

ERASMUS

think deeper.

Edition 7



JUNE 2024 - META MATINEE

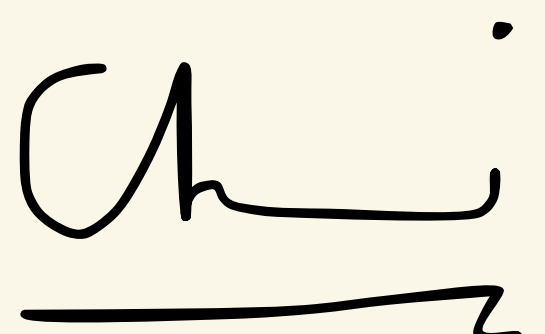
Dear voyager...

Welcome to this little space where ideas abode
and abound.

Welcome to a reading experience devoid of
topic, time and word constraints - just as our
writers are devoid of topic, time and word
constraints.

Welcome to *Erasmus*.

I hope you enjoy your stay with us,
and I hope the ideas in these essays will stay
with you.



Chenrui Zhang

Dear Erasmians

It is my pleasure to introduce this July edition, *Meta Matinee*. I feel it is apt to begin with the circumstances of this topic's creation; a topic that covers Theatre, Art, Self, Deception, Truth, Mimesis, Masks, unheroic Pigs, and so much more.

When I was given the responsibility for creating a theme for this month, I felt apprehensive at my lack of ideas. However, as I sipped my coffee one June morning, confused at my sudden free time after finishing a grueling four year degree, I had a burst of inspiration. I looked back at my time spent as an undergraduate, and considered my progress as an individual – and wondered what my younger self would remark on when faced with my older one. And, indeed, the other way round. What would I say to the self long past?

It hit me that this thought process was very meta. It hit me also, that I had – in my imagination – put on a role as an actress. That is to say, I was acting out the speech of my younger self, through the eyes of my

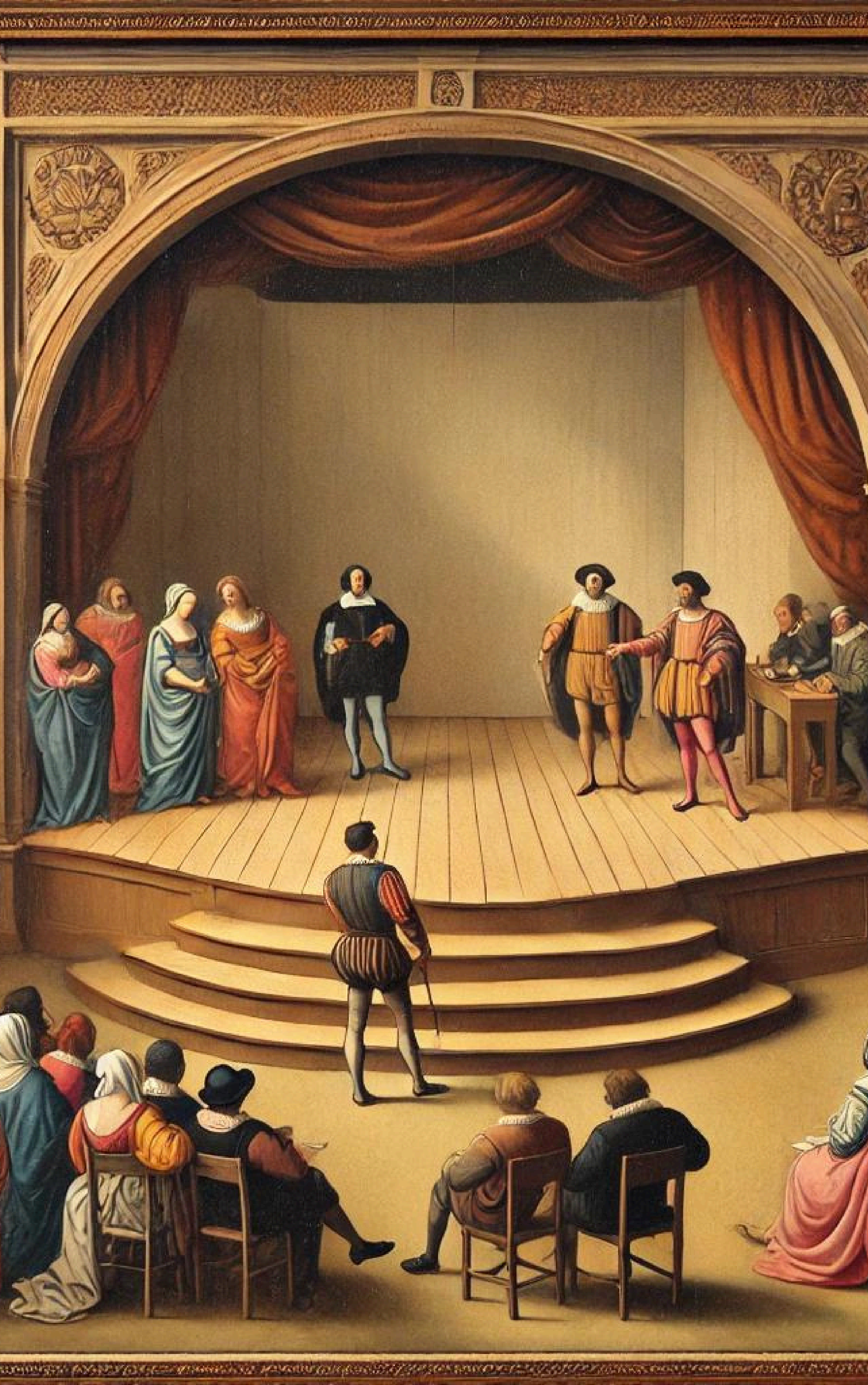
older one. I could not shake off the extra years of experience. I had placed my older self in the audience, but could no longer call my younger self to audition and comment on the stage.

It was here that the idea for *Meta Matinee* was born – through the confused ramblings of a tired student brain. The writers for this month have taken the prompt in each of their imaginative ways, and it has been exciting to read all that they have come up with.

I end with a thank you to our writers this month. You have made this entire process joyous! Thank you for responding so aptly to my unhinged emailing system, and for writing such wonderfully thoughtful essays. My gratitude, as always, to Chenrui: for allowing me to take control of the theme for this edition, the many chaotic texts, and the heart warming face calls as we worked on this edition.

Last of all, but certainly not least – our Readers. For your time, I thank you. Thank you for giving the writers space to be heard, and for engaging with this edition. I hope that you enjoy this adventure into the world of Meta!

Hannah Treece
our Grim Sleeper



The medium of the masses: theatre shifting in society

Theatre has catered to many facets of society throughout its development. It has been formal and relaxed, for the working class and for royalty, relatable and alienating.

Roman theatre in the Republic brought social diversity, with stock characters expanding across ages and social classes. While Roman theatre was by no means an inclusive affair, it did extend opportunities for access to stories for the illiterate and even gave birth to slave and lower class theatre groups, arguably true theatre of the people. Audiences would range from rich aristocratic Romans to slaves (although usually only because they were taken along by their masters). During the Republic, religious festival events, *ludi*, included theatrical spectacles, which were funded by the state treasury and organised by elected magistrates, exemplifying an early form of state funded arts for the public. This reflects the earlier model in the Ancient Greek theatre, where the Athenian State paid the salary of actors, as theatre productions were considered civic events.

Shifting to the UK, the journey of Shakespeare from the Elizabethan period to the modern day emerges as a focaliser for the changing position of theatre in regard to socio-economic inclusivity.

Shakespeare's audience ranged from royalty to 'groundlings', composed of the lower classes who paid only one penny for admittance to the theatre. The experience of theatre was tiered, segregated and entrenched in socio-economic division, with different levels of comfort in the theatre depending on cost. However the diversity of the crowds drawn to Shakespeare still illustrate a medium for the masses. Theatre provided a meeting place, and importantly access to new stories and information for the large portion of society who were illiterate.

