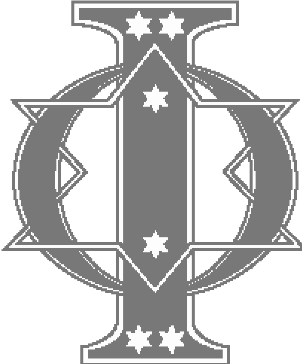
PHILOMEL

Civilization - Barbarians at the Gate?

Vol. XXXIV

Spring 2009

The Philomathean Society



Philomel *is a publication of the Philomathean Society of the University of Pennsylvania*

Funding for this magazine was provided in part by the Student Activities Council of the University of Pennsylvania

All correspondence regarding this volume, including submissions, should be directed to:

The Editors of Philomel
Philomathean Society
Box H, College Hall
Philadelphia, PA 19104

http://www.philomathean.org/philomel/
philomel@philomathean.org

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permissions in writing. The authors and artists who submit their works to Philomel *retain all rights to their work.*

Copyright © 2009

Front Cover by Joyce S. Lee

With Thanks To
Joyce S. Lee
Cameron Hu
Nicole Garman

Philomel

Editor-in-Chief	Martyn Rush
Managing Editor	Emily Kern
Submission Editors	Magnus Jones, Jan Stejskal
Art Editor	Hasbrouck B. Miller
Design Editors	Robert Hass, Ellen Yusti
Promotional Editor	Adam Weir

Dear Readers,

In 1817, an intrepid cadre of University of Pennsylvania students convened in the hallowed corridors of the lamented Old College Hall in central Philadelphia. They were Philomatheans, members of a literary society founded just four years before, and they had a purpose. They had decided to produce a journal – a literary magazine that would be "devoted to Useful Science and Polite Literature" in order to render the Society and the University "more worthy of regard," in this city they proudly proclaimed as the "American Athens". These were heady times – the United States was just over forty years old and had managed to survive a recent war with the British Empire. The United States, her institutions and her students were ambitious and confident; and this is reflected in the manifesto these students signed to launch the Philomathean Literary Magazine – for their task was not just to convey the art of literature and summon the muses of creation – but to improve and change their University.

Little did they know that 192 years later their Society would still be thriving, resplendent atop a new College Hall. The library, the meeting room and the discussions they would find in very much the same spirit as they left them. Their literary journal, however, they would not. The modest handwritten volumes they inaugurated had taken on a life of their own over the decades. The magazine went through several name changes, not all of them good, survived the University relocation, one Civil and two World Wars and still remained extant until 2000, when we can only guess an outburst of millennial tension finally brought the printing presses of *Philomel* to a halt, for what seemed the final time.

I am pleased to announce that this was not the case, and that nine years later – *Philomel*, which is Greek for "nightingale", the ancient symbol of poetic inspiration – is ready to soar again.

Like our own founding writers, we, the directors of *Philomel* have come together with a purpose – to provide for the University of Pennsylvania a vessel for the noble art of the literary essay, anchored around a pertinent and perhaps provocative theme. This semester's theme is "Civilization – Barbarians at the Gate?" and with that we allowed our fellow Penn students to respond in any way they saw germane; to see where the nightingale took them. This that you hold in your hand, dear reader, is the result.

I can only wish that the contents inspire, provoke and entertain you as much as they did us – and that you may be seized by the idea of helping *Philomel* in the future – either by contributing or, just as importantly, by reading, by interacting, by engaging. This is all that an editor can hope.

Sic itur ad astra!
Martyn Rush Φ
Editor-in-Chief

Contents

Ann Marie Meehan
Cell H2 O 10

Phillip Rocco Φ
Excerpts from Civilization 17

Lily Rogath
***Pseudolus*: A Critique of the Social Institution of Slavery** 21

Allison Zuckerman
Beasts of Burden: Collapse of the Bridge & Beasts of Burden: Collapse of the Housing Industry 24

Devon Andersen
On *Waiting for the Barbarians* and the Imperial Fear of Domination 26

John Xi Lui Donne
Translated by David Marcou Φ
The Flea on a Chicken 30

Kojo Minta Φ
'God of Battles': The Genesis of British Crusade Ideology in the Great War 31

V. Ulea (Vera Zubarev)
Civilization & Nature in "Australia" 46

Ward A. Bungalow Φ
An Irreducible Minimum of Meaning 51

Dearest Reader,

I've been waiting for the barbarians for a while now. I've Google stalked them and checked their Facebook pages, and I must say that I'm pretty certain that Cavafy had it all wrong – the barbarians, you know, wouldn't come through the main gate. Absolutely not. Who do you think you're dealing with, Cavafy? They're not amateurs.

So I'm sitting here in Starbucks, waiting. I understand that they might be late, and I respect that – but time is money, after all.

Tall soy lattes and non-fat muffins and yogurt parfaits.
Barbarians?
Pin-striped suits and locked briefcases and silk ties.
Barbarians?
High-top Converses and noserings and a bright yellow belt.
Barbarians?
Macroeconomics and chemical engineering and James Joyce.
Barbarians?!

The trouble is, it's easy to get distracted, in the midst of it all, and I don't want to miss them. There are so many things to read and write and hear and see and do. Fortunately for me and, I daresay, for you, we are not alone – the following pages contain many a fine eye and ear, watching out in film and history, poetry and prose, past and future. They celebrate the civilization and behold the barbarism. At least, most of the time. I would warn our authors – and the same to you – that these barbarians, they can be tricky – beguiling when you'd least expect.

For instance, I'm still in Starbucks. Barbarians?

I sincerely hope that this bit of print brings you joy and questions and answers and puzzlement, great thoughts and small musings. At Philo, these are some of our favorite things, be they civilized or barbaric (civilized and barbaric?) and it gives me tremendous joy to share them with you.

In the meantime, if you happen to run into some stray barbarians, could you tell them that I'm still waiting? Starbucks on Chestnut Street, the table in the corner – forget the gate. If they'd give me a call, I can order their coffee ahead. They know my number.

I really appreciate the favor. I just hope I haven't missed them.

All of my most civilized best,
Sic Itur Ad Astra,

Nicole Garman Φ
Moderator, The Philomathean Society

Short Story
Ann Marie Meehan

Cell H2 O

"So let man consider of what he was created; he was created of gushing water, issuing between his loins and the breast-bones."

—Qur'an

Death by blue sky. This cannot be America, Nassir, as I have seen America in films. In Bajour there is an old movie theater where as small children we watched the American westerns, unconsciously covering our noses and mouths with our hands to protect us from the dirt and dust of their desert and the smell of cowboy sweat. Everyone knows America is sandwiched between two seas, one warm in California, the other cold as New York's steel skyscrapers. So this cannot be America as the sea surrounds us here. This sky is pregnant with moisture night and day. It's not taut or bleached or parched like the tent-like canvas of our desert sky. If our cells had windows I know we would see these stars weep nightly. In land-locked Afghanistan, our sky sits proudly astride the horizon, a cooling compliment to the landscape. But here, somehow (is this indeed the very same sky?) it's buoyed by sea waves and funneled by the sun through my window.

Do you understand why we're never without light here? Think about it: we enjoy the sun and air upon prayer rugs, you and me, for just one hour of the day. But we're fed a steady diet of their artificial light both day and night; it's that that fills our bellies with sleeplessness and not our longing for home. That damned light keeps our minds perpetually blooming like forced flowers or full like cows in a constant state of lactation, at the ready for the farmer to till or milk. I don't know what this place is, but logic and my senses tell me this most certainly is not America.

You are religious about washing and cleanliness, Nassir. I, too, spend every waking hour engulfed in a damp orange jumpsuit, silently gulping down mouthfuls of the same blue, lifeless air you breathe in your cell. But let me warn you: it isn't the air that is dangerous here. On this island, Nassir, water is the weapon of choice. I have proof. Have you watched these insects watered by sea air and rainy seasons as they explode like balloons, drunk from the toilet water? The insects of my homeland are trim and lithe- as if they measure their diet with a view to longevity. But oh, these island insects so love to drink themselves to death! I have been careful to cover the wounds on my wrists for fear that the smell of human blood might ignite a new and deadly thirst in them. Have you tasted them? Interestingly, they taste of bloodied metal (like goat's blood on a cool knife I loved as a child). They crunch like tin foil beneath my palm and when I put them on my tongue my craving for my dry homeland is fleetingly satisfied. At night they are too swollen to fly, so they drag their wet wings along the floor and hoist their bloated bodies up my walls, searching for damp corner. But there is none. I know that as I have measured every millimeter with every length of my limbs and digits. No corners- just rounded edges like a hollowed-out egg (our captors intended to confuse me, of course, but, to my delight, it confuses the insects too). I know they seek me out, but I am smarter and I elude them. I've abandoned my bed (too easy for them to find me) and I sleep curled in the center of this damnable space, a human comma placed upon a blank page.

