Knight lived in the dirt but was cleaner than you. Way cleaner. Pine needles and mud don’t make you dirty, except superficially. The muck that matters, the bad bacteria, the evil virus, is typically passed through coughs and sneezes and handshakes and kisses. The price of sociability is sometimes our health. Knight quarantined himself from the human race and thus avoided our biohazards. He stayed phenomenally healthy. Though he suffered deeply at times, he insists he never once had a medical emergency, or a serious illness, or a bad accident, or even a cold.

During the summers, especially in the early years, he was strong, fit, and spry. “You should have seen me in my twenties—I ruled the land I walked upon, it was mine,” Knight said, exposing the prideful streak that runs below his surface of contrition. “Why shouldn’t I claim it as my own? No one else was there. I was in control. I controlled it as much as I wanted. I was lord of the woods.”

Poison ivy grows throughout the area; its prevalence prevented some people from searching for his site. Knight kept a little jingle in his head—“leaves of three, let it be”—and so ably memorized where each patch grew that even at night he didn’t brush against it. He says he was never once afflicted. Lyme disease, a bacterial illness transmitted through tick bites that can cause partial paralysis, is endemic to central Maine, but Knight was spared that as well. He brooded about Lyme for a while, then came to a realization: “I couldn’t do anything about it, so I stopped thinking about it.”

Living in the woods, subject to the whims of nature, offers a great deal of autonomy but not much control. At first, Knight worried about everything: snowstorms might bury him, hikers could find him, the police would capture him. Gradually, methodically, he shed most of his anxiety.

But not all. Being too relaxed, he felt, was also a danger. In appropriate doses, worry was useful, possibly lifesaving. “I used worry to encourage thought,” he said. “Worry can give you an extra prod to survive and plan. And I had to plan.”

At the conclusion of each thieving mission, he was absolved temporarily of worry. The order in which he ate his food was governed by the pace of spoilage, ground beef to Twinkies. When he was down to little more than flour and shortening, he’d mix those together with water and make biscuits. He never stole homemade meals or unwrapped items, for fear someone might poison him, so everything he took came sealed in a carton or can. He ate every morsel, scraping the containers clean. Then he deposited the wrappers and cartons in his camp’s dump, stuffed between boulders at the boundary of his site.

The dump was scattered over an area of about a hundred square feet. One section was devoted to items like propane tanks and old mattresses and sleeping bags and books, another to food containers. Even in the food area, there was no odor. Knight added layers of dirt and leaves to aid with composting, which eliminated any smell, but most of the packaging was waxed cardboard or plastic, slow to disintegrate.
Upon excavation, the colors on many boxes remained garish, superlatives and exclamation points and rococo typography popping from the soil while robins chirped in the branches above.

The archeological record contained in his dump revealed why Knight’s only significant health issue was his teeth. He brushed regularly, he stole toothpaste, but did not see a dentist and his teeth began to rot. It didn’t help that his culinary preferences never progressed beyond the sugar-and-processed food palate of a teenager. “‘Cooking’ is too kind a word for what I did,” he said.

A staple meal was macaroni and cheese. Dozens of macaroni-cheese boxes were buried between the rocks, along with several empty spice bottles—black pepper, garlic powder, hot sauce, blackened seasoning. Often, when Knight was inside a cabin with a good spice rack, he would grab a new bottle and try it out on his macaroni and cheese.

Also in his dump was a flattened thirty-ounce container from cheddar-flavored Goldfish crackers, a five-pound tub from Marshmallow Fluff, and a box that had held sixteen Drake’s Devil Dogs. There were packages from graham crackers, tater tots, baked beans, shredded cheese, hot dogs, maple syrup, chocolate bars, cookie dough. Betty Crocker scalloped potatoes and Tyson chicken strips. Country Time lemonade and Mountain Dew. El Monterey spicy jalapeño and cheese chimichangas.