There may have been complex feeling amongst the working-class audience of Shakespeare; while the language employed by his aristocratic characters towards lower classes such as "whoreson peasant", "lousy footboy", and "obscure and lowly swain" was probably a reflection of manners and custom, it likely still was uncomfortable to hear, forcibly reminding the audience of their own position. Whether this exclusion was the intention of Shakespeare or not, when the texts were taken out of his hands by imperialists centuries later, they became unavoidably explicit tools of exclusion. As Shakespeare was circulated to colonised non-English audiences, Anglo-European culture was presented as a symbol of excellence, culture, and civilisation.

Shakespeare, along with much of what we see in theatres today, is filled with complex allusions to history, genre, culture and works which came before it, leaving layers of the works inaccessible to modern audiences without the privilege of a specific type of education, effectively excluding large

parts of society. This has led to the association of Shakespeare with the modern middle classes, and the enjoyment of Shakespeare with 'high culture'. This restrictive perception is frustrating, as it does not reflect the inclusive context and intention behind Shakespeare in his own time, where references and language were aimed at and understandable as much to the lower classes as the upper.

The accessibility of theatre in the UK began to be attacked in the 19th century as the upper classes claimed theatres as a social space from which they wished to exclude any visitors that were perceived as undesirable. Often this meant economic segregation, beginning with the introduction of separate areas and entrances. Those not viewed as worthy by the affluent were banished to the upper balconies, dirty seats and judgement. These separate areas still exist in many UK theatres, a reminder to visitors of the social implication of the space they occupy when visiting the theatre.

The position of actors and theatre goers are now bound up with the concept of disposable income. As millions of people live close to or on the poverty line, due to rising cost of living and wealth inequality, theatre is a financial privilege. Theatre ticket prices have not only risen with inflation but have also become an excessively expensive luxury for most. In 2022 the average theatre ticket on the West End was over £50, with the most expensive tickets reaching nearly £150. That is twice the weekly Jobseekers Allowance in the UK for under 24-year-olds. Many people may be unaware of the hostility of pretentiously inaccessible allusion and language, sectioning in the theatre based on ability to pay, and intimidating unspoken customs, as they are unable to even enter a theatre. This stark line between those who can afford to go to the theatre and those who can't only contributes to the worrying perception of theatre as 'posh' and exclusive.

It seems that streaming services may have taken over the mantle of the medium of the masses. Accessible from home devices, physical access for disabled audiences requires less consideration, and geographical location in relation to the nearest theatre plays no role. Furthermore, a month's subscription shared by a family is often much less expensive than separate theatre tickets. The sheer amount of content on these platforms is also appealing regarding inclusivity. It is likely that everyone, from all facets of society, will find something which they are personally interested by, while theatres have a restricted number of productions.

It is essential, however, that theatre recreates a title for itself as a medium for all. Unlike streaming services, theatre creates a physical space for community to build and develop through shared experience and is free from the exploitative monopolisation tactics of large media companies. Subscription is not required, advertising is not enforced, and it is much easier for a community group to come together and act in a play than it would be to attempt production and monetised streaming of a film. Theatre has proved itself an invaluable social tool through stunning examples of political theatre, such as the works of Brecht in Germany in the context of the rise and fall of the Weimar Republic, Caryl Churchill's criticisms of Thatcherism, or the Theatre of the Oppressed model developed in the 1950's.

There are positive and inspiring initiatives which foster optimism for the inclusive future of theatre. Theatres and performances are adjusted more and more to be accessible for people with disabilities. The Theatre for Every Child campaign aims for every child to attend the theatre before they leave school. Influential theatres internationally support community theatre projects and assist those who could not otherwise afford it in accessing theatre. This movement is up

against funding cuts to the arts, such as the 100% funding cuts of regularly funded arts organisations under Birmingham City Council, including theatre, dance and music companies. Without state funding, the success of essential outreach, community and accessibility programmes will be direly restricted, as financial austerity inhibits local fundraising from the public. With a newly elected Labour Culture Secretary and the changes which this will mean for the Department for Culture, Media and Sport, it may be beneficial to look back to the Greek and Roman recognition of the key role of theatre for society, and the corresponding state support, and the renaissance model of affordable theatre admission.

Willow Lock
our Kernewek Latinist



Inner theatre

Within the wild tempests of the human heart, urgent emotions fight for survival, supremacy and dominion, transforming our hearts into a spiritual battlefield.

From the ethers of the universe, we are born and immediately besieged by demanding and domineering needs. We cannot be complacent, as our bodies are subjugated by these needs for food, water, shelter, warmth and protection. Over time, needs develop to include acceptance, love and purpose. All these array of physical, emotional and psychological needs engender emotions that demand to be expressed. Emotions such as anxiety and fear are always lingering as a symbol of the horror and despair that awaits should we fail to meet our needs. Our inability to effectively express these emotions will result in the failure to meet one's needs, so there is a necessity to fulfil these needs through portraying and acting out our emotions.

Perhaps we need to portray an act to filter our emotions so others can discern them in a perceptive manner without being exposed to the raw and candid fervour of our true emotional tempests. The unfiltered expression of our emotions would likely be discordant and chaotic, becoming unintelligible and depriving us of portraying our feelings accurately. This could result in a failure to express emotions effectively enough to have our needs recognised and met in all aspects of our lives.

Consequently, we are implicitly and explicitly encouraged to act with careful consideration to how we are perceived by the audiences of life, so that we are not misunderstood or deemed as threatening.

The need for belonging and acceptance may cause us to act in adherence to the conventions within our environment. This can produce a sense or state of deindividuation, the psychological term for when we sacrifice our individuality and represent the ideology, values and beliefs of a group. Consequently, many people learn to regulate and control their emotional expressions to ensure they are not violating societal or cultural conventions for fear of rejection, ostracisation or punishment.

Numerous people have subsequently learned to live vicariously through professional actors as a way to experience the human condition without risking their own reputation, status and stability. Professional media and television have far less conventional restrictions imposed on their artistic freedoms, enabling them to delve deeply into human emotions within a wide variety of contexts. This provides us with a safer way to connect to the raw and kindred emotions within our beings through theatrical art.

However, the vast emotional expressions across film and TV series' induce fresh emotions into us, opening the desire for further self-exploration of our own humanity and purpose. Our perceptual experience of media dramas and stories will invariably create new feelings that we are compelled to explore. Multiple types of needs constantly emerge from within, and there will always be some form of emotional response that accompanies them. Regardless of how much we try to experience our emotions through theatre, or regulate our feelings through conventional norms, we cannot

escape the inner battlefield of the tempestuous heart where emotions yearn for manifestation.

The seemingly endless sea of emotions become alive and there is a primordial need to explore them through some form of portrayal that is perceived as acting. The capacity to delve into any specific emotion, or range of emotions, and express them holistically may be indicative of authenticity. These inner emotions yearn to be released and projected, so we are compelled to express them in a manner that is deemed socially and culturally acceptable. Our capacity to balance the expression of these emotions with ethics, morals, law and convention will invariably determine how we are perceived and judged. Therefore we are inherently beckoned to become theatrical performers on the stage of life.

Within the turbulent mystery of beating hearts, our diversity of inner emotions and desires compete for supremacy and seemingly desire to possess us. Will they possess us and use our bodies as vessels for their own sporadic and chaotic manifestations? Or will we possess the emotions and express them with balance and reflection to ensure they align with morality and convention? These questions remain pivotal for each of us in determining how well we acted in the theatrical tides of life.