Please don't take me for an unclean unbeliever. I am a devout Muslim and proud son of Afghanistan. My eating these insects is merely a strategy in an extreme situation (I avoid the rations when possible- it always upsets my handler). Self-starvation is yet another weapon (you remember that Pakistani who checked out?), but refusing food is one thing and water another.

I am mindful of slaughtering practices as my uncle is a butcher. I always slaughter them in the name of Allah, so these low-

ly creatures are "Halal". We must be as resourceful as our captors in the hope that someday our brothers will find some way to infiltrate this island hell. Uncleanliness is merely a cloak with which I conceal my wits and confuse these devils who are perplexed as they have read that we are extraordinarily fastidious about our hygiene.

Do you recall the time Suleiman decided not to wait for "the cruise" and took himself to Allah? I pray for the day to come when they take me as it appears it is a one-time trip. When they return me to my cell after my "cruise" I too will be able to perform the trick of suspending my irises just above the whites of my eyes like you, Nassir. I have stopped dreaming of escape. When I first arrived I dreamed of that American magician famous for escaping, handcuffed, from water-filled glass boxes. Suleiman believed escape could only come in the form of crossing the horizon from life into the afterlife. Tell me, Nassir: will "the cruise" make mere existence on this island look like paradise?

The Saudi in the cell next to mine insists that release isn't an option, and that I should not wish for it. Instead of Allah, he says, the American God will intercept your prayer and instead assign me Tarik's fate. "Cleared for release, but no nation will claim you, not even your own," he says. "Caged and in limbo you will stay in captivity. Our rulers have been gulled by the Americans into believing that our bloated bodies house broken spirits that will provide rich manure for sowing discontent and revenge in our homelands."

Speaking of fodder: do you recall that enormous bonfire our captors lit after Suleiman joined Allah? The flames licked higher than any I'd ever seen before. It was the grease- they brought it from their own private kitchens in their huts. Its tang sliced me like a knife and as the fumes seeped into my wounds I saw the hairs on my arms grow stiff and long. I screamed with pain as I felt my nails dig into their beds, growing hard and cloven. I recalled that verse of the Qur'an that had always puzzled me, and suddenly I knew what it meant:

> *Satan stayed in the upper part of a nose all night. The Prophet said, "If anyone of you rouses from sleep and performs the ablution, he should wash his nose by putting water in it and then blowing it out thrice, because Satan has stayed in the upper part of his nose all night."*

I plunged my nose into the bowl, snorting , relieved to have recalled the antidote, then I wretched up all my bugs back into the toilet and swaddled my face in my prayer rug and dreamed of filthy pigs soiling my cell.

Be mindful of those toilets, Nassir. On my first night here I examined it very closely (I hadn't used one before), dipping my hand into the bowl and sliding it up through the hole. The passage was blocked, so I clawed away at the thing, anxious to discover what might be at the bottom. Wet flakes of paper with writing float into the bowl. I tugged hard at a solid edge and with that, a sodden book cover lay limp in my hands. It is a good thing that I have memorized so much of the Qur'an as they have taken our words and placed them in this foul mouth of defecation. They have torn the written word from our eyes, ears, mouths and hands and drown them in filth. I plunged my head into the bowl to stem the tide of profanity that wanted to pour from my lips. Enough, I said. Keep your head about you, Rasul. As evil an invention as it is, it may be the tunnel through which flows the river to Allah. Remember: water both sustains and kills.

Be mindful, Nassir, as I think it must have been in the tea. I have learned to reject all other liquids except that and water. They tried tirelessly to push cow's milk upon me, pouring into a shallow bowl for me to lap up. Perhaps the taste of milk hides the flavor of poison, but drinking in this manner only makes me gag.

There was no mistaking they had given me something as one cannot be more aware of one' s self and state when all there is to do all day is take one's mental and physical temperature.

I found myself on the cell floor blowing roaches, corralling them towards the toilet and their death. Drug-drunken with glee, I was delighted at the game. It was over when I realized that I wasn't hearing the running of the toilet tank but the hissing of the dead floating creatures as they filled with water before sinking to the bottom of the bowl.

If tanned, perfumed hands hadn't reached round my head to bind the coarse blindfold round me I would have mustered the strength to launch a defense, but her scent crushed me. Lemons. Crushed lemons and cheese. Lemons, goats, and women on this island, not far from my godforsaken cell? Is Asha on this island?

She strung me along by the blindfold as Mother led our pet goat. Her female tentativeness was occasionally punctuated with a sudden jerk of confidence. My tongue lapped at the bottom of the blindfold under my nose as I tried to nudge it up to get a glimpse of my captor. Then those chemicals transcended the boundary of the brain and moved downwards, and I could feel my cinched wrists expanding, searching for space and a way out of the metal handcuffs that were cutting into my skin and I shoved them under my shirt, to avoid her discovering the bristly hair and the waxy, cloven nails upon my arms.

She ordered me to sit, but it wasn't just "sit," as she tipped my limpid torso down onto the plank while I felt my feet rise and float above my waist. I tried to stop my blindfolded, useless head from sliding downwards as tears or saliva or sweat slicked my skull. The lemony hand lay upon my breastbone, alternately steadying and pressing me, my spine becoming one with the cold metal beneath me. I longed for that hand to reach out and feel the softness that still remained in the hair on my head.

There were others there, but I couldn't say how many, for as wounded as I was there was one with great strength grasping my ankles while one hovered behind my head. Then I heard whimpering and my heart went out to the creature and it wasn't until Lovely Lemon Hands stroked my cheek that I realized my mouth was making those sounds. (Mind her, Nassir, when your time comes. Her touch is as tender and welcome as that of an owner after he's kicked his beloved dog). I was deep inside the well of myself, simpering and paddling in my own piss and shit. My arms were numb beneath my back, the elbows puncturing my skin. Suddenly I felt my bones buoy and stretch within my bloated torso as my skin unfurled like bat-wings. I didn't need to look, as I could feel my coarse arm hair lifting my ribs upward. Raise your hand, lady of lemons, and press upon my forehead instead of my chest- sink my head beneath wet death and let me go home to Allah. Let me look beyond your deliciousness and discover what's surely better beyond.

Though bright and well-trained, it was clear from the male barking that she too was on a leash here. Through the haze I heard distinctly the slosh of water against metal, then the wringing out of water and before I knew it this wet thing was thrust into my gaping mouth. At first I swallowed the trickles as they steadily moved down my gullet, my curious tongue gathering courage in discovering the nature of this object. The thing was breathing and wet with my saliva, the tufts of hair being sucked in and out by my mouth. Gagging, I desperately tried to dispel it, then in a fit of ingenuity, I tried to swallow the wretched thing. They had other plans for making me talk, and, with that, the bucket-bearer slowly poured water from above, and I swam with the tide, gulping and spewing and peeing as I tried to dam up my orifices. I willed the water to pour from my ears and flood the damnable place and drown these soulless ones. She was kneeling next to me, weeping and pleading with me to tell them, but the wet, furry creature in my mouth grew and grew, until there was no way to tell her even if I wanted to.

My consciousness, jelled, was oozing from both eyes. They must have sensed me ebbing away and tore the thing from my mouth, probing my gullet for tuffs of hair and bits of teeth and bone, and suddenly I remembered what I wanted to tell them...

Just outside my mother's house is a tall green urn which opens skyward, waiting for enough rain to collect for our family

bath. I imagine that water isn't plentiful in your part of the world either, Nassir, but in Afghanistan it seems Allah intended that every last drop of moisture be found by something desperate to live.

On this island I long to collect the sea air and the night's dew and tip it into this inverted sky, then funnel it into my mouth and soar above the sea back to my home and the iron pot on our stove, ready for warming soothing salted water.

The last morning of summer had reluctantly arrived and its heated discontent stole my sleep. Sliding my moist hand from my mother's grip, I tiptoed from our bed to greet the day and check the urn.

Asha told me later that my screams reached her ears with the swiftness of summer monsoons that encircle and engulf the mountain separating our two villages.

"How very sad", crooned Mother when she saw it.

"They have very poor vision, you know. And it's a shrew, not a bat."

How insistently her hard brown hand stroked the nape of my downy neck while I stubbornly probed the floating fur for wings. Desperate with thirst, the poor creature had scaled the urn's walls, his five-fingered hands documenting the tale in claw-marks along the urn's insides. I thought it likely that another thirsty shrew might later read his inscription upon the wall of what was once our urn, but now his tomb. "He was unfamiliar with and yet fascinated by the very nature of water."

