While Edgar faces time and change with a somber outlook, Rick hides in a fantasy world. In "Bigfoot Stole My Wife," Ron Carlson tells the story of a man whose wife, Trudy, leaves him. Rick is so unable to fathom this abandonment that he instead subscribes to an imaginary story that Bigfoot has taken her captive. He discusses in great detail the clues Bigfoot has left behind: the "spilled Dr. Pepper on the counter" and the horrible smell that physically makes him sick (Carlson 195). The problem with his story is credibility, and Rick has no problem admitting this. In fact, the story suggests that Rick himself does not buy into his own tales of abduction. There are hints of his gambling problem in his admission that he "was too busy thinking about the races" and worrying about which horse had better odds of winning at the track (Carlson 194). He is fully aware that he has made a mistake in his marriage by being inattentive to Trudy, and by ignoring her threat that someday she would not home when he returned. This failure of credibility and Rick's rueful acknowledgement of his shortcomings in the marriage are the reasons Trudy leaves him.

Sadly, Rick is a comic character. He has the comic vision. As lonely as his new wifeless world is, he does on some level accept the change. Deep down he knows the truth but he insists that he has to "believe it," suggesting that this self-imposed denial is not working. He keeps telling the story because the facts don't stick. His lie does not hold up as he wishes it would. Rick has made a series of progressive mistakes, and comically, yet slightly sadly, he welcomes the changes he has caused to

his world. Trudy could not live under the conditions he set up and so she left, made a change, and pushed her life forward. Rick has no choice but to accept this, because no matter how many times he explains that Bigfoot has taken his wife, he knows that it is not plausible. He knows neglecting her was a reason for her leaving. Though ideally he would like to believe "everything is possible," no matter how many times he repeats the chant to "believe it," she is not coming back (Carlson 199). He must accept it, as painful as it is obvious.

More subtle in her humor than Barthleme and Carlson is Colette, who, in her story "The Other Wife," illustrates how the comic vision works in relation to an ever-so-slight change of character and attitude. The story is confined to a single lunch date between Marc and his new wife, Alice. An uncomfortable situation arises when they notice Marc's ex-wife, the mysterious woman in white, sitting on the other side of the restaurant. This woman's presence interrupts the loving yet seemingly put-on show of affection between the married couple. Their enjoyment of each other, their smiles while the waiter stands by, and Marc's kissing of Alice's hand, become uncomfortable at the ex-wife's appearance. Alice looks upon her and sees a figure "whose smooth, lustrous hair reflected the light from the sea in azure patches" as she smokes her cigarette in independent sophistication (Colette 69). She exudes a sense of superiority that Alice has never experienced or felt before.

When asked about the divorce, Marc uncomfortably explains how his ex-wife was simply difficult. He mentions his inability to keep her satisfied and tries to brush off the conversation. Like Edgar in "The School," Marc is being questioned on a topic that is difficult to discuss. Edgar has the comic sensibilities to acknowledge the frustration he feels and his move toward inevitable death. Marc, however, is not comic, because instead of embracing the shift from one wife to the next, he attempts to block out the change. Alice assumes the comic position when, in an ambiguous end of ellipses, she continues to wonder what the woman in white is actually like. She views the ex-wife with "envy and curiosity" as she is leaving the restaurant (Colette 70). A change has taken place within Alice, however slight and undetectable by her husband. It is at this point, the simultaneous end of the story and beginning of what

is to come later for Alice, that she becomes truly comic in her actions. She embraces the comic vision and welcomes the change of perspective with an envious and unsure attitude.

There are no belly laughs here, and nothing about "The Other Wife" is outwardly absurd enough to be considered humorous. But comedy lies in the subtle nature of Colette's character development. Alice does not ignore the new realization that her husband might soon be as unsatisfactory to her as he was to his ex-wife. She does not turn her head away from the other seemingly "superior" and "difficult" woman with any sense of anger. Alice is curious: a comic character who sees an eventual change within herself projected onto this stranger across the restaurant. For the first time Alice can view her husband with new eyes and a new outlook that she has gained from observing a woman who sits "with an air of satisfied lassitude" (Colette 70). Instead of meeting the new information with a rigidity that would prevent her from becoming comic, she acknowledges Marc's shortcomings in his past relationship, and wonders whether or not they will soon affect her. Alice accepts the time that Marc has spent with his ex-wife as well as the time in the future when her relationship with him could possibly change. As with other comic characters, this knowledge comes with a sense of negativity, because at some point Alice too might have to leave her husband. Eventually Alice may make the progression to the position of difficult second ex-wife.

Ambiguity is one of the hallmarks of the comic vision, and like Alice's final opinion on what is in store for her, the narrator of Amy Hempel's "Memoir" is similarly vague. The short, seventeen-word piece describes the nature of desire and how it can never truly be sated. Nothing is ever wanted just once in anyone's life. Human nature constantly craves more of anything, everything. Upon declaring this "once in my life" need, the narrator immediately undercuts the statement with self-knowledge: never has anything been just a one-time venture. Life and desires are cyclical, a never-ending chain of needs that cannot be fully satisfied.

A tragic hero would view this as a personal shortcoming; inability to be

fulfilled would signal disillusionment and collapse. Hempel's narrator, however, speaks few words but is able to condense a lifetime of needs, feelings, and emotions into one sentence. The speaker admits that life is cyclical, a constant feeding off what is sought after time and time again. There is no happiness found in gaining what one believes is wanted just once in life. Self-mockery and a feeling of flippancy is felt in Hempel's "oh," which keeps the tone of the piece conversational. The overdone expression "just once" in a person's life is the object of fun and serves to move the exclamation into the comic realm. The speaker, consistently acting with a sense of humor, welcomes the pace of time. His "memoir," a supposed personal account of important moments that sum up an existence, is a one-sentence exposé of the nature of wanting and of never achieving. The cycle of desire never ends, and as time goes by, the speaker comes to terms with it.

The comic vision is seen in all forms, from *Brady Bunch* lyrics to Barthleme, Carlson, Colette, and Hempel. It differs in appearance, but then so does the nature of comedy. Time and change will always be there waiting for humans to acknowledge them. Though many characters face the cyclical nature of existence with fear and anxiety, the comic character can with realistic sadness embrace it and thrive within its confines. Edgar, Rick, Alice, and Hempel's speaker all illustrate what it is to combat the world from a comic perspective. Each views change as a given in life and under those circumstances, rueful as their feelings may be, they welcome it.

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THE UNITED NATIONS' LEGITIMACY IN THE POST–COLD WAR ERA

Yana Kusayeva

Even though the United Nations [U.N.] was established in 1945 to foster global peace and security, it focused on and reflected the agendas of the two superpowers during the Cold War: the United States [U.S.] and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics [U.S.S.R.]. The collapse of the U.S.S.R., however, allowed the United States to dominate the international arena, and caused a shift in international politics at the U.N. Since members of the U.N.'s Security Council determine the greater part of the global agenda, many international conflicts in countries not represented by the Council failed to be addressed. This situation has caused the United Nations' legitimacy and credibility to decline. Consequently, the international community has begun to demand that the Security Council be reformed to address the new challenges of the 21st century and to represent the entire global community in order to ensure world peace and stability.

During the Cold War, the gridlock in the Security Council between the communist U.S.S.R. and the democratic U.S. prevented the institution from securing world peace because it undermined the notion of a collective security. At the end of the Cold War, however, this gridlock was eliminated as the two camps reached greater understanding regarding the U.N.'s responsibility to guarantee international stability. According to Susan Hulton, senior political affairs officer in the Security Council Affairs

Division of the United Nations Department of Political Affairs [UNDPA], the number of vetoes among the permanent members of the Council declined from 270 between 1946 and 1989, to 14 between 1990 and 2003 (Hulton 238). As the Security Council took greater responsibility for ensuring global stability, the number of resolutions increased from an average of 15 per year between 1946 and 1989 to more than 60 per year thereafter (Wallenstein and Johansson 18). Unfortunately, not all of the resolutions that have passed have been successful, and some international conflicts still have not been considered.

In the post–Cold War era, the United Nations has proven to be poorly equipped to deal with the international challenges of the 21st century: the institution that should be most accountable for international peace and security does not reflect today's world, but that of the post–World War II era. The Security Council inadequately represents world governance, over-representing the North and under-representing the South. Although there are 56 nations in Asia and the Pacific, and 53 nations in Africa, there is only one permanent member representing Asia on the Security Council and none representing Africa. On the other hand, although Europe consists of only 47 countries, there are three permanent European members who possess veto power on the Council.

Misrepresentation does not stop here, however. Some countries have more leverage than others. Since the United States contributes 22 percent of the U.N.'s budget, it has the most say in U.N. affairs (Straight U.N. Facts). According to David Malone, the Assistant Deputy Minister of Global Issues in Canada's Department of Foreign Affairs, after the U.S.S.R.'s collapse "[t]he United States has emerged not only as the sole remaining superpower but also as the principal driver of the Council's agenda and decisions, passively and actively" (8). Unfortunately, even human rights violations in countries such as Rwanda were not dealt with since such a country did not represent the interest of a Security Council member. In fact, during the Rwandan upheaval, the word "genocide" itself was not used by the United States who did not want to intervene.

This misrepresentation of nation states on the Security Council encourages the continuance of unaddressed challenges. Because many problems concerning countries of the South do not concern those of the North, these problems remain unresolved. In his *In Larger Freedom,* Kofi Annan, former Secretary General of the United Nations, indicates that while wealthy nations focus on combating terrorism, proliferation of weapons, and environmental sustainability, poor nations strive for economic development, a cure for HIV/AIDS, and human rights. Although there has been a reduction in extreme poverty over the last 25 years, *In Larger Freedom* illustrates that more than a billion people still live on less than a dollar a day and have to endure "chronic hunger, disease, and environmental hazards" (7), and AIDS–"the plague of the modern world, has killed over 20 million men, women and children" and infected over 40 million people (4). However, Annan states that despite these hardships and lack of confidence in the United Nations as an international institution established to combat these challenges, "We should not despair" (5). In fact, he believes that the U.N.'s critics target the organization because they have faith that this institution has great importance on world stage: "Declining confidence in the institution is matched by a growing belief in the importance of effective multilateralism" (Annan 4).

Yet, how can the world practice "effective multilateralism" if the most powerful nation in the world has a selective commitment to multilateralism? As a superpower and major contributor to the U.N.'s budget, the United States has great clout in the international arena, and may pick and choose when to engage in multilateralism and when to follow unilateralism. According to Stewart Patrick, a research fellow at the Center for Global Development, the United States looks out for its own best interest and uses the United Nations as a tool to advance its goals. To be sure, in her "Campaign 2000–Promoting the National Interest," which appeared in *Foreign Affairs*, Condoleeza Rice stated that "'multilateral agreements and institutions should not be ends in themselves but means to secure U.S. interests" (Rice 43).

According to Patrick, the United States practices "*selective*" multilateralism. He states that the U.S. refused to ratify the Convention on the Elimination of Discrimination Against Women (CEDAW) and the Convention on the Rights of

Children because of its "wariness toward international legal regimes" (Patrick 5). Similarly, although Former President Clinton intended to place the United States under the International Criminal Court's jurisdiction, the U.S. has not ratified it. Patrick implies that the U.S.'s ambivalence toward multilateralism, in part, lies in the fact that it "has a fundamental interest in the development of the international rule of law" but does not want to "commit itself to proposed international regimes" (5).

In order to strengthen the U.N.'s credibility and enhance its legitimacy, Annan calls for reform in the Security Council. To ensure that all member states adhere to the Security Council's decisions, Annan addresses the issue of misrepresentation on the Council by proposing an increase in the number of permanent and nonpermanent seats in order to promote "the democratic and accountable nature of the body" (Annan 42). One of his models for Security Council reform, Model A, calls for an additional nine seats on the Security Council. To increase representation of the developing nations, Annan proposes two new permanent seats for Africa, and two new permanent seats for Asia and the Pacific. Also, he proposes one more permanent seat for Europe, and one more permanent seat for the Americas. In addition to these new seats, Annan seeks four two-year nonrenewable seats for Africa, three two-year nonrenewable seats for Asia and the Pacific, two two-year nonrenewable seats for Europe, and one two-year nonrenewable seat for the Americas. In sum, there would be 24 Security Council members (Annan 43).

Annan's second model for reform, Model B, calls for no change in permanent seats on the Security Council, two new four-year renewable seats for Africa, two new four-year renewable seats for Asia and Pacific, two new four-year renewable seats for Europe, and two new four-year renewable seats for the Americas. In addition, he proposes to create four new two-year nonrenewable seats for Africa, three two-year nonrenewable seats for Asia and Pacific, one two-year nonrenewable seat for Europe, and three two-year nonrenewable seats for Americas, totaling 24 Council members (Annan 43).

Expanding the Security Council's membership would provide for a more

democratic process, weighing every representative's vote. Moreover, a more fairly represented global community would be able to tackle international challenges more efficiently. However, as with any action, there would be a reaction. Expanding the Security Council might lead to an even less efficient decision making body because more members might reflect more opposing national interests. Bardo Fassbender of Yale Law School states that "the more players there are, the less efficient and effective the work of the Council will be" (347).

To be sure, the expansion process itself would not escape resistance from the permanent five members of the Council. For example, the United States supports the idea of Germany and Japan acquiring permanent seats on the Security Council. However, other nations do not want to grant them veto power. The United States, on the other hand, refuses to grant veto power to any developing nation, thus eliminating Africa's, Asia's, and Latin America's chances of providing permanent members for the Council. Similarly, the process of electing the permanent members would also encounter resistance. Latin American countries would not agree to Brazil's candidacy because Brazil is the only Portuguese-speaking country in Latin America. English-speaking African countries would be discontented if Africa is represented by a French-speaking nation, French-speaking countries would be unhappy if the continent were represented by an English-speaking country. Similarly, several Asian countries would oppose Japan's permanent membership on the Council because of past grudges.

In order to minimize these predicaments, candidates would be chosen by a two-thirds majority of the General Assembly and a two-thirds regional majority. This would ensure fair representation, and issues concerning all members would be addressed by the Security Council. Also, it would be ideal if the permanent five's veto power were either limited or eliminated altogether. The alliance of India, Brazil, and South Africa (IBSA), which was created in 2003 to balance the group of eight industrialized countries [Canada, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, Russia, the United Kingdom, and the United States], proposes to eliminate the power of veto.

Yet, this subject is a sensitive matter since every nation looks out for its own interests. Security Council reform is essentially an issue of process and increased membership. Engaging a greater number of nation states in the decision making process would ensure that every region's concerns would be considered, and in doing so, would increase the United Nation's credibility and legitimacy on the global stage.

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Photo by Pranay Sinha

Excelsior: Two Sketches of New York City

Dan Mazzella

Sketch I: Island for Sale, Terms Negotiable: Commercialism and NYC's Growth

New York City experienced one of the greatest and most sustained population booms in history. Why did this occur? What was the principal factor that led to a marginal Dutch trading post becoming, arguably, the greatest city in the world, the home of millions, and, for all its diversity and economic power, the capital of the modern world—a title usurped from more than 2,000-year-old London?

The simple answer that any real estate agent worth his/her commission would say is "location." After all, location is a key reason why the coastal and riparian regions of the world are densely populated, as well as economically and culturally vibrant, while many of the world's interior spaces are dramatically less so on average. But such a simple explanation fails to account for why New York City and not another city, say, a Boston or a Baltimore, did not rise to dominate as New York did.

The principal reason, therefore, aside from any geographic blessings, is something intrinsic to the character of New York City since its inception: the commercial nature of the city, and its inhabitants' endless drive to chase the next dollar [or, variously, pound or guilder]. Put more succinctly, commerce, compounded by geographic good fortune is what drove New York City's growth. The city's very settlement depended upon the fur trade, a profitable albeit second-rate industry, in stark contrast to religious motivations of the Massachusetts colonists, or the more muddled motivations of the Virginians. New Amsterdam, as it was then called, was established not by the Dutch crown or a religious sect; it was established by the Dutch West India *Company*. As it was a joint-stock company, it was officially beholden to no one other than its shareholders, and, back then just as today, the shareholders demanded the maximum return on their investment, and the company had to oblige. With such a focus, what other cultural trait besides commercialism and all that it entails could be imparted?

With a purely commercial focus, certain policies favorable to growth, such as religious and ethnic tolerance, were put into effect by default. To restrict residency or economic activities on the basis of either religion or ethnicity/nationality would be to limit one's market and scope of economic activities. It is hardly surprising then that the first colonists in what was ostensibly "New Netherlands" were French-speaking Protestant Walloons from Belgium, few of whom had any knowledge of Dutch, either the language or the culture (Weil 6, 55). Though the Dutch proportion of the population grew to nearly 80% by the 1670s, the colony remained thoroughly multi-cultural, with the remainder of the population composed of French, English, German and even a few Danes among others (Weil 57). As Father Jogues noted in 1643,

"[O]n the island of Manhate, and its environs, there may well be four or five hundred men of different sects and nations" and "18 different languages" (Weil 55).

Likewise, religious concerns were secondary to commercial matters. The first church was not built until the 1630s, more than a decade after the colony was founded, but a counting house, with accountants in tow, was built almost immediately. In 1657 when Peter Stuyvesant, son of a Calvinist minister and the colony's director from 1646 to 1664, blocked the entrance of Quakers and other religious minority groups into the colony, a number of residents in Vlissingen [today Flushing] drew up the Flushing Remonstrance demanding that the restriction be dropped. When Stuyvesant refused and had the signatories imprisoned, the West India Company, Stuyvesant's employer, moved, in response to a petition from a concerned colonist, to order Stuyvesant to release the arrested signatories, and to cease restricting entrance into the colony on the basis that any restriction would necessarily harm the colony's growth into a wealth-producing instrument. Religious toleration was no longer an unofficial *de facto* policy, but the official rule within the realms of New Netherlands. The colony was to have no official church with compulsory membership, and would serve no God other than, perhaps, Mammon.

New Amsterdam was rechristened New York in 1664 after the British conquered the colony. In the very surrender of the colony, the commercial nature of the city expressed itself: Stuyvesant wished to mount a defense of the colony against the British from his headquarters at Fort Amsterdam at the southern tip of Manhattan. The citizenry refused his calls for mobilization on the thoroughly reasonable and capitalistic grounds that, generally speaking, having a large detachment of the Royal Navy shell one's city is bad for business. And so, the city fell with nary a shot fired.

