

1296.

It occurs to me that Maria may wake up one morning and see me as others do, that her love may prove deciduous.

Meyer, Phillip – *Son* p. 418

1297.

Against him, the intuitions of stepmother and stepdaughter came together and procreated, began to put on carnality, feel blood and form bone, and a heart and brain were coming to the offspring. This creature that was forming against the gay-hearted, generous, eloquent, goodfellow was bristly, foul, a hyena, hate of woman the house-jailed and child-chained against the keycarrier, childnamer, and riothaver. Sometimes now an involuntary sly smile would appear on Henny's face when she heard *that dull brute, Sam's pigheaded child*, oppose to his quicksilver her immovable obstinacy, a mulishness beyond rhyme and reason. Sam had his remedies, but Henny smiled in pity at his remedies.

Stead, Christina – *The Man who Loved Children* p. 36

1298.

Also as a result of the weather, I was wearing a sweater for the first time in months, one Patty had given me for my birthday: a brown monster stout with various fugal inversions and augmentations of the standard cable knit, and consequently glutted with insulational dead air, its corona of lighter outer fibers frizzing out three-eighths of an inch or more from the stubbed and satisfyingly clutchable weave that formed the actual structure underneath, so that the sweater, along with me, its wearer, appeared to fade without a demonstrable outer boundary into the rest of the room, as tuning forks or rubber bands will seemed in their blurred vibration to transform their material selves into the invisible sound they generate; a machine made sweater, but manufactured apparently with Xenarkian lurches and indecisions programmed into the numerically controlled needles that, unlike the chain flayings and bleaching stains used in production lines to antique new furniture, gave it to my eye an attraction distinct from the irregular grandmotherly alternations between close attention and indignant abandonment at historical preservation meetings prominent in handmade knitwear.

Baker, Nick – *Room Temperature* p. 4

1299.

When all is said and done, there is not all that much difference between helping a blind man only to rob him afterwards and looking after some tottering and stammering old person with one eye on the inheritance.

Saramago, Jose – *Blindness* p. 16

1300.

In truth the human being to lack that second skin we call egoism has not yet been born, it lasts much longer than the other one, that bleeds so readily.

IBID-p. 171

1301.

Is she still beautiful, She was more beautiful once, You were never more beautiful, said the wife of the first blind man. Words are like that, they deceive, they pile up, it seems they do not know where to go, and suddenly, because of two or three or four that suddenly come out, simple in themselves, a personal pronoun, an adverb, a verb, an adjective, we have the excitement of seeing them coming irresistibly to the surface through the skin and the eyes and unsettling the composure of our feelings, sometimes the nerves that cannot bear it any longer, they put up with a great deal, they put up with everything, it was as if they were wearing amour, we might say. The doctor's wife has nerves of steel, and yet the doctor's wife is reduced to tears because of a personal pronoun, an adverb, a verb, an adjective, mere grammatical categories, mere labels, just like to two women, the others, indefinite pronouns, they too are crying, they embrace the woman of the whole sentence, three graces beneath the falling rain.

IBID-p. 281/82

1302.

A neighbour who was passing and saw Jesus leave asked, Where's your son off to, Mary, and Mary replied, He's found work in Jerusalem and he'll be staying there for a while, a barefaced lie as we know, but this question of telling lies or the truth is complicated, better not to make any hasty moral judgements because if one waits long enough the truth becomes lies and lies become truth.

Saramago, Jose – *The Gospel According to Jesus Christ* p. 142

1303.

The real problem lay deeply embedded within the technological systems, and it was impossible to solve: 'Our ability to organize does not match the inherent hazards of some of our organized activities.' What appeared to be the rare exception, an anomaly, a one-in-a-million accident, was actually to be expected. It was normal.

Perrow, C.P in Schlosser, Eric – *Command & Control* p. 460

1304.

I returned home tormented by the little demon who whispers into our ear the devastating replies we didn't give at the right time, and neither reading nor music could mitigate my rage.

Marquez, Gabriel Garcia – *Memories of my Melancholy Whores* p. 46

1305.

Practically every peak-time (television) programme is populated by people who are just the right sort of mad, and I now knew what the formula was. The people who are the right sort of mad are a bit madder than we fear we're becoming, and in a recognizable way. We might be anxious but we aren't as anxious as *them*. We might be paranoid but we aren't as paranoid as *them*.

Ronson, Jon – *The Psychopath test* p. 221

1306.

Behind every great fortune, a great crime.

Balzac, in Winton, Tim – *Eyrie* p. 85

1307.

Left, right, left, right: it took me years to grasp that the goosetep of the murderers was the same on both sides of the political divide, and that in revolutions, as in wars, psychopaths rise like a scum to the top.

Goldsworthy, Peter – *His Stupid Boyhood* p. 185

1308.

A lick of beauty

Stead, Christina – *Cotter's England* p. 20

1309.