The ability and task of balancing emotions with legal, moral and social norms is what compels us to act and ensure our emotions are not unchained eruptions that wreak chaos upon everything. Emotions that are not filtered through boundaries, values and ideas of impact will invariably result in chaotic behaviour that can harm ourselves and others. Devastating consequences could ensue where others are permanently damaged by the chaotic and raw expression of our primal instincts and emotions. The need to balance our

emotions, desires and instincts with conventions strongly compels us to become actors where we play out our inner realities in the external theatres of life. Our ability to control and regulate our emotions, as opposed to being dominated and subjugated by them, will determine how well we are perceived, and the quality of our impact upon the world.

Although one may act by using manipulation, deception and subterfuge to project a false authenticity, they are still being possessed by their primal emotions. However, the one who can reflect on their emotions and express them in a manner congruent with principles of wisdom, patience and empathy may benefit themselves and the audience who perceive them.

Every emotion yearns to be expressed and felt to the fullest degree of its magnitude. As conscious actors in the volatile episodes of life, where fortunes flicker by the fleeting essence of time, we must select the most balanced emotional responses to each situation in order to project congruence and develop a foundation from which to thrive. After manifesting our emotion, the audience expects to be entertained, touched or mesmerised by our performance in some way. Their individual and collective reactions to our displays will colour our emotions, as we are immersed into their judgements and categorisation of us through the dramatic plays of life.

As we are relentlessly judged by many audiences, the compulsion to filter our emotions encourages some to develop traits of deception, manipulation and subversion. However, regardless of how apparently successful we might be in deceiving others, there will always be someone analysing the degree of our authenticity and truth.

Audiences judges how well we acted in portraying our

emotions, manifesting certain characteristics and balancing emotion with cultural and societal norms. We are scrutinised on how deeply we explored a specific emotion, and how deeply we dared to manifest the magnitude and intensity of this emotion, venturing beyond comfort zones and risking vulnerability. Perhaps most importantly, the audience judges to what extent our emotional displays benefited or harmed others.

The audience, whoever they may be, are always judging by their subjective standards. Even their judgements are part of their own act, for there is no escape from the theatre of life that demands all of our inhabitation. In the end, we need an audience to express our emotions and have them recognised, understood and dissected. Without an audience, there would be no impetus to express ourselves and we would likely lose ourselves in a vacuum of emptiness. Therefore, we could argue that we require a stage and an audience to know our emotions and ourselves in the dramas of human experience.

All perceivers represent an audience that we act for based on our emotions and relationship with them. Through the ever changing tragedies and triumphs of life's theatre, the actor and audience are immersed in a symbiotic relationship, feeding off each other's emotions and simultaneously experiencing role reversal. Each member of the audience feeds off our emotional portrayals to fuel their own theatrical performances over time. As our acts reveal aspects of the human condition to many audiences, we are also taught truths by the responses to our expressions. We are all actors, artists and audiences in the ceaseless theatre of life.

Acting out our emotions enables us to summon the essence of emotions like greed, love, rage and more by exploring ranges of feelings to manifest the abstract and imaginative

aspect of the human condition. This is a unique phenomena providing us with opportunities to develop and enhance our consciousness. Through balancing these emotions with convention and morality, we become adept in the theatrical arenas of life.

As we journey deeper into ourselves, we are implicitly challenged to act in a way where to control our emotions as opposed to being controlled by them. This perpetual test remains a pivotal feature of the evolving theatres of life.

Atif Adam
our star chaser



True and false

Every truth is a lie insofar as every truth is incomplete.

Think about six people looking at an elephant. Upon being asked what an elephant is, one answers, “a grey trunk”, another answers, “four thick legs”. Each would be indignant if told they were lying – they were, after all, telling *their* truth. But their truth is not the whole truth, which is that an elephant is an animal with both a grey trunk and four thick legs.

Very well, you may say, that works because a whole truth is severed by people’s personal perspectives. But what about the statement: “an elephant is a cat.” An elephant is not a cat. The statement is objectively untrue.

Though it may not be wholly true, it need not be wholly false. An elephant is not a cat because it is not small and does not have whiskers – amongst all the other things that make a cat a cat. Yet elephants and cats do share some of the same attributes: both exist on earth, both are solids, both are animals, both move, both eat and drink. That already makes an elephant more equal to a cat than, say, a pond.

Thus it is perhaps we who are skewed by perspective once

again when we say that “an elephant is not a cat” is an objectively false statement. It is not completely true, but if each entity is viewed as having a list of objective attributes, and some of those attributes converge, then is not an elephant at least partially a cat in the ‘cattributes’ it shares?

When we use logic to reduce statements to $a = a$, $a \neq b$, we assume that every entity can be reduced to a single immutable variable – which is hardly the case.

Just turn to morality. Think of the seven sins: greed, sloth, wrath, pride, envy, lust, gluttony. Greed alone is simply a desire for more. It is only ‘wrong’ when your desire for more crosses an accepted boundary. For instance, your desire to be alive and healthy would not be considered ‘greedy’ unless you are living in a death camp where it is too much to ask for. All sins are but a measurement of excess – they are only sinful when the things in excess transgress some sort of social code or boundary.

In fact, most of these sins can be refigured as virtues. What is lust but the amorous rites of love so often versified? What is sloth but a need for deep and restful relaxation? (Is not meditation premeditated sloth?)

Nothing is good or bad – only incomplete until context completes it.

Take the worst sin a human can commit: taking another human’s life. This is bad because we assume that every human’s greatest desire is to live rather than die. This is because we do not know what death is like. It is the great unknown against which almost any known is preferable. So when we kill, the sin lies in a conflict of interest: they want to live, we want them to die.

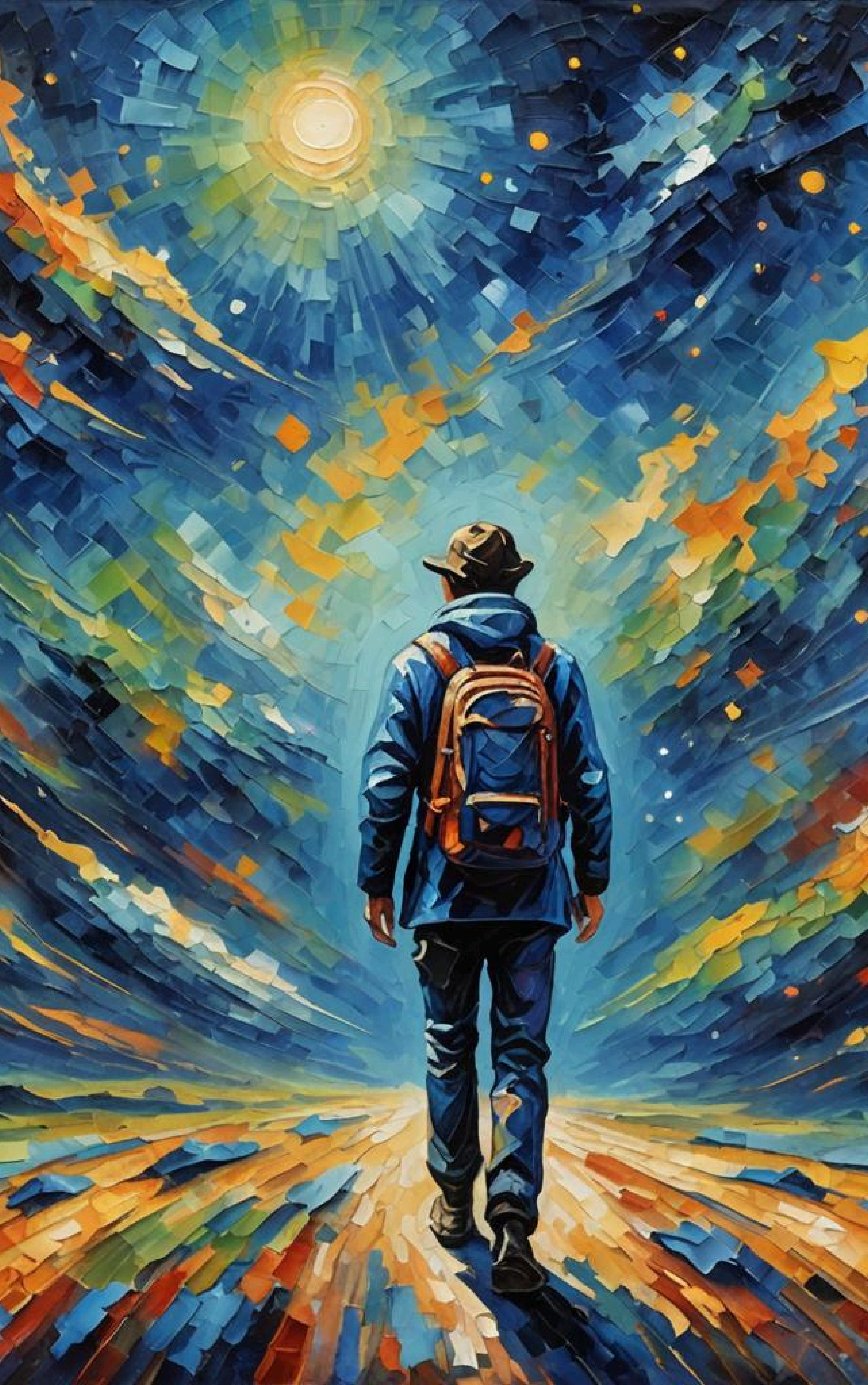
Yet what if these two interests converged? Think of patients who are so sick of the visceral pain of breathing that the great unknown – or perhaps the great rest – becomes preferable. In such a case, would not ending their lives as they wish to be an act of mercy rather than a sin? In fact, forcing them to live out their days in pure agony would be seen as the greater sin.

