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From the Editor

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FROM THE EDITOR

To His Coy Mistress

*Had we but world enough and time,
This coyness lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.*

*But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near:
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.*

—Andrew Marvell

Who served, one may wonder, as the source of inspiration for Andrew Marvell's seventeenth-century poem "To His Coy Mistress"? While the Muses traditionally refer to the nine Greek goddesses who reign over poetry, music, philosophy, theater, dance and history, one's individual muse may appear in many forms: a human being, a sound, an image, or an event that may animate the creative spirit. Kurt Vonnegut's experience as a soldier during the bombing of Dresden in World War II, for example, is central to much of his writing.

In our current issue, we are fortunate to have several excellent pieces of writing that address our theme: a musician writing about jazz, a student writing about how the AIDS crisis has affected live theater in New York, and an essay on the Middle-Eastern singer known as "The Star of the Orient." We are also pleased to share with our readers interviews with an historian, a dramatist, a poet, and an artist—all members of Cal Poly's liberal arts community. *Moebius* is equally delighted to have received contributions from a number of talented poets. Essays on civil disobedience and the celebrity culture in which we live round out this edition.

The Muses continue to serve us well. I do not know what experiences visited the mind of Thornton Wilder when he wrote *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* in 1939 but there is no question that he brought to the surface the essence of what it means to be human when he wrote these words at the conclusion of his novel:

"But soon we shall all die and all memory of those five will have left the earth, and we ourselves shall be loved for a while and forgotten. But the love will have been enough; all those impulses of love return to the love that made them. Even memory is not necessary for

love. There is a land of the living and a land of the dead and the bridge is love, the only survival, the only meaning.”

To all of you who have been—or will be—visited by the Muse, this issue of *Moebius* is most enthusiastically dedicated. 

Phil Fetzer, Managing Editor
Moebius