Next to eating pies and drinking beer, the Great Australian habit is pissing in wash basins...The origin of this exotic national custom is the traditional lack of toilets in hotel bedrooms. When daylight begins to filter through the curtains, male guests arrive, turn on the tap of their hand basins and indulge in one of the few remaining pleasures of life: a good long morning piss. A habit rendered the more pleasurable by its illegality and the indelicacy of depositing it in a receptacle set aside for another purpose. The Australian takes a secret delight in adopting anti-social habits because he is usually descended from convict forebears...

Hardy, Frank – *But the Dead are Many* p. 174

1310.

At this time the U.S.A. was being overwhelmed by a new polite language, a sophomore neo-Latin, which my father called *academese*, and which concealed everything unpleasant in terms pseudoscientific, generally pseudo-psychological. This was partly the effect of translations from persons writing in German, e.g., Freud and Marx, whose works were translated by verbal-parallelists (not translators) into an astounding polysyllabic jargon.

In the so-called *sociological* sphere, English words were built up in the German fashion to conceal things. For example, this was the time when the poor and hungry began to be called the *underprivileged* and the rich, the *overprotected*. Radical views on the part of the poor were called *maladjustment*; the use of the imagination was *escapism*.

Thus Dora, a liar and fraud, everyone called, rather tenderly, a mythomaniac.(!)

Stead, Christina – *Letty Fox – Her luck* p. 239

1311.

'I loved her, she loved another, and he in turn neglected her for another'. Heine says something like that. This is love.

Ibid - p. 477

1312.

Fortunately, cognitive work is not always aversive, and people sometimes expend considerable effort for long periods of time without having to exert willpower. The psychologist Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi has done more than anyone else to study this state of effortless attending, and the name he proposed for it, *flow*, has become part of the language. People who experience flow describe it as 'a state of effortless concentration so deep that they lose their sense of time, of themselves, of their problems,' and their descriptions of the joy of the state are so compelling that Csikszentmihalyi has called it an 'optimal experience'. Many activities can induce a sense of flow, from painting to racing motorcycles...*(Cf also practicing the flute!)*

Kahnman, Daniel – *Thinking fast and Slow* p. 40

1313.

The illusion of pattern affects our lives in many ways...How many good years should you wait before concluding that an investment adviser is unusually skilled?...The simple answer is that if you follow your intuition, you will more often than not err by misclassifying a random event as systematic. We are far too willing to reject the belief that much of what we see in life is random...Statistics produce many observations that appear to beg for causal explanations but do not lend themselves to such explanations. Many facts of the world are due to chance, including accidents of sampling. Causal explanations of chance events are inevitably wrong.

Ibid - p. 117/118

1314.

'Death is the mother of beauty,' said Henry.

'And what is beauty?'

'Terror.'

'Well said,' said Julian. 'Beauty is rarely soft or consolatory. Quite the contrary. Genuine beauty is always quite alarming'.

Tartt, Donna – *The Secret History* p. 41

1315.

I was struck with a wave of revulsion so strong it was almost nausea. Horrific as it was, the present dark, I was afraid to leave it for the other, permanent dark – jelly and bloat, the muddy pit. I had seen the shadow of it on Bunny's face – stupid terror; the whole world opening upside down; his life exploding in a thunder of crows and the sky expanding empty over his stomach like a white ocean. Then nothing. Rotten stumps, sowbugs crawling in the fallen leaves. Dirt and dark.

I lay on my bed. I felt my heart limping in my chest, and was revolted by it, a pitiful muscle, sick and bloody, pulsing against my ribs. Rain streamed down the windowpanes. The lawn outside was sodden, swampy. When the sun came up, I saw, in the small, cold light of dawn, that the flagstones outside were covered with earthworms: delicate, nasty, hundreds of them, twisting blind and helpless on the rain-dark sheets of slate.

Ibid - p. 551/552

1316.

There is nothing wrong with the love of Beauty. But Beauty – unless it is wed to something more meaningful – is always superficial.

Ibid - p. 557

1317.

The guests crushed together and then like grains through a hopper began to stream and blend their flows, they turned, swarmed and reknotted their groups, pushed back, pressed forward; nearer the door vaguely moved back and those near the table confusedly bent towards it.

Someone went to the musicians and the girls pushed forward with their expressions. Here she was, with her bridegroom, standing a moment at the door, she a little pyramid of satin, with a small oval face, looking at them, as she paused as if they were all strangers, he in a dark suit, the veil over his arm, already disturbed by a husband's worries, looking friendly.

Stead, Christina – *For Love Alone* p. 40

1318.

She wanted to defend Miss Haviland but the cowardice peculiar to private conversations fell on her.

Ibid - p. 220

1319.

In common usage, "love" has become trivialized. Most times it means nothing more than infatuation, desire, or shallow prepackaged romance reminiscent of Hugh Grant and Julia Roberts movies. But love as a concept is much more. According to Hegel, Love is the ideal form of recognition; recognition without a conflict of wills...Love is a union; it's a bond between people. It doesn't have to be romantic or passionate. But it is also not a luxury. Love is not something that only the lucky find. Rather, love is a way of being connected to others that is necessary for our development as human beings.

Held, J. M. – All you Need is Love: Hegel, Love & Community in Baur, M. & S. (eds) – The Beatles and Philosophy p. 32/33

1320.

