

Memory Markers, Z Wang

The Agony and the Ecstasy Stone

"I'm not well designed... Someone should have used a plumb line.  
Too bad a face can't be redrawn before it's delivered" (9)

Michelangelo felt himself being spitted by a pair of eyes reputed to be able to see and record more with one thrust than any artist in Italy. But the boy too used his eyes as though they were silver-point pens, drawing for his mind's portfolio the artist sitting above him (11)

swallowing impressions the way country youths break bunches of grapes in their mouths at autumn wine festivals. (12)

you have a strong fist (13)

The smile accomplished the redesigning for which his crayon had groped earlier in front of the bedroom mirror (14)

"Art is like washing an ass' head with lye," observed Francesco, for the Tuscan's wisdom is a web of proverbs; "you lose both the effort and the lye. Every man thinks that rubble will turn into gold in his hand!" (20)

"Bleed me of art, and there won't be enough liquid left in me to spit." (20)

"*Pazienza!* Patience! No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him." (20)

He spat out the name as though it were a mouthful of wormy apple. (21)

*The most perfect guide is nature.  
Continue without fail to draw something every day.* (26)

"I omit those of a woman because there is not one of them perfectly proportioned." (27)

"As an artist your manner of living should always be regulated as if you were studying theology, philosophy, or any other science; that is to say, eating and drinking temperately at least twice a day...; sparingly and reserving your hand, saving it from fatigue caused by throwing stones or iron bars. There is still another cause, the occurrence of which may render your hand so unsteady that it will tremble and flutter more than leaves shaken by the wind, and this is frequenting too much the company of women." (28)

to get a spiritual tension into his figures (28)

"I have caught the expression of your face." (28)

Michelangelo wished he could sketch the scene but, knowing that he could capture only a small part of its complexity, he complained to Granacci that he felt like a chessboard, with alternating black and white squares of information and ignorance. (29)

There aren't enough nudes in the Bible to make it profitable. (31)

He had been taught prayers but he had only mouthed the words. Now they sprang to his lips unbidden. Was he praying to the beautiful Madonna or to his Mother? Was there truly a difference? (34)

ran his long bony fingers sentiently over the marble drapery. (34)

which fitted them the way the skin of a young athlete contains his flesh and blood. (37)

His eyes hazed over as he tried to formulate words to shape the thoughts pushing against each other inside his head. (37)

"Ah, how mattressable." (38)

His words, usually so sparse, spilled over each other (39)

But the painter can portray the whole universe: the sky, the sun, the moon and the stars, clouds and rain, mountains, trees, rivers, seas. The sculptors have all perished of boredom. (39)

He cursed himself for his inability to carve out in words the stone forms that he felt in his innards. (39)

The night was sleepless... Lodovico said that air coming in a window was as bad as a crossbow shot. (40)

the beauties of nature that so moved painters: the red poppies in the growing green wheat, the strands of almost black cypresses. (41)

stood out to be touched, their form tactile. (41)

Here nature's perspective worked in reverse: the more distant the object, the nearer at hand it seemed. (42)

If the Tuscan scratched deep with his fingernail he struck building materials sufficient for a city. (42)

"The skill with which men handle stone tells how civilized they are." (42)

It was said of Settignano that its surrounding hills had a stone heart and velvet breasts. (42)

Death had caused him to drop his hammer and chisel (42)

enjoying its wetness on his anxious tired body (44)

Who does somebody else's trade makes soup in a basket (45)

The *scalpellino's* words are few and simple, matching in length the single blow of his hammer. When he chips at the stone he does not speak at all: one, two, three, four, five, six, seven: no word from the lips, only the rhythm of the shoulder and the moving hand with the chisel. Then he speaks, in the period of pause: one, two, three, four. The sentence must fit the rest count of four or it remains unsaid or incomplete. If the thought must be involved it will be spaced between several work counts of seven, filling two or three counts of four. But the *scalpellino* has learned to confine his thinking to what can be expressed in the single four-count pause.

'Every little bit helps,' said the father who peed into the Arno because his son's boat was beached at Pisa. (44)

Stone works with you. It reveals itself. But you must strike it right. Stone does not resent the chisel. It is not being violated. Its nature is to change. Each stone has its own character. It must be understood. Handle it carefully, or it will shatter. Never let stone destroy itself. (46)

The stone was master; not the mason. (46)

stone had a mystic: it had to be covered at night because it would crack if the full moon got on it. (46)

Stone was called after the most precious of foods: *carne*, meat. (46)

"A child sent out to nurse will take on the condition of the woman who feeds him." (47)

the day her breast ran dry she put both boys on wine. Water was for bathing before mass. (47)

for to the *contadino* not to talk is to be dead a little. (47)

layers of stone peeled off as though stripped from a pile of parchment sheets. (48)

stone of the mountain, thrown up on the third day of Genesis. (48)

Until tomorrow, Michelangelo thought, tomorrow being the next time I take my place with the family, be it a week or a year. (48)

'It seems to me,' said Brunelleschi, 'that you have put a plowman on the cross rather than the body of Jesus Christ'

...

he preferred Donatello's plowman to Brunelleschi's ethereal Christ, which was so slight that it looked as though it had been created to be crucified. With Donatello's figure the crucifixion had come as a horrible surprise... He suggested that perhaps Christ's spirituality did not depend on his bodily delicacy but rather on the indestructibility of his message. (50)

with a rounded, protruding stomach that had absorbed its quantity of food (51)

shadows climbing down the scaffolding (51)

"Sleep is the greatest of all bores. Draw up a stool." (52)

He was drawing anatomical nude bodies of male figures...then draping them with robes, the reverse of the practice of suggesting a man's bones by the folds of a cloak. (55)

Michelangelo had never seen an angel, and so he did not know how to draw one. Even more perplexing was what to do about the wings, for no one could tell him whether they were made of flesh or some diaphanous material out of the Wool or Silk Guild. Nor could anyone give him any information about the halo: was it solid, like a metal, or atmospheric like a rainbow? (55)

the cold had a creeping quality that permeated stone and wool and bit at the flesh within. (57)

a high wind, with one's nostrils breathing ice water. (57)

a marble statue of a boy removing a thorn from his foot. (57)

He was drawn to the garden on the Piazza San Marco as though the ancient stone statues had magnets buried within them. Sometimes he did not know that his feet were carrying him there. (60)

Joy drenched Michelangelo to the skin like a *tramontana* rain. (61)

stars in his eyes and silence in his mouth: how do you express gratitude to a man for letting you abandon him? (62)

it took the Florentine sun the better part of spring to permeate the stone. (62)

"One never knows the end of a piece of bad luck: it has more turns than a snake." (62)

"Art has a magic quality: the more minds that digest it, the longer it lives." (62)

"It's funny about us Florentines: not one drop of our blood is salted with sentiment, yet we cry so easily." (63)

"We were devoured by your eyes." (64)

"A man and a block of stone are three-dimensional, which immediately gives them more in common than a man and a wall or a panel of wood to be painted." (65)

Once you're addicted, it's so easy to become a sycophant, to trim the sails of your judgment in order to be kept on. The next step is to change your work to please those in power, and that is death to the sculptor. (66)

"Before you make a friend, eat a peck of salt with him." (67)

Florence could sack Lorenzo, *Il Magnifico*, and his palace, on an hour's notice and drive him out. He knew it, the people knew it, and this knowledge made Lorenzo's untitled governing work. (68)

He was austere by nature, and had no desire for things. (70)

"Wait until you work marble, that's like sinking your fingers into fresh dough."

