



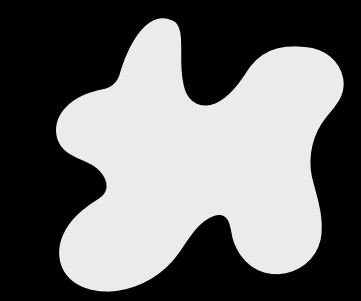
Unit3 Brief1
Projecting1



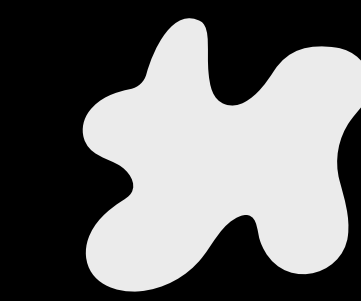
<https://boot-boyz.biz/products/seeing-making-benjamin-berger>







Those were not fine pears. Augustine of Hippo knew it, as did his friends. Better pears hung within reach, ripe and untouched. Yet, they stole the inferior ones, green and hard. Sticky fingers, thumping hearts, the pears were brought to darkness, and tossed to pigs. A game, a dare, whatever you may call. The boys ran away, chuckling about their pointless mischief. Fed no hunger, served no purpose. Years later, Augustine pondered. It wasn't hunger, not for Adam, not for him. But why they took the fruit then? Why they took the fruit?



“Quick, Augustine, just a few!” My friend's voice, urgent, below the tree. I was on a branch, among ripe pears, their scent sweet, alluring. Yet, I fetched for three green, hard ones above. We fled, drums beating in our chest, glancing at shadows as if they were the orchard's owner. At the orchard's end, breathless, we fed the pears to the pigs and slapped hands in triumph. Sticky fingers, racing hearts. I wondered, was this thrill what Adam and Eve felt?

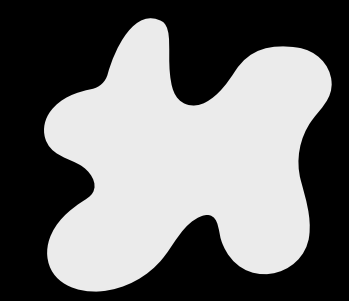
Music

Erik Satie (1866–1925), the celebrated French composer, titled a piano suite *Trois morceaux en forme de poire* (*Three pieces in the form of a pear*) in response to accusations that his music lacked structure. He later explained to Claude Debussy that if his suite was in the form of a pear, it couldn't be criticized as formless. Despite the title, the set contains seven pieces.

Political Metaphor

In the 1830s the brilliant French caricaturists including Honoré Daumier, Charles Philipon and Jean Ignace Grandville succeeded in making the pear a symbol for the rotund Louis Philippe who succeeded Louis XVIII and Charles X in the Bourbon restoration after the defeat of Napoleon 1814 (Kenney and Merriman 1991). Louis Philippe's sizeable jowls gave his head a pear shape, which provided an irresistible target for the wicked crayons and pens of the political cartoonists of the day. The "Peer of France" became "the Pear (*Poire*) of France"; the King's initials L. P. corresponded to *La Poire*, which means "fat head" or "simpleton" in French slang. The image of Louis Philippe as a soft and bulbous piece of fruit that rots quickly became a metaphor for a corrupt greedy administration. The phallic association of the pear emphasized in the illustrations were generally understood and considered gleefully offensive. Both Daumier and Philipon were to serve jail sentences for their "pomographic" portrayals of Louis Philippe, which were considered *lèse majesté*—violating the dignity of the king. Philipon's losing defense was that if the king's face did indeed resemble a pear, then all pears would necessarily be subject to prosecution. Philipon was fined 2000 francs in addition to his six months jail sentence! His four drawings penned at his trial, transforming the image of Louis Philippe (Fig. 1) to a pear and published in *La Caricature* (1831), helped to make the fruit an enduring symbol of the ill-fated monarch.

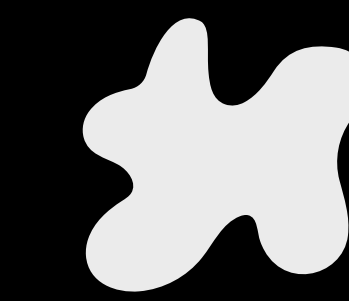




Cher Monsieur Claude Debussy,

In dutiful response to your esteemed guidance on the matter of form, I have decided to compose a suite with utmost diligence \to structure. Yesterday, I composed a piece in the shape of a pear. You suggested more form - I hope fruit counts.

Yours in shapes,
Erik Satie



Dear Mastreo Claude,

What a joy to receive your critique of my music— truly, a highlight in my otherwise monotonous existence. To embrace your heartfelt advice, I have decided to compose a suite, with an extra attention of shape, ambitiously titled “Three Pieces in the Form of Pear”. You’ve always insisted on the importance of the form of a music— I hope fruit counts.

Enclosed, please find the first draft.

Yours in a variety of shapes,
Erik

Alibi

The tragic case of Lizzie Borden, accused murderess of Fall River, Massachusetts, is one of the most sensational cases of the 19th century and is recounted in countless books, novels, a ballet, an opera, movies, a play, and memorialized in a macabre ditty:

Lizzie Borden took an axe

And gave her mother forty whacks;

When she saw what she had done

She gave her father forty-one.