Hegel is working with a distinction between freedom and license and freedom as self realization.

Ibid - p. 33

1321.

The proper human good and source of real happiness, says Aristotle, is the contemplative life, the full exercise of one's rational powers aimed at the acquisition of wisdom. The life of wisdom avoids the problems plaguing the other two major life pursuits. (*i.e. the pursuit of money and honour*). Not only is wisdom an end in itself, it cannot be taken away against one's will.

Spiegel, J. S. – Getting Better: The Beatles & Virtue Ethics in Baur, M. & S. (eds) – The Beatles and Philosophy p. 51

1322.

According to *US News and World Report*, Americans spend more on garbage bags than ninety other countries spend on everything combined; we have twice as many shopping malls as high schools.

Calef, S. – You Say that You've Got Everything you Want: The Beatles & the Critique of Consumer Culture in Baur, M. & S. (eds) – The Beatles and Philosophy p. 73

1323.

Like that friend most of us have had at some point in our lives who's become so adept at describing the illusions of human intimacy that he's incapable of having a decent relationship. Unbridled intellectual sophistication sometimes condemns us to misery.

Crooks, J. – Take a Sad Song and Make it Better in Baur, M. & S. (eds) – The Beatles and Philosophy p. 184

1324.

You might think of it as the "Hey Jude effect". As far as I'm concerned, Paul's advice in the opening verse of that brilliantly simple track – "...take a sad song and make it better. Remember to let her into your heart..." – is an epigram for everything the Beatles accomplished in the end. Their bottom line, surely, is that our pessimism, no matter how sophisticated, our sadness, no matter how deep, is soothed and sheltered by the simple opening of the heart.

Ibid - p. 184/85

1325.

I am alive, I have my own children and with them I have tried to achieve one aim: that they shouldn't be afraid of their father. They aren't I know that. When I enter a room, they don't cringe, they don't look down at the floor, they don't dart off as soon as they glimpse an opportunity, no, if they look at me, it is not a look of indifference, and if there is anyone I am happy to be ignored by it is them. If there is anyone I am happy to be taken for granted by, it is them. And should they have completely forgotten I was there when they turn forty themselves, I will thank them and take a bow and accept the bouquets.

Knausgaard, Karl Ove – *Boyhood Island* p. 282

1326.

He did not believe in virtue. Virtue was vanity dressed up and waiting for applause.

Flanagan, Richard – *The Narrow Road to the Deep North* p. 55

1327.

But you wrote it. I wrote something. Yes. And you were truthful? No. You weren't truthful? I was accurate.

Ibid - p. 78

1328.

Memory's only like justice, Bonox, because it is another wrong idea that makes people feel right.

Ibid - p. 254

1329.

And maybe we remember nothing most of all when we put our hands on our hearts and carry on about not forgetting. (*i.e. Lest We Forget*).

Ibid - p. 255

1330.

What do the hieroglyphs tell us of what it was like to live under the lash, building the pyramids? Do we talk of that? Do we? No, we talk of the magnificence and majesty of the Egyptians. Of the Romans. Of Saint Petersburg, and nothing of the bones of the hundred thousand slaves that it is built upon. Maybe that's how they will remember the Japs. Maybe that's all his pictures would end up being used for – to justify the magnificence of these monsters.

Ibid - p. 255

1331.

Maybe we just get given our faces, our lives, our fates, our happiness and unhappiness. Some get a lot, some bugger all. And love the same. Like different glass sizes for beer. You get a lot, you get bugger all, you drink it and it's gone. You know it and then you don't know it. Maybe we don't control any of it. No one makes love like they make a wall or a house. They catch it like a cold. It makes them miserable and then it passes, and pretending otherwise is the road to hell.

Ibid - p. 389

1332.

In this world
We walk on the roof of hell
Gazing at flowers – *Haiku* by *Issa*
Ibid - p. 391

1333.

He who tries to keep too tight a control over his life suffers a false longing for immortality, and no good has ever come of that.
Nooteboom, Cees – *In the Dutch Mountains* p. 23

1334.

Unhappy is the land where no peaches exist, for its people would not know how to describe Lucia's skin. Any other comparison would be inadequate because it would lack the suggestion of eating.
Ibid - p. 29

1335.

Kai had wanted to become a clown, but lacked the fathomless melancholy and the terrible equilibrium between inward-directed altruism and outward-directed self-hate which is the hallmark of that profession.
Ibid - p. 34

1336.

The bible stories, however much they may resemble Persian or Babylonian myths, do not occur in the standard works on mythology, simply because there are still people who believe in them. As soon as the last believer is dead, a religion becomes a myth, that's what it all boils down to.
Ibid - p. 119

1337.

Take anyone of these half-baked Mediterranean pipe dreams and transfer it to the twentieth century when the zeros are on the march once again; take it to the jungles of Kampuchea and pay a visit to Pol Pot, in whose ideology no more property and no more cities are allowed to exist, no family, no sentiment, no music, no song, no books, no knowledge of the past. Three million people have died for that, because people always must die when a utopia is made law. But at the start there is always seduction; there are the men with the golden mouths, like the madman on whose lap Lucia now sits!
Ibid - p. 134/5

1338.

