

AND I QUOTE...

John O'Hanley

AND I QUOTE...

A bookwormy gentleman's collection of quotations,
gleaned from a lifetime of reading books.

Pray, dear reader, take a stroll through these pages,
and you too may glean what you will...



May 2019

More leisure than I wish is mine.

- Aeschylus, *Prometheus Bound*

Don't worry about people stealing your ideas. If your ideas are any good, you'll have to ram them down people's throats.

- Howard Aiken

In the 20th century we have passed through a unique period, one in which architecture as a discipline has been in a state that is almost unimaginably bad. Sometimes I think of it as a mass psychosis of unprecedented dimension, in which the people of earth - in large numbers and in almost all contemporary societies - have created a form of architecture which is against life, insane, image-ridden, hollow.

- Christopher Alexander, *The Nature of Order, Book 1*

For twenty years, I spent two or three hours a day looking at pairs of things... comparing them, and asking myself: *Which has more life?*

- Christopher Alexander, *The Nature of Order, Book 1*

What I am proposing is that these observations of an observer's inner state are not merely a reflection of a person's attitude or psychology, but can actually be used to measure something real about the external world *itself*.

- Christopher Alexander, *The Nature of Order, Book 1*

Can it really be true that something as elusive as freedom - and perhaps even the deeper capacity to be human - depends in some way on the environment?

- Christopher Alexander, *The Nature of Order, Book 1*

Living structure in buildings can only be *generated*. It cannot be created by brute force from designs... the building - its conception, plan design, detailed layout, structural design, and material detail are all unfolded, step by step in time.

- Christopher Alexander, *The Nature of Order, Book 2*

Insofar as unfolded buildings are lovable, what we love about them is not their age but the rightness which we experience in them. This rightness got into them *as a result of a step-by-step unfolding process*. We can see and feel the rightness. And we see it and feel it because it has a different geometric character from the character which is created by "design".

- Christopher Alexander, *The Nature of Order, Book 2*

The step-by-step approach works. The all-or-nothing does not work. This is the secret of biological evolution... It would be impossible for nature to "design" a system as complex as an organism all at once.

- Christopher Alexander, *The Nature of Order, Book 2*

As any designer will tell you, it is the first steps in a design process which count for most. The first few strokes, which create the form, carry within them the destiny of the rest.

- Christopher Alexander, *The Nature of Order, Book 2*

It is essential to form this vision of the emerging building *in your mind's eye*, not in sketches on paper. Words and interior visions, when seen with your eyes closed, are more labile, more fluid, transformable, and three-dimensional, than sketches or physical designs.

- Christopher Alexander, *The Nature of Order, Book 2*

...to prune a design, and look at it over and over again, searching for any little parts that are not centers - and then work at it, compressing, cutting, simplifying, re-arranging, until every single part, and every part of every part, and every part between the parts are all centers. This is tremendously hard work.

- Christopher Alexander, *The Nature of Order, Book 2*

The single most important thing that happens during the process of making anything, is the ever watchful task of getting the next bit of sequence right and modifying it as we go along. Paying attention to what has to be done next, and getting this right, is as important as what one actually does. The more one understands the idea of unfolding, and the more one understands the key role which sequence plays in the unfolding process, the more it becomes clear that the process of design and the process of construction are inseparable.

- Christopher Alexander, *The Nature of Order, Book 2*

We aim, by the end, to remove all extraneous structure. What we want is to cut and cut and cut until there is almost nothing left.

- Christopher Alexander, *The Nature of Order, Book 2*

Simplicity is the state in which all structure is removed, except exactly that structure which is required.

- Christopher Alexander, *The Nature of Order, Book 2*

You know the *feeling* which the thing will have. But you do *not* know the *form*. In fact, you keep having to change the form, because as the work unfolds, you find out many, many details which have the wrong feeling, which do not function, in response to the whole, as you thought they would. Because you keep the *feeling* constant, you *have* to change the form.

- Christopher Alexander, *The Nature of Order, Book 2*

It is *feeling*, above all, which has the greatest chance of dealing with the whole in a balanced way, because it is precisely the nature of feeling that it does embrace the whole - while intellectual ideas more often concentrate on parts and end up getting them out of proportion.

- Christopher Alexander, *The Nature of Order, Book 2*

Most present-day architects like *talking* about construction, but are afraid of construction tools, and have little feeling for them. In many cases, getting their hands dirty scares them.

- Christopher Alexander, *The Nature of Order, Book 2*

The gradual rubbing together of phenomena to get the right result, the slow process of getting things right, is almost unknown to us today.

- Christopher Alexander, *The Nature of Order, Book 2*

In our century the loss of control and loss of belonging started with the car.

- Christopher Alexander, *The Nature of Order, Book 3*

...making even tiny changes too casually can be damaging.

- Christopher Alexander, *The Nature of Order, Book 3*

What an extreme comment on the state of the world: that people should weep, merely because they are allowed to sketch on paper the apartment layout that they wanted for their family.

- Christopher Alexander, *The Nature of Order, Book 3*

Go into your mind's eye pretending to walk through the building, as if it existed already, but you are seeing it for the first time, and are stunned by its beauty. You are genuinely surprised. You find yourself stunned by the beauty of the rooms. And you ask yourself, then, which features of what I am seeing, are making it so beautiful?

- Christopher Alexander, *The Nature of Order, Book 3*

What will generate tranquility? The essence of it is pretty simple, but requires much concentration. Stand in the place. Ask yourself what you should put there - a certain stone on the mantel, a color on a piece of wall, the shape of an opening. For any of these, you ask, does it generate greater tranquility in me? If it does, keep it. If it does not, reject it. Keep on doing that, for everything around you. And then, get rid of everything else.

- Christopher Alexander, *The Nature of Order, Book 3*

...the underlying design vocabulary of the 20th century, almost throughout the century, asserted that designers should create structures that are "interesting", "pleasing", "fantastic", "exhilarating", "with elan", and so on - anything but *beautiful*. That word has unalterable meaning, cannot be contaminated, and during the temporary insanity of the 20th century, struck a nerve which people could not tolerate.

- Christopher Alexander, *The Nature of Order, Book 4*

What is the reason for this "food-like" character of the making process? Why should it matter so much, whether a person makes something beautiful or not? Why should it have such a profound effect on the maker?

- Christopher Alexander, *The Nature of Order, Book 4*

In order to create living structure, we must please ourselves....And you need *only* please yourself. But you must please yourself *truly*.

- Christopher Alexander, *The Nature of Order, Book 4*

It is very, very hard to make a beautiful building.

- Christopher Alexander, *The Nature of Order, Book 4*

I try to shape the volume such that its volume brings tears to my throat...This sadness of tears, when I reach it, is also joy.

- Christopher Alexander, *The Nature of Order, Book 4*

Here there is no mastery of unnameable creative processes: only the patience of a craftsman, chipping away slowly; the mastery of what is made does not lie in the depths of some impenetrable ego; it lies, instead, in the simple mastery of the steps in the process, and in the definition of these steps.

- Christopher Alexander, *The Timeless Way of Building*

The simple process by which people generate a living building, simply by walking it out, waving their arms, thinking together, placing stakes in the ground, will always touch them deeply.

- Christopher Alexander, *The Timeless Way of Building*

Dixon liked and revered him for his air of detesting everything that presented itself to his senses, and of not meaning to let this detestation become staled by custom.

- Kingsley Amis, *Lucky Jim*

"I doubt it," he said at last. "Upon consideration, I feel it incumbent upon me to doubt it. I have miscellaneous concerns in London that need my guiding hand."

- Kingsley Amis, *Lucky Jim*

She went on like this while Dixon looked her in the eyes. His panic mounted in sincerity and volume.

- Kingsley Amis, *Lucky Jim*

"I've finished with Bertrand." She spoke as if of a household detergent that had proved unsatisfactory.

- Kingsley Amis, *Lucky Jim*

His hair resembled damp ripe hay that had undergone reckless chemical enrichment.

- Martin Amis, *The Information*

His third novel wasn't published anywhere. Neither was his fourth. Neither was his fifth. In those three brief sentences we adumbrate a Mahabharata of pain.

- Martin Amis, *The Information*

Now Pluto. One should never mock the afflicted, of course, but Pluto really is an awful little piece of shit.

- Martin Amis, *The Information*

He looked Richard up and down, and said, as if identifying him by name, "Charisma bypass."

- Martin Amis, *The Information*

The target is driving along. Without a care in the world, as they say. Although of course no one old enough to drive is without a care in the world. No one old enough to drive a trike is without a care in the world.

- Martin Amis, *The Information*

It would seem that the universe is thirty billion light-years across and every inch of it would kill us if we went there. This is the position of the universe with regard to human life.

- Martin Amis, *The Information*

In appearance Frances Ort suggested a rainbow coalition of the chromosomes. She could probably go anywhere in the five boroughs - Harlem, Little Astoria, Chinatown - and provoke no comment other than the usual incitements to immediate and rigorous sexual congress.

- Martin Amis, *The Information*

From my point of view, work is an eight-hour panic attack.

- Martin Amis, *Time's Arrow*

The humans had grown their winter coats, and the high buildings trembled in the tight grip of their stress equations.

- Martin Amis, *Time's Arrow*

I didn't immediately see this: that now human shit is out in the open, we'll get a chance to find out what this stuff can really do.

- Martin Amis, *Time's Arrow*

... but these days, as Odilo says again and again to all his friends (and the compliment, I think, is pitched decorously high), she bangs like a shithouse door in a gale.

- Martin Amis, *Time's Arrow*

Chiunque può arrabbiarsi: questo è facile. Ma arrabbiarsi con la persona giusta, e nel grado giusto, ed al momento giusto, e per lo scopo giusto, e nel modo giusto: questo non è nelle possibilità di chiunque e non è facile.

- Aristotele

...The years shall run like rabbits
For in my arms I hold
The Flower of the Ages,
And the first love of the world.

But all the clocks in the city
Began to whirl and chime:
O let not time deceive you,
You cannot conquer time....

In headaches and in worry
Vaguely life leaks away,
And Time will have his fancy
To-morrow or today...

- W. H. Auden, *As I Walked Out One Evening*

...ogni attimo una punta di eternità.

- Marco Aurelio

La morte sorride a tutti; un uomo non può far altro che sorriderle di rimando.

- Marco Aurelio

...and from habitude very little incommoded by the remarks and ejaculations of Mrs. Allen, whose vacancy of mind, and incapacity for thinking, were such that, as she never talked a great deal, so she could never be entirely silent.

- Jane Austen, *Northanger Abbey*

...it did not appear to her that life could supply any greater felicity.

- Jane Austen, *Northanger Abbey*

It was not within the power of his gallantry to detain her longer.

- Jane Austen, *Northanger Abbey*

And why had she been so partial to that grove? Was it from dejection of spirits?

- Jane Austen, *Northanger Abbey*

...and though not the very happiest being in the world herself, had found enough in her duties, her friends, and her children, to attach her to life, and make it no matter of indifference to her when she was called on to quit them.

- Jane Austen, *Persuasion*

A short period of exquisite felicity followed, and but a short one.

- Jane Austen, *Persuasion*

She had some feelings she was ashamed to investigate. They were too much like joy, senseless joy!

- Jane Austen, *Persuasion*

Yes, here I am, Sophia, quite ready to make a foolish match. Anybody between fifteen and thirty may have me for asking. A little beauty, a few smiles, and a few compliments to the navy, and I am a lost man.

- Jane Austen, *Persuasion*

...but his friend Mr. Darcy soon drew the attention of the room by his fine, tall person, handsome features, noble mien, and the report which was in general circulation within five minutes after his entrance, of his having ten thousand a year.

- Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*

Have you anything else to propose for my domestic felicity?

- Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*

I have not the pleasure of understanding you... Of what are you talking?

- Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*

I never saw a more promising inclination. He was growing quite inattentive to other people, and wholly engrossed by her. Every time they met, it was more decided and remarkable. At his own ball he offended two or three young ladies by not asking them to dance, and I spoke to him twice myself, without receiving an answer. Could there be finer symptoms? Is not general incivility the very essence of love?

- Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*

And now nothing remains for me but to assure you in the most animated language of the violence of my affection.

- Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*

The Gardiners staid only one night at Longbourn, and set off the next morning with Elizabeth in pursuit of novelty and amusement.

- Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*

"Is there a felicity in the world," said Marianne, "superior to this?"

- Jane Austen, *Sense and Sensibility*

...and they sympathised with each other in an insipid propriety of demeanour, and a general want of understanding.

- Jane Austen, *Sense and Sensibility*

Elinor agreed to it all, for she did not think he deserved the compliment of rational opposition.

- Jane Austen, *Sense and Sensibility*

Truth emerges more readily from error than from confusion.

- Francis Bacon, *Novum Organum*

Elle n'a pas de murs, Tombouctou, parce que là-bas ils pensent, depuis toujours, que sa beauté suffirait, à elle seule, pour arrêter n'importe quel ennemi.

- Alessandro Baricco, *Océan Mer*

Plage. Et mer.

Lumière.

Le vent du nord.

Le silence des marées.

Des jours. Des nuits.

Une liturgie. Immobile, si on regarde bien. *Immobile*.

- Alessandro Baricco, *Océan Mer*

The temple bell stops,
but the sound keeps coming
out of the flowers.

- Basho

Mais les vrais voyageurs sont ceux-là seuls qui partent
Pour partir, coeurs légers, semblables aux ballons,
De leur fatalité jamais ils ne s'écarternt,
Et, sans savoir pourquoi, disent toujours : Allons!

- Charles Baudelaire, *Le voyage*

Grand délice que celui de noyer son regard dans l'immensité du ciel
et de la mer! Solitude, silence, incomparable chasteté de l'azur!

- Charles Baudelaire, *Petits poèmes en prose*

Multitude, solitude: termes égaux et convertibles pour le poète actif
et fécond. Qui ne sait pas peupler sa solitude, ne sait pas non plus
être seul dans une foule affairée.

- Charles Baudelaire, *Petits poèmes en prose*

...le bonheur est marié au silence.

- Charles Baudelaire, *Petits poèmes en prose*

Ô nuit! ô rafraîchissantes ténèbres! vous êtes pour moi le signal
d'une fête intérieure, vous êtes la délivrance d'une angoisse! Dans la
solitude des plaines, dans les labyrinthes pierreux d'une capitale,
scintillement des étoiles, explosion des lanternes, vous êtes le feu
d'artifice de la déesse Liberté!

- Charles Baudelaire, *Petits poèmes en prose*

Les illusions, — me disait mon ami, — sont aussi innombrables peut-être que les rapports des hommes entre eux, ou des hommes avec les choses. Et quand l'illusion disparaît, c'est-à-dire quand nous voyons l'être ou le fait tel qu'il existe en dehors de nous, nous éprouvons un bizarre sentiment, compliqué moitié de regret pour le fantôme disparu, moitié de surprise agréable devant la nouveauté, devant le fait réel.

- Charles Baudelaire, *Petits poèmes en prose*

Il est l'heure de s'enivrer! Pour n'être pas les esclaves martyrisés du Temps, enivrez-vous; enivrez-vous sans cesse! De vin, de poésie ou de vertu, à votre guise.

- Charles Baudelaire, *Petits poèmes en prose*

J'invoque la muse familière, la citadine, la vivante, pour qu'elle m'aide à chanter les bons chiens, les pauvres chiens, les chiens crottés, ceux-là que chacun écarte, comme pestiférés et pouilleux, excepté le pauvre dont ils sont les associés, et le poète qui les regarde d'un œil fraternel.

- Charles Baudelaire, *Petits poèmes en prose*

Connaissez-vous la paresseuse Belgique, et avez-vous admiré comme moi tous ces chiens vigoureux attelés à la charrette du boucher, de la laitière ou du boulanger, et qui témoignent, par leurs aboiements triomphants, du plaisir orgueilleux qu'ils éprouvent à rivaliser avec les chevaux?

- Charles Baudelaire, *Petits poèmes en prose*

Ô Mort, vieux capitaine, il est temps! levons l'ancre!
Ce pays nous ennuie, ô Mort! Appareillons!

- Charles Baudelaire

...ordinary reading, slow and uniform, strikes them [digital natives] as incompatible, alien. It isn't just boring and obsolete. It's irritating.

- Mark Bauerlein, *The Dumbest Generation*

Few things are worse for adolescent minds than overblown appraisals of their merits.

- Mark Bauerlein, *The Dumbest Generation*

The more mentors have engaged youth in youth terms, though, the more youth have disengaged from the mentors themselves and from the culture they are supposed to represent.

- Mark Bauerlein, *The Dumbest Generation*

The 18-year-old may have a Visa card, cell phone, My Space page, part-time job, Play Station 2, and an admissions letter to State U., but ask this wired and on-the-go high school senior a few intellectual questions and the facade of in-the-knowness crumbles.

- Mark Bauerlein, *The Dumbest Generation*

For all their technological adroitness, they don't read or write or divide very well.

- Mark Bauerlein, *The Dumbest Generation*

Fully 45 percent of the students just don't think leisure reading is important ("a little" or "not at all"). Unconvinced of what adult readers feel deep in their hearts and know from long experience, nearly half of the student body disregards books by choice and disposition, and they don't expect to suffer for it. In their minds, a-literacy and anti-intellectualism pose no career obstacles, and they have no shame attached.

- Mark Bauerlein, *The Dumbest Generation*

How serenely this undergrad announces the transfer from "the whole book thing" to the Internet, as if the desertion of a civilization's principal storehouse merits little more than a shrug.

- Mark Bauerlein, *The Dumbest Generation*

In an average young person's online experience, the senses may be stimulated and the ego touched, but vocabulary doesn't expand, memory doesn't improve, analytic talents don't develop, and erudition doesn't ensue.

- Mark Bauerlein, *The Dumbest Generation*

If the guardians of tradition claim that the young, though ignorant, have a special perspective on the past, or if teachers prize the impulses of tenth-graders more than the thoughts of the wise and the works of the masters, learning loses its point. The thread of intellectual inheritance snaps.

- Mark Bauerlein, *The Dumbest Generation*

Over the years, the indulgence of youth circulated among educators and settled into sanctioned pedagogy with a predictable result: not an unleashing of independent, creative, skeptical mental energies of rising students, but what we have seen in previous chapters, routine irreverence and knowledge deficits.

- Mark Bauerlein, *The Dumbest Generation*

In 1959, political philosopher Leo Strauss defined liberal education as "the counter-poison to mass culture". A history professor who agrees with this view today becomes a fuddy-duddy in his own department.

- Mark Bauerlein, *The Dumbest Generation*

Spend some hours in school zones and you see that the indulgent attitude toward youth, along with the downplaying of tradition, has reached the point of dogma among teachers, reporters, researchers, and creators in arts and humanitarian fields, and pro-knowledge, pro-tradition conceptions strike them as bluntly unpleasant, if not reactionary and out of touch.

- Mark Bauerlein, *The Dumbest Generation*

Confidence and enjoyment don't guarantee better students. Furthermore, they prevent the students from forming one of the essential ingredients of long-term success: an accurate, realistic appraisal of their present capacities.

- Mark Bauerlein, *The Dumbest Generation*

A predictable descent commenced. The sixties generation's leaders didn't anticipate how their claim of exceptionalism would affect the next generation, and the next, but the sequence was entirely logical. Informed rejection of the past became uninformed rejection of the past, and then the complete and unworried ignorance of it.

- Mark Bauerlein, *The Dumbest Generation*

What's come over you? Have you found a Rembrandt in your basement?

- Yves Beauchemin, *The Alleycat*

...as empty as the inside of your shiny skull.

- Yves Beauchemin, *The Alleycat*

A kitchen should look like an operating room. The most tenacious germ should die in an hour, of melancholy.

- Yves Beauchemin, *The Alleycat*

Save your tears to salt your soup.

- Yves Beauchemin, *The Alleycat*

It must not be supposed that stout women of a certain age never seek to seduce the eye and trouble the meditations of man by other than moral charms.

- Arnold Bennett, *The Old Wives' Tale*

She was attached to it by the heavy chains of habit.