"You're so flinty about everything, but put marble in your mouth and you're a poet." (70)

"Here in the drawing is the *sine qua non*; when you arrive in the morning draw your left hand, then take off your shoes and draw your feet; it's good practice in foreshortening." (70)

"The hogshead gives the wine it contains" (70)

How can we draw only from the outside? All we see is what pushes against the skin. If we could follow the inside of a body: the bone, muscle... To know a man we must know his *budelli e sangue*, guts and blood. (71)

"*Dio fottuto!*" swore Bertoldo softly. "God is scuttled!" (71)

The painter draws to *occupy* space, the sculptor to *displace* it. The painter draws still life within a frame; the sculptor draws to surprise movement, to discover the tensions and torsions striving within the human figure.

The painter draws to reveal the particular, the sculptor draws to unearth the universal. (73)

"Most important of all, the painter draws to externalize, to wrench a shape out of himself and set it down on paper; the sculptor draws to *internalize*, to pull a shape out of the world and solidify it within himself." (73)

Sculptors are at best monosyllabic men, the sounds of the hammer and chisel their overlanguage and their true speech, drowning out small voices and smaller worlds. Bertoldo was the exception. (73)

Drawing is a candle that can be lighted so that the sculptor does not have to grope in the dark; a plan for understanding the structure you are gazing at. To try to understand another human being, to grapple for his ultimate depths, that is the most dangerous of human endeavors. And this the artist essays with no weapon but a pen or charcoal." He shrugged. "That romantic Torrigiani talks about going off to the wars. Child's play! There is no thrill of mortal danger to surpass that of a lone man trying to create something that never existing before." (73)

"Drawing is the supreme way of blotting out your ignorance of a subject...establishing wisdom in its place, just as Dante did when he wrote the lines of the *Purgatorio*." (73)

Drawing is learning. It is discipline, a measuring stick with which to see if there is honesty in you. It's a confessional; it will reveal everything about you while you imagine you are revealing someone else. Drawing is the poet's written line, set down to see if there be a story worth telling, a truth worth revealing. (74)

"Remember this, *figlio mio*: to draw is to be like God when He put breath into Adam; it is outer breathing of the artist and the inner breathing of the model that creates a new third life on paper. The act of love, Michelangelo, the act of love: through which everything on earth is born."

Yes, drawing was the breath of life (74)

the face that was all eyes (75)

When need is highest, help is nighest. (75)

"The stone has a smell."

"Of freshly picked figs." (76)

"No good *scalpellino* ever ran out of spit." (76)

The emotions of disgust, renunciation, and even fear carved on Soggi's face were more eloquent than anything the lad had been able to work into his wax or clay models. (77)

Everyone is born with a little talent; but with most people, how quickly the flame flickers out. (78)

These Soggi, their prompting is not love or affinity for sculpture, but the exuberance of youth. As soon as this first flush begins to fade they say to themselves, 'Stop dreaming. Look for a reliable way of life'... One should not become an artist because he can, but because he must. It is only for those who would be miserable without it. (78)

"Once you know a horse, you know the world." (79)

"An artist must return frequently to the soil; he must plow it, sow it, weed it, harvest the grain. The contact with the earth renews us. To be only an artist is to feed on oneself, and go barren." (79)

"I'm doing what I must. That is sense." (81)

He felt a flame in her, a flame strong enough to consume death. (82)

"Walk with a cripple for a year and at the end you will limp." (82)

"Now what is sculpture?" demanded Bertoldo in a mentor's tone. "It is the art which, by removing all that is superfluous from the material under treatment, reduces it to that form designed in the artist's mind..." (82)

A noble ambition. But it takes a long time for an Italian to reach back to the Greeks. (83)

Bertoldo's voice swept through him like a flame. (83)

who absorbed instruction like a dehydrated sponge thrown into the Arno, but bridled at criticism. (84)

"Maestro, did you hear about the merchant who complained of his wife's expensive dress: 'Every time I go to bed with you it costs me a golden scudo.' 'If you went to bed with me more often,' replied the young wife tartly, 'it would cost you only a penny each time.'" (84)

he's absorbed by pleasure. But he'll wear these things out. (84)

"*Alla guerra di amor vince chi fugge*," he said. "'In a love fight, he who flees is the winner.'" (85)

God shapes the back to the burden. (85)

There were several thorns festering. (86)

He felt like the ass who carries gold and eats thistles. (86)

He did not have enough eyes in his head or strength in his legs to move from piece to piece, or to carry his emotional excitement. (88)

His eyes are telling you how much he has reveled in the carnal toys. (89)

She was so slight a little body, displacing such a modest amount of space. Her eyes were omnivorous, consuming the rest of her pale sensitive features by dissolving them in the warm brown liquid of her pupils. (89)

"I do not aspire to be a talker."  
"Then you should mask your eyes."  
"What do they say?"  
"Things that please me."  
"Then tell me. I carry no mirror."  
"What we know of others is our personal secret."  
He felt exposed, humiliated for showing any emotion which he could not name. (90)

Light subtly suggested itself in the east, then flared as though the sun had been hovering jealously below the horizon waiting only a signal to ... rout the magical moonlight with fierce proof of its own greater power to light, to heat, to make everything known. (92)

He could not permit himself to be found wanting. (92)

"The sculptor is master of time: he can age his subjects forward or back." (94)

It took an act of violence to tear his eyes and body away (94)

"See this high polish: as though a thousand candles were burning within." (95)

His back teeth had so locked that his tongue had no room to move or speak. (95)

"What meaning has a compliment if one hears it night and day..." (96)

"Who eats with the powerful will have his eyes squirted out with cherry stones." (96)

shook his fingers as though to rid them of water (96)

"My only valuables are my two hands. I like to keep them by my side."  
"They'll take you farther than your feet will." (97)

"Talent is cheap; dedication is expensive. It will cost you your life."  
"What else is life for?" (98)

His small, heavy-lidded eyes seemed more widely open, their secure expression reflected his having found a place for himself in the world. People need no longer think his face out of plumb. (100)

"Ah well, put not an embroidered crupper on a plow horse." (100)

a young man in a multicolored shirt pick up a small fish, put it to his ear, then to his mouth as though talking to it, and after a moment burst into tears...

"Why are you crying, Jacquo?" asked Lorenzo.

"My father was drowned some years ago. I asked this little fish whether he ever saw him anywhere. He said he was too young to have met him and suggested that I ask those bigger fish who may know more about the matter." (102)



"He enjoys all these people, the noise and talk and fun. Yet at the same time he sits down with a hundred purposes in mind, and rises with them all accomplished." (103)

"Everyone is a friend to the Medici," she said quietly, "...and no one." (103)

It was like selecting an apple; one could tell it was wholesome because it bulged forth in healthy form into space, while a rotting apple tended to become concave, as if being subdued by space. (104)

"Marble is like man: you have to know everything that is in it before you start. If there are concealed air bubbles in you, I'm wasting my time." (104)

He knew that "the man who does not make his own tools does not make his own sculpture." (105)

"It is not enough to handle marble; you must also have iron in your blood." (105)

He knew that it was the first rays of the sun that revealed the truth about marble. Under these piercing rays marble was almost translucent; all veins, faults, hollows were mercilessly exposed. Quality that could survive the earliest sun would be intact when night fell. (105).

