

**The Face-Mask of Anarchy**  
**A celebratory ballad for Eric & Justin**

With apologies to Shelley....

Following his precedent, in the main body of the poem I deploy quatrains of rhyming couplets, using trochaic tetrameter.

Now fill your glass,  
And listen, please!  
It's time to toast  
Our Ph.Ds.

I will not speak  
Of cumbrous quotes  
Or clipp-ed coins<sup>1</sup>  
And fat footnotes.

Or paragraphs  
Which were too long ...  
They're not fit matter  
For my song.

I won't attempt to make a drama  
Of the missing Oxford comma.  
Or mourn the semi-colon's death -  
On that point I'll save my breath.

But I will sing of work well done,  
Midnight oil burned, and critiques spun,  
By Justin P. and Eric E.,  
Without an ill-considered plea.

Tom Hoccleve wrote an o'er long text,  
The *Series*, which leaves many vexed,  
In verses some of which don't scan  
And cannot fit in any plan.

But Eric makes him look real good,  
Disclosing a complex selfhood.  
Tom's view of heaven is rather hazy<sup>2</sup>  
But he wasn't wholly crazy.

Justin attempted to place wrath  
On a calibrated graph.  
But Beowulf's thanes had no real bent  
For proper anger-management.

---

<sup>1</sup> Eric's thesis included an analysis of Hoccleve's discussion of "coin-clipping".

<sup>2</sup> Eric treated of Hoccleve's account of heaven at the end of the *Series*.

Sade and Deleuze were often quoted,  
When children of revenge emoted.  
Anger as meat was on his plate -  
But empathy came rather late.<sup>3</sup>

Eric is off to Iowa  
Where he'll fight the culture war.  
But there's one thing that is no myth -  
Companionship with Meredith.

Some folk there don't give a cuss  
About *furor poeticus*.  
But I'm sure that he won't shirk  
Curating tales of Captain Kirk.<sup>4</sup>

In Justin's case, bright college years  
Have given way to Ozzie beers.  
Scarlet dawns, life without blips,  
Fairy bread, plus shark and chips.<sup>5</sup>

And thus I end this doggerel ditty,  
To be ta'en to Iowa City,  
And Australia's fiery clime  
Where vegemite and visas rhyme.

### **For Eric**

Woeful shepherds, weep no more  
For we have some joy in store.  
Before the taking of a tea and toast  
We've time to give our grads a roast.

I will not speak  
Of cumbrous quotes  
Or clipp-ed coins  
And fat footnotes.

Or paragraphs  
Which were too long ...  
They're not fit matter  
For my song.

---

<sup>3</sup> "Children of revenge" is from Justin's thesis-title. "Anger as meat" – Cf. *Coriolanus*, Volumnia's exclamation, "anger is my meat". "Empathy came rather late" because Justin didn't discuss it until the very end of his thesis, in a Coda.

<sup>4</sup> Riverside, on the outskirts of Iowa City, is the *future* birthplace of Captain Kirk, of *Star Trek* fame. They have a *Star Trek* museum.

<sup>5</sup> "Fairy bread" – in Australia, served at children's parties. White bread, covered in butter with "sprinkles" of multicolored little candy flakes on top. "Shark" – for generations when Australians had fish and chips (=fries) they were eating flake, a species of small shark. They've eaten rather too many; now there are worries about conservation.

But I will sing of work well done,  
Midnight oil burned, and theories spun,  
By the high-soaring Eric E.,  
Without an ill-considered plea.

Tom Hoccleve wrote an o'er long text  
The *Series*, which leaves many vexed,  
In verses some of which don't scan  
And cannot fit in any plan.

But Eric makes him look real good,  
Disclosing a complex selfhood.  
Tom's view of heaven is rather hazy  
But he wasn't wholly crazy.

Eric is off to Iowa  
Where he'll fight the culture war.  
But there's one thing that is no myth -  
Companionship with Meredith.

Some folk there don't give a cuss  
About *furor poeticus*.  
But I'm sure that he won't shirk  
Curating tales of Captain Kirk.

And so I send this doggerel ditty,  
To Eric, now in Iowa City.  
There in the birthplace of sliced bread<sup>6</sup>  
He'll follow Ariadne's thread.<sup>7</sup>

### **For Justin**

I won't attempt to make a drama  
Of the missing Oxford comma.  
Or mourn the semi-colon's death -  
On that point I'll save my breath.

But I will sing of work well done,  
Midnight oil burned, and sad tales spun,  
By the industrious Dr. Park,  
Whose packed prose-style is far from stark.

Justin attempted to place wrath  
On a calibrated graph.  
But Beowulf's thanes had no real bent

---

<sup>6</sup> Allegedly, Iowa is the place where sliced bread was first marketed.

<sup>7</sup> Which leads to freedom and wisdom....

For proper anger-management.

Sade and Deleuze were often quoted,  
When children of revenge emoted.  
Anger as meat was on his plate -  
But empathy came rather late.

In Justin's life, bright college years  
Have given way to Ozzie beers.  
Scarlet dawns, life without blips,  
Fairy bread, plus shark and chips.

And thus I send this doggerel ditty,  
All the way to Melbourne city,  
In Australia's fiery clime,  
Where vegemite and visas rhyme.