

Chapter 1 : Love- in All its Glorious Forms | The Mouse Trap

*Love in all its disguises: A novel [Norman Rosten] on calendrierdelascience.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. This new novel, by one of the most distinguished men of American letters, is a profound and poignant story of mis-connections in the lives of a particular family.*

Humans are dependent on parental help for a large portion of their lifespans compared to other mammals. Love has therefore been seen as a mechanism to promote parental support of children for this extended time period. Furthermore, researchers as early as Charles Darwin himself identified unique features of human love compared to other mammals and credit love as a major factor for creating social support systems that enabled the development and expansion of the human species. This would favor monogamous relationships over polygamy. Certainly love is influenced by hormones such as oxytocin, neurotrophins such as NGF, and pheromones, and how people think and behave in love is influenced by their conceptions of love. The conventional view in biology is that there are two major drives in love: Attachment between adults is presumed to work on the same principles that lead an infant to become attached to its mother. The traditional psychological view sees love as being a combination of companionate love and passionate love. Passionate love is intense longing, and is often accompanied by physiological arousal shortness of breath, rapid heart rate; companionate love is affection and a feeling of intimacy not accompanied by physiological arousal. Cultural views See also: Greek words for love Roman copy of a Greek sculpture by Lysippus depicting Eros, the Greek personification of romantic love Greek distinguishes several different senses in which the word "love" is used. Ancient Greeks identified four forms of love: At the same time, the Ancient Greek text of the Bible has examples of the verb agapo having the same meaning as phileo. The word agapo is the verb I love. It generally refers to a "pure," ideal type of love, rather than the physical attraction suggested by eros. However, there are some examples of agape used to mean the same as eros. It has also been translated as "love of the soul. The Greek word erota means in love. Plato refined his own definition. Although eros is initially felt for a person, with contemplation it becomes an appreciation of the beauty within that person, or even becomes appreciation of beauty itself. Eros helps the soul recall knowledge of beauty and contributes to an understanding of spiritual truth. Lovers and philosophers are all inspired to seek truth by eros. Some translations list it as "love of the body". Philia is motivated by practical reasons; one or both of the parties benefit from the relationship. It can also mean "love of the mind. It was an almost ritualized friendship formed between a host and his guest, who could previously have been strangers. The host fed and provided quarters for the guest, who was expected to repay only with gratitude. Ancient Roman Latin The Latin language has several different verbs corresponding to the English word "love. The Romans used it both in an affectionate sense as well as in a romantic or sexual sense. From this verb come amans "a lover, amator, "professional lover," often with the accessory notion of lechery" and amica, "girlfriend" in the English sense, often being applied euphemistically to a prostitute. The corresponding noun is amor the significance of this term for the Romans is well illustrated in the fact, that the name of the City, Rome "in Latin: Roma" can be viewed as an anagram for amor, which was used as the secret name of the City in wide circles in ancient times, [36] which is also used in the plural form to indicate love affairs or sexual adventures. This same root also produces amicus "friend" and amicitia, "friendship" often based to mutual advantage, and corresponding sometimes more closely to "indebtedness" or "influence". Cicero wrote a treatise called On Friendship de Amicitia, which discusses the notion at some length. Ovid wrote a guide to dating called Ars Amatoria The Art of Love, which addresses, in depth, everything from extramarital affairs to overprotective parents. Diligere often has the notion "to be affectionate for," "to esteem," and rarely if ever is used for romantic love. This word would be appropriate to describe the friendship of two men. The corresponding noun diligentia, however, has the meaning of "diligence" or "carefulness," and has little semantic overlap with the verb. Observare is a synonym for diligere; despite the cognate with English, this verb and its corresponding noun, observantia, often denote "esteem" or "affection. As it arises from a conflation with a Greek word, there is no corresponding verb. Two philosophical underpinnings of love exist in the Chinese tradition, one from

Confucianism which emphasized actions and duty while the other came from Mohism which championed a universal love. In Confucianism, one displays benevolent love by performing actions such as filial piety from children, kindness from parent, loyalty to the king and so forth. In this, he argued directly against Confucians who believed that it was natural and correct for people to care about different people in different degrees. Mozi, by contrast, believed people in principle should care for all people equally. Mohism stressed that rather than adopting different attitudes towards different people, love should be unconditional and offered to everyone without regard to reciprocation, not just to friends, family and other Confucian relations. In Buddhism, Ai was seen as capable of being either selfish or selfless, the latter being a key element towards enlightenment. Instead of frequently saying "I love you" as in some Western societies, the Chinese are more likely to express feelings of affection in a more casual way. Japanese The Japanese language uses three words to convey the English equivalent of "love". Because "love" covers a wide range of emotions and behavioral phenomena, there are nuances distinguishing the three terms. Following the Meiji Restoration , the term became associated with "love" in order to translate Western literature. For example, Book 10 of Rig Veda describes the creation of the universe from nothing by the great heat. There in hymn , it states: When the calamity of time afflicts one limb The other limbs cannot remain at rest. If you have no sympathy for the troubles of others You are not worthy to be called by the name of "man".

The problem with Tolstoy's thesis that happy families are all alike is that one must find two of them to disprove it. For all its flaws and foibles "the sand in the bath water" the family.