Stone filled him out, gave him body (105)

White marble was the heart of the universe, the purest substance created by God; not merely a symbol of God but a portrait, God's way of manifesting Himself. (106)

Bertoldo quoting Donatello: "Sculpture is an art which, by removing all that is superfluous from the material under treatment, reduces it to that form designed in the artist's mind." (106)

Was it not equally true that the sculptor could never force any design on the marble which was not indigenous to its own nature?... In this sense a sculptor could never be completely master of his fate, as a painter could be. Paint was fluid, it could bend around corners. Marble was solidity itself. The marble sculptor had to accept the rigorous discipline of a partnership. The marble and he were one. (106)

Now he dug into the mass, entered in the biblical sense... the mating of his own inner patterns to the inherent forms of the marble (106)

"The deepest basis for action is the clear supremacy of contemplation and knowledge." (108)

"wine made the hair swell" (109)

He shakes the ribs of the cathedral. (109)

heroic themes to ponder on (110)

"Can't I wear this jewelry just once? Can't I drink this rare wine just once? Order these servants around just once? Squander some gold coins just once? Sleep with this pretty girl just once?..."

"All the temptations of the flesh in one sonnet." (113)

"Cleanse! A word that infidels use when they mean destroy." (116)

"I do not err through wickedness, but rather through some part of my nature that loves pleasure," ... "I cannot regret that I love the pleasures of the flesh; for the love of painting, sculpture and literature are also sensual in nature." (116)

"Pleasure?" The family rolled this word on their tongues as though it were a new fruit. "What manner of pleasure?" (119)

You will think you are a bad poet until the day comes when you have a need to express something; then you'll have the tools of poetry at hand, meter, and rhyme, just as you have hammer and chisel on your workbench. (121)

with particles of cantaloupe clinging on to his enormous dark lips. (125)

a work of art was not a work of scholarship; it was personal, subjective. It had to be born within. (125)

#### **Fairy Tales** Christian Andersen

and how much there may be in a sigh, or attributed to it! (289)

still waters run deep (290)

in fact, she was beautiful; that cannot be repeated too often (290)

Pygmalion loved his Galatea (291)

a proverb may describe his position—he looked like a swan amongst the geese (291)

he had looked at the casket without caring to inquire what it contained (291)

#### **Mein Kampf** Hitler

I do not address this work to strangers, but to those adherents of the movement who belong to it with their hearts, and whose intelligence is eager for a more penetrating enlightenment. (Preface)

largely unintelligible flights of Wagnerian terminology. (vii)

Even when he is discussing theoretical matters like 'the state,' 'race,' etc., he seldom pursues any logic inherent in the subject matter. He makes the most extraordinary allegations without so much as an attempt to prove them. Often there is no visible connection between one paragraph and the next. The logic is purely psychological: Hitler is fighting his persecutors, magnifying his person, creating a dream-world in which he can be an important figure. In more concrete passages he is combating political adversaries in his own movement, but even here the continuity is mystifying, because he never tells us whom he is arguing against, but sets up each political expedient as a universal principle. (x)

the 'cornerstone for the end of German domination in the monarchy'  
forcing 'the less strong and less healthy back into the womb of the eternal unknown'  
a 'thorn in the eyes of venal officials' (x)

This predilection for substantives is a salient feature of Hitler's style. (x)

Here and there, amid his ponderous reflections, Hitler is suddenly shaken with rage. He casts off his intellectual baggage and writes a speech, eloquent and vulgar. (xi)

I do not want to 'learn it,' I want it to instruct me. (16)

thus painlessly ending his earthly pilgrimage (17)

His most ardent desire had been to help his son forge his career, thus preserving him from his own bitter experiences. In this, to all appearances, he had not succeeded. But he had sown the seed for a future which at that time neither he nor I would have comprehended.

For the moment there was no outward change. (17)

I had honored my father, but my mother I had loved. (18)

In my hand a suitcase full of clothes and underwear; in my heart an indomitable will (18)

wrest from Fate (18)

what then seemed to be the harshness of Fate, I praise today as wisdom and Providence. While the Goddess of Suffering took me in her arms, often threatening to crush me, my will to resistance grew, and in the end this was victorious.

I owe it to that period that I grew hard and am still capable of being hard. And even more, I exalt it for tearing me away from the hollowness of a comfortable life; for drawing the mother's darling out of his soft downy bed and giving him 'Dame Care' for a new mother; for hurling me, despite all resistance, into a world of misery and poverty, thus making me acquainted with those for whom I was later to fight. (21)

Hunger was my faithful bodyguard; he never left me for a moment and partook of all I had, share and share alike. Every book I acquired aroused his interest; a visit to the Opera prompted his attentions for days at a time; my life was a continuous struggle with this pitiless friend. And yet during this time I studied as never before. Aside from my architecture and my rare visits to the Opera, paid for in hunger, I had but one pleasure: my books.

At that time I read enormously and thoroughly. All the free time my work left me was employed in my studies. In this way I forged in a few years' time the foundations of a knowledge from which I still draw nourishment today.

And even more than this:

In this period there took a shape within me a world picture and a philosophy which became the granite foundation of all my acts. In addition to what I then created, I have had to learn little; and I have had to alter nothing.

On the contrary,

Today I am firmly convinced that basically and on the whole all creative ideas appear in our youth, insofar as any such are present. I distinguish between the wisdom of age, consisting solely in greater thoroughness and caution due to the experience of a long life, and the genius of youth, which pours out thoughts and ideas with inexhaustible fertility, but cannot for the moment develop them because of their very abundance. It is this youthful genius which provides the building materials and plans for the future, from which a wiser age takes the stones, carves them and completes the edifice. (22)

Ultimately this struggle, which is often so hard, kills all pity. Our own painful struggle for existence destroys our feeling for the misery of those who have remained behind.

In this respect Fate was kind to me. By forcing me to return to this world of poverty and insecurity, from which my father had risen in the course of his life, it removed the blinders of a narrow petty-bourgeois upbringing from my eyes. Only now did I learn to know humanity, learning to distinguish between empty appearances or brutal externals and the inner being. (23)

dubious magic of the national melting pot (24)

No one who has not been seized in the jaws of this murderous viper can know its poison fangs. Otherwise nothing results but superficial chatter and false sentimentality. Both are harmful. The former because it can never penetrate to the core of the problem, the latter because it passes it by. I do not know which is more terrible: inattention to social misery such as we see every day among the majority of those who have been favoured by fortune or who have risen by their own efforts, or else the snobbish, or at times tactless and obtrusive, condescension of certain women of fashion in skirts or in trousers, who 'feel for the people.' Consequently, and much to their own amazement, the result of their social 'efforts' is always nil, frequently passed off as a proof of the people's ingratitude.