And so, even killing is neither a good nor bad act in itself - only in context.

That is why the logic of $a = a$, $a \neq b$ fails when faced with the world. Formulae were made to exist without context, yet the world can only exist in context. Thus, it is impossible for us to reduce to the world to a series of true and false statements. Even the notion of doing so is reductive.

Instead of thinking in binary, what we really need to do is think in quantum. It is not that the world is either true or false, but that it is true *and* false – all the time. It is not that a person is true or false, but that they are, and will always be, true and false. Whitman once told us that we contain multitudes. We can barely contain ourselves, let alone be contained by formulae of truth and falsehood.

Chenrui Zhang
our thinking buddy



Out of the frame

Let us talk about reality. And let us make the way out of it totally unsuspected through the masks that hide our emotions and thoughts. Do not let yourselves be fooled by the pseudo-scientific argumentation of this text, in the shadow of which you will certainly find the keys to get out of the painting. A painting in which, smiling, we have been portrayed. And also framed.

But who have framed us? Those who force us to learn multiple languages? Probably. It seems to be true that when we speak a foreign language, or a language we are not accustomed to communicating in, we cease to be ourselves to some extent to become mere actors. And that is only the starting point. If we tell lies in that language, since we are acting, we are not true liars. We may be better or worse actors, but at the end of the day it will all remain an interpretation that will not affect our true identity. “Or will it?”, I hear somebody asking in the room.

Let us analyse the trigger, the supposed mask we put on: the foreign language. For now, we are aware that, in it, our repertoire of saying has diminished, our register for making jokes has changed, ironies are no longer understood, and some of the spontaneity is lost. At least, conversations no longer flow the same way. We have to think twice about what we are going to say. We correct ourselves, sometimes

excessively. Our speech becomes less natural and more forced, aiming to be, at best, a shadow of what we usually are.

But, in a way, it is normal for this to happen, since the grammatical structures, the moulds to which our reasoning is accustomed, have changed. And not only the moulds but also the persons to whom our words and witticisms were usually directed. In general, these persons, since they belong to a different culture, will have a mindset, customs, and ways of seeing the world different from ours, elements that, outside our familiar territory, can create uncomfortable situations. It is a *terra ignota*. Especially because these are new stimuli to which we do not yet know how to react. Because they are outside our identity, we see them as strange. To what extent is our identity determined by the persons around us? By our tradition?

For the time being, we can assume that our identity is in a continuous process of formation, in which such foreign stimuli also play a part. We can make this assertion because initially, during childhood, many of the stimuli that shaped our primary identity were also *foreign*. And since we (perhaps also our subconscious) can decide how to forge it, it is likely that upon reaching a certain level of completeness in the identity we have shaped, we may not want to change certain aspects of it, regardless of the reason.

Let us take an example. Suppose we are in adulthood and have a solid, though not definitive, identity. In the realm of jokes, a person with a character more akin to ours who speaks the same language – or even dialect due to geographical proximity – will be more capable of understanding the humour than someone with a different mindset and customs. The funny thing about a language is

that you can use wordplay, rhymes and even a particular accent – or idiolect – that can hardly be applied in another.

Let us take a person who is accustomed to speaking in a certain way, within a circle that speaks like them and in which they feel identified. This environment could be understood as their own culture. Then, fitting into the moulds of a foreign language – in an unfamiliar culture – that lacks the *same* means of expression with different vocabulary, grammar, and phonetics, becomes, in a way, an exercise where initially it is impossible to function with the same naturalness.

Languages, with their proverbs and songs, are the defining elements of cultures. The more deeply rooted we are in our own culture, the harder it will be to navigate a new language, perhaps due to a reluctance to incorporate foreign elements into our identity, with which we do not feel as identified. This is when we might begin to sculpt the mask we wear to become actors. In fact, there are examples of persons who seem to change personalities depending on the language they speak. Given the limitation we impose ourselves by not wanting to lose our identity, situations arise in the context of the new language where we do not know what to say. We are blocked, and in our original language we would act in a certain way; with the foreign language, we repress ourselves and, with our mask on, adopt ways to conceal our ignorance or to fill the silence left by our mother tongue, acting as our own shadow, not as ourselves.

Conversely, in a second group, there are persons who reject their original identity and cling to the new culture to try to erase the first one, sometimes consciously, sometimes unconsciously. Here, the will to fully adapt to the new culture

prevails. Their tradition is relegated to a much less important level, although it is possible that these persons might still retain elements (residues) of the primary identity (parents, childhood, linguistic accent). But this can also happen when we pick up the accent of another person who speaks our language. By adopting this new culture, our identity is altered.

How can we demonstrate this? If, after such an alteration, we are capable of speaking exactly as we did before assimilating the foreign culture, it is highly likely that we have put on a mask when speaking that language and actually belong to the first group. If, on the other hand, we struggle to speak our mother tongue, it seems evident that our identity is no longer what it used to be.

But what if none of this were true? What if the mask were not just the foreign language? What if there were more masks? A bigger mask? So far, the word *person* has been used seven times. What does the word *person* mean to you? Because all of us use it excessively every day in shops, in conversations with our friends, on information signs, as a synonym for a *human being*. And possibly, in its origin, it could have designated another concept.

Truth comes from aletheia, a Greek word. A- is a privative particle like in im-mobile or im-plausible. And -leth- (-letheia), what does that mean? Lethos, forgetfulness. From forgetfulness comes the river Lethe, which one must cross to reach Tartarus. What is truth? Un-veiling. Removing the veil. The primary veil is forgetfulness. The truth? To remember.

Antonio Escohotado

Let us remove the veil from the word *person* through an etymological analysis. Let us remember. Person comes from the Latin *persona*, which then meant “actor’s mask”, “theatrical character”. In turn, the Latin word comes from the Etruscan *phersu* and this from the Greek *prósopon*. Without delving into the evolution of this word, the question remains. What do our persons hide? In ethics and law, its meaning is slightly different, so we will not go into that. Are we, by the mere fact of being persons, mere masks? If so, how can we remove them? On the other hand, we have the word personality, which is the quality related to the person, to the mask – and even to what lies behind the mask. What are the masks we wear?