Hear the music of Love Eternal Teaching us to reach for goodness sake. Jon Anderson , in "Loved by the Sun", from movie Legend YouTube video We, unaccustomed to courage live coiled in shells of loneliness until love leaves its high holy temple and comes into our sight to liberate us into life. Yet it is only love which sets us free. A Brave and Startling Truth. Unconscionable Love, bane and tormentor of mankind, parent of strife, fountain of tears, source of a thousand ills. Rieu Whatever we do or suffer for a friend is pleasant, because love is the principal cause of pleasure. In dreams and in love there are no impossibilities. Remember that time slurs over everything, let all deeds fade, blurs all writings and kills all memories. Exempt are only those which dig into the hearts of men by love. Polish Academy of Sciences, , page 72 All our young lives we search for someone to love. Someone who makes us complete. We choose partners and change partners. We dance to a song of heartbreak and hope. Are even lovers powerless to reveal To one another what indeed they feel? Ah, love, let us be true To one another! Matthew Arnold , Dover Beach , St. Matthew Arnold , Culture and Anarchy , Ch. I, Sweetness and Light Full text online What love will make you do All the things that we accept Be the things that we regret Ashanti , Foolish January 29, from the April 2, album Ashanti The Eskimo has fifty-two names for snow because it is important to them; there ought to be as many for love. Margaret Atwood , Surfacing p. The Eskimos had 52 names for snow because it was important to them; there ought to be as many for love. Hunger allows no choice To the citizen or the police; We must love one another or die. Auden , September 1, Lines ; for a anthology text the poet changed this line to "We must love one another and die" to avoid what he regarded as a falsehood in the original. Among those whom I like or admire, I can find no common denominator, but among those whom I love, I can: Love, and do what thou wilt: Love and then what you will, do. What does love look like? It has the hands to help others. It has the feet to hasten to the poor and needy. It has eyes to see misery and want. It has the ears to hear the sighs and sorrows of men. That is what love looks like. What sort of shape does it have? What sort of height does it have? What sort of feet does it have? What sort of hands does it have? No one can say. Yet it has feet, for they lead to the Church. It has hands, for they stretch out to the poor person. It has eyes, for that is how he is in need is understood: Blessed, it says, is he who understands. Boniface Ramsey, Works of St. New City Press, , Homily 7, Para 10, p. Quantum in te crescit amor, tantum crescit pulchritudo; quia ipsa charitas est animae pulchritudo. Inasmuch as love grows in you, in so much beauty grows; for love is itself the beauty of the soul. Meyers Since love grows within you, so beauty grows. For love is the beauty of the soul. Nondum amabam, et amare amabam I was not yet in love , yet I loved to love I sought what I might love, in love with loving. Augustine of Hippo in Confessions c. Late have I loved you, O Beauty ever ancient and ever new! Late have I loved you! And, behold, you were within me, and I out of myself, and there I searched for you. Essays in honor of Karl Rahner, S. So late I loved you, O Beauty ever ancient and ever new! So late I loved you! The Ethics of Modernism: Too late I loved you! Introduction to a Philosophy of Religion by Alice Von Hildebrand Love all men, even your enemies; love them, not because they are your brothers, but that they may become your brothers. Thus you will ever burn with fraternal love, both for him who is already your brother and for your enemy, that he may by loving become your brother. From The Whole Christ: Choose to love whomsoever thou wilt: Thou mayest say, "I love only God, God the Father. If Thou lovest Him, thou dost not love Him alone; but if thou lovest the Father, thou lovest also the Son. Or thou mayest say, "I love the Father and I love the Son, but these alone; God the Father and God the Son, our Lord Jesus Christ who ascended into heaven and sitteth at the right hand of the Father, the Word by whom all things were made, the Word who was made flesh and dwelt amongst us; only these do I love. If thou lovest the Head, thou lovest also the members; if thou lovest not the members, neither dost thou love the Head. We cannot help loving what is beautiful. Augustine of Hippo , Confessions c. Harsh Times , written by David Ayer B[edit] If the learned and worldly-wise men of this age were to allow mankind to inhale the fragrance of fellowship and love, every understanding heart would

apprehend the meaning of true liberty , and discover the secret of undisturbed peace and absolute composure. Truth is the light that gives meaning and value to charity. That light is both the light of reason and the light of faith, through which the intellect attains to the natural and supernatural truth of charity: Without truth, charity degenerates into sentimentality. Love becomes an empty shell, to be filled in an arbitrary way. To love is to risk living fully. Only love stops hate. This is the eternal law.

Evil in All Its Disguises is a top-notch mystery--exciting, harrowing, and smart." —• Lisa Unger, New York Times bestselling author of Heartbroken "Davidson has a great eye for the small detail that leads the reader into the spot and her puzzle plots are beautifully organized and crafted."

She had fallen upon the threshold of her own door in a drunken fit, and died in the presence of her frightened little ones. Death touches the spring of our common humanity. This woman had been despised, scoffed at, and angrily denounced by nearly every man, woman, and child in the village; but now, as the fact of her death was passed from lip to lip, in subdued tones, pity took the place of anger, and sorrow of denunciation. Neighbors went hastily to the old tumble-down hut, in which she had secured little more than a place of shelter from summer heats and winter cold: Of these, John, the oldest, a boy of twelve, was a stout lad, able to earn his living with any farmer. Kate, between ten and eleven, was bright, active girl, out of whom something clever might be made, if in good hands; but poor little Maggie, the youngest, was hopelessly diseased. Two years before a fall from a window had injured her spine, and she had not been able to leave her bed since, except when lifted in the arms of her mother. The dead mother would go underground, and be forever beyond all care or concern of the villagers. But the children must not be left to starve. After considering the matter, and talking it over with his wife, farmer Jones said that he would take John, and do well by him, now that his mother was out of the way; and Mrs. Ellis, who had been looking out for a bound girl, concluded that it would be charitable in her to make choice of Katy, even though she was too young to be of much use for several years. Mothers brought cast-off garments and, removing her soiled and ragged clothes, dressed her in clean attire. The sad eyes and patient face of the little one touched many hearts, and even knocked at them for entrance. But none opened to take her in. Who wanted a bed-ridden child? The day following the day of death was made the day of burial. A few neighbors were at the miserable hovel, but none followed dead cart as it bore the unhonored remains to its pauper grave. Farmer Jones, after the coffin was taken out, placed John in his wagon and drove away, satisfied that he had done his part. Ellis spoke to Kate with a hurried air, "Bid your sister good by," and drew the tearful children apart ere scarcely their lips had touched in a sobbing farewell. Hastily others went out, some glancing at Maggie, and some resolutely refraining from a look, until all had gone. For a little while the man stood with a puzzled air; then he turned back, and went into the hovel again. Maggie with painful effort, had raised herself to an upright position and was sitting on the bed, straining her eyes upon the door out of which all had just departed, A vague terror had come into her thin white face. He liked children, and was pleased to have them come to his shop, where sleds and wagons were made or mended for the village lads without a draft on their hoarded sixpences. Thompson saw him approaching from the window, and with ruffling feathers met him a few paces from the door, as he opened the garden gate, and came in. He bore a precious burden, and he felt it to be so. As his arms held the sick child to his breast, a sphere of tenderness went out from her, and penetrated his feelings. A bond had already corded itself around them both, and love was springing into life. Joe, felt the child start and shrink against him. He did not reply, except by a look that was pleading and cautionary, that said, "Wait a moment for explanations, and be gentle;" and, passing in, carried Maggie to the small chamber on the first floor, and laid her on a bed. Then, stepping back, he shut the door, and stood face to face with his vinegar-tempered wife in the passage-way outside. Joe Thompson; her face was in a flame. Katie went home with Mrs. Ellis; but nobody wanted the poor sick one. What did you bring her here for? Why did you stop here? The Guardians must first be seen, and a permit obtained. Go at once for the permit, and get the whole thing off of your hands to-night. Thompson did not answer, but a soft feeling crept into her heart. Thompson did not reply, but presently turned towards the little chamber where her husband had deposited Maggie; and, pushing open the door, went quietly in. Joe did not follow; he saw that, her state had changed, and felt that it would be best to leave her alone with the child. So he went to his shop, which stood near the house, and worked until dusky evening released him from labor. The path led him by this windows and, when opposite, he could not help pausing to look in. It was now dark enough outside to screen him from observation. Maggie lay, a little raised on the pillow with the lamp shining

