

# The Gutter

(March 2024)

In 1912, Bernard Shaw wrote in [Pygmalion](#):

*"... go back to the gutter.*

*Work til you are more a brute than a human being; and then cuddle and squabble and drink til you fall asleep.*

*Oh, it's a fine life, the life of the gutter. It's real: it's warm: it's violent: you can feel it through the thickest skin: you can taste it and smell it without any training or any work.*

*Not like Science and Literature and Classical Music and Philosophy and Art."*

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One would think that while the company of animals prevents with great success a solitary heart from becoming a lonely heart, it hardly prevents a solitary mind from becoming a lonely mind.

Although a deep affinity does exist between man and animal, philosophical conversations between the two verge on the soliloquy.

One cure would be to pawn one's mind and find the way to the Gutter, if a way could be found.