That's all I wanted to tell them. And of course, I wanted to ask them a question. Tell me: do you think that shrew gasped and sputtered, or did he drink deeply as he drowned while fouling our bath water?

Poetry
Phillip Rocco Φ

Excerpts from *Civilization*

from I.

It often makes irrational demands
No historical society
Could withstand.

Some of it becomes a mystery terrain
There is a seam
that extends from pole to pole.

This will happen if your city has pretty
much everything it needs or could build.

from II.

The Spring of 1996.
Lock yourself in a room. The price is right for snazzier units.

You can explain multiple victory conditions. If you're into history:

Time, decisions, choices.
Research, time, experience, victory,
Adam Smith's Trading, Great Library, UN, Hoover Dam.

Keep building settlers.
Switch to Fundamentalism.
Leave one enemy.
Build the spaceship.

from III.

Geography plays a huge part.
Put your infantry in a hill,
A perfectly flat, open field, and the buttoned-up tank.
Whatever the case, the units are accurate, the unit relationships
are accurate!

*

Choose which past ruler you would like to be until you fall asleep.

Even if you discover Flight, there will be empire border and cultural points,
Diplomacy and trade, characteristics of different races.

Diplomacy is different now. Trade is not done with caravans.
There are also new units, workers are a new concept.

Are many
Golden ages
Triggered by wonders?

Experience. Toggling.
For the first time. Or second
Time.

*

It takes half a millenium to build a fort,
and the enemy can just walk around it.

from Colonization

You never feel like an explorer. The only way to win
is to burst liberty
bell production.

Indians:
give you free resources
train your colonists
and serve as massive sources of money.

First time through, play Spanish.
You should quickly garner the 50%
that you need, declare independence,
and then switch back to full growth mode.

from IV.

When terrain is more realistic,
minor random events (some of which give you minor options)
will have
brought back the experience point.

*

My complaint:
the workers are stupid.
(Spying, religion, governments are much more interesting.)

I am a Monarch. It is slow. I often have to have a book
or magazine with me to distract myself.

*

The mechanics are where the choice is yours.
Documentation claimed it is pretty barren
Only since it's myriad and removable
Though the units are more balanced and powerful.

If you are new to it, do not worry
there is a great tutorial on the addition of more wonders,
though they have changed some of the benefits
and now I suspect it will never be the same.

Essay
Lily Rogath

Pseudolus: A Critique of the Social Institution of Slavery

Plautus's *Pseudolus* offers a great deal of insight into the Roman attitude toward the institution of slavery. As the title illustrates, Pseudolus, a slave, is the protagonist of the play and thus the issue of slavery is central. In addition, Plautus was writing during and in the wake of the Punic Wars with Carthage, which caused expansion both in physical and human property. *Pseudolus* claims to be a comedy and on the surface it appears that the comedic aspects lie in the derision of the slave. On the contrary, Plautus's comedy lies in the interaction between the slave and society—how the free people in society grapple with the enslavement of humans who, in truth, possess the same abilities that their masters enjoy. In *Pseudolus*, Plautus offers a critique of the institution of slavery by juxtaposing Ballio, the leno and slave owner/dealer, and Pseudolus, the slave.

In Scene 1.2, the first of five cantica, Ballio enters with several slaves—some laborers, some prostitutes. He insults and mocks the slaves to the best of his ability: "Come along there, out here, the lot of you—idle rascals, scurvy scoundrels, not worth your keep!" His tirade continues, becoming progressively more agitated and abusive: *ita ego vestra latera loris faciam ut valide varia sint*—"Thus I will powerfully make your sides so that they are black and blue with leather whips." While this line is dynamic because of the visual potential that it bears, it also anticipates an important guarantee from Pseudolus that occurs four hundred lines later: *Si sumus compecti seu consilium umquam iniimus...aut si de ea re umquam inter nos convenimus* [*quasi in libro cum scribuntur calamo litterae*], *stilis me totum usque ulmeis conscribito*—"If we have made an agreement or if we entered into a plan at any point or if we agreed upon a plan

between us on the topic, just as in letters are written in a book with a reed, write all over all me completely with elm styli." This line clearly recalls Ballio's admission of violence with a whip, however Ballio's usage of the word *varia* to mean "black and blue" entreats the viewer/reader to imagine the slaves' bruises as watercolors splattered haphazardly on a canvas. Adversely, Pseudolus asks that his master, Simo, whip him like writing letters in a book—a simile that sounds a great deal more urbane and sophisticated than Ballio's declaration. Pseudolus's use of the word "conscribito" in comparison to Ballio's "faciam" demonstrates this disparity. In light of Pseudolus's witty remark that he may be lashed with styli, Ballio's actual whipping with a leather strap seems barbaric. In addition, the editor comments, "the violence of the rhythm of these lines (peristromata, tonsilia) [145-146, at the beginning of Ballio's canticum] may conceivably reflect an ugly emphasis on Ballio's speech." As these lines demonstrate, Plautus writes the Latin to reflect his assertion that Pseudolus is, in fact, much smarter than Ballio.

Although Ballio's excessive rant is amusing to read, it would have been more entertaining to witness in the theater because the actor had license to enhance the role with a mask, appropriate garb, and physical motions. However, Ballio's physical comedy paired with the great amusement derived from the comparison of Pseudolus's intelligence and Ballio's barbarism did not hide the unnerving notion that slaves could outwit their masters or other free men. In fact, it seems that slaves duping their masters would have been a very real possibility. Often slaves acted as sidekicks or messengers and were privy to confidential information that would have allowed them to change important plans at will and to their benefit. In many ways though, slaves were essential to the Roman household because their presence allowed Roman soldiers or statesmen to carry out important functions of the state: declarations of war and the formation of government and public policy, respectively. Plautus capitalized on this paradoxical situation that is at the heart of *Pseudolus*—the Roman citizenry needed slaves to grow as a society, yet slaves were in a prime position to harm the Roman people immensely. Later in the play, Pseudolus effectively tricks Ballio into sending off Phoenicium with Simia who is parading as Harpax. This result solidifies the alarming concept that slaves command the ability to deceive their masters.

Pseudolus, as an exceptionally bright slave, develops this anxiety to a greater degree. As with other slaves, he is in a position to betray his master, but he attempts to minimize the extent of his resourcefulness by objectifying himself. In lines 543-545, Pseudolus asks that Simo treat him like a book if for some reason they had not agreed upon the same matter. By asking his master to envision him as a physical piece of property (rather than a human piece of property), Pseudolus renders himself less threatening and is able to conceal his cunning motives. Thus, Pseudolus's simile is doubly effective: it serves firstly to parallel Ballio's statement about whipping while causing Ballio to seem crude, and secondly to illustrate that Pseudolus's intelligence outshines that of his co-characters.

Plautus employs comedic elements such as the personae of Ballio and Pseudolus to comment on the social institution of slavery. Ballio speaks like a barbaric cretin and trades slaves and prostitutes. Pseudolus, although a slave, is well spoken and possesses a sort of cunning akin to the "mêtis" for which Odysseus was famed. Pseudolus instills in the audience members the great anxiety that slaves may trick their masters; he himself is the key example. This fear of being outwitted manifests itself in the speech of both Ballio and Pseudolus—Ballio's speech is vulgar while Pseudolus's is masterful and sharp. Plautus profoundly critiques the social institution of slavery by juxtaposing Ballio and Pseudolus through their personae and speech. Thus, *Pseudolus* is much more than a comedy. Rather, it is a cautionary tale displayed as a comedy in order to allow members of the audience and Roman society to stomach and even enjoy the fatal possibility that slaves may trick their masters.

Allison Zuckerman
Beasts of Burden: Collapse of the Bridge
Acrylic on canvas

Beasts of Burden: Collapse of the Housing Industry
Acrylic on canvas

Essay
Devon Andersen

On *Waiting for the Barbarians* and the Imperial Fear of Domination

In South African novelist J. M. Coetzee's book *Waiting for the Barbarians*, based on the Cavafy poem of the same name, the inhabitants of a small frontier town in a fictional empire await an attack from the barbarians living just beyond their borders. The town magistrate, disgusted and dismayed by the folly of the empire of which he is a part, maintains from the beginning that the barbarians are not a threat to the settlers and that no such invasion is going to occur; however, his level-headedness is not enough to convince the rest of the settlers. Tensions rise, and wild rumors lead to hysteria among the people, which in turn leads to the slow destruction of the town and its eventual abandonment by most of its settlers. In fact, the barbarians make no strikes against the town by the end of the novel, and we see that the magistrate was right all along, and thus that the town is destroyed because of irrational fear. Coetzee suggests that this fear, which he depicts as a manifestation of male castration anxiety, is a danger posed not only to the fictional empire of the novel but to all empires and societies with imperial tendencies, including the modern United States. Such paranoid fear of domination, he suggests, is a greater menace to us than any threat from beyond our borders – that it is *ourselves* rather than the "barbarians at the gate" who have the greatest power to destroy us.