Stendhal wrote that music was the highest form of art and that all other forms really wanted to be music. This was of course a Platonic idea, all the other art forms depict something else, music is the only one which is something in itself, it is absolutely incomparable.
Knausgaard, Karl Ove – *A man in Love* p. 382/3

1339.

If I have learned one thing over these years which seems to me immensely important, particularly in an era such as ours, overflowing with such mediocrity, it is the following: Don't believe you are anybody.

Do not bloody believe you are somebody.

Because you are not. You're just a smug mediocre little shit.

Do not believe that you're anything special. Do not believe that you're worth anything, because you aren't. You're just a little shit.

So keep your head down and work, you little shit. Then at least you'll get something out of it. Shut your mouth, keep your head down, work and know that you're not worth a shit.

Ibid - p. 456

1340.

The German occupation makes Trieste a gift of fourteen legally registered brothels under the medical supervision of Italian doctors, and 200 registered street walkers. The registered brothels allow in only members of the military (and their previously screened guests), while the unregistered brothels are left to civilians. In the registered houses of passion, the passions are efficiently controlled. Upon entering the brothel the "consumer" would receive a form (in duplicate) in which a "secretary" would officially enter his name and unit, his rank, the date of the visit, the name of the "institution" and the name of the prostitute, after which the customer would be medically examined to make sure he has no pubic pests or gonorrhoea or, heaven forbid, syphilis; then he'd undergo prophylactic treatment consisting of a wash with soap and water and mercury bichloride, followed by an intraurethral injection of 2 per cent protargol and an application of calomel powder. Finally, he would be handed a condom, after which, with an intrepid *Heil!*, off he would go to satisfy his sex drive.

Drndic, Dasa – Trieste p. 82

1341.

But we forget that illusion has essentially two forms: the form of hope and the form of recollection. Youth has the illusion of hope, age – the illusion of recollection.

Kierkegaard in Ibid - p. 252

1342.

History, history which we Germans (and Austrians) have repeatedly mucked up, as Grass says, is a clogged toilet. We flush and flush, but the shit keeps coming up.

Ibid - p. 316

1343.

That frightens me. When in people who are monsters, butchers, slaughterers, perverse sadists we discover scraps of gentleness and frailty, I freeze in horror.

Ibid - p. 329

1344.

We should probably be able to learn something from the repetition of history, *repetito est mater studiorum*, but despite the fact that history stubbornly repeats itself, we are bad learners, and History, brazen and stubborn, does not desist, it goes right on repeating and repeating itself.

Ibid - p. 333

1345.

The truth is absolutely simple. Our fathers were criminals and murderers, so screw those platitudes about the banality of evil. There are no justifications, there is no valid relativization, there is no excuse. There is *no mercy* for the pathological debris of humanity, those tainted minds shouldn't have even been brought to trial, what miserable justice, what defence of which dignity, whose dignity, which pathetic Nurembergs, Stuttgarts, Dusseldorfs, Frankfurts, Munichs, Hagues, money wasted, time wasted, only dark farcical performances after which not a single diseased mind has learned nor will learn a thing, all of them should have been executed after a summary trial the way the Russians and East Germans did in '46, '47 and '48, their germ should have been sent to seed so the new ones don't come along who keep coming and coming, they, too, should be swiftly done away with before they die in comfortable prisons playing chess or, worst of all, free, as heroes to whom monstrous monuments are raised, whose names bedeck city squares, airports, that scum ought to be eliminated so that the story wouldn't continue, elegantly and brazenly, inserting itself into reality and so that the malevolent Phoenix would once and for all stop hovering over our heads.

Ibid - p. 345

1346.

*What do you want to be in life?
I don't know.*

He realized that this was not a good answer, but it was the only possible one, even to someone who liked to finish things properly. He had not the faintest idea. As a matter of fact, he was sure that not only did he never want to be anything but that he never would be anything either. The world was already chock-full of people who were something, and most of them were clearly not happy with what they were.

Nooteboom, Cees – *Rituals* p. 63

1347.

You are incapable of selecting – a sure sign of lack of class. That's why you're nothing more than a dabbler. That is somebody who likes everything. Life's too short. The human condition does not allow it. You can only really find a thing beautiful if you know something about it. He who does not select will perish in the morass. Carelessness, lack of attention, not really knowing anything about anything, the muddy face of dilettantism. The second half of the twentieth century. More opportunities for everyone. More people knowing less about more. The spread of knowledge over as large an area as possible. He who wants to skate over the surface will fall through the ice. Thus spake Bernard Rozenboom.

Ibid - p. 155

1348.

Inni groaned inaudibly. The Seventies. No sooner had they closed the door of the church behind them than they crawled like beggars to the bare feet of gurus and swamis. At last they were alone in a wonderful, empty universe that went zooming along on its home-made rails like a train without a driver, and they were shouting for help out of all the windows.

Ibid - p. 179

1349.

