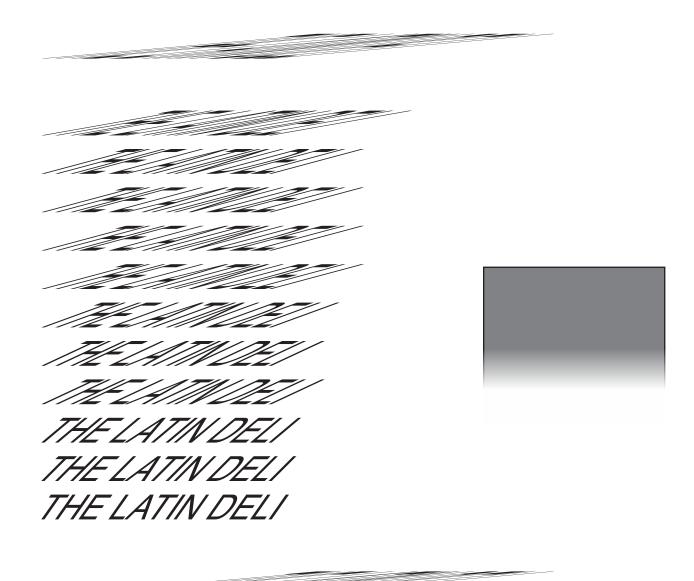
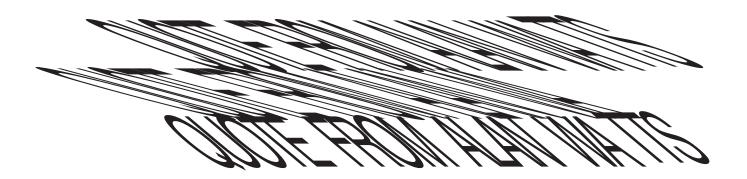


## THREE QUOTES SELECTED BY

DESIGN FOR JOURNALISTS YEAR 2017



## (-MARTHA NUSSBAUM)



"IF TO ENJOY EVEN AN ENJOYABLE PRES ENT WE MUST HAVE THE ASSURANCE OF A HAPPY FUTURE, WE ARE 'CRYING FOR THE MOON.' WE HAVE NO SUCH ASSURANCE. THE BEST PREDICTIONS ARE STILL MATTERS OF PROBABILITY RATHER THAN CERTAINTY, AND TO THE BEST OF OUR KNOWLEDGE EVERY ONE OF US IS GOING TO SUFFER AND DIE. IF, THEN, WE CANNOT LIVE HAPPILY WITHOUT AN ASSURED FUTURE, WE ARE CERTAINLY NOT ADAPTED TO LIVING IN A FINITE WORLD WHERE, DESPITE THE BEST PLANS, ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN, AND WHERE DEATH COMES AT THE END."

WE DECEIVE OURSELVES ABOUT LOVE — ABOUT WHO: AND HOW; AND WHEN; AND WHETHER. WE ALSO DIS-COVER AND CORRECT OUR SELF-DECEPTIONS. THE FORCES MAKING FOR BOTH DECEPTION AND UN-MASKING HERE ARE VARIOUS AND POWERFUL: THE UNSURPASSED DANGER, THE URGENT NEED FOR PROTECTION AND SELF-SUFFICIENCY. THE OPPO-SITE AND EQUAL NEED FOR JOY AND COMMUNI-CATION AND CONNECTION. ANY OF THESE CAN SERVE EITHER TRUTH OR FALSITY, AS THE OCCA-SION DEMANDS. THE DIFFICULTY THEN BECOMES: HOW IN THE MIDST OF THIS CONFUSION (AND DELIGHT AND PAIN) DO WE KNOW WHAT VIEW OF OURSELVES, WHAT PARTS OF OURSELVES. TO TRUST? WHICH STORIES ABOUT THE CONDI-TION OF THE HEART ARE THE RELIABLE ONES AND WHICH THE SELF-DECEIVING FICTIONS? WE FIND OURSELVES ASKING WHERE, IN THIS PLURALITY OF DISCORDANT VOICES WITH WHICH WE ADDRESS OURSELVES ON THIS TOPIC OF PERENNIAL SELF-INTEREST, IS THE CRITERION OF TRUTH? (AND WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO LOOK FOR A CRITERION HERE? COULD THAT DEMAND ITSELF BE A TOOL OF SELF-DECEPTION?)"

-MARTHA NUSSBAUM

AS A YOUNG GIRL ATTENDING SUNDAY MASS, I'D WATCH THEM FLOAT DOWN THE NAVE IN THEIR MEDIEVAL SOMBERNESS THE CALM OF SALVATION ON THE PINK OVAL OF THEIR FACES FRAMED BY TIGHT-FITTING COIFS THEY SEEMED ABOVE THE TEDIOUS CYCLE OF CONFESSION, PENANCE AND ABSOLUTION THEY SUPERVISED: OF WEEKDAY DREAMS TOLD TO A STRANGER ON SATURDAY; OF SUNDAY SERMONS LONG AS A SICKROOM VISIT, AND THE PARANOIA OF GOD ALWAYS WATCHING YOU—THAT MADE ME HIDE UNDER MY BLANKET TO READ FORBIDDEN FICTIONS.