All of this came from a single kitchen-sink-sized hole, dug out by hand. Knight had fled the modern world only to live off the fat of it. The food, Knight pointed out, wasn’t exactly his choice. It was first selected by the cabin owners of North Pond, then snatched by him. He did steal a little money, an average of fifteen dollars a year—“a backup system,” he called it—and lived an hour’s walk from the Sweet Dreams convenience store and deli, but never went there. The last time he ate at a restaurant, or even sat at a table, was at some fast-food place during his final road trip.

He stole frozen lasagna, canned ravioli, and Thousand Island dressing. You can dig in the dump until you’re lying on your side, arm buried to the shoulder, and more keeps emerging. Cheetos and bratwurst and pudding and pickles. Quarry a trench deep enough to fight a war from—Crystal Light, Cool Whip, Chock full o’Nuts, Coke—and you still won’t reach bottom.

So he wasn’t a gourmet. He didn’t care what he ate. “The discipline I practiced in order to survive did away with cravings for specific food. As long as it was food, it was good enough.” He spent no more than a few minutes preparing meals, yet he often passed the fortnight between raids without leaving camp, filling much of the time with chores, camp maintenance, hygiene, and entertainment.

His chief form of entertainment was reading. The last moments he was in a cabin were usually spent scanning bookshelves and nightstands. The life inside a book always felt welcoming to Knight. It pressed no demands on him, while the world of actual human interactions was so complex. Conversations between people can move like tennis games, swift and unpredictable. There are constant subtle visual and verbal cues, there’s innuendo, sarcasm, body language, tone. Everyone occasionally fumbles an encounter, a victim of social clumsiness. It’s part of being human.

To Knight, it all felt impossible. His engagement with the written word might have been the closest he
could come to genuine human encounters. The stretch of days between thieving raids allowed him to tumble into the pages, and if he felt transported he could float in bookworld, undisturbed, for as long as he pleased.

The reading selection offered by the cabins was often dispiriting. With books, Knight did have specific desires and cravings—in some ways, reading material was more important to him than food—though when he was famished for words, he’d subsist on whatever the nightstands bestowed, highbrow or low.

He liked Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar* especially, that litany of betrayal and violence. He marveled at the poetry of Emily Dickinson, sensing her kindred spirit. For the last seventeen years of her life, Dickinson rarely left her home in Massachusetts and spoke to visitors only through a partly closed door. “Saying nothing,” she wrote, “sometimes says the most.”

Knight wished he’d been able to procure more poetry written by Edna St. Vincent Millay, a fellow native of Maine, born in the coastal village of Rockland in 1892. He quoted her bestknown lines—“My candle burns at both ends / It will not last the night”—and then added, “I tried candles in my camp for a number of years. Not worth it to steal them.”

If he were forced to select a favorite book, it might be *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*, by William Shirer. “It’s concise,” Knight said, a quick twelve hundred pages, “and impressive as any novel.” He stole every book on military history he saw

He pilfered a copy of *Ulysses*, but it was possibly the one book he did not finish. “What’s the point of it? I suspect it was a bit of a joke by Joyce. He just kept his mouth shut as people read into it more than there was. Pseudo-intellectuals love to drop the name *Ulysses* as their favorite book. I refused to be intellectually bullied into finishing it.”

Knight’s disdain for Thoreau was bottomless—“he had no deep insight into nature”—but Ralph Waldo Emerson was acceptable. “People are to be taken in very small doses,” wrote Emerson. “Nothing can bring you peace but yourself.” Knight read the *Tao Te Ching* and felt a deep-rooted connection to the verses. “Good walking,” says the *Tao*, “leaves no tracks.”

Robert Frost received a thumbs-down—“I’m glad his reputation is starting to fade”—and Knight said that when he ran out of toilet paper, he sometimes tore pages from John Grisham novels. He mentioned that he didn’t like Jack Kerouac either, but this wasn’t quite true. “I don’t like people who like Jack Kerouac,” he clarified.