As long as people have written about colonization and about sex, the conception of a foreign landscape as a body to be conquered and penetrated has been used and recycled by countless writers – witness Rider Haggard, who habitually uses such metaphors in his colonial novels of the 1880s; witness Shakespeare's "The Rape of Lucrece" from 1594, just to name a couple. Coetzee also makes use of such tropes in *Waiting for the Barbarians*; however, he does so with a twist, subverting the old metaphor by having his male soldiers project their heterosexuality not onto the land in question but onto the bodies of the barbarians themselves. Throughout the novel, we see that the soldiers of the empire are obsessed with domination and control over the barbarians' bodies in a way that is deeply connected with sex. At the beginning of the novel, an imperial soldier called Colonel Joll tortures a barbarian boy by stabbing him with a small knife, which he turns "like a key" in order to open up the boy's body and soul, and thus extract the needed information from him. While both participants in the torture are male, and the instrument used is a key rather than a phallus, the penetration of the knife into the boy's body is paralleled with another sort of penetration, as becomes clear later in the novel when the magistrate takes a barbarian woman into his home. Just like the barbarian boy with Joll, the woman refuses to tell the magistrate what he wants to know (in this case, information about her past and her own torture at Joll's hands), and just like Joll with the boy, the magistrate wishes to penetrate the woman both body and soul, to unlock her and have her tell him her secrets. Both pairs play out the conflict between "civilization" and "barbarity" on a personal level, and make it clear that the relationship is a sexualized one. The magistrate seems to recognize this on an unconscious level, for while he is keen to touch and stroke the barbarian woman's body, he finds himself unexcited and at times even repulsed by the idea of penetrating her. He does not want to play out the cruel relationship between oppressor and oppressed with a woman that he cares for – unfortunately, the rest of the empire's agents do not feel the same way.

Throughout the novel, it becomes clear that the fear of barbarian invasion is deeply connected to the fear of feminization, castration, and penetration, the fear of a sort of gender-reversal in which the empire would become the victimized body and the barbarian civilization the body that penetrates and dominates. At the end of the book, the magistrate tells us that empire only reveals the truth about itself "when harsh winds blow," recalling Colonel Joll's expressed belief that barbarians only yield up the truth "in the last

extremity," when their bodies and souls have been unlocked and utterly dominated by the torturers. In associating Joll's statement about the abject barbarians with the empire, he envisions the empire as a body vulnerable to domination by outside forces, rather than a body that dominates. Eventually the magistrate comes to see the barbarian woman as the "key" to discovering the truth of empire itself, thus comparing the empire explicitly to the boy whom Joll unlocks with his knife and implicitly to the woman whom the magistrate might unlock with his penis. Such thoughts are consonant with those of the rest of the townspeople, who become increasingly paranoid throughout the novel about the possibility of a barbarian attack on the town. The strange thing about this fear is that it has no basis in fact, but rests on unreliable hearsay and wild rumors that have no discernable source. The barbarians in the novel are almost invariably presented as abject and submissive to the agents of the empire, and it is made clear to us that the townspeople *should not* be afraid of them. So why are they? It is not a serious threat, the novel suggests, that has given birth to this hysteria amongst the townspeople and soldiers, but rather a sexually-based (male) drive to be continually dominant and a fear of not being so; a fear of being feminized, castrated.

Now, none of this means to say that the barbarians of the novel are completely nonthreatening – they aren't. For the greater part of the book, the nature and intentions of the barbarians are left ambiguous, forcing readers to experience the same fear and uncertainty as the townspeople themselves. Yet the invasion never occurs, and at the end of the book we are left feeling that the townspeople are likely to be stuck forever in an uncertain and anxious state of waiting, much like Didi and Gogo in *Waiting for Godot* by Beckett, whom Coetzee greatly admires; the similarity of the play's name to that of Coetzee's novel is almost certainly intentional. Coetzee suggests thus that while the barbarians may not be entirely docile, in the end the greatest threat to the townspeople is their own irrational fear of domination, because of which they destroy and abandon their home. While the barbarian attack on the town may be imaginary, the damage to the town caused by the fear of that attack could not be more real.

The danger illuminated in Coetzee's novel is not limited to any one specific empire, but extends to any and all societies with imperial tendencies. Significantly, Coetzee does not set the novel in his native South Africa, or indeed in any recognizable historical empire, but rather mixes elements of many empires together in a mish-mash which comes to represent the archetypal empire. The novel is an attempt to say something about the nature of Empire itself, and the nature of all societies that are tainted by it – and thus, the lessons of the novel can be said to have relevance to our own modern America. As one reviewer of the novel comments, "Hardly a moment of the story doesn't read like a 'what to expect next' playbook from the American Empire of the early Twenty-First Century." As Americans, we too have hegemonic power over other peoples, we too (arguably) oppress them, and we too are caught up in the fear that we may someday be overrun by nameless hostile barbarians, whomever we choose to believe they are. In a review of Philip Roth's novel, *The Plot Against America*, Coetzee tells us that, "one of the things that [the book] is about is, precisely, paranoia" – in this case, the fear of attack by outsiders, exactly the thing which brings the imperial town to its knees in the novel. Today, the barbarians in our eyes are likely to be people like Saddam Hussein and groups such as Al-Qaeda, and while such things are undoubtedly dangerous, Coetzee's novel suggests that the greater danger is our own sublimation of the threat they pose, and the descent into hysteria that can result. For our own sake, as well as the sake of the peoples under our thumb, we must not lose ourselves to the fear of the "barbarians at the gate." Such fear is not only irrational – a product of castration-anxiety, if we believe Coetzee – but also incredibly destructive to us as a society. If we allow ourselves to be ruled by fear, we may ourselves become the destructive force that topples our civilization.

Poetry
John Xi Lui Donne
Translated by David Marcou Φ

The Flea on a Chicken

Mark on me, this little flea,
That jumps from thee, unto me;
You it sucked first, and now sucks me,
And in this flea bird flu there be;
Thou know'st I will surely be dead;
A cough, a fever, a long stay in bed,
  Yet I cannot blame you,
  As I cleave your neck in two,
  If thou know not what you do.

Oh damn, my whole family provides me care,
If only they knew, knew how screwed they are.
This flea is doom and gloom, mark this;
How terrible Chinese health care is.
Though officials grudge, and me, they get,
Into a hospital, my death a sure bet.
  Though use make them apt to kill me,
  With dirty beds, it spreads to another flea,
  And sacrilege, one ill makes ninety-three!

Cruel and sudden, bright lights make me wince,
The news, robbing my illness of its innocence!
Wherein could this flea guilty be,
Except in that drop which it sucked from thee?
The world cowers in fear, oh and how,
Killing Chinese chickens, millions now;
  'Tis true; dead poultry, far the eye can see
  The silence of the chickens, a final plea.
  All this trouble, for a little flea.

Essay
Kojo Minta Φ

'God of Battles': The Genesis of
British Crusade Ideology in the Great War

On 19 December 1917, the British magazine Punch heralded the Fall of Jerusalem to British forces with a curiously anachronistic illustration: simply captioned "'The Last Crusade,' it showed Richard Coeur-de-Lion looking down towards Jerusalem and nodding contently, 'My Dream Comes True!'"[1] The publication of this illustration was not an isolated incident; rather, it was only one among the many speeches and editorials during World War I that hearkened back to the Crusading period. The reason for this approach to WWI lies not in the war itself, but rather in the preceding hundred years. In that time a neo-chivalric (and thus neo-crusading) ethos emerged and flourished among the British. WWI saw the culmination, and dismantling, of this ethos. This crusading sentiment can be traced from its germination in the academic realm of the late 18th century to its flowering among the upper classes and public schools of the late 19th century. This crusading sentiment's most potent – and public – expression during WWI can be found in the speeches of churchmen and the statements of newspapers.

