## **Socrates at HGS**

On February 18, as part of the School's Friday Evening Forum series, long time Georgist Don LaVor gave a comprehensive lecture on Socrates, in celebration of the 2400th year anniversary of his death.

Don presented Socrates and his  $4^{th}$  Century B.C.E. Athens environment on a human level,



delving into the social milieu of the time and vividly recreating that era.

What separated ancient Greek philosophy, and Socrates' philosophy in particular, from the

philosophy of other cultures and times, was the Greeks' search for a systematic understanding of the world, Don said.

He quoted Clement of Alexander who said the ancient Greeks combined "thought and memory, time, measurement and distance as a composite concept, and put together harmonious proportions into a complete thinking, a process that was Greece's greatest single gift" to Western history and intellectual development.

Don also touched on various aspects of Socrates' life: his service in two Greek wars, his ideas on living in a republic, his family life and his early education and his years employed as a craftsman. Socrates father, who had worked on the Parthenon, taught him the craft of stone cutting.

Don's summing up was twofold. He discussed Socrates' influence on those who followed him: notably Crito and Xenhophon and their use of the famous Socratic method.

Don also described Socrate's death in moving terms and touched on society's apparent need to sacrifice its intellectual and moral leaders in the name of some abstract, state-define standard of virtue. Socrates was put to death for corrupting the young; his teaching was based on consistent intellectual principles rather than on mythic tales of the deeds of the gods. "Even in those days," Don concluded, "it must have been very hard to consider the corruptive influence of an old man who wore only a single cape on his back, and walked the streets of Athens with empty pockets."

## Poetry as Social Force Marisol Espaillat

On Friday, March 10<sup>th</sup>, the Henry George School's Spanish Affairs Department held a seminar: Poetry as a Social Force. The program presented the literature of Latin American poets and writers, who read their work aloud.

Program Coordinator Manuel Felix initiated the recital and presented each of the poets in turn. Among the participants were Mr. Ramon Alvarez whose witty stories had the audience practically rolling in laughter; Mr. Hector Miolan, a well known and socially active Dominican essayist and poet who shared several of his romantic verses. Also, Ms. Marisol Espaillat, who read

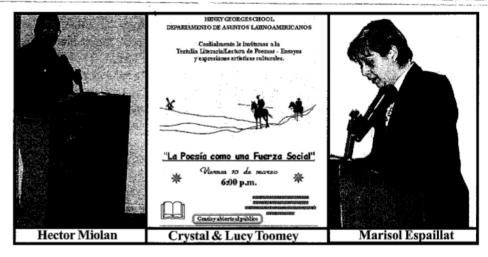
Excerpts from the night's readings:

Tan pronto me vio llegar me hizo espacio a su lado. Eramos pasajeros de trayecto corto. Abriendo un envase plástico el olor de la hamburguesa haló con magnetismo todas las miradas del vagón Truenos torturaban mis calles digestivas.

Toda mi boca se llenó de agua. Me apreté los labios para impedir el escape de una gota en acecho.

Las burbujas explotaban.

Ramón Alvarez



several stories ranging from the romantic to the suspenseful, as well as poems, in English and Spanish.

Next up was Ms. Dinorah Coronado, a psychologist and teacher who read a short story entitled *The First Lady*. Following her was Ms. Maitrelli Villaman Matos, actress and playwright, who made a rather dramatic entrance and gave an equally dramatic presentation of poems from her book *BX15*.

Lastly, Lucy Toomey, long time School associate and volunteer, read two poems in Spanish. Her daughter, Crystal, then got up and translated her mother's poetry into English.

The evening's presentation closed with words of gratitude and praise from a new HGS teacher, Ms. Quisia Gonzalez.

One concluded after witnessing the presentations from all the participants that poetry indeed lives as a social force; it is a neverending kaleidoscope of words and ideas and a link toward social, spiritual, ethno-political growth and integration. There are shadows dancing in the hallways of your eyes Dense... foreign...

Night...
the now soverign ruler of your heart
has closed the curtains and locked the doors
But...
here I stand
awaiting admittance.

Marisol Espaillat

Con tanta sal vertida
Mi llaga es ya sólo un pozo negro
Y tú no paras de verterla
Con la velocidad más espantosa
Que deja toda mi humanidad lacerada
Cual cadável flotante
Que sólo Chochueca osaría enterrarle
Sin el menor sonrojo.

Héctor Miolán