



A MESSAGE FROM INTERIM PRESIDENT

Daisy Cocco De Filippis, Ph.D.

“LET US NOT TO THE MARRIAGE OF TRUE MINDS...”

The month of April marks the birth (and the death) of the greatest writer the English language has ever known: William Shakespeare.

Shakespeare was born in Stratford-upon-Avon, England, in April of 1564. (The exact date isn't known, though he was baptized on the 26th.) He died on April 23rd, 1616. In 52 tempestuous years, Shakespeare raised English poetry and drama to new and unsurpassed heights.

Much is mysterious about the man they called “The Bard of Avon.” So many facts have been lost over time; his religion, his sexuality, even his appearance have all been subject to intense speculation. Some scholars have gone so far as to claim that he wasn't the author of his plays, ascribing their authorship to a variety of other poets and playwrights.

Ultimately, it's of little importance *who* wrote such immortal works as *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and so many other superlative examples of classical drama. That they exist, combining psychological acuity, vast depths of emotion, and the felicitous use of language, is enough. Shakespeare's work is a well which never runs dry – one from which we can perpetually drink and be refreshed.

First published in 1609, Shakespeare's series of sonnets rank among the most beautiful of all time. There are 154 sonnets in total, and they form a sequence of thoughts and observations on love, youth, and time. One of my very favorites is Sonnet 116, “Let Me Not to the Marriage of True Minds...”

*Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;*

*It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.*

English actor Laura Collins reads Sonnet 116 here. I think you'll enjoy it.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XNGdrPPeIDM>

Mil gracias y bendiciones,

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