The commercial focus of New York was maintained under British rule as the city came to be a major port in the mercantile trade system. It also became a major port in the more illicit trades, such as privateering, smuggling, and out-and-out piracy. The constraints placed upon New Yorkers by the mercantile system

helped to foster the diversification into these less than legitimate businesses. No less than Captain Kidd himself operated from New York. The prize ships captured by pirates based in New York fetched hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling for the merchant ship owners and speculators (Weil 18-21).

More significant, however, was the expression of New York's pacifism-for-profit attitude first exhibited in 1664 to the displeasure of the bellicose Mr. Stuyvesant. Because of New York's position at the southern terminus of the Hudson River and midway between the northern and southern colonies, it was the starting point for any military expedition against the French to the north and west, and the Spanish to the south. As a consequence, New York was the only colony in which the British maintained a permanent military garrison, replete with military funding, which naturally found its way into the pockets of New York merchants and tavern keepers. During wars, such as the French and Indian War (known as the Seven Years' War in Europe), military spending increased markedly, financing economic booms that would make Keynesian economists proud. What's more, New Yorkers themselves tended to avoid active participation in the wars, unlike their counterparts in Boston, who not only built countless naval vessels used in the wars but also served, and died, aboard them. In terms of the "fortunes of war," New York collected the fortunes and let others pay the blood debts of war (Weil 19-20).

The sheer accumulation of capital in New York as a consequence of the growth of the port [due to legal, illegal and governmental activities] naturally led to the formation of businesses involved in the manipulation of said capital. By the time of the Revolution, a nascent commercial banking sector was already taking shape on Wall Street. After the Revolution, with fewer trade restrictions and no taxes[1] of the Stamp Act variety, the financial sector expanded rapidly with financial markets [e.g., stock exchanges] established in the 1790s, including the New York Stock Exchange, an institution that scarcely requires explanation for its profound economic impact.

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1 New York was a center for anti-British activism following the enactment of the Stamp Act, which placed taxes upon any number of legal and commercial documents. Considering the basis of New York's economy, this naturally upset a large number of people. They had little chance to manifest their anger however, as the British landed in excess of 20,000 soldiers shortly after the outbreak of hostilities in 1776. In any event, New Yorkers made the best of the situation, accepting the wages of the 20,000-plus soldiers in local pubs and shops.

From 1817 to 1825, New York banks financed the state of New York's Erie Canal construction project. As a consequence, New York City essentially derived double profits from the canal's construction: first, in financing charges for the construction; and second, in the increased trade with western New York.

All of this economic expansion is well and good, but who specifically was benefiting from it? The argument can be made that the largely unfettered capitalist expansion benefited everyone in New York's rapidly growing population, making everyone "winners" in the long run. But, to quote John Maynard Keynes, we're all dead in the long-run, so what should that matter in our analysis? In the short-term, there were, by the first half of the 19th century, definite winners and losers in exponentially expanding New York City. The winners ought to be apparent: the merchants, the financiers, the real estate speculators, the residents of Wall Street–the men who mastered the arts of commerce that so defined New York City. The question of who exactly were the losers (other than the native Indians, who were virtually extinct by the 1800s) requires some explanation.

The accumulation of wealth and economic power in New York City not only increased the city's ability to finance projects such as the Erie Canal and manipulate money via the stock markets and such, but also ultimately attracted millions of new immigrants, both domestic and international, to the city. Between the years 1790 and 1860 the population of the city increased from a mere 50,000 to in excess of 1.1 million (Wallace 736). The glint of New York's wealth caused the city to grow more than 22 fold in only three generations. This massive influx of largely unskilled labor from England, Germany and Ireland saturated the labor market and caused wages to plummet, reducing the standard of living for native New Yorkers, thus further expanding the ranks of the lower classes. The middle class was massively underpaid and in large part wiped out for the time being. With the sheer amount of capital, credit, and cheap labor present, the stage was set for the next step for commercially minded New York: metropolitan industrialization (Wilentz 115-119).

Before this flood of labor, New York's manufacturing sector was dominated by artisans operating in the manner of a master journeyman in a cottage industry. The master craftsman operated his business while training some journeymen who would eventually become master craftsmen themselves and strike out on their own, perpetuating the cycle. Industrialization and its new modes of production and management destroyed this arrangement. While a skilled artisan would create the whole product–say, a shoe–a new model shoe manufacturer would split up the shoe into its minutest constituent parts and then farm out the labor to unskilled laborers who made nothing but that part for a mere fraction of the cost to a master craftsman. The immigrants, desperate to make ends meet, flocked into these low-paying arrangements, placing severe downward pressures on artisan revenues as they had to reduce prices to compete with the ever declining prices offered by the new sweatshop labor. In essence, industrialization caused deflationary conditions as more and more product reached the market at decreasing prices (Wilentz 107-122).

The increase in population also led to a rapid rise in rent expense. Real estate is, fundamentally, a game of demographics and population density. As New York's population boomed, rent per square foot of living space increased, placing further pressures upon the lower classes' already depressed income. Situations where multiple families crowded into dank cellars or one-room apartments in tenements became entirely too common as landlords tried to maximize revenue per square foot, and tenants tried to maximize spending power. In such dire straits, women, who generally only made a fraction of what men made, turned to prostitution in large numbers–as many as 15%, according to some estimates. If any can be judged as "losers" in the expansion, lower-class women probably had the greatest claim on the title.

With that said, even these terrible conditions generally endured by immigrants were oftentimes a marked improvement over conditions in the old country. For example, in 1851, the *New York Tribune*, in an exposé about the terrible conditions of the urban poor, decried the fact that only 2.8 pounds of "butchers meat" per person per week could be afforded by the average worker. What the *Tribune*

failed to note was that these immigrants, particularly those from potato-blight-inflicted Ireland, would likely have seen no meat whatsoever had they remained in their home country. These immigrants could also, in some cases, afford some inexpensive furniture, some decent quality, ready-made clothing, and even a pocket watch. Naturally, the fortunes of the poor were highly correlated with the fortunes of the economy, but during boom times even the poor could hope to do decently (Burrows 742).

Likewise, the middle class, though greatly reduced, was not entirely wiped out. Certain industries, such as printing and ship building, proved to be more or less resistant to the segmentation of production seen in the shoe and clothing industry due to the skilled nature of the work, and the fact that one could not farm out the construction of a ship to dozens of small immigrant homes. Even within the clothing industry, ostensibly one of the worst for workers, there were people who were employed at good rates as managers, cutters, and other sorts of skilled labor (Wilentz 121-122; 129-137). These members of the middle class who endured and survived the process of metropolitan industrialization were among the "winners" in New York City, along with the merchants and financiers who financed the industrialization and did rather well by it. Likewise, real estate speculators did remarkably well with the steady creep of the city across the island, and the booming population driving the price per square foot through the roof.

One must now wonder, so what? What is the significance of all this? Very simply, it explains how New York came to be what it is: the economic and financial capital of the world. The *World* Trade Center was located in the city for a reason; the Federal Reserve operates out of New York City for a reason. It also helps to show that nothing today is truly unprecedented. Observe the present debate over the flood of new immigration, legal and otherwise; the claims that new immigrants are undercutting native-born Americans' employability by working for incredibly low wages, and the demands for a wall to be built to keep them out, for their deportation, and for the staunching of the unending flow. All of this has its precedent in New York City's history of the first half of the 19th century, when the city, in its role as the

foremost American microcosm, dealt with the first immigrant flood, drawn there, like today, by the mellow capitalistic toleration of any and all, and the commercial and economic glory of New York, the glory of which derives from the early 17th century, when a pack of Walloons, in the service of the Dutch West India Company, erected a counting house before a church.
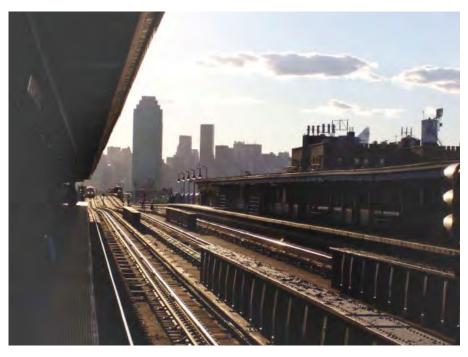
Photo by Pranay Sinha

Sketch II: The Push and
Pull of NYC

"Go west, young man" was the advice given in 1865 by Horace Greeley, editorialist and publisher of the *Tribune*. In cosmopolitan New York, wherein all are entitled to their opinion and, if so inclined, to sing it from the rooftops, Greeley was heard; but, judging by New York City's growth and transformation between the years 1840 and 1940, it seems the vast majority inexplicably decided to forsake the loveliness of the Oklahoman plains for the urban jungle in which they were presently ensconced. Oddly enough, Mr. Greeley himself was among the stationary majority.

The majority was only relatively stationary, however. The city grew at a prodigious rate forcing, by virtue of necessity, the expansion of everything to "mass" proportions. The masses rushed up and down the streets of New York and down the gangplanks of the immigrant-laden ships in a rush and bustle that mimicked an overcrowded and overactive ant colony. It was this growth and unceasing bustle that created a rather large problem, namely, traffic of proportions so great as to make men

despondent, alcoholic or curiously religious.

The tsunami of humanity threatened to plug up Broadway and choke the city on its own citizenry. Mark Twain, possessor of one of the least inhibited pens in America, wrote on February 2, 1867 in a dispatch to the Alta California newspaper of the situation on Manhattan: "You cannot accomplish anything in the way of business, without devoting a whole day to it. You cannot ride unless you are willing to go in a packed omnibus that labors, and plunges, and struggles along at the rate of three miles in four hours and a half." City planners, desperate for solutions, decided the best options were to build, in the 1870s and 1880s, elevated railways up and down the island, and then to build certain unfortunately located apartments, the residents of which subsequently developed terrible cases of insomnia and window treatment fetishes. In the early 20th century, they also decided to build a network of subways in order to send people underground and have them scurry about there. Both solutions went a long way towards alleviating the traffic issue, and, in the case of the subways, hiding a good number of the individual units of traffic in deep holes. Thus, mass transit was born.

This development of mass transit was the key factor that transformed the city. After all, what use is the mass entertainment of Coney Island if the masses cannot get there in droves in the first place? How can urban and suburban sprawl develop about the urban core and be practical without a well-developed transit system to tie the masses together? And, connected to the preceding question, how could the consolidation of "Greater New York" have been practical without the close transit links, traversing geography and local distinctions? How could certain residents of Long Island City, Queens, teach daily in Stony Brook, Long Island? In each instance an absence of mass transit, as we know it today, would make the matter either impossible, or at least dreadfully difficult.

Insinuated in each of the preceding questions is the dramatic transformation in the lives of each and every citizen. That one could live in Queens and work in eastern Suffolk County more than 50 miles away, on a regular basis, and do so profitably, was

virtually unthinkable in 1840. That one could get to Brooklyn quickly without the excessive use of crowd-parting elbows, and independent of any ferry system, was likewise unimaginable in 1840. The degree of mobility for the vast majority of people was determined for the better part of the 19th century by the availability of a horse with a stout heart, or the condition of a person's legs and heart.

New York City was, and still is, a city of business and commerce. That movement about the city should be so difficult and constrained was utterly inconsistent with efficient commercial activity. The old adage "time is money" held true even in that comparatively slower time. This slowness of transport due to the sheer volume of people meant that, in terms of people doing much of anything, be it business or pleasure, they typically could not stray too far from their home neighborhood. When Central Park opened in 1859, it was ostensibly for the entire population of the city to have a peaceful, pastoral retreat to help combat the licentious and amoral effects of the urban environment, and to increase property values by removing the shanty towns then extant in the area, particularly among the urban poor, who, it was felt by their magnanimous and utterly sober middle class protectors, were in the greatest need of such assistance. In practice, however, the park proved to be of use only to the middle and upper classes living near the park in the then northern part of the city, while the morally needy and numerous poor, clustered in the southern extreme of the city, were more or less unable to reach the park by virtue of the distance and lack of affordable transport. Only Battery Park located on the site of the old fort on the southern tip of the island, and far too small to accommodate the number of people there, but near enough to be usable, was available to them.

While the poor were unable to reach Central Park for pleasure, the well to do began to encounter a similar problem as they continually moved north up the island; they were beginning to have trouble getting to their places of work around Wall Street and its environs. So many people, excluding the super rich, were forced to live within a certain distance from their work. In this sense, the lack of effective transport had a certain paradoxical effect insofar as it allowed people to organize into separate and distinct neighborhoods, but at the same time pushed them together

physically by forcing them to live within a certain fairly small distance of each other.

Then came the Rapid Transit Act of 1875 which gave the government power to grant franchises to private companies to build elevated railways up and down Manhattan. The "els" spread quickly throughout the island and then to Brooklyn which was soon thereafter linked to the Manhattan rail network via the Brooklyn Bridge which opened in 1883. The conditions and quality of these railways monopolized by Jay Gould and others a few years after their establishment, with their terrible overcrowding and all too short stops, may be questionable, but their usefulness and effect cannot be underestimated. With these railways and the cable streetcars that proliferated at about the same time in the 1880s and 1890s, transportation within the city was revolutionized. For the first time one could traverse the city relatively quickly and cheaply–the free transfer service on the cable cars made it possible to go nearly anywhere for a nickel. In 1881, the Manhattan Elevated Railway network carried 75.6 million passengers; by 1891 this number had increased to 196.7 million –a better than 250% increase in a mere 10 years. Coupled with the streetcar volume, Manhattan mass transit alone was conveying in excess of a million passengers a day in and out of the city (Burrows 153-158).

This development of mass transit coincided with the vertical growth of the city. Beginning the 1880s with Pulitzer's World Tower and J.D. Rockefeller's Standard Oil Building, the New York skyline grew upwards in an effort to multiply available office space quickly. Office space was an increasingly precious commodity as many of the nation's great corporations flocked to New York in the 1880s and '90s so as to be near the great financial center in and around Wall Street, and to have easy access to the lawyers and admen of New York. These two corporate support industries boomed as a result of this wave of relocations, and were soon demanding more office space themselves. The number of advertising firms, for instance, went from a mere 42 in 1870 to over 400 in the 1890s. As ever more white collar workers piled into these vertical corporate honeycombs, the daytime population density in the business district, which also expanded in sheer ground covered as well, became ever greater (Burrows 146-152). Without the availability of mass transit, the mobs of accountants,

lawyers, secretaries and generic paper pushers would have been hard pressed to get to and from work each day.

The rise in white-collar work also signaled a change in the overall economic and social structure of the city. Manufacturing, which had up until that time been the dominant feature of the metropolitan economy, began to lose ground to the growing white-collar sectors. Manufacturing still remained a large, if not dominant force in the city's economy until the middle part of the 20th century, employing nearly a million people even then, but the tide had begun to turn, and manufacturing was to make up a steadily shrinking, and increasingly specialized, proportion of the economic mix (Weil 260-263).

The manufacturing sector itself was also altered by the sudden availability of mass transit. Where businesses had once farmed out small manufacturing tasks to hundreds, if not thousands of small immigrant homes, the work was now being concentrated into centralized manufacturing centers, like, for example, the Triangle Shirtwaist Company of fiery infamy that operated out of the top three floors of the Asch Building, located just east of Washington Square (which, incidentally, was a newer 10-story high-rise building). While lack of transit had once forced overall economic decentralization and local centralization due to relative immobility, the presence of mass transit allowed an overall centralization, while at the same time paradoxically allowing a wider geographic distribution of workers.

Already in the 1880s and 1890s, and quickened by the opening of the subway system in 1904, the population tended to follow the path of the mass transit routes. Wherever a new station opened, a housing boom resulted. The populations of the boroughs, consolidated in 1897, expanded rapidly as the Manhattan workforce, particularly the white-collar middle-class workers, left the urban island for the more open boroughs. (Manhattan's population hit its peak in 1910 and has declined since then.) In Queens alone, in excess of 600,000 new housing units went up in the 1930s. The urban and suburban sprawl was, for lack of a better descriptive term, sprawling. Very simply, people were no longer tied to a neighborhood and forced

to live and work there; they could now live on the periphery and commute on a daily basis to the urban core. Their middle-class economic status also allowed them to be in the technological forefront in the 1920s leading the way in purchasing the amenities of the future such as radios, and, more significantly, automobiles. The modern metropolitan area that we know today was rapidly forming, though it would take until the 1950s and the golden age of the automobile with the coming of the highways, thanks to the ever-controversial Robert Moses, to complete the ring of suburbia around the city.

The question now arises: did all this transit push the citizenry together or pull it apart? It is a difficult question to answer. Although people were no longer packed together and were now living in a much wider geographic area, the lives of many revolved around the urban core in Manhattan. "Bedroom communities," in which the bulk of the population worked in Manhattan but lived outside of it, became common. People could live anywhere in Manhattan or the other boroughs, and could, with varying levels of convenience, commute on a regular basis to another area for work or pleasure. As a result, despite the population's geographic spread, the variety and frequency of urban experience increased for the majority of people. Varied experiences of the city became easily accessible, and, indeed, common. After all, do not stockbrokers ride the same subways as Harlemites? Didn't the masses— both lower and middle class—swarm to Coney Island to be entertained by the same amusements? The cultural memories of a great portion of the city's population became similar; culturally, New York was pushed together.

At first, Central Park was only accessible to a small fraction of the population –the middle and upper classes who were local to the park. With the advent of mass transit, however, there was no longer such a restriction. Central Park was now open to all and became a shared cultural experience. True, local neighborhood distinctions still exist, but can one honestly say that they are as self-contained or outwardly monolithic as the Kleindeutschland of yesteryear? Observe Little Italy or Chinatown in southern Manhattan–they are now tourist attractions. They do not belong to Italians or Chinese so much as they belong to the whole city and the world for

that matter. Where New York City was Jacob Riis' demographic zebra, a sort of Balkanized city with many self-contained neighborhoods harboring their own distinct culture, be it the Bowery, Kleindeutschland, Little Italy, Chinatown, Harlem or what have you, there now exists something much more fluid with all things within it blending into something odd with a unifying sort of intrinsically New York frill about the edges.

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King Kong: An Improbable Monster
Pranay Sinha

Monster movies tend to irk most scientists. These movies, allegedly in the spirit of providing entertainment to the public, impudently trample upon the established laws of science. For instance, in reality, zombies would need to acquire some adenosine triphosphate (ATP) in order to overcome *rigor mortis* before they could even think of shuffling towards screaming divas (while shouting "BRAAAINS!") and mutations are not a scientifically proven way of attaining superpowers. Similarly, Godzilla's iconic first step onto the streets of New York should have been his last one as well. This paper attempts to show that the havoc monster movies wreak on science is similar in magnitude to the devastation their protagonists inflict upon their cities of choice. I shall restrict this study to King Kong who is, of course, the famous big ape who likes blondes and really tall buildings. Using the laws of physiology and biomechanics, I will demystify and demythologize this improbably engineered fiend.