Knight stole portable radios and earbuds and tuned in daily, voices through the waves another kind of human presence. For a while he was fascinated by talk radio. He listened to a lot of Rush Limbaugh. “I didn’t say I liked him. I said I listened to him.” Knight’s own politics were “conservative but not Republican.” He added, perhaps unnecessarily, “I’m kind of an isolationist.”

Later he got hooked on classical music—Brahms and Tchaikovsky, yes; Bach, no. “Bach is too pristine,” he said. Bliss for him was Tchaikovsky’s *The Queen of Spades*. But his undying passion was classic rock:
the Who, AC/DC, Judas Priest, Led Zeppelin, Deep Purple, and, above all, Lynyrd Skynyrd. Nothing in all
the world received higher praise from Knight than Lynyrd Skynyrd. “They will be playing Lynyrd Skynyrd
songs in a thousand years,” he proclaimed.

On one raid he stole a Panasonic black-and-white fiveinch-diagonal television. This was why he needed
so many car and boat batteries—to power the TV. Knight was adept at wiring batteries together, in
series and parallel. He also carried off an antenna and hid it high in his treetops.

He said that everything shown on PBS was “carefully crafted for liberal baby boomers with college
degrees,” but the best thing he watched while in the woods was a PBS program, Ken Burns’s
documentary The Civil War. He was able to recite parts of the show verbatim. “I still remember Sullivan
Ballou’s letter to his wife,” said Knight. “It brought tears to my eyes.” Ballou, a major in the Union army,
wrote to Sarah on July 14, 1861, and was killed at the First Battle of Bull Run before the letter was
delivered. The note spoke of “unbounded love” for his children, and Ballou said his heart was attached
to his wife’s “with mighty cables that nothing but Omnipotence could break”—an expression of human
connection that made Knight weep, even if he wasn’t compelled to seek it himself.

Knight was aware of world events and politics, but he seldom had any reaction. Everything seemed to be
happening far away. He burned through all his batteries after September 11, 2001, and never watched
television again. “Car batteries were so heavy and difficult to steal anyway,” he said. He repurposed the
ones he had as anchor weights for guylines, and after he stole a radio that received television audio
signals, he switched to listening to TV stations on the radio; “theater of the mind,” he called it. Seinfeld and Everybody Loves Raymond were his television-on-the-radio favorites.

“I do have a sense of humor,” Knight said. “I just don’t like jokes. Freud said there’s no such thing as a
joke—a joke is an expression of veiled hostility.” His favorite comedians were the Marx Brothers, the
Three Stooges, and George Carlin. The last movie he saw in a theater was the 1984
comedy Ghostbusters.

He never bothered listening to sports; they bored him, every one of them. For news, there were five-
minute updates at the top of the hour on WTOS, the Mountain of Pure Rock, out of Augusta. Also, he
said, he sometimes listened to French news stations out of Quebec. He didn’t speak French, but he
understood most of it.

He liked handheld video games. His rule for stealing them was that they had to appear outdated; he
didn’t want to take a kid’s new one. He’d be stealing those in a couple years anyway. He enjoyed
Pokémon, Tetris, and Dig Dug. “I like games that require thought and strategy. No shoot-em-ups. No
mindless repetitive motion.” Electronic Sudoku was great, and crossword puzzles in magazines were
welcome challenges, but he never took a deck of cards to play solitaire, and he doesn’t like chess.
“Chess is too two-dimensional, too finite of a game.”

He didn’t create any sort of art—“I’m not that type of person”—nor did he spend any nights away from
his camp. “I have no desire to travel. I read. That’s my form of travel.” He never even glimpsed Maine’s
celebrated coastline. He claimed that he did not speak to himself aloud, not a word. “Oh, you mean like
typical hermit behavior, huh? No, never.”

Not for a moment did he consider keeping a journal. He would never allow anyone to read his private thoughts; therefore, he did not risk writing them down. “I’d rather take it to my grave,” he said. And anyway, when was a journal ever honest? “It either tells a lot of truths to cover a single lie,” he said, “or a lot of lies to cover a single truth.”