full upon her face. Thompson was sitting by the bed, talking to the child; but her back was towards the window, so that her countenance was not seen. He saw that her eyes were intently fixed upon his wife; that now and then a few words came, as if in answers from her lips; that her expression was sad and tender; but he saw nothing of bitterness or pain. A deep-drawn breath was followed by one of relief, as a weight lifted itself from his heart. On entering, Joe did not go immediately to the little chamber. His heavy tread about the kitchen brought his wife somewhat hurriedly from the room where she had been with Maggie. Joe thought it best not to refer to the child, nor to manifest any concern in regard to her. Thompson, beginning to bustle about. There was no asperity in her voice. After washing from his hands and face the dust and soil of work, Joe left the kitchen, and went to the little bedroom. A pair of large bright eyes looked up at him from the snowy bed; looked at him tenderly, gratefully, pleadingly. How his heart swelled in his bosom! With what a quicker motion came the heart-beats! Joe sat down, and now, for the first time, examining the thin frame carefully under the lamp light, saw that it was an attractive face, and full of a childish sweetness which suffering had not been able to obliterate.

Chapter 4 : Love in Disguise () - IMDb

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Sir Oliver Martext, a curate Other characters: Frederick has usurped the duchy and exiled his older brother, Duke Senior. Orlando, a young gentleman of the kingdom who at first sight has fallen in love with Rosalind, is forced to flee his home after being persecuted by his older brother, Oliver. Frederick becomes angry and banishes Rosalind from court. Celia and Rosalind decide to flee together accompanied by the court fool, Touchstone, with Rosalind disguised as a young man and Celia disguised as a poor lady. Audrey by Philip Richard Morris Orlando and his servant Adam, meanwhile, find the Duke and his men and are soon living with them and posting simplistic love poems for Rosalind on the trees. The role of Adam may have been played by Shakespeare, though this story is said to be apocryphal. The shepherdess, Phebe, with whom Silvius is in love, has fallen in love with Ganymede Rosalind in disguise , though "Ganymede" continually shows that "he" is not interested in Phebe. Touchstone, meanwhile, has fallen in love with the dull-witted shepherdess, Audrey, and tries to woo her, but eventually is forced to be married first. William, another shepherd, attempts to marry Audrey as well, but is stopped by Touchstone, who threatens to kill him "a hundred and fifty ways. Ganymede says he will solve the problem, having Orlando promise to marry Rosalind, and Phebe promise to marry Silvius if she cannot marry Ganymede. Orlando sees Oliver in the forest and rescues him from a lioness, causing Oliver to repent for mistreating Orlando. Orlando and Rosalind, Oliver and Celia, Silvius and Phebe, and Touchstone and Audrey all are married in the final scene , after which they discover that Frederick also has repented his faults, deciding to restore his legitimate brother to the dukedom and adopt a religious life. Jaques, ever melancholic, declines their invitation to return to the court, preferring to stay in the forest and to adopt a religious life as well. Rosalind speaks an epilogue to the audience, commending the play to both men and women in the audience. Orlando pins love poems on the trees of the forest of Arden. Some have suggested two other minor debts. No copy of it in Quarto exists, for the play is mentioned by the printers of the First Folio among those which "are not formerly entered to other men. This evidence implies that the play was in existence in some shape or other before It seems likely this play was written after , since Francis Meres did not mention it in his Palladis Tamia. According to the inquest into his death, Marlowe had been killed in a brawl following an argument over the "reckoning" of a bill in a room in a house in Deptford, owned by the widow Eleanor Bull in The posthumous publication of Hero and Leander would have revived interest in his work and the circumstances of his death. However, it should be remembered Diana is mentioned by Shakespeare in at least ten other plays, and is often depicted in myth and art as at her bath. On the basis of these references, it seems that As You Like It may have been composed in "1598", but it remains impossible to say with any certainty. Shaw liked to think that Shakespeare wrote the play as a mere crowdpleaser , and signalled his own middling opinion of the work by calling it As You Like It "1598" as if the playwright did not agree. Other critics have found great literary value in the work. The elaborate gender reversals in the story are of particular interest to modern critics interested in gender studies. In fact, the epilogue, spoken by Rosalind to the audience, states rather explicitly that she or at least the actor playing her is not a woman. The Oxford Shakespeare edition rationalises the confusion between the two Ardens by assuming that "Arden" is an anglicisation of the forested Ardennes region of France, where Lodge set his tale [6] and alters the spelling to reflect this. The Arden edition of Shakespeare makes the suggestion that the name "Arden" comes from a combination of the classical region of Arcadia and the biblical garden of Eden , as there is a strong interplay of classical and Christian belief systems and philosophies within the play. Following the tradition of a romantic comedy, As You Like It is a tale of love manifested in its varied forms. In many of the love-stories, it is love at first sight. This principle of "love at first sight" is seen in the love-stories of Rosalind and Orlando, Celia and Oliver, as well as Phebe and Ganymede. The love-story of Audrey and Touchstone is a parody of romantic love. The new Duke Frederick usurps his older brother Duke Senior, while Oliver parallels this