He thought of a line from a Spanish or South American poet he had once read somewhere, which he had never been able to forget: "Man is a sad mammal that combs its hair."

Ibid - p. 201

1350.

Poet Walt Whitman captured that feeling when he described the excesses of capitalism as “a sort of anti-democratic disease and monstrosity”.

Stone & Kuznick – *The Untold History of the Untied States* p. xxviii

1351.

In perhaps the most creative response, one protester showed up at the Jesuit publication’s office with an umbrella labeled ‘Portable Fallout Shelter’. An arrow pointing to the end opposite the handle read, ‘For stabbing shelterless neighbours’. Despite government pressure, surprisingly few Americans actually built fallout shelters, apparently recognising that shelters would offer scant protection in the event of nuclear war or that such a war might not be worth surviving.

Ibid - p. 302

1352.

When briefed by RAND’s William Kaufmann on the need to avoid targeting civilians, (Commander General) Power exploded, ‘Why do you want us to restrain ourselves? Restraint! Why are you so concerned with saving their lives? The whole idea is the kill the bastards!’ He added, ‘Look. At the end of the war, if there are two Americans and one Russian, we win!’ Exasperated, Kauffman responded, ‘Well, you better make sure they’re a man and a woman’.

Ibid - p. 303

1353.

George W. Bush was legendary for his misstatements and malapropisms. But sometimes, through the mangled syntax, a bit of truth would slip out. Such was the occasion in 2004 when he declared, “our enemies are innovative and resourceful, and so are we. They never stop thinking about new ways to harm our country and our people, and neither do we.”

Ibid - p. 499

1354.

He had a mind as narrow as a vinegar cruet.

Flanagan, Richard – *Gould’s Book of Fish* p. 266

1355.

‘Why do you paint?’ asked he, & before I could point out that it beats being gang-bugged behind a blackwood, but only just, answered he his own question: Because you must find beauty in the most adverse of worlds.

Ibid - p. 266

1356.

Ask me – after all, if you can’t trust a liar & a forger, a whore & an informer, a convicted murderer & a thief, you’ll never understand this country. Because we all make our accommodations with power, & the mass of us would sell our brother or sister for a bit of peace & quiet. We’ve been trained to live a life of moral cowardice while all the time comforting ourselves that we are nature’s rebels. But in truth we’ve never got upset or excited about anything; we’re like the sheep we shot the Aborigines to make way for, docile until slaughter.

Ibid - p. 400/01

1357.

My point is like, democracy is an excuse for any fucking thing.
Violence...greed...stupidity...anything is OK if Americans do it. Right? Am I right?

Tartt, Donna – *The Goldfinch* p. 266

1358.

It's a joke, the (*The Goldfinch* by) Fabritius. It has a joke at its heart. And that's what all the very great masters do. Rembrandt, Velazquez. Late Titian. They make jokes. They amuse themselves. They build up the illusion, the trick – but, step closer? it falls apart into brushstrokes. Abstract, unearthly. A different and much deeper sort of beauty altogether. The thing and yet not the thing. I should say that that one tiny painting puts Fabritius in the rank of the greatest painters who ever lived.

Ibid - p. 579

1359.

We have art in order not to die from the truth.

Nietzsche, F. in Ibid - p. 639

1360.

You read *The Idiot*, right?...All Myshkin ever did was good...unselfish...he treated all persons with understanding and compassion and what resulted from this goodness? Murder! Disaster! I used to worry about this a lot. Lie awake at night and Worry! Because – why? How could this be? I read that book like three times, thinking I wasn't understanding right. Myshkin was kind, loved everyone, he was tender, always forgave, he never did a wrong thing – but he trusted all the wrong people, made all bad decisions, hurt everyone around him. Very dark message to this book. 'Why be good'.

Ibid - p. 745

1361.

Even Proust – there's a famous passage where Odette opens the door with a cold, she's sulky, her hair is loose and undone, her skin is patchy, and Swann, who has never cared about her until that moment, falls in love with her because she looks like a Botticelli girl from a slightly damaged fresco. Which Proust himself only knew from a reproduction. He never saw the original, in the Sistine Chapel. But even so – the whole novel is in some ways about that moment. And the damage is part of the attraction, the painting's blotchy cheeks. Even through a copy Proust was able to re-dream that image, re-shape reality with it, pull something all his own from it into the world. Because – the line of beauty is the line beauty. It doesn't matter if it's been through the Xerox machine a hundred times.

Ibid - p. 754

1362.

You know what Picasso says. 'Bad artists copy, good artists steal'.

Ibid - p. 755

1363.

Because I don't care what anyone says or how often or winningly they say it: no one will ever, ever be able to persuade me that life is some awesome, rewarding treat. Because, here's the truth: life is catastrophe. The basic fact of existence – of walking around trying to feed ourselves and find friends and whatever else we do – is catastrophe. Forget all this ridiculous 'Our Town' nonsense everyone talks: the miracle of a new born babe, the joy of one simple blossom, Life You Are Too Wonderful To Grasp &c. For me – and I'll keep repeating it doggedly till I die, till I fall over on my ungrateful nihilistic face and am too weak to say it: better never born, that born into this cesspool. Sinkhole of hospital beds, coffins, and broken hearts.