- Arnold Bennett, *The Old Wives' Tale*

This artificial method of communicating thought, we now behold carried to the highest perfection. Language is become a vehicle by which the most delicate and refined emotions of one mind can be transmitted, or, if we may so speak, transfused into another. Not only are names given to all objects around us, by which means an easy and speedy intercourse is carried on for providing the necessaries of life, but all the relations and differences among these objects are minutely marked, the invisible sentiments of the mind are described, the most abstract notions and conceptions are rendered intelligible; and all the ideas which science can discover, or imagination create, are known by their proper names... The object is become familiar; and, like the expanse of the firmament, and other great objects, which we are accustomed to behold, we behold it without wonder.

- Hugh Blair, *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres*

And hence, if our Language, by reason of the simple arrangement of its words, possesses less harmony, less beauty, and less force, than the Greek or Latin; it is, however, in its meaning, more obvious and plain.

- Hugh Blair, *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres*

...we must not forget to observe, that spoken language has a great superiority over written language, in point of energy or force. The voice of the living speaker makes impression on the mind, much stronger than can be made by the perusal of any writing.

- Hugh Blair, *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres*

It, is the most general term that can possibly be conceived, as it may stand for any one thing in the universe of which we speak.

- Hugh Blair, *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres*

The Greek, which is the most perfect of all the known tongues, is very regular and complete in all the moods and tenses. The Latin, though formed on the same model, is not so perfect; particularly in the passive voice, which forms most of the tenses, by the help of the auxiliary "sum".

- Hugh Blair, *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres*

It [French] is, perhaps, the happiest language for conversation, in the known world; but on the higher subjects of composition, the English may be justly esteemed greatly to excel it considerably.

- Hugh Blair, *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres*

Perspicuity, it will be readily admitted, is the fundamental quality of Style; a quality so essential in every kind of Writing, that for the want of it, nothing can atone. Without this, the richest ornaments of Style only glimmer through the dark; and puzzle instead of pleasing the reader. This, therefore, must be our first object, to make our meaning clearly and fully understood, and understood without the least difficulty. "Discourse" says Quintilian, "ought always to be obvious, oven to the most careless and negligent hearer, so that the sense shall strike his mind, as the light of the sun does our eyes, though they are not directed upwards to it. We must study, not only that every hearer may understand us, but that it shall be impossible for him not to understand us."

- Hugh Blair, *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres*

We are pleased with an author, we consider him as deserving praise, who frees us from all fatigue of searching for his meaning; who carries us through his subject without any embarrassment or confusion; whose style flows always like a limpid stream, where we see to the very bottom.

- Hugh Blair, *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres*

A multitude of Latin words have of late been poured in upon us.

- Hugh Blair, *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres*

The words which a man uses to express his ideas, may be faulty in three respects; they may either not express that idea which the author intends, but some other which only resembles, or is akin to it; or, they may express that idea, but not quite fully and completely; or, they may express it, together with something more than he intends. Precision stands opposed to all these three faults; but chiefly to the last.

- Hugh Blair, *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres*

The use and importance of Precision, may be deduced from the nature of the human mind. It never can view, clearly and distinctly, above one object at a time.

- Hugh Blair, *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres*

Thought and language act and re-act upon each other mutually. Logic and rhetoric have here, as in many other cases, a strict connexion; and he that is learning to arrange his sentences with accuracy and order, is learning, at the same time, to think with accuracy and order...

- Hugh Blair, *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres*

To pronounce with a proper degree of slowness, and with a full and clear articulation, is the first thing to be studied by all who begin to speak in public; and cannot be too much recommended to them.

- Hugh Blair, *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres*

Hear the voice of the Bard!
Who Present, Past & Future sees;
Whose ears have heard
The Holy Word
That walk'd among the ancient trees;

- William Blake, *Introduction to Songs of Experience*

If the doors of perception were cleansed every thing would appear to man as it is, infinite.

- William Blake, *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*

...infantilization is deepening in a culture increasingly driven by electronics.

- Robert Bly, *The Sibling Society*

Television is stealing the neocortex's observation time and giving a little useless information in return.

- Robert Bly, *The Sibling Society*

But today we are lying to ourselves about the renaissance the computer will bring. It will bring nothing.

- Robert Bly, *The Sibling Society*

We do not value initiation of young men or women, because we can't imagine invisible gifts any more.

- Robert Bly, *The Sibling Society*

Capitalism has siphoned off male energy.

- Robert Bly, *The Sibling Society*

So I lowered the sails... and once I had lowered them there was nothing more I could do except pray. So I prayed. And between times I turned to one of my sailing manuals to see what advice it contained for me. It was like being in hell with instructions.

- Chas Blyth

The machines have already reached the stage where the most common source of error is the human beings who programme them.

- Bowden et. al., *Faster Than Thought*

A rough count showed that about 150 machines are under construction in America and England. One sometimes wonders where the programmers will come from.

- Bowden et. al., *Faster Than Thought*

Coding time is usually only a fraction of the total time involved in getting the programme to work - such is the frailty of mankind.

- Bowden et. al., *Faster Than Thought*

But at sea, alone at the tiller, on a clear night with the stars in their millions and oneself alone, a pinpoint to the Moon, I felt nearer to the cool abstract heart of the Universe.

- Erle Bradford, *The Journeying Moon*

Sometimes, in the late hours with a big city blinking outside the windows, people ask "But, out of all the places you've been to, which would you prefer to live in?" Always I am about to say "Greece," then something checks me, and I answer "Sicily".

- Erle Bradford, *The Journeying Moon*

Computers can compute, but that's not what people use them for, mostly. Mostly, computers store and retrieve information.

- Tim Bray, *Beautiful Code*

To the universe, there's no *you*, or human beings, or giraffes, or solar systems, or galaxies. All those are human-invented distinctions. They are all memes.

- Richard Brodie, *Virus of the Mind*

Our minds excel at copying information and at following instructions. Remember the four characteristics of a virus: penetration, copying, possibly issuing instructions, and spreading. As horrifying as the thought may be initially, our minds are ideally susceptible to infection by mind viruses.

- Richard Brodie, *Virus of the Mind*

Memes involving danger, food, and sex spread faster than other memes because we are wired to pay more attention to them - we have *buttons* around those subjects.

- Richard Brodie, *Virus of the Mind*

The ideas that spread the easiest, and therefore pervade society, are the ones that easily penetrate that old Stone-Age brain of ours. The whole of science has been a concerted effort to *foil* that natural selection of Stone-Age ideas by our brains and instead select ideas that are useful, that work, that are accurate models of reality.

- Richard Brodie, *Virus of the Mind*

A recent Diet Pepsi campaign featured celebrities and showgirls smiling, cavorting, and grunting "uh-huh!" for half a minute. Not exactly a logical delineation of the product's features and benefits.

- Richard Brodie, *Virus of the Mind*

Here is why imitation is so widespread; it is a good strategy. The others being imitated are the end line of a billion years of natural selection; they are the *survivors*, the successful replicators.

- Richard Brodie, *Virus of the Mind*

If she were a nice, pretty child, one might compassionate her forlornness; but one really cannot care for such a little toad as that.

- Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*

I have no relative but the universal mother, Nature: I will seek her breast and ask repose.

- Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*

She went through, in that brief interval of her infant life, emotions such as some never feel: it was in her constitution: she would have more of such instants if she lived.

- Charlotte Brontë, *Villette*

I now signified that it was imperatively necessary my apartment should be relieved of the honour of her presence: she went away laughing.

- Charlotte Brontë, *Villette*

He laid himself open to my observation, according to my presence in the room just that degree of notice and consequence a person of my exterior habitually expects: that is to say, about what is given to unobtrusive articles of furniture, chairs of ordinary joiner's work, and carpets of no striking pattern.

- Charlotte Brontë, *Villette*

No mockery in this world ever sounds to me so hollow as that of being told to *cultivate* happiness. What does such advice mean? Happiness is not a potato, to be planted in mould, and tilled with manure.

- Charlotte Brontë, *Villette*

...a young lady in whose skull the organs of reverance and reserve were not largely developed...

- Charlotte Brontë, *Villette*

Oh, dreadful is the check - intense the agony
 When the ear begins to hear and the eye begins to see;
 When the pulse begins to throb, the brain to think again,
 The soul to feel the flesh and the flesh to feel the chain!

- Emily Brontë, *Julian M. and A.G. Rochelle*

Being you is not a gratifying experience at the atomic level.

- Bill Bryson, *A Short History of Nearly Everything*

Space is extremely well named and rather dismayingly uneventful.

- Bill Bryson, *A Short History of Nearly Everything*

There seemed to be a mystifying universal conspiracy among textbook authors to make certain the material they dealt with never strayed too near the realm of the mildly interesting, and was always at least a long-distance phone call from the frankly interesting.

- Bill Bryson, *A Short History of Nearly Everything*

Ces excursions secrètes, la fréquentation trop habituelle de Louis XV avec des demoiselles dont les charmes remplaçaient les avantages de l'éducation...

- Mme Campan, *Mémoires*

Je rentrai chez moi pour écrire cette conversation.

- Mme Campan, *Mémoires*

Puisque la fortune est si volage et que vous avez vu par vos propres yeux avec quelle rapidité elle abandonne ses favoris, n'oubliez jamais ces deux vers de La Fontaine, et qu'ils vous servent de devise: *Travaillez, prenez de la peine; C'est le fonds qui manque le moins.*

- Mme Campan, *Mémoires*

Voici un trait vraiment touchant qu'on raconte du jeune dauphin que la mort nous a enlevé. Ce prince étant tombé en lueur de la maladie dont il est mort, avait toujours témoigné beaucoup d'affection à M. de Bourset, son valet de chambre. Il lui demanda un jour des ciseaux; ce gentilhomme lui représenta que cela lui était défendu. L'enfant insista avec douceur, et l'on fut obligé de lui céder. Muni des ciseaux qu'il désirait, il s'en servit pour se couper une boucle de cheveux qu'il enveloppa avec soin dans une feuille de papier: "Tenez, Monsieur, dit-il à son valet de chambre, voilà le seul présent que je puisse vous faire, n'ayant rien à ma disposition; mais quand je serai mort, vous présenterez ce gage à mon papa et à maman; en se souvenant de moi, j'espère qu'ils se souviendront de vous." [Le dauphin avait 7 ans.]

- Mme Campan, *Mémoires*

C'était particulièrement contre la reine que l'insurrection était dirigée: je frémis encore en me souvenant que les poissardes, ou plutôt les furies qui portaient des tabliers blancs, criaient qu'ils étaient destinés à recevoir les entrailles de Marie-Antoinette; qu'elles s'en feraient des cocardes, et mêlaient les expressions les plus obscènes à ces horribles menaces; tant l'ignorance et la cruauté, qui se trouvent dans la masse de presque tous les peuples, peuvent dans les temps de troubles leur inspirer des sentiments atroces!

- Mme Campan, *Mémoires*

Le chevalier de Dampierre avait été tué près de la voiture du roi, en sortant de Varennes. Un pauvre curé de village, à quelques lieues de l'endroit où ce crime venait d'être commis, eut l'imprudence de s'approcher pour parler au roi; les cannibales qui environnaient la voiture se jettent sur lui. "Tigres, leur cria Barnave, avez-vous cessé d'être Français? Nation de braves, êtes-vous devenue un peuple d'assassins?..." Ces seules paroles sauvèrent d'une mort certaine le curé déjà terrassé. Barnave, en les prononçant, s'était jeté presque hors la portière, et madame Élisabeth, touchée de ce noble élan, le retenait par la basque de son habit.

- Mme Campan, *Mémoires*

La grande piété de madame Élisabeth donnaient à ses actions et à ses discours une noblesse qui peignait celle de son ame. Le jour où l'on immola cette digne descendante de saint Louis, le bourreau, en lui attachant les mains derrière le dos, releva une des pointes du devant de son fichu. Madame Élisabeth, avec un calme et une voix qui semblait ne pas venir de la terre, lui dit ces mots: "Au nom de la pudeur, couvrez-moi le sein." J'ai appris ce trait héroïque de madame de Sérilly, condamnée le même jour que la princesse, mais qui obtint un sursis au moment de l'exécution, madame de Montmorin, sa parente, ayant déclaré que sa cousine était grosse.

- Mme Campan, *Mémoires*

Louisa's vocation was activity. Such a vocation happily complemented Jonas's taste for inertia.

- Albert Camus, *Jonas, or the Artist at Work*

With many men of twenty-five the period of psychological puberty is not yet over.

- Carl Jung, *Collected Works*, v.10

Experience, not books, is what leads to understanding.

- Carl Jung, *Psychology and Alchemy*

The Net is, by design, an interruption system, a machine geared for dividing attention.

- Nicolas Carr, *The Shallows*

"How do users read on the Web?", [Jakob Nielsen] asked them. His succinct answer: "They don't."

- Nicolas Carr, *The Shallows*

Once a means to an end, a way to identify information for deeper study, scanning is becoming an end in itself.

- Nicolas Carr, *The Shallows*

Il y a plus de bonheur dans le désir que dans sa satisfaction.

- Roch Carrier, *Fin*

Le suicide est un manque d'humour absolu.

- Roch Carrier, *Fin*

...are you not ashamed to be suffering the heartache of a boy?

- Chariton, *Callirhoe*

...I, an islander born, am enclosed in the depths of a barbarian continent where no sea exists.

- Chariton, *Callirhoe*

Genius is only a greater aptitude for patience.

- Comte de Buffon

The priest's inquisitional instincts suffered but little from the want of classical apparatus of the Inquisition.

-Joseph Conrad, *Nostromo*

There is no credulity so eager and blind as the credulity of covetousness, which, in its universal extent, measures the moral misery and the intellectual destitution of mankind.

-Joseph Conrad, *Nostromo*

The heroic Garibaldino sat on the same bench bowing his hoary head, his old soul dwelling alone with its memories, tender and violent, terrible and dreary - solitary on the earth full of men.

-Joseph Conrad, *Nostromo*

He, as I knew, was not in a state to interest himself in any sublunary matters.

-Joseph Conrad, *The Shadow-Line*

He would have amused me if I had wanted to be amused.

-Joseph Conrad, *The Shadow-Line*

...when you grow up these days, you're told you're going to have four or five different careers during your lifetime. But what they don't tell you is that you're also going to be four or five different people along the way.

- Douglas Coupland, *Miss Wyoming*

"I'm commencin' t' feel pretty bad," said the tattered man, suddenly breaking one of his little silences. "I'm commencin' t' feel pretty damn bad".

- Stephen Crane, *The Red Badge of Courage*

It appeared that the swift wings of their desires would have shattered against the iron gates of the impossible.

- Stephen Crane, *The Red Badge of Courage*

I developed a theory of optimal experience based on the concept of *flow* - the state in which people are so involved in an activity that people will do it even at great cost, for the sheer sake of doing it.

- Mihaly Csikszentmihaly, *Flow*

Enjoyment appears at the boundary between boredom and anxiety, when the challenges are just balanced with the person's capacity to act.

- Mihaly Csikszentmihaly, *Flow*

The more a job inherently resembles a game - with variety, appropriate and flexible challenges, clear goals, and immediate feedback - the more enjoyable it will be regardless of the worker's level of development.

- Mihaly Csikszentmihaly, *Flow*

listen: there's a hell of a good universe next door; let's go.

- E. E. Cummings

The only permissible judgement in polite society is that no judgement is permissible.

- Theodore Dalrymple, *Our Culture, What's Left Of It*

Attention to detail...attenuates in an environment of generalized ugliness.

- Theodore Dalrymple, *Our Culture, What's Left Of It*

When young people want to praise themselves, they describe themselves as "nonjudgemental". For them, the highest form of morality is amorality.

- Theodore Dalrymple, *Our Culture, What's Left Of It*

As many [of my patients] have told me, they prefer disaster to boredom.

- Theodore Dalrymple, *Our Culture, What's Left Of It*

One of them [photos of British life during the war] was ever present in my mind when I entered a bomb shelter with my friends: that of two young children, both blind, their sightless eyes turned upward to the sound of the explosions above them, a heart-rending look of incomprehension on their faces.

- Theodore Dalrymple, *Our Culture, What's Left Of It*

L'amor che mi fa bella.

- Dante

Heaven calls to you and around you wheels, displaying to you its eternal beauties, and your eye gazes only upon the earth.

- Dante

Se tu segui tua stella, non puoi fallire a glorioso porto.

- Dante

The replicators which survived were the ones which built *survival machines* for themselves to live in.

- Richard Dawkins, *The Selfish Gene*

They are in you and me; they created us, body and mind; and their preservation is the ultimate rationale for our existence. They have come a long way, those replicators. Now they go by the name of genes, and we are their survival machines.

- Richard Dawkins, *The Selfish Gene*

But genes are denizens of geological time: genes are forever.

- Richard Dawkins, *The Selfish Gene*

The genes are master programmers, and they are programming for their lives. They are judged according to the success of their progress in coping with all the hazards which life throws at their survival machines, and the judge is the ruthless judge of the court of survival.

- Richard Dawkins, *The Selfish Gene*

The human mind is an iterative processor. It never does anything precisely right the first time. What it does consummately well is to make a slight improvement to a flawed product.

- Tom DeMarco, *Structured Analysis and System Specification*

...our intellectual powers are rather geared to master static relations and that our powers to visualize processes evolving in time are relatively poorly developed.

- Edsger W. Dijkstra, *Goto Statement Considered Harmful*

Perhaps the most saddening thing now is that, even after all those years of frustrating experience, still so many people honestly believe that some law of nature tells us that machines have to be that way. They silence their doubts by observing how many of these machines have been sold, and derive from that observation the false sense of security that, after all, the design cannot have been that bad. But upon closer inspection, that line of defense has the same convincing strength as the argument that cigarette smoking must be healthy because so many people do it.

- Edsger W. Dijkstra, *The Humble Programmer*

We should recognise the closed subroutine as one of the greatest software inventions; it has survived three generations of computers, and it will survive a few more, because it caters for the implementation of one of our basic patterns of abstraction.

- Edsger W. Dijkstra, *The Humble Programmer*

I envy such a man with all the forces of my embittered heart.

- Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *Notes From the Underground*

And all because I was so confoundedly bored, gentlemen, all because I was so horribly bored. Crushed by doing nothing.

- Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *Notes From the Underground*

Question - who is he? Answer - a loafer. I must say it would have been a real pleasure to have heard that said about myself, for it would have meant that a positive definition had been found for me and that there was something one could say about me. "A loafer!" - why, it's a title, a purpose in life. It's a career, gentlemen, a career!

- Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *Notes From the Underground*

Let us suppose, gentlemen, that man is not stupid... But if he is not stupid, he is monstrously ungrateful. Phenomenally ungrateful. I'm even inclined to believe that the best definition of man is - a creature who walks on two legs and is ungrateful.

- Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *Notes From the Underground*

Is it not possible that man loves something besides prosperity? Perhaps he is just as fond of suffering? ...Whether it is good or bad, it is sometimes very pleasant to smash things too.

- Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *Notes From the Underground*

What is an insult but a sort of purification?

- Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *Notes From the Underground*

For, after all, you do grow up, you do outgrow your ideals, which turn to dust and ashes, which are shattered into fragments; and if you have no other life, you just have to build one up out of these fragments. And all the time your soul is craving and longing for something else. And in vain does the dreamer rummage about in his old dreams, raking them over as though they were a heap of cinders, looking in these cinders for some spark, however tiny, to fan it into a flame so as to warm his chilled blood by it and revive in it all that he held so dear before, all that touched his heart, that made his blood course through his veins, that drew tears from his eyes, and that so splendidly deceived him!

- Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *White Knights*

Good Lord, only a *moment* of bliss? Isn't such a moment sufficient for the whole of a man's life?

- Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *White Knights*

...P.A.M Dirac is said to have usually opened his course in quantum mechanics with the remark: "The existence of an external world is assumed. That is all the metaphysics you will need for this course."

- Stillman Drake, *Galileo: Pioneer Scientist*

... le bon temps où l'on était si malheureux.