Ann Darrow (Naomi Watts) stared into the malevolent eyes of *Vastatosaursus rex* (V.rex); a violent death seemed to be just around the corner. Just then, the 10-ton body of King Kong plummeted to the ground behind the *Homo sapiens*. At 7.6m (25 feet), he was about 4.6 times Darrow's height and 4.4 times the height of your average silverback gorilla. Indeed, he seemed quite capable of dealing with the marauding *V. rex*[1]. As the two monsters held each other's gaze, Kong breathed deeply, blood rushing through his body, as he steeled his powerful muscles to hurl himself at the beast. I am sure you and I are both wondering, "What is this guy made of?"

Exploring the beast: Kong's physiology

The King is supposedly the last of a species of scaled–up gorillas called *Megaprimatus kong*. These were omnivorous creatures that ate fruits, shoots, leaves, and relatively small animals[1]. Kong is given to displays like those of ordinary gorillas, and the movie seems to suggest that there is not much difference between the proportions of an ordinary gorilla and King Kong. But one of the inescapable laws of being a super–sized organism is that he cannot enjoy the proportions of his normal–sized cousins. I'll explore the reasons shortly.

Being a mammal, King Kong essentially invites us to apply allometric equations to estimate his metabolic activities. Extrapolation is fairly unsafe at both ends of the size spectrum[3]. However, the equations I will use are applicable for all body sizes from a shrew to a blue whale. Consequently, I should get a fair estimate of King Kong's physiology with confidence. For instance, equation 1 tells us that King Kong's 10,000kg body possesses a 930–litre lung. Compare that to the puny six–litre lungs that we humans sport. Don't feel discouraged; the principle of symmorphosis tells us that we have as much as we need. In fact, if you look at the exponent in equation 1, you will notice that the relative lung size in all mammals is about the same. It tends to increase as the body mass increases, but not significantly. What would you do with a 930–litre lung, anyway? You would be full of hot air.

S. no.	Variable	Allometric Equation	Ref. no.
1	Lung Volume	$53.5 M_b^{1.06}$ ml	5
2	V_{o2}	$11.6 M_b^{0.76}$ ml min^{-1}	5
3	Heart	$0.58 M_b^{-0.02}$	5
4	Muscle mass	$40 M_b^{0.0}$	3
5	Frequency $_{heart}$	$241 Mb{-}0.25$ min^{-1}	5
6	Cardiac Output	$187 M_b 0.^{81}$ ml	5
7	Blood Volume	$65.6\ Mb^{1.02}$ ml	5

Table 1–Allometric Equations: M_b implies body mass in all these equations. Equation 4 is from Munro (1969) and Smith and Pace (1971) as shown in reference 3.

Relative heart mass is another quantity that appears to be conserved regardless of body size. According to equation 3, the heart is generally about 0.58% of a mammal's body weight. If you are inclined to do the math, you'll find that King Kong has a 55.4kg heart in his chest that should, according to equation 4, beat about 24 times a minute at rest. This heart rate is about a third of the resting human heart rate. However, after all the action Kong has performed, his heart ought to be beating at a much higher rate. If a twenty year old man is used as a standard, the maximum safe heart rate during exercise is about 200 beats per minute. If we extrapolate this to Kong, his heart rate, as he faces the *V. rex*, ought to be about 66 to 70 beats per minute. Equation 6 tells us that the amount of blood pumped per minute in King Kong is approximately 325 litres; the total blood volume of blood being, according to equation 7, about 790 litres.

"My legs hurt!"

The natural history of Skull Island, King Kong's cheerfully named abode, is described in *The World of Kong: A Natural History of Skull Island*[2]. Apparently, *V. rex* and Kong's species, *Megaprimatus kong*, competed for dominion over the island. The lizards won mainly because of their quicker reproductive rates[1]. Personally, I feel that this was the least of the primates' troubles. Their biggest nemeses in the evolutionary game were probably the multiple leg fractures they constantly nursed due to their proclivity for jumping and bouncing!

It is fairly unlikely that you will ever see a jumping elephant because a fall of 6 feet is enough to fracture their legs at several points[9]. Elephants know this and usually resist all antigravity urges. Also, they don't live in areas that require a lot of jumping. Members of *Megaprimatus kong* ought to have emulated these judicious creatures. However, judging by Kong's behavioral pattern, I suppose they didn't. Perhaps extinction wasn't unexpected.

King Kong is roughly 4.4 times the height of an ordinarily gorilla. As mentioned before, the proportions of a gorilla have been conserved within him. When a bone is scaled up four times, the volume increases by a cube, roughly 97 times, while the cross-sectional area (CSA) only increases by a square, 19.6 times. The mass of an animal increases proportional to cubes, while the strain resistance is dependent on the bone's CSA. Consequently, due to the relative reduction in the CSA, the bone is now unequal to the task of supporting the mass of the scaled up animal because it is now supporting five times the weight it is supposed to be carrying. We can rule out any differential in the constitution of Kong's bone tissues; the elastic and compressive strength of mammalian bones is fairly conserved. Compressive failure strength is usually 180–220 MPa and the elastic modulus ranges from 14 to 22 GPa[10].

According to Andrew Biewener, the safety factors of long bone deformation among mammals range from 3 to 5[10]. This immediately puts King Kong at the very edge of safety. It also means that he should imitate the Rock of Gibraltar in his activity levels. After all, athletic sprints and brawls are not suggested for someone whose weight is so precariously supported because the bone stress increases during such activities.

To be able to retain the safety factors enjoyed by his smaller relatives, the CSA of Kong's bone has to increase disproportionately. A 9.8 times increase in the diameter of the bone instead of a 4.4 times increase would allow it to withstand the demands of the scaled-up body. King Kong ought to have resembled a very hairy elephant instead of a handsome, well-proportioned silverback gorilla.

King Kong already seems to use another method for managing his large bulk on his insufficiently strong limbs. Biewener suggests that larger mammals tend to maintain a fairly upright posture which increases the effective mechanical advantage (EMA) of the limb muscles by aligning the joint with the upward force the ground applies on them when reacting to their weight[11]. Small mammals can certainly maintain a crouched posture with their arms sprawled out. For larger mammals, this is

incredibly difficult. This is why the postures of animals change with size. No wonder we don't find mice of elephantine proportions; they wouldn't be able to get off their bellies! However, this postural advantage is not enough to enable King Kong to perform his fantastic gymnastics. There is no doubt about it–his species was probably wiped out by hungry *V. rex* who found lame gorillas easy prey.

Some strong–arm work

In the film, the powerful Kong, despite his multiple leg fractures, rescues Ann Darrow from three hungry *V. rex*. These animals are simply bigger and meaner cousins of the *Tyrannosaurus rex* that we know did indeed walk the earth. Since there has been so much research done on this dinosaur superstar, I'll use this data on *T. rex* to evaluate one scene in the movie. While protecting the understandably petrified Ms. Darrow, an opportunistic *V. rex* delivers a powerful bite to King Kong's upper arm. Presumably, he severely injured Kong's humerus. Somehow, Kong ignored the bite and brutalized the dinosaurs. Could he really have done that?

Let us see what he is up against. *T. rex* teeth are big and serrated. Their jaws are incredibly powerful. According to Snively and Russel, their neck dorsiflexor muscles, such as the Tranversospinalis cervicis and the Transversospinalis capitis, have crocodilian origins[6]. Alligators are known to possess bite forces of approximately 13000N[7]. For example, a *Triceratops* pelvis was discovered which had an 11.5mm deep *Tyrannosaur* bite mark. Scientist G.M. Erickson and his team attempted to calculate the bite force of the *T. rex* by producing a metal replica of a *Tyrannosaurus* tooth and measuring the force it took to make the tooth penetrate a bovine pelvic bone which was similar in histology to the bone of the *Triceratops*[7]. They concluded that *T. rex* was capable of producing a biting force of approximately13400N. To simulate the pain of a *T. rex* bite, take the nail board of an Indian fakir, place your arm on it, place another board (nail side down) on your arm, and ask your closest 3,000-pound friend to stand on it—an average-sized hippopotamus would also do nicely. Even thinking about it is painful, isn't it?

Nothing immunizes King Kong from pain. In fact, Kong should have sported a cracked humerus and a very bloody arm after the bite. Bones are extremely strong when it comes to longitudinal compression. However, they are extremely poor at resisting stresses from forces perpendicular to the bone. It is always easier to break bones by bending rather than compressing them[8]. Consequently, King Kong's thick arm bones would probably not have withstood the pain of the *V. rex* bite, and Ann Darrow would have become the mid-afternoon snack of a ravenous *V. rex* were it not for clever producers.

Keep big gorillas and divas off the roof!

Atop the tallest building in NY, their eyes met. Both knew that it was the end. However, if the laws of physics and biology hadn't been ignored, Ms. Darrow already would have met her end. It was a day cold enough to turn Santa Claus into the Grinch, and at roughly 1,200 feet, the temperature tends to fall like apples from a tree. King Kong had tons of fur to protect him, but Ann Darrow in her chic white dress ought to have succumbed to hypothermia. However, this is not her story. The archaic airplane swooped down and hammered the injured giant with another barrage of bullets. With a magnitude of pathos, the lovable beast slid off the roof and heroically fell onto Fifth Avenue. His majestic and remarkably well preserved corpse was subjected to the critical gaze of many bystanders. But what is wrong with this picture?

They say: "The bigger they are, the harder they fall." JBS Haldane would probably say, the bigger they are, the harder they splash. He says:

> You can drop a mouse down a thousand-yard mine shaft; and, on arriving at the bottom, it gets a slight shock and walks away, provided that the ground is fairly soft. A rat is killed, a man is broken, a horse splashes. For the resistance presented to movement by the air is proportional to the surface of the moving object.[2]

Falling from roughly 400 meters ought to have turned King Kong into gorilla pulp instead of a majestic corpse. When bodies fall in fluids, the fluid resists their fall and only allows it to attain a certain maximal velocity, called the terminal

velocity. This velocity is dependent upon the presented surface area, density of the fluid, mass of the body, acceleration due to gravity, and the drag coefficient. The terminal velocity equation is displayed below:

$$V_t = \sqrt{\frac{2mg}{\rho A C_d}}$$

The values used are as follows: 10,000kg for Kong's weight, 10ms^{-2} for acceleration, 1kg/m^{-3} for air's density. Assuming, King Kong to be a rectangle with a length of 7.6m and a breadth of 3.5m, he presents a surface area of 27m^2. The drag coefficient of a rectangular plate perpendicular to fluid flow is 1.28. The product of these values gives us a terminal velocity of 76.1 ms^{-1}. Alternatively, if we treat Hong Kong like a sphere with a diameter of 7.6m (Area=181.37m^2), the terminal velocity, according to the equation, turns out to be 1904.6ms^{-1} since the drag coefficient of a sphere is 0.1. Perhaps, a more realistic estimate of Kong's terminal velocity can be derived by using the drag coefficient for an upright man (1.03). The Body surface area can be calculated using the Mosteller formula.

$$x = \sqrt{\frac{\text{weight} \times \text{height}}{3600}}$$

(x is the body surface area in m^2.)

Using this equation, King Kong's body surface area is approximately 4.6m^2 which yields a terminal velocity of 1093ms^{-1}. Thus, Kong's momentum could be anything between 7.6X10^5 Kg.ms^{-1} and 1.9X10^6 Kg.ms^{-1}.

Now that we know the magnitude of Kong's momentum during his free fall, we are in a position to imagine the uncomfortable impact he would have experienced when he hit the ground. Impact can be defined as the rate of change of momentum. To borrow from Douglas Adams, "It is not the fall that kills you. It's the sudden stop

at the end." Let us assume that it took one second for King Kong's heroically flailing body to come to a dead stop. This would imply that the impact would be approximately 10^5–10^6 Kg.ms^{-2}. Biological tissue is amazing, but not amazing enough to endure such brutal shocks. Indeed, if the producers of King Kong had any respect for the sciences, the final scenes of King Kong would have boasted of a Fifth Avenue stained in gorilla goop.

Several other errors can be found in King Kong. For instance, his method of getting Ann off the sacrificial frame (by holding her body and jerking violently) would result in the breakage of her arms, not the ropes around them. Additionally, his canines are much too large to belong to a predominantly fruit-eating animal, as claimed by the producers. Then again, it may have been a trait selected for an environment containing adversaries like *V. rex*. Lots could be said, but I must restrain myself; I need to go and watch *Godzilla*, an even greater movie mistake. I conclude with a pitch for Hollywood producers: let biologists design monsters in the future. But I must admit they might not be as exciting or as much fun!

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Health, Beauty, and Motherhood in *The Ugly Girl Papers:* The Reproduction of Capitalist Ideology

Colleen Day

In 1874, *Harper's Bazaar* printed a selection from a newly published beauty manual, *The Ugly Girl Papers: or, Hints for the Toilet*. Written by Susan Power, the manual provided women with guidance in the art of beautification. But in the process, the manual reveals a subconscious, though common assumption in Victorian-era America: female identity begins and ends with its external qualities. According to Power, the physical fitness, attractiveness, and figure of a woman could be correlated with her mental and moral states; it was therefore imperative that health and beauty be achieved and maintained. Viewed within its historical and cultural context–the period was rife with cases of women's "hysteria"–the manual's emphasis on the female body is hardly surprising. More noteworthy, however, is how Power's *Ugly Girl Papers* reflects and perpetuates capitalist ideology. By reducing women's value to their physical appearance, Power divides, ranks, and engages women in a constant struggle for physical improvement. The capitalist implications of *The Ugly Girl Papers* are clear: fit women meant fertile mothers, mothers who would propagate new generations of productive workers.

Susan Bordo, in *Unbearable Weight: Feminism, Western Culture, and the Body*, employs Michel Foucault's model and comments on the historical "docility" of the female body: it [the female body] is a "medium….[and] a metaphor for culture" (2362-3). In *The Ugly Girl Papers,* the body is an expression of capitalism, a system of divisions. These distinctions, as Marx explains in *Das Kapital,* are dictated by the division of labor made necessary for efficient production (779-81). The construction of hierarchies is inherent in the capitalist system, and in *The Ugly Girl Papers,* this idea translates to the community of women as their bodies become the source and site of competition. Beauty is a vehicle for economic mobility and social climbing, as Power suggests in her manual: "The loveliness of a rival eats into a girl's heart like corrosion; every fair curling hair, every grace of outline, is traced in lines of fire on the mind of the plainer one, and reproduced with microscopic fidelity. It is a woman's business to be beautiful" (76). Power's language echoes tenets of capitalist ideology; she unknowingly acknowledges that the economy or "business" of women in nineteenth century society, and capitalist society, for that matter, is marriage.

Physical attractiveness, then, is an indicator of economic opportunity, as beauty broadens marriage possibilities; beautification, according to Power, is essentially self-advancement. This notion corresponds to what Marx says about economies of exchange in *Das Kapital*: "In the eyes of each other we are nothing but exchange-values" because within a capitalist framework, individuals can only relate to each other on a business-like level (783). As *The Ugly Girl Papers* suggests, the "exchange-value" of a woman is contingent on her physical appearance or "loveliness," and women strive to increase their "value" through an unceasing process of beautification. This will guarantee them a more "valuable" deal, or marriage; beauty will allow a place among the—to use a Marxist term—bourgeoisie.

Bourgeois status receives considerable attention in the manual, as it informs Power's ideal of beauty. The first chapter, for instance, focuses on skin–how to maintain its "fairness," and avoid any "strong" coloring. She writes, "Strong color is not desirable. Tints, rather than colors, best please the refined eye in the complexion" (80). Presumably, Power is directing women to stay out of sunlight in order to prevent

tanning or burning; pale, white skin tones are preferred instead. Here, *The Ugly Girl Papers* upholds a standard of beauty that cannot in any way be attained by nonwhites– Power blatantly excludes them. It is implicit, then, that no nonwhite woman can be beautiful, or *as* beautiful, and their "value" thus diminishes. In this way, the manual upholds the power structure by bolstering the existing class hierarchy and reinforcing the differences, racial and otherwise, among women.

The same can be said of the attention Power pays to female hands, which should be soft and delicate. She advises mothers to keep a watchful eye on their daughters, and make sure they "…sleep in tight cosmetic gloves" to protect the hands from becoming "spoiled." In addition, Power instructs mothers to "…be particular to see that long-wristed lisle-thread gloves are drawn on every time a girl goes out" (83). Gloves would aid the maintenance of the hands, but they would also contribute to an appearance of status and nobility. With gloves, women would appear one of the "best-born" by hiding the actual amount of labor they performed (81). The only kind of "work" in which women should engage is beautification.

The manual contains instructions in bourgeois comportment as well as appearance. Power stresses the importance of female poise and posture for women when presenting themselves in public, and urges women to eat in a dainty, refined manner. She insists upon a moderate diet, and says eating should cease when hunger is satisfied: "Never eat too much," Power warns (77). However, Power's interest in diet, hunger, and consumption actually serves a twofold purpose. Aside from encouraging aristocratic, genteel behavior, the emphasis on moderation also placates the "proletariat" masses by portraying self-restraint as a virtue and excess as an unequivocal vice. Power is at once promoting a higher socioeconomic status and warning people against it; personal gains and overindulgence are uncouth according to *The Ugly Girl Papers,* and women should remain content in their modest, "middling" circumstances. Again, Power's advice works in favor of the status quo. Capitalism thrives on both the drive towards financial aggrandizement and the feeling of financial contentment, conflicting sentiments. In her manual, Power promotes both.

The ideal of beauty in *The Ugly Girl Papers,* however, stems not only from the values, manners, and refinements of the social elite, but also from the physiological signifiers of female fertility. In other words, a beautiful woman is a woman who is healthy and able to bear children. Though she insists that youth alone does not necessarily constitute beauty, Power underscores womanly "fullness" and devotes several paragraphs to the proper development of the chest. She tells her readers to be wary of oppressive fashion, warning that constrictive clothing inhibits growth and prevents the "low, deep bosom" that is so desired. "Flat figures," in contrast, are generally unattractive, and measures should be taken to disguise such flatness. One suggestion is "…puffed and shirred blouse-waists…which throw out the fullness sufficiently…" (84). Indeed, a woman's "figure should be all curves" and Power teaches her female readers how to "cultivate [female] forms" (84-5). The ideal "female form" is one that points to a woman's biological role: wider hips and a fuller chest are visible indicators of fertility and the ability to bear children. A robust, fertile woman is an attractive woman.