*Such minds are most reluctant to realize that social endeavor has nothing in common with this sort of thing; that above all it can raise no claim to gratitude, since its function is not to distribute favors but to restore rights.*

I was preserved from studying the social question in such a way. By drawing me within its sphere of suffering, it did not seem to invite me to 'study,' but to experience it in my own skin. It was none of its doing that the guinea pig came through the operation safe and sound. (24)

Just as Nature does not concentrate her greatest attention in preserving what exists, but in breeding offspring to carry on the species, likewise, in human life, it is less important artificially to alleviate existing evil, which, in view of human nature, is ninety-nine per cent impossible, than to ensure from the start healthier channels for a future development. (29)

*Social activity must never and on no account be directed toward philanthropic flim-flam, but rather toward the elimination of the basic deficiencies in the organization of our economic and cultural life that must—or at all events can—lead to the degeneration of the individual. (30)*

Only when an epoch ceases to be haunted by the shadow of its own consciousness of guilt will it achieve the inner calm and outward strength brutally and ruthlessly to prune off the wild shoots and tear out the weeds. (30)

And I can fight only for something that I love, love only what I respect, and respect only what I at least know. (34)

queen of the arts (35)

If Fate, in the requirements of his daily life, desired to remind him to make a correct application of what he had read, it would have to indicate title and page number, since the poor fool would otherwise never in all his life find the correct place. (36)

with mortal certainty naturally find the wrong formulas. (36)

Thus at last I was in a position to bolster up reality by theory and test theory by reality, and was preserved from being stifled by theory or growing banal through reality. (37)

## **General Introduction to Psycho-analysis Freud**

### **P A R T   O N E   E R R O R S**

Words and magic were in the beginning one and the same thing, and even today words retain much of their magical power. By words one of us can give to another the greatest happiness or bring about utter despair; by words the teacher imparts his knowledge to the student; by words the orator sweeps his audience with him and determines its judgements and decisions. Words call forth emotions and are universally the means by which we influence our fellow-creatures. (450)

Psycho-analysis is learnt first of all on oneself, through the study of one's own personality. (451)

We believe that civilization has been built up, under the pressure of the struggle for existence, by sacrifices in gratification of the primitive impulses. (452)

Society can conceive of no more powerful menace to its culture than would arise from the liberation of the sexual impulses and a return of them to their original goal. (452)

But in your criticism are you not confounding the magnitude of a problem with the conspicuous nature of its manifestations? Is it not possible, under certain conditions and at certain times, for very important things to betray themselves in very slight indications? (454)

that opposites have a strong conceptual connection with one another and are psychologically very closely associated. (457)

They are mere phrases; they are screens, and we should not be deterred from looking behind them. (461)

The truth is you have an illusion of a psychic freedom within you which you do not want to give up. (462)

It is a mistake to believe that science consists in nothing but conclusively proved propositions, and it is unjust to demand that it should. It is a demand only made by those who feel a craving for authority in some form and a need to replace the religious catechism by something else, even if it be a scientific one. (463)

The repetition of the occurrences betrays a persistence which is hardly ever an attribute of chance, but which fits well with the idea of design. (466)

The act knows so often how to disguise itself as a passive experience. (467)

You hesitate before a conclusion so novel and so pregnant with consequences. (469)

It must first be itself interfered with, before it can interfere with others. (470)

But errors are *compromise*-formations; they express part-success and part-failure (470)

Our purpose is not merely to describe and classify the phenomena, but to conceive them as brought about by play of forces in the mind, as expressions of tendencies striving toward a goal, which work together or against one another. We are endeavouring to attain a *dynamic conception* of mental phenomena. In this conception, the trends we merely infer are more prominent than the phenomena we perceive. (470)

Slips of the tongue are in a certain sense infectious; it is not at all easy to speak of them without making them oneself. (470)

Some consideration relating to the hearer seems to be behind this behavior, as though he were not to be allowed to think that the speaker is indifferent how he treats his mother-tongue. The second, compensating distortion actually has the purpose of drawing the hearer's attention to the first and assuring him that it has not escaped the speaker either. (471)

for the purpose of doing away in this most modern fashion with people (471)

Whatever interests and occupies the mind takes the place of what is alien and as yet uninteresting. The shadows of thoughts in the mind dim the new perceptions. (472)

motives which necessitate the concealment of this antipathy; one sees that it would certainly have been condemned if it declared its opposition openly, whereas by craft, in the error, it always achieves its end. (472)

that which is psychologically equivalent may in actuality have many meanings. (473)

The name is anchored there, as it were, and is refused to the other associations activated at the moment. (474)

the mind is an arena, a sort of tumbling-ground, for the struggles of antagonistic impulses; or, to express it in non-dynamic terms, that the mind is made up of contradictions and pairs of opposites. (474)

Then too it may happen that a thing will become destined to be lost without its having shed any of its value--that is, when there is an impulse to sacrifice something to fate in order to avert some other dreaded loss. (475)

It is not always a mere chance which makes the hands of your servants such dangerous enemies to your household effects. And you may also raise the question whether it is always an accident when one injures oneself or exposes oneself to danger. (475)

But I will not give it to you; I will rather guide you slowly towards the connections by which the explanation will be forced upon you without any aid from me. (476)

## P A R T   T W O   D R E A M S

Indeed, if all human beings were healthy and would only dream, we could gather almost all the knowledge from their dreams which we have gained from studying the neuroses. (476)

tumors as large as apples compressing the organ of the mind (476)

deciding that exactly what the dreamer tells is to count as the dream (477)

the dream to be "a physical process, always useless and in many cases actually morbid, a process above which the conception of the world-soul and of immortality stands as high as does the blue sky above the most low-lying, weed-grown stretch of sand." (477)

in an old comparison a parallel is drawn between the content of a dream and the sounds which would be produced if "someone ignorant of music let his ten fingers wander over the keys of an instrument." (478)

Let us adopt the assumption of the ancients and of simple folk, and follow in the footsteps of the dream-interpreters of old. (478)

Our relationship with the world which we entered so unwillingly seems to be endurable only with intermission; hence we withdraw again periodically into the condition prior to our entrance into the world,,,Some of us still roll ourselves tightly up into a ball resembling the intrauterine position. It looks as if we grown-ups do not belong wholly to the world, but only by two-thirds; one-third of us has never yet been born at all. (478)

"I could draw it," the dreamer often says to us, "but I do not know how to put it into words."