Ibid - p. 767

1364.

Maybe it's ridiculous to go on in this vein, although it doesn't matter since no one's ever going to read this – but does it make any sense at all to know that it ends badly for all of us, even the happiest of us, and that we all lose everything that matters in the end – and yet to know as well, despite all this, as cruelly as the game is stacked, that it's possible to play it with a kind of joy?

Ibid - p. 768

1365.

"Envy is what holds artists together, envy, pure envy, everyone envies everyone else for everything...I talked about it once before, I want to say: artists are the sons and daughters of loathsomeness, of paradisiac shamelessness, the original sons and daughters of lewdness; artists, painters, writers, and musicians are the compulsive masturbators on the planet, its disgusting cramps, its peripheral puffings and swellings its pustular secretions...I want to say: artists are the great emetic agents of the time, they were always the great, the very greatest emetics...Artists, are they not a devastating army of absurdity, of scum? The infernality of unscrupulousness is something I always meet with the thoughts of artists...But I don't want any artists' thoughts anymore, no more of those unnatural thoughts, I want nothing more to do with artists or with art, yes, not with art either, that greatest of all abortions...Do you understand: I want to get right away from that bad smell. Get away from that stink, I always say to myself, and secretly I always thought, get away from that corrosive, shredding, useless lie, get away from that shameless simony..." He (*the painter*) said. "Artists are the identical twins of hypocrisy, the identical twins of low-mindedness, the identical twins of licensed exploitation, the greatest licensed exploitation of all time. Artists, as they have shown themselves to me to be," he said, "are all dull and grandiloquent, nothing..."

Bernhard, Thomas – Frost p. 143/44

1366.

God is a cosmic embarrassment! An immense embarrassment of the stars!

Ibid - p. 205

1367.

And the place, Gwen, where we shit – where we lock ourselves in and secretly excommunicate these stinking brown heretics from our temples, then erase their miasma by thoroughly wiping the crevice between our nethercheeks with the ceremonial ablutionary tissue and send the whole mess spiraling into oblivion, down the maelstrom to the place of the unseen, sent to the underworld washed in the waters of Lethe – banished forsaken, forgotten.

Hale, Benjamin – The Evolution of Bruno Littlemore p. 122

1368.

When it came to sex, I had to make the Buberian moral shift from *I/it* to *I/thou*. That is, a soul is a *thou* and a body is an *it*. The problem with this construct is, of course, that when sex enters into any relationship between two conscious beings with sufficient theory of mind to cognize the consciousness of the other, we must deal with the philosophical difficulty of seeing another person as an *it* and a *thou* at the same time. I have noticed that not even most humans can do this. At the height of passion, animal solipsism is absolute, and everything but the I is an it.

Ibid - p. 202

1369.

One of the most compelling, albeit imperfect, tools to gauge women's involvement in the stories that make it to our big screens is the Bechdel test...originally used in jest by cartoonist Alison Bechdel...To pass the Bechdel test, a movie needs to have two named female characters who talk to each other at some point about anything other than a man...At the time of writing, the majority of top-grossing films do not pass. Even the film adaptations of J.K. Rowling's Harry Potter series fail in all but one film.

Moss, Tara – *The Fictional Woman* p. 105

1370.

When both parents work full time in a household 'women do about twice as much childcare and housework as men', but when a woman starts to earn *more* than her male partner, the gap may actually widen...with some studies showing that the more a woman earns over and above her male partner's salary, the more housework *she* does...Basically, she has to be seen as not neglecting her wifely duties (*see, I'm still a good wife! I'm still a good mother!*) ...Hence sociologists have dubbed this phenomenon 'gender deviance neutralisation'.

Ibid - p. 142/43

1371.

Nobody anticipated the way iPhones exert a constant gravitational tug on our attention. *Do I have email? What's happening on Twitter? Could I get away with playing Tiny Wings at this meeting?* When you're carrying a smartphone, your attention is never entirely undivided. The reality of living with an iPhone, or any smart, connected mobile device, is that it makes reality feel just that little bit less real. One gets over-connected, to the point where one is apt to pay attention to the thoughts and opinions of distant anonymous strangers over those of loved ones who are in the same room. One forgets how to be alone and undistracted. Ironically enough experiences don't feel fully real till you've used your phone to make them virtual – tweeted them or tumbled them or Instagrammed them or YouTubed them – and the world has congratulated you for doing so.

Kedmey, Dan et al – *Time* September 12, 2004 p. 28

1372.

In his book *The Origins of Modern Germany*, Geoffrey Barraclough calls this a conspiracy against the German people, and those who keep repeating that the Germans voted for Hitler...would be well advised to take another look at the figures. In 1924, under a million people voted for the National Socialists; in 1928, it was even fewer; in 1930, after the Wall Street crash and the collapse of German industry, it was 6.4 million; in July 1932, 13.7 million (there were over 6 million unemployed people at the time); and in November 1932, that figure fell to 11.7 million.