Power punctuates her discussion of womanly forms and figures with some advice on nursing infants, which only reinforces the relationship between female fertility and female beauty. After describing her ideal female body, Power quickly refutes what she claims is a common misconception about breast feeding, namely, that nursing is detrimental to the "bust's roundness." Rather, a "…babe may be taught not to pinch and bite its mother, and the exercise of a natural function can injure her in no way…" (85). Childbirth and motherhood are upheld in *The Ugly Girl Papers* as "natural" and necessary; women should not be deterred by fallacies concerning nursing. Power advocates the biological and accepted social role of women in nineteenth-century Victorian society, and in this context, the correlation between beauty and fertility can be more easily understood. Bearing children would not make a woman unattractive–quite the contrary. Bearing children, or the ability to do so, would only enhance her comeliness.

Through her promotion and elevation of a woman's biological function, Power becomes an instrument of capitalist ideology, and, as Susan Bordo says, "…a

reproducer of the docile body of femininity" (2374). Power's ideal female body is a "cultural body" or a "useful body," which is defined by "…norms of beauty, [and] models of health." Bordo continues her explanation of the paradigm: "[The] 19th century hourglass figure, emphasizing breasts and hips against a wasp waist, was an intelligible *symbolic* form, representing a domestic, sexualized ideal of femininity" (2374). Yet in her description of the "useful body," Bordo does not explicitly state or contemplate what such uses might be, aside from rendering females essentially immobile through "straitlacing [and] minimal eating." While this clearly pushed women into a sphere separate from that of men, Power actually cautions women against restrictive clothing. The "use" of the female body that evades mention is, of course, childbirth, and the economic implications of this are significant. The "useful body" of women, their fertility as well as their beauty, gives females more "value" in a capitalist society, as reproduction allows for the constant breeding of workers. Within the capitalist framework, women are essentially producers of labor and suppliers of human commodities. Their labor literally begets more labor. This idea is closely related to what Louis Althusser calls "ideological state apparatuses," or the "ultimate condition of production…the reproduction of the conditions of production" (1483). Power's manual operates in a similar way by instilling a sense of female competition and female maternalism; these sentiments, as previously discussed, form the foundations of marriage and reproduction.

Power's attentiveness to female health in *The Ugly Girl Papers* only affirms the woman's role as an "ideological state apparatus." Women's health is important insofar as it guarantees a steady contribution to the economy's labor power. Power emphasizes the importance and value of muscle strength in women, advising them to skip rope in order to toughen the shoulder and neck muscles. Walking, moreover, is recommended as an effective fitness and strength-building exercise; one notes how one woman dutifully "…walked two miles every day from the suburbs to the centre of the city, and back again" (83). Though Victorian society had already assigned women to the home, Power recognizes the health risks associated with a sedentary lifestyle. She alludes to the "hysteria" epidemic: "[Some women]…have said in your hearing and mine that something ailed them they could not understand…. [It] was

the cry of idle nerve and muscle, frantic through disuse" (87). This line in particular registers with Althusser's and Bordo's theses: the function of good health is not only to ensure fertility, but also to encourage usefulness and productivity as an antidote to idleness, and thus, poor health. Exercise, for instance, provides a "natural stimulus" in women to counteract restlessness: "It is the lack of this most powerful inspiration [exercise], which knows no reaction, that makes [people] drunkards, gamesters, and flings them into every dissipation of the body and soul," Power declares (87).

Indeed, according to Power's beauty manual, work and productivity are the surest remedies for female maladies, both physical and psychological. She writes, "Half the women in the world are suffering from chronic unrest, morbid ambitions, and disappointments that would flee like morning mist before an hour of hearty, tiring work" (88). Employment in some activity or task is "the great medicine," and Power claims that any illness a woman suffers is directly related to her level of inactivity or lack of productivity which engenders listlessness, and is, presumably, the root of hysteria. The value *The Ugly Girl Papers* places on work and productivity particularly reflects a capitalist world view: work is not only ideal, it is fundamental to a healthy lifestyle. Therefore, while endorsing standards of beauty and behavior unique to society's top tier, Power nevertheless inculcates a compulsion to work, to be constantly engaged in some employment or task.

Though *The Ugly Girl Papers* does not aim to control the working class, at least not explicitly, Power's advice on female "usefulness" works to this effect. Her manual essentially views individuals as a labor supply, and women are forced into their economic role as a human commodity and a twofold source of human labor, their own as well as their children's. If the value of a woman is contingent on her beauty, and beauty is contingent on health and fitness, then female value is dependent on woman's work and her "output." In a capitalist economy, as Marx argues, values are determined by the labor time and "labour-power of each individual" (781). Power perpetuates this philosophy, calling on "the weak," both female and male, to abandon idle behavior and become industrious. More than this, Power demands efficiency: "Learn not only to do things well, but to do them quickly," she says. This can be

achieved through a gradual increase in the amount of time and effort put into a given task; she directs her female readers to "…take up work by degrees" (88). This advice in particular bears the mark of a capitalist-minded culture that promotes quickness, immediacy, and instant gratification in terms of material wealth and pecuniary growth. Here, Power holds to this very notion: women should work and work quickly.

The Ugly Girl Papers insists on productivity in general, not simply insofar as it concerns women and their health. It seems, in fact, that women's usefulness will filter through to their children, thereby rendering the entire labor force more productive. Chapter XXIV of the manual is dedicated to the maximization of output, suggesting a Marxist influence. Because human labor and human production have a distinctly social quality, as Marx points out in *Das Kapital,* a system of rewards and punishments is established to facilitate and ease the relationship between worker and employer. The nature of capitalism is opposed to rest, relaxation, or limits, which Marx also argues: "It is not the normal maintenance of the labour-power which is to determine the limits of the working day; it is the greatest daily expenditure of labour-power, no matter how diseased, compulsory, and painful it may be…" (784). Capitalism is dependent on constant worker output and production, but Marx aptly points out how this only induces physical deterioration, and even death, of the human labor source. Thus, it is in the interests of the capitalist system, and those who control capital, to impose limits on daily working hours. Marx writes, "…just as in a machine the part of its value to be reproduced every day is greater the more rapidly the machine is worn out…the interest of capital itself points in the direction of a normal working day" (784-5).

A similar philosophy surfaces in *The Ugly Girl Papers* as Power instructs women in proper methods of educating and disciplining children: "'Say to a child, get this lesson and you may go to play'…. [and] you will be astonished to see how rapidly it learns; but if one lesson is to succeed another till six dreary hours have dragged away, it loses heart" (82). This gentle, conciliatory approach will result in "less fatigue than if one worked eight hours and then rested four," Power claims

(82-3). Her acknowledgement of the relationship between energy and labor reflects the Marxist belief that the immediacy of capitalism is ultimately counteractive: "The capitalistic mode of production…produces thus, with the extension of the working day, not only the premature deterioration of human labour-power…[but] also the premature exhaustion and death of this labour-power itself" (Marx 784). As such, Power sustains the capitalist mindset and ideology, and recognizes how time allotted for relaxation and leisure actually yields superior results. Mothers who are "pitiful and sympathetic" enhance their children's learning and efficiency, and as they appease their offspring–the young workers and future labor force–women actually instill in them the values of capitalism. As such, they become an "ideological state apparatus" in yet another way: women reproduce the capitalist ideology in their children, training them as industrious and efficient workers. They basically "ensure subjection to the ruling ideology or the mastery of its 'practice'…. [and allow] provision…for the reproduction of the skills of labour-power" (Althusser 1485). Therefore, mothers are responsible for physical reproduction in the literal sense of the word, as well as ideological reproduction.

Ultimately, *The Ugly Girl Papers* reinforces the biological and traditional social roles of women, as Power reduces their identity to their bodies: beauty is their work and their "business," and this serves further to thrust women into the domestic sphere that Victorian society reserved for them. The economic implications of these values are significant, as they also promote the social functions of capitalism. Power's emphasis on health and beauty gives voice to social Darwinism, a philosophy that accompanied the industrialization of the 19th century. The drive towards self improvement–physical fitness, strength, and attractiveness–is also an implicit drive towards a superior, ideal class, or "race" of human beings. Within the capitalistic hierarchy, such superiority would fulfill the "survival of the fittest" doctrine, and thus ensure power for the privileged, "superior" elite.

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THE DISCONNECTION

A Prose Poem

Joyce N. DeFilippo

How can I claim to be here with you, concrete and static like you, with your hands firmly stuck to the table, sturdy knuckles straining beneath skin, and veins protruding? I am drowsily gazing upward out of the coffee shop window at the sweet orange light of a harvest moon, imagining it could melt us into oblivion. I might enjoy it, the sheer obliteration of existing wholly in light, letting it pass through me, and my mind would be a prism, all things clarified and blurred at once. No, we are still temporal; remain here empirical like facts. You are leaning forward in your chair, grasping for the fantasy behind my eyes, and failing. I cannot meld together worlds for you, only give subtle directions to the contents of my continents. I cannot inhabit my body like you, feel through it and with it, only anticipate the softness of your mouth on my mouth, and how I will wish it could connect us somewhere, in a dimension we cannot fathom.

THE HOT DEBATE OVER PHOTOGRAPHY

Camille Pajor

When photography was invented in the earlier part of the nineteenth century, many believed that it would be "an art which [would] constitute a new era" (Goldberg 59). Although photography's revolutionary status was hardly questionable, its relation to art and the modern world was a contentious issue that sparked many debates among classical artists, art critics, philosophers, and even photographers themselves. It was understood that the effect of photography on society would be momentous, but the nature of this effect was disputed. Should photography be considered art, and could photography serve as a reliable source of documentation?

Lady Elizabeth Eastlake, a woman of high status in London's art society in the middle of the 1800s–her husband was the director of London's National Gallery, president of the Royal Academy, and first president of the Royal Photographic Society–believed that art and photography were separate phenomena inhabiting "two distinct spheres" (Goldberg 97). Lady Eastlake identified the lack of control, or "obedience to the machine" (Goldberg 98), as the factor which distinguishes a photographer from a true artist. In her view, art is composed of crucial elements absent from photography, including the "power of selection and rejection" (Goldberg 98). In other words, art, unlike photography, allows the artist freedom to make

choices. A sculptor is an artist because she may chisel any shape she pleases. A painter is an artist because she strokes her brush as she sees fit. However, when a photographer takes a picture, she is limited to the scene in front of her. Compared to other fine artists, the photographer is severely limited by the reality of nature. Photography also requires less sophisticated skill than other fine arts. One only needs to learn how to operate a machine to take a photograph; the technology presents creative limitations. Many people during this time put forth such arguments to exclude photography from art. For centuries, artists were people who labored with their hands and bodies to create a work of art out of natural materials, so photographers found "their medium's automatism," a difficult aspect to defend (Jeffrey 10). Critics such as Lady Eastlake found that the "capacities" of a camera do not include "artistic feeling," but merely "manual correctness" (Goldberg 96).

However, Lady Eastlake did not entirely dismiss photography. On the contrary, she felt that the separation between photography and art could actually elevate the latter. For example, she believed portraits to be a proper undertaking for photography, since photography achieves the goal of a portrait more accurately than a painting (Goldberg 99). Lady Eastlake stressed that photography should not be thought of as a threat to art, but as a tool for its improvement (Goldberg 98). She theorized that if photography would immerse itself in tasks which painting did not successfully achieve, this would allow painting to develop a higher standard. Painters would not have to bother with mundane documentation, and could develop stylistically in their proper realm.

Despite her misgivings, Lady Eastlake did believe that some early photography was "more consonant with [her] feelings for art," (Goldberg 92) because technological imperfections gave these photographs a surreal air, and more importantly, they were not yet enslaved to the conventions which have since developed, such as the required phony smile. People were not used to being photographed, and their pictures seemed to reveal some deep truth about their character. Getting at this sort of deeper truth was the end toward which Lady Eastlake believed art should strive.

Lady Eastlake praised photography foremost as a modern invention, "made for the present age, in which the desire for art resides in a small minority, but the craving, or rather necessity, for cheap, prompt, and correct facts in the public at large" (Goldberg 96). She believed that photographic images, although not exact mirror images of nature due to discrepancies in scale, color, and lighting, would become central players in making images of the world available to the masses. This has proven true. Today's media is an example of how photographs affect millions of people daily. Photographic images in newspapers, on TV, and online, document the world around us. Even though the media's presentation is often biased, people have been conditioned to accept what they see as fact. Lady Eastlake would describe these images as possessing a powerful "strength of identity which art does not even seek" (Goldberg 97). When one looks at the cover of *The New York Times,* for example, one is not invited to interpret an image, as one would interpret a surrealist work, such as Max Ernst's *Two Children Are Threatened by a Nightingale.* In Ernst's collage painting, the image is conceptual and its analysis is open to abstract ideas. It lacks the clarity and definitiveness of a journalistic photograph. A photograph on the cover of the *Times* is to be accepted as a record of an actual past experience. It is to be accepted as truth. Such photographic "facts" are in high demand in today's world. The percentage of the population that reads newspapers or that watches the news is much higher than the percentage of those who visit museums. Lady Eastlake's account of photography's utility "to give evidence of facts, as minutely and as impartially as, to our shame, only an unreasoning machine can give," resonates in the modern world (Goldberg 97).

Oliver Wendell Holmes, a physician and amateur photographer, was not as interested in fitting photography into some sort of system in relation to art; rather he praised photography as a phenomenal development for human progress. Unlike Lady Eastlake, he believed Daguerreotypes were just like mirror images and "fixed the most fleeting of our illusions" (Goldberg 101). Holmes asserted that photographs possess "a frightful amount of detail," and that:

[A] perfect photograph is absolutely inexhaustible. In a picture you can find nothing which the artist has not yet seen before you; but in a perfect photograph there will be as many beauties lurking, unobserved, as there are flowers that blush unseen in forests and meadows. (Goldberg 108)

Such a poetic analysis attributes a sort of mystery and superiority to photography.

One of the most significant uses of photography Holmes praises is the viewing of images through stereoscopes. He likens this experience to travel which was an experience desired by many people. Although looking into a stereoscope is not the same as actually experiencing something, since input from other senses is absent, the images still greatly aid the imagination. Holmes describes the photographs in a stereoscope as "treasure in this small library of glass and pasteboard," and claims that he can "look into the caged tiger… stroll through Rhenish vineyards… sit under Roman arches… walk the streets of once buried cities… look into chasms of Alpine glaciers…" and so on (Goldberg 110). One cannot gain this sort of experience by merely listening to a story or looking at an illustration, because, according to Holmes, photographs are mirror images of reality. In his view, looking at a photograph is almost like being in the scene it portrays.

Holmes viewed photography as a positive invention and did not worry about the fate of art. He claimed: "matter in large masses must always be fixed and dear; form is cheap and transportable. We have got the fruit of creation now, and need not trouble ourselves with the core" (Goldberg 112). Holmes had faith that the affordability and facility of photography would result in progress. In some ways he turned out to be right. Photography has helped families and friends feel a connection to loved ones who are far away or who are deceased. Its clear documentation of nature has helped scientific research and education immensely, and has even exposed suffering and injustice around the world. Commercially, it has allowed people to shop online or through magazine catalogues.

Holmes held another pertinent belief that photography had resulted in a "divorce of form and substance" (Goldberg 114). Photography has indeed brought

about such a schism. Holmes pointed out that there is only one Colosseum, but photography has produced millions of negatives of its image (Goldberg 112). There exists the actual thing and many images of it. The images may depict its form, but they cannot be credited with depicting its substance. Experiencing the real Colosseum and its composition of ancient stone is different from simply viewing a photograph of it. Standing in front of the arena floor, underneath the hot Italian sun, makes the substance of the structure apparent in a way a photograph never could. But in the present day more people experience mere images, and it seems that the actual thing is less important than its appearance. This focus on image can skew an individual's interpretation of an object or even a person. For example, when one views a television program of fashion models walking down a runway or looks at models featured in *Vogue*, one is left with the impression that these women are the quintessential representations of beauty, and that they possess strength and determination. However, if one works backstage with the models–in this way one experiences substance, and not just form–one may realize that they are suffering from malnutrition (as their bones protrude from their skin), dehydration (as they faint sporadically), or a cocaine addiction (if they constantly sniff and jitter). So although photography has provided society with some benefits, it is still subject to what Peter Henry Emerson described as "the disparity between what [one sees] and sense[s] and what photography allow[s] [one] to record" (Jeffery 69). A photograph cannot fit absolute authenticity within its frame.

Holmes also predicted a modern phenomenon, namely, the ability for an individual to search for a photographic image of anything that can be captured on film. He believed that someday people would be able to go to a stereographic collection to find an image of almost anything. Although his conception of such a collection seems, in retrospect, too rigidly structured, the fundamental idea seems strikingly similar to searching for images on Google. The Google image feature sounds like the sort of library Holmes dreamed of: one simply types in the name of the object, place, or person one wishes to view, and the individual is presented with an image almost immediately. Also, it is possible for people to go to a library and search for photographs in books of almost any subject matter they wish. In textbooks,

on iPods, in subway ads, on television–photographic images fill modern day life. Holmes understood that photography would explode and initiate "a new epoch in the history of human progress" (Goldberg 114).

Charles Baudelaire, a poet of the time, had a much more adverse conception of photography in comparison to Lady Eastlake and Holmes. He was negatively disposed to the new technology because he believed that "If photography is allowed to supplement art in some of its functions, it will soon have supplanted or corrupted it altogether, thanks to the stupidity of the multitude which is its natural ally" (Goldberg 125). This assertion stemmed from the fact that he believed that photography was so sought after by the "idolatrous mob" (Goldberg 123), because of people's primitive notion that "an industry that could give us a result identical to Nature would be the absolute of art" (Goldberg 124). Baudelaire categorized this situation as "lamentable" and as "madness." He did not celebrate the naturalism that others found in photography. His conception of art constituted an "emphasis on imagination and dream, the inner response rather than the exterior fact" (Goldberg 123).

For Baudelaire, viewing photographs was like viewing reality, not art. He felt that photography had no place in the world of art because it was void of uniqueness, expression, and communication. These sorts of ideals are still upheld for art today. Even skill seems to take second place to an artist's personal expression. Artistic genius seems to be characterized primarily by the artist's message, not her medium. However, Baudelaire's analysis fails in a sense, as room has been made for art photography. Individuality and deep truth, such as Lady Eastlake described, can be captured in a photograph. Art photography is displayed in art museums all over the word, and it is also sold in galleries in every city. Art photographers have insisted that they are worthy of being called artists, and that their works can be as valuable as any painting. In today's art world, the ends seem to have overcome the means. Artists' mediums matter less than their defense of their work, or at least matter less than their work's location. If one has a photograph showing in a gallery or museum, criticizing the work as non–art becomes difficult.