G. T. Fechner once suggested that the stage whereon the drama of the dream is played out is other than that of the life of waking ideas. (479)

that in a moment the web of the dream is rent. (480)

[Schermer] sees in a dream "two rows of beautiful boys, with fair hair and delicate complexions, confronting each other pugnaciously, joining in combat, seizing hold of one another, and again letting go their hold, only to take up the former position and go through the whole process again"; his interpretation of the two rows of boys as the teeth is in itself plausible and seems to receive full confirmation when after this scene the dreamer "pulls a long tooth from his jaw"...Schermer's assertion that dreams primarily endeavour to represent, by like objects, the organ from which the stimulus proceeds. (482)

The dream does not merely reproduce the stimulus, but elaborates it, plays upon it, fits it into a context, or replaces it by something else.  
The scope of a man's production is not necessarily limited to the circumstance which immediately gives rise to it. (482)

In young men, ambitious phantasies predominate; in women, whose ambition centres on success in love, erotic phantasies; but the erotic requirement can often enough in men too be detected in the background, all their heroic deeds and successes are really only intended to win the admiration and favour of women. In other respects these day-dreams show great diversity and their fate varies. All of them are either given up after a short time and replaced by a new one, or retained, spun out into long stories, and adapted to changing circumstances in life. They march with the times; and they receive as it were "date-stamps" upon them which show the influence of new situations. They form the raw material of poetic production; for the writer by transforming, disguising, or curtailing them creates out of his day-dreams the situations which he embodies in his stories, novels, and dramas. (483)

Our object is that of all scientific endeavour--namely, to achieve an understanding of the phenomena, to establish a connection between them, and, in the last resort, wherever it is possible to increase our power over them. (484)

Since *he* knows nothing, and *we* know nothing, and a third person can surely know nothing either, there cannot be any prospect of finding the answer. (484)

For I assure you that it is not only quite possible, but highly probable, that the dreamer really does know the meaning of his dream; *only he does not know that he knows, and therefore thinks that he does not.* (484)

The associations to numbers that arise spontaneously are perhaps the most demonstrative; they follow upon one another so swiftly and make for a hidden goal with such astounding certainty that one is really quite taken aback. (487)

The dream-element also is not what I am really looking for; it is only a substitute for something else, for the real thing which I do not know and am trying to discover by means of dream-analysis. (488)

Resistances invariably confront us when we try to penetrate to the hidden unconscious thought from the substitute offered by the dream-element. We may suppose, therefore, that something very significant must be concealed behind the substitute; for, if not, why should we meet with such difficulties, the purpose if



which is to keep up the concealment? When a child will not open his clenched fist to show what is in it, we may be quite certain that it is something which he ought not to have. (491)

- *Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas.*  
- *Oui, Le Pas-de-Calais.*

We do literally deny that anything in the dream is a matter of chance or of indifference, and it is precisely by enquiring into such trivial and (apparently) unmotivated details that we expect to arrive at our conclusion. (492)

*manifest dream-content*  
*Latent dream-thoughts*

a plastic, concrete piece of imagery, originating in the sound of a word. (493)

If dreams are the reaction to a mental stimulus their value must lie in effecting a discharge of the excitation so that the stimulus is removed and sleep can continue...dreams are not disturbers of sleep (the accusation commonly brought against them), but are guardians and deliverers of it from disturbing influences. (496)

*in the translation of the thought into an experience.* (496)

what produces the dream must always be a *wish* and cannot sometimes be a preoccupation, a purpose, or reproach...the dream does not merely reproduce this stimulus, but, by a kind of living it through, removes it, sets it aside, relieves it. (496)

apart from...our work has not borne any specific stamp (497)

"One of us, who was particularly good at going out to large dinners in his sleep, was delighted when he could tell us in the morning that he had had a three-course dinner. Another dreamt of tobacco, whole mountains of tobacco; another of a ship which came full sail over the water, at last clear of ice. You can imagine how we longed for sleep, when it offered each one of us all that he most eagerly desired." (498)

has his expectations prematurely realized in a dream, and finds himself the night before the actual experience already at his journey's end (499)

'The soldier on the battlefield is not asked whether he wishes to die or not.' (500)

manifestations of a boundless and ruthless ego... This *saco egoismo* of dreams is certainly not unconnected with the attitude of mind essential to sleep: the withdrawal of interest from the whole outside world. (502)

not merely the wife of another man, but, above all, the incestuous objects of choice which by common consent humanity holds sacred (502)

Desires which we believe alien to human nature show themselves powerful enough to give rise to dreams. (502)

indeed, possibly the very predominance of the one tendency conditions the unconscious nature of the opposite. (503)

*Ca n'empêche pas d'exister* (503)

PLATO: the good are those who content themselves with dreaming of what others, the wicked, actually do

The number of things which are represented symbolically in dreams is not great. The human body as a whole, parents, children, brothers and sisters, birth, death, nakedness--and one thing more. (507)

[ human body : house (smooth : men, balconies : women)

parents : empress and emperor

children and siblings : little animals, vermin

birth : water

dying : journey, travelling (trains)

death : various obscure, timid allusions

nakedness : clothes, uniforms ]

[ penis : 3, sticks, umbrellas, poles, trees, penetrators, weapons, water sources, capable of elongation, flying, reptiles, fishes, hats, cloaks

vagina : rooms, houses, towns, landscapes, receptacles, caves, bottles, ships, doors, wood, paper, tables, books, snails, mussels, mouths, churches, fruit, jewel-cases

onanism : sliding, gliding, pulling off branch, teeth extraction, castration

sex : dancing, riding, climbing, violence ]

a publication has sprung from psychoanalytic soil (513)

a blurred and indistinct picture, as if several photographs had been taken on the same plate. (514)

There was in a certain village a smith who had committed a capital offence. The court decided that the smith was guilty; but, since he was the only one of his trade in the village and therefore indispensable, whereas there were three tailors living there, one of these three was hanged in his place! (516)

most abstract words were originally concrete, their original significance having faded...the *possessing* of an object as a literal, physical *sitting upon* it (possess=*potis+sedeo*). (516)

the dream becomes absurd when it has to represent a criticism implicit in the latent thoughts--the opinion: "It is absurd." (517)

An element in the manifest dream which admits of an opposite may stand simply for itself, or for its opposite, or for both together; only the sense can decide which translation is to be chosen. It accords with this that there is no representation of a *No* in dreams, or at least none which is not ambiguous. (517)

In dreams often enough the hare chases the hunter...in dreams cause follows effect, which reminds us of what sometimes happens in a third-rate theatrical performance, when first the hero falls and then the shot which kills him is fired from the wings. (518)

But it is better that psychology should tell the truth than that it should be left to cynics to do so. (529)

*The unconscious is the infantile mental life* (531)

mankind has an instinctive antipathy to intellectual novelties...any such novelty is immediately reduced to its very smallest compass, and if possible embodied in some catch-word. (533)

and their asking the question amounts to a repudiation of the idea. (533)

The dreamer, where his wishes are concerned, is like two separate people closely linked together by some important thing in common. Instead of enlarging upon this I will remind you of a well-known fairy-tale in which you will see these relationships repeated. A good fairy promised a poor man and his wife to fulfil their first three wishes. They were delighted and made up their minds to choose the wishes carefully. But the woman was tempted by the smell of some sausages being cooked in the next cottage and wished for two like them. Lo! and behold, there they were--and the first wish was fulfilled. With that, the man lost his temper and in his resentment wished that the sausages might hang on the tip of his wife's nose. This also came to pass, and the sausages could not be removed from their position; so the second wish was fulfilled, but it was the man's wish and its fulfilment was most unpleasant for the woman. You know the rest of the story: as they were after all man and wife, the third wish had to be that the sausages should come off the end of the woman's nose. (534)

Every business undertaking requires a capitalist to defray the expenses and an entrepreneur who has the idea and understands how to carry it out. Now the part of the capitalist in dream-formation is always and only played by the unconscious wish; it supplies the necessary fund of mental energy for it: the entrepreneur is the residue from the previous day, determining the manner of the expenditure. (539)

#### **Les Fleurs du Mal** Baudelaire

La sottise, l'erreur, le péché, la lésine,  
Occupent nos esprits et travaillent nos corps,  
Et nous alimentons nos aimables remords,  
Comme les mendiants nourrissent leur vermine.