Remembrance of Things Past

Edmund Burke's melancholy denunciation of the end of chivalry, and the accompanying extinguishing of the "glory of Europe" in *Reflections on the French Revolution,* was perhaps premature, for, as he wrote in 1790, a quiet revolution was taking place in Britain. The veneer of rationalism and skepticism that had come to dominate academic discourse had begun to crack, giving way to a different, more emotive philosophy. The religious antipathy of a

Gibbon or a Voltaire or a Hume – who christened the Crusades as "the most signal and durable monument of human folly that has yet appeared in any age or nation" in his *History of Great Britain, under the House of Stuart* (1761) – was superseded by those who revaluated the medieval period less harshly. Mark Girouard, in *The Return to Camelot: Chivalry and the English Gentleman* (1981), claims that the emphasis on reason and intellect in the early 17th century brought about a "new attitude to history ... based on a critical study of original documents, monuments and artifacts." This critical study focused on the medieval period, leading inevitably to the study of chivalry and the Crusades. From there academics became partisans: Thomas Warton (d. 1790) did not just study medieval poetry, he wrote poems extolling the virtues of the Round Table. Horace Walpole (d. 1797) studied medieval romances and wrote one, *The Castle of Otranto* (1764). Richard Hurd (d. 1808), in his third *Moral and Political Dialogues* (1759), described "the tilt-yard ... [as] a school of fortitude and honour to our generous forefathers." Hurd, who would become the Bishop of Worcester as well as tutor to the Prince of Wales under George III, also suggested in his *Letters on Chivalry and Romance* (1762) that it was somewhat regrettable that the dismissal of chivalry had led to a "decline of imagination in favor of reason." The work of Hurd was critical to the rehabilitation of the medieval period. He compared the epic tales of Arthur and Lancelot and Galahad to the classical stories of Achilles and Hector and Odysseus. The medieval is intertwined with the classical, in the process elevating the former. In Letters IV, I he states:

> When we see a sort of Chivalry springing up among the Greeks, who were confessedly in a state resembling that of the feudal barons, and attended by the like symptoms and effects, is it not fair to conclude that the Chivalry of the Gothic times was owing to that common corresponding state, and received its character from it?

Thus, as Audley Smith points out, he succeeded in "exonerat[ing] the 'barbarians' from the charge of 'caprice' and 'absurdity' that his own age was too ready to bring against them."[2] Hurd essentially conflated the medieval and the classical, for while the former had been viewed as representing the epitome of cultural and intellectual attainment, the latter had been dismissed as a reliquary of barbarous ideas and images. This helped bring forth a general reappraisal of the medieval period, an appraisal that was less critical and more laudatory in regard to its most defining actions. Academic works presenting such a view abouded in the late 18th century. *Mémoires de l'Ancienne Chevalerie*, a glowing portrayal of chivalry by Jean Baptiste de la Curne de Sainte-Palaye (d. 1781), was published in 1759. An English translation of the work came out in 1779. As Girouard points out, a multitude of other works, ranging from Warton's *History of English Poetry* (1774-81) to Bishop Thomas Percy's (d. 1811) *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* (1765) and Francis Grose's (d. 1791) *Treatise of Ancient Armour and Weapons* (1786) were published, signs of a sustained and intense interest in the medieval period. Charles Mills published *History of the Crusades for the Recovery and Possession of the Holy Land* (1820), in which Hume and Gibbon are criticized. Recall above, where it was stated that rationalism and skepticism had given way to a more emotive philosophy. Sharon Turner (d. 1874) wrote, concerning the crusaders, "we may with sarcastic complacency deride their credulity, or declaim their zeal ... [but] we must ever rank the crusades amongst the instances of the *sublimer exertions and capabilities to which the human character can raise itself* [italics added]."[3] Here the emphasis is not on the results of the Crusades (which these late 18th and early 19th century academics generally saw as poor and even distasteful), but on the sheer effort and devotion expended in the undertaking. One sees here the beginnings of a romanticizing of the crusade. But this interest was relegated to the academic sphere and had yet to permeate into the general consciousness of the British public. That step would be taken by fiction writers, who

would modernize and make immediate the ideas of chivalry and crusade.

But first, it should be noted that this was not the first time chivalry had come back to stir the interest of the English gentleman. Girouard points to the reign of Elizabeth I as period where "medieval chivalry had an Indian summer … [which] lasted on into the early seventeenth century, and more or less ended in the 1620's." A cult of Elizabeth was created, one bounded by fantasy rather than reality. Thus, "tangled and exotic skylines of domed turrets and pierced battlements" were raised with little regard to functionality or military utility. Knights jousted, but the jousts were less contests of martial prowess and more elaborate stories played out on the field.[4] Girouard singles out Spenser's *Faerie Queene* as the example *par excellence* of this drive towards the fantastic in chivalry. It might be corrective, then, to think of the 19th century emergence of a crusading ethos as less anachronistic and more *atavistic*, part of an ebb and flow of interest that, if properly stimulated, flourished in the fertile imagination of the Englishman.

The popularization of chivalry was brought about through its fictionalization. The chief architects of this transformation were Sir Walter Scott (d. 1832) and Sir Kenelm Digby (d. 1880). These writers brought the idea of chivalry and crusading from the abstract to the palpable. They imbued within a generation the idea that they were knights, of a different age, of a different temper, but made of the same stuff as Sir Galahad and King Arthur. Scott also served as the bridge between the academic and the popular. In 1792 Scott began making notes to Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* and in the *Marmion* (1808), he makes references to Lancelot and the Holy Grail which he supported with footnotes on Malory. Scott began with poems, such as *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805), and though much of his early work was published anonymously, his fame grew such that in 1820 he was made a baronet by George IV. His most popular works were *Ivanhoe* (1820) and *The Talisman* (1825). It should be noted that both of these texts deal with Crusades. The former focuses on the young Saxon noble Ivanhoe, the latter on the Third Crusade, Richard Coeur-de-Lion and Saladin. Scott built upon the work of his predecessors, academic and otherwise. Siberry notes that "Scott admired and used Mill's *History of the Crusades*," for the two were contemporaneous and enjoyed a strong, mutual appreciation of the other. The key to Scott's popularity lay in his characters, who in Girouard's words exhibited "desirable standards, not just for young gentlemen but for gentlemen of all ages." The airy ideals of honor, God and country became concrete, enshrined in characters that appealed to the sensibilities of the British public.

Digby was born in Ireland, and his greatest work, *The Broad Stone of Honour: Rules for the Gentleman of England* (1822), had as its stated aim "not knowledge but practice." In essence, Digby further concretized the notion of chivalry as not some abstract, archaic art, but as a living code of conduct. Digby's glorification of the medieval period extended to the Crusades. As Girouard points out, in *Godefridus* (1844) Digby "stated [the religious zeal] of the Crusades might have been extravagant, but he contended it was better than the 'easy indifference' practiced in his day 'under the name of toleration and liberality." Once again, the Crusades are romanticized, this time in opposition to 19th century Britain. *The Broad Stone of Honour* drew heavily upon medieval and classical sources and quotations, particularly Froissart, Malory, Homer, Plato and Cicero. Much like Hurd, who elevated the medieval by conflating it with the classical, Digby formulated chivalry as a superior ideal that transcended the bounds of space and time. But unlike Hurd, who saw chivalry as a mode of conduct only to be found in the halls of a medieval king or in the lines of an Homeric ode, Digby crafted a chivalric ideal that every British gentleman could seek to emulate. This is seen in his wandering description in Godefridus as to what exactly constitutes chivalry:

> Chivalry is only a name for that general spirit or state of mind which disposes men to heroic and generous actions, and keeps them conversant with all that is beautiful and sublime ... every boy and youth is, in his minds and sentiments, a knight, and essentially a son of chivalry.

This ethos would be hammered in at the public schools, the training ground for the British elite. Thomas Hughes (d. 1896), a proponent of Christian Socialism, wrote *Tom Brown's Schooldays* (1857), an immensely popular novel combining "muscular Christianity" with the belief that, as Girouard has it, "the best way to moral prowess was through physical prowess." Centering on Tom Brown's trials at Rugby, one of the first lines in the books reads, "In the first place, the Browns are a fighting family. One may question their wisdom, or wit, or beauty, but about their fight there can be no question." Read by a multitude of school boys, the book went through some 50 editions and reprints by the close of the century. Girouard notes that Digby's views are clearly evident in the text in regards to the abilities and qualities of a gentleman, but points to the illustrations of 1869 edition as further indication of the chivalric thread running through the book. The illustrations, at the beginning of several of the chapters, show Tom as a knight, kneeling in prayer before he sets of in a battle against "cribbing."

Much of this section has dealt with chivalry and crusading in a seemingly interchangeable fashion. It should be stressed that intrinsic to the idea of chivalry as understood by the British was the idea of the Crusade – for in crusading one had the most ardent expression of the chivalric ethos. It would be difficult to untangle the two threads, for they had been bound together ever since the first knight set forth on that *peregrination*. In the *Alliterative Morte Arthure*, a 14th century rendering of the Arthurian cycle, Arthur is urged, after he has defeated the Roman Emperor and been crowned by the Pope, that the only thing left for him to do is "senn graithe over the grete se with good men of armes to revenge the [men] that on the [Cross] died!" In this text (which was used as a source in Malory's *Morte Darthur*) Arthur, the prototype for British chivalry, sees the last step, the culminating step, of his career as the undertaking of a crusade.