Although Baudelaire felt strongly about not confusing photography with art, he did not dismiss the technology absolutely. Like Lady Eastlake and Holmes, he felt that its clear recording abilities could be quite useful to society, and asserted: "let it be the secretary and clerk of whoever needs an absolute factual exactitude in his profession." Nevertheless he remained firm in his warning that photography must not "encroach upon the domain of the impalpable and imaginary," for that is the domain of art (Goldberg 125). Baudelaire argued that if people become accustomed to accepting photography as beautiful and aesthetically pleasing, they would lose their ability to judge and react emotionally to true art, which he described as "the most ethereal and immaterial aspects of creation" (Goldberg 126).

With the emergence of photography, many questions surfaced. Is photography art? What is art? How would photography affect art and society in general? One would reason that those who actually performed the craft of taking photographs would be in agreement about the nature of photography, but they were not. The disputes extended to others in society, and some, like Lady Eastlake, disassociated the concepts of photograph and art completely. Others, such as Holmes, glorified the new invention. He was of the opinion that

> In a century that believed strongly in progress, and in the potential of the machine for conferring goods on mankind, photography appeared to some as an almost unlimited blessing, 'as a great step in the fine arts as the steam engine was in the mechanical arts.' (Goldberg 49)

Others, such as Baudelaire, preached contempt and scorn for what they felt was a corruptive device as far as art was concerned. These conflicting views reconciled themselves in part as photography expanded, and even though some detested the possibility of photography being art, art photography plays an important role in the world today. Photography also influences society in numerous other ways, because even if it does not portray nature exactly as it exists in the world, the strikingly similar images it conjures seem to possess some sort of truth.

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LANGUAGE AND LOGIC: FREGE, RUSSELL, AND WITTGENSTEIN

Leah Prestamo

Language and its many ambiguities create a plethora of difficulties for philosophers, difficulties they have sought to resolve in numerous ways. Gottlob Frege, Bertrand Russell, and Ludwig Wittgenstein present an interesting case of three philosophers seeking to do precisely that, but in disparate ways and with different goals in mind. Essentially, each sought to clarify the ambiguities of language so that the difficulties they create might be resolved. As they built on one another's work, each chose certain ideas from the philosopher who went before, rejecting some and rewriting others, all in an attempt to create a more comprehensive and functional philosophy of language. The basis for their differences lies in the way in which each viewed the problems of philosophy they were attempting to solve. Frege recognized an immediate set of problems and tailored his philosophy accordingly; Russell attempted to solve the same problems in addition to those he believed to be created by Frege's work; and Wittgenstein confronted a set of difficulties which differed conceptually from both. Their work, however, centered largely on definitions of sense and reference as well as how and where these ideas could be applied.

The shift to language-level analysis in dealing with issues of epistemology was revolutionary in its conception. It marked a movement away from looking at ideas to answer questions such as "what can we know?" and "how do we come to know anything?" to looking instead at the building blocks which make up ideas:

words, phrases, and sentences. Part of what we see in the development of the philosophy of language and the changes various ideas underwent as they passed through Frege, Russell, and Wittgenstein is the formation of a conception of what an appropriate unit for analysis should be, i.e., the individual word, the denoting phrase, or the proposition. In their work, they sought to clarify philosophical discussion through the analysis of language by uncovering how language presents meaning to us. Simply put, although each philosopher's conceptions of philosophical problems differed from the others', the problems they sought to eliminate were essentially confusions over how language and propositions relate to the real world and how we can determine the truth-values of propositions and identity problems.

Frege sought to resolve issues of identity which were, at the time, also being discussed and debated by mathematicians. He began with the problem that stating "a = a" and "a = b" seems simultaneously to say the same thing and to say different things. This creates a certain ambiguity of meaning and has important implications for how we recognize truth and the way in which truth values are to be determined.

In his article, fittingly entitled *On Sense and Reference*, Frege introduces the distinction between what he termed "sense" and "reference." Frege's impetus for creating these terms was his observation that two sentences such as those mentioned above seem to convey meaning in two different ways. Let us take, as a clearer example, the sentences "the morning star is the morning star," and "the morning star is the evening star." Since the terms "morning star" and "evening star" literally refer to the same thing, those sentences clearly mean the same thing. However, the latter seems to say something interesting, something about which there may potentially even be some misunderstanding, while the former is a statement derived simply from intuition; hence, the sentences have different meanings.

To explain this, Frege states that proper names have a reference, that is, an object which they stand for, and a sense, which is more difficult to define, but essentially means the manner in which the sign expresses information. From this, we can gather that the reference of "morning star" and "evening star" is one and the

same, while these names each have a different sense. This accounts for the difference between our example sentences; although they have the same reference, they can convey different information because of their different "cognitive values" (56). The cognitive value of a sentence is the thought it expresses. Clearly, the thoughts in our two sentences are different, as one expresses an identity, simply stating that a thing is the same as itself, while the other sentence is more properly understood as a clarification of terms, showing that two different terms are equivalent to one another. Thus, sense and reference can perhaps be understood as two different parts of meaning.

Naturally, not every proper name or phrase has a reference, and sense and reference are not necessarily linked. To use Frege's examples:

> The words "the celestial body most distant from the Earth" have a sense, but it is very doubtful if they also have a reference. The expression, "the least rapidly convergent series" has a sense but demonstrably has no reference, since for every given convergent series, another convergent, but less rapidly convergent, series can be found. In grasping a sense, one is not certainly assured of a reference. (38)

Expressions such as those Frege points out may have or seem to have a meaning, but no reference. It is important to note that this means that sense cannot be the manner in which the sign stands for its reference, because if there is no reference this definition ceases to be meaningful. This complicates any precise understanding of what sense actually is.

From here, Frege presses on to consider the sense and reference of whole declarative sentences. To further complicate matters, he now introduces the thought associated with a sentence as part of his consideration. He writes:

> Such a sentence contains a thought. Is this thought, now, to be regarded as its sense or its reference? Let us assume for the time being that the sentence has reference. If we now replace one word of the sentence by another having the same reference, but a different sense, this can have no bearing upon the reference of the sentence. Yet we can see that in such a case the thought changes. . . . The thought, accordingly, cannot be the reference of the sentence but must rather be considered as the sense. (41)

This is so because, as with proper names, the reference of a sentence, by its very nature, cannot change. Consequently, the reference of declarative sentences cannot be the thought.

This brings up the question of whether sentences, like proper names, might have a sense but no reference. Frege uses the sentence "Odysseus was set ashore at Ithaca while sound asleep" (41) as an example of a sentence which appears to fall into such a category by virtue of the fact that its subject, Odysseus, has sense but no reference. However, Frege states that anyone wishing to label the sentence true or false would give the name Odysseus both a reference and a sense, "for it is of the reference of the name that the predicate is affirmed or denied. Whoever does not admit the name has reference can neither apply nor withhold the predicate" (41). Yet the reference of the name Odysseus cannot have any impact upon the thought of the sentence. Instead, Frege claims that our interest in the reference of parts of the sentence really indicates that we expect the sentence as a whole to have reference.

Now the question is "Why does this matters at all?" "Why should we care if a sentence has reference or not?" This, Frege claims, is "because, and to the extent that, we are concerned with its truth value" (42). If we do not care whether a sentence is true or false, as in the case of a poem or fictitious story in which the beauty of the line and the quality of the tale are not linked to their veracity, then we are unconcerned with the reference of the sentence or its parts. However, in cases in which we care to know whether the sentence is true or false, then it is necessary that the sentence have reference. Frege writes:

> We are therefore driven into accepting the truth value of a sentence as constituting its reference. By the truth value of a sentence I understand the circumstance that it is true or false. . . .Every declarative sentence concerned with the reference of its words is therefore to be regarded as a proper name, and its reference, it if has one, is either the True or the False. These two objects are recognized, if only implicitly, by everybody who judges something to be true–and so even by a skeptic. (42)

Thus, it becomes evident, that there are only two possible references for a declarative sentence: true or false. All true sentences have the same reference, as do all false sentences. Therefore, in the case of sentences, we cannot be concerned simply

with the reference or the sense of a specific sentence, at least, not if we are concerned with its truth or falsity. "The mere thought alone yields no knowledge, but only the thought together with its reference, i.e. its truth value" (43). This is a judgment, which, though a complicated concept in itself, Frege claims, is "the advance from a thought to a truth value" (43). This shows the manner in which Frege considered sense and reference to be connected to one another. Both the thought and the truth value are necessary components of judgment which links the two together. How exactly this "advance" is to be made is a point of ambiguity in Frege, however. As we shall see later, it is on this point that Russell breaks away from Frege's ideas.

Frege's focus, then, is knowledge. His sense/reference distinction and the way he applied these terms to sentences is focused upon clarifying what we need to consider with regard to sentences in order to glean knowledge from them. While this may not always be our focus, as in his example of epic poems in which truth and falsity do not concern us, in cases when the truth or falsity of the sentence determine its value for us, both the thought (the sense) and the truth value (the reference) are important.

Bertrand Russell recognized the need to solve the same problems in philosophy that Frege had settled upon, and, as we shall later see, listed three specific puzzles that a complete philosophy of language must be able to solve. But he added to these the problems that he saw emerging from Frege's philosophy. He objected to the sense/reference distinction, believing that the entire concept of sense created several problems. Russell criticizes Frege's distinction claiming that "if we allow that denoting phrases, in general, have the two sides of meaning and denotation, the cases where there seems to be no denotation (i.e., when there is no reference) cause difficulties both on the assumption that there really is a denotation and on the assumption that there really is none" (47). For example, in the sentence "the present King of France is bald," it would seem that since the denoting phrase "the present King of France" lacks reference, the sentence would be nonsense. Yet Russell claims the sentence does not become nonsense simply because it is plainly false. In other words, when falsity is apparent, sense is present. For this reason, Russell rejects

the notion that denoting phrases have meaning and denotation (that is, sense and reference) and shifts focus away from such phrases in isolation to their propositional function.

In outright rejecting Frege's notion of sense, Russell instead replaced Frege's terms with his own term: "denoting phrase." He wrote:

> By a "denoting phrase" I mean a phrase such as any one of the following: a man, some men, any man, every man, all men, the present King of England, the present King of France, the centre of the mass of the solar system at the first instant of the twentieth century, the revolution of the earth round the sun, the revolution of the sun round the earth. Thus a phrase is denoting solely in virtue of its *form*. (41)

From the variety of examples he offers, it becomes apparent that the actual reality of the object denoted is not the factor which determines whether or not a phrase is a denoting phrase, as we can see from the example "the revolution of the sun around the earth."

Russell distinguishes between three types of denoting phrases:

> (1) A phrase may be denoting and yet not denote anything; e.g., "the present king of France". (2) A phrase may denote one definite object; e.g., "the present King of England" denotes a certain man. (3) A phrase may denote ambiguously; e.g., "a man" denotes not many men, but an ambiguous man. (41)

The crux of his theory is that denoting phrases, in themselves, are meaningless, but that "every proposition in whose verbal expression they occur has a meaning" (43). Thus, Russell wants to discuss propositions, and not individual phrases. That is, he does not wish to equate denoting phrases with proper names, but rather argues that how a denoting phrase refers to something can only be understood in context of the whole proposition of which it is a part.

Russell declared that denotation is exceedingly important for epistemology because of the distinction between knowledge which comes through acquaintance

and knowledge we can have through denotation alone. Knowledge from acquaintance is that which we receive through perception and our own internal thoughts; such things we can be said to be acquainted with. However, the thoughts of others and things such as "the centre of mass of the solar system at the first instant of the twentieth century" although they may be denoted unambiguously, we cannot be acquainted with. Such knowledge we can know only through denotation. Russell states that "All thinking has to start from acquaintance; but it succeeds in thinking *about* many things with which we have no acquaintance" (42). Russell describes his theory, writing:

> I take the notion of the variable as fundamental; I use "C(x)" to mean a proposition [Russell's footnote here added "more exactly, a propositional function"] in which x is a constituent, where x, the variable, is essentially and wholly undetermined. Then we can consider two notions: "C(x) is always true" and "C(x) is sometimes true." Then everything and nothing and something (which are the most primitive of denoting phrases) are to be interpreted as follows:
>
> C (everything) means "C(x) is always true";
> C (nothing) means "'C(x) is false' is always true";
> C (something) means "It is false that 'C(x) is false' is always true   (42)

As denoting phrases themselves, the terms "everything," "nothing," and "something," have no meaning unto themselves but give meaning to every proposition in which they appear.

Russell claimed that "the difficulties concerning denoting are . . . all the result of wrong analysis of propositions whose verbal expressions contain denoting phrases" (43). His attempt here was to elucidate problems found in philosophy by using logic as a tool for clarification of propositions. Correct analysis, such as he was setting forth, could overcome these difficulties.

If a theory of denotation is to be worth anything to philosophy, Russell stated that it must be able to solve three puzzles. The first of these arises if we assume that when two phrases with the same reference (in Frege's sense) can be substituted

for one another without altering the truth or falsity of a sentence. Given this assumption we can then prove that "Mary wanted to know that Helen was Rachel's mother," if Helen was in fact Rachel's mother, means "Mary wanted to know if Helen was Helen." This, however, is clearly incorrect, as Mary's query was not one of identity. The second problem is the law of excluded middle which states that either "the present King of France is bald" or "the present King of France is not bald while "if we enumerated the things that are bald, and then the things that are not bald, we should not find the present King of France in either list" (48). The third and final puzzle involves non-entities being the subject of propositions. Russell writes:

> "I think, therefore I am" is no more evident than "I am the subject of a proposition, therefore I am," provided "I am" is taken to assert subsistence or being, not existence. Hence, it would appear, it must always be self-contradictory to deny the existence of anything; but we have seen in connexion with Meinong [an Austrain philosopher], that to admit being also sometimes leads to contradictions. Thus if A and B do not differ, to suppose either that there is, or that there is not, such an object as "the difference between A and B" seems equally impossible. (48)

Russell's theory can provide a solution to each of these puzzles. To explain them, Russell introduces the distinction between primary and secondary occurrences of denoting phrases. In his example,

> When we say, "George IV wished to know whether Scott was the author of Waverley," we normally mean "George IV wished to know whether one and only one man wrote Waverley and Scott was that man"; but we may also mean: "One and only one man wrote Waverley, and George IV wished to know whether Scott was that man". In the latter, "the author of Waverley" has a *primary* occurrence; in the former, a *secondary*. . . . A *secondary* occurrence of a denoting phrase may be defined as one in which the phrase occurs in a proposition *p* which is a mere constituent of the proposition we are considering, and the substitution for the denoting phrase is to be effected in *p*, not in the whole proposition concerned. (52)

Therefore, in the case of George IV, substituting the denoting phrase "Scott" for "the author of Waverley" is incorrect and one cannot consider the statements "George

IV wished to know if Scott was the author of Waverley" equivalent to "George IV wished to know if Scott was Scott." Russell's use of logic to elucidate propositions is further supported by this point, as Russell states that the ambiguity between primary and secondary occurrences is difficult to avoid in ordinary language, but is easily avoided in logic.

The distinction between primary and secondary occurrences also helps to explain the second and third puzzles. In the case of the law of the excluded middle, Russell writes, "'The King of France is not bald' is false if the occurrence of 'the King of France' is *primary*, and true if it is *secondary*. Thus, all propositions in which 'the King of France' has a primary occurrence are false; the denials of such propositions are true, but in them 'the King of France' has a *secondary* (53). And so it becomes apparent that both statements "the present King of France is bald" or "the present King of France is not bald" are false because in both, "the present King of France has a primary occurrence.

For propositions regarding non-entities, the same rule applies: a proposition in which the denoting phrase has a primary occurrence is false, and any proposition in which the denoting phrase has a secondary occurrence may–or may not–be true. Russell writes, "so again, the round square is round" means "there is one and only one entity *x* which is round and square and that entity is round", which is a false proposition" (54). Similarly, a proposition such as "there is no such thing as a green cat" simply states that "it is not the case that there is an entity *x* which is both green and a cat."

Wittgenstein reformulated the conception of philosophy's problems as viewed by Frege and Russell by stating that the major questions found in most philosophical works are simply nonsensical. He writes:

> Most of the propositions and questions of philosophers arise from our failure to understand the logic of our language. (They belong to the same class as the question whether the good is more or less identical than the beautiful.) And it is not surprising that the deepest problems are in fact not problems at all. (4.003)

From this it seems that his intention is not to provide solutions, but rather to remove the confusion regarding philosophical problems so that the problems themselves might disappear. Like Russell, Wittgenstein believed that "Philosophy aims at the logical clarification of thoughts. Philosophy is not a body of doctrine but an activity"(4.112).

Wittgenstein's preface to his *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus* creates from the book's outset a picture of what he was attempting to accomplish through his work, which points to another fundamental difference between him and his predecessors. He wrote that the value of his book was twofold and consisted in first, the thoughts it contained, and second, "that it shows how little is achieved when these problems [i.e., those of philosophy which are addressed within the work] are solved"(4). Trying through his work to set the limits of philosophy by demarcating the limits of language and discussing what can and cannot be spoken about, Wittgenstein recognized that in accomplishing this goal, he would not be producing a new body of knowledge, but would rather be removing sources of confusion. His focus was more on removing confusion from the discussion than adding new knowledge to it.

The *Tractatus* is largely an analysis of the relationships between language, thought, and reality. Like Russell, Wittgenstein, for the most part, abandons discussions of sense and reference of denoting phrases altogether, and instead focuses on propositions. Yet, he preserves more of Frege's notion of sense than Russell does, although he applies it to propositions and not to words or phrases. The distinction he sets forth is that propositions "show" states of affairs in the world, i.e., their sense, and "say" what their reference or denotation is. Thus, the sense/reference distinction is preserved, though in a slightly different way.

Wittgenstein sets the stage for this idea by starting with a discussion of his "picture theory" of meaning in propositions 1–3 of the *Tractatus*. This theory begins with his statement that the world is made up of interconnected facts which consist of states of affairs that are combinations of objects, each of which is able to interact

or combine with others. Of this totality of interconnected facts, "we picture facts to ourselves"(2.1). Wittgenstein, in 2.11-2.131, begins to define his idea of a picture, writing:

> A picture presents a situation in logical space, the existence and non-existence of states of affairs. A picture is a model of reality. In a picture objects have the elements of the picture corresponding to them. In a picture the elements of the picture are the representatives of objects.