Nos péchés sont têtus, nos repentirs sont lâches;  
Nous nous faisons payer grassement nos aveux,  
Et nous rentrons gaïement dans le chemin bourbeux,  
Croyant par de vils pleurs laver toutes nos taches.

Sur l'oreiller du mal c'est Satan Trismegiste  
Qui berce longuement notre esprit enchanter,

Et le riche metal de notre volonte  
Est tout vaporise par ce savant chimiste.

C'est le Diable qui tient le fils qui nous remuent!  
Aux objets repugnants nous trouvons des appas;  
Chaque jour vers l'Enfer nous descendons d'un pas,  
Sans horreur, a travers des tenebres qui puent.

Nous volons au passage un plaisir clandestin  
Que nous pressons bien fort comme une vieille orange.

Serre, fourmillant, comme un million d'helminthes,  
Dans nos cerveaux ribote un peuple de Demons

Il ferait volontiers de la tierre un debris  
Et dans un baillement avalerait le monde

-- Hypocrite lecteur, -- mon semblable, -- mon frere! (Au Lecteur, 33-34)

rois de l'azur

prince des nuees  
Qui hante la tempete et se rit de l'archer;  
Exile sur le sol au milieu des huees,  
Ses ailes de geant l'empechent de marcher. (L'Albatros, 38)

Et bois, comme une pure et divine liqueur,  
Le feu clair qui remplit les espaces limpides. (Elevation, 39)

### **Eugene Onegin Pushkin**

We've all received an education  
In something somehow, have we not? (7)

My goddesses! You vanished faces!  
Oh, hearken to my woeful call:  
Have other maidens gained your places,  
Yet not replaced you after all? (12)

I love their feet--although you'll find  
That all of Russia scarcely numbers  
Three pairs of shapely feet ... And yet,  
How long it took me to forget  
Two special feet. (18)

We still, alas, cannot forestall it-  
This dreadful ailment's heavy toll;  
The *spleen* is what the English call it,  
We call it simply *Russian soul*. (22)

#### La Cantatrice Chauve Ionesco

Ce matin, quand tu t'es regardé dans la glace tu ne t'es pas vu.  
C'est parce que je n'étais pas encore là. (IX, 59)

Dans la vie, il faut regarder par la fenêtre. (XI, 61)

fenêtre

#### L'OEuvre Zola

to study the ambitions and appetites of a family launched upon the modern world, making superhuman efforts but always failing because of its own nature and the influences upon it, almost getting there only then to fall back again, and ending up by producing veritable moral monsters, the priest, the murderer, the artist. The times are in turmoil, and it is this turmoil of the moment which I shall depict. (vii)

'I want to depict the artist's struggle with reality, the sheer effort of creation which goes into every work of art, the blood and tears involved in giving of one's flesh, in trying to make something that lives...the endless the defeats, the struggle with the angel.' (ix)

to uncover the true workings of human society from beneath the aesthetic surface under observation. (xiii)

it was in that uncertain state of mind that he began to sketch her face (12)

vexation, yet filled with unconscious regret for the terrible unknown things that might have, but had not, happened (23)

large, color-stained fingers (23)

sultry breeze (24)

he was carried aloft, for the moment, on one of those great waves of hope from which he was usually plunged deep into the agonies familiar to all artists with a devouring passion for nature. (25)

the vague feeling of ambitions in common, the awakening of a higher intelligence among the vulgar herd of dunces and dunderheads they had to contend with in class (27)

Victor Hugo's mighty settings where dream figures immeasurably larger than life stalked through an everlasting battle of antitheses, had carried them away by their epic sweep and sent them gesticulating to watch the sun go down behind ruins or to watch life go by in the false but superb lighting of a Romantic fifth act. Then Musset had come and overwhelmed them with his passion and his tears...a new, more human world had opened before them, conquering them through pity and the eternal cry of anguish they were to associate henceforth with every mortal thing. (31)

that they were often as thrilled by trash as by an acknowledged masterpiece (32)

spoilt his eye (35)

What was Art, after all, if not simply giving out what you have inside you? ... Wasn't a bunch of carrots, yes, a bunch of carrots, studied directly and painted simply, personally, as you see it yourself, as good as any of the run-of-the-mill, made-to-measure Ecole des Beaux-Arts stuff, painted with tobacco juice? **The day was not far off when one solitary, original carrot might be pregnant with revolution!** (35)

'Now we need something else...and I should be the one person to be reckoned with! (37)

Words failed him again; he began to stammer in his unsuccessful attempt to express the first vague stirrings of the future he could feel within himself. While he finished feverishly brushing in the black velvet jacket, there was a long silence. (37)

an insane love for nudity desired but never possessed (42)

He caressed them, did them violence even, and shed tears of despair over his failures to make them either sufficiently beautiful or sufficiently alive. (42)

his eyes burning with the unspeakable torture of his impotence. His hands had refused once more to produce anything clear or lifelike (45)

the dead flesh of the beauty of his dreams (49)

suffering unspeakable torture at the thought of leaving his picture as it was, disfigured by an ugly, gaping wound. (49)

Whenever he had spoilt a piece of work he always set himself below the meanest labourer who had at least brawn enough to do his job. (53)

Whenever they were together, fanfares cleared the way before them and they picked up Paris in one hand and put it calmly in their pocket. (64)

a boundless contempt for everything outside their art, for society, and above all, for politics. (64)

a kind of breathing space in a Paris that was too small, too stuffy for the ambition in their breasts (65)

Things...oh! you can't imagine what they were like! Things that get you here, somehow, at the back of your head, like a woman breathing down your neck...Not like a kiss...No, more insubstantial than that,,a breath, a soft, faint breath. Oh! it's like...like feeling your soul going out of your body! (71)

No joy could be greater, they knew, than that of being acknowledged a master, as he was. So he gave up trying to make himself understood and sat listening to them, without a word (79)

And they wandered side by side, each talking at the top of his voice, for his own benefit, as the stars grew paler and paler in the morning sky. (51)

Life in the silent, secluded little mansion in Passy was as smooth and regular as the gentle ticking of its antiquated clocks. (89)

It was a house of shadows, where the sunshine was filtered down to a guttering night-light strength between the laths of the window-shutters. (89)

so full of life and activity, was the sky-line of that accursed city, lurid and spattered with blood (93)

for all around on the bridges and embankment Paris roared while they, on the water's edge, tasted all the joy of being alone and ignored by the rest of the world. From that moment the wharf was their little strip of countryside (93)

#### **The Master and Margarita Bulgakov**

And now came the second strange thing...He suddenly stopped hiccuping, his heart thumped and dropped somewhere for a second, then returned, but with a blunt needle stuck in it... the apparition had dissolved, the checkered character had vanished, and with him, the needle had slipped out of his heart. (4)

The Procurator did not squint because the sun dazzled him. No! For some reason, he did not want to see the group of condemned men who, as he well knew, were being escorted behind him onto the platform. (40)