Social Democratic and Communist votes remained relatively constant over the period, a rising line of 10.5 million in 1924 to 13.1 million in 1932...all told there were over twenty-two million Germans who did not vote for Hitler at the last free elections in 1932.

Nooteboom, Cees – *Roads to Berlin* p. 164/65

1373.

What kind of moment might that be, as an American woman (*Mildred Harnack*) waits in a German cell to be executed (*by the Nazis*) and continues working on her translation of the most classic of all German poets? (*Goethe*) The banality of everyday life is so infinitely distant here, an intellectual abstraction that evaporates when confronted with the weight of history and the fate of the people within it. But haven't there always, throughout all the centuries of history, been such moments of intense experience within the ocean of banality where most people's lives take place? And how does that, and how does Walter Benjamin's own fate, relate to his notion of the poverty of experience in the modern era?

Ibid - p. 284

1374.

Rhyme is a concept from poetry, but it has, probably by analogy, another meaning for me: events that reflect other events, sometimes also forms of historical justice, confirmations of a prophetic inkling, an almost metaphysical relief that history is not only changing course, but making a radical about-face and seeking its opposite, while retaining all of the intervening time – because eliminating it is impossible; history is made up of time and of people – and yet making it apocryphal. In 1956, I stood in a smouldering Budapest and watched Russian tanks, and in 1989 I stood in Berlin and watched the wall fall. That is what I mean by rhyme: when history finds a connection with itself, without the intervening period of crime and destruction, which is also history, itself being destroyed. Three old men in Yalta, splitting Europe in two with their wicked spell and then the moment when another spell cancels out the first spell, and the consequences that both of these spells have had for Germany and for Europe. That too is rhyme. There is an expression for this in English: full circle. If you live long enough to see it happen, there is a sense of satisfaction in knowing that evil often wins, but not always. In 1957 I was on a bus from Miami to New York. We were driving through the southern states, whites in the front, blacks in the back, separate restrooms and restaurants along the route. I remember a deep feeling of shame. As I write these words, it appears possible that a man who once would have had to sit at the back of the bus is going to be the next American president, and that too is rhyme.

Ibid - p. 301

1375.

War is chaos that later looks deceptively like order.

Ibid - p. 301

1376.

You're so eaten up by vanity and pride that you'll end by eating each other, that I foretell to you.
(D's premonition of Stalinism?)

Dostoyevsky, Fyodor - *The Idiot* p. 287

1377.

And everywhere this gaudy new tastelessness, I thought, the complete proletarianization of even our most beautiful inns, I thought, continues unabated. No word has turned my stomach more than the word *socialism* when I think what people have done to this term. Everywhere this dog-do socialism spouted by our dog-do socialists who exploit the people with their socialism, eventually dragging it down to their own dog-do level. Today everywhere we look we see this *deadly dog-do socialism*, we smell it, it's penetrated everything.

Bernhard, Thomas - *The Loser* p. 43

1378.

But people didn't understand what I meant, as usual, when I say something they don't understand it, for what I say doesn't mean that I said what I said, he said, I thought. I say something, he said, I thought, and I'm saying something completely different, thus I've spent my entire life in misunderstandings, in nothing but misunderstandings, he said, I thought.

Ibid - p. 68

1379.

Having set out to be great virtuosos, they spend the remaining decades of their existences as piano teachers, I thought, our fellow students in the conservatory now call themselves musical pedagogues and lead a disgusting pedagogical existence, are dependent on talentless students and their megalomaniacal, art-obsessed parents while they dream of music-teacher pension plans inside their petit-bourgeois apartments.

Ibid - p. 109

1380.

In his acceptance speech for the Austrian State Prize for literature, Bernhard offered his public the Baroque wisdom that "everything is ridiculous if one thinks of death".

Anderson, Mark in Ibid - p. 189

1381.

'Revolution', wrote Mussolini, 'is an idea which possesses bayonets'. Lenin did not misprize bayonets, but to *idea* and *bayonets*, he added something peculiarly his own: namely, *organisation*. In the world of ideologues, Lenin's *idea* was an idea concerning the nature and role of organisation. Not the organisation of the entire people or an entire class, but a special type of organisation of men who were to be specialists...specialists in revolution, and then specialists in the administration of power. As for the rest of the population, he was ready to content himself with the words of Laselle to Marx: *Hate* in the *multitude* is sufficient for everything, if there are five people in the country who also *understand*.

Wolfe, Bertram B. - *Three Who Made a Revolution* p. 5 - 6

1382.

The tradition of all the dead generations weighs like an incubus upon the brain of the living.

Marx in Ibid - p. 11

1383.

Thus, what today has come to be known as totalitarianism, product of the gearing of modern life to modern total war, *with its perpetual sense of emergency* and its omnipotent state, has deep roots in the formative history of the Russian land.

Ibid - p. 20

1384.