Essentially, pictures are "laid against reality like a measure"(2.1512); they can depict any reality with which they have a common form. Pictures present logical forms; Wittgenstein claims that thought cannot be illogical, for we cannot think illogically, and that we cannot imagine what an illogical world would look like. Rather, language is logical and can never be used to represent anything which flatly contradicts logic. However, in order for pictures to depict reality, they must have the same logical structure as the reality they stand for. Yet the one thing pictures cannot depict is their own pictorial form; this they can only show.

In proposition 4, Wittgenstein examines the idea that propositions function as pictures. Wittgenstein writes, "in a proposition a thought finds an expression that can be perceived by the senses,"(3.1) and later, "a proposition is a picture of reality. A proposition is a model of reality as we imagine"(4.01). Thus, propositions express reality by having the same logical form as reality itself. Wittgenstein's theory of propositions is a great deal like Russell's. He believes that a proposition "is a statement of its truth-conditions"(4.431). While tautologies and contradictions, which are not pictures of reality, show nothing other than the fact that they say nothing, propositions, which are *pictures of reality* "show what they say"(4.461). Again, this indicates Wittgenstein's adherence to Frege's notion of sense and reference as well as his focus, like Russell's, on propositions.

Wittgenstein takes Russell's theories farther than Russell did by trying to demarcate the limits around philosophy. The ending of the *Tractatus* attempts to circumscribe philosophy and language by claiming that language can only reflect

the world, not things outside the world. In this way, considerations like metaphysics,

religion, and potentially even ethics fall outside the realm of what can be discussed,

and thus outside the realm of philosophy. Wittgenstein writes:

> The correct method in philosophy would really be the following: to say
> nothing except what can be said, i.e. propositions of natural science–i.e.
> something that has nothing to do with philosophy–and then, whenever
> someone else wanted to say something metaphysical, to demonstrate
> to him that he had failed to give a meaning to certain signs in his
> propositions. (6.53)

In summary of this position, proposition 7 states "What we cannot speak

about we must pass over in silence."

Continuing in his peculiar position regarding his own work, Wittgenstein

ends the *Tractatus* stating that what he has written will serve as an elucidation by

showing anyone who understands it, that it is all nonsensical. Once one has used his

propositions, he believed one might then "throw away the ladder after he has climbed

up it"(6.54). In a sense, the *Tractatus* was meant to be self-conquering. After reading

it, anyone who understood it would be assured they understood correctly if they

then saw its propositions as nonsense. Clearly, the propositions in the *Tractatus* cannot

actually *show* states of affairs in the world–they can only say things for the purpose of

clarification. While they are not without value, they are nonsense in that they don't

picture the world.

It is important both to see the common threads running through

Frege, Russell, and Wittgenstein and to understand why their ideas differed from

one another. Essentially, their philosophies were tailored to match the results

they hoped to produce. As each set out to solve the problems addressed by his

predecessor, they each also faced the problems they believed were created (or

ignored) by each other's work. Despite this, we still see a great deal of Frege's

ideas preserved in Russell and Wittgenstein, even as they are reworked to match

changing objectives in some better way.

The pioneering work of the linguistic turn was important to philosophy because it shifted the focus of analysis and began the work of clarifying how we understand language and the way we determine the truth-values of statements. It is, perhaps, the shift itself and the various strides made by Frege, Russell, and Wittgenstein in bringing philosophical problems to light and beginning to work through these issues that are more important than the specific theories produced by any one of them. Only a decade after writing the *Tractatus*, Wittgenstein returned to philosophy and wrote the *Philosophical Investigations*, which altered much of his previous work. Since then, these ideas have been further reworked and revised, but this initial work of Frege, Russell, and Wittgenstein was important because it set the stage for the future work to come and marked an important turning point in philosophy.

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Kaiser Wilhelm II and the Unfulfilled Necessity of an Anglo-German Alliance

Christina Illig

Germany's role in Europe, as well as its foreign policy, changed greatly as Kaiser Wilhelm II became increasingly involved in German affairs after rising to the throne in 1888. Beginning in 1890 with the forced dismissal of Otto von Bismarck from the chancellorship, Germany began to follow a diplomatic path centered on the whims of the Kaiser. As historian Donald Kagan notes, "Bismarck's diplomacy and policy was the target of criticism in his own time, and especially after Kaiser William II dismissed him and reversed his policies."[1] It soon became apparent that the Kaiser believed that Bismarck's dedication to "the restraint, the satisfaction with the status quo, the determination to continue balancing one power against another without achieving a permanent and satisfactory settlement that would increase German power and glory, even at the cost of war, seemed stodgy and old-fashioned."[2]

The Kaiser, therefore, put Germany on a "New Course" to assert its grandeur and power throughout Europe, and eventually, the world. Specific and important changes to Germany's policies and status in Europe became evident over the course

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1 Donald Kagan, *On the Origins of War and the Preservation of Peace,* (New York: Anchor Books, 1995), 115.
2 Ibid.

of early 1908 to late 1911. These changes in Germany's situation are largely attributed to a series of European crises that occurred during these years. Germany's situation, however, was also greatly affected by the actions and policies of Kaiser Wilhelm II and his chancellors (Prince Bernhard von Bulow until 1909, and then Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg). In order to understand the extent to which the Kaiser's foreign policy priorities and general diplomatic modus operandi changed during this period (1908-1911), a detailed understanding of these policies and priorities prior to 1908 must first be determined.

As Kagan points out, a key factor in the Kaiser's desired assertion of German power involved forming an alliance with alienated Britain. Despite the Kaiser's avowed dedication to forging an alliance with Great Britain, he did little to foster positive relations with the British. On December 29, 1895, a British administrator, Dr. Leander Starr Jameson, led an armed raid in the independent Boer state of Transvaal. The raid, meant to stir uprising in the state against Boer rule, failed, and Jameson was denounced by the British. Despite the quickness with which disaster was averted, the Kaiser was enraged by the actions in Transvaal. As a result, the infamous Krueger Telegram was sent, offering the Kaiser's congratulations to the President of Transvaal. According to Kagan, "Its message angered the British because they regarded the message as an improper intervention into the internal affairs of the British Empire."[3]

The Anglo-German situation continued to worsen with the onset of the First Moroccan Crisis. At the Madrid Convention of 1880, the independence of Morocco was encouraged, and as a result, an "open door" trading policy was established. In 1905, however, French Foreign Minister Théophile Delcassé wished to establish French control over Morocco. Steps were taken to establish Morocco as a French protectorate. Bulow, in retaliation to the French rejection of the Madrid Convention, convinced the Kaiser to dock in Tangier while on a cruise of the Mediterranean. While in Tangier, the Kaiser "asserted Germany's equal rights in Morocco, its defense of free trade, and its support of Moroccan independence."[4] In doing so, however, the Kaiser created an international crisis. The Kaiser made the French aware of the

3 Ibid., 131.
4 Ibid., 146.

German wish to preserve Moroccan independence at all costs. Yet, the Kaiser and Bulow were able to feel comfortable with their actions because they were protected by a type of safety net: no European power was actually capable or willing to go to war over Moroccan independence.

Russia had recently suffered defeat by the Japanese and undergone revolution. The French were not prepared to fight and as yet did not have an alliance with the British. Kagan clearly states, "Neither Bulow nor the Kaiser, however, wanted war. They may have sought to disrupt the new Anglo-French entente by diplomatic pressure, to gain prestige by the display of their power, to obtain territorial compensation, or merely to fish in troubled waters to see what they could catch."[5] This foolish game, however, cost the Germans greatly. After a conference was called to discuss the matter, it became clear that Germany was isolated. Historian Laurence Lafore writes, "The French and the British stood together against German efforts to save Moroccan independence, and they were in the end joined by an evasive and embarrassed Italy. Austria alone, and that with trepidations, had backed the German Empire."[6] In addition, France now began fostering an Anglo-Russian alliance in order to unite with its two allies in a Triple Entente. As a result, the British were being pulled further into an alliance against Germany, rather than with Germany.

In addition to these alliance issues, the Kaiser further complicated the situation with his ardent desire to build a German Navy. Although the Kaiser's exact reasoning remains unclear, many historians believe that the building of a German Navy was meant to be a fulfillment of the Kaiser's childish need for attention–he wanted other countries to notice and be jealous of "his" Germany, especially Britain.[7] In his biography of the Kaiser, historian Lamar Cecil writes, "Russia, Great Britain, and France, the three other great European naval powers, might be allied, but with a fleet, Wilhelm felt confident that Germany would be 'desired as a friend and feared as an enemy,' and for that reason he never understood that building a great navy and maintaining good relations with Britain were incompatible aims."[8] After Admiral Tirpitz was named State Secretary of the Imperial Navy in 1897, the naval race between Germany and Great Britain began in earnest. The Kaiser and Tirpitz "never

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5 Ibid., 146.
6 Laurence Lafore, *The Long Fuse: An Interpretation of the Origins of World War I,* (Long Grove, IL: Waveland Press, Inc, 1997), 130.
7 Kagan, *On the Origins of War*, 135.
8 Lamar Cecil, *Wilhelm II,* vol. ii, (1996), 129.

considered retreat, regardless of the cost and the trouble caused by the Navy, pushing forward relentlessly."[9]

If this was not enough to ruin relations between Britain and Germany, the *Daily Telegraph* incident was most certainly something to cause alarm. Cecil notes that "the *Daily Telegraph* crisis would lead to an irreversible decline in Wilhelm's reputation in both England and Germany, and it would eventually cost Bulow the chancellorship, in which for almost a decade he had taken such unwarranted satisfaction."[10] Wilhelm always wished to view himself as the supreme promoter of goodwill between Germany and Great Britain. As a result, Wilhelm devised a plan to have an article written and published in an English newspaper that expressed his many attempts to engineer peace between the two countries. "It might, Wilhelm believed, cause the Germanophobe British press to take a more positive view of Germany."[11] In actuality, the "general tenor of the article was to present a ruler who, although clearly annoyed at the criticism leveled at him by the British, genuinely wanted to be their friend."[12] Although in Britain there was little reaction to the article, the publication created outrage in Germany. Many German citizens felt that their country was becoming a source of laughter to other European countries. Wilhelm suddenly became the "object of outrage that was sweeping through Germany."[13] Wilhelm felt as though Bulow had failed him, and as a result, fell into a depressive state. After Bulow's tax provisions bill was declined, he was forced from office. On July 14, 1909, Bulow resigned and Bethmann-Hollweg became Chancellor.

Until Bulow's departure from office, the Kaiser's foreign policy priorities were simple–build a giant German Navy to establish the nation as the prime European power while also befriending the British. There are many theories about the Kaiser's exact reasoning for desiring friendship with the British. Kagan notes, "England exerted a powerful but ambiguous attraction upon him [the Kaiser]. He wanted to win the liking, respect, and acceptance of the royal family and the aristocracy, but

9 Kagan, *On the Origins of War*, 139.
10 Cecil, *Wilhelm II*, 131.
11 Ibid., 133.
12 Ibid., 135.
13 Ibid., 137.

he was jealous of England's power, represented most strikingly by its empire and the fleet that preserved it."[14] The Kaiser, Kagan notes, was both proud and ashamed of his English lineage. He adored the "code of the English gentleman"[15] but also loathed Queen Victoria's categorizing German culture as second rate compared to English culture. The Kaiser created a double standard in his mind that allowed him to admire and adore the British Navy while simultaneously abhorring the pompous nature of Great Britain as a whole. Therefore, it can be assumed that the Kaiser wished to establish an alliance with Britain for two main reasons. Firstly, an Anglo-German alliance would serve as a personal wish-fulfillment for the Kaiser, aligning him with the object of his devout adoration. Secondly, the alliance would bolster German power by placing the German nation on the same level as the colonial and naval giant, Great Britain.

During the period of 1908 to 1911, however, there was a change in German reasoning for the desire of an Anglo-German alliance. In August 1907, an agreement was reached between Russia and Great Britain. As the term "Triple Entente" began appearing in the press to describe the relationship among Great Britain, France, and Russia, the Germans began to worry. As Lafore notes, "Germany was 'encircled.' The ring was not complete, the circle not tight. But there were some distressing indications of finality."[16] Slowly, all the European powers were uniting, without Germany. Establishing any form of alliance with Britain was no longer a desire of the Germans; it was a necessity.

According to Cecil, "The new chancellor [Bethmann-Hollweg] considered his first diplomatic responsibility to be the improvement of Anglo-German relations."[17] Bethmann-Hollweg was hoping to establish a diplomatic and colonial settlement with Great Britain, thus reconciling the two countries' main grievances. Also, Bethmann-Hollweg realized that in striking such an agreement, Germany would no longer be isolated from all the European powers. Cecil states, "If the differences with Britain could be reconciled, Germany would be delivered from isolation, and

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14 Kagan, *On the Origins of War*, 120.
15 Ibid., 120.
16 Lafore, *The Long Fuse*, 130.
17 Cecil, *Wilhelm II*, 147.

the ability of the French and the Russians, both financially dependent on London, to conduct anti-German policies would also be diminished."[18] Yet, as Cecil points out, Bethmann-Hollweg was acutely aware that both Wilhelm and Tirpitz could serve to poison any potential relationship with Britain. Tirpitz sincerely hated the British, and viewed war as inevitable.[19]

However, Wilhelm himself did not view war as inevitable at the time of Bethmann-Hollweg's induction. In fact, Wilhelm believed, like Bethmann-Hollweg, that the Chancellor's first job should be to establish better relations between Great Britain and Germany. However, "The only impediment to good relations between London and Berlin, one about which Wilhelm had intensely strong feelings, was the naval race."[20] On this issue, the Kaiser stood firm. He did not wish to have any interference with the building of the German Navy. "Wilhelm II," according to Cecil, "agreed with Tirpitz's vision to the extent that he believed that a powerful naval force in Germany's hands would either decisively wound the Royal Navy in battle or deter Britain from any thought of going to war."[21] Bethmann-Hollweg faced quite a dilemma. He was Chancellor of a nation that needed to befriend Britain at all costs. Germany simply could not afford to fight all of Europe in a war. Yet, despite this necessity for an Anglo-German alliance, the Kaiser encouraged the building of a German Navy to defeat the British if necessary. The Kaiser simply could not see the incompatibility of his dream for an alliance with Britain and his desire for a strong German Navy.

Along with the obvious blunders in German international diplomacy that occurred prior to 1908, Bethmann-Hollweg committed his own series of German diplomatic errors. When first trying to strike an agreement with the British a month into his term as Chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg "reminded [British] Ambassador Goschen that Germany's shipbuilding program was set by law and could not be altered, so that the only negotiable point would have to be the tempo of construction

18 Ibid., 149.
19 Ibid., 147.
20 Ibid., 155.
21 Ibid., 153.

and the retirement of vessels."[22] Although Bethmann-Hollweg thought his ruse intelligent, the British were not amused. According to Cecil, Edward VII "tartly remarked that whoever had made a law could retract it."[23] Despite this dubious action on the Germans' part, the British agreed to discuss an arrangement with the Germans that would not impinge on the already existing Entente.

By the end of 1909, Wilhelm is quoted as realizing the gravity of the situation while in a meeting with Goshen. According to Cecil, Wilhelm began the meeting by "declaring that a political understanding '*must* be made.'"[24] At this point, the Germans were prepared to admit that England was supreme ruler of the seas as long as Tirpitz's risk theory could be implemented if necessary. These discussions, however, were put on hold with the outbreak of the Second Moroccan Crisis. During this crisis, "The British and the French had again stood firm against Germany, and this solidarity, Wilhelm speculated, was a preparation for the great war that must one day inevitably descend upon Europe."[25] In addition, there was unrest in Germany because, once again, Austrian support of German goals seemed reluctant rather than voluntary. Yet, despite the many clear signs of Britain's disinterest in the German cause, the German government still harbored hopes for an Anglo-German alliance. Cecil writes, "But the Moroccan situation was over, for better or worse, and he [Bethmann-Hollweg] could now attempt to pursue what he considered his foremost diplomatic aim, the improvement of Anglo-German relations."[26]

Despite the many failed attempts of various German Chancellors to establish an alliance with Great Britain, Bethmann-Hollweg still thought he stood a good chance after the Second Moroccan Crisis in 1911. Prior to 1908, such an alliance was hoped for by the Kaiser and the German people to establish Germany as a prime European power with strong friends. When Bulow served as Chancellor, he was able to take risks with little consequence, as seen with the First Moroccan Crisis. Bulow only encouraged the Kaiser in adamant support of the Moroccans because he knew

22 Ibid., 157.
23 Ibid., 157.
24 Ibid., 160.
25 Ibid., 165.
26 Ibid., 166.

no other European power was capable of fighting over the situation at the time. From 1908 to 1911, however, it became apparent that an alliance with Britain would be Germany's last-ditch attempt to prevent encirclement. Bethmann-Hollweg was in no position to take risks, since Germany faced virtual encirclement.

As a result, Germany was forced "and indeed had done what it could to allay British suspicions by minimizing the activity of German warships in the English Channel."[27] After the Second Moroccan Crisis, Bethmann-Hollweg still believed an Anglo-German agreement could be reached. Despite the unrealistic nature of such a belief, it is important to note that the goal of German diplomacy in late 1911 remained the same as the goal of German diplomacy prior to 1908. The German goal was to establish a strong diplomatic relationship with Great Britain. However, the reasoning to establish such an agreement changed quite drastically. Prior to 1908, a good relationship with Great Britain was a desire; in late 1911, it was a necessity for survival.

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27 Ibid., 157.

BLACKBIRD

Olga Bass

Part I: TRISTAN

I am the tragedy
And the heroine
I am lost
And I am rescuing

The storm is come
And I am following

My name is Tristan
And I am alive

Forever young
I come from God knows where
'Cos now I'm here
Without a hope or care

I am trouble
And I am troubled too

My name is Tristan
And I am alive

Sorrow by name
And sorrow by nature
Working for joy
On overtime

Stuck on a line
Of misadventure
I fear no crime

I am the victim
And the murderer
You speak of love
But I've never heard of her

I am fucked
And I am fucking too

My name is Tristan
And I am alive

– Patrick Wolf

Exhilarated, loud and grinning, Andrew stumbled into the dressing room that had been improvised in the sauna just for tonight, just for them. He had already downed three cups of whatever was on tap that night, in an effort to sooth the anxious flutter in his stomach, and it showed in his flushed face and unsteady sway as he clung to Audrey with one arm, violin tucked beneath the other. And she hung on just as tenaciously–her admiration equal to her adoration–far more clear-eyed, but just as giddy, reeling under the weight around her shoulders.