It is true that concepts evolve, but *person*, by implicitly maintaining its etymological meaning, its equivalence with the mask, far from being a mere coincidence, could well manifest as an indication that perhaps we are indeed masks. And to access the truth, we have to remove the veil, take off the mask.

At the beginning of this line of thought, we discussed foreign languages as a basis for argumentation, but also to conceal at first glance the content that has just arrived. The discourse on languages was merely another mask – a meta-mask. But if you remember the title of the article, we need to discuss a frame... To address some of the answers from the previous paragraph about masks, we must turn to the realm from which they seem to originate: the theatre. In theatre, as in other aspects of life, there is a frame in which it unfolds: the stage.

So, what could be the frame in which we, as masks, perform? It could be space and time. But let us not forget that the actor, when being a character rather than an actor, generally

does not have awareness of the stage or the theatre. It would be their supposed reality. Indeed, that character is a character because the actor wears a mask. It is the mask that turns them into a character within a particular frame. Nevertheless, consider the experience of wearing a mask. The eye openings are not perfect, so a part of the mask reduces our field of vision. Considering this fact as a metaphor, it is possible that by putting on the mask, we are unable to see beyond the frame. If we are masks, it also seems evident that the supposed space and time we have identified as our frame would simply be that – the frame. And we would be unable to see beyond it.

However, in fiction, we can find examples of characters who have stepped out of the frame and managed to see beyond it. Consider the painting by Pere Borrell, *Escaping Criticism*, where a frantic child attempts to escape from the painting before the criticism overwhelms him. Or the moment when Augusto Pérez, a character in the novel *Mist* by Miguel de Unamuno, confronts his creator, the writer himself. Augusto managed to step out, through the pen of his creator, into the reality from which the writer was creating him.

Besides, there are also moments when characters from fiction chose to enter an even more fictitious frame, as demonstrated by Buster Keaton's genius in *Sherlock, Jr.* In the film, a projectionist, bored with his existence, falls asleep during a film screening. In his dream, he leaps into the screen to live out the events projected by the cinematograph. The amusing part is that these characters remain essentially the same both inside and outside the frame. In Buster Keaton's case, while some traits may be enhanced, it is inevitable to see that he remains **himself** (within the fiction, of course). Could we, then, enter and exit frames? Given that fiction is reality

within the world of fiction, could it not be that the world of reality is a fiction within a larger world that encompasses it?

Something similar happened to the grey stranger from the South, whose account was recorded by Jorge Luis Borges in his story *The Circular Ruins*. The author describes how the stranger was able to step out of his frame and discover that he existed within the dream of another entity, perhaps another *person*. In dreams, space and time manifest different from how they do in reality. They might be the exit door from our particular frame. And perhaps, in dreams, we remove the mask we wear upon waking. Or maybe not, and dreams are simply the shadow of wakefulness.

The concept of shadow is also relevant. It is what remains in darkness when there is a source of light illuminating a particular space. If the light covers an entire scene, the shadow would be the most genuine part of it, the truest, though it will never be in complete darkness. It may still act as a veil, but it is much less so. Indeed, if this reasoning were to hold, extending the definition of shadow to a more metaphorical level, we could argue that works of art, shadows of reality, are more true than reality itself. The painter Matías de Arteaga, in his painting *The Invention of Painting*, captured this very moment of invention when someone traced the outline of a person's shadow on a wall. Even Leonard Cohen, in his final album *You Want It Darker*, released two weeks before his death, on the cover, took his arm with the cigarette out of the frame so that the smoke would not veil the image he saw beyond the frame through his sunglasses, in a darkened, black environment. Of course, this was accompanied by verses referring to the human frame and being outside God's game.

Having made this brief digression about shadows – perhaps

it is the genuine shadow that exists out of the frame – let us return to the world of actors and masks. Experts say that the best actor is one who does not know they are asking, as they appear more natural. And we, lost within our frame, whether personal or general, must acknowledge that in it, on our stage, in our lives, we are very good actors. We all know our roles very well. Parents know theirs, professionals theirs, the selfish know theirs, the insecure theirs, and so on. Each person fits perfectly into the moulds of their personality. Even foreign languages adapt seamlessly to these moulds. That identity we spoke about at the beginning is forged upon a mask, a volatile and ephemeral guise. What being hides behind the mask is what we now ask ourselves?

The answer could simply be the *human being*. And yet we could continue asking: who is the human being? Or simply: who are we? Having delved into the depths of what could be called the soul, the discourse becomes unstable and it becomes necessary to turn to the cracks in the universe through which truths that dwell in the shadows seep. Such cracks might be a series of highly improbable coincidences that occurred at a particular moment, perhaps due to the alignment of certain celestial bodies.

The best actor is the one who does not know they are acting. We might think of hidden cameras. But instead, let us consider frames, such as television. More specifically, consider a debate program broadcast on Spanish television in October 1989 titled *Kaliyuga*, which was analysed in (perhaps excessive) depth by the participants. What happened that night was one of the most extraordinary events in television history. According to the host, writer Fernando Sánchez Dragó, after the broadcast, “rarely do things appear on television that are not fake, not prepared, not just painted cardboard. For once, *reality* peered through

the television cameras”. It could well have been a genuine theatrical performance given the series of absurd events that occurred, orchestrated by the creator of the Panic Theatre, Fernando Arrabal, who ingeniously turned the program into a play where everyone was unknowingly an actor. One of the participants, a Jewish kabbalist named Mario Satz, clarified during the broadcast: “We really need to go to a play, don’t we?”. And then, everything reverted to a dance of masks.

Regarding the title of the program, *Kaliyuga*, there is a connection to the mask we have been discussing. Sánchez Dragó himself would later clarify that Kaliyuga is...

...the period of the goddess Kali, which is the last of the four great cycles that make up the history of the universe. The last period, characterised by materialism, barbarism, disorder, greed, the seven deadly sins, and wars, is, so to speak, the period of the end of the world before the world starts again and the golden age returns. The Vedic texts already spoke of all this [...], describing it in terms that almost seem lifted from a current news chronicle of the world as it is today. It was said that people, in such a period, forget who they are [and perhaps that they are wearing a mask].

I add from my own perspective that, with this, we forget what lies behind our mask. To address this, the writer proposed engaging in an ancient practice called *vichara*. By doing so, we would not only be closer to seeing without the face’s disguises but also taking a further step toward stepping out of the frame of reality. I would like to leave this conclusion open for you to explore firsthand what it entails, rather than viewing through the distorted lens that this discourse may present. To conclude, while others dance at the Carnival of Brazil, and despite leaving many topics unaddressed, such as Ingmar Bergman’s film *Persona*, the

masks of personality, or so-called lateral thinking, which allows reasoning from another perspective, amongst others, I would like to close this discourse with a quote by Charles Chaplin that you are likely already familiar with:

Life is a play that does not allow testing. So sing, cry, dance, laugh and live intensely before the curtain closes and the piece ends with no applause.

After reading the quote, I ask myself: if it is expected that when the curtain falls there will be (or will not be) applause for our performance, who is supposed to be the audience of our show?

Guillermo Algarabel
our Seeker Castellan



Virtuous lies: the aims and conditions of visual art

‘Of all lies, art is the least untrue’, said Flaubert. It is a special kind of life and its utterance is virtuous: the one who says it deceives his listener only to reveal a deeper truth instead. To lie is to falsely represent reality, and even the most realist of artists must succumb to the need for transcending representation and embracing the role of creator. Just like the knave or the schemer, his special tact consists less in reflecting reality than in creating it himself.

But this is a fraught question. The photographer, for one, can be said to capture a scene exactly as it is, without any element of creation or (if you will) lying. Yet he asserts his craft as art, even if the unpopularity of photo galleries compared to picture galleries might weaken that assertion. But if we take him at his word, then even the photographer, the devotee of realism, turns out to be a truthful liar each time he presses his little button.

