

Dear Peucinians,

Last week we explored the virtues and vices of our political leaders in light of their aspirations to greatness. After a spirited evening of debate the resolution concluded in a stalemate - the voting a perfect tie. This week we turn to a classic:

RESOLVED: ENTER THE ACADEMY.

AFFIRMATIVE: Euclid '16

NEGATIVE: Voltaire '16

Most of us have to this point been students our entire lives. As soon as we first climbed out of our cradles we found ourselves fumbling with blocks in preschool - from there we have advanced in both years and grade levels, eventually arriving at one of the most prestigious academic institutions in the country. This has been the track - no hard decisions have we yet had to face, at least as regards the fundamental activities and ends of our everyday lives. Yet soon, for some sooner than others, the day will come when the academy will loose us upon the broad face of the earth, and our fates will be our own! The academy is a kind nurturer, however, and will have us back forever if we truly desire it. But do we?

As students, we are intimately familiar with the activities of the professor, for theirs is not too dissimilar in its most essential features from our own. Professors study the field and subjects about which they are passionate and share the fruits of their knowledge with their students in the form of classes, office hours, and free meals in the dining hall. The life of the professor possesses in it a sort of purity, sheltered from the tumultuous waves and winds of the messy and practical everyday. They are the keepers of the lighthouses of knowledge, recording in the soft, steady glow of a hurricane lamp the convulsions of the heavens and the daring maneuvers of the brave and battered sailors navigating below. From an elevated vantage point they see much, and by the strong bricks of their lodgings they are afforded safety and peace of mind. But what of the sailor? What of the cold sensation of sea spray on one's face? The pungent scent of ozone in the air of a great thunderstorm? The thrill and fear of the dark, angry sea raging beneath one's feet? Can the professor ever truly understand the life of the sailor? Does the latter possess a charm altogether more real, more beautiful, more life-affirming than even a lifetime of contemplation ever could?

Join us at **7:30pm** this **Thursday, February 20th** on the **Third Floor of Massachusetts Hall** to decide whether to man the helm or light the beacon. We'll gather on the shore.

Also, find attached the compiled readings for this disputation, this week featuring Nietzsche, Machiavelli and Cicero. Enemies of free inquiry may feel free to ignore them.

Thoughtfully yours,
Adam Smith & Allan Bloom