It should also be noted that the late 18th and 19th centuries were not simply a slow, steady march towards the increased engagement, both academically and popularly, with chivalry and the Crusades. In 1817 the *British Review* declared that "Scott [had simply] taken advantage of a perfectly "natural prejudice in favor of antiquity through which our ruder forefathers are seen to great poetical advantage." (issue ix, 1817). *The New Monthly Magazine* charged Scott with a "tacit acceptance of tyranny, encouragement of quietism and ... admiration of feudal relationships." (issue viii, 1823). Still other publications, such as the *Westminster Review*, levied charges of "high-flown and erroneous ideas respecting the age of chivalry ... [and] the characters there introduced [in Scott's novels] are invariably monsters of atrocity." (issue xiii, 1830). Central to these criticisms was the idea that Scott was selectively romanticizing parts of the medieval period, such as the "gentle" manners of knights and the loyalty of men to their ladies, and minimizing the horrors of the Crusades. Thomas Macaulay (d. 1859) wrote of Digby, he "seemed to be of the opinion that the world was made exclusively for gentlemen."[5] Robert Southey (d. 1843) called *The Broad Stone of Honour* "a book full of exaggerated admiration of chivalry by an author who was determined not to see the evils connected with it."[6] Again, these charges were aimed at the romanticizing of chivalry, a process begun by academics and perfected by men such as Scott and Digby. But the age conspired against these critics of chivalry and the Crusades, for the public eagerly latched onto the ideals and images conveyed by the authors. Siberry points out that for a slew of groups – such as the Young England movement and the Pre-Raphaelites – the Crusades "had all the right components: knightly valour, a campaign waged in a noble cause and the exoticism of the East." The rising tide of nationalism was also well served

by the hearkening back to noble ancestors. The only component left for a full explication of Britain's new neo-chivalric ethos was an actual martial test. The Crimean War – in which crusading propaganda made a muted appearance – served merely as a primer, the real test lay on the other side of the century.

WWI and the Flowering of a British neo-Chivalric Ethos

Even though a neo-chivalric ethos had become engrained in the British psyche, from the lowliest chimney sweep to the most elevated baron, it could not reach its culmination without a test of Manichean dimensions. And that test was WWI. Global in scope, immediate in its urgency and perilous in the undertaking, WWI served as a challenge equal, in the reckoning of the British, to any crusade or quest of Sir Lancelot. The words of churchmen and the stories of newspapers serve as a prism into the British mentality during those four furious years. They saw themselves as embarking upon a Crusade, a holy war to save themselves from the powers of darkness that were striving to pull them down into hell.

Albert Marrin, in *The Last Crusade: The Church of England in the First World War*, avers that the language utilized by men of religion rivaled that of the Reformation in its bitterness. Germany was represented as the adversary of "Christian civilization, of moral progress, of spiritual enlightenment," a "curse and hissing amongst the nations."[7] The *furor teutonicus* of ancient and ill repute had broken forth, and it was not hard to dredge up fears and complaints concerning the Germans.[8] For the vitriol directed against the Germans was as intense (indeed perhaps even more so) as that directed against the Ottoman Empire. For even though the British conceptualized the war as a Crusade, it had many faces. Thus, they could fight against "barbarians and Huns" in Europe, as well as against the "Mohammedans" in the Near East. What remained static was the British conception of self, a conception inculcated over the past hundred years. *They* represented all that was good and noble and holy. *They* represented the epitome of righteousness in all facets of life whether it be martial, spiritual or social. The rectitude of the path they had chosen was irrefutable. Thus, the world they faced was a world of dichotomy, a dichotomy exemplified by the popular song "Christ or Nietzsche:"

> Christ or Nietzsche? Cross or Sword?
> Lover of kind or lust of power?
> Choose O man. God strikes the hour.
> Choose thy symbol. Choose thy Lord
>
> Christ or Nietzsche? Love or Hate?
> Life in death or death in life?
> War for peace or war for strife?
> Choose thy future. Choose thy fate.[9]

Armed with such versifications of hatred and loathing, army chaplains marched to the battlefield, circulating these ideals among the soldiers. From 117 chaplains in August 1914 to 3,475 in November 1918, WWI saw the greatest number of clergy embedded with the troops since written record, in the thirteenth century.[10] But British and Imperial troops were not the only recipients of these fierce commands. At church pulpits and meeting houses, preachers furiously condemned the German and the Turk and utilized sacred language in their diatribes. In 1915 the Bishop of London, Bishop Winnington-Ingram, preached in Westminster Abbey that the entire nation must "band together in a crusade – we cannot deny it – to kill Germans. To kill them, not for the sake of killing, but to save the world; to kill the good as well as the bad; to kill the young men as well as the old." Such messianic fervor is reminiscent of Crusading rhetoric. As Siberry notes, such language would not be out of place in the thirteenth century. Indeed they recall the words of bishop Arnaud, abbot of Citeaux, who, according to Caesarius of Heisterbach, declared during the Albigensian Crusade that the

inhabitants of Béziers – both innocent and guilty – should all be killed and "God will know his own." These strident calls centered on a few central precepts: the British as right, their cause as Holy, and the enemy as evil. Thus, the Rev. Basil Bourchier, rector of St. Anne's, Soho, preached that "we are fighting, not so much for the honour of our country, as for the honour of our God. Not only is this a Holy War, it is the holiest war that has ever been waged."[11] F. Holmes Dudden, author of a biography of St. Ambrose and Gregory I also preached that "we are fighting not only for our hearths and homes, we are fighting for our altars, for our holy religion and for our God."[12]

Note the constant utterance of 'we.' Through this emphasis these preachers shored up the notion of a collective identity, an identity forged in the past century. Recall above martial Tom Brown, or Digby's notion that "every boy and youth is, in his minds and sentiments, a knight." The chivalric ethos was no longer restricted to the elite, it had been democratized. And that chivalric ethos was rarified into a Crusading one – for the Crusade was viewed as the ultimate demonstration of all that chivalry has to offer. Thus Bishop Diggle of Carlisle declared that "this war has more the nature and attributes of a crusade than any ordinary war … in this war there move and work spirits deeper, stronger – this present war is essentially a spiritual war; war waged on earth but sustained on either side by invisible powers."[13]

So intense was this spiritual fervor that palpable expressions of God's hand were seen and reported from the battleground. Stories swirled of the "angels of Mons" who had provided divine intervention for British soldiers in that bloody battle.[14] Though utterly apocryphal in origin (it was the result of an entirely fictional story published 29 September 1914 by Arthur Machen) many other spiritual sightings and interventions were recorded and believed by the soldiers on the battlefield. Basil Lawrence, writing his fiancée concerning the Battle of Ypres in 1917, states:

> Fritz was dropping his heavies near by and we dreaded the walk across the open to get to the other trenches, but during that intervening time I got one of those wonderful visions of Christ – of His Passion and Crucifixion – of His great Love, and by just fixing my eyes on that vision of the Cross I was calmer than ever before … Sure enough, and to me it was only because of faith, two dropped on the parapet and *were duds*, otherwise we should have been 'goners.'[15] [italics in the original]

Stories also circulated of a "White Comrade" who came to soldiers in need, urging them on and providing succor. Though stories such as these inevitably crop up in wars, WWI was singular in the intensity and number of sightings seen. Recall the chronicles of the First Crusade. Miraculous visions, divine intervention, celestial portents – all were in reported with regularity by such chroniclers as Raymond d'Aguilers and Albert of Aachen. But perhaps the most fervent Crusade analogies were seen – and pursued by the British – in the Near East, as the British army fought to capture Jerusalem from the Ottomans.

It has been previously noted that the crusade as envisioned by the British had many faces. The war in the Near East, in regard to the language used and imagery evoked, most closely followed the normative conception of a crusade (a pilgrimage-cum-martial adventure to Jerusalem). Fr Bede Camm, a monk and army chaplain, exclaimed upon seeing Jerusalem fall on 9 December 1917: "Jerusalem delivered, delivered from the age long tyranny of the Turk … I saw sights at Jerusalem that had never been seen since the days of the Crusaders, saw the victors prostrating themselves, as their forefathers had done."[16] The words of churchmen helped direct and refine the passions of the WWI generation. As the moral arbiters of Britain they were in a unique position to delineate what they believed to be at stake. Siberry argues that the concept of WWI as a holy war flowed from churchmen to politician.[17] In their role

as guardians of a long and rich history, I would argue that it was inevitable that churchmen would be the first to evoke the image of holy war. They were closest – spiritually – to the ideas conveyed by the Crusades, even though a neo-chivalric, neo-crusading ethos had permeated the consciousness of the British public. Thus, they served as heralds, calling forth the proclamation that WWI was no ordinary war, but a nearly apocalyptic test of wills.