Or perhaps the whole premise is wrong. When Monet paints his flowers and Turner his steamboats, and we are confronted with something clearly different from what the

naked eye can see, perhaps we see not an invention, a fiction, but on the contrary the meaning and mystery latent in the objects themselves. If this is so, art is not merely the least untrue lie; it is a truth truer than the best descriptions and the clearest photographs.

The relation between art and reality is an ancient question. Plato, in the *Republic*, took a middle course on it. He held that art really does have access to truth and reality, and thus cannot be dismissed as mere invention, but also that it is at some remove from reality, from the essences or the Ideas of things. The tree in nature instantiates the idea 'Tree' created by the gods, but the painter represents the physical tree and is thus only indirectly in contact with the idea of Tree. Similarly, the gods make Bed, the craftsman makes a bed, and the artist depicts the craftsman's bed. For Plato, then, it is nature and the craftsman who are the privileged servants of the real; the artist only gets it secondarily and indirectly. This is why the artist can paint a shoe without knowing a thing about shoes, whereas the cobbler knows and understands the idea of the Shoe.

A pleasing ode to manual workers, Plato's contention is more applicable to man-made objects than to natural objects and living beings. It is very hard to assert, for example, that the great painters cannot go beyond their individual models, and do not also capture something of *humanity*, of life, death, virtue and pain—the category Plato calls the Ideas, which he submits are more accessible to nature and to craftsmen. Artists do reach to this realm, and persuasively; that is why the fruit of their work appeals to us so distinctly and so universally.

In any case we might preserve Plato's insight by modifying his claim. In short, the reality which art incarnates is not

primarily what is seen with the eye (this chair or that model) but what is understood with the mind and received with the heart (fear, beauty, stillness, disorder, courage, and so on). That is why paintings can be more expressive than photographs. By a moulding and shaping of the visual aspect according to the artist's intentions, and the sheer awareness that the end product has emanated from the artist's hands as if from a god, the painting is fit to convey that second order of meaning known as ideas, emotions, states, or however else you want to call it. Even our eyes work the same way. We daily perceive reality through a complex and irreducible subjectivity, to use a fashionable term. It is therefore the painting, not the photograph, which most resembles the image formed by our own eyes and minds.

The important question is how far the artist can go in transforming his sense-data and creating something further and further removed from physical reality. If 'realism is a corruption of reality', as Wallace Stevens put it, can the artist simply abandon realism wholesale? For many viewers, too much realism is boring and lifeless, but too little makes the work unintelligible. The limit is difficult to place and is closely connected with one's opinion on abstract art. Those who believe that a collection of colours and shapes can convey meaningful Ideas are more lenient on how much realism is needed to define art. If, meanwhile, you think this kind of creation is arbitrary and mute, then you are more demanding in the dose of realism required in art.

It should be said that a perceptive imagination can be fascinated by all kinds of abstract shapes and patterns—the folds of a duvet or the tiling on the floor—without necessarily valuing the same shapes and patterns in an artwork. That is an important distinction. It is similar to how I might notice all kinds of fun and curious things about a

man's snoring, without also accepting it as an effective form of language. With a good imagination, everything can be *invested* with meaning; but not everything can communicate it.

Thus, when one is looking at the folds of a cover, it is really the viewer who is the artist, because he is using his powers of imagination creatively; whereas, when one gazes at a landscape or a sculpture, the feeling is that something has been specially prepared for the enjoyment of the viewer. Of course, the point should not be overstressed: even the most realist of art is subject to the whims of the viewer's imagination, admitting myriad interpretations unforeseen by the artist. But this is less the case for realist art, which is best described as a different kind of *activity* than abstract art, both for maker and beholder, despite the similarities of imaginative work they each entail.

Still, the notion of Platonic Ideas remains useful for understanding abstract art. Plato might say that this kind of art attempts to skip over the intermediary stage of individual physical objects and get straight to the abstract Ideas which it tries to convey. Whether Plato thinks such circumvention possible in actual fact is another question.

Theoretical discussions can be tiring and risk leaving a dull aftertaste. A particular picture I saw recently which struck me as an admirable achievement of visual art is Domenico Ghirlandaio's *An Old Man and his Grandson*, painted in 1480. It is odd for its time in that it does not deal with a religious or classical subject, nor is it easily classifiable as a portrait. The father and grandson are arranged in a pose reminiscent of the Virgin Mary with the child Jesus, and the perspective is suggestive of portrait painting, yet it is neither

religious art nor portraiture. The subject matter is simple and there is little which the uninspired modern viewer might call 'interesting'. We have nothing but a grandfather and grandson gazing at each other, both dressed in red, the latter in the arms of the grandfather, placing one small hand upon his shoulder.

What is immediately evident is that the artist has managed to capture a mutual tenderness of gaze to which many grandfathers would aspire; it is an encounter between aging, compassionate warmth, and needy, inquisitive reverence. An audience of any time and any condition can find here a world of ideas and sentiments which are immediately familiar, if not by experience at least by desire. Wherever there are people there will also be grandparents and grandchildren; and wherever there is humanity there will also be affection and reverence. The plain, unobtrusive contemporary garb of both figures could well be replaced by togas or wool sweaters.

But the composition is not soapy nor especially idealized. There is sadness and hesitation in the space between the faces of grandfather and child. Inquisitiveness can be merely curious just as it can be grave and concerned. There is almost the realization in the boy's soul that death is as real as life and that the body under his fingers will, perhaps soon, cease to be animated by the breath of life. It is the same course which awaits the distant trees seen through the window behind him.

And then there is the most striking element of the picture: the swollen and deformed nose of the grandfather, again a rather unusual artistic decision for the time. There is no way around the observation that it is ugly, and the child is looking straight at it. It is at once a reminder of man's finitude and a

testament to the conquest of exterior ugliness by interior beauty. Dostoevsky too could in the same frame of mind say that ‘beauty will save the world’ while making the single most prominent artefact in *The Idiot* to be Hans Holbein’s *Christ in the Tomb*, a particularly brutal and unbeautiful painting. Maybe Ghirlandaio also thought that beauty and compassion can possess their full force only once the face of evil has been revealed frankly and indecorously. Flaubert, in short, might be intrigued to discover that this little image contains a greater repository of truths than the often half-truthed efforts of words can hope to offer.