behavior by treating his younger brother Orlando so ungenerously as to compel him to seek his fortune elsewhere. Both Duke Senior and Orlando take refuge in the forest, where justice is restored "through nature. However, it ends happily with reconciliation and forgiveness. Duke Frederick is converted by a hermit and he restores the dukedom to Duke Senior who, in his turn, restores the forest to the deer. Oliver also undergoes a change of heart and learns to love Orlando. Thus, the play ends on a note of rejoicing and merry-making. Rosalind and Celia in the forest with Touchstone. Most of the play is a celebration of life in the country. A passage between Touchstone, the court jester, and shepherd Corin establishes the contentment to be found in country life, compared with the perfumed, mannered life at court. At the end of the play the usurping duke and the exiled courtier Jaques both elect to remain within the forest. Music and songs[edit] As You Like It is known as a musical comedy because of the number of songs in the play. Indeed, there are more songs in it than in any other play of Shakespeare. These songs and music are incorporated in the action that takes place in the forest of Arden, as shown below: It summarises the views of Duke Senior on the advantages of country life over the amenities of the court. Amiens sings this song. This song is sung by Amiens. It is another song which adds a lively spectacle and some forest-colouring to contrast with love-talk in the adjoining scenes. It serves as a prelude to the wedding ceremony. It praises spring time and is intended to announce the rebirth of nature and the theme of moral regeneration in human life. As a mood of a character changes, he or she may change from one form of expression to the other in mid-scene. Indeed, in a metafictional touch, Jaques cuts off a prose dialogue with Rosalind because Orlando enters, using verse: Pastoral mode[edit] Walter Deverell , The Mock Marriage of Orlando and Rosalind, The main theme of pastoral comedy is love in all its guises in a rustic setting, the genuine love embodied by Rosalind contrasted with the sentimentalised affectations of Orlando, and the improbable happenings that set the urban courtiers wandering to find exile, solace or freedom in a woodland setting are no more unrealistic than the string of chance encounters in the forest which provoke witty banter and which require no subtleties of plotting and character development. The main action of the first act is no more than a wrestling match, and the action throughout is often interrupted by a song. At the end, Hymen himself arrives to bless the wedding festivities. At the centre the optimism of Rosalind is contrasted with the misogynistic melancholy of Jaques. Shakespeare would take up some of the themes more seriously later: The play, turning upon chance encounters in the forest and several entangled love affairs in a serene pastoral setting, has been found, by many directors, to be especially effective staged outdoors in a park or similar site. Performance history[edit] There is no certain record of any performance before the Restoration. Another Drury Lane production seventeen years later returned to the Shakespearean text It ran for performances in

Chapter 5 : In the Name of Love

48 Power and Its Disguises 2 Few modern theorists see it as the consequence of unique social changes in Britain, although arguments based on the cultural peculiarities of the English have been advanced.

Love what you do. Lovingly lit and photographed, this room is styled to inspire Sehnsucht, roughly translatable from German as a pleasurable yearning for some utopian thing or place. The diptych arrangement suggests a secular version of a medieval house altar. The problem is that it leads not to salvation, but to the devaluation of actual work, including the very work it pretends to elevate – and more importantly, the dehumanization of the vast majority of laborers. Superficially, DWYL is an uplifting piece of advice, urging us to ponder what it is we most enjoy doing and then turn that activity into a wage-generating enterprise. But why should our pleasure be for profit? Who is the audience for this dictum? By keeping us focused on ourselves and our individual happiness, DWYL distracts us from the working conditions of others while validating our own choices and relieving us from obligations to all who labor, whether or not they love it. It is the secret handshake of the privileged and a worldview that disguises its elitism as noble self-betterment. According to this way of thinking, labor is not something one does for compensation, but an act of self-love. Its real achievement is making workers believe their labor serves the self and not the marketplace. Aphorisms have numerous origins and reincarnations, but the generic and hackneyed nature of DWYL confounds precise attribution. The internet frequently attributes it to Confucius, locating it in a misty, Orientalized past. His graduation speech to the Stanford University class of provides as good an origin myth as any, especially since Jobs had already been beatified as the patron saint of aestheticized work well before his early death. In the speech, Jobs recounts the creation of Apple, and inserts this reflection: And that is as true for your work as it is for your lovers. Your work is going to fill a large part of your life, and the only way to be truly satisfied is to do what you believe is great work. And the only way to do great work is to love what you do. This focus on the individual is hardly surprising coming from Jobs, who cultivated a very specific image of himself as a worker: Jobs telegraphed the conflation of his besotted worker-self with his company so effectively that his black turtleneck and blue jeans became metonyms for all of Apple and the labor that maintains it. The violence of this erasure needs to be exposed. Do not hire a man who does your work for money, but him who does it for the love of it. But he nonetheless maintains that society has a stake in making work well-compensated and meaningful. By contrast, the twenty-first-century Jobsian view demands that we all turn inward. It absolves us of any obligation to or acknowledgment of the wider world, underscoring its fundamental betrayal of all workers, whether they consciously embrace it or not. One consequence of this isolation is the division that DWYL creates among workers, largely along class lines. Work becomes divided into two opposing classes: Under the DWYL credo, labor that is done out of motives or needs other than love which is, in fact, most labor is not only demeaned but erased. Think of the great variety of work that allowed Jobs to spend even one day as CEO: Apple advertisements scripted, cast, filmed. Office wastebaskets emptied and ink cartridges filled. Job creation goes both ways. In ignoring most work and reclassifying the rest as love, DWYL may be the most elegant anti-worker ideology around. Even if a self-employed graphic designer had parents who could pay for art school and cosign a lease for a slick Brooklyn apartment, she can self-righteously bestow DWYL as career advice to those covetous of her success. If we believe that working as a Silicon Valley entrepreneur or a museum publicist or a think-tank acolyte is essential to being true to ourselves – in fact, to loving ourselves – what do we believe about the inner lives and hopes of those who clean hotel rooms and stock shelves at big-box stores? Yet arduous, low-wage work is what ever more Americans do and will be doing. Elevating certain types of professions to something worthy of love necessarily denigrates the labor of those who do unglamorous work that keeps society functioning, especially the crucial work of caregivers. If DWYL denigrates or makes dangerously invisible vast swaths of labor that allow many of us to live in comfort and to do what we love, it has also caused great damage to the professions it portends to celebrate, especially those jobs existing within institutional structures. Nowhere has the DWYL mantra been more devastating to its adherents than in academia. The average PhD student of the mid s forwent the easy money of finance and law

