

My Mistress' Eyes are Nothing Like the Sun • Review

William Shakespeare, Sonnet 130, 1609

It has two purposes.

First, it is a love poem. With a difference, that instead of praising the media-driven aspects of beauty and perfection that she may have (red lips, etc), he praises her earthiness. Nonetheless, he ends up just expressing his love for her, that he loves her for what she is. To that extent, it is a classic sonnet.

He is not actually saying that she is unattractive, or that she has wires for hair. The sonnet is full of metaphors and similes, but he uses those devices as platforms to build the opposite: that each of her features, initially demeaned, is attractive.

The second purpose is to point out that the merchandising and media-driven ideas of perfect beauty, are unnatural and impossible. In so doing, he destroys them.

Shakespeare often has an impact that cannot be articulated. The cleverness lies in the use of subtle sarcasm or reversal. As in, her eyes are nothing like the Sun, but he will have them any day, rather than the Sun, which is unattainable.

It is a reversal of the concept of sour grapes. The first device is something we immediately understand, and accept, but its reversal is arresting, we have to think about it. This device-within-a-device is classic, unique Shakespearean device, rarely attempted by other poets.

Not only do we think about it, but because the first device was accepted deeply, we are arrested deeply, and therefore we have to think about the whole package deeply. Another property of Shakespeare.

He succeeds, of course, in both purposes.

Re the propaganda and marketing, which he decries, evidently nothing has changed in four hundred years, it has only gotten worse. The prince of this world, through his minions, were, and still are, destroying humanity. That was his actual target.

Here's the twenty-first century version of the sixteenth century curse. Michaela Romanini, once one of the most beautiful women in Italy, before and after purchasing the merchandise:



The infamous Bride of Wildenstein who purchased \$4 million of the merchandise, in order to achieve the 'feline' look:



Finally there is the ghetto (in both senses of the both) edition, the big booty craze, complete with murderous sodomites. People who are the most poverty-stricken internally, care most about the external image. I will spare you the images.