Andrei Lambert
our petit philosophe



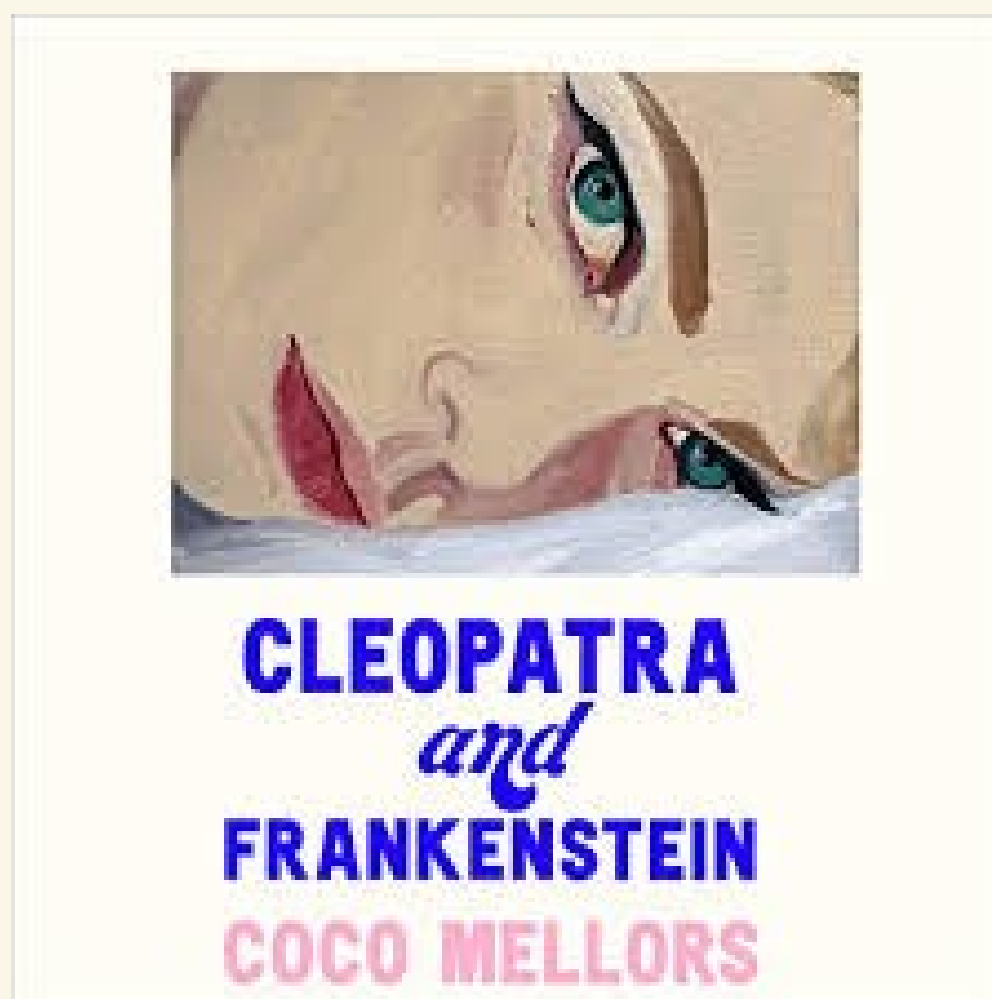
Coco Mellors: a twenty-first century anti-anti-mimetic approach to life as art

In his 1889 essay *The Decay of Lying*, Irish poet and playwright Oscar Wilde opined an anti-mimetic view upon the relationship between art and life that cornerstoned a turn-of-the-century, proto-modernist belief in the ability of the aesthetic to create, and indeed idealise reality. Challenging the ancient Aristotelian concept of ‘mimesis’ - essentially the idea that art is imitative of life – he argued that art provides the framework through which life takes on meaning:

Life imitates Art far more than Art imitates Life... [Anti-mimesis] results not merely from Life's imitative instinct, but from the fact that the self-conscious aim of Life is to find expression, and that Art offers it certain beautiful forms through which it may realise that energy.

He personifies ‘Art’ as a beautiful woman with ‘wonderful eyes’: an erotic vessel that romanticises entities, concepts, objects that would otherwise be arbitrary. ‘That white

quivering sunlight that one sees now in France, with its strange blotches of mauve, and its restless violet shadows, is her [Art's] latest fancy', he suggests, with this ekphrastic description highlighting the way that it is 'poets and painters' who have 'taught us the mysterious loveliness' and luster of such landscapes. Art frames the associations we make with the world – like that we make between sunny French scenery and aesthetic 'loveliness'. 'Art' as a seductress with only rose-tinted eyes to note, however, implies an emptiness in her substance that suggests she is vacant, inhabited freely by those who manipulate her to produce certain romanticised consciousnesses. Coco Mellors, in her 2022 debut novel *Cleopatra and Frankenstein*, seems to challenge the anti-mimetic literary ethos that developed over the twentieth century, pioneered by Wilde. It is not necessarily a feminist unpicking of Wilde's vacant, rosily idealist seductress but a humanist discourse upon the imperfect human experience and its inability to 'be', or attain the premonitions of, art.



The iconograph of the novel's cover – a pair of painted green eyes – is an aesthetic ideal in itself. Upon the face of a woman who is otherwise lacking in identity but who we assume to be Cleo, an aspiring artist whose archetypally beautiful met-in-elevator relationship leads to her attempted suicide, it is perhaps even a nod towards Wilde and the psychotic and dangerous implications of art having the ability to control reality, particularly in modern situ.

She transforms Wilde's 'Art', which I will describe as a 'femme esse' figure whose female sexual beauty poetically encrypts a sense of beauty and 'loveliness' within wider reality, into 'femme fatale' Cleo, whose personification of beauty and art corrodes into a depersonalised detachment from reality when embarking on what seems at first to be the poetically perfect romance. The darker implications that lay beneath the opening pages of the book's idealised boy-meets-girl romantic tension creates double entendre that prefigures Mellors' deconstruction of modern anti-mimesis:

"Where is it?" She asked. "I could use some more cigarettes."
"About two blocks that way." He pointed east. "How old are you?"
"Twenty-four. Old enough to smoke, if you were thinking of telling me not to."
"You are the perfect age to smoke," he said. "Time stored up to solve and satisfy. Is that how the Larkin poem goes?"
"Oh, don't quote poetry. You might accidentally undo me."

Alluding to American Frank's flirtatious claim that Cleo's English accent 'undoes him', Cleo here, in suggesting that Frank's recital of Larkin may similarly 'undo' her, seems poised to foreshadow the whirlwind, and artistically esteemed romance the two quickly embark upon. Yet the idea of Cleo being undone holds a darker foreshadowing effect in light of the suicide attempt that sees her quite literally undone, cut open by the romance with Frank that here seems poetically ideal. It is this perfectly mirrored sexual tension, and Cleo's rose-tinted reflection of all that 40-something advertising executive Frank may desire in the world – youth, beauty, excitement, artistic ambition – that prefigures their mutual collapse into depression.

Human imperfection inevitably tarnishes all romanticised

expectation, illuminated by Mellors' allusion to Larkin's 'Love Songs in Age', which sees a woman look back on the 'spring-woken tree' of the 'songs' of her 'youth' now that they and she are old and have deteriorated:

*One bleached from lying in a sunny place,
One marked in circles by a vase of water,
One mended, when a tidy fit had seized her,
And coloured, by her daughter -*

Larkin seems to suggest that it is the stamps of human imperfection, rather than the tune of a whimsical youth eternalised within cassette tapes, that are the true 'love songs' of the world. 'Chord[s]' that had once 'ushered in...That feeling of time laid up in store' - the premise of limitless artistic 'freshness' - now sound 'frank', unadorned and 'submissive' to the ushering force of redundant romanticised expectation. Submissive perhaps in the same way as Cleo is to Frank's, and undoubtedly the reader's, expectation of what a young, beautiful, trophy wife should be. Redundant in the same way as Cleo when this romantic expectation counterintuitively extinguishes her artistic potential, trapping her within a 'Frank' - perhaps a cratylic name – and unadorable misery. True 'love' and meaning in the human experience 'breaks out' of and 'sails above', as Larkin describes, ushering expectation. 'Art' is found not in romanticised expectation but in individualised moments of imperfection; those listed anaphorically by Larkin emphasise that it is ordinary, everyday moments, the blemishes upon the love song cassettes, that capture his central female's depth of experience.

In *Cleopatra and Frankenstein*, it is Frank's relationship with Eleanor, a temp copywriter at his agency, and her candid concluding narrative that repairs the novel's psychotic

imbalances. Her self-deprecating, gritty realism, and the attention she pays to life's sobering imperfections is striking yet conjures a more earnest version of 'Frank' who understands that while he cares for Cleo, they are best apart; thus restoring both his own happiness and Cleo's artistic ability. When dressing for a date with Frank, the obtuse and 'unpoetical' way in which she self-presents – she is constructed by Mellors to detail the way she is careful to not 'ladder' her expensive and elegant tights with her 'hobgoblin toenails', and the way that she looks like 'a Jewish man in drag' with 'soft belly, coarse hair, thin lips and thick waist' - highlights that, in line with traditional Aristotelian ideas of mimesis, life, in all its coarseness, gives art meaning rather than vice versa. It is Eleanor's unwavering connection with the 'real' and the unfiltered that gives her relationship with Frank the sense of poetic idealism that his relationship with Cleo, preconditioned by romanticised notions of 'art', can never attain.