Knight’s ability to hold a grudge was impressive. Though many National Geographic magazines were buried beneath his tent, he despised the publication. “I didn’t even like stealing them,” he said. “I only looked at them when I was desperate. They’re really only good for burying in the dirt. That glossy paper lasts a long time.”

His aversion to National Geographic extends back to his youth. When Knight was in high school, he was reading a copy and came across a photo of a young Peruvian shepherd standing beside a road, crying. Behind him were several dead sheep, struck by a car as the boy had been trying to guide them. The photograph was later reprinted in a book of National Geographic’s all-time greatest portraits.

It incensed Knight. “They published a photo of the boy’s humiliation. He had failed his family, who had entrusted him with the herd. It’s disgusting that everybody can see a little boy’s failure.” Knight, still furious about the image thirty years later, was a man acutely attuned to the ravages of shame. Had he done something shameful before he’d fled to the forest? He insisted that he had not.

Knight had a strong distaste for big cities, filled with helpless intellectuals, people with multiple degrees who couldn’t change a car’s oil. But, he added, it wasn’t as if rural areas were Valhalla. “Don’t glorify the country,” he said, then tossed off a line from the first chapter of The Communist Manifesto about escaping “the idiocy of rural life.”

He acknowledged, forthrightly, that a couple of cabins were enticing because of their subscriptions to Playboy. He was curious. He was only twenty years old when he disappeared, and had never been out on a date. He imagined that finding love was something like fishing. “Once I was in the woods, I had no contact, so there was no baited hook for me to bite upon. I’m a big fish uncaught.”

One book that Knight never buried in his dump or packed away in a plastic tote—he kept it with him in his tent—was Very Special People, a collection of brief biographies of human oddities: the Elephant Man, General Tom Thumb, the DogFaced Boy, the Siamese twins Chang and Eng, and hundreds of sideshow performers. Knight himself often felt that he was something of circus freak, at least on the inside.

“If you’re born a human oddity,” says the introductory chapter of Very Special People, “every day of your life, starting in infancy, you are made aware that you are not as others are.” When you get older, it continues, things are likely to get worse. “You may hide from the world,” advises the book, “to avoid the punishment it inflicts on those who differ from the rest in mind or body.”

There was one novel above all others, Knight said, that sparked in him the rare and unnerving sensation
that the writer was reaching through time and speaking directly to him: Dostoyevsky's *Notes from the Underground*. “I recognize myself in the main character,” he said, referring to the angry and misanthropic narrator, who has lived apart from all others for about twenty years. The book’s opening lines are: “I am a sick man. I am a spiteful man. I am an unattractive man.”

Knight also expressed no shortage of self-loathing, but it was offset by a fierce pride, as well as an occasional trace of superiority. So, too, with the unnamed narrator of *Underground*. On the final page of the book, the narrator drops all humbleness and says what he feels: “I have only in my life carried to an extreme what you have not dared to carry halfway, and what’s more, you have taken your cowardice for good sense, and have found comfort in deceiving yourselves. So that perhaps, after all, there is more life in me than in you.”