now slightly less easy to live on a meager stipend in order to pursue their passion for Norse mythology or the history of Afro-Cuban music. There are many factors that keep PhDs providing such high-skilled labor for such extremely low wages, including path dependency and the sunk costs of earning a PhD, but one of the strongest is how pervasively the DWYL doctrine is embedded in academia. Few other professions fuse the personal identity of their workers so intimately with the work output. This intense identification partly explains why so many proudly left-leaning faculty remain oddly silent about the working conditions of their peers. Because academic research should be done out of pure love, the actual conditions of and compensation for this labor become afterthoughts, if they are considered at all. How can we get our workers to be like faculty and deny that they work at all? How can we adjust our corporate culture to resemble campus culture, so that our workforce will fall in love with their work too? No one is arguing that enjoyable work should be less so. Refusing to acknowledge it, on the other hand, opens the door to the most vicious exploitation and harms all workers. Ironically, DWYL reinforces exploitation even within the so-called lovable professions where off-the-clock, underpaid, or unpaid labor is the new norm: Nothing makes exploitation go down easier than convincing workers that they are doing what they love. Instead of crafting a nation of self-fulfilled, happy workers, our DWYL era has seen the rise of the adjunct professor and the unpaid intern — people persuaded to work for cheap or free, or even for a net loss of wealth. This has certainly been the case for all those interns working for college credit or those who actually purchase ultra-desirable fashion-house internships at auction. Valentino and Balenciaga are among a handful of houses that auctioned off month-long internships. For charity, of course. It should be no surprise that unpaid interns abound in fields that are highly socially desirable, including fashion, media, and the arts. These industries have long been accustomed to masses of employees willing to work for social currency instead of actual wages, all in the name of love. Excluded from these opportunities, of course, is the overwhelming majority of the population: This exclusion not only calcifies economic and professional immobility, but insulates these industries from the full diversity of voices society has to offer. Yet another damaging consequence of DWYL is how ruthlessly it works to extract female labor for little or no compensation. Women comprise the majority of the low-wage or unpaid workforce; as care workers, adjunct faculty, and unpaid interns, they outnumber men. And talking money is unladylike anyway. PhDs can do what they love, making careers that indulge their love of the Victorian novel and writing thoughtful essays in the *New York Review of Books*. The hallowed path of the entrepreneur always offers this way out of disadvantaged beginnings, excusing the rest of us for allowing those beginnings to be as miserable as they are. In America, everyone has the opportunity to do what he or she loves and get rich. It shunts aside the labor of others and disguises our own labor to ourselves. It hides the fact that if we acknowledged all of our work as work, we could set appropriate limits for it, demanding fair compensation and humane schedules that allow for family and leisure time. And if we did that, more of us could get around to doing what it is we really love.

For then the dress of a lady, with its high ruff, its stiff stomacher, and its huge farthingale, destroyed in every case all semblance to the lines of woman's figure as nature has bounteously vouchsafed it to us.

January 30, by Jack Canfield 10 Comments Fear is one of most common reasons people procrastinate on taking action toward their goals. In an effort to avoid failure, rejection, being embarrassed, disappointing or angering other people, getting hurt and a plethora of other things, we play it safe and avoid trying new things. We scare ourselves by imagining negative outcomes to any activities we pursue or experience. In fact, psychologists like to say that fear means *Fantasized Experiences Appearing Real*. *Identify Unfounded Fears*
To identify the unfounded fears in your life, do this simple exercise. First, make a list of the things you are afraid to do. These are not things you are afraid of, such as spiders, but instead the things you are afraid to do, such as skydiving. Next, restate each fear in the following format: For example, I want to start my own business, and I scare myself by imagining that I would go bankrupt and lose my house. Disappear fear by choosing a positive mental image. When you are feeling afraid, tune into the images in your head. Then choose to replace them with a positive image of your desired outcome. Focus on the physical sensations. You may feel fear in your body as a sinking feeling in your stomach, a tightening in your shoulders and chest, or an elevated heart rate. New experiences always feel a little scary. But when you face your fears and do them anyway, you build up confidence in your abilities. Recognize fear for what it is: You create your fear and you have the power to dissolve it as well. Use the techniques outlined in this article to overcome this powerful roadblock – so you can turn your dreams into reality and live the life you deserve. Remember, no one achieves greatness by playing it safe. You can, as long as you include this complete statement with it:

Chapter 7 : An Angel in Disguise

Overcoming Fear in All Its Disguises January 30, by Jack Canfield 10 Comments Fear is one of most common reasons people procrastinate on taking action toward their goals.