The speeches of churchmen, larded with religious imagery and evocations, utilized elaborate conceits and stylized vocabulary.[18] The newspapers – short, blunt, authoritative – offer a glimpse into a more measured evaluation of this British Crusade. In the papers the idea of a secular morality is quite prominent. In 18 February 1916 *The Times*, commenting on a new pledge given to Belgium by Russia, France and Britian, stated that the new pledge "could not promise repayment of the heaviest debt which [the Allies] owe Belgium – that of having given to the Allies the supreme moral sanction which has made of this war a crusade and of the defeat of Germany a necessary expiation." Here emerges a chivalric, rather than crusading, tone. This editorial is essentially stating that the breaking of an agreement – Germany's violation of Belgian neutrality – gives the moral imperative to the Allies. In the opinion of *The Times*, this crusade is not one of passion and spirituality; it is a gentlemanly one, predicated on rules and agreements. Another editorial on 5 July 1917 in *The Times*, concerning the entry of America into the war, states that "the [war for America] is rather in the nature of the holy crusade," but then goes on to declare that it is thus because she has "been summoned … 'to make the world safe for democracy.'" A decidedly secular reason for a crusade. Even when the papers rhapsodize about Jerusalem the tone remains decidedly secular. In recounting the fall of Jerusalem to General Edmund Allenby the paper, on 11 December 1917, states reflectively that "it has often been said that this war is in truth a crusade for human liberties," it then goes on a historical tour or Jerusalem, ranging from Egypt to Assyria to Persia to the advent of the Muslims. It ends by declaring that "the 'City of David' was venerable and famous long before the birth of Christ." Such editorials, in general, represent the tenor of *The Times* in regards to the crusading aspect of WWI. It should be noted that this analysis stems from research into simply *The Times*, the newspaper of record for Britain. More parochial papers might perhaps represent a different, more polemical view of WWI as a crusade.

Critics of the neo-crusading ethos were present in WWI, just as they were in the 19th century. They have been well documented (cf. Siberry, p. 103) but of more interest is the British government and their somewhat hesitant response to this neo-crusading ethos. At times the official government message was that the war was not a crusade at all. For example, Bar-Josef notes a D-notice to the press released after the capture of Jerusalem (11 Dec. 1917) that stated:

> The attention of the Press is again drawn to the undesirability of publishing any article paragraph or picture suggesting that the military operations against Turkey are in any sense a modern Holy War, a modern Crusade, or have anything to do whatever to do with religious questions. The British Empire is said to contain a hundred million Mohammedan subjects of the King and it is obviously mischievous to suggest that our quarrel with Turkey is one between Christianity and Islam.

As seen in the beginning of this paper, this directive was obviously not followed, but it showed a governmental reluctance to fully embrace the idea of the crusade. This delicate approach is seen in Allenby's statement of martial law, made to the inhabitants of Jerusalem upon his entry, in which Muslim religious sites were kept under Muslim supervision. But in general there existed a curious tension in regard to the official stance on the neo-crusading ethos. Girouard inserts several government posters and postcards from

the 1914-1918 period, all with obvious crusading and chivalric imagery, into his work, but Siberry counters that such illustrations made up very little of the official propaganda. This flirtation on the part of the British government can be said to be part of a wish to use the deeply emotional resonance of chivalric and crusading imagery, while at the same time not angering their Muslims subjects in the empire. As a result, Bar-Josef says, the neo-crusading ethos became "a known 'secret,' shared by all British people, [and hidden from] their imperial subalterns."

The Dissolution of an Identity

As the guns ceased firing and silence, four years absent, spread across Europe, the neo-crusading ethos that had been part of Britain for so long faded away. There was not an immediate cessation, but rather a languorous retreat in the face of the ennui and world-weariness of the post-WWI generation. Thus, the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, set up in 1920 in Westminster Abbey, served as a reliquary for a crusading sword, placed there from the personal collection of King George V. And the exploits of Lawrence of Arabia served as popular reading for decades. But the spell of the romantic had been broken. Increasing secularization made the words of churchmen less important, and even though WWII saw a brief resurgence of crusading imagery, it was half-hearted and peripatetic at best. For, as shown in this paper, the formulation of a neo-crusading ethos was a protracted process, brought about and sustained because of a very specific set of events. That ethos reached its culmination in the martial exploits of WWI and now lies quiescent. Perhaps in the future another academic will dust off a book and write a paper, in the process setting off that marvelous chain of events once again.

[1] *Punch*, 19 December 1917, 415 in Bar-Yosef, Eitan. "The Last Crusade? British Propaganda and the Palestine Campaign, 1917-18." *Journal of Contemporary History* (London: Sage Publications, 2001), 87.
[2] Hurd, Richard. *Letters IV,I* in Smith, Audley L. "Richard Hurd's Letters on Chivalry and Romance." *ELH*, Vol. 6, No. 1. (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press, 1939), 58-61
[3] Siberry, Elizabeth. *The New Crusaders: Images of the Crusades in the nineteenth and Early Twentieth Centuries*. (Aldershot, UK: Ashgate, 2000), 9-10
[4] Yates, Frances A. "Elizabethan Chivalry: The Romance of Accession Day Tilts" *Journal of the Warburg and Courtauld Institutes* XIX (1956), 86-103
[5] Lord Teignmouth *Reminiscences of Many Years* (1878), 67 in Girouard, *Return to Camelot*, 63
[6] *Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey* (ed. J.W. Warter, 1856) IV, 70, 74 in Girouard, *Return to Camelot*, 63
[7] Diggle, J.W. "The Inner Meaning of the War," *Nineteenth Century* (Oct., 1917), 736; Euston Nurse, *Prophecy and the War* (1915), 20 in Marrin, *Last Crusade*, 92
[8] Lecture, Edward Peters from Abstract of Ludwig Schumme, "Über 'nationale' Vorurteile im Mittelater," *Deutsches Archiv* 38 (1982)
[9] Bainbridge Bell, "Christ or Nietzsche?" CH, 9 Oct, 1914 in Marrin, *Last Crusade*, 92.
Nietzsche, with his unmitigated pleasure in the name Antichrist and the statement that God was dead, became the favored whipping boy of the Anglican clergy. In their view, he represented all that was wrong with the German -militarism, arrogance and unbridled barbarity.
[10] Moynihan, Michael. *God on our Side: The British Padres in World War I*. (London: Martin Secker & Warburg LTD, 1983), 12
[11] Bourchier, Basil. "For All We Have and Are" (1915), 2-3 in Marrin, *Last Crusade*, 141
[12] *C.T.* 30 July 1915 in Marrin, *Last Crusade*, 141
[13] "The Bishop's Address ont eh ar," *Carlisle Diocesan Magazine* (july, 1915) 100, 105 in Marrin, *Last Crusade*, 141
[14] Snape, Michael. *God and the British Soldier: Religion and the British Army in the First and Second World Wars*. (London: Routledge, 2005), 41
[15] Lever, T. *Clayton of Toc H.* (London: John Murray, 1971), 126 in Snape, *God and the British Soldier*, 41-42
[16] *Downside Review*, July 1919 in Snape, *God and the British Soldier*, 143
[17] Siberry, *The New Crusaders*, 90
[18] Biblical allusions and verses, often plucked from crusading sources abound. Siberry notes a sermon by Plowden-Wardlaw on Easter Day 1915 which utilized Psalms 11.7, which itself was used by chroniclers of the crusades (purified of their sins like gold in a furnace). (Siberry, *The New Crusaders*, 89)
Psalms 11.5-7, King James Version

> [5] The LORD trieth the righteous: but the wicked and him that loveth violence his soul hateth. [6] Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest: this shall be the portion of their cup. [7] For the righteous LORD loveth righteousness; his countenance doth behold the upright.

But this examination of Psalms 11 reveals no references to gold, and there is no footnote to either the sermon or the crusade chronicle to check the biblical citation.

Film Analysis
V. Ulea (Vera Zubarev)

Civilization & Nature in *Australia*

Call Baz Luhrmann's *Australia* "epic romance" or call it "a character story" -- but if you have not yet grasped Luhrmann's concept, which he methodically develops throughout his major films, you'll be confused, skeptical, and even angry while watching it. Some of Luhrmann's critics also feel that way because they have difficulty putting together the romance, the aboriginal magic, the allusions to *The Wizard of Oz*, and many other overwhelming and seemingly disjointed details in his latest offering. Most definitely, Luhrmann's films are not story-based or character-based. They are concept-based. Concept is what cements and puts together all the details he thoroughly incorporates in his truly epic cinematography.