As deeply embedded as the concept of the "nation" has become in political discourse, only in recent years has the strength of scholarship on nationalism approached the complexity of the topic. When Benedict Anderson first published *Imagined Communities* in 1983, he followed Hugh Seton-Watson by only six years. Ernest Gellner’s *Nations and Nationalism* appeared the same year, and seminal works by Miroslav Hroch, Anthony Smith, Partha Chatterjee and Eric Hobsbawm had yet to appear. Even among such distinguished company, however, Anderson stands alone. Perhaps, as he admits in the preface to his recently released second edition, this is because his "idiosyncratic method and preoccupations" remain "on the margins of the newer scholarship." The mainstream still hopes to find in the history of nationalism some solid reality that can be termed the "nation." Instead, "like Gertrude Stein in the face of Oakland," Anderson notes, they find that there is "no there there." In contrast to nationalism's certain historical influence, even Seton-Watson admits that "no 'scientific definition' of the nation can be devised." Anderson hopes to break out of this deadlock by admitting from the outset that terms such as "nationality," "nation-ness" and "nationalism" are "cultural artefacts of a particular kind" — realities constructed by human imagination. While Gellner also notes that nationalism "invents nations where they do not exist," he equates this invention with fabrication. Anderson responds that calling the nation imagined makes it no less real or true. In fact, it is fundamental to the notion of a nation that it be imagined: "Members of even the smallest nation will never know most of their fellow-members... yet in the mind of each lives the image of their community." Since any community larger than the "primordial villages of face-to-face contact" is imagined, communities are distinguished not by their "falsity/genuineness" but by the way in which they are imagined. Thus Anderson has opened up an entirely new field of inquiry, closer in many ways to the concerns of cultural criticism than to those of traditional social science.

Indeed, he cites the German literary critic Walter Benjamin as a major inspiration. Whether or not we can find within nationalism a historically precise and consistent entity is beside the point. The fact remains that nationalism is an idea powerful enough to have induced millions to willingly die in its name. How such an imagined reality came to be a lived reality is Anderson’s chief concern.

Nationalism arose in the eighteenth century at a time when the ancient verities — religion, dynasty and cosmological perceptions of time — were being rapidly overturned. Even now, nationalism involves a concern with death and the sacred that no mere political ideology can muster. Can one
imagine, Anderson asks, a Tomb of the Unknown Liberal or Marxist? This is not to say nationalism is only a secular substitute for religion: It is to say that nationalism is best understood by situating it within the context of culture rather than ideology.

For Anderson, the explanation for such far-reaching cultural transformations is to be found in the intersection of economics and technology. With the coming of the printed word, Benjamin's "age of mechanical reproduction," human consciousness was changed forever. However, feudal book-publishing, limited as it was to the tiny population of Latin readers, could not in itself be a nationalistic force. It took capitalism's restless search for new markets to transform the vernaculars into "print-languages" that laid the basis for national self-consciousness. With the advent of print-languages, speakers of the numerous dialects of French, English and Spanish could for the first time imagine themselves as part of a larger community. Mass production made the book a permanent form "no longer subject to the individualizing and 'unconsciously modernizing' habits of monastic scribes," and this new "fixity" of language somewhat paradoxically "helped to build that image of antiquity so central to the subjective idea of the nation."

How then does Anderson reconcile his emphasis on print capitalism with the fact that nationalism first arose, not in Europe, but in the Americas where language could not have been the major factor? (In fact, he is at pains to emphasize the American origins of nationalism, a point little noticed in reviews of his first edition. Anderson attributes this oversight to the "Eurocentric provincialism" still characteristic of most scholarship.) The British and Spanish colonies obviously shared a common language with the métropole, and, among the South American colonies, most shared a common language. If language was central, should not the Spanish colonies have formed their own United States of South America? At first glance, Anderson admits, language would seem to be less decisive than the existence of long-standing administrative boundaries that were compounded by rough geographical terrain and the difficulties of communication. Within these narrow confines, national consciousness was created in the minds of a small class of "creole" functionaries (persons of European descent born in the Americas) prevented by the métropole from rising beyond the capital city of the particular administrative unit in which they were born.

Language remains crucial even in the Americas, however, because it took print-capitalism, and the propagandizing efforts of printer-journalists, to transmit the functionaries' territorial-wide travels into the "imagining" of the nation. The newspaper provided that necessary sense of a community moving together through Benjamin's "homogenous, empty time"—as opposed to the earlier feudal notion of cosmological time based on humanity's relationship to the deity, such that the here and now has also always been. This sense of shared destiny was easier to imagine in the smaller, more integrated North American colonies than in the far-flung Spanish empire. If not for the primitive stage of Spanish capitalism and its geographical stretch relative to that era's limited communication and transportation networks, there might indeed have emerged a unified Spanish-American nation. Thus, it is not language per se, but the intersection of language with technology that is decisive. Even though print-capitalism and creole functionaries did not cause the break with the métropole — economic interests, liberalism and the Enlightenment certainly played a major role — without them, the American revolts might not have led to the creation of the entities we now recognize as "nations."