- George Du Maurier, *Trilby*

I sit with Shakespeare and he winces not. Across the color-line I move arm in arm with Balzac and Dumas, where smiling men and welcoming women glide in gilded halls. From out the caves of the evening that swing between the strong-limbed earth and the tracery of the stars, I summon Aristotle and Aurelius... and they come all graciously with no scorn nor condescension.

- W. E. B. Dubois

Allons nous faire tuer où l'on nous dit d'aller. La vie vaut-elle la peine de faire autant de questions?

- Alexandre Dumas, *Les trois mousquetaires*

Pour l'heure, je devais reprendre le train, continuer à pédaler sur les quais du port, rêver du New York au bord de la mer, fumer des cigarettes au bistrot en parlant d'amour et d'anarchie.

- Benoît Duteurtre, *Le voyage en France*

Well I'm living in a foreign country, but I'm bound to cross the line
Beauty walks a razor's edge, some day I'll make it mine.

- Bob Dylan

The ghost of 'lectricity howls in the bones of her face.

- Bob Dylan

Harold Transome was neither the dissolute cosmopolitan so vigorously sketched by the *Tory Herald*, nor the intellectual giant and moral lobster suggested by the liberal imagination of the *Watchman*.

- George Eliot, *Felix Holt, the Radical*

Harold preferred a slow-witted large-eyed woman, silent and affectionate, with a load of black hair weighing much more heavily than her brains.

- George Eliot, *Felix Holt, the Radical*

No system, religious or political, I believe, has laid it down as a principle that all men are alike virtuous, or even that all the people rated for £80 houses are an honour to their species.

- George Eliot, *Felix Holt, the Radical*

It is not true that love makes all things easy: it makes us choose what is difficult.

- George Eliot, *Felix Holt, the Radical*

Mr. Jermyn's establishment was broken up, and he was understood to have gone to reside at a great distance: some said "abroad", that large home of ruined reputations.

- George Eliot, *Felix Holt, the Radical*

Sane people did what their neighbours did, so that if any lunatics were at large, one might know and avoid them.

- George Eliot, *Middlemarch*

Mr. Casaubon... concluded that the poets had much exaggerated the force of masculine passion.

- George Eliot, *Middlemarch*

The remark was taken up by Mr. Chichely, a middle-aged bachelor and courting celebrity, who had a complexion something like an Easter egg, a few hairs carefully arranged, and a carriage implying the consciousness of a distinguished appearance.

- George Eliot, *Middlemarch*

Plain women he regarded as he did the other severe facts of life, to be faced with philosophy and investigated by science.

- George Eliot, *Middlemarch*

Only a few children in Middlemarch looked blonde by the side of Rosamond, and the slim figure displayed by her riding-habit had delicate undulations.

- George Eliot, *Middlemarch*

The best piety is to enjoy - when you can. You are doing the most then to save the earth's character as an agreeable planet.

- George Eliot, *Middlemarch*

"Now aunt," he went on, rubbing his hands and looking at Miss Noble, who was making tender little beaver-like noises...

- George Eliot, *Middlemarch*

The iron had not entered his soul, but he had begun to imagine what the sharp edge would be.

- George Eliot, *Middlemarch*

There was a table spread with the best cold eatables, as at a superior funeral.

- George Eliot, *Middlemarch*

Explain my preference! I never had a *preference* for her, any more than I have a preference for breathing.

- George Eliot, *Middlemarch*

Far off in the bending sky was the pearly light; and she felt the largeness of the world and the manifold wakings of men to labour and endurance.

- George Eliot, *Middlemarch*

You already suspect that the Vicar did not shine in the more spiritual functions of his office; and indeed, the utmost I can say for him in this respect is, that he performed those functions with undeviating attention to brevity and despatch.

- George Eliot, *Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story*

Moreover, he bore a swarthy foreignness of complexion which boded little honesty.

- George Eliot, *Silas Marner*

...there was no pleasant morning greeting between them; not because of any unfriendliness, but because the sweet flower of courtesy is not a growth of such homes as the Red House.

- George Eliot, *Silas Marner*

...for in bucolic society five-and-twenty years ago, the human animal of the male sex was understood to be perpetually athirst, and "something to drink" was as necessary a condition of thought as Time and Space.

- George Eliot, *The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton*

Every man who is not a monster, a mathematician, or a mad philosopher, is the slave of some woman or other.

- George Eliot, *The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton*

The snow lay thick upon the graves...

- George Eliot, *The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton*

And if you meet anything that is laborious, or sweet, or held in high repute, or in no repute, remember that *now* is the contest, and here before you are the Olympic games, and that it is impossible to delay any longer, and that it depends on a single day and a single action, whether progress is lost or saved.

- Epictetus

...we prefer to practise and rehearse anything rather than how to be untrammelled and free.

- Epictetus

For the origin of sorrow is this - to wish for something that does not come to pass.

- Epictetus

And I am not saying that it is not permissible to groan, only do not groan in the centre of your being.

- Epictetus

Although life is a matter of indifference, the use which you make of it is not a matter of indifference.

- Epictetus

Socrates never got wrought up during an argument, never used any term of abuse or insolence, but endured the abuse of others, and put an end to strife.

- Epictetus

"When, then, shall I see Athens once more and the Acropolis?" Poor man, are you not satisfied with what you are seeing every day? Have you anything finer or greater to look at than the sun, the moon, the stars, the whole Earth, the sea? And if you really understand Him that governs the Universe, and bear Him about within you, do you yet yearn for bits of stone and a pretty rock?

- Epictetus

Meglio avere come amico una persona che non è di casa ma si identifica con i tuoi modi di essere, piuttosto che mille parenti stretti.

- Euripide

Some time ago he had got the travelling maggot in his head...

- George Farquar, *Sir Harry Wildair*

La vita è un giusto miscuglio di dolori e di gioie.

- Fedro

...Shem did nothing but eat and work and sleep. He thought of nothing else but these three things and was devoid of wonder.

- Timothy Findlay

I think he'd tanked up a good deal at luncheon and his determination to have my company bordered on violence.

- F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*

When the melody rose her voice broke up sweetly, following it, in a way contralto voices have, and each change tipped out a little of her warm human magic upon the air.

- F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*

"Can't repeat the past?" he cried incredulously. "Why of course you can!"

- F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*

"Her voice is full of money," he said suddenly.

- F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*

Ciò che cerchiamo o è qui o in nessun luogo.

- Quinto Orazio Flacco

Il trouvait que le bonheur mérité par l'excellence de son âme tardait à venir.

- Gustave Flaubert, *L'éducation sentimentale*

...il accompagnait une femme d'une cinquantaine d'années, laide, magnifiquement vêtue, et d'un rang social problématique.

- Gustave Flaubert, *L'éducation sentimentale*

Les cœurs des femmes sont comme ces petits meubles à secret, pleins de tiroirs emboîtés les uns dans les autres; on se donne du mal, on se casse les ongles, et on trouve au fond quelque fleur desséchée, des brins de poussière ou le vide!

- Gustave Flaubert, *L'éducation sentimentale*

Après avoir passé successivement par la demi-tasse, le grog, le bischof, le vin chaud et même l'eau rougie, il était revenu à la bière; et, de demi-heure en demi-heure, laissait tomber ce mot : «Bock!», ayant réduit son langage à l'indispensable.

- Gustave Flaubert, *L'éducation sentimentale*

Des années passèrent; et il supportait le désœuvrement de son intelligence et l'inertie de son cœur.

- Gustave Flaubert, *L'éducation sentimentale*

Je ne sais pas si vous avez du talent. Ce que vous m'avez apporté prouve une certaine intelligence, mais n'oubliez point ceci, jeune homme, que le talent - suivant le mot de Buffon - n'est qu'une longue patience. Travaillez.

- Gustave Flaubert, *Lettre à Guy de Maupassant*

À la ville, avec le bruit des rues, le bourdonnement des théâtres et les clartés du bal, elles avaient des existences où le cœur se dilate, où les sens s'épanouissent. Mais elle, sa vie était froide comme un grenier dont la lucarne est au nord, et l'ennui, araignée silencieuse, filait sa toile dans l'ombre à tous les coins de son cœur.

- Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*

Quel bonheur dans ce temps-là! quelle liberté! quel espoir! quelle abondance d'illusions!

- Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*

Emma ressemblait à toutes les maîtresses; et le charme de la nouveauté, peu à peu tombant comme un vêtement, laissait voir à nu l'éternelle monotonie de la passion, qui a toujours les mêmes formes et le même langage.

- Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*

...chaque notaire porte en soi les débris d'un poète.

- Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*

L'artiste doit être dans son oeuvre comme Dieu dans la création, invisible et tout-puissant, qu'on le sente partout, mais qu'on ne le voie pas.

- Gustave Flaubert, *Pensées*

Le succès est une conséquence et ne doit pas être un but.

- Gustave Flaubert, *Pensées*

S'écarter des journaux! la haine de ces boutiques-là est le commencement de l'amour du Beau.

- Gustave Flaubert, *Pensées*

Tout est là: l'amour de l'Art.

- Gustave Flaubert, *Pensées*

Il ne faut pas demander des oranges aux pommiers, du soleil à la France, de l'amour à la femme, du bonheur à la vie.

- Gustave Flaubert, *Pensées*

Le bonheur est une monstruosité! punis sont ceux qui le cherchent.

- Gustave Flaubert, *Pensées*

La médiocrité chérit la règle, moi je la hais...

- Gustave Flaubert, *Pensées*

La rage de vouloir conclure est une des manies les plus funestes et les plus stériles qui appartiennent à l'humanité. Chaque religion et chaque philosophie a prétendu avoir Dieu à elle, toiser l'infini et connaître la recette du bonheur. Quel orgueil et quel néant! Je vois, au contraire, que les plus grands génies et les plus grandes œuvres n'ont jamais conclu. Homère, Shakespeare, Goethe, tous les fils aînés de Dieu (comme dit Michelet) se sont bien gardés de faire autre chose que représenter.

- Gustave Flaubert, *Pensées*

Il n'y a pour moi dans le monde que les beaux vers, les phrases bien tournées, harmonieuses, chantantes, les beaux couchers de soleil, les clairs de lune, les tableaux colorés, les marbres antiques et les têtes accentuées. Au delà, rien.

- Gustave Flaubert, *Pensées*

La masse, le nombre est toujours idiot. Je n'ai pas beaucoup de convictions, mais j'ai celle-là fortement.

- Gustave Flaubert, *Pensées*

Le mépris de la gloriole et du gain est la première marche pour atteindre le Beau...

- Gustave Flaubert, *Pensées*

Si robuste que l'on soit...on se sent comme broyé par la sottise universelle.

- Gustave Flaubert

J'ai entrevue quelquefois (dans mes grands jours de soleil)... un état de l'âme ainsi supérieur à la vie, pour qui la gloire ne serait rien, et le bonheur même inutile.

- Gustave Flaubert

To be stupid, and selfish, and to have good health are the three requirements for happiness; though if stupidity is lacking, the others are useless.

- Gustave Flaubert

I'm like a piece of wood, which I don't mind in the least. Passion, excitement being what I dread, I think that if happiness is to be found anywhere it's in stagnation.

- Gustave Flaubert

...the humiliations that adjectives inflict on me, the cruel ravages of the relative pronoun...

- Gustave Flaubert

May I die like a dog rather than try to rush through even one sentence before it is perfectly ripe.

- Gustave Flaubert

...I had written myself into a state, and it was immensely enjoyable... a state of the soul so far above ordinary life, a state in which fame counts for nothing, and even happiness is irrelevant.

- Gustave Flaubert

I have been attacked by the government, by the priests and by the newspapers. My triumph is complete.

- Gustave Flaubert

Do not put your portrait at the beginning of your book. Leave that little trick to the scribblers. The artist *ought not to exist*.

- Gustave Flaubert

This is extraordinary; but, come, unbosom yourself with freedom, and let us know the person to whom you have thus engaged yesterday.

- Samuel Foote, *The Comic Theatre*

What a bewitching eye she has! and then, such a shape! Odso, I believe this baggage will turn my brain.

- Samuel Foote, *The Comic Theatre*

What surprise! - what joy! - what confusion! - Support me, Subtle! I am unable to bear this conflict of tumultuous passions!

- Samuel Foote, *The Comic Theatre*

Other Kingdom copse is just like any other beech copse, and I am therefore spared the fatigue of describing it.

- E. M. Forster, *Other Kingdom*

That evening, for the first time, I heard the chalk downs singing to each other across the valleys, as they often do when the air is quiet and they have had a comfortable day.

- E. M. Forster, *The Curate's Friend*

Qui vit peu change peu...

- Anatole France, *Le crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*

Nous sommes d'éternels enfants et nous courons sans cesse après des jouets nouveaux.

- Anatole France, *Le crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*

Amis, mangeons et buvons joyeusement
 Tant qu'il y a de l'huile dans la lampe:
 Qui sait si dans l'autre monde nous nous reverrons?
 Qui sait si dans l'autre monde il y a une taverne?

- Anatole France, *Le crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*

Mais Thérèse est sourde comme un sac de charbon et lente comme la justice.

- Anatole France, *Le crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*

Nos passions, c'est nous.

- Anatole France, *Le crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*

One of the most salient features of our culture is that there is so much bullshit. Everyone knows this. Each of us contributes his share. But we tend to take the situation for granted.

- Harry Frankfurt, *On Bullshit*

In the old days, craftsmen did not cut corners. They worked carefully, and they took care with every aspect of their work. Every part of the product was considered, and each was designed and made to be exactly as it should be. These craftsmen did not relax their thoughtful self-discipline even with respect to features of their work that would ordinarily not be visible. Although no one would notice if those features were not quite right, the craftsmen would be bothered by their consciences. So nothing was swept under the rug. Or, one might perhaps also say, there was no bullshit.

- Harry Frankfurt, *On Bullshit*

Her statement is not germane to the enterprise of describing reality.

- Harry Frankfurt, *On Bullshit*

It is just his lack of connection with a concern with truth - this indifference to how things really are - that I regard as the essence of bullshit.

- Harry Frankfurt, *On Bullshit*

For the essence of bullshit is not that it is *false* but that it is *phony*.

- Harry Frankfurt, *On Bullshit*

The problem of understanding why our attitude toward bullshit is generally more benign than our attitude toward lying is an important one, which I shall leave as an exercise for the reader.

- Harry Frankfurt, *On Bullshit*

It is impossible for someone to lie unless he thinks he knows the truth. Producing bullshit requires no such conviction.

- Harry Frankfurt, *On Bullshit*

[The bullshitter] does not reject the authority of the truth, as the liar does, and oppose himself to it. He pays no attention to it at all. By virtue of this, bullshit is a greater enemy of the truth than lies are.

- Harry Frankfurt, *On Bullshit*

Toute la question est là: trouver ce qui convient à sa nature et ne copier le bonheur de personne.

- Eugène Fromentin, *Dominique*

A big library really has the gift of tongues and vast potencies of telepathic communication.

- Northrop Frye

Deep down, I'm pretty superficial.

- Ava Gardner

On a pu constater que la reprise des erreurs était si fréquente que le phénomène de répétition crée une forme apparente de vérité, pernicieuse et tenace.

- François Garnier, *L'âne à la lyre*

The enchanting charms of this sublime science reveal themselves only to those who have the courage to go deeply into it. But when a woman, who because of her sex and our prejudices encounters infinitely more obstacles than a man in familiarizing herself with complicated problems, succeeds nevertheless in surmounting these obstacles and penetrating the most obscure parts of them, without doubt she must have the noblest courage, quite extraordinary talents and superior genius.

- Gauss, *Letter to Sophie Germain (1807)*

His manners were less pure, but his character was equally amiable with that of his father. Twenty-two acknowledged concubines, and a library of sixty-two thousand volumes, attested the variety of his inclinations; and from the productions which he left behind him, it appears that the former as well as the latter were designed for use rather than for ostentation.

- Edward Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*

Of the various forms of government which have prevailed in the world, an hereditary monarchy seems to present the fairest scope for ridicule.

- Edward Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*

Carus, taking off a cap which he wore to conceal his baldness, assured the ambassadors that, unless their master acknowledged the superiority of Rome, he would speedily render Persia as naked of trees as his own head was destitute of hair.

- Edward Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*

One of the principal objects of theoretical research is to find the point of view from which the subject appears in the greatest simplicity.

-Josiah W. Gibbs

At last we end by saying that He - the Unfindable - is everywhere, anywhere, and kneel down at haphazard.

- André Gide, *Les nourritures terrestres*

There were days when simply repeating to myself that two and two still made four was enough to fill me with positive beatitude... and other days when it was completely indifferent to me.

- André Gide, *Les nourritures terrestres*

Books had taught me that every liberty is provisional and never anything but the power to choose one's slavery.

- André Gide, *Les nourritures terrestres*

Mere being became an immense delight to me.

- André Gide, *Les nourritures terrestres*

Everything is prepared for the organization of joy.

- André Gide, *Les nourritures terrestres*

From the day that I succeeded in persuading myself that I had no need to be happy, happiness began to dwell in me....

- André Gide, *Les nourritures terrestres*

Plus on souffre, plus on est heureux.

-Jean Giradoux, *Ondine*

A babord le néant, à tribord l'oubli...

- Jean Giradoux, *Ondine*

Two souls, alas, are housed within my breast,
and each will wrestle for the mastery there.

- Goethe, *Faust*

A dose of that within your guts my boy,
and every other wench is Helen of Troy.

- Goethe, *Faust*

And feel, in what that one look brings,
a beggar with the wealth of kings.

- Goethe, *Faust*

I cannot help it that my pictures do not sell. Nevertheless, the time
will come when people will see that they are worth more than the
price of the paint.

- Vincent van Gogh

Lying down was not for Ilya Ilyitch either a necessity as it is for a
sick or a sleepy man, or an occasional need as it is for a person who
is tired, or a pleasure as it is for a sluggard: it was his normal state.

- I. A. Goncharov, *Oblomov*

He was never held captive by the beauties, however, never was their
slave or even a very assiduous admirer, if only because intimacy with
a woman involves a lot of exertion.

- I. A. Goncharov, *Oblomov*

Masha came to ask him if he would like to go and see the river freezing: everyone was going.

- I. A. Goncharov, *Oblomov*

Their sensitive minds were never tired of this beauty: the earth, the sky, the sea - all roused their feelings, and they sat side by side in silence, looking with one heart at the glory of creation.

- I. A. Goncharov, *Oblomov*

The purpose of art is the lifelong creation of a state of wonder.

- Glenn Gould

[Having venture capitalists run your company] was like watching a kindergarten class get into a Boeing 747 and flip all the switches and try to figure out why it didn't take off.

- Philip Greenspan

In any library in the world, I am at home, unselfconscious, still, and absorbed.

- Germaine Greer

It is in this gesture of "going beyond", to be something in oneself rather than the pawn of a consensus, the refusal to stay within a rigid circle that others have drawn around one - it is in this solitary act that one finds true creativity. All other things follow as a matter of course.

- Alexander Grothendieck, *Récoltes et semailles*

After this they lived quietly and uneventfully for two or three years at Sir Ashley Mattisfont's residence in that part of England, with as near an approach to bliss as the climate of this country allows.

- Thomas Hardy, *A Group of Noble Dames*

A delightful place to be buried in, postulating that delight can accompany a man to his tomb under any circumstances.

- Thomas Hardy, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*

...the eternal hills and tower behind them were grayish-brown; the sky, dropping behind all, grey of the purest melancholy.

- Thomas Hardy, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*

I always did doubt a man's being a gentleman if his palate has no acquired tastes. An unedified palate is the irrepressible cloven foot of the upstart.

- Thomas Hardy, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*

...and used all the hair-oil he possessed upon his usually dry, sandy, and inextricably curly hair, till he had deepened it to a splendidly novel color, between that of guano and Roman cement, making it stick to his head like mace round a nutmeg, or wet sea-weed round a boulder after the ebb.

- Thomas Hardy, *Far From the Madding Crowd*

The dog took no notice, for he had arrived at an age at which all superfluous barking was cynically avoided as a waste of breath - in fact, he never barked even at the sheep except to order, when it was done with an absolutely neutral countenance, as a sort of Commination-service which, though offensive, had to be gone through once now and then to frighten the flock for their own good.