He did not want to be prematurely self-congratulating, but the feeling of elation was there and he could still hear the encouraging applause and the appreciative smiles. He couldn't credit Gareth, who had thought this kind of public spectacle beneath him and rather preferred to play on street corners, with the success, if this could be considered a success. Except, remembering Gareth brought back ugly memories that he'd rather not revisit until he felt capable to face them unflinchingly.

If he was quite honest with himself, he would say that this was it. This was the ultimate thrill, and it made him feel warm all over. In an effort to make that feeling linger, he tipped his head sideways and inhaled, touching foreheads with Audrey–the smell of cigarette smoke overpowering the sharp smell of perfume–until she softly passed her hand over his tight shut eyes, kissed him firmly on his generous mouth, and broke the moment.

Carefully, Andrew propped his violin up in the corner, sliding his arm, skin clammy with sweat, off Audrey's shoulder and slipping heavily onto the nearest foldout metal chair.

Sat in front of a dust streaked mirror that had been pulled off the wall and propped up precariously, Andrew toweled off the sweat and scrubbed at the glitter encrusted around his eyes and on his cheeks that he had liberally applied with a bottle of hairspray in a moment of inspiration. It had gotten into his black hair and dusted his shirt and hands, and when he had shaken himself, it had twinkled and drifted to the ground in a shower of color.

It felt like a mask slipping, with the stage makeup rubbed off and left in dark streaks on the white of the towel: him as Tristan, and Audrey as his faithful Iseult, stripped away the moment they stepped out of sight. And the mask was necessary, he couldn't really say why, but it lent sincerity to the illusion when they were in the spotlight. He hadn't learned to reconcile the person he was on stage with the immediacy of life, feeling the remainders of accomplished authority that fueled the music still lingering and making him feel reckless.

It was either that or Audrey with her meaningful look, creating the atmosphere of mystery as she steadily chain smoked before each performance, no matter how insignificant it seemed. Or maybe it was the alcohol.

The floor was grimy, the paint was peeling off the walls and as he shifted, the chair creaked alarmingly, but there was nowhere else Andrew would rather be. It was a privilege to finally be invited to perform at one of these parties. He had come as a guest before and despite imagining, on several occasions, that it was him at the front of the audience full of other artists and musicians and all their friends, where he belonged, the reality was far better. It was different, too, more than ever he felt frayed and drained of self, as if he had given away too much.

Andrew studied his face in the mirror, absentmindedly rubbing at Audrey's lipstick smudged on his lips, and knew he should be exhausted, it showed in the thinness of his face, but all he could feel was the elation of the moment. It was not the money, as their fee was small, but the feeling of finally belonging. After two years of persistence, he was finally allowed a chance at recognition, acceptance, and escape.

There was a staccato clack–clack–clack as Audrey stamped her feet in an improvised jig, thick hair the color of burnt copper neatly twisted up, standing over his shoulder and clearly bemused by his vacant stare, an unlit cigarette already firmly held between her fingers. He saw her narrow, flushed face in the mirror and he wanted to reach out his hand and touch her thin nose, her mouth, a scarlet streak, like a carefully drawn bruise on her pale skin.

But then she cleared her throat, raised her eyebrow expectantly, and, broken out of his reverie, Andrew shook himself once more, rose with a smile and linked his arm through hers. Exhaustion would set in soon enough, but while he had the residual energy to support him, he would take advantage of the opportunity finally presented to him and celebrate. He felt he deserved it.

And Audrey, too. He felt her hand in his, warm and firmly holding on in support, and was grateful.

The disused, dusty sports center, complete with outdated stationary bicycles, rowing machines, and treadmills, had been rented for a small fee, with the promise to clean it up afterwards. These sort of parties used to take place in people's living rooms, he'd been told, but then they'd gotten too big. Despite the appearance of disuse and decay around him, there was a feeling of excitement and something new. On one end, the performance space that had served as the stage, now housed the DJ, and the walls were hung with art and installations, suntan beds lending ambience and casting deep, unsettling shadows.

It felt different to walk out into the crowded area and be apart and singled out. No longer part of the passive onlookers, but finally, not having to shout over the din, allowed to add his voice to those already admired and respected.

Leaning into each other with familiar ease, Andrew and Audrey slowly crossed through those gathered there to admire, those who came for the open bar, and those who felt obliged to show due to association. The admirers were the most accommodating in their praise, fawning, the drunks the most honest, and the acquaintances the most curt.

Andrew smiled and Audrey nodded graciously, pressing proffered hands between her palms, the cigarette, now lit, scattering ashes in her wake. Too tired and buzzed to be gracious, Andrew dug his fingers into Audrey's side to steer her away from the chattering crowds and to a weight bench that had been pushed up against the

wall in an effort to clear the floor.

Pleasantly drowsy, they huddled in their corner, substituting the back-patting for a close silence. Content and complete and self-satisfied, Audrey smiled and leaned into him, soft and reassuring, putting out the cigarette in his cup.

It jarred a little, the love she held for him, almost motherly in its fierceness, but far from platonic. Andrew never failed to appreciate the sympathetic ear she was always willing to lend. But he had been oblivious to any ulterior motive other than friendship and kindness. Until, a week after Gareth had up and left, she had haltingly explained she really, really liked him and how silly she felt, but was unable to help herself.

That day, Andrew had taken advantage of her sympathy and finally let himself cry. After, he had felt calmer and let her hold him.

Andrew pressed his face into the warmth of her neck and inhaled until he was dizzy, pressed his thumbs into the pulse points until he could feel the flutter of her heart, pressed his mouth to her skin and marked it with his teeth. When she brought a half-hearted hand to push his head away, the other wound as tight as ever around his shoulder, he held it off, the wrist easily fitting within the circle of his fingers.

It was then that Andrew heard, or imagined he heard because he could hear nothing distinct over the thrum of the music, the sharp inhale, a bitten off whimper. And through the haze, he remembered Gareth's frowning eyes and reaching hands, and he thought, *oh, God, what am I doing?*

With a start, he wrenched himself up and watched Audrey's expression change from one of hurt at being pushed away to one of utter confusion. Her mouth pulled in and eyes wide, as if silently pleading with him–"but I want this"–her hand

hovered uncertainly, able, but afraid to reach out and touch without her steadfast assurance reinforcing her usual benevolence. Instead, reinforcing her conflicted expression.

He couldn't bear the pity in her look, distantly feeling the muscle in his cheek twitching involuntarily. Andrew doesn't understand how he never realised before that she'd known, probably the only one who'd been clever enough to have guessed, or curious enough to have stumbled upon what she should not have. And Gareth had never been one to keep his hands to himself.

Audrey finally took him by the hand, then stood up and shook him by the shoulder, forced him to face her, asking, "But what's wrong?"

And Andrew couldn't look her in the eye, ashamed of what she might see there. With a mumbled excuse he begged off, telling her to give his apologies for the early exit and not to stop having fun on his account.

With the coolness of the night air, his stomach gave a lurch and he was sick in the gutter.

When he found himself at their flat, lying fully dressed on the still made bed, staring at the ceiling and its cracked paint, he was struck with the futility of all that he had done and thought he'd achieved. He had the distinct feeling of having been there before and all of it lacking what he had expected. The warmth he had felt earlier had fled.

And when he heard the door open and close softly, signaling Audrey's return, he closed his eyes and hoped she would let him be for the night. She complied and lay on her side, her face to the wall, as unnaturally still as her bed partner.

Feeling empty and hollow from the rough evening, Andrew didn't sleep, but he did dream. Like he used to dream before he had come to London. Thinking of the

what ifs and the maybes that drove him to this point and instead of freedom, getting tied down.

For a moment, he imagined leaving, making it to Richmond–no particular reason for the choice, it just seemed appropriate–on a few quid first thing that morning, writing songs into the night at a rundown teenage runaway house. Then going to Richmond Park the next morning, lying on the damp grass and listening to his beat-up cassette player. How there would be deer, as advertised, and after having some lager on an empty stomach, he would chase them around. And he wouldn't feel like a muppet, not at all, a thrill only summer could provide.

Then there would be Paris and train trip would be predictably miserable. He would sleep on one of the cold, cement benches that ringed the square outside St. Eustache's after having wandered through its arches and down each pew, an old Dictaphone in hand to catch the murmur rising from the visiting tourists and the echoes of the organ as it would resonate across the cavernous ceiling. And though sleeping on a bench would have no element of the new or notable about it, the cathedral would be as grand as the postcards had promised. He wanted to lie in the shadow of the sculpture l'Écoute and listen.

He'd tried running before; he learned it from Gareth, who had said he needed some air, snatched up his violin case with a glare, saving the meanest one for Audrey, and never returned. But it was never far enough away. It was time to slow down before he ran himself ragged trying to reach an as yet unidentified goal.

He could meet someone of like mind while in Paris. Someone aptly named Zoë or Augustine and she would like to wear eagle feathers in her cap. They'd form a musical duo and play noisy, distorted music in the streets until they were chased off with insults or threat of the police. Sometimes they'd be invited for a gallery party, but the audiences would be no better and they'd decide it was best to call it a day while they still had all limbs intact.

In some small way, with Audrey within reach, he resented her presence. He briefly entertained the idea of asking her if she had anything to do with Gareth's abrupt departure, but had the feeling he would not like the answer.

The next morning he knew he'd made a decision before he was aware of ever making it. All he knew was that he was tired of being manipulated.

Before he left, shrugging apologetically as Audrey looked on grimly, he dyed his hair. Turning the tired black into a bright, obnoxious orange-red.

Part II: The Childcatcher

i was still a child when you caught me
and tied me to your bed
you gave me shoes and pretty clothes
and i gave you what i had between my legs.
"just a rite of passage" you held me down and said;
"I'm gonna be your rite of passage
So boy, you better spread, spread 'em"

You said;
"run! Run! Run! As fast as you can
but you can't run from the
childcatcher's hand"

i wrote your name in my shit across the town
to warn the kids of your bloodshed.
I chased you with a burning cross
and my mother, she wanted you dead.

She said:
"Run! Run! Run! As fast as you can
But you can't run run from
Our law giving hand."

You said
"well i've got no time for victims, and i
don't think it was all that bad
and if you can't run to save yourself
then you deserve to be had.
this is the age of constipation. this is the
age of martyrdom.

i think you even enjoyed it, i think i
even saw you come."

– Patrick Wolf

"Come on, put your frock on," Gareth said through a mouthful of apple and tossed the powder blue coat his way.

Andrew caught it and gave it a speculative frown. "Do I have to?"

"The audiences love it," Gareth reassured, slinging his own coat in a muted black over one shoulder.

"But I feel ridiculous. It's got tails!" Andrew scowled and held it out at arm's length. It's not that he didn't like it, in fact, it looked very much like something he would pick up in a charity shop. What he didn't like was the presumption on Gareth's part that he would unquestioningly accept it, wear it and like it.

"Very retro," Gareth countered. And though he was smiling as he coaxed Andrew's arms through the sleeves, there was a hint or ridicule when he continued, "With your shabby clothes on underneath, we can pass for a pair of raggedy Russian gypsies."

Stepping back, he appraised Andrew, hand on chin, reached out to fix the collar, then threw up his arms and exclaimed, "Ah, it's little Arlecchino himself!"

"There's no need to be nasty," Andrew replied. The day had only begun and here he was, already sullen. Being told what to do never sat well with him.

"That was a compliment actually; you make a very fine cut figure," he amended, then shook his head in disbelief and muttered something very likely foul under his breath. "Got your violin?" Gareth didn't wait for a reply, just ushered him out so he could lock the door. "Then let's go or we'll miss the morning rush."

They were the last to leave and that always made Gareth more irritable.

It was already busy at Kings Cross station and they set up hurriedly at the bottom of an escalator. The tune had to be lively or they wouldn't be heard over the station announcements and the chatter of hundreds of people too busy to look up, too busy studying the ground.

Now that they'd got their permits straightened out and there was no need for them to keep a casual eye out for policemen, Andrew sometimes closed his eyes as he played, but more often he liked to watch those who passed by. Particularly, he liked to acknowledge anyone who threw change into his violin case with a brief tilt of the head, or a smile.

Sometimes he'd even catch Gareth's eye and there he'd see a mischievous gleam. Then they would play off each other, more virtuoso rather than the usual rehearsed pieces, and those who watched would clap, spurring them on as one tried to outdo the other with the deftness of his fingers or the skill with which he sank the bow over the strings.

But it didn't happen very often anymore. Andrew had his wounded pride, swaying as if pulled by the notes, the tails of the jacket sweeping across the backs of his knees. Stray strands of hair had escaped the ribbon he had used to tie it back quickly and lay limp in black stripes over his forehead and eyes. And today he played with his eyes closed otherwise he'd have noticed the resentful set of Gareth's mouth and the forcefulness with which he gripped the neck of the violin, standing absolutely still.

After two hours, his shirt stuck wetly to his back, his feet ached, his fingers were cramped and he thought he might've strained his neck. Gareth gathered up their money, which came to a total of 37 pounds, 17 pence, and a chewing gum wrapper. Andrew thought it an admirable amount, not counting the wrapper, but Gareth's silence seemed to indicate otherwise.

Another hour at Waterloo and only 12 pounds and 61 pence to add to the loot.

"Time for lunch, I think," Gareth said flatly. He looked worn and unhappy, exactly how Andrew felt. But it wasn't the money or lack of that had him put out,

scuffing his feet across the pavement as they went.

On a good day they made at least one hundred pounds, on a very good day, when everyone went out alone, they made a hundred each. Not Andrew, not yet, he hadn't learnt everything there was to learn about the art of busking yet.

Not that Andrew was ungrateful, having been handed a mentor, but he always enjoyed the time spent with the whole group more than when he and Gareth formed their violin duo. And he often wondered if Gareth was of the same mind, his tone always carrying a hint of disdain in it, and even the most innocent comments came across as sour and scathing remarks. Andrew never got rid of the impression that he was resented for a slight, real or imagined. Maybe it was because the others had come to like him more.

Audrey, though she coyly refused to give her age to anyone bold enough to ask, struck him as young, and with that reassurance quickly became his favourite. She had a green electric violin that she let Andrew try for himself, and though it was very nice, he preferred his own old-fashioned wooden one.

When he had asked Gareth if he had mentored her as well, Gareth had looked at him strangely, brows drawn together in confusion, opened his mouth before changing his mind and just shaking his head.

She was always cheerful and she never failed to greet Andrew warmly, as if she hadn't seen him for months when, in fact, they had passed each other on the stairs that very morning. She pressed him close in a one-armed hug, sparing a half-hearted wave for Gareth, and chattered about the day's work as they sat down at an empty table in the chip shop.

"I was on Oxford Street and some bloke in a tracksuit threw in a still smoking cigarette butt. It left a charred mark in the lining of my case after I'd finally put it out." Even as Audrey recalled it, she reached into her bag and withdrew a

slightly battered cigarette pack. "The nerve of some people."

"But you're used to it, aren't you? You should be by now." Gareth sounded vaguely amused by her ire.

She pinched Gareth on the arm and it made him grimace and left a red mark. It didn't strike Andrew as a very affectionate gesture. "Hey, doesn't mean I can't be indignant about it." And to prove that point she bit with exaggerated viciousness into her chip, chewing triumphantly.

Content with having the last word, she let it stand, turning her attention away. "Andy, what's that you're writing?"

Andrew had listened politely until he inadvertently had drifted off. As he wrote, he pressed his left thumb under his bottom lip, face sombre and tight, focused on his task. The direct question took him off guard. "Hmm?"

"What's that that's got you so entranced?" Audrey gestured vaguely at the scrap of paper he was hunched over with a pencil, his food forgotten at his elbow.

"Oh, just a melody. I wanted to note it down before it escaped," Andrew admitted sheepishly.

With a few noises of delight, Audrey made a great show of appreciation, smiling with encouragement. Gareth's expression never altered from the usual stoic passiveness and he may have muttered, "Good show." Only Audrey was louder in her praise and drowned it out. Suddenly feeling intensely uncomfortable under the scrutiny of Gareth's bland look and embarrassed by the fuss Audrey kicked up, Andrew quickly folded the paper and stuck it into the pocket of his trousers.

Audrey left with another awkward hug, patting him on the shoulder, then giving it a reassuring squeeze. Shifting and fumbling throughout the drawn-out

goodbye, Andrew watched the disapproving look on Gareth's face deepen.

In the evening, hot and tired after hours of playing to an indifferent audience of passersby, he was made to practice.

Gareth paced in front of him, gesturing as he spoke, "Play the Passacaglia again; you can play those scribbles on your own time."

If he had to practice, Andrew had thought improvisation to be acceptable, but apparently not. "But we've been practicing for hours," he said and tried to keep the whining note out of his voice. With his fingers getting progressively sorer and stiffer, each rendition sounded worse off than the last. And the breeze from the open window barely stirred the flimsy curtain and Andrew swiped the back of his hand across his forehead.

"And I say again." This time there was more of a bite to the words.

Andrew had the distinct impression that Gareth was playing a role he himself had scripted. The dramatic way that he glowered and the stiff way he held himself, even as he made the impression of looming over his charge, all carried across as insincere, like pure imposture. Gareth was only a handful of years older and he knew it, making up in appearance what he lacked in age. Blithely, Andrew tried to point this out, "It's not like we'll be auditioning for the London Philharmonic."

This time there wasn't any verbal command, but a hard look and Andrew saw the slight tightening of the lips so that they seemed thinner than usual in his irritation.

Andrew gave in with a sigh, it was easier than arguing.

With a few deft twists Gareth wound up the faltering metronome. "Keep an ear for the rhythm," he advised as Andrew tentatively began again.

Snatching up his instrument off his unmade bed, Gareth tapped his foot on the bare, dusty floorboards, keeping time with the metronome's businesslike one-two-three tick-tock. "That's it, it's lively." And unlike his public playing where the many indifferent eyes seemed to hold him in place, here he bent this way and that and twirled in ridiculous circles around the room.

Once he exhausted himself, he collapsed on Andrew's bed, violin tucked under the arm, studying Andrew, who sat silently, from under the forearm he had thrown over his eyes.

When Gareth pulled himself upright and Andrew watched him wearily. He really was exhausted and wanted to beg off because he knew what came next, but he always gave in, so he kept still.

Gareth's hand trembled as he reached for Andrew, pausing indecisively when his fingers were near to touching the boy's cheek, then thought better of it and laid it on his thigh instead. When Andrew fidgeted and squirmed, Gareth tightened his hold and, his face so close he stirred the black hair tucked behind Andrew's ear, softly said, "Come on, Andy, don't be unkind."