Anderson gives language even greater credit for spurring the European age of nationalism. Again, he cites the importance of print-capitalism, Latin's ontological fall from grace (making room for
the spectacular growth of vernaculars), exploration's impact in spurring interest in comparative language studies and the creation of the first vernacular dictionaries. Language played the key unifying role in both "popular" and "official" nationalisms, the latter being largely a phenomenon of aging dynasties adopting the national model for reactionary purposes. Anderson draws on Hobsbawm in explaining how print-capitalism transformed shapeless, confusing events like the French popular uprising of 1789 into the "French Revolution" — a model to be studied and copied. "Revolution" and the "nation" gained a solidity in print they never had in reality, though the concepts that emerged were complex enough that emerging national movements could pick and choose whatever aspects of the blueprint served their purposes.

Arguing that this "modal" nature continues to be evident in developing national movements, Anderson puts the blame for the Khmer Rouge genocide less on its "leaders' cruelty, paranoia, and megalomania" than on the "models of what revolutions have, can, should, and should not do, drawn from France, the USSR, China, and Vietnam—and all the books written about them in French." In this sense, Pol Pot was saying "'yes' to the levée en masse and the Terror, 'no' to Thermidor and Bonapartism; 'yes' to War Communism, collectivization and the Moscow Trials, 'no' to NEP and de-Stalinization" and so on. Still, the existence of such variegated blueprints and their widespread availability in print fails to explain why Pol Pot chose one path and not another.

Not surprisingly, post-colonial nationalism for Anderson is little more than a repetition of earlier European and American models. The creation of a class of indigenous functionaries (sharing, like the Creole Americans, common "journeys" allowing them to imagine the nation), standardized education and the introduction of Western ideas all played a role, as did the spread of imperial languages or, in some cases, new nationalist languages, such as "Indonesian." Which language is used does not matter — English in India or Portuguese in Mozambique serve quite adequately. It is the phenomenon of print-language itself that "invents nationalism." The only question is whether the administrative system can "generate a politically sufficient diffusion of bilingualism." But this problem is becoming less significant as modern telecommunications permit states to "conjure up the imagined community to illiterates and populations with different mother-tongues."

Thus, having established the primacy of language, Anderson somewhat surprisingly and unceremoniously tosses it out the window when he arrives at the modern era. Language started the whole process off, but now that the model has become firmly ensconced in culture, nations can be "imagined without linguistic communality." Modern nationalism is nothing more than the bandwagon effect. Switzerland's multilingual society, an oft cited exception to language-based theories of nationalism, can be explained by dating the birth of Swiss nationalism from 1891, which, being "not much more than a decade older than Burmese or Indonesian nationalism," places it well within this "last wave." Is Anderson himself guilty of a certain Eurocentrism that denies any indigenous "national" spirit to developing world national ists, as some critics have suggested? Perhaps this spirit might reveal itself in ways unrecognizable to us as nationalism, but does that mean it does not exist? Anderson does not consider this question. However, in two appendices new to the present edition, he attempts to explore more deeply how this modeling process took place outside of Europe and the Americas.