The wave had not yet reached its lowest ebb when suddenly it began to rise again. Swaying, it rose higher than the first, and over this second wave, like foam boiling up on the crest, there seethed up a whistling and, here and there, the outcries of women distinguishable through the thunder..."And those were moans of women who were crushed as the crowd surged forward." (40)

He waited for a time, knowing that no force could silence the crowd until it screamed out everything that had accumulated within it and quieted down by itself. (40)

But no, no! The seductive mystics are lying. There are no Caribbean Seas in the world, no reckless buccaneers are sailing them, and no corvettes are chasing them, no cannon smoke drifts low over the waves. There is nothing, and there never was! There is only a stunted linden tree out there, and iron fence, and the boulevard beyond it...And ice melting in the bowl, and someone's bovine bloodshot eyes at the next table, and fear, fear...Oh, gods, gods, poison, give me poison!... (67)

Yes, he is dead, dead...But we--we are alive! (67)

"What do you wish" And was astonished, not recognizing his own voice. And "what" was said in a treble; the "do you" in a basso; and "wish" did not come out at all. (85)

"Eleven. I have waited for your awakening exactly an hour, for you asked me to come at ten. And here I am!" (85)

Chewing a forkful of caviar, Styopa managed to squeeze out the words:

"And you?...have a bite?"

"Thank you, I never do," answered the stranger and poured a second drink. They uncovered the saucepan and found that it contained sausages with tomato sauce. (86)

"One must admit that even among intellectuals there are sometimes highly intelligent men; this cannot be denied." (100)

For a moment it seemed that this was the music of a song, once heard under the southern stars in a cafe-chantant, with half-absurd, half-blind, recklessly merry words (146)

But his anxiety communicated itself to room 120, where the patient awakened and began to look for his head, and to room 118, where the unknown Master wrung his hands in agony, looking at the moon and recalling the bitter autumn night, the last of his life, the streak of light under the basement door, and the uncurled strands of hair.

From room 118 the restlessness flew across the balcony to Ivan, and he awakened and began to cry. (181)

After the medicine suffused his body, peace came to him like an engulfing wave. His limbs grew light, and slumber wafted its warm breezes over his head. He fell asleep, and the last thing he heard was the pre-dawn twittering of the birds in the wood. But soon they were silent, and he began to dream that the sun was already setting over Bald Mountain, and the mountain was surrounded by a double cordon... (181)

the eye was blinded by the blaze of silver boiling in the sun. (185)

Thou art a black God! I curse Thee, God of thieves, their soul and protector! (191)

The sun had vanished before it reached the sea in which it drowned every evening. (191)

fiery threads splitting the cloud (191)



"Praise the merciful Hegemon!" he whispered solemnly and gently pricked Yeshua in the heart. Yeshua quivered and whispered:

"Hegemon..."

Blood ran down his belly, his lower jaw shook convulsively, and his head dropped. (194)

The black sky suddenly sprayed fire (195)

opened the valise, took out a huge roast chicken with one leg missing, and put it down on the floor in its wrapping of greasy newspaper...

so savagely that the chicken's body flew off, leaving only the drumstick in Azazello hand. "everything became jumbled in the Oblonsky household," in the apt words of the famous writer Lev Tolstoy. (216)

Ash blonde (243)

Nothing remained but to assume that the strange and sleepy individual had flown away from the house like a bird, without leaving any trace. (308)

Tolstoy blouse (308)

She stroked the paper lovingly as though it were a favorite cat (311)

that she would find herself in her own bedroom, and she would have to go and drown herself when she woke up. (311)

"But you shall hear nothing until you sit down and drink some wine" (316)

"To die of the burning sun!" (319)

what would your good be doing if there were no evil, and what would the earth look like if shadows disappeared from it? After all, shadows are cast by objects and people/ There is the shadow of my sword. But there are also shadows of trees and living creatures. Would you like to denude the earth of all the trees and all the living beings in order to satisfy your fantasy of rejoicing in the naked light? You are a fool. (368)

Now there are two lunatics instead of one! (375)

Gods, gods! How sad the evening earth! How mysterious the mists over the bogs! Whoever has wandered in these mists, whoever suffered deeply before death, whoever flew over this earth burdened beyond human strength knows it. The weary one knows it. And he leaves without regret the mists of the earth, its swamps and rivers, and yields himself with an easy heart to the hands of death, knowing that it alone can bring surcease. (381)

Night grew more dense, flew side by side with the riders, catching their cloaks, pulling them off, uncovering deceptions. (381)

he did not look at the moon and cared nothing for the earth, he was thinking his own thoughts as he flew at Woland's side. (384)

Like the demon youth, the Master flew with his eyes fixed on the moon, but he smiled to it as though he knew and loved it well, and muttered something to himself by force of habit acquired in room 118. (384)

She thought they might be chains of moonlight, and the horse itself might only be a hulk of darkness, his mane--a cloud, and the rider's spurs--white blurs of stars. (385)

Everything will turn out right. That's what the world is built on. (386)

whether this was the crashing of stone or the thunder of Satanic laughter (386)

Why follow in the steps of that which is already finished? (387)

during thousands of moons. (387)

the sun splintered in a million panes had spun itself out of the air (387)

"Listen to the soundlessness," Margarita said to the Master, and the sand rustled under her bare feet. "Listen and enjoy the stillness...Here is your home, here is your home for eternity. You will fall asleep in your eternal, greasy nightcap, you will fall asleep with a smile on your lips. Sleep will strengthen you, and you will speak words of wisdom." (389)

#### **L'Etranger Camus**

Vous êtes jeune, et il me semble que c'est une vie qui doit vous plaire (46)

J'ai répondu qu'on ne changeait jamais de vie, qu'en tout cas toutes se valaient et que la mienne ici ne me déplaisait pas du tout. Il a eu l'air mecontent, m'a dit que je répondais toujours à côté, que je n'avais pas d'ambition et que cela était désastreux dans les affaires. Je suis retourné travailler alors... (46)

j'ai très vite compris que tout cela était sans importance réelle. (46)

le jour, déjà tout plein de soleil, m'a frappé comme une gifle. (52)

## Les Miserables Hugo

Be it true or false, what is said about men often has as much influence upon their lives, and especially upon their destinies, as what they do. (11)

as there is always more misery among the lower classes than there is humanity in the higher, everything was given away, so to speak, before it was received, like water on thirsty soil (15)

"To commit the least possible sin is the law of man. To live without sin is the dream of an angel. Everything terrestrial is subject to sin. Sin is like gravitational force" (19)

How frightened hypocrisy hastens to defend itself, and to get under cover. (19)

If the soul is left in darkness, sins will be committed. The guilty one is not he who commits the sin, but he who causes the darkness. (19)

Ignominy thirsts for respect. (45)

Anger may be foolish and absurd, and one may be irritated when in the wrong; but a man never feels outraged unless in some respect he is at bottom right. (52)

he opposed pride, which is the fortress of evil in man. (67)

there is a way of avoiding a person which resembles a search. (75)

So, being bald and ironical, he was the leader. Can the word *iron* be the root from which irony is derived? (75)

The simplest is sometimes the wisest. (77)

on Sunday fatigue has a holiday (81)