At the novel's close, it is Cleo's artistic reclamation of her life's imperfections in restaging her own suicide that sees her evolve from Wilde's anti-mimetic, empty yet rose-tinted vessel fading into ideas of what others perceive beauty to be, to a stable human with a verisimilitude feltness:

She led him [Frank] to a small shed behind the studio building. Cleo opened the door to reveal a square white room with a projector set up in the center facing the ceiling. Dark soil covered the floor...Their whole marriage she had submitted to other people's versions of her, retreating into the shape of their desires. She thought of Frank's vows on their wedding day. When the darkest part of you meets the darkest part of me, it creates light. Now she had completed that process on her own. She had met the darkest version of herself and created this.

Mellors makes it clear that while ‘art’ as a preconceived concept is not an attainable state of being as Wilde would suggest, art is what becomes of our acceptance of imperfect reality. Life does not take its meaning from art, but art takes its very essence from life and its perversely unromantic romanticism.

Alice Edwards
our sentimental bookworm



Circe's shy pig

"It is better to be a human being dissatisfied than a pig satisfied; better to be Socrates dissatisfied than a fool satisfied. And if the fool, or the pig, are of a different opinion, it is because they only know their own side of the question." John Stuart Mill, *Utilitarianism* (1863).

In the midst of his tumultuous homeward wanderings, Odysseus beaches his ship at the improbably non-consonantal island of Aeaea, inhabited by the sorceress Circe. A handful of men from Odysseus' company, chosen by lot, are dispatched to reconnoitre the island. They find a remarkable palace at its centre, thronged by wild animals who appear not so much tamed as sedated. The beautiful, conniving witch invites the men inside and prepares them a draught which she uses to turn them into pigs who retain their human consciousness. Odysseus goes to rescue them.

What the f*** is going on? More pigs, less pigs, one minute I'm a bloke, next minute I'm a pig, one minute those blokes were pigs and now they're blokes again, I think I'm still a pig – this place is the worst. I have to get out of here.

I need to tell somebody, but I'm not quite sure how to phrase it. I am a person inside the body of a pig. How was that? That whole day was a bit of a blur, and I'm not sure how long ago it was but by now the picture has become fogged and faded. My father sent me off on a boat with a sack of

bread, a bag of wine and a bow; this would be ‘good for me’, he said. I ended up here, and walking around, I found a house at the island’s centre, surrounded by wild animals, and when a beautiful woman invited me inside for a coffee, I couldn’t believe my luck. Next thing I knew, she had bonked me on the head and now I’m a pig.

What did he mean by ‘good for me’? I understand that there is a time when everybody must fly the nest and become the person they are supposed to be. At my age, I am a sponge not yet saturated, and my experiences are absorbed and form part of my adult composition. Every new encounter expands the toolkit with which I will approach the important years of my life, the ones where I will make my mark. But it seems that it’s sink or swim in the big, bad world, and my father’s attempts to make me stand on my own two feet have led me to stand on four.

This is where I live now, without prospect of ever returning to human form, let alone of returning to my family, and I’m about as circumspect as any pig could be in my position. This sty is my four walls; beyond them is a world to which I no longer have access. People sometimes come, and they never leave; they become wolves, lions, stags or dogs, their eyes glaze over and they forget their homes altogether. The pigs are kept more lucid than most, without claws or huge teeth with which to exercise discontentment about being deprived of human form. I believe we are all confused and sad to varying degrees, but the rest of the pigs are shifty and weird. I was looking forward to some fresh faces, but they didn’t last long, and with the restoration of their human form, a precedent has been set. Now, there’s no claiming it can’t be done. It’s the elephant in the room, and as I look around, I see animals standing up just that little bit straighter. I’ll go for the puppy eyes approach. Surely she’ll do me next.

Shortly before their reverse transformation, a man arrived who appears to be immune to the witch's craft, and I think they have begun an affair, possibly as a result. He is tall, broad and handsome, which seems important and not unrelated to the fact that he is not currently a pig. If he is beautiful, then he is talented, capable, and commands respect. This is a man who has spent half a lifetime walking into rooms to the sound of gasps and applause, and doors have always opened as he approached and not a moment too soon.

This man is what they call a hero, and he is the first of this breed of men which I have encountered. He is the wily Odysseus, the chameleon, the man of many turns. It has been a few years since the war at Troy ended by his devising, and the story has trickled out as the heroes dispersed with the spoils. Troy was destroyed and its population slaughtered or enslaved. Some rock and a hard place; perhaps the poor Trojans were pleased that the gracious Greeks spared them the headache. Indeed, the freedom to choose anything in our world is a concept best not too deeply contemplated; after all, who really *chose* anything in the whole saga around Troy?

The Trojans may be forgiven their fatal decision to bring the wooden horse into the city, unknowingly welcoming their enemies through the gates which they had so fiercely defended for a decade. Achilles *chose* to murder Hector, best of the Trojans, and to die as a result, but could he, a hero, have acted otherwise? Had he chosen a long life without glory, he would not be a hero. Menelaus *chose* to respond to the theft of his wife, Helen, with a colossal corporate fighting force formed of his heroic allies, who themselves *chose* to tag along. But could Menelaus accept being cuckolded without reaction? Sounds rather unheroic.

So, I suppose the buck ends with Paris, the greedy prince who stole the king's wife, and with Helen, the wandering eye that launched a thousand ships. Both will be condemned in perpetuity, but was Helen not a victim of a kidnapping, and was Paris not offered the hand of the most beautiful woman in the world by the goddess Aphrodite?

I abstract from it all and find a long line of falling dominoes governed by the gravitational laws of heroism, started by a single human action which was itself of divine instigation, and ending with the bard, the lyre, and our eager ears. If one character fails to act in accordance with the behaviour expected of them, the system breaks, and the story never reaches us. The unheroic are written out of history while the heroic are faced with a singular route to renown beset on all sides with tragedy and disaster. Perhaps it's a good thing that I, the unheroic, have been spared the choice, and that I, the pig, have been spared the shame of underachievement.

Odysseus is a hero and, though he glows, he looks weary, battered and bruised. Thirteen years and counting away from home, he has missed the entire childhood of a son he has never met and been unable to protect his family from a boisterous hoard of noblemen eating him out of house and home as they wait for his wife, Penelope, to select a new husband. Can this man be happy? He is the very model of human achievement, and he must be devastated. The tallest, the handsomest, the sharpest and most eloquent in near enough any room in the world, and he is driven to desperation with a trail of death and destruction in his wake simply to avoid letting down on his potential. He has it all, and I wonder whether he would choose it so. I wonder whether Achilles regrets his decision to die in a blaze of glory, whether Helen rues her outstanding beauty, whether

Heracles thought a life of labours one well spent as the flames quenched his agony.

I don't want your life, Odysseus. I'd prefer to hold the middle lane, live and die in peaceful mediocrity. 'Good for me', my father said. Perhaps he was more right than he knew. I let my head sink, my gaze rests on my trotters, and I slink back into the corner of the sty. Not me, Circe, don't turn me back.

Joe Wald
our dodgy prophet

This is just to say...

Not that I ate the plums in the icebox, as William Carlos Williams did, but that every essay here remains the intellectual property of its writer.

At *Erasmus*, we really do treasure our writers and will never take away the words that belong to them. Each writer can do what with their essay whatever they like, including reprinting or reproducing it.

This may be the first time their ideas were unveiled to the world, but we are certain it won't be their last. Therefore, we ask you to respect them as much as we do by not reproducing or reprinting their essays without their permission.

Thank you, dear reader.

C.Z

ERASMUS

think deeper.