- Thomas Hardy, *Far From the Madding Crowd*

Seeing his advance take the form of an attitude threatening a possible enclosure, if not compression, of her person, she edged off around the bush.

- Thomas Hardy, *Far From the Madding Crowd*

...a young married man, who having no individuality worth mentioning was known as "Susan Tall's husband".

- Thomas Hardy, *Far From the Madding Crowd*

Kiss my foot, sir; my face is for mouths of consequence.

- Thomas Hardy, *Far From the Madding Crowd*

The throw was the idea of a man conjoined with the execution of a woman. No man who had ever seen bird, rabbit, or squirrel in his childhood, could possibly have thrown with such utter imbecility as was shown here.

- Thomas Hardy, *Far From the Madding Crowd*

Necessary meditations on the actual, including the mean bread-and-cheese question, dissipated the phantasmal for a while, and compelled Jude to smother higher thinkings under immediate needs.

- Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure*

The barmaid concocted the mixture with the bearing of a person compelled to live amongst animals of an inferior species...

- Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure*

Here he stood, looking forth at the school, whence he could hear the usual sing-song tones of the little voices that had not learnt Creation's groan.

- Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure*

He himself was full of vague latter-day glooms and popular melancholies.

- Thomas Hardy, *Life's Little Ironies*

There were tones in it which bred the immediate conviction that indolence and averseness to systematic application were all that lay between "Mop" and the career of a second Paganini.

- Thomas Hardy, *Life's Little Ironies*

Occasionally Mop could produce the aforesaid moving effect upon the souls of grown-up persons, especially young women of fragile and responsive organization.

- Thomas Hardy, *Life's Little Ironies*

...his was a nature not greatly dependent upon the ministrations of the other sex for its comforts.

- Thomas Hardy, *Life's Little Ironies*

Too steady-going to be "a buck" (as fast and unmarried men were then called), he was an approximately fashionable man of mild type.

- Thomas Hardy, *Life's Little Ironies*

He had been a lad of whom something was expected. Beyond this all had been chaos. That he would be successful in an original way, or that he would go to the dogs in an original way, seemed equally probable. The only absolute certainty about him was that he would not stand still in the circumstances amid which he was born.

- Thomas Hardy, *The Return of the Native*

He had reached the stage in a young man's life when the grimness of the general human situation first becomes clear; and the realization of this causes ambition to halt awhile. In France it is not uncustomary to commit suicide at this stage; in England we do much better, or much worse, as the case may be.

- Thomas Hardy, *The Return of the Native*

There is a certain degree and tone of light which tends to disturb the equilibrium of the senses, and to promote dangerously the tenderer moods...

- Thomas Hardy, *The Return of the Native*

But I am getting used to the horror of my existence.

- Thomas Hardy, *The Return of the Native*

He threw fictitiousness into his very gait, even now, when there was nobody to see him, and struck out at stems of wild parsley with his regimental switch as he had used to do when soldiering was new to him, and life in general a charming experience.

- Thomas Hardy, *The Trumpet-Major*

For answer she ran off into the gloom of the sluggish dawn.

- Thomas Hardy, *The Woodlanders*

As in most villages so secluded as this, intermarriages were of Hapsburgian frequency among the inhabitants...

- Thomas Hardy, *The Woodlanders*

...with a sudden start he worked on, climbing higher into the sky, and cutting himself off more and more from all intercourse with the sublunary world.

- Thomas Hardy, *The Woodlanders*

Grace heaved a divided sigh, with a tense pause between, and moved onward, her heart feeling uncomfortably big and heavy, and her eyes wet.

- Thomas Hardy, *The Woodlanders*

The young lady remained in his thoughts. He might have followed her; but he was not constitutionally active, and preferred a conjectural pursuit.

- Thomas Hardy, *The Woodlanders*

Fitzpiers examined so closely that his breath touched her tenderly, at which their eyes rose to an encounter - hers showing themselves as deep and mysterious as interstellar space.

- Thomas Hardy, *The Woodlanders*

"Well!", said Mrs. Penny, flopping into a chair, "my heart hasn't been in such a thumping state of uproar since I used to sit up on old Midsummer-eves to see who my husband was going to be."

- Thomas Hardy, *Under the Greenwood Tree*

"I fancy I've seen him look across at Miss Day in a warmer way than Christianity asked for..."

- Thomas Hardy, *Under the Greenwood Tree*

...it was an accepted thing that Leaf didn't in the least mind having no head, that deficiency of his being an unimpassioned matter of parish history.

- Thomas Hardy, *Under the Greenwood Tree*

Thereupon he plunged in his hands, and they paddled together. It being the first time in his life that he touched female fingers under water, Dick duly registered the sensation as rather a nice one.

- Thomas Hardy, *Under the Greenwood Tree*

...they were never to be seen drawing the back of the hand across the mouth after drinking - a local English custom of extraordinary antiquity, but stated by Fancy to be decidedly dying out among the better classes of society.

- Thomas Hardy, *Under the Greenwood Tree*

The studied forms of politeness do not give the greatest possible scope to an exuberance of wit and fancy. The fear of giving offence destroys sincerity, and without sincerity there can be no true enjoyment of society, nor unfettered exertion of intellectual activity.

- William Hazlitt

I've not had this much fun since the war.

- Ernest Hemingway, *The Sun Also Rises*

Does Gilligan really understand boys? She finds boys lacking in empathy, but does she empathize with them? ... The new pedagogies designed to "educate boys more like girls" (in Gloria Steinem's phrase) are not harmless. Their approach to boys is unacceptably meddlesome, and even subtly abusive.

- Christina Hoff-Somers, *The War Against Boys*

An unacknowledged animus against boys is loose in our society.

- Christina Hoff-Somers, *The War Against Boys*

When God made time he made plenty of it.

- Carl Honoré, *In Praise of Slow*

In Gulliver's Travels (1726), the Lilliputians decide that Gulliver consults his watch so often that it must be his god.

- Carl Honoré, *In Praise of Slow*

Come, wanton winds, and blow my fears and sorrows to the Cretan sea!

- Horace

C'est ici, dans l'exercice d'une marche tranquille, que je saisis le mieux l'abolition possible et féconde du temps.

- Michel Host, *Valet de nuit*

La beauté me fait du bien en étant belle.

- Victor Hugo, *Les travailleurs de la mer*

- Préparez-vous.

- A quoi?

- A mourir.

- Pourquoi? demanda le vieillard.

- Victor Hugo, *Quatre-vingt-treize*

...l'exquise douceur de la voix féminine...

- Nancy Huston

She thinks of herself that way. She doesn't mind being meat.

- Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World*

The loving cup of strawberry ice-cream soma was passed from hand to hand and, with the formula "I drink to my annihilation," twelve times quaffed.

- Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World*

He was a mine of irrelevant information.

- Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World*

He had discovered Time and Death and God.

- Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World*

But industrial civilization is only possible when there's no self-denial. Self-indulgence up to the very limits imposed by hygiene and economics. Otherwise the wheels stop turning.

- Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World*

And if ever, by some unlucky chance, anything unpleasant should somehow happen, why, there's always soma to give you a holiday from the facts.

- Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World*

This law [objects all fall at the same speed], so simple that it is nearly obvious, is only three hundred years old!

- Leopold Infeld, *Quest*

To ponder a problem for ten years without any encouragement from the outside world requires strength of character. This strength of character, perhaps more than his great intuition and imagination, lead to Einstein's scientific achievements.

- Leopold Infeld, *Quest*

We are slaves to bathrooms, frigidaire, cars, radios, and millions of other things. Einstein tried to reduce them to the absolute minimum.

- Leopold Infeld, *Quest*

But through all the stream of events, the impact of people and social life forced upon him, Einstein remains lonely, loving solitude, isolation, and conditions which secure undisturbed work.

- Leopold Infeld, *Quest*

As in the pseudoscience of bloodletting, just so in the pseudoscience of city rebuilding and planning, years of learning and a plethora of subtle and complicated dogma have arisen on a foundation of nonsense.

-Jane Jacobs, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*

Cities are, by definition, full of strangers.

-Jane Jacobs, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*

Ask a houser how his planned neighborhood improves on the old city and he will cite, as a self-evident virtue, More Open Space... More Open Space for what? For muggings?

-Jane Jacobs, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*

In cities, liveliness and variety attract more liveliness, deadness and monotony repel life.

-Jane Jacobs, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*

Je suis athée, Dieu merci...

-Joseph Joffo, *Incertain sourire*

One pattern of 0s and 1s is converted into another, and that is what computation is.

-George Johnson, *A Shortcut Through Time*

No one wanted him; he was outcast from life's feast.

-James Joyce, *A Painful Case*

The car ran on merrily with its cargo of hilarious youth.

-James Joyce, *After the Race*

I had never spoken to her, except for a few casual words, and yet her name was like a summons to all my foolish blood.

-James Joyce, *Araby*

She dealt with moral problems as a clever deals with meat.

-James Joyce, *The Boarding House*

That takes the solitary, unique, and, if I may so call it, *recherché* biscuit!

-James Joyce, *Two Gallants*

Most people considered Lenehan a leech but, in spite of this reputation, his adroitness and eloquence had always prevented his friends from forming any general policy against him.

-James Joyce, *Two Gallants*

His head was large, globular, and oily; it sweated in all weathers...

-James Joyce, *Two Gallants*

Experience had embittered his heart against the world.

-James Joyce, *Two Gallants*

Isn't the sea what Algy calls it? a grey sweet mother? The snotgreen sea. The scrotumtightening sea.

-James Joyce, *Ulysses*

You behold in me, Stephen said with grim displeasure, a horrible example of free thought.

-James Joyce, *Ulysses*

He laid the dry snot picked from his nostril on a ledge of rock, carefully. For the rest let look on that will.

-James Joyce, *Ulysses*

...papa's little lump of dung...

-James Joyce, *Ulysses*

Mr. Bloom admired the caretaker's prosperous bulk.

-James Joyce, *Ulysses*

Thanky vous.

-James Joyce, *Ulysses*

I speak the tongue of a race whose acme of mentality is the maxim: time is money. Material domination. Dominus! Lord! Where is the spirituality? Lord Jesus! Lord Salisbury. A sofa in a west end club. But the Greek!

-James Joyce, *Ulysses*

He can kiss my royal Irish arse.

-James Joyce, *Ulysses*

Hot mockturtle vapor and steam of newbaked jumpuffs rolypoly poured out from Harrison's. The heavy noonreek tickled the top of Mr. Bloom's gullet.

-James Joyce, *Ulysses*

Head like a prize pumpkin.

-James Joyce, *Ulysses*

Mighty cheese.

-James Joyce, *Ulysses*

Joy: I ate it: joy.

-James Joyce, *Ulysses*

Interesting only to the parish clerk. I mean, we have the plays. I mean when we read the poetry of King Lear what is it to us how the poet lived? As for living, our servants can do that for us, Villiers de l'Isle has said.

-James Joyce, *Ulysses*

I asked him what he thought of the charge of pederasty brought against the bard. He lifted his hands and said: All we can say is life ran very high in those days.

-James Joyce, *Ulysses*

O, the night in the Camden hall when the daughters of Erin had to lift their skirts to step over you as you lay in your mulberrycoloured, multicoloured, multitudinous vomit!

-James Joyce, *Ulysses*

Mr. Bloom was rather inclined to poohpooh the suggestion as egregious balderdash.

-James Joyce, *Ulysses*

Fine lump of a woman, all the same, the soi-disant town clerk, Henry Campbell remarked, and plenty of her.

-James Joyce, *Ulysses*

He kissed the plump mellow yellow smellow lemons of her rump, on each plump melonous hemisphere, in their mellow yellow furrow, with obscure prolonged provocative mellonsmellonous osculation.

- James Joyce, *Ulysses*

Give us a squint at that literature, grandfather, the ancient mariner put in, manifesting some natural impatience.

- James Joyce, *Ulysses*

The night air was certainly a treat to breathe though Stephen was a bit weak on his pins.

- James Joyce, *Ulysses*

Little monkeys common as ditchwater.

- James Joyce, *Ulysses*

The heaventree of stars hung with humid nightblue fruit.

- James Joyce, *Ulysses*

...the seaweedy rocks.

- James Joyce, *Ulysses*

This was so happy a conceit that it renewed the storms of mirth and threw the whole room into the most violent agitations of delight.

- James Joyce, *Ulysses*

A monstrous fine bit of cowflesh.

- James Joyce, *Ulysses*

There too, opposite to him was Lynch, whose countenance bore already the stigmata of early depravity and premature wisdom.

- James Joyce, *Ulysses*

"Since when have the hill-asses owned all Hindustan?" The retort was a swift and brilliant sketch of Kim's pedigree for three generations.

- Rudyard Kipling, *Kim*

There was nothing in his composition to which drill and routine appealed.

- Rudyard Kipling, *Kim*

I am ten leagues deep in calamity.

- Rudyard Kipling, *Kim*

To importune the wise out of season is to invite calamity.

- Rudyard Kipling, *Kim*

The boat of my soul lacked direction.

- Rudyard Kipling, *Kim*

To be accepted as a paradigm, a thing must seem better than its competitors, but it need not, and in fact never does, explain all the facts with which it can be confronted.

- Thomas S. Kuhn, *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions*

The temptation to write history backward is both omnipresent and perennial.

- Thomas S. Kuhn, *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions*

Elle savourait l'absence totale d'aventures. Aventure: façon d'embrasser le monde. Elle ne voulait plus embrasser le monde. Elle ne voulait plus le monde.

- Milan Kundera, *L'identité*

L'amitié, ce n'est pas le problème des femmes... c'est le problème des hommes. C'est leur romantisme. Pas le nôtre.

- Milan Kundera, *L'identité*

Juste au pied du morne Nelhio, le cimetière de Port-au-Prince, comme un lot de diamants mal taillés. C'est le lieu du rendez-vous générale.

- Dany Lafferrière, *Pays sans chapeau*

We all live in the hope that authentic meeting between human beings can still occur.

- R. D. Laing, *The Politics of Experience*

Human beings seem to have an almost unlimited capacity for self-deception, for deceiving themselves into taking their own lies for the truth.

- R. D. Laing, *The Politics of Experience*

We have to realize that we are as deeply afraid to live and to love as to die.

- R. D. Laing, *The Politics of Experience*

A man without a mask is indeed very rare.

- R. D. Laing

Ordinary languages, though mostly helpful for the inferences of thought, are yet subject to countless ambiguities and cannot do the task of a calculus, which is to expose mistakes in inference... This remarkable advantage is afforded up to date only by the symbols of arithmeticians and algebraists, for whom inference consists only in the use of characters, and a mistake in thought and in the calculus is identical.

- Leibniz

...it is not right to display the triviality of one's mind before an audience of all the ages.

- Longinus, *On the Sublime*

... what wastes the talents of the present generation is the idleness in which all but a few of us pass our lives, only exerting ourselves or showing any enterprise for the sake of getting praise or pleasure out of it, never from the honourable and admirable motive of doing good to the world.

- Longinus, *On the Sublime*

In the doorway stood a person of such singular appearance that I should have exclaimed aloud but for the restraints of good breeding.

- H. P. Lovecraft, *The Picture in the House*

It is an intriguing thought that without the assistance of those anaerobic microflora living in the stinking muds of the sea-beds, lakes, and ponds, there might be no reading or writing of books. Without the methane they produce, oxygen would rise inexorably in concentration to a level at which any fire would be a holocaust and land life, apart from the microflora in damp places, would be impossible.

-James Lovelock, *Gaia - A New Look at Life on Earth*

...the Earth's disease, the fever brought on by a plague of people.

-James Lovelock, *The Revenge of Gaia*

Most of all, [the greens] must drop their wrongheaded objection to nuclear energy.

-James Lovelock, *The Revenge of Gaia*

Because we are tribal animals, the tribe does not act in unison until a real and present danger is perceived.

-James Lovelock, *The Revenge of Gaia*

I find it sad, but all too human, that there are vast bureaucracies concerned with nuclear waste, huge organizations devoted to decommissioning nuclear power stations, but nothing comparable to deal with that truly malign waste, carbon dioxide.

-James Lovelock, *The Revenge of Gaia*

Few, even among climate scientists and ecologists, seem yet to realize fully the potential severity, or the immanence, of catastrophic global disaster; understanding is still in the conscious mind alone and not yet the visceral reaction of fear.

-James Lovelock, *The Revenge of Gaia*

We are no more qualified to be the stewards or developers of the Earth than are goats to be gardeners.

-James Lovelock, *The Revenge of Gaia*

Despite all these warnings, we carry on destroying and seem to worry only about the nearly trivial, even imaginary, risk of cancer from mobile telephones, power lines, pesticide residues in food, or sunlight; topping them all is a fear of anything to do with nuclear energy.

-James Lovelock, *The Revenge of Gaia*

How on Earth, you may ask, can something so good, something so benign as nuclear energy have been demonized to the point where people and sensitive governments are frightened to use it? I think it is a consequence of the vulnerability of people to the astonishing power to deceive of an endlessly repeated falsehood.

-James Lovelock, *The Revenge of Gaia*

What a capital article of furniture an arm-chair is, and what a treasure to a thoughtful man! During the long winter evenings it is often delightful, and always prudent, to lounge luxuriously in it, far from the turmoil of the madding crowd. A good fire, books, and pens; what safeguards these are against ennui! And how pleasant again, to forget books and pens in the delights of stirring the fire, while giving one's-self up to some sweet thought, or making a few rhymes for the amusement of friends! The hours glide by and fall into silence - into eternity, without making their sad passage felt.

- Xavier de Maistre, *A Journey Around My Room*

The moment was short and full of ecstasy; cold reason soon resumed her sway, and in the twinkling of an eye, a whole year was added to my life; my heart grew icy cold, and I found myself on a level with the throng of commonplace beings who crowd the earth.

- Xavier de Maistre, *A Journey Around My Room*

Happy is he who finds a friend whose heart and mind are in sympathy with his own; a friend who is linked to him by similar tastes, feelings, and knowledge; a friend who is not tormented by ambition or egotism; who prefers the shade of a tree to the pomp of a court! Happy is he who possesses a friend!

- Xavier de Maistre, *A Journey Around My Room*

We were happy in our errors, but now - ah! all is sadly changed. We have been compelled, like others, to read the human heart; and truth, falling like a bomb into the midst of us, has forever destroyed the enchanted palace of illusion.

- Xavier de Maistre, *A Journey Around My Room*

From the expedition of the Argonauts to the Assembly of the Notables, from the nethermost Hell to the last fixed star of the Milky Way, to the confines of the Universe, to the gates of chaos, this is the vast expanse over the length and breadth of which I wander at leisure, for neither time nor space fail me.

- Xavier de Maistre, *A Journey Around My Room*

Delightful realm of Imagination, which the benevolent Being has bestowed upon man, to console him for the realities of life, I must quit thee.

- Xavier de Maistre, *A Journey Around My Room*

C'est un charme toujours nouveau pour moi que celui de contempler le ciel étoilé, et je n'ai pas à me reprocher d'avoir fait un seul voyage, ni même une simple promenade nocturne, sans payer le tribut d'admiration que je dois aux merveilles du firmament.

- Xavier de Maistre, *Expédition nocturne autour de ma chambre*

Spectateur éphémère d'un spectacle éternel, l'homme lève un instant les yeux vers le ciel, et les referme pour toujours; mais, pendant cet instant rapide qui lui est accordé, de tous les points du ciel et depuis les bornes de l'univers, un rayon consolateur part de chaque monde et vient frapper ses regards, pour lui annoncer qu'il existe un rapport entre l'immensité et lui, et qu'il est associé à l'éternité.

