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SP.292
March 24, 2008

Veridis Quo

5:44. Five minutes and forty-four seconds.

Veridis sits. Wistful. Wishful. She is ahead and behind, the past stuck in the present. Her body is only an attempt to disguise old age trapped in modern youth.

Veridis sits. Stately. Statuesque. Veridis sits as a Diana made of flesh and bone, versus marbled stone. Feeling like a miss-placed puzzle piece, a blue one where the empty space is surrounded only by reds, Veridis lives in a world that's not her own. Though not alone, She is mentally enshrouded by her disconnectivity with the world around her.

Tradition laid a wall, each generation a brick and her stubbornness the mortar.

Quo appears unexpectedly on the other side of this barricade. Somehow there was subtlety in his approach. His footfalls were softened like the rest of his persona ought to have been. Rave-like bass lines are harder to muffle than footfalls. Veridis and Quo, juxtaposed and just as disjointed as Verdi and Velvet Underground. Where she is an antique organ, using a complex network of pipes that sigh pensive and melancholy notes, he is that synthesizer, simple and not too serious.

Quo is not the only one of his kind, just one red, he is the piece that juts out to connect with another one, adventurous by nature and a risk-taker. Foreign to Veridis, Quo is a novelty. Quo is the person whom you don't know whether to shove in the back of a closet or put on a platform, the quintessential modern guy. He brings a crude humor and lack of tact as markers of comfort and ease, whereas Veridis creates a corset of decorum typical of the outdated culture to which she clings.

As minutes pass, the boundaries between old world and new disintegrate. Only a brief moment of conversation reveals to Veridis, green from propriety, things to which she had previously been naive - so mature and yet totally ignorant to the world of “prostitots” and premature swearing and drinking. Could there be harmony between them? And yet as their voices exchange stories, each distinct, a new concord results, an integration that sounds like plaid, the complementary criss-cross when airily innocent melodies encounter rebellious rhythms.

It’s been five minutes and forty-four seconds, 5:44, and though the blue piece may not match, it does fit amongst the red, accommodating the outreached red arm extending from Quo. A splash of blue never hurt anything; it’s an accent not a blemish. They create something neither expected, something unintended, but better. Better because before they were old and new, then and now, stuck. Together there is somewhere to advance, a new genre in which to expand.

Fade out.

Next track.

Veridis quo means “To where the truth is,” according to Wikipedia. Others speculate there is an additional meaning that is “To where it is green.” It is even debated whether or not Daft Punk is making a reference to Verdi, a classical composer.

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ES.292 Writing Workshop
Spring 2008

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