Now in retrospect we can see that not Dickens, Thackeray, or Hardy, nor Balzac, Zola, or Galdos, not even Turgenev or Tolstoy, But Dostoevsky – whose voice sounding a trifle mad – was the prophet who came nearest to foretelling wither both Russia and the optimistic, self-confident, progressive West were blindly driving. The sufferings of his demon-ridden spirit enabled him to see the depths in human psychology that were covered over, the discern the fearful outlines of the age in which at this moment we live, to express the compulsive, uncontrollable furies of our war-ridden, breakdown-tortured, totalitarian time – when an old order, dying seems powerless to die, and a new order, aborning seems powerless to be born.

Ibid - p. 36

1385.

At socialist congresses in 1903 and 1907, men who were hunted together and exiled together and shared a common basic program, yet wrangled endlessly with fanatical fury and subtlety – in the one case for three and in the other for five whole weeks of days and nights on end, reckless of financial cost, drain on health, buzzing of spies, and the fact that they were actually driven during the course of the exhausting debates from one land to another. Even on the boat going over the English Channel, they never stopped the argument for a moment. (*Lenin later on avoided this wrangling, sending Inessa instead!*)

Ibid - p. 37

1386.

Greater than the anger of his denunciation of the régime would be his anger at the ‘unreliable and treacherous liberals’, and the greatest of all his anger at those of his comrades who proposed agreement with them. Again and again he did not hesitate to break with all and sundry on this issue, even his closest associates and the men he had most admired. Again and again he would split away from a movement he himself had helped to build, standing isolated and alone, as if he were repeating symbolically the tragic scene of the isolation of the Ulyanov family from all of Simbirsk ‘liberal society’, at the hour of his bereaved mother’s greatest need.

Ibid - p. 66

1387.

Strange to relate, these official legends (*about Lenin*), which appear to exalt him, actually do injustice to his strongest qualities, his habit of many-sided examination of the matters he had in hand, his depth and solidity, his continued growth and flexibility to the end of his days, a certain scientific experimentalism toward the problems he faced in applying the certainties, which he in good time acquired, to the uncertain world of day-to-day affairs.

Ibid - p. 77

1388.

'There can be no doubt', Alexander Kerensky has written of Lenin, 'that it was the cruel execution of the noble-minded, brilliant Alexander (Lenin's brother) which finally made Vladimir what he remained throughout his political career – an unsurpassed, sadistically revengeful cynic'.

Ibid - p. 87

1389.

In the unconscious every one of us is convinced of his immortality.

Freud in Ibid - p. 307

1390.

Paper will put up with anything that is written upon it.

Stalin in Ibid - p. 437

1391.

One evening, after we had gone for a boat ride and were returning home at night by moonlight, and I was sitting beside her and admiring her shapely figure in a close-fitting jersey and her tresses, I suddenly decided that she was the one. It seemed to me that evening that she understood everything, everything I felt and thought, and that I felt and thought the most lofty things. Essentially it was only that the jersey was especially becoming, as were the tresses, and that after a day spent in closeness to her I desired still greater closeness.

It's an astonishing thing how complete the illusion can be that beauty is the good. A beautiful woman says stupid things, you listen and don't see the stupidity, you see intelligence. She says and does vile things, and you see something sweet. And when she doesn't say stupid or vile things, but is beautiful, you think she's a marvel of intelligence and morality.

Tolstoy, Leo – *The Kreutzer Sonata* in *The Death of Ivan Ilyich & other Stories* p. 106

1392.

Yes, I was thinking, how did 'a sleepy country of poets and dreamers', and the most highly educated nation the earth had ever seen, how did it yield to such wild, such fantastic disgrace? What made its people, men and women, consent to having their souls raped – and raped by a eunuch (Grofaz: [*acronym used late in the war ironically denoting AH as the greatest field Marshall ever*] the virgin Priapus, the teetotal Dionysus, the vegetarian Tyrannosaurus rex)? Where did it come from, the need for such a methodical, such a pedantic, and such a literal exploration of the bestial?

Amis, Martin - *The Zone of Interest* p. 287/88

1393.

Blending traditional Russian values and institutions with ideas derived from western European social and political critics, he (Chernyshevsky) argued forcefully that individual self-realisation, sexual liberation, and an economy that combined prosperity with social justice could be achieved only through the reorganization of the family, society and means of production in accordance with cooperative principles. Armed with scientific education, 'new people' – socially aware and morally strong individuals – would lead this process or reorganization, particularly by enlightening others and providing models for emulation.

Chernyshevsky, Nikolai – *What is to be done?* p. 2 (Introduction)

1394.

'Good' and 'evil' became relative terms, their based on whether people perceived the actions of others as beneficial or harmful to them; the conflict between good and evil simply reflected the clash of interests between competing individuals or social groups. We should resolve such conflicts by maximizing the pleasure of the largest number of people, asserted Chernyshevsky, since that would bring the greatest benefit to society. (*utilitarianism becomes a justification for Stalin-like policies?*)

Ibid - p. 17

1395.

Indeed, Chernyshevsky considered love and labor to be complementary, with the sensual stimulation of the former yielding greater creativity and productivity in the latter.

Ibid - p. 24

1396.

His mouth stretched along the coastline of his wobbly smile.

Carey, Peter – *Amnesia* p. 202

1397.