- Xavier de Maistre, *Expédition nocturne autour de ma chambre*

Combien peu de personnes, me disais-je, jouissent maintenant avec moi du spectacle sublime que le ciel étale inutilement pour les hommes assoupis!... Passe encore pour ceux qui dorment; mais qu'en coûterait-il à ceux qui se promènent, à ceux qui sortent en foule du théâtre de regarder un instant et d'admirer les brillantes constellations qui rayonnent de toutes parts sur leur tête? – Non, les spectateurs attentifs de Scapin ou de Jocrisse ne daigneront pas lever les yeux: Ils vont rentrer brutalement chez eux, ou ailleurs, sans songer que le ciel existe. Quelle bizarrerie!... parce qu'on peut le voir souvent et gratis, ils n'en veulent pas. Si le firmament était toujours voilé pour nous, si le spectacle qu'il nous offre dépendait d'un entrepreneur, les premières loges sur les toits seraient hors de prix, et les dames de Turin s'arracheraient ma lucarne.

- Xavier de Maistre, *Expédition nocturne autour de ma chambre*

At night I can read with a lightheartedness verging on insouciance.

- Alberto Manguel, *The Library at Night*

My books have unlimited patience. They will wait for me till the end of my days.

- Alberto Manguel, *The Library at Night*

The precept that location is the key to the success of a business applies to art, and even to life itself: we thrive or wither depending on how nourishing our environment is.

- Yann Martel, *Beatrice and Virgil*

Oh! cet oeil de la femme, quelle puissance il a! Comme il trouble, envahit, possède, domine. Comme il semble profond, plein de promesses, d'infini! On appelle cela se regarder dans l'âme! Oh! monsieur, quelle blague! Si l'on y voyait, dans l'âme, on serait plus sage, allez.

- Guy de Maupassant, *Au printemps*

Moi je crois que ce qui nous séduit le plus dans les exotiques, c'est leur défaut de prononciation. Aussitôt qu'une femme parle mal notre langue, elle est charmante; si elle fait une faute de français par mot, elle est exquise, et si elle baragouine d'une façon tout à fait inintelligible, elle devient irrésistible.

- Guy de Maupassant, *Découverte*

Ils sont incapables de s'attacher à une chose jusqu'à l'aimer uniquement, de s'intéresser à rien jusqu'à être illuminés par le bonheur de comprendre.

- Guy de Maupassant, *Fort comme la mort*

...ceux qui n'ont pas aimé poétiquement prennent et choisissent les femmes comme on choisit une côtelette à la boucherie, sans s'occuper d'autre chose que de la qualité de leur chair.

- Guy de Maupassant, *L'ermite*

Qu'y a-t-il, en effet, de plus ignoble, de plus répugnant que cet acte ordurier et ridicule de la reproduction des êtres, contre lequel toutes les âmes délicates sont et seront éternellement révoltées?

- Guy de Maupassant, *L'inutile beauté*

L'architecture est morte aujourd'hui, en ce siècle encore artiste, pourtant, mais qui semble avoir perdu le don de faire de la beauté avec des pierres, le mystérieux secret de la séduction par les lignes, le sens de la grâce dans les monuments. Nous paraissions ne plus comprendre, ne plus savoir que la seule proportion d'un mur peut donner à l'esprit la même sensation de joie artistique, la même émotion secrète et profonde qu'un chef-d'oeuvre de Rembrandt, de Velasquez ou de Véronèse.

- Guy de Maupassant, *La Sicile*

Comme elle est petite cette ville à côté de l'autre, celle où l'on vit! Et pourtant comme ils sont plus nombreux que les vivants, ces morts. Il nous faut de hautes maisons, des rues, tant de place, pour les quatre générations qui regardent le jour en même temps, boivent l'eau des sources, le vin des vignes et mangent le pain des plaines. Et pour toute les générations des morts, pour toute l'échelle de l'humanité descendue jusqu'à nous, presque rien, un champ, presque rien! La terre les reprend, l'oubli les efface. Adieu!

- Guy de Maupassant, *La morte*

Et puis, j'aime aussi les cimetières, parce que ce sont des villes monstrueuses, prodigieusement habitées. Songez donc à ce qu'il y a de morts dans ce petit espace, à toutes les générations de Parisiens qui sont logés là, pour toujours, troglodytes définitifs enfermés dans leurs petits caveaux, dans leurs petits trous couverts d'une pierre ou marqués d'une croix, tandis que les vivants occupent tant de place et font tant de bruit, ces imbéciles.

- Guy de Maupassant, *Les tombales*

J'avais trente-cinq ans, et je ne pensais pas plus à me marier qu'à me pendre.

- Guy de Maupassant, *Ma femme*

Les années se suivaient, lentes, monotones, et courtes parce qu'elles étaient vides.

- Guy de Maupassant, *Monsieur Parent*

...elle consentit à épouser ce gros garçon très riche, qui n'était pas laid, mais qui ne lui plaisait guère, comme elle aurait consenti à passer un été dans un pays désagréable.

- Guy de Maupassant, *Mont Oriol*

Ah!, vous ne comprenez pas, vous autres, comme c'est amusant, les affaires, non pas les affaires des marchands ou des commerçants, mais les grandes affaires, les nôtres! Oui, mon cher, quand on les entend bien, cela résume tout ce qu'ont aimé les hommes, c'est en même temps la politique, la guerre, la diplomatie, tout, tout! Il faut toujours chercher, trouver, inventer, tout comprendre, tout prévoir, tout combiner, tout oser. Le grand combat, aujourd'hui, c'est avec l'argent qu'on le livre.

- Guy de Maupassant, *Mont Oriol*

C'est bon, dit-il, d'être jeune, quelquefois.

- Guy de Maupassant, *Mont Oriol*

Laissez donc, dit-il, je la connais, leur intelligence, à tous ces brasseurs d'affaires. Ils n'ont qu'une chose en tête : l'argent! Toutes les pensées que nous donnons aux belles choses, tous les actes que nous perdons pour nos caprices, toutes les heures que nous jetons à nos distractions, toute la force que nous gaspillons pour nos plaisirs, toute l'ardeur et toute la puissance que nous prend l'amour, l'amour divin, ils les emploient à chercher de l'or, à songer à l'or, à amasser de l'or! L'homme, l'homme intelligent, vit pour toutes les grandes tendresses désintéressées, les arts, l'amour, la science, les voyages, les livres; et s'il cherche l'argent, c'est parce que cela facilite les joies réelles de l'esprit et même le bonheur du cœur! Mais eux, ils n'ont rien dans l'esprit et dans le cœur que ce goût ignoble du trafic! Ils ressemblent aux hommes de valeur, ces écumeurs de la vie, comme le marchand de tableaux ressemble au peintre, comme l'éditeur ressemble à l'écrivain, comme le directeur de théâtre ressemble au poète.

- Guy de Maupassant, *Mont Oriol*

Elle ne les vit pas, ou ne les reconnut point. Toute pâle sur son oreiller blanc, avec ses cheveux blonds répandus sur ses épaules, elle regardait, de ses clairs yeux bleus, le monde inconnu, mystérieux et fantastique où vivent les fous.

- Guy de Maupassant, *Mont Oriol*

Mais les mots noirs sur le papier blanc, c'est l'âme toute nue.

- Guy de Maupassant, *Notre Coeur*

Les mots ont une âme.

- Guy de Maupassant, *Oeuvres posthumes*

La profonde et délicieuse jouissance qui vous monte au coeur devant certaines pages, devant certaines phrases, ne vient pas seulement de ce qu'elles disent; elle vient d'une accordance absolue de l'expression avec l'idée, d'une sensation d'harmonie, de beauté secrète, échappant la plupart du temps au jugement des foules.

- Guy de Maupassant, *Oeuvres posthumes*

Il [Flaubert] avait pour les grands écrivains français une admiration frénétique; il possédait par coeur des chapitres entiers des maîtres, et il les déclamaient d'une voix tonnante, grisé par la prose, faisant sonner les mots, scandant, modulant, chantant la phrase.

- Guy de Maupassant, *Oeuvres posthumes*

La misanthropie de ses oeuvres [Flaubert] ne vient pas d'autres chose. La saveur amère qui s'en degage n'est que cette constante constatation de la médiocrité, de la banalité, de la sottise sous toutes les formes.

- Guy de Maupassant, *Oeuvres posthumes*

Je ne refuse pas de voir le monde, de causer, de dîner avec des amis, mais lorsque je les sens depuis longtemps près de moi, même les plus familiers, ils me lassent, me fatiguent, m'énervent, et j'éprouve une envie grandissante, harcelante, de les voir partir ou de m'en aller, d'être seul.

- Guy de Maupassant, *Qui sait?*

Quoi que nous tentions, quoi que nous fassions, quels que soient l'élan de nos coeurs, l'appel de nos lèvres et l'étreinte de nos bras, nous sommes toujours seuls.

- Guy de Maupassant, *Solitude*

Mais d'autres hommes, parcourant d'un éclair de pensée le cercle étroit des satisfactions possibles, demeurent atterrés devant le néant du bonheur, la monotonie et la pauvreté des joies terrestres.

- Guy de Maupassant, *Sur l'eau*

O liberté! liberté! seul bonheur, seul espoir et seul rêve!

- Guy de Maupassant, *Sur l'eau*

Certes, en certains jours, j'éprouve l'horreur de ce qui est jusqu'à désirer la mort. Je sens jusqu'à la souffrance suraiguë la monotonie invariable des paysages, des figures et des pensées. Le médiocrité de l'univers m'étonne et me révolte, la petitesse de toutes choses m'emplit de dégoût, la pauvreté des êtres humains m'anéantit.

- Guy de Maupassant, *Sur l'eau*

Quelques pigeons se promenaient au bord du ruisseau, cherchant leur vie.

- Guy de Maupassant, *Une vie*

Partir à pied, quand le soleil se lève, et marcher dans la rosée, le long des champs, au bord de la mer calme, quelle ivresse!

- Guy de Maupassant, *À Vendre*

Les hommes livrent leur âme, comme les femme leur corps, par zones successives et bien défendues.

- André Maurois, *Climats*

Shakespeare would have grasped wave functions, Donne would have understood complementarity and relative time. They would have been excited. What richness! They would have plundered this new science for their imagery. And they would have educated their audiences too. But you 'arts' people, you're not only ignorant of these magnificent things, you're rather proud of knowing nothing.

- Ian McEwan, *The Child in Time*

One person who has mastered life is better than a thousand persons who have mastered only the contents of books.

- Meister Eckhart

The just are they that take everything alike from God no matter what it is, big and little, good and bad, all the same, no more no less, but one thing like another.

- Meister Eckhart

Turning and change lead nowhere; stopping, we progress.

- Meister Eckhart

The soul is motionless when nothing whatever can perturb her, when she is neither glad nor sad and cannot be gladdened nor yet saddened, and when she has no need to cling to any creature.

- Meister Eckhart

Man's best chance of finding God is where he left him.

- Meister Eckhart

I must let virtue go if I would see God face to face.

- Meister Eckhart

Top-heavy was the ship as a dinnerless student with all Aristotle in his head.

- Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*

This right-whale I take to have been a Stoic; the sperm whale, a Platonian, who might have taken up Spinoza in his later years.

- Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*

Circumambulate the city of a dreary Sabbath afternoon.

- Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*

Yes, as everyone knows, meditation and water are wedded forever.

- Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*

...I never fancied broiling fowls; - though once broiled, judiciously buttered, and judgmatically salted and peppered, there is no one who will speak more respectfully, not to say reverentially, of a broiled fowl than I will.

- Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*

I'll try a pagan friend, thought I, since Christian kindness has proved but hollow courtesy.

- Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*

Already we are boldly launched upon the deep; but soon we shall be lost in its unshored, harborless immensities.

- Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*

Yea, foolish mortals, Noah's flood is not yet subsided; two thirds of the fair world it yet covers.

- Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*

Panting and snorting like a mad battle steed that has lost its rider,
the masterless ocean overruns the globe.

- Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*

In the field of language an Americanism is generally regarded as obnoxious *ipso facto*, and when a new one of any pungency begins to force its way into English usage the guardians of the national linguistic chastity belabor it with great vehemence, and predict calamitous consequences if it is not put down.

- H. L. Mencken, *The American Scene*

Damn is a simple verb and its only child is a simple adjective, but *hell* ranges over all the keys of the grammatical scale and enters into combinations as avidly as oxygen.

- H. L. Mencken, *The American Scene*

That leveling, by the democratic theory, is upward, but in actuality it is downward, for the mob suspects and resents superiorities, whereas inferiorities give it a pleasant glow.

- H. L. Mencken, *The American Scene*

He liked people who sweated freely, and were not debauched by the refinements of the toilet.

- H. L. Mencken, *The American Scene*

The point is: one should try to enjoy the conversible world, despite its inanities, because removing oneself from it is dangerous to one's mental health.

- Stephen Miller, *Conversation - A History of a Declining Art*

When chance is involved, people's thought processes are often seriously flawed.

- Leonard Mlodinow, *The Drunkard's Walk*

We habitually underestimate the effect of randomness.

- Leonard Mlodinow, *The Drunkard's Walk*

Complete chaos is ironically a kind of perfection.

- Leonard Mlodinow, *The Drunkard's Walk*

Avoiding the illusion of meaning in random patterns is a difficult task.

- Leonard Mlodinow, *The Drunkard's Walk*

...we should learn to spend as much time looking for evidence that we are wrong as we spend searching for reasons we are correct.

- Leonard Mlodinow, *The Drunkard's Walk*

The Louvre's a little pious, isn't it? Can't throw a round of darts in there without scoring three Madonnas and a baby Jesus.

- Christopher Moore, *Sacré Bleu*

Bruant wasn't being particularly unkind to Lucien. Everything at Le Mirliton was served with a side order of abuse.

- Christopher Moore, *Sacré Bleu*

They both waited, each took a drink, looked at her, said nothing. Dogs watching Shakespeare.

- Christopher Moore, *Sacré Bleu*

You're grinning at me like lunatics? I am a creature of awesome power and divine aspect.

- Christopher Moore, *Sacré Bleu*

"Oh! diable", dit M. de Buffon, la tête haute, les yeux à demi fermés, et avec un air moitié niais, moitié inspiré, "oh! diable! quand il est question de clarifier son style, c'est une autre paire de manches." A ce propos, à cette comparaison des rues, voilà Mlle de l'Espinasse qui se trouble; sa physionomie s'altère, elle se renverse sur son fauteil, répétant entre ses dents, "une autre paire de manches! clarifier son style!" Elle n'en revint pas de toute la soirée.

- L'Abbé Morellet, *Mémoires*

There is no hope for New Yorkers, for they glory in their skyscraping sins; but in Brooklyn there is the wisdom of the lowly.

- Christopher Morley, *Parnassus on Wheels*

An honest amazement at the unspeakable beauties of the world is a comely posture for the scholar.

- Christopher Morley, *Parnassus on Wheels*

Pluckiest little runt in the three States, by Judas!

- Christopher Morley, *Parnassus on Wheels*

The Harkeners were peaceful folk who devoted their lives to listening for instructive and consolatory voices from another plane. Since no one could be certain where such voices might best be heard, Harkeners listened to everything: old boots, haystacks, boulders, trees, bowls of oatmeal, and anything else at hand... Belsheer thought that over, and his expression brightened. "It would be nice to spend a few weeks sitting in the sun, listening to a loaf of bread."

- John Morressy, *A Tale of Three Wizards*

The biggest disease in the world today is not leprosy or tuberculosis, but rather the feeling of being unwanted, uncared for, and deserted by everybody.

- Mother Theresa

Every so often a disappearance is in order. A vanishing. A checking out. An indeterminate period of unavailability.

- John Murphy

So pour some coffee, go outside, feel something enormous, stop.

- Carol Muske

On travaille pour vivre, et les arts deviennent des métiers.

- Alfred de Musset, *André del Sarto*

Que de jeunes mains, pleines de force et de vie, reçoivent avec respect le flambeau sacré des mains tremblantes des vieillards! qu'ils la protègent du souffle des vents, cette flamme divine qui traversera les siècles futurs, comme elle a fait des siècles passés! a l'ouvrage! a l'ouvrage! la vie est si courte!

- Alfred de Musset, *André del Sarto*

Saint-Jean est mort? Le bouffon du roi est mort? Qui a pris sa place? le ministre de la justice?

- Alfred de Musset, *Fantasio*

Je ne sais s'il y a une providence, mais c'est amusant d'y croire.

- Alfred de Musset, *Fantasio*

Un gentilhomme sans dettes ne saurait où se présenter.

- Alfred de Musset, *Fantasio*

Un vide que je ne saurais exprimer et que je communique en vain à cette large coupe.

- Alfred de Musset, *Les caprices de Marianne*

In and out of my heart flowed my rainbow blood.

- Vladimir Nabokov, *Lolita*

E mentre gli altri animali, con la faccia in basso, guardano in terra, Dio ha dato all'uomo una fronte rivolta verso l'alto, gli ha comandato di contemplare il cielo e di levare il volto verso gli astri.

- Publio Ovidio Nasone

The issue is not indifference to established knowledge; it's the emergence of a positive *hostility* to such knowledge.

- Tom Nichols, *The Death of Expertise*

Americans no longer distinguish the phrase "you're wrong" from "you're stupid". To disagree is to disrespect. To correct another is to insult.

- Tom Nichols, *The Death of Expertise*

College students may not be dumber than they were thirty years ago, but their sense of entitlement and their unfounded self-confidence have grown considerably.

- Tom Nichols, *The Death of Expertise*

"Well," the student said, "your guess is as good as mine." [Robert] Jastrow stopped the young man short. "No, no, no" he said emphatically. "My guesses are much, *much* better than yours."

- Tom Nichols, *The Death of Expertise*

When feelings matter more than rationality or facts, education is a doomed enterprise. Emotion is an unassailable defense against expertise, a moat of anger and resentment in which reason and knowledge quickly drown. And when students learn that emotion trumps everything else, it is a lesson they will take with them for the rest of their lives.

- Tom Nichols, *The Death of Expertise*

To faculty everywhere, the lesson was obvious: the campus of a top university is not a place for intellectual exploration. It is a luxury home, rented for four to six years, nine months at a time, by children of the elite who may shout at faculty as if they're berating clumsy maids in a colonial mansion.

- Tom Nichols, *The Death of Expertise*

- I do not like it.

- Why?

- I am not up to it.

Has anyone ever answered like that?

- Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*

"Behold, I am disease." - thus speaks the evil deed; that is its honesty.

- Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*

There are only two kinds of freedom in the world: the freedom of the rich and powerful, and the freedom of the artist and the monk who renounce possessions.

- Anaïs Nin, *Diary*, v.3

Life shrinks or expands in proportion to one's courage.

- Anaïs Nin, *Diary*, v.3

The young Americans show signs of total emotional atrophy.

- Anaïs Nin, *Diary*, v.3

"In my family", she said, "we did everything with enthusiasm. We even *died* with enthusiasm!"

- Anaïs Nin, *Diary*, v.3

The most tragic moment in human relationships is when we are given to see, accidentally, by a revealing word, or a moment of crisis, the image which the other carries within himself of us, and we catch a glimpse of a stranger, or a caricature of ourselves.

- Anaïs Nin, *Diary*, v.5

The people around me are so standardized that they are colourless, anonymous, and have no distinguishing characteristics.

- Anaïs Nin, *Diary*, v.5

Il avait sur lui un pantalon de poupée miniature qu'il enfilait sur deux doigts et faisait danser comme une marionnette sur le comptoir du café, à la grande joie d'une clientèle hétéroclite.

- Edna O'Brien, *James Joyce*

"It is true that I will not", said Finn MacCool.

- Flann O'Brien, *At Swim-Two-Birds*

I poked him in a manner offensive to propriety and greeted his turned face with a facetious ejaculation: "How is the boy!", I said.

- Flann O'Brien, *At Swim-Two-Birds*

The weather in the following March was cold, with snow and rain, and generally dangerous to persons of inferior vitality.

- Flann O'Brien, *At Swim-Two-Birds*

That, I answered, would be the chiefest wisdom.

- Flann O'Brien, *At Swim-Two-Birds*

Take all that shall be brought upon thee, and keep patience, for gold and silver are tried in the fire, but acceptable men in the furnace of humiliation.

