

Dearest Peucinians

Last time we met around the table we came to a tie (our second this year) over whether Liberty is more valuable than mere life. This week we are meeting to, in some ways, discuss the good life again, or rather if certain things are needed to live wholly.

**Resolved: We Cannot Be Ourselves In Isolation**

Aff : Αἰσῶπος

Neg: Harriet Beecher Stowe

Aristotle begins Politics by insisting that man is by nature a political animal. Is this need to be with and near others more fundamental than just to our survival? Perhaps social interaction is always a sort of play-acting, where we provide a watered down or changed version of our bright clear beings that we know only when we are alone or away from society. Is loneliness a weakness or, like thirst or the desire for shade, a way our bodies remind ourselves of what we need. Is Isolation a medicine or a false escape?

I suspect that the voting in this disputation will fall largely along personality lines. Oh you introverts and oh you extroverts, consider other ways that you can be! Extroverts, try on Basho's or Thoreau's or a John Wayne character's boots. Introverts look toward the anthill, the matriarch, the performer before an audience, or the agora and the annoying philosopher gathering wisdom there like a bee among clovers.

Since the usual moderator will be disputing, Voltaire will have possession of the gavel. I also apologize for the lateness of this email.

Attached are a few reference readings. They include a sermon from a metaphysical part-time bawd, a sorta funny story from a Greek playwright, a selection of little poems where *sabi* (a Japanese concept something like isolated beauty) is an essential flavor, and a more contemporary piece from a very bright woman.

<http://www.online-literature.com/donne/409/>

<http://www.anselm.edu/homepage/dbanach/sym.htm>

**Please come to the Third floor of Mass Hall at 7:30 pm. Western business attire is required.** If anyone has Eastern Business attire and

wears it that's okay too.

Bring your friends, bring yourself, bring your questions.

Yours faithfully,  
Aesop Elutheros