The Epic Struggle

Regardless of a highly entertaining nature of Luhrmann's films, their goal is not to entertain, but to make one think. Luhrmann belongs to a small elite of directors-conceptualists, such as Federico Fellini, whose works can't be approached from a traditional standpoint. At the meta-level, his films depict a genuinely epic struggle between two grand "entities": civilization and nature. *Australia* is yet another attempt to reveal that struggle.

Personal lives of the characters are intertwined with a history that is nothing but a chain of violent interventions of civilization in the aboriginal (natural) world. The space of action in *Australia* is divided into the kingdom of nature guided by "King George" (David Gulpilil) and civilization, aggressively pursuing its goals. The "mediators" between the two worlds are half-Aboriginal children, one of whom is the main character and the storyteller, Nullah (Brandon Walters).

Nullah helps the childless Lady Sarah Ashley (Nicole Kidman) regain the cattle she was about to lose because of a treacherous cattle station manager, Neil Fletcher (David Wenham). Later, Nullah rescues the cattle, stopping the herd from stampeding over a cliff by using his magic power. After his mother tragically drowns in the water tower where both of them were hiding from the authorities he becomes a son-figure for Lady Sarah.

Darwin and the Kingdom of Nature

All relationships in the film have their symbolism, rich in imagery and semantics. Like her biblical namesake who gave birth to Isaac when she was ninety, Lady Sarah is barren. Her romance with Drover (Hugh Jackman), the man who assists her in transporting the cattle to Darwin, becomes "illuminated" by the presence of Nullah. Nullah represents the Kingdom of Nature, whose magic forces may help Luhrmann's Sarah restore her lost ability to "be fruitful and multiply."

In the beginning, Lady Sarah resists the world of nature. In fact, she comes to northern Australia to force her husband into selling his faltering Australian cattle station. Nothing looks more artificial and farcical in the rural Australian environment than this fashionably dressed woman with mincing manners.

However, as she adapts to the natural world her behavior changes from affected to genuine and she opens herself to a true love. Her affection for Drover becomes a natural desire devoid of empty coquetry and nonsense. Metaphorically speaking, Drover is her spiritual guide "conducting" her "polluted" nature to "resurrection." His profession is symbolic since it's linked to *transitioning*, and so is their way to Darwin, the city named after Charles Darwin, known primarily for his theory of evolution. At this point, the travel becomes a transitional stage for Lady Sarah. She enters

Darwin completely transformed and reunited with the *primordial* that is synonymous with *aboriginal*. In the end, all her close-ups reveal her natural beauty, not spoiled by a cosmetic makeover.

A Dangerous Shift

Drover himself is a man of "two worlds" since his late wife was an Aboriginal woman. His dual nature makes him oscillate between the civilized and the aboriginal, and in the second half of the movie he appears like a real dandy before Lady Sarah (the scene at the party). However, their Hollywood-like romance depicted with Luhrmann's subtle sense of humor falls apart as soon as Drover rejects Nullah, saying, "He's not my son." This dangerous shift threatens to destroy the relationship between Drover and Lady Sarah – a harmonious union between nature and civilization. Rejecting Nullah is a metaphor for rejecting the sacred world of nature – the only source of true love, beauty and fertility. Only after finding Nullah does Drover regain his beloved, whom he mistakenly considered killed in the bombing of Darwin.

Drover rescues Nulah and other abducted children from the Mission Island, then sails back into port at Darwin where Lady Sarah is prepared to leave, believing there's nothing for her in the city anymore. Accidentally, she hears a melody and recognizes Nullah's harmonica, the one he "inherited" from Kipling Flynn (Jack Thompson). Kipling's name is instantly associated with Rudyard Kipling, the author of *The Jungle Book* who was also known for glorifying soldiers "taming the natives." Nullah plays "Over the Rainbow," a song Lady Sarah taught him earlier. This very tune brings them together again.

Over the Rainbows

Allusions to *The Wizard of Oz* are key to the main concept of *Australia*. First of all, the image of the rainbow in "Over the Rainbow" represents a bridge connecting the two worlds in the aboriginal myth of the Rainbow Serpent. It's a metaphor for waterholes and water as life's main resource. When Drover drives the cattle to Darwin with the team of six people, including Lady Sarah and Nullah, all the water sources have been poiseoned – a metaphor for civilization "poisoning" the Kingdom of Nature. The group, however, survives with the help of "King George," Nullah's wizard grandfather. The name "George" alludes to the myth of St. George, who overcame a dragon nested at the spring and thus threatened to leave the city without water. Like St. George, "King George" "rescues" the team from the "dragons" and makes sure everyone arrives safely at Darwin (a victory of evolution over revolution).

In Luhrmann's films, water is an important metaphor for nature. It gives life and conveys the spirits of the dead to their afterlife journey. It cleanses and blesses his characters who passionately kiss in the swimming pool (*Romeo and Juliet*) and in the rain (*Australia*). It also brings Nullah and Drover to Lady Sarah. Nullah's mother dies in the water tower (a tower appears to be a symbol of a tunnel between the worlds of the living and the dead). Right after that, Lady Sarah sings the song "Over the Rainbow" to cheer Nullah. In Nullah's world the song becomes a hymn to the Rainbow Serpent, another metaphor for living (holy) water that preserves his mother's spirit in the afterlife.

Magic Shoes

Another allusion to the *The Wizard of Oz* is linked to the tale of Dorothy's magic shoes. To return home, Dorothy should click her heels together three times and say, "There's no place like home." The clip from *The Wizard of Oz* is replayed in the film, so when its variation appears in the final scene of *Australia* the viewer remembers the "theme." Indeed, the "returning scene" in *Australia* is a deviation from the original tale of Dorothy's return. The difference is that Dorothy must wear her shoes in order to come home,

but Nullah has to take them off. Shoes are a symbol of civilization. They can't possibly bring him home because his home is the Kingdom of Nature. There he is a real wizard, unlike the wizard of Oz, who was nothing but a fraud trapped in the magic country.

Nullah leaves the civilized world, but not before he is reunited with his "adopted parents." Their love for him and each other is supposed to shape the rainbow bridge, without which civilization will collapse.

Australia ends with hope. Hope that Sarah would be blessed with children, hope that a new generation would keep building the bridge, not destroying it, hope that man and nature would speak the same language again...

Poetry

Ward A. Bungalow Φ

An Irreducible Minimum of Meaning

O false eye, o flawed description,
That wraps the world in charmed synecdoche
And hangs a scrim behind each sign; each key
Itself encoded. Costly illusions,
These pirate coinages, this feckless diction,
With which we riddled sensibility
And now slog sense-logged through each eddy
Of the buzzing bloom-flow of confusion.
Yet who dares to quit the craft?
Or cast into ourselves and peel
Filmy similitude from the reel
Of reality. Would a beauty-baring shaft
Smite this vision, this venal raft,
Into flotsam plasmic and primeval.

On the Philomathean Society

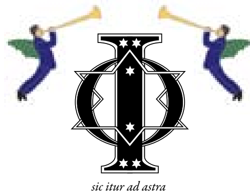
The Philomathean Society at the University of Pennsylvania was founded in 1813, and is the oldest continuous literary society in these United States. The Society is located on the fourth floor of College Hall, and contains a venerable library, a lively meeting room and an art gallery. It is dedicated to improving the learning of its members and the academic prestige of the University. This is effected through bi-monthly meetings, weekly lectures, film screenings, play productions, art exhibitions and literary publications.

The Society has performed many famous deeds over its long history, but is perhaps best known for producing the first full translation of the Rosetta Stone in 1858, for which its membership was congratulated by the Baron Von Humboldt. The Society has produced several US Senators, ambassadors and authors; and has held several famous set-piece events like the Masque of American Drama, held in 1916, which involved 1,000 students. Drama has always been close to the Philomathean Society – Philos in years gone by built a full-scale replica of Shakespeare's Globe Theatre, and plays continue to be performed to the University to this day – most recently a successful production of Julius Caesar, in 2009.

The Daily Pennsylvanian, the Mask and Wig Society, the Debate team and several academic departments, like American History and Comparative Literature were all formed out of the Philomathean Society. It continues to be a hub of intellectual life on campus, attracting Penn faculty and curious students on a weekly basis and holding Annual Orations which in recent years have included such luminaries as Salman Rushdie, Andrew Sullivan and Arthur Miller.

Today, the Society continues to hold events on an almost daily basis, and all events are open to the public and all members of the University are warmly invited to join us atop College Hall. For more information on Society events, history, and membership inquiries, please see our website at:

http://www.philomathean.org/


sic itur ad astra