- Flann O'Brien, *At Swim-Two-Birds*

...they wildly reproached each other with bitter words and groundless accusations of bastardy and low birth...

- Flann O'Brien, *At Swim-Two-Birds*

Blackheads are not so bad, said Furriskey. A good big boil on the back of your neck, that's the boy that will make you say your prayers at night. A boil is a fright. It's a fright now.

- Flann O'Brien, *At Swim-Two-Birds*

Masculinity is aggressive, unstable, combustible. It is also the most creative cultural force in history.

- Camille Paglia

The light of the bar was too dim to determine whether their lingerie had come from Bendel's or Bonwit's, but everything proclaimed them to be women not visibly harassed by the specter of want.

- S.J. Perelman, *The Road to Miltdown*

Scene: ... a small cheerless room equipped with the standard instruments of torture - a desk, two chairs, a filing cabinet.

- S.J. Perelman, *The Road to Miltdown*

He is in his mid-sixties, ramrod-straight, affects a white cavalry moustache and a buttonhole, and is well-dressed to the point of dandyism.

- S.J. Perelman, *The Road to Miltdown*

Dr. Budlong bore a chilling resemblance to the mummified remains of Ramses II...

- S.J. Perelman, *The Road to Miltdown*

Though hardly the comeliest girl in the class, Celia possessed a figure so voluptuous that it addled every male within a radius of fifty feet.

- S.J. Perelman, *The Road to Miltdown*

The mood of the quartet was distinctly festive; tongues loosened by copious draughts of loganberry cocktails, their flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes marked them incontrovertibly as devotees of Bacchus.

- S.J. Perelman, *The Road to Miltdown*

Then, out of the blue, Alec Fragonard, who played second leper in the road company of *Father Damien's Chickens* last season...

- S.J. Perelman, *The Road to Miltdown*

But are not all the finest works of nature common property? The sun shines upon all men. The Moon with countless troops of stars in her train leads even the beasts to their food. Can we imagine anything more lovely than water? Yet it flows for all the world.

- Petronius, *Satyricon*

...the woof and warp of all thought and research is symbols, and the life of thought and science is the life inherent in symbols; so it is wrong to say that a good language is important to good thought, merely; for it is the essence of it.

- Charles Pierce

Sogno di un'ombra è l'uomo.

- Pindaro

Non desiderare, anima mia, la vita degli immortali, ma godi a fondo i beni alla tua porta.

- Pindaro

Gli Spartani non chiedono quanti sono i nemici, ma dove si trovano.

- Plutarco

It was a night of unusual gloom.

- Edgar Allan Poe

...out of joy is sorrow born. Either the memory of past bliss is the anguish of to-day, or the agonies which *are* have their origin in the ecstasies which *might have been*.

- Edgar Allan Poe

...the play is the tragedy, "Man", and its hero the Conqueror Worm.

- Edgar Allan Poe

For example, there are few men of extraordinary profundity who are found wanting in an inclination for the bottle.

- Edgar Allan Poe

Among other ideas, that of universal equality gained ground; and in the face of analogy and of God - in despite of the loud warning voice of the laws of gradation so visibly pervading all things in Earth and Heaven - wild attempts at an omni-prevalent Democracy were made.

- Edgar Allan Poe

The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could, but when he ventured upon insult I vowed revenge.

- Edgar Allan Poe

I stood petrified with horror and rage. I endeavoured to reply, but my tongue refused its office.

- Edgar Allan Poe

...which confined me within the coffin, which deposited me within the hearse, which bore me to the grave, which lowered me within it, which heaped heavily the mould upon me, and which thus left me, in blackness and corruption, to my sad and solemn slumbers with the worm.

- Edgar Allan Poe

In Huxley's vision, no Big Brother is required to deprive people of their autonomy, maturity, and history. As he saw it, people will come to love their oppression, to adore the technologies that undo their capacities to think.

- Neil Postman, *Amusing Ourselves To Death*

Think of Richard Nixon, or Jimmy Carter, or Billy Graham, or even Albert Einstein, and what will come to your mind is an image, a picture of face, most likely a face on a television screen (in Einstein's case, a photograph of a face). Of words, nothing will come to mind. This is the difference between thinking in a word-centered culture and thinking in an image-centered culture.

- Neil Postman, *Amusing Ourselves To Death*

The problem is not that television presents us with entertaining subject matter, but that all subject matter is presented as entertaining, which is another issue entirely.

- Neil Postman, *Amusing Ourselves To Death*

It is not merely that, on the television screen, entertainment is the metaphor for all discourse. It is that off the screen the same metaphor prevails.

- Neil Postman, *Amusing Ourselves To Death*

All that has happened is that the public has adjusted to incoherence and been amused into indifference. Which is why Aldous Huxley would not in the least be surprised by the story. Indeed, he prophesized its coming. He believed that it is far more likely that the Western democracies will dance and dream themselves into oblivion than march into it, single file and manacled. Huxley grasped, as Orwell did not, that it is not necessary to conceal anything from a public insensible to contradiction and narcotized by technological diversions. Although Huxley did not specify that television would be our main line to the drug, he would have no difficulty accepting Robert MacNeil's observation that "television is the soma of Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*". Big Brother turns out to be Howdy Doody.

- Neil Postman, *Amusing Ourselves To Death*

In the Huxleyan prophecy, Big Brother does not watch us, by his choice; we watch him, by ours. There is no need for wardens, or gates or Ministries of Truth. When a population becomes distracted by trivia, when cultural life is redefined as a perpetual round of entertainments, when serious public conversation becomes a form of baby-talk... then culture-death is a clear possibility.

- Neil Postman, *Amusing Ourselves To Death*

Public consciousness has not yet assimilated the point that technology is ideology...

- Neil Postman, *Amusing Ourselves To Death*

Technopoly is a state of culture. It is also a state of mind. It consists in the deification of technology, which means that the culture seeks its authorization in technology, and takes its orders from technology.

- Neil Postman, *Technopoly*

It's a world in which the idea of human progress, as Bacon expressed it, has been replaced by the idea of technological progress.

- Neil Postman, *Technopoly*

I will go further: in Technopoly, all experts are invested with the charisma of priestliness.

- Neil Postman, *Technopoly*

I am constantly amazed at how obediently people accept explanations that begin with the words "the computer shows..." or "the computer has determined..." It is Technopoly's equivalent of the sentence "It is God's will.", and the effect is roughly the same.

- Neil Postman, *Technopoly*

The Technopoly story is without a moral centre. It puts in its place efficiency, interest, and economic advance.

- Neil Postman, *Technopoly*

Laissons les jolies femmes aux hommes sans imagination.

- Marcel Proust, *Albertine disparue*

Jamais je ne retrouverais cette chose divine: un être avec qui je pusse causer de tout, à qui je pusse me confier.

- Marcel Proust, *Albertine disparue*

Nous voyons, nous entendons, nous concevons le monde tout de travers.... Cette perpétuelle erreur, qui est précisément la «vie», ne donne pas ses mille formes seulement à l'univers visible et à l'univers audible, mais à l'univers social, à l'univers sentimental, à l'univers historique, etc.

- Marcel Proust, *Albertine disparue*

...des principes égalitaires de 1789 elle ne réclamait qu'un droit du citoyen, celui de ne pas prononcer comme nous et de maintenir qu'hôtel, été et air étaient du genre féminin...

- Marcel Proust, *Albertine disparue*

Notre amour de la vie n'est qu'une vieille liaison dont nous ne savons pas nous débarrasser. Sa force est dans sa permanence. Mais la mort qui la rompt nous guérira du désir de l'immortalité.

- Marcel Proust, *Albertine disparue*

Car il y a dans ce monde où tout s'use, où tout périt, une chose qui tombe en ruines, qui se détruit encore plus complètement, en laissant encore moins de vestiges que la Beauté: c'est le Chagrin.

- Marcel Proust, *Albertine disparue*

Quand d'un passé ancien rien ne subsiste, après la mort des êtres, après la destruction des choses seules, plus frêles mais plus vivaces, plus immatérielles, plus persistantes, plus fidèles, l'odeur et la saveur restent encore longtemps, comme des âmes, à se rappeler, à attendre, à espérer, sur la ruine de tout le reste, à porter sans fléchir, sur leur gouttelette presque impalpable, l'édifice immense du souvenir.

- Marcel Proust, *Du côté du chez Swann*

Quand, plus tard, j'ai eu l'occasion de rencontrer, au cours de ma vie, dans des couvents par exemple, des incarnations vraiment saintes de la charité active, elles avaient généralement un air allègre, positif, indifférent et brusque de chirurgien pressé, ce visage où ne se lit aucune commisération, aucun attendrissement devant la souffrance humaine, aucune crainte de la heurter, et qui est le visage sans douceur, le visage antipathique et sublime de la vraie bonté.

- Marcel Proust, *Du côté du chez Swann*

Je vis si résolument en dehors des contingences physiques que mes sens ne prennent pas la peine de me les notifier.

- Marcel Proust, *Du côté du chez Swann*

Un petit coup au carreau, comme si quelque chose l'avait heurté, suivi d'une ample chute légère comme de grains de sable qu'on eût laissé tomber d'une fenêtre au-dessus, puis la chute s'étendant, se réglant, adoptant un rythme, devenant fluide, sonore, musicale, innombrable, universelle: c'était la pluie.

- Marcel Proust, *Du côté du chez Swann*

Il se taisait, il regardait mourir leur amour.

- Marcel Proust, *Du côté du chez Swann*

Chose étrange que ces mots «deux ou trois fois», rien que des mots, des mots prononcés dans l'air, à distance, puissent ainsi déchirer le cœur comme s'ils le touchaient véritablement, puissent rendre malade, comme un poison qu'on absorberait.

- Marcel Proust, *Du côté du chez Swann*

Car l'un ne voulait pas d'un sucre d'orge rouge parce qu'il préférerait le violet et l'autre, les larmes aux yeux, refusait une prune que voulait lui acheter sa bonne, parce que, finit-il par dire d'une voix passionnée: «J'aime mieux, l'autre prune, parce qu'elle a un ver!»

- Marcel Proust, *Du côté du chez Swann*

Dire que j'ai gâché des années de ma vie, que j'ai voulu mourir, que j'ai eu mon plus grand amour, pour une femme qui ne me plaisait pas, qui n'était pas mon genre!

- Marcel Proust, *Du côté du chez Swann*

...comme on fait du téléphone, instrument surnaturel devant les miracles duquel on s'émerveillait jadis, et dont on se sert maintenant sans même y penser, pour faire venir son tailleur ou commander une glace.

- Marcel Proust, *La prisonnière*

Qu'y a-t-il de plus poétique que Xerxès, fils de Darius, faisant fouetter de verges la mer qui avait englouti ses vaisseaux?

- Marcel Proust, *La prisonnière*

Quand elle dormait, je n'avais plus à parler, je savais que je n'étais plus regardé par elle, je n'avais plus besoin de vivre à la surface de moi-même.

- Marcel Proust, *La prisonnière*

Tantôt, par des jours irrémédiablement mauvais, disait-on, rien que la résidence dans la maison, située au milieu d'une pluie égale et continue, avait la glissante douceur, le silence calmant, l'intérêt d'une navigation; une autre fois, par un jour clair, en restant immobile dans mon lit, c'était laisser tourner les ombres autour de moi comme d'un tronc d'arbre.

- Marcel Proust, *La prisonnière*

...pour aviser au plus vite, j'essayai de téléphoner à Andrée; je me saisis du récepteur, j'invoquai les divinités implacables, mais ne fis qu'exciter leur fureur qui se traduisit par ces mots: «Pas libre.»

- Marcel Proust, *La prisonnière*

J'appelle ici amour une torture réciproque.

- Marcel Proust, *La prisonnière*

...une montagne de néant...

- Marcel Proust, *La prisonnière*

La curiosité amoureuse est comme celle qu'excitent en nous les noms de pays; toujours déçue, elle renaît et reste toujours insatiable.

- Marcel Proust, *La prisonnière*

C'est terrible d'avoir la vie d'une autre personne attachée à la sienne comme une bombe qu'on tiendrait sans qu'on puisse la lâcher sans crime.

- Marcel Proust, *La prisonnière*

Le seul véritable voyage, le seul bain de Jouvence, ce ne serait pas d'aller vers de nouveaux paysages, mais d'avoir d'autres yeux, de voir l'univers avec les yeux d'un autre, de cent autres, de voir les cent univers que chacun d'eux voit, que chacun d'eux est; et cela, nous le pouvons avec un Elstir, avec un Vinteuil; avec leurs pareils, nous volons vraiment d'étoiles en étoiles.

- Marcel Proust, *La prisonnière*

...l'Ange écarlate du matin...

- Marcel Proust, *La prisonnière*

Quand je vous mens, c'est toujours par amitié pour vous.

- Marcel Proust, *La prisonnière*

Nous sentons dans un monde, nous pensons, nous nommons dans un autre, nous pouvons entre les deux établir une concordance mais non combler l'intervalle.

- Marcel Proust, *Le côté de Guermantes*

Et comme l'habitude est, de toutes les plantes humaines, celle qui a le moins besoin de sol nourricier pour vivre et qui apparaît la première sur le roc en apparence le plus désolé...

- Marcel Proust, *Le côté de Guermantes*

La vérité est que je n'appartiens guère à cette Terre où je me sens si exilé; il faut toute la force de la loi de gravitation pour m'y maintenir et que je ne m'évade pas dans une autre sphère.

- Marcel Proust, *Le côté de Guermantes*

Ce n'était pas «Rachel quand du Seigneur» qui me semblait peu de chose, c'était la puissance de l'imagination humaine, l'illusion sur laquelle reposaient les douleurs de l'amour, que je trouvais grandes.

- Marcel Proust, *Le côté de Guermantes*

L'amour? Je le fais souvent mais je n'en parle jamais.

- Marcel Proust, *Le côté de Guermantes*

...après avoir poussé un léger soupir, elle se contenta de manifester de la nullité de l'impression que lui produisaient la vue de l'historien et la mienne en exécutant certains mouvements des ailes du nez avec une précision qui attestait l'inertie absolue de son attention désœuvrée.

- Marcel Proust, *Le côté de Guermantes*

Au pied du lit, convulsée par tous les souffles de cette agonie, ne pleurant pas mais par moments trempée de larmes, ma mère avait la désolation sans pensée d'un feuillage que cingle la pluie et retourne le vent.

- Marcel Proust, *Le côté de Guermantes*

C'est la terrible tromperie de l'amour qu'il commence par nous faire jouer avec une femme non du monde extérieur, mais avec une poupée intérieure à notre cerveau...

- Marcel Proust, *Le côté de Guermantes*

Les Courvoisier se faisaient de l'intelligence une idée moins favorable et, pour peu qu'on ne fût pas de leur monde, être intelligent n'était pas loin de signifier «avoir probablement assassiné père et mère».

- Marcel Proust, *Le côté de Guermantes*

...il est bien rare qu'un d'entre nous ait le toupet de son originalité et ne mette pas son application à ressembler aux modèles les plus vantés.

- Marcel Proust, *Le côté de Guermantes*

...un être est tant d'êtres différents selon les personnes qui le jugent, en dehors même des différences de jugement.

- Marcel Proust, *Le temps retrouvé*

Ainsi tourne la Roue du Monde.

- Marcel Proust, *Le temps retrouvé*

...la mort de millions d'inconnus nous chatouille à peine et presque moins désagréablement qu'un courant d'air. Mme Verdurin, souffrant pour ses migraines de ne plus avoir de croissant à tremper dans son café au lait, avait obtenu de Cottard une ordonnance qui lui permettait de s'en faire faire dans certain restaurant dont nous avons parlé. Cela avait été presque aussi difficile à obtenir des pouvoirs publics que la nomination d'un général. Elle reprit son premier croissant le matin où les journaux narraient le naufrage du Lusitania. Tout en trempant le croissant dans le café au lait et donnant des pichenettes à son journal pour qu'il pût se tenir grand ouvert sans qu'elle eût besoin de détourner son autre main des trempettes, elle disait : «Quelle horreur! Cela dépasse en horreur les plus affreuses tragédies.» Mais la mort de tous ces noyés ne devait lui apparaître que réduite au milliardième, car tout en faisant, la bouche pleine, ces réflexions désolées, l'air qui surnageait sur sa figure, amené probablement là par la saveur du croissant, si précieux contre la migraine, était plutôt celui d'une douce satisfaction.

- Marcel Proust, *Le temps retrouvé*

Il y avait certes, maintenant comme alors, la splendeur antique inchangée d'une lune cruellement, mystérieusement sereine, qui versait aux monuments encore intacts l'inutile beauté de sa lumière...

- Marcel Proust, *Le temps retrouvé*

Mais comme chaque fois que je me trouvais arraché à mes habitudes, sorti à une autre heure, dans un lieu nouveau, j'éprouvais un vif plaisir.

- Marcel Proust, *Le temps retrouvé*

J'avais trop expérimenté l'impossibilité d'atteindre dans la réalité ce qui était au fond de moi-même.

- Marcel Proust, *Le temps retrouvé*

...le sens artistique, c'est-à-dire la soumission à la réalité intérieure...

- Marcel Proust, *Le temps retrouvé*

Le devoir et la tâche d'un écrivain sont ceux d'un traducteur.

- Marcel Proust, *Le temps retrouvé*

Ça me faisait toujours penser au vers de Victor Hugo: «Emporte le bonheur et laisse-moi l'ennui.»

- Marcel Proust, *Le temps retrouvé*

Car je comprenais que mourir n'était pas quelque chose de nouveau, mais qu'au contraire depuis mon enfance j'étais déjà mort bien des fois.

- Marcel Proust, *Le temps retrouvé*

Là où je cherchais les grandes lois, on m'appelait fouilleur de détails.

- Marcel Proust, *Le temps retrouvé*

Depuis le jour de l'escalier, rien du monde, aucun bonheur, qu'il vînt de l'amitié des gens, des progrès de mon œuvre, de l'espérance de la gloire, ne parvenait plus à moi que comme un si pâle soleil qu'il n'avait plus la vertu de me réchauffer, de me faire vivre, de me donner un désir quelconque, et encore était-il trop brillant, si blême qu'il fût, pour mes yeux qui préféraient se fermer, et je me retournais du côté du mur.

- Marcel Proust, *Le temps retrouvé*

Blottie toute seule derrière elle, une pauvre petite étoile allait servir d'unique compagne à la lune solitaire, tandis que celle-ci, tout en protégeant son amie, mais plus hardie et allant de l'avant, brandirait comme une arme irrésistible, comme un symbole oriental, son ample et merveilleux croissant d'or.

- Marcel Proust, *Sodome et Gomorrhe*

Il est mort! Mais non, on exagère, on exagère!

- Marcel Proust, *Sodome et Gomorrhe*

Vous êtes plutôt bizarroïde dans vos renseignements, mon cher!

- Marcel Proust, *Sodome et Gomorrhe*

Car l'instinct d'imitation et l'absence de courage gouvernent les sociétés comme les foules.

- Marcel Proust, *Sodome et Gomorrhe*

Il voyait le peu qu'on pouvait attendre des affections humaines, il s'y était résigné.

- Marcel Proust, *Sodome et Gomorrhe*

Cependant l'aviateur sembla hésiter sur sa voie; je sentais ouvertes devant lui — devant moi, si l'habitude ne m'avait pas fait prisonnier — toutes les routes de l'espace, de la vie...

- Marcel Proust, *Sodome et Gomorrhe*

Sans doute parlait-il ainsi par mécontentement de ne pas être invité, et aussi à cause de la satisfaction qu'ont les hommes «occupés» — fût-ce par le travail le plus sot — de «ne pas avoir le temps» de faire ce que vous faites.

- Marcel Proust, *Sodome et Gomorrhe*

The fault I find with our journalism is that it forces us to take an interest in some fresh triviality or other every day, whereas only three or four books in a lifetime give us anything that is of real importance.

- Marcel Proust, *Swann's Way*

...as will exert a benign influence on the mind by giving it a hankering for impossible journeys through the realms of time.