The ditty is not quite accurate; the step-mother received 18 hatchet blows, and Mr. Borden only 11. Lizzie testified at the inquest that at the time her father was murdered, on a scorching August 4, 1892, she went up into a barn loft next to the house looking for lead to make sinkers for a planned fishing trip. At the critical time when her father was being “axed” she testified that she spent the time consuming three pears that she had collected from her back yard after eating one in the morning. She was acquitted. The pear cultivar is not mentioned in the accounts but they must have been delicious because both Mr. Borden and his brother-in-law also consumed them on that very day.



1893, Fall River, Massachusetts, USA.

*Lizzie Borden took an axe
And gave her mother forty whacks;
When she saw what she had done
She gave her father forty-one.*

Lizzie:

“I swear, I was in the attic, eating three of the four pears I collected in the morning. I remember the juice trailing down my wrist. How, gentlemen of the jury, could hands, holding such delicate sweetness, wield an axe?”

The Maid:

“The pears, yes, the pears from our backyard, more fragrant than ever this year. Mr. Borden and his first wife’s brother savored two at breakfast. Even Lizzie, usually indifferent to pears, plucked seven this week alone.”

The Chemist:

“Three pears she offered, in exchange for a substance she insisted was for cleaning! Prussic acid, for a seal-skin cloak? The urgency in her eyes was not unlike someone desperate to cleanse more than just a cloak! The pears you ask? Unbitten! Discarded! Rotten in the trash can!”

Lady on the Jury:

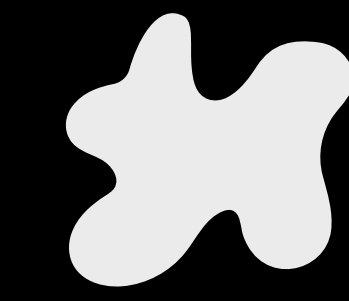
“You will know them by their fruits. How can one, gentle and devout, swing an axe in murderous rage? How can we accuse this woman who tenderly savors a pear, her father’s favorite fruit, moments before tragedy strikes? How can I be convinced, that wickedness might ever be masked so deeply?”

Renaissance

The great Leonardo Da Vinci (1452–1519) reveled in collecting cryptic puns, aphorisms, fables, prophecies, jests, mottoes, and fantastic tales. *Codex Arundel* 67 contains several botanical fables including one involving the laurel, the myrtle, and the pear:

The laurel and the myrtle on seeing the pear tree being cut down, cried out in a loud voice: ‘O pear tree where are you going? Where is the pride that you had when you were laden with ripe fruit? Now you will no longer make shade for us with your thick foliage.’ The pear tree replied: ‘I am going with the husbandman who is cutting me down and who will take me to the workshop of a good sculptor, who by his art will cause me to assume the form of the god Jove, and I shall be dedicated in a temple and worshipped by men in place of Jove. While you are obliged to remain always maimed and stripped of your branches [while] men shall set around me in order to do me honor” (Embode, 1987).





This is what I heard on my last day hanging on the pear tree:

The laurel and the myrtle, always a bit nosy, noticed their neighbor, the pear tree, getting chopped down. ‘Hey pear tree, off to a new adventure?’ they cried, half-mockingly. The pear tree, never one to miss a beat, said, ‘Oh, I’m just off to become Jove. You know, the god? A sculptor’s going to make me look divine. And people will worship me, which is more than I can say for you two, standing here losing branches.’ The laurel and the myrtle, a little taken aback, could only rustle their leaves in disbelief.

~~number of these things with the number number~~

William Shakespeare (1564–1616) makes four references to pear, all either “absurd or unpleasant” suggesting that the Bard was not fond of them (Ellacombe, 1884):

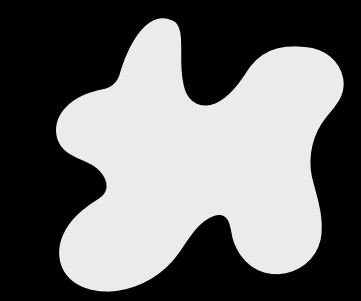
... as crest-fallen as a dried Pear.
Merry Wives of Windsor iv (5)101

I must have saffron to color the Warden pies.
Winter’s Tale iv(3)48

O, Romeo ... thou a Poperin Pear.
Romeo and Juliet ii(1)37

Your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears, it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, ‘tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry yet ‘tis a withered pear.
All’s Well that Ends Well i(1).





In Shakespeare's tales, with quill and artful hand,
He scribed of pears, three, across the land.
Not fruits of passion in his esteemed sight,
Yet in these pears, different fates take flight.

The pear of Verona, bright and ripe,
Gazes at the moon's soft, gentle light.
Where two shadows on the balcony entwine,
Whispering words so sweet, like honeyed wine.
This pear too longs to be held and adored,
To burst his sweetness, in love's accord.

The Windsor pear, pale in his lonely bed,
Lies at the basket's base with a touch of dread.
Mocked and scorned, his pride under attack,
By merry wives with wit, not a whit they lack.
In the game of jest, he stands forlorn,
Its dignity, like his skin, is ruthlessly torn.

And last, the pear from France's land,
Shriveled, it seems, but with ambitions grand.
Yerninng to win a heart cold and stern,
In love's complex game, a twist at every turn.
But in victory's grasp, she finds no grace,
For it too withers, losing her vibrant face.



A fable from collection of Leonardo Da Vinci:

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