Most readers of Shakespeare have a very clear ideal of Rosalind. They may be in doubt as to the physical and mental traits of others of his women, Lady Macbeth, Beatrice, Portia, or even Juliet; but the heroine of "As You Like It" lives in their eyes as well as in their hearts and minds, a very firmly and deeply engraven personage. This is partly because Shakespeare himself has done so much more to help us in forming a conception of Rosalind than he has done in regard to any other of his women, except Imogen. For it is worthy of special remark that he has given us hardly a hint as to his own idea of the personal appearance, or even of the mental and moral constitution, of these prominent figures of his dramatis personae. We are left to make all this out for ourselves from their actions and their words, or from the impression which they make upon those by whom he has surrounded them. This, indeed, is the dramatic way. As the dramatist never speaks in his own person, he must needs describe by the lips of others; but those others are beings of his own creation, and he can make them say what he pleases, the one about the others. It would seem, then, that a poet could hardly fail to delight his own sense of beauty by putting into the mouth of some of his personages descriptions of the charms of the women around whom centres so much of the interest of mimic life upon the stage; that he would, as fitly he might, at least cause his lovers to tell us something of the womanly beauty and the womanly charm by which they have been enthralled. Many dramatists have done this, but not Shakespeare. He was content to show us his women as they lived, and loved, and suffered, and came at last to joy in their love, or to grief, one of them, in her ambition. And it would seem that he did this simply because he did not care to do otherwise; because he had not himself any very precise conception as to particular details of person, or even of character, as to most of his women. He took an old play, or an old story, the incidents of which he thought would interest a mixed audience, and this he worked over into a new dramatic form, making it, quite unconsciously, and altogether without purpose, scene by scene and line by line, immortal by his psychological insight and the magic of his style. If the action marched on well, and the personages and the situations were interesting, he was content; and he concentrated such effort as he made making very little, for he wrote his plays with a heedless ease which is without a parallel in the history of literature upon the scene immediately in hand, without much thought as to what had gone before or what was to come after. That was determined for him mostly by the story or the play which he had chosen to work upon; and the splendid whole which he sometimes, but not always, made, was the unpremeditated and, I am sure, the almost unconscious result of an inborn instinct of dramatic effect of the highest kind, and an intuitive perception of what would touch the soul and stir the blood of common healthy human nature. These were his only motives, his only purposes. For all that we know of his life and of his dramatic career leaves no room for doubt that, if his public had preferred it, he would have written thirty-seven plays like "Titus Andronicus" just as readily, although not just as willingly, as he wrote "As You Like It," "King Lear," "Hamlet," and "Othello. That he should do so was not down on his dramatic brief: How bare his dramas are of personal description will hardly be believed by those who have not read them carefully, with an eye to this particular. He shows us, as I have remarked before, the effect which his personages produced upon each other; but he says very little of the means by which the effect was produced; and this is more remarkable as to his women than as to his men, because we naturally expect in a poet or a novelist a greater interest in the personal attractions of women. But Shakespeare passes all this by in generalities. Of Portia we know, by a chance line, that she was golden-haired; but it is by no means certain that even this touch of personal description was not suggested by the auri sacra fames of the fortune-hunting adventurer who wins the beautiful heiress rather than by the desire to give a touch of color to the picture of the heroine. And yet, even here again, it is by no means certain that his unwonted particularity in this respect is not the mere consequence of the peculiar nature of the domestic story that is interwoven with the political drama of Cymbeline, King of Britain. Rosalind was notably tall; a girl who at middle age would become magnificent. She was fair, with dark lustrous hair, and eyes perhaps blue, gray, or perhaps black, according as

the man who thinks of her has eyes black, brown, or blue; but I am pretty sure that they were of that dark olive green which has all the potentiality of both blue and black, and which is apt to accompany natures which combine all the sensuous and mental charms that are possible in woman. She was of a robust yet firm and elastic rather than robust physical and moral nature; her vigor and her spring being, nevertheless, tempered by a delicacy of rare fineness, which had its source in sentiment, sentiment equally tender and healthy. Such was the woman who is the central figure of the most charming ideal comedy in all dramatic literature. They attained with great distinction the objective point of their production. Their author, known to the world now as the greatest of poets, and the subtlest, profoundest, and truest observer of man and of the world, was known to the public of London in his own day chiefly as the most successful and popular of playwrights. His plays were performed to full houses, when those by the best of his fellow dramatists hardly paid the expenses of production. We may be sure that in writing them, and in superintending the placing them on the stage which doubtless fell to his hands, he was undisturbed by that lofty ideal of signification and of character which now makes their worthy performance, for his most loving students and admirers, in some cases almost impossible. But, among the comedies, some of the most charming involve in their proper presentation a perplexity which is of a purely physical nature. Of these plays, "As You Like It" presents the greatest difficulty of this kind, and with that we shall now chiefly concern ourselves. It is first to be said, however, that for this contrivance for the production of dramatic movement and the exciting of dramatic interest the author is not properly responsible. He found these incidents and these entanglements in the stories which he undertook to dramatize, and which he chose because they were already in favor with the public he sought to please. Almost whether he would or would not, he was obliged to make his heroine go through her prolonged parade of sexual deception. And now to consider this in regard to its possibility: She leaves him so under the influence of her personality that, stirred by all these motives, and by the sympathy of such a woman in his moody and desperate condition, he loves her before they meet again. Within a few days they do meet in the Forest of Arden; he in his proper person; she in the person of a saucy young fellow, who is living a half-rural, half-hunter life on the edge of the Forest. There she encounters him on many occasions, during what must have been a considerable period of time, some ten days or a fortnight; and there, also, she meets her father, the banished Duke, and Jaques, a cynical old gentleman, of much and not very clean worldly experience. By none of these persons is her sex suspected. Now this is simply impossible; absolutely impossible; physically impossible; morally impossible; outrageously impossible. It is an affront to common sense, a defiance to the evidence of our common senses; impossible now, impossible then, impossible ever, unless under the conditions which Shakespeare prescribes for it, which conditions are violated by every Rosalind that I ever saw upon the stage, and most of all by the last of them, who not only erred in this respect with all her sisters, but who, among the many bad Rosalinds that I have seen, was indisputably the worst. In judging of what Shakespeare did in "As You Like It," and other plays of similar construction, we must first of all take into consideration the conditions under which he wrote. But in plays like "As You Like it" the complication was yet greater. There was a double inversion. Shakespeare, however, was surely troubled by nothing of this. He struck right at the heart of things, and made his woman for us as she lived in his imagination. If he was to make her at all, he must make her as he did. For in the first place, as it will be seen, the male guise was then not disguise. What the spectator saw before his eyes was actually a young man, who might or might not, upon occasion, assume certain feminine airs and graces with more or less success. Nor does the reverse of the action present any difficulty at all equal to that which has been thus overcome. No one can study the portraits of gentlewomen of the time of Elizabeth and James I. And if there had not been almost equal absurdity and extravagance in some parts of male costume of that day, the difficulty in this matter of disguise would have been rather in the acceptance of the pretending man as a woman in masquerade. That this is true will hardly be disputed by any woman; certainly by no observant man. And yet it would seem as if the Rosalinds all of them laid themselves out to defy both Shakespeare and common sense in this matter to the utmost of attainable possibility. Instead of a doublet, they don a kind of short tunic, girdled at the waist and hanging to the knee. Nevertheless they go about with nothing but tight silk stockings upon their legs, amid the underwood and brambles of the Forest of Arden. With some appreciation of this absurdity, one distinguished actress in this, part wears long buttoned gaiters,