- Marcel Proust, *Swann's Way*

Sir, I am absolutely incapable of telling you whether it has rained. I live so resolutely apart from physical contingencies that my senses no longer trouble to inform me of them.

- Marcel Proust, *Swann's Way*

An hour or so later he received a note from Odette, and at once recognized that large handwriting in which an affectation of British stiffness imposed an apparent discipline upon ill-formed characters, suggestive, perhaps, to less biased eyes than his, of an untidiness of mind, a fragmentary education, or a want of sincerity and will-power.

- Marcel Proust, *Swann's Way*

He could not explore the idea further, for a sudden access of that mental lethargy which was, with him, congenital, intermittent and providential, happened at that moment to extinguish every particle of light in his brain.

- Marcel Proust, *Swann's Way*

With the result that he came to regret every pleasure that he tasted in her company, every new caress of which he had been so imprudent as to point out to her the delights, every fresh charm that he found in her, for he knew that, a moment later, they would go to enrich the collection of instruments in his torture chamber.

- Marcel Proust, *Swann's Way*

Let's hope she'll refuse. Good God! Think of listening to Wagner for a whole fortnight with a woman who takes about as much interest in music as a tone-deaf newt - that would be fun!

- Marcel Proust, *Swann's Way*

Verdurin! What a name! Oh, it must be said that they're perfect specimens of their disgusting kind! Thank God, it was high time that I stopped condescending to promiscuous intercourse with such infamy, such dung.

- Marcel Proust, *Swann's Way*

But the harshness of his steely gaze was compensated by the softness of his cotton gloves, so that, as he approached Swann, he seemed to be exhibiting at once an utter contempt for his person and the most tender regard for his hat.

- Marcel Proust, *Swann's Way*

Swann speedily recovered his sense of the general ugliness of the human male when, on the other side of the tapestry curtain, the spectacle of the servants gave place to that of the guests.

- Marcel Proust, *Swann's Way*

...this woman whose reputation for beauty, misconduct and elegance was universal.

- Marcel Proust, *Swann's Way*

On peut tout faire aux hommes qui vous aiment, ils sont idiots.

- Marcel Proust, *À l'ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs*

Il me fallut l'accompagner dans un petit pavillon treillissé de vert, assez semblable aux bureaux d'octroi désaffectés du vieux Paris, et dans lequel étaient depuis peu installés ce qu'on appelle en Angleterre un lavabo, et en France, par une anglomanie mal informée, des water-closets.

- Marcel Proust, *À l'ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs*

Quoi, vous croyez qu'elle a un derrière blue ciel comme les singes?

- Marcel Proust, *À l'ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs*

Et je me lassai d'attendre, bien que quelques habituées fort humbles, soi-disant ouvrières, mais toujours sans travail, fussent venues me faire de la tisane et tenir avec moi une longue conversation à laquelle — malgré le sérieux des sujets traités — la nudité partielle ou complète de mes interlocutrices donnait une savoureuse simplicité.

- Marcel Proust, *À l'ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs*

La constante vision de ce bonheur imaginaire m'aidait à supporter la destruction du bonheur réel.

- Marcel Proust, *À l'ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs*

Quand on aime, l'amour est trop grand pour pouvoir être contenu tout entier en nous; il irradie vers la personne aimée, rencontre en elle une surface qui l'arrête, le force à revenir vers son point de départ; et c'est ce choc en retour de notre propre tendresse que nous appelons les sentiments de l'autre et qui nous charme plus qu'à l'aller, parce que nous ne connaissons pas qu'elle vient de nous.

- Marcel Proust, *À l'ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs*

...la permanence et la durée ne sont promises à rien, pas même à la douleur.

- Marcel Proust, *À l'ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs*

J'appliquais à son visage rendu indécis par le crépuscule le masque de mes rêves les plus passionnés, mais lisais dans son regard tourné vers moi l'horreur de mon néant.

- Marcel Proust, *À l'ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs*

Mais il ne me répondit pas, soit étonnement de mes paroles, attention à son travail, souci de l'étiquette, dureté de son ouïe, respect du lieu, crainte du danger, paresse d'intelligence ou consigne du directeur.

- Marcel Proust, *À l'ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs*

Et dès ce premier matin le soleil me désignait au loin, d'un doigt souriant, ces cimes bleues de la mer qui n'ont de nom sur aucune carte géographique, jusqu'à ce qu'étourdi de sa sublime promenade à la surface retentissante et chaotique de leurs crêtes et de leurs avalanches, il vînt se mettre à l'abri du vent dans ma chambre, se prélassant sur le lit défait et égrenant ses richesses sur le lavabo mouillé, dans la malle ouverte, où par sa splendeur même et son luxe déplacé, il ajoutait encore à l'impression du désordre.

- Marcel Proust, *À l'ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs*

Mais avant tout j'avais ouvert mes rideaux dans l'impatience de savoir qu'elle était la Mer qui jouait ce matin-là au bord du rivage, comme une Néréïde. Car chacune de ces Mers ne restait jamais plus qu'un jour. Le lendemain il y en avait une autre qui parfois lui ressemblait. Mais je ne vis jamais deux fois la même.

- Marcel Proust, *À l'ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs*

Comment s'appelle-t-il, cet ostrogoth-là, me demandait Albertine...

- Marcel Proust, *À l'ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs*

Elle était de ces femmes à qui c'est un si grand plaisir de serrer la main qu'on est reconnaissant à la civilisation d'avoir fait du shake-hand un acte permis entre jeunes gens et jeunes filles qui s'abordent.

- Marcel Proust, *À l'ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs*

It has always, therefore, been my custom not to tie myself down to universal or general rules... For rules are rarely of such a kind that their validity cannot be shaken and overthrown in some particular or other.

- Quintilian, *Institutio Oratorio*

If therefore we have received no fairer gift from heaven than speech, what shall we regard as so worthy of laborious cultivation, or in what should we sooner desire to excel our fellow-men, than that in which humanity excels all other living things?

- Quintilian, *Institutio Oratorio*

Style has three kinds of excellence: correctness, lucidity, and elegance.

- Quintilian, *Institutio Oratorio*

But such practices have disappeared into the limbo of absurdities.

- Quintilian, *Institutio Oratorio*

Again it frequently happens that the more learned the teacher, the more lucid and intelligible is his instruction. For clearness is the first virtue of eloquence... Consequently the worse a teacher is, the harder he will be to understand.

- Quintilian, *Institutio Oratorio*

...the preliminary task of unteaching is harder than that of teaching.

- Quintilian, *Institutio Oratorio*

Étendez-vous sur le sol, la nuit, loin des lumières. Fermez les yeux. Après quelques minutes, ouvrez-les sur la voûte étoilée... Vous aurez le vertige. Collé à la surface de votre vaisseau spatial, vous vous sentirez *dans* l'espace. Goutez-en longuement l'ivresse.

- Hubert Reeves, *Patience dans l'azur*

Facebook is a fusillade of vacation photos and cat miscellany, but a letter is a guided missile to one person's heart.

- Elizabeth Renzetti

John Hughes-McNoughton, born into Westmount affluence, misplaced his moral compass years ago.

- Mordecai Richler, *Barney's Version*

L'ennui n'est plus mon amour.

- Arthur Rimbaud, *Une saison en enfer*

Il faut être absolument moderne.

- Arthur Rimbaud, *Une saison en enfer*

Sous le tranquille abri du toit paternel, j'étais heureuse dès l'enfance avec des fleurs et des livres: dans l'étroite enceinte d'une prison, au milieu des fers imposés par la tyrannie la plus révoltante, j'oublie l'injustice des hommes, leurs sottises et mes maux, avec des livres et des fleurs.

- Mme Roland, *Mémoires*

Enfin, je ne me suis mariée qu'à vingt-cinq ans, et avec une âme telle qu'on peut la présumer, des sens très-inflammables, beaucoup d'instruction sur divers objets; j'avais si bien évité l'instruction sur certain autre, que les événemens du mariage me parurent aussi surprenans que désagréables.

- Mme Roland, *Mémoires*

A quatorze ans, comme aujourd'hui, j'avais environs cinq pieds; ma taille avait acquis toute sa croissance; la jambe bien faite, le pied bien posé, les hanches très-relevées; la poitrine large et superbement meublée...

- Mme Roland, *Mémoires*

And then, of course, my father is a man who has a certain amount of worrying to do each day, and sometimes he just has to forgo listening to the conversations going on around him in order to fulfill his anxiety requirement.

- Philip Roth, *Portnoy's Complaint*

"The Pumpkin", is what I called her, in commemoration of her pigmentation and the size of her can.

- Philip Roth, *Portnoy's Complaint*

Why do you stay in prison, when the door is so wide open?

- Rumi

Open the window in the centre of your chest, and let the spirits fly in and out.

- Rumi

Let the beauty we love be what we do.

- Rumi

Lovers don't finally meet somewhere. They're in each other all along.

- Rumi

Then death comes like dawn, and you wake up laughing at what you thought was your grief.

- Rumi

The soul at dawn is like darkened water that slowly begins to say "Thank you, thank you."

- Rumi

Don't turn your head. Keep looking at the bandaged place. That's where the light enters you.

- Rumi

Whoever is served that cup keeps quiet.

- Rumi

That broken-down lowliness is the reality, not the language! Forget phraseology. I want burning, *burning*!

- Rumi

People who insult me are only polishing the mirror.

- Rumi

Our achievements rest on the accomplishments of 40,000 generations of our human predecessors, all but a tiny fraction of which are nameless and forgotten.

- Carl Sagan, *Cosmos*

...these are some of the things that hydrogen atoms do, given fifteen billion years of cosmic evolution.

- Carl Sagan, *Cosmos*

Establish business relations with poverty.

- Lucio Anneo Seneca

Contented poverty is an honourable estate.

- Lucio Anneo Seneca

When Zeno received news of a shipwreck and heard that all his luggage had been sunk, he said, "Fortune bids me to be a less encumbered philosopher."

- Lucio Anneo Seneca

Un grande anima si esprime con più calma e serenità.

- Lucio Anneo Seneca

Insegnami che il bene della vita non consiste nella sua durata, ma nel suo uso.

- Lucio Anneo Seneca

Viviamo tra cose tutte destinate a morire.

- Lucio Anneo Seneca

Today, public life has also become a matter of formal obligation. Most citizens approach their dealings with the state in a spirit of resigned acquiescence, but this public enervation is in its scope much broader than political affairs. Manners and ritual interchanges with strangers are looked on as at best formal and dry, at worst as phony. The stranger himself is a threatening figure, and few people can take great pleasure in that world of strangers, the cosmopolitan city.

- Richard Sennett, *The Fall of Public Man*

Behaving with strangers in an emotionally satisfying way and yet remaining aloof from them was seen by the mid-18th century as the means by which the human animal was transformed into a social being.

- Richard Sennett, *The Fall of Public Man*

During the 19th century the family came to appear less and less the center of a particular, non-public region, more an idealized refuge, a world all its own, with a higher moral value than the public realm.

- Richard Sennett, *The Fall of Public Man*

O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

- William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*

Come; the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

- William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*

What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust?

- William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*

What, my dear Lady Disdain? Are you yet living?

- William Shakespeare, *Much Ado About Nothing*

O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

- William Shakespeare, *Much Ado About Nothing*

Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

- William Shakespeare, *Much Ado About Nothing*

O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

- William Shakespeare, *Much Ado About Nothing*

I must discontinue your company.

- William Shakespeare, *Much Ado About Nothing*

Earth has swallowed all my hopes but she...

- William Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*

But He that hath the steerage of my course
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.

- William Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*

Is this the poultice for my aching bones?

- William Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*

Death lies upon her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of the field

- William Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*

They are but beggars who can count their worth.

- William Shakespeare

O happy dagger! This is thy sheath; there rust, and let me die.

- William Shakespeare

Chaos is come again.

- William Shakespeare

I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for
a touch of his nether lip.

- William Shakespeare

An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish
disposition to the charge of a star!

- William Shakespeare

A plague upon your epileptic visage.

- William Shakespeare

O wonder! How many goodly creatures are there here! How
beauteous mankind is! O brave new world that has such people in it!

- William Shakespeare

...and thence retire me to my Milan, where every third thought shall
be of my grave.

- William Shakespeare

...glad that you thus continue your resolve to suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.

- William Shakespeare

No profit grows where is no pleasure tane; in brief, sir, study what you most affect.

- William Shakespeare

Dwell I but in the suburbs of your good pleasure?

- William Shakespeare

...Come, thick night, and pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell...

- William Shakespeare

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

- William Shakespeare

The framework that modern natural philosophers preferred to Aristotelian teleology was one that explicitly modelled nature on the characteristics of a *machine*.

- Steven Shapin, *The Scientific Revolution*

The machine metaphor might, then, be a vehicle for "taking the wonder out" of our understanding of nature or, as the sociologist Max Weber put it in the early twentieth century, for the "disenchantment of the world".

- Steven Shapin, *The Scientific Revolution*

Their chief is called Julius Caesar. His father was a tiger and his mother was a burning mountain.

- George Bernard Shaw, *Caesar and Cleopatra*

All artsmen know what it is to be enthusiastically praised for something so easy that they are half ashamed of it, and to receive not a word of encouragement for their finest strokes.

- George Bernard Shaw, *London Music*

Hell, in short, is a place where you have nothing to do but amuse yourself.

- George Bernard Shaw, *Man and Superman*

The secret of being miserable is to have leisure to bother about whether you are happy or not. The cure for it is occupation, because occupation means preoccupation; and the preoccupied person is neither happy nor unhappy, but simply alive and active, which is pleasanter than any happiness, until you are tired of it.

- George Bernard Shaw, *Misalliance*

A perpetual holiday is a good working definition of hell.

- George Bernard Shaw, *Misalliance*

I had rather be a dog than the Prime Minister of a country where the only thing the inhabitants can be serious about are football and refreshments.

- George Bernard Shaw, *The Apple Cart*

No man who is occupied in doing a very difficult thing, and doing it very well, ever loses his self-respect.

- George Bernard Shaw, *The Doctor's Dilemma*

The truth is the one thing nobody will believe.

- George Bernard Shaw, *The Man of Destiny*

The manager of the C.F.A. Theatre regrets to have to announce that his attempt to procure a new play introducing a married woman in love with her own husband, and without a past, has been wholly unsuccessful. An appeal to our leading dramatic authors to write such a play has elicited a unanimous refusal to compromise their professional reputation by dealing with an abnormal situation and catering for morbid tastes.

- George Bernard Shaw, *The Theatre of the Future*

I wanted to get at the facts. I was prepared for the facts being unflattering; had I not already faced the fact that instead of being a fallen angel I was first cousin to a monkey?

- George Bernard Shaw, *Three Plays by Brieux*

I should prefer to die in a reasonably dry ditch under the stars.

- George Bernard Shaw

I hope, my Lord, those buckles have had the unspeakable satisfaction of being honoured with your Lordship's approbation?

- R. B. Sheridan

I will now show you the excess of my passion, by being very calm. Come, Lory, lay your loggerhead to mine, and, in cold blood, let us contrive his destruction.

- R. B. Sheridan

He talked of accepting Lord Foppington's invitation to sup at Sir Tunbelly Clumsey's.

- R. B. Sheridan

Ho! bold Orion, with thy lion-shield;
What tidings from the chase? what monsters slain?

- Lydia Sigourney, *The Stars*

Society and conversation... are the most powerful remedies for restoring the mind to its tranquility...

- Adam Smith

The most cherished goal in physics, as in bad romance novels, is unification.

- Lee Smolin, *The Trouble With Physics*

To be fair, we have made two experimental discoveries in the past few decades: that neutrinos have mass and that the universe is dominated by a mysterious dark energy that seems to be accelerating its expansion.

- Lee Smolin, *The Trouble With Physics*

On the other hand, if string theorists are wrong, they can't be just a little wrong. If the new dimensions and symmetries do not exist, then we will count string theorists among science's greatest failures, like those who continued to work on Ptolemaic epicycles while Kepler and Galileo forged ahead. Theirs will be a cautionary tale of how not to do science, how not to let theoretical conjecture get so far beyond the limits of what can rationally be argued that one starts engaging in fantasy.

- Lee Smolin, *The Trouble With Physics*

Some people need to think through everything very carefully, and this takes time, as they get easily confused. It's not hard to feel superior to such people, until you remember that Einstein was one of them.

- Lee Smolin, *The Trouble With Physics*

What is remarkable to me is the number of distinguished scientists who seem unable to accept the possibility either that string theory or the hypothesis of a random multiverse is wrong.

- Lee Smolin, *The Trouble With Physics*

...it is not good for any field if any one person's views are taken too authoritatively. There is no scientist, not even Newton or Einstein, who was not wrong on a substantial number of issues they had strong views about.

- Lee Smolin, *The Trouble With Physics*

If your ideas are right and you fight for them, you'll accomplish something... No one but you can develop your ideas, and no one but you will fight for them.

- Lee Smolin, *The Trouble With Physics*

But what is equally important, and sobering, is how often we fool ourselves. And we fool ourselves not only individually but en masse. The tendency of a group of human beings to quickly come to believe something that its individual members will later see as obviously false is truly amazing.

- Lee Smolin, *The Trouble With Physics*

Feyerabend insisted that scientists should never agree, unless they are forced to.

- Lee Smolin, *The Trouble With Physics*

If a highly disciplined subject like physics is vulnerable to the symptoms of groupthink, what may be happening in other, less rigorous areas?

- Lee Smolin, *The Trouble With Physics*

[String theorists] seem to feel that appeal to consensus within their community is equivalent to rational argument.

- Lee Smolin, *The Trouble With Physics*

Good ideas are not taken seriously enough when they come from people of low status in the academic world; conversely, the ideas of high-status people are often taken too seriously.

- Lee Smolin, *The Trouble With Physics*

I have got into a family of originals, whom I may one day attempt to describe for your amusement.

- Tobias Smollett, *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*

...and as to the few letters that passed between us, they are all in my uncle's hands, and I hope they contain nothing contrary to innocence and honour.

- Tobias Smollett, *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*

I vow to God your impertinence is exceedingly provoking.

- Tobias Smollett, *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*

...began to practise upon the French horn; and, being in the very first rudiments of execution, produced such discordant sounds, as might have discomposed the organs of an ass.

- Tobias Smollett, *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*

...and let me tell you, it is no small alleviation of my grievances, that I have a sensible friend, to whom I can communicate my crusty humours, which, by retention, would grow intolerably acrimonious.

- Tobias Smollett, *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*

...and I am persuaded it produces infinite mischief to the delicate and infirm.

- Tobias Smollett, *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*

Some cried, some swore, and the tropes and figures of Billingsgate were used without reserve in all their native zest and flavour; nor were those flowers of rhetoric unattended with significant gesticulations.

- Tobias Smollett, *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*

Now is the time that we were going, I to die and you to live; but which of us has the happier prospect is unknown to anyone but God.

- Socrates

Let all come out, however vile!

- Sophocles, *King Oedipus*

Time is awake. The wheel is turning.

- Sophocles, *Oedipus at Colonus*

Getting the coffee ready is the most delicate and attractive of domestic operations to one who lives alone; it is the masterpiece of a bachelor's housekeeping.

- Emile Souvestre, *An Attic Philosopher In Paris*

Is it really certain that happiness is the prize of brilliant successes, rather than of a wisely accepted poverty? Ah, if men but knew in what a small dwelling joy can live, and how little it costs to furnish it!

- Emile Souvestre, *An Attic Philosopher In Paris*

He calls it [some uses of the Greek letter sigma] "a graceless disagreeable letter which gives great pain when used in excess, for its hissing seems more akin to that of a brute beast than to that of a rational being."

- W. B. Stanford, *The Sound of Greek*

At length the audience grew tired of understanding [only] half the opera; and therefore to ease themselves entirely of the fatigue of thinking...

- Steele and Addison, *The Spectator*

...and old age, instead of introducing melancholy Prospects of Decay...

- Steele and Addison, *The Spectator*

...whom I earnestly implore to accommodate me with a method how to settle my head and cool my brain-pan...

- Steele and Addison, *The Spectator*

Le maire de Verrières devait une réputation d'esprit et surtout de bon ton à une demi-douzaine de plaisanteries dont il avait hérité d'un oncle.