In "Census, Map, Museum," he corrects his original assumption that "official nationalism" in colonized Africa and Asia was simply a European clone. Instead, the colonial state, despite being typically anti-nationalist, provided the conceptual tools by which the post-colonial state could imagine
itself. For example, the colonial map became the simple, easily recognizable logo that defined the nation not only territorially, but for the first time within the minds of indigenous peoples. In "Memory and Forgetting," Anderson ventures into the murky territory whereby the modern phenomenon of the nation imagines itself to be rooted in antiquity. He offers the example of how English history textbooks offer schoolchildren the tale of a "Founding Father" named William the Conquerer. "The same child is not informed that William spoke no English, indeed could not have done so, since the English language did not exist in that epoch; nor is he or she told 'Conqueror of what?'. For the only intelligible modern answer would have to be 'Conqueror of the English/ which would turn the old Norman predator into a more successful precursor of Napoleon and Hitler." Yet this is not Big Brother brainwashing the children: It goes deeper than that to actually reflect a new form of consciousness. Just as "after experiencing the physiological and emotional changes produced by puberty, it is impossible to 'remember' the consciousness of childhood," the rupture with the past that the age of nationalism represented brought about its own form of amnesia. The nation is not merely a concept, but a narrative that allows the imagined community to conceive of itself as sharing a common historical journey.

We have returned to Anderson's original thesis. It is because the nation is a "community imagined through language" that it can so easily think of itself as ancient. Languages "loom up imperceptibly out of a horizonless past... [and] thus appear rooted beyond almost anything else in contemporary societies." This, he believes, also gives lie to theories of nationalism that characterize it as inherently racist. Only a nationalism rooted in language, rather than blood, could allow anyone to be "invited in" to the imagined community — evident from the fact that nearly every nation-state accepts the principle of naturalization. Yet despite Anderson's claim that racism is rooted in the ideology of class, rather than that of nation, the obvious fact remains that nationalism and racism have often been linked. Racism cannot so easily be swept out from under the big tent of nationalism.

Anderson's historical reach is impressive; his thesis is thoroughly documented and cogently argued. Yet in his nearly exclusive preoccupation with language, the author overstates his case by half. Is it language, or simply the economic and social changes of the modern era that manifested themselves in, among other things, language, that laid the basis for nationalism? Could this just as easily have been a book about capitalism, with less of an emphasis on the "print"?

But even if we concede Anderson's intriguing thesis, and I think there is much validity in it, conspicuously missing from his account is an acknowledgement of the impact of a new system of communication that may even now be replacing print-language —namely, video-language. As noted earlier, Anderson sees radio and television merely as print's "allies," helping diffuse the concept of the nation that print-language helped create. The possibility also remains that new ways of transmitting a concept lead inexorably to its transformation; telecommunications may prove to be less of an ally than a historical competitor. If ancient Latin, Chinese and Arabic, with their claims of reflecting unmediated divine reality, created one sort of human consciousness, while the rise of print vernaculars shattered that reality to give birth to the modern secular world, should we not expect something equally revolutionary to come of the satellite and video age? The dialectical possibilities are obvious, and though Anderson admits that multilingual broadcasting resembles medieval Christendom's dependence on visual icons and bilingual literati, he does not contemplate the possibility that a synthesis is at hand. One worldwide telecommunications network surely does not herald "one world" devoid of national boundaries, but its reach cannot help but transform human consciousness. Writing in the midst of this transformation, it may be difficult for Anderson to see its full implications. Perhaps it must be left to
some future historian to write of our age as Anderson did of Guttenberg's century—there began the stirrings of a new epoch in which the world would be imagined completely anew.

Document 3: 5 Pieces of Graffiti Art by Artist Known as “Banksy” (2004-Present)
IF YOU REPEAT A LIE OFTEN ENOUGH, IT BECOMES TRUTH.
POLTICS

IF GRAFFITI CHANGED ANYTHING, IT WOULD BE ILLEGAL.
Document 4: Embroidered Sampler by 13-Year Old Laura Hyde, June 27, 1800

**Inscription:** inscribed in center: Laura Hyde / her sampler AE / 13 June 27 1800; inscribed in left center, right center, and lower left: India within / the Ganges / The outpart of the Kays Harem / the British Embas / sadors Lady ac / companied by a / Grecian lady visits / the Kays Lady at the / Harem / Bay of Bengal