To have that sense of one’s intrinsic worth which constitutes self-respect is potentially to

have everything: the ability to discriminate, to love and to remain indifferent. To lack it is

to be locked within oneself, paradoxically incapable of either love or indifference. If we

do not respect ourselves, we are the one hand forced to despise those who have so few

resources as to consort with us, so little perception as to remain blind to our fatal

weaknesses. On the other, we are peculiarly in thrall to everyone we see, curiously

determined to live out – since our self-image is untenable – their false notion of us. We

flatter ourselves by thinking this compulsion to please others an attractive trait: a gist for

imaginative empathy, evidence of our willingness to give. Of course I will play

Francesca to your Paolo, Helen Keller to anyone’s Annie Sullivan; no expectation is too

misplaced, no role too ludicrous. At the mercy of those we cannot but hold in contempt,

we play roles doomed to failure before they are begun, each defeat generating fresh

despair at the urgency of divining and meeting the next demand made upon us.

**Savannah**

is drinking gallons and gallons

of oat milk

and has completely undetectable scoliosis

She is wearing low-cut

paradoxes and thinks about her boyfriend

for a minimum

of nine hours an Earth day

When she lifts her arms to yawn

because she is so sleepy she reveals

a belly button

shaped like a coin slot

to a vending machine that dispenses

goodtime

She is vividly sexy and precious and dying]

like the coral reef as photographed for

Playboy

*Quod per quosdam Philosophicaeartis peritos verum esse depraehendens, qui dicunt quarumdam mulierum tam fer-ventem esse naturam, vt si sine veretro pene assiduo & continuo virili amplexu infratertium decimum expertes fuerint, nec vivere quidem possint*

Moreover, I learned that there were in fact certain men experienced in philosophy who say that the nature of some women is so feverent that, if they are without almost constant sex and continual male embrace, within the thirteenth day they begin to perish and are indeed unable to live.

Why are today so many problems perceived as problems of intolerance, not as problems of inequality, exploitation, injustice? Why is the proposed remedy tolerance, not emancipation, political struggle, even armed struggle? The immediate answer is the liberal multiculturalist's basic ideological operation: the "culturalization of politics" - political differences, differences conditioned by political inequality, economic exploitation, etc., are naturalized/neutralized into "cultural" differences, different "ways of life," which are something given, something that cannot be overcome, but merely "tolerated."

The beauty of the system, however, is that such dissent and inconvenient information are kept within bounds and at the margins, so that while their presence shows that the system is not monolithic, they are not large enough to interfere unduly with the domination of the official agenda.

There's an incredible degree of pollution that happens. When you talk about industry and environmental effects you talk about negative externalities: things that the industry isn't paying for but impacts everybody's experience. And that's definitely a big thing in software. There are huge negative externalities in software distributed on the internet that nobody is talking about and that nobody seems to care about and it's very easy to create those if you aren't very strict with yourself about what you do.

The angel of his youth became the devil of his maturity. He went out with women when he was young, always holding something in reserve. There would always be a reason to break it off, which opened the door to a multitude of relationships. Heaven. Or so he thought. As age encroached upon his sensibilities and form, he longed for something with enough vitality to endure. But the covering cherub of his Lothario days had stayed with him and was no longer so angelic. It haunted him, guarded him, kept him from intimacy, promising the ash dry glory of so many toppling relationships, toppling like dominos, one after another, ad infinitum, or at least until he died.

The reverse side also has a reverse side.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hNioIAyf4Es>

Linda Eder - I'll Forget You