- Stendhal, *Le rouge et le noir*

Son éducation fut faite par la douleur.

- Stendhal, *Le rouge et le noir*

Cette demoiselle, grande Franc-Comtoise, fort bien faite, et mise comme il le faut pour faire valoir un café...

- Stendhal, *Le rouge et le noir*

Le bonheur, pour ces seminaristes comme pour les héros des romans de Voltaire, consiste surtout à bien dîner.

- Stendhal, *Le rouge et le noir*

Now where would be the harm, said I to myself, if I was to beg of this distressed lady to accept of half of my chaise? and what mighty mischief could ensue?

- Laurence Sterne, *A Sentimental Journey*

...there thou mayest solace thy soul in converse sweet...

- Laurence Sterne, *A Sentimental Journey*

Hail ye sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it!

- Laurence Sterne, *A Sentimental Journey*

Tis going, I own, like the Knight of the Woeful Countenance, in quest of melancholy adventures.

- Laurence Sterne, *A Sentimental Journey*

The old officer was reading attentively a small pamphlet, it might be the book of the opera, with a large pair of spectacles. As soon as I sat down, he took his spectacles off, and putting them into a shagreen case, return'd them and the book into his pocket altogether. I half rose up, and made him a bow. Translate this into any civilized language in the world, the sense is this: "Here's a poor stranger come in to the box; he seems as if he knew no body; and is never likely, was he to be seven years in Paris, if every man he comes near keeps his spectacles upon his nose - 'tis shutting the door of conversation absolutely, in his face - and using him worse than a German."

- Laurence Sterne, *A Sentimental Journey*

Le tombeau d'un ami.

- Laurence Sterne

So much for Caligula as emperor; we must now tell of his career as a monster.

- Suetonius, *Lives of the Caesars*

For Yevgenia Krasnova, a person could love one book, at most a few - beyond this was a form of promiscuity.

- Nassim Taleb

Our problem is not just that we do not know the future, we do not know much of the past either.

- Nassim Taleb

The idea that in order to make a decision you need to focus on the consequences (which you can know) rather than the probability (which you can't know) is the central idea of uncertainty. Much of my life is based on it.

- Nassim Taleb

One frequent confusion: people believe that I am suggesting that agents should bet on Black Swans taking place, when I am saying they should avoid blowing up should a Black Swan take place.

- Nassim Taleb

People do not realize that success consists mainly in avoiding losses, not in trying to derive profits.

- Nassim Taleb

Do not confuse the absence of volatility with the absence of risk.

- Nassim Taleb

Even the abandoned husk of a person can sometimes perform useful tasks and enjoy mildly good times...

- James Tate

The whole point of travelling is to arrive alone, like a spectre, in a strange country at nightfall, not in the brightly lit capital but by the back door, in the wooded countryside, hundreds of miles from the metropolis... Arriving in the hinterland with only the vaguest plans is a liberating event. It can be a solemn occasion for discovery, or more like an irresponsible and random haunting of another planet.

- Paul Theroux, *The Tao of Travel*

For many years I was self-appointed inspector of snow storms and rain storms, and did my duty faithfully.

- H. D. Thoreau, *Walden*

But lo! men have become the tools of their tools.

- H. D. Thoreau, *Walden*

Even in our New England towns the accidental possession of wealth, and its manifestations in dress and equipage alone, obtain for the possessor almost universal respect.

- H. D. Thoreau, *Walden*

A lady once offered me a mat, but as I had no room to spare within the house, nor time to spare within or without to shake it, I declined it, preferring to wipe my feet on the sod before my door. It is best to avoid the beginnings of evil.

- H. D. Thoreau, *Walden*

Time is but the stream I go a-fishin in.

- H. D. Thoreau, *Walden*

I find it wholesome to be alone the greater part of the time. To be in company, even with the best, is soon wearisome and dissipating. I love to be alone. I never found the companion so companionable as solitude.

- H. D. Thoreau, *Walden*

Give me the poverty that enjoys true wealth.

- H. D. Thoreau, *Walden*

A farmer, a hunter, a soldier, a reporter, even a philosopher, may be daunted; but nothing can deter a poet, for he is actuated by pure love. Who can predict his comings and goings?

- H. D. Thoreau, *Walden*

As if you could kill time without injuring eternity.

- H. D. Thoreau, *Walden*

Our lives are frittered away in detail... Simplify, simplify.

- H. D. Thoreau, *Walden*

No man is rich enough to keep a poet in his pay.

- H. D. Thoreau

By its nature, the metropolis provides what otherwise could be given only by traveling; namely, the strange.

- Paul Tillich

And so the liberal tendency became a habit with Stepan Arkadyich, and he liked his newspaper, as he liked his cigar after dinner, for the slight haze it produced in his head.

- Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*

The conversation never flagged for a minute, so that the old princess, who, in case a topic was lacking, always kept two heavy cannon in reserve - classical versus modern education, and general military conscription - did not have to move them up...

- Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*

...but Vronsky went on looking at him as at a lamppost, and the young man grimaced, feeling that he was losing his self-possession under the pressure of this non-recognition of himself as a human being.

- Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*

It showed him the eternal error people make in imagining that happiness is the realization of desires.

- Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*

There are no conditions to which a person cannot grow accustomed, especially if he sees that everyone around him lives in the same way.

- Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*

All this was as it should be, because the welfare and happiness of the whole world depended on him, and wearied though he was, he would still not refuse the universe his assistance.

- Leo Tolstoy, *Hadji Murad*

...the nakedness of woman already tormented me. The hours I spent alone were not pure ones.

- Leo Tolstoy, *The Kreutzer Sonata*

It's really quite remarkable how complete the illusion is that beauty is the same as goodness.

- Leo Tolstoy, *The Kreutzer Sonata*

A honeymoon is an embarrassing, shameful, loathsome, pathetic business, and most of all it is tedious, unbearably tedious! It is something similar to what I experienced when I was learning how to smoke. I felt like vomiting, my saliva flowed, but I swallowed it and pretended I was enjoying myself.

- Leo Tolstoy, *The Kreutzer Sonata*

In town a man can live for a hundred years and never notice that he's long dead and buried. There's never any time to study your conscience; you're busy all the time.

- Leo Tolstoy, *The Kreutzer Sonata*

Unhappiness arises not from privation but from superfluity.

- Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*

But despite the fact that the doctors treated him, bled him, and gave him medicines to drink, he recovered.

- Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*

Here Prince Hippolyte paused, evidently collecting his ideas with some difficulty.

- Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*

Silence ensued.

- Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*

Count Rostov was displeased to see that the company consisted almost entirely of men and women known for the freedom of their conduct.

- Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*

"Johnny Eames has come across Crosbie, and given him a desperate beating." "No," said Lady Julia, putting down her newspaper and spectacles, and expressing by the light of her eyes anything but Christian horror at the wickedness of the deed.

- Anthony Trollope, *The Small House at Allington*

Eventually we must give up trying to be something special.

- Chögyam Trungpa, *Cutting Through Spiritual Materialism*

In fact, the higher we go, the more we come down to earth.

- Chögyam Trungpa, *Cutting Through Spiritual Materialism*

Let people look at you and examine you. You are at their disposal.

- Chögyam Trungpa, *Cutting Through Spiritual Materialism*

The attainment of enlightenment from ego's point of view is extreme death, the death of self, the death of me and mine, the death of the watcher. It is the ultimate and final disappointment. Treading the spiritual path is painful. It is a constant unmasking, peeling off layer after layer of masks. It involves insult after insult.

- Chögyam Trungpa

Chaos should be regarded as extremely good news.

- Chögyam Trungpa

The real function of a spiritual friend is to insult you.

- Chögyam Trungpa

No man will ever possess Myra Breckinridge, though she will possess men, in her own good time and in ways convenient to her tyrannous lust.

- Gore Vidal, *Myra Breckenridge*

...Il ne lui faut que deux choses: la vie et la rêverie; le *pain* et le *temps*.

- Alfred de Vigny, *Derniere nuit de travail*

La Gloire. J'ai cru longtemps en elle; mais, réfléchissant que l'auteur de Laocoön est inconnu, j'ai vu sa vanité.

- Alfred de Vigny, *Le journal d'un poète*

L'homme d'action n'est qu'un penseur manqué.

- Alfred de Vigny, *Le journal d'un poète*

Il est bon et salutaire de n'avoir aucune espérance.

- Alfred de Vigny, *Le journal d'un poète*

Les illusions sont le pain de sots. L'homme fort ne les prend que comme des liqueurs fortes lorsqu'il sent le besoin de s'enivrer. Remède contre l'ennui.

- Alfred de Vigny, *Le journal d'un poète*

Je me laissais dévorer par le vautour intérieur.

- Alfred de Vigny, *Le journal d'un poète*

Plus je vois, plus je m'aperçois que la seule chose essentielle, pour les hommes, c'est de tuer le temps. Dans cette vie dont nous chantons la brièveté sur tous les tons, notre plus grand ennemi, c'est le temps, dont nous avons toujours trop.

- Alfred de Vigny, *Le journal d'un poète*

L'homme, créature inachevée, tient encore du singe et du chien.

- Alfred de Vigny, *Le journal d'un poète*

Le public ne lit pas un journal pour penser ou réfléchir, que diable!
On lit comme on mange.

- Auguste de Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, *Deux augures*

Je ne veux, derrière moi, que le néant.

- Auguste de Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, *Deux augures*

Ne serait-ce pas de quoi étonner la Grande Ourse elle-même si, soudainement, surgissait entre ses pattes sublimes, cette annonce inquiétante: "Faut-il des corsets, oui ou non?"

- Auguste de Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, *L'affichage céleste*

Pour conclure, me dit Maucombe en se levant, nous sommes ici pour témoigner, — par nos oeuvres, nos pensées, nos paroles et notre lutte contre la Nature, — pour témoigner si *nous pesons le poids*. Et il termina par une citation de Joseph de Maistre: «Entre l'Homme et Dieu, il n'y a que l'Orgueil.»

- Auguste de Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, *L'intersigne*

Lorsque Stendhal voulait écrire une histoire d'amour un peu sentimentale, il avait coutume, on le sait, de relire d'abord une demi-douzaine de pages du Code pénal pour, - disait-il, - se donner le ton.

- Auguste de Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, *La convive des dernières fêtes*

...le vieil abîme des cieux...

- Auguste de Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, *Le désir d'être un homme*

Flaubert's friends were often obliged to stretch their sense of the comic beyond its comfortable limits.

- Geoffrey Wall, *Flaubert: A Life*

...[les conseils officieux] nous informèrent aussi que la guillotine avait été déclarée permanente sur la place du Carrousel; que cette place venait d'être nommée place de l'Egalité [août 1792].

- Weber, *Mémoires*

Civilization advances by extending the number of important operations which we can perform without thinking about them.

- Alfred North Whitehead, *Introduction to Mathematics*

I and this mystery here we stand.

- Walt Whitman, *Song of Myself*

I bequeath myself to the dirt to grow from the grass I love,
If you want me again look for me under your boot-soles.

- Walt Whitman, *Song of Myself*

If you would understand me go to the heights or water-shore,
The nearest gnat is an explanation...

- Walt Whitman, *Song of Myself*

And I or you pocketless of a dime may purchase the pick of the earth, and to glance with an eye or show a bean in its pod confounds the learning of all times, and there is no trade or employment but the young man following it may become a hero, and there is no object so soft but it makes a hub for the wheel'd universe, and I say to any man or woman, let your soul stand cool and composed before a million universes.

- Walt Whitman, *Song of Myself*

Consistency is the last refuge of the unimaginative.

- Oscar Wilde

...facts are either kept in their proper subordinate position, or else entirely excluded on the general ground of dullness.

- Oscar Wilde

Many a young man starts in life with a natural gift for exaggeration which, if nurtured in congenial and sympathetic surroundings, or by the imitation of the best models, might grow into something really great and wonderful. But, as a rule, he comes to nothing. He either falls into careless habits of accuracy..., or takes to frequenting the society of the aged and well-informed.

- Oscar Wilde

I had multiple fractures of the soul.

- Donna Williams, *Nobody Nowhere*

I stopped at a bus stop, happy to be alone in a quiet place; a nobody nowhere.

- Donna Williams, *Nobody Nowhere*

I can wheel and circle without restraint...and I can breathe unlimited by wall and roof.

- R. M. Wilson, *Ripley Bogle*

I am forced to admit that over the past couple of days I have not held the banner of Veracity and Rectitude as steadily as I might have done.

- R. M. Wilson, *Ripley Bogle*

In real life I'd soon be graced with a headhole that was, strictly speaking, surplus to my cranial requirements.

- R. M. Wilson, *Ripley Bogle*

She smiles in her turn, her eyes adorned with the indifference of beauty.

- R. M. Wilson, *Ripley Bogle*

This was fortunate as my darling mother had vowed to boil my head if I got into more trouble and she wasn't one for hyperbole.

- R. M. Wilson, *Ripley Bogle*

Perhaps that's why my style is so florid, so rotund, so fucking courtly.

- R. M. Wilson, *Ripley Bogle*

Things looked black indeed for young Bogle until the fellow that they had been assaulting rose to his feet and began to lend me assistance in the most vigorous fashion, employing the cricket bat he had been carrying with great elan and native dexterity.

- R. M. Wilson, *Ripley Bogle*

My hair is winning few prizes but it's vaguely presentable, in half light, with a paper bag over my head.

- R. M. Wilson, *Ripley Bogle*

I'm glad to see that the twin tides of wit and discernment have not entirely ebbed from South London.

- R. M. Wilson, *Ripley Bogle*

If you fail, I shall know that your Aunt Agatha was right when she called you a spineless invertebrate and advised me strongly not to marry you.

- P. G. Wodehouse, *Carry On, Jeeves*

He was a ferret-faced kid, whom I had disliked since birth.

- P. G. Wodehouse, *Carry On, Jeeves*

I am open to correction, sir...

- P. G. Wodehouse, *Carry On, Jeeves*

I shall naturally order my behaviour according to the accepted rules of civilized intercourse.

- P. G. Wodehouse, *Carry On, Jeeves*

...the climatic conditions are congenial.

- P. G. Wodehouse, *Carry On, Jeeves*

Lay out our gent's medium-smart raiment, suitable for Bohemian revels.

- P. G. Wodehouse, *Carry On, Jeeves*

Mrs. Pringle's aspect was that of one who had had bad news round about the year 1900 and never really got over it.

- P. G. Wodehouse, *Carry On, Jeeves*

I was walking back along the shore,... when I saw the fat child meditatively smacking a jelly-fish with a spade.

- P. G. Wodehouse, *Carry On, Jeeves*

"Yes, sir," said Jeeves, in a low, cold voice, as if he had been bitten in the leg by a personal friend.

- P. G. Wodehouse, *Carry On, Jeeves*

Nobody has a greater respect than I have for your judgement in socks, in ties, and - I will go farther - in spats; but when it comes to evening shirts your nerve seems to fail you. You have no vision. You are prejudicial and reactionary. Hidebound is the word that suggests itself.

- P. G. Wodehouse, *Carry On, Jeeves*

You may say what you want against Bingo, but nobody has ever found him a depressing host. Why, many a time in the days of his bachelorhood I've known him to start throwing bread before the soup course.

- P. G. Wodehouse, *Carry On, Jeeves*

After the wedding, Ling's parents became discreet to the point of dying...

- Marguerite Yourcenar, *How Wang Fo Was Saved*

Her dress was disorderly, her voice husky from too much smoking and beer-drinking. Here indubitably was a fellow-mortal who was weary unto death, and who only continued living out of long-established habit.

- Stefan Zweig, *Moonbeam Alley*

There was something saucy in this ostentation. Was she a confirmed flirt? Was she stirred by a surplus of animal passion? I drew a step nearer, for I had been infected by her sauciness.

- Stefan Zweig, *Transfiguration*

Then his soul is like a lamp whose light is steady, for it burns in a shelter where no wind comes.

- *Bhagavad Gita*

Of prayers I am the prayer of silence; and of things that move not I am the Himalayas.

- *Bhagavad Gita*

For there is no man on earth who can fully renounce living work, but he who renounces the *reward* of his work is in truth a man of renunciation.

- *Bhagavad Gita*

Do not what is evil. Do what is good. Keep your mind pure. That is the teaching of Buddha.

- *Dhammapada*

Abandon all possessions and look for life, despise worldly goods and save your soul alive.

- *Gilgamesh*

The dream was marvelous but the terror was great; we must treasure the dream whatever the terror.

- *Gilgamesh*

...of making books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.

- *King James Bible*

Awake, ye drunkards, and weep: and howl, all ye drinkers of wine, because of the new wine; for it is cut off from your mouth.

- *King James Bible*

Because ye have taken my silver and gold, and have carried into your temples my goodly pleasant things.

- *King James Bible*

...for them that honour me I will honour, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed.

- *King James Bible*

Now will I shortly pour out my fury upon thee, and accomplish mine anger upon thee: and I will judge thee according to thy ways, and will recompense thee for all thine abominations.

- *King James Bible*

...and ye shall know that I am the Lord that smiteth.

- *King James Bible*

Destruction cometh; and they shall seek peace, and there shall be none.

- *King James Bible*

And now she is planted in the wilderness, in a dry and thirsty ground.

- *King James Bible*

...because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet.

- *King James Bible*

And it shall come to pass, that instead of sweet smell there shall be stink...

- *King James Bible*

Which doeth great things past finding out; yea, and wonders without number.

- *King James Bible*

How long will ye vex my soul, and break me in pieces with words?

- *King James Bible*

Suffer me that I may speak; and after that I have spoken, mock on.

- *King James Bible*

Is not thy wickedness great? And thine iniquities infinite?

- *King James Bible*

The words of Job are ended.

- *King James Bible*

If now thou hast understanding, hear this: hearken to the voice of my words.

- *King James Bible*

When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?

- *King James Bible*

Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?

- *King James Bible*

So Job died, being old and full of days.

- *King James Bible*

Hear, for I will speak of excellent things.

- *King James Bible*

A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger.

- *King James Bible*

Pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones.

- *King James Bible*

As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly.

- *King James Bible*

When he speaketh fair, believe him not: for there are seven abominations in his heart.

- *King James Bible*

But he turned, and said unto Peter, "Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offence unto me: for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men."

- *King James Bible*

I will open my mouth in parables; I will utter things kept secret since the world was made.

- *King James Bible*

Day after day and hour after hour, people die and corpses are carried along, yet the onlookers never realise that they are also to die one day, but think they will live forever. This is the greatest wonder of the world.

- *Mahabharata*

A la place du supplice, elle [Mme. Roland] s'inclina devant la statue de liberté, et prononça ces paroles mémorables: "O liberté, que de crimes on commet en ton nom!"

- *Mémoires sur les prisons*

Cette époque, qui offre l'exemple de tous les crimes, offre aussi quelquefois celui de la vertu sublime.

- *Mémoires sur les prisons*

Au moment d'aller au supplice, on arracha, du sein d'une de ces infortunées, un enfant qu'elle nourrissait, et qui, au moment même, s'abreuvait d'un lait dont le bourreau allait tarir la source. O cris de la douleur maternelle, que vous fûtes aigus! mais vous fûtes sans effet! Quelque femmes sont mortes dans la charrette, et on a guillotiné des cadavres.

- *Mémoires sur les prisons*

And in dreams the mind beholds its own immensity. What has been seen is seen again, and what has been heard is heard again. What has been felt in different places or faraway regions returns to the mind again. Seen and unseen, heard and unheard, felt and not felt, the mind sees all, since the mind is all.

- *Upanishads*

A man who knows this is not moved by grief or exultation on account of the evil or good he has done. He goes beyond both. What is done or left undone grieves him not.

- *Upanishads*

The earth seems to rest in silent meditation; and the waters and the mountains and the sky and the heavens seem all to be in meditation.

- *Upanishads*

All beings are born in delusion, the delusion of division which comes from desire and hate.

- *Upanishads*

Let him not ponder on many words, for many words are weariness.

- *Upanishads*