which are even more anachronistic than the silk stockings. Upon their heads they all of them, without exception, wear a sort of hat which was unknown to the masculine head in the days of Elizabeth and James, a low-crowned, broad - brimmed something, more like what is known to ladies of late years as a "Gainsborough" than anything else that has been named by milliners. There was not in all the Forest of Arden a wolf or a bear, of the slightest pretensions to fashion, that would not have howled at the sight of such a head-gear. Briefly, the Rosalinds of the stage are pretty, impossible monsters, unlike anything real that ever was seen, unlike anything that could have been accepted by their lovers for what they pretend to be, and particularly unlike that which Shakespeare intended that they should be. Let us see what Shakespeare did intend his Rosalind to be when she was in the Forest of Arden. And first, as we have already seen, he provided carefully for one important part of the illusion in making his heroine "more than common tall. But when he sends her off with Celia, to walk through lonely country roads and outlaw-inhabited forest glades, he takes special care to leave us in no doubt as to the extent as well as the nature of her concealment, not only of her sex but of her personal comeliness. She reminds Celia that "beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold;" and then they go into the particulars of their disguise in speeches, one part of which is always cut out, amid the many curtailments to which this play is subjected for the stage. Celia puts herself in the dress of a woman of the lower classes. Rosalind assumes not merely the costume of a young man, but that of a martial youth, almost of a swashbuckler. She says that she will have "a swashing and a martial outside," as well as carry a boar-spear in her hand, and have a curtle-axe upon her thigh. And, by the way, it is amusing to see the literalness with which the stage Rosalinds take up the text, and rig themselves out in conformity with their construction, or it may be the conventional stage construction, of it. They carry, among other dangling fallals, a little axe in their belts, or strapped across their shoulders. These were the doublet and the trunk-hose. A doublet was a short jacket, with close sleeves, fitting tight to the body, and coming down only to the hip, or a very little below it. Of course its form varied somewhat with temporary fashion, and sometimes, indeed, it stopped at the waist. To this garment the hose which were not stockings, but the whole covering for the leg from shoe to doublet were attached by silken tags called points. Rosalind, by the doublet and hose that Shakespeare had in mind, and makes her mention as an outside so very foreign to the woman nature that is within, would have concealed the womanliness of her figure even more than by her umber she would have darkened, if not eclipsed, the beauty of her face. This concealment of forms, which would at once have betrayed her both to father and lover, was perfected by a necessary part of her costume as a young man living a forest life: To complete this costume in character, she should wear a coarse russet cloak, and a black felt hat with narrow brim and high and slightly conical crown, on the band of which she might put a short feather, and around it might twist a light gold chain or ribbon and medal. Thus arrayed, the stage Rosalind might win us to believe that she was really deluding Orlando with the fancy that the soul of his mistress had migrated into the body of a page. This Rosalind might even meet the penetrating eye of that old sinner Jaques, experienced as he was in all the arts and deceits of men and women, in all climes and in all countries. With this Rosalind Phebe indeed might fall in love; and a Phebe must love a man. It is essential to the development of her character, and even to the real significance of what she says and does. The problem which he, in the making of an entertaining play, unconsciously solved was this: Given a woman in such situations, what manner of woman must she be to win the man she loves, to charm her friends, to defy respectfully her usurping uncle, and to bewilder, bewitch, and delight her lover, meeting him in the disguise of a man? And what sort of woman must she be to do all this with the respect, the admiration, and the sympathy of every man, and moreover of every woman, in the world that looks on from the other side of the footlights, which are the flaming barrier about that enchanted ground, the Forest of Arden? The woman that he made to do all this had, first of all, her large and bounteous personal beauty. But this, although a great step toward winning such wide admiration and sympathy, is but one step. Others of his women, notably Viola and Imogen, are as loving, as tender, and as womanly. No other is witty and humorous and womanly too; for example, notably, Beatrice, who is very witty, but not very womanly, nor indeed very loving. Now the position in which Rosalind figures in the four acts which pass in the Forest of Arden brings out, as it would seem no other could bring out, her wittiness and her humorousness in direct relation to and combination with her sensitive, tender, and passionate nature. She

sees the fun of it, as Celia, for example, hardly sees it; and she relishes it with the keenest appetite. If that situation is not emphasized for the spectators of her little mysterious mask of love by what is, for them, the absolute and perfectly probable and natural deception of Orlando, Rosalind lacks the very reason of her being. To enjoy what she does and what she is, to give her our fullest sympathy we must not be called upon to make believe very hard that Orlando does not see she is the woman that he loves; while at the same time we must see that he feels that around this saucy lad there is floating a mysterious atmosphere of tenderness, of enchanting fancy, and of a most delicate sensitiveness. The perfection of her disguise is thus essential to the higher purpose of the comedy. Rosalind was fair; but after having seen her in her brilliant beauty at the court of her usurping uncle, we must be content, as she was, to see it browned to the hue of forest exposure, and deprived of all the pretty coquetries of personal adornment which sit so well upon her sex, and to find in her, our very selves, the outward seeming of a somewhat overbold and soldierly young fellow, who is living, half shepherd, half hunter, in welcomed companionship with a band of gentlemanly outlaws. Unless all this is set very clearly and unmistakably before us by the physical and merely external appearance of our heroine, there is an incongruity fatal to the idea of the comedy, and directly at variance with the clearly defined intentions of its writer. That incongruity always exists in a greater or less degree in the performance of all the Rosalinds of the stage. I can make no exception. In case of the best Rosalinds I have ever seen, the supposition that Orlando was deceived, or that any other man could be deceived, in the sex of Ganymede was absurd, preposterous. They all dress the page in such a way, they all play the page in such a way, that his womanhood is salient.