Wheedling, always wheedling and whispering and egging him on.

"Don't call me that." Andrew said it softly and didn't push the hand away.

Gareth called this practice, too.

The metronome ticked on in the silence, unhindered, until it slowed and finally stopped with no hand to wind it again.

Afterwards, after the lamp had been turned off and Gareth had moved away with a whispered, "goodnight, blackbird," Andrew lay awake despite the exhaustion and watched the headlights of passing cars stretch, brighten then dim and disappear

on the ceiling.

"Now, that wasn't that bad, was it. You enjoyed it, didn't you." Though Gareth had always seemed to ask, he had never waited for an answer. Anxious only so far as it served him and content to supply his own answers.

And though the answer to both was yes, Andrew voiced neither.

He'd weathered it, like a storm, almost like before. Just lay there and let it wash over him, let it pass, keeping himself gathered up tight so no piece would be washed away.

Andrew remembered the breathless moment when there was a scuffing noise outside their door, but it did not repeat and they made nothing of it. Tried not to think how he wished the door to open and to see a horrified face, any face, to appear in the doorway.

Upon reflection, he decided that he was not a blackbird at all. He was a phoenix rising up from the ashes. And that he did not go far enough from the city he was born in to find the joy that he'd been craving.

Part III: The Libertine

The motorway won't take a horse
The wanderer has found a course to follow
The traveller unpacked his bags for the
last time
The troubadour cut off his hand and
now he wants mine

Oh no, not me

The circus girl fell off her horse and
now she's paralysed
The hitchhiker was bound and gagged,
raped on the roadside
The libertine is locked in jail
The pirate sunk and broke his sail

But I still have to go
I've got to go, so here I go
I'm going to run the risk of being free

The magician's secrets all revealed
And the preacher's lies are all concealed
And all our heroes lack any conviction

They shout through the bars of
cliché and addiction
So I've got to go
I've got to go, so here I go
I'm going to run the risk of
being free

And in this drought for truth
and invention
Whoever shouts the loudest gets
the most attention
So we pass the mic and they've got
nothing to say except:

"Bow down, bow down, bow down
to your god"
Then we hit the floor
And make ourselves an idol to bow
before

Well I can't
And I won't
Bow down
Anymore

No more

–Patrick Wolf

Most days, Andrew found, London was like a wild stretch of land, forever busy. Today it was drizzling. But he resolutely stood there on his street corner, getting steadily damp in the fine mist, even though he was barely spared a glance as the foot traffic weaved around him and his violin case steadily gathered water instead of coins and the occasional paper note.

It was hard not to be discouraged, disenchanted. He didn't think himself quite so bad, and a great deal more charming. Today he could blame the weather for the slow trickle. And yesterday it had been the cops.

The moment he had set bow to strings, two policewomen had appeared.

"Are you begging? Shouldn't you be in school?"

"I'm playing music." To demonstrate he flourished the bow.

"For money?" with a fierce, confrontational voice, the other demanded.

"No. No! For love," Andrew answered as forcefully as he could, and tried not to let them see his hands shake from the nervousness.

Most days that's exactly what he played for anyway. They'd left him alone, but he barely made enough that day to pay for his bed.

Pausing to brush the drops of rainwater from his eyes, Andrew saw a man watching him from across the road. It was unmistakable, he had been watching, perhaps for some time, and now that he was perceived he nodded, might've smiled, in acknowledgement.

Andrew resumed playing with a bemused smile, but broke off mid-mournful note when the stranger made towards him. As he got close enough to be studied in detail, Andrew thought he recognized him faintly. Though the close-cropped hair looked darker when wet and the overcoat showed deceptive bulk, it was the same young man whom he had remembered tossing coins into his case several times previous. So the first thing he said was, "I've seen you before."

"True, I pass by here often. Is that a crime?" Having taken it as an accusation, the stranger raised an inquisitive eyebrow.

"No, not at all. I've just never been stalked before." Andrew huffed a quick laugh to indicate that he'd only been joking, and tucked the violin under one arm so that he could warm his fingers instead of just standing idly.

Perhaps out of politeness, the young man chuckled softly before changing

the subject. "You must be tired. And cold."

"A bit," Andrew conceded, pulling his shoulders up to his ears in an attempt to keep the wind from reaching past his collar.

"Let's find someplace to get out of this rain and have a chat about music. How about a coffee? Or would you prefer tea?"

"Coffee would be great, thanks." And it did sound inviting, his curiosity notwithstanding. He had only tried it a few times that his mother had brewed it herself. She had preferred it black, so he was surprised when this cup was not quite so bitter, but laced with the sweetness of sugar and milk.

They sat in the warmth of the café, dripping rainwater on the tiled floor. Andrew held his cup close, feeling the warmth seep into his hands, letting the steam and smell of the coffee rise into his face.

"Gareth Green," here the stranger finally introduced himself and extended his hand.

Andrew faltered before saying, "Andrew Fox," and offering his own hand in greeting.

"Fox? You just made that up on the spot." Gareth looked delighted despite the protestation and the mocking tone.

Andrew leaned in over the little table before confiding in a low voice, "Not on the spot, it's my pseudonym." Then grinning so that only half his mouth pulled up, showing teeth.

This time Gareth did laugh. "You don't strike me particularly fox-like. But if you sing as sweetly as you play, I may as well call you blackbird."

"That's right, didn't you want to have a chat about music?"

"Yes. I wanted to tell you that you play very well," here Gareth paused and Andrew waited patiently for elaboration. "And I thought you may like to join the little troupe I belong to. We play on the streets often, get commissioned occasionally and always get paid." He relished each word, but was particular to emphasize the last few.

It was evident in the way Gareth sat back, arms folded, completely self-satisfied, that he knew which answer to expect. And Andrew did not want to disappoint him. This was very much as he had imagined when he had initially decided to leave home.

Back in Teignmouth, he had known he wanted to be set free, feeling like a wild thing in his youth, held captive by the bleak English coastal town with its winds and abominable, muddy weather. Except he didn't know exactly what he wanted to set free from because it wasn't just the weather that had him feeling cornered.

His mother had not protested when he suggested leaving. She did not seem particularly keen on the idea of London itself, but never voiced her concern aloud. She bore it as she had borne his other strange preoccupations. The same exact fond pat and kiss on the cheek as when he took it into his head to make a theremin from scratch when he was 12.

He'd taken the 11 o'clock train to Paddington station and looked out the window as the train wove alongside the South Devon sea wall. Andrew had sat next to the window so that he could watch the water, the rails running along the same course as the river Teign. For once, the sight lulled him instead of agitating his need to do something, go somewhere, be someone.

The journey took almost three hours and he had felt the hunger low in his belly making itself known as he disembarked on the noisy platform.

And now as Gareth took him by the hand and led him, excitement evident in his voice, to the garret that the troupe of musicians rented, Andrew felt a familiar gnawing: equal parts excitement and apprehension.

There was a shop on the bottom floor and the building looked worn and squat. In the window immediately above the shop, a pink neon sign proclaimed 'NURSES' as if advertising a rare and new form of sex industry. Andrew wanted to ask about the sign, but thought better of it.

Lead up the creaky stairs into the sitting room, Andrew was introduced to "the family" and they welcomed him, simply and without question. There was a guitarist and a cellist and another violinist. She was introduced as Audrey and she smiled at him as they shook hands. She had adoring eyes.

He'd heard countless cautionary tales, and read countless more, of those who defied convention and refused to lead easy lives only to be burned. But as he stood there, surrounded by strangers, he felt the warmth of belonging instead, and decided that it was worth the risk.

Is Defending Globalization a Lost Cause?
A Comparative Book Review
Svetla Marinova

Bhagwati, Jagdish. *In Defense of Globalization*. New York: Oxford University Press, 2004.

Kynge, James. *China Shakes the World: A Titan's Rise and Troubled Future and the Challenge for America*. Boston: Mariner Books, 2007.

Klein, Joe. *Politics Lost: From RFK to W: How Politicians Have Become Less Courageous and More Interested in Keeping Power Than in What's Right for America*. New York: Broadway Books, 2007.

These three books give contrasting reflections of the current global picture. However, even though their authors disagree on many issues, none of them can deny that, as Kynge puts it, China is "an elephant riding a bicycle. If it slows down, it could fall off and then the earth might quake" (53). In fact, China already "shakes" the world. But how does this affect the arguably missing "human face" of globalization's image? Will the U.S. be able to withstand the pressure of a "titan's rise?" In the

following review, James Kynge, Jagdish Bhagwati and Joe Klein debate these issues.

With real income growing at an annual rate of ten percent during the final two decades of the 20th century, China has shifted her role from that of bystander to actor on the global geopolitical stage (Bhagwati 65, Kynge xiii). China's presence, whether positive or negative, is felt across the globe. Kynge recounts personal anecdotes and presents purely statistical data showing how China's demand for jobs and her increasing need for economic growth and new sources of raw materials have shaken the world.

Bhagwati's *In Defense of Globalization* sees China's rise as an example of how globalization, in the sense of economic openness, fosters the growth of previously disadvantaged nations. Furthermore, Bhagwati sees a positive relationship between Gross Domestic Product growth and domestic poverty reduction: "growth [is] the principal (… but not the only) strategy for raising the incomes, and hence consumption and living standards of the poor" (54). For example, in India, a smart combination of economic openness, paired with agricultural innovation and government protectionism over certain sub-spheres of agriculture, has led to multiple cropping. This resulted in an increased demand for labor on farms, automatically followed by an increase in wage rates. Since freer trade accounts for China's greater growth, Bhagwati is not surprised that poverty in China has declined from approximately 28 percent to 9 percent between 1978 and 1998 as estimated by the Asian Development Bank (65). Bhagwati argues that the success of countries like India and China is proof of the irrelevance of anti-capitalist criticisms of globalization and concerns about the widening gap between the rich and the poor.

Bhagwati, Professor of Economics at Columbia University and International Economics Senior Fellow at the Council on Foreign Relations, has the theoretical background to address not only economic issues, but also human rights issues and cultural assimilation concerns associated with globalization. While non-governmental organizations (NGO's) state that economic openness is the reason for deteriorating

child labor concerns and women's rights, Bhagwati sings "What's globalization got to do with it?" In fact, he claims that globalization is not only benign when it comes to child labor but also helpful in improving child literacy: "globalization–wherever it translates into greater general prosperity and reduced poverty–only accelerates the reduction of child labor and enhances primary school enrollment and hence literacy," as was the case in Vietnam (68, 71). Women should also feel grateful that globalization is happening, Bhagwati claims, because economic openness helps them improve their social and economic status.

A popular anti-corporation criticism is that free trade and global competition promote "a race to the bottom," and lead to the deterioration of international labor standards in order to reduce production costs to a minimum. Bhagwati answers this accusation by challenging the popular logic behind comparing the numbers of international conventions on labor that China and the U.S. have ratified: China has a better record in terms of ratified conventions, but the U.S. actually provides more protection for workers. Similarly, he disproves the theory that outsourcing and competition, associated with the increasing global demand for products, leads to the exploitation of workers in sweatshops by multinational corporations like Nike and Gap who pay their employees meager wages. In defense of globalization, Bhagwati quotes empirical studies which have found that multinationals pay a "wage premium:" a wage that is actually higher than the rate available in alternative jobs (172). Kynge would agree with Bhagwati that China's growth has positive aspects such as providing employment domestically as well as internationally by contributing to the growth of African economies through trade which reduces poverty. It is hard to ignore that because of China's economic openness, 400 million people have escaped poverty, 120 million people have migrated from farms to factories, education standards have been raised for millions of children, and the populations of more than 40 Chinese cities now exceed one million (Bhagwati 68–71).

However, whereas Bhagwati argues against the negative criticisms of globalization and insists that globalization does have a "human face," the author of *China Shakes the World* sees that face as lacking Bhagwati's optimism about the reduction of inequality. "China… joining the world is not pretty or forgiving. It is full of human suffering, alienation, and longing," Kynge says of China's economic globalization (40).

Kynge is fluent in Mandarin, lives in Beijing and has been a journalist in Asia for two decades; his account of China's rise is much more experiential than Bhagwati's. Thus, Kynge's evaluation is more credible than Bhagwati's because he presents the "human face" of globalization in anecdotes of his encounters with real people who have been negatively impacted by China's growth. Bhagwati, who lacks Kynge's experience in the field, relies on theory, empirical data, and policies.

When Kynge wrote *China Shakes the World*, he was impressed with the "titan's rise." However, this economic growth was the result of an urgent need to meet China's job creation targets. Thus, some major issues rose along with this rapid development. According to Kynge, issues such as the massive pollution created by China's increased production, the poor working conditions in many factories with very limited labor rights, and China's disrespect for the rest of the world's ethics and values, had the potential to turn China's display of economic power into an object of international criticism (187). Furthermore, contrary to Bhagwati's theory, Kynge insists that China's comparative advantage deriving from not sticking to international labor and environmental norms is to be blamed for taking jobs and opportunities away from unskilled German, Italian and American workers, an argument that even Bhagwati admits is valid.

Piracy has been a long-standing and persistent issue in China, and by the mid 1990s, it was becoming an "all-too-common phenomenon" (Bhagwati 57). Illegal copies of Hollywood blockbusters, knock-offs of Italian designer shoes, and unofficial editions of the *Harry Potter* books are sold in China without any regard for

intellectual property rights. Paired with the corruption and the feeling of impunity of people in high social positions, the issue of "the collapse of social trust" becomes a sensitive topic. Kynge illustrates this with the story of Qi Yuling, a young Chinese woman, whose identity, acceptance into college, and job opportunities were stolen by the daughter of an important official who bribed a group of high school teachers. "The story of Qi Yuling presents a microcosm of the breakdown of trust that bedevils the whole of Chinese society," Kynge sadly notes (163). He continues:

> Shabby products, counterfeit goods, rip offs of intellectual property, exploited labor, the 1989 Tiananmen massacre, official nepotism and corruption, the persecution of religion and other forms of spirituality, a sick environment, outbursts of angry nationalism and opposition to the exiled Dalai Lama…can coalesce to shape the attitudes of people in the West when they read the label "Made in China" on products. (169)

Kynge's concerns proved to be tragically accurate on the eve of the 2008 Beijing Olympics. In fact, international trust in China's social values collapsed over her weak stance on Darfur and the oppression and violence in Lhasa. Unfortunately, the "new set of handbooks published by the state to teach people how to make a good impression on foreigners when the Olympic Games were hosted in Beijing" turned out to be useless after Chinese officials gave into nationalistic aggression aimed at the Dalai Lama and the Western media (221).

But the West has to fear more than unemployment due to China's globalization. In *Politics Lost: From RFK to W: How Politicians Have Become Less Courageous and More Interested in Keeping Power Than in What's Right for America*, Joe Klein argues that there is a loss of trust in American leadership similar to the loss of social trust in China. Having reported on many presidential campaigns, the *Time* magazine political columnist argues that American politics has lost its spontaneity and honesty. According to Klein, one of the last courageous and passionate politicians was Robert F. Kennedy who, in 1968, announced the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. in a black neighborhood in Indianapolis. Kennedy's genuine "unscheduled and un–market–tested speech" included a quote from the poet Aeschylus and a reference to the murder of John Kennedy who was "killed by a white man, too" (9, 20). "Words like 'responsibility'

and 'respect' and 'values' are beloved by focus groups everywhere" and are put into the mouths of presidential candidates by speechwriters obsessed with numbers (11). Klein also argues that television is responsible for the lack of "speak from [the] heart" rhetoric similar to Kennedy's, and for the decline and trivialization of American politics (3). Instead of "doing what's right for America," politicians are spending their time "performing" poll-tested sequences of "rhetorical snooze buttons" rather than delivering meaningful and honest words (11).

Klein's greatest concern is that at a time when the U.S. has to face the kind of economic challenges "wrought by globalization" that Kynge talks about, the cynicism of contemporary politics has deprived Americans of their "habits of citizenship" and of their ability to make the right voting decisions (13). The emergence of poll-testing and the advancement of campaign strategies have resulted in the loss of political campaigns' original mission which was to help voters understand the candidates' positions. This has led to a "hollowed-out democracy" (Klein 234). Decades after Robert Kennedy's speech about family tragedy in relation to Martin Luther's death, the natural passion and conviction of presidential candidates like Al Gore have been erased in the process of professional media consulting. Klein argues that perhaps if Gore had not listened to his advisor and had discussed what he cares about most–the environment–he might have won the election, or at least the respect of the American people.

Thus, the "tyranny of numbers" has turned candidates into mere presenters of pre-approved ideas, sometimes not even their own. Examples of the failures of pre-approved rhetoric are many in past administrations and abundant in the present one. (At the time of this review, G.W. Bush was President.) Speaking in front of a banner that says "Mission Accomplished" and spending more taxpayers' money on marketing than on actually fighting a war will not bring back America's lost charm. The U.S. will only be able to stand up to the challenges of the 21st century when politicians start presenting their own policies and stop fearing public opinion.

Even though Klein's *Politics Lost* convinces the reader that America's leverage has diminished due to its "hollowed-out democracy," it is difficult to conceive of a country that could replace the hegemon any time soon. Kynge's *China Shakes the World* makes it clear that the Asian "titan" is not yet ready to do what America fears the most–replace the U.S. as a world leader not only economically, but also politically. Despite her initial intention to show off her glamour during the 2008 Beijing Olympics, China is in a situation where international accusations of human rights violations and irresponsible environmental policies might force her to bow her head in shame. Maybe Bhagwati's theories are not as accurate as reality suggests, and there is real concern reflected in the international criticism against China which her officials refer to as "empty rhetoric."

However, yet another way to look at this global quarrel is to accept China's dissatisfaction with what she views as international jealously. Perhaps one can agree with Bhagwati who says that activists who can no longer "snore while the other half of humanity suffers plague…" in reality have "no intellectual training to cope with their anguish." Thus, Western accusations of atrocious human rights violations can be likened to Klein's "hollowed-out" rhetoric.

In their books, James Kygne, Joe Klein and Jagdish Bhagwati discuss different aspects of the contemporary world, and express contrasting opinions about globalization and the future of international leadership in terms of ideology and finances. However, all of them would agree that irreversible changes of global magnitude have occurred in the past couple of decades, and that politics and economics will never be the same. It is now just a matter of time to see whether the genuine hope that a new American president has brought will be enough for the U.S. not only to solve its own financial crisis, but also to face the challenges of the titan's rise, and to see that Bhagwati's positive vision of globalization becomes a reality.

MONDAY or Tuesday

by

Virginia Woolf

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UNIVERSITY