Chapter 8 : Love in Disguise (Lian ai tong gao) () - Rotten Tomatoes

Play an online hidden object game, Love in calendrierdelascience.com is a masquerade day in Venice. Among all the masks on the street, somewhere is Marchioness Agneses love.

Barabara Fredrickson, in her book Love 2. Alternately some people may act more lovingly and compassionately in their day to day interactions and may have high trait Love. I believe states feed on traits which feed on motives and they are all correlated so we wont be much bothered about those distinctions, when we speak about Love in the following discussion. One way to think about the various forms of love is to look at their evolutionary origins- if multiple related evolutionary problems were solved by relying on Love, then we can suspect that there would arise slightly different forms of Love too. Some of the interpersonal evolutionary problems that our ancestors had to solve were problems of affiliation or knowing whom to trust and whom to help , problems of mate selection who to reproduce with for maximum reproductive fitness and problems of mate retention as humans form pair bonds to care for their offspring, how to best take care of a long term relationship. Consider the problem of affiliation or building coalitions. In one of the earlier posts we saw that humans have a basic need for affiliation, which is of two types- affiliation related to fear of being rejected and affiliation driven by hope of acceptance and intimacy. If such care and nurturance is provided the infant become securely attached, else she may become insecurely attached. In either case these initial attachment relationships form a template for some later adult relationships. Attachment system is based on a need for security and results in feelings of trust when the need is fulfilled. In adults too, whenever some threat looms, a person may turn towards an attachment figure which she trusts. This system has evolved in collaboration with the caregiving system. There would be not much use of an attachment system, wherein an infant cried for help, if there was no inborn mechanism to make the mother or the primary caregiver responsive to such cries. This nurturance system is directed towards those vulnerable and requiring help and compassion. For getting people successfully married and reproducing, both are necessary- passionate love makes them fall in love to marry in the first place and then companionate love kicks in. Thus, while we have lust driven passion, we also have liking driven milder friendship and companionship. Overall, I concur with Ellen Berscheid that we have four love subtypes- she calls them attachment love, passionate love, nurturant love and companionate love. Driven by need for security, feelings of trust are important. The evolutionary function is to get needed care. Driven by sexual desire, feelings of lust take center-stage. The evolutionary function is to find a suitable mate and pass ones genes off by mating. Robert Sternberg may have said this as passion corner of his triangle. Driven by intimacy needs, feelings of compassion are important. The evolutionary function is to take care of newborn vulnerable offspring. Robert Sternberg may have said this as intimacy corner of his triangle. Driven by need for long term commitment, feelings of liking or friendship are important here. The evolutionary function is to ensure that one remains part of a long term pair bond. Robert Sternberg may have said this as commitment corner of his triangle.

Chapter 9 : SparkNotes: Twelfth Night: Themes

Love for a child, is not the same as love for a friend, which is not the same as love for a partner- we all instinctively realize this fact - yet we also admit that there must be something common in our interactions with these people that enables us to label that experience as love, and that relationship as one characterized by love.

In an attempt to get to the bottom of the question once and for all, the Guardian has gathered writers from the fields of science, psychotherapy, literature, religion and philosophy to give their definition of the much-pondered word. We talk about love being blind or unconditional, in the sense that we have no control over it. But then, that is not so surprising since love is basically chemistry. While lust is a temporary passionate sexual desire involving the increased release of chemicals such as testosterone and oestrogen, in true love, or attachment and bonding, the brain can release a whole set of chemicals: However, from an evolutionary perspective, love can be viewed as a survival tool – a mechanism we have evolved to promote long-term relationships, mutual defence and parental support of children and to promote feelings of safety and security. They had several variations, including: *Philia* which they saw as a deep but usually non-sexual intimacy between close friends and family members or as a deep bond forged by soldiers as they fought alongside each other in battle. *Ludus* describes a more playful affection found in fooling around or flirting. *Pragma* is the mature love that develops over a long period of time between long-term couples and involves actively practising goodwill, commitment, compromise and understanding. As Aristotle discovered and as any psychotherapist will tell you, in order to care for others you need to be able to care about yourself. Last, and probably least even though it causes the most trouble, *eros* is about sexual passion and desire. Love is all of the above. But is it possibly unrealistic to expect to experience all six types with only one person. This is why family and community are important. Love for parents, partners, children, country, neighbour, God and so on all have different qualities. Each has its variants – blind, one-sided, tragic, steadfast, fickle, reciprocated, misguided, unconditional. At its best, however, all love is a kind a passionate commitment that we nurture and develop, even though it usually arrives in our lives unbidden. Without the commitment, it is mere infatuation. Without the passion, it is mere dedication. Without nurturing, even the best can wither and die. Secure in it, it can feel as mundane and necessary as air – you exist within it, almost unnoticed. Deprived of it, it can feel like an obsession; all consuming, a physical pain. Love is the driver for all great stories: It is the point before consummation of it that fascinates: It is usually at those points that love is everything. Catherine Wybourne Love is more easily experienced than defined. As a theological virtue, by which we love God above all things and our neighbours as ourselves for his sake, it seems remote until we encounter it enfolded, so to say, in the life of another – in acts of kindness, generosity and self-sacrifice. The paradox of love is that it is supremely free yet attaches us with bonds stronger than death.