Table talk and lovers' talk equally elude the grasp; lovers' talk is clouds, table talk is smoke. (80)

The most ferocious animals are disarmed by caresses to their young. (90)

A person seated instead of standing; fate hangs on such a thread as that. (90)

One would say that they felt themselves to be angels, and knew us to be human. (91)

The gravedigger's work is charming when done by a child. *Ce que fait Le fossoyeur devient riant, fait par l'enfant.* (91)

They are uneasy as to what is behind them, and threatening as to what is before them...We can no more answer for what they have done, than for what they will do. (93)

The woman was at heart a brute; the man a blackguard...There are souls which, crablike, crawl continually towards darkness (93)

In less than three years the inventor of this process had become rich, which was well, and had made all around him rich, which was better. (99)

The two highest functionaries of the state are the nurse and the schoolmaster. (101)

A good mayor is a good thing. Are you afraid of the good you can do? (101)

If we would take a little pains, the nettle would be useful; we neglect it, and it becomes harmful. Then we kill it. How much men are like the nettle! (103)

He did a multitude of good deeds as secretly as bad ones are usually done. (103)

At first there had been, as always happens with those who rise by their own efforts, slanders and calumnies against Monsieur Madeleine, soon this was reduced to satire, then it was only wit, then it vanished entirely (105)

One can no more prevent the mind from returning to an idea than the sea from returning to a shore. In the case of the sailor, this is called the tide; in the case of the guilty, it is called remorse. God upheaves the soul as well as the ocean. (149)

Alas! that was the greatest of sacrifices, the most poignant of victories...Mournful destiny! he could only enter into sanctity in the eyes of God, by returning into infamy in the eyes of men! (150)

The highest duty is to think of others. (152)

made a gentle, monotonous sound. These things are charming when one is joyful, and mournful when one is sad. (158)

How all things shudder under the terrible breath of night! (161)

As promptness was kindness, he was prompt. (162)

At those hours especially when we have the sorest need of grasping the poignant realities of life do the threads of thought snap off in the brain. (170)

Without suspecting it, Javert, in his fear inspiring happiness, was pitiable, like every ignorant man who wins a triumph. Nothing could be more poignant and terrible than this face, which revealed what we may call all the evil of good. (194)

These three girls could not count twenty-four years among them all, and they already represented all human society; on one side envy, on the other disdain. (241)

Children at once accept joy and happiness with quick familiarity, being themselves naturally all happiness and joy. (267)

Besides, no one ever keeps a secret so well as a child. (329)

Paris has a child and the forest has a bird; the bird is called the sparrow; the child is called the *gamin*.

Couple these two ideas, the one containing all the heat of the furnace, the other all the light of the dawn; strike together these two sparks, Paris and infancy, and there leaps forth from them a little creature. Homuncio, Plautus would say.

If one could ask of this vast city: what is that creature? She would answer: "it is my little one." (341)

I do not remember what philosopher it was who said: "There is never any lack of old women." (346)

but on account of that vague respect for death which is always so imperious in the heart of man (355)

He smiled with a smile which, of all things in the world, was the most disdainful, the most energetic, and the most resolute (627)

France bleeds, but liberty smiles (633)

Is there any foreign war?...War is modified only by its aim. There is neither foreign war, nor civil war; there is only unjust war and just war. Until the day when the great human concordat shall be concluded, war, that at least which is the struggle of the hurrying future against the lingering past, may be necessary. (633)

Marius had lived too little as yet to know that nothing is more imminent than the impossible, and that what we must always foresee is the unforeseen. (641)

We are reassured almost as foolishly as we are alarmed; human nature is thus constituted. (652)

Night counsels; we may add: night calms. (652)

A revolution is a toll-gate. Oh! the human race shall be delivered, uplifted, and consoled! We affirm it on this barricade. Whence shall arise the shout of love, if it be not from the summit of sacrifice? O my brothers, here is the junction between those who think and those who suffer; this barricade is made neither of paving-stones, nor of mound of sorrows. Misery here encounters the ideal. Here day embraces night and says: I will die with thee and thou shalt be born again with me. From the pressure of all desolations faith gushes forth. Sufferings bring their agony here, and ideas their immortality. This agony and this immortality are to mingle and compose our death. Brothers, he who dies here in the radiance of the future, and we are entering a grave illuminated by the dawn. (672)

It is immoral that a mattress should have so much power. Triumph of that which yields over that which thunders. But it is all the same; glory to the mattress which nullifies a cannon. (679)

the present has the excusable quantum of selfishness; the life of the moment has its rights, and is not bound to sacrifice itself continually to the future.

"I exist," murmurs that somebody whose name is All. (697)

the ingratitude of children, is not always as blameworthy a thing as is supposed. It is the ingratitude of nature. Nature, as we have said elsewhere, "looks forward." Nature divides living beings into the coming and the going. The goings are turned towards the shadow, the coming toward the light. Hence a separation, which, on the part of the old, is a fatality, and, on the part of the young, involuntary...Youth goes where joy is...Old age goes to its end...The affection of the young is chilled by life; that of the old by the grave. (806)

"Because things are unpleasant," said Jean Valjean, "that is no reason for being unjust toward God." (826)

"It is nothing to die; it is frightful not to live." (826)

**Dar Nabokov**

*An oak is a tree. A rose is a flower. A deer is an animal. A sparrow is a bird. Russia is our fatherland. Death is inevitable.*

P. SMIRNOVSKI, *A Textbook of Russian Grammar* (3)

shaded laterally with black paint: a dishonest attempt to climb into the next dimension. (3)

Some day, he thought, I must use such a scene to start a good, thick old-fashioned novel. The fleeting thought was touched with a careless irony; an irony, however, that was quite unnecessary, because somebody within him, on his behalf, independently from him, had absorbed all this, recorded it, and filed it away. (4)

or a smell that refused at the last moment to yield a memory it had seemed ready to shout (5)

in somewhat the same way as the jumbled letters find their places in a film commercial; and at the end there is always one that does kind of flip, and then hastily assumes its position (5)

Yes, all my life I shall be getting that extra little payment in kind to compensate my regular overpayment for merchandise foisted on me. (6)

a burst of light that had ricocheted from his temple, and saw...a blindingly white parallelogram of sky being unloaded from the van--a dresser with mirror across which...passed a flawlessly clear reflection of boughs sliding and swaying not arboreally, but with a human vacillation, produced by the nature of those who were carrying this sky, these boughs, this gliding facade. (6)

Taken by itself, all this was a view, just as the room was itself a separate entity; but now a middleman had appeared, and now that view became the view from this room and no other. The gift of sight which it now had received did not improve it. (8)

The desert of the desk would have to tilled for a long time before it could sprout its first rhymes. And much cigarette ash would have to fall under the armchair and its folds before it would become suitable for traveling. (8)

nearly tripped over the tiger stripes which had not kept up with the cat as it jumped aside (9)

he had to take great pains not to lose either his control of the game, or the viewpoint of the plaything. (9)

Now he read in three dimensions, as it were, carefully exploring each poem, lifted out like a cube from among the rest and bathed from all sides in that wonderful, fluffy country air (9)

as a returning traveler sees in an orphan's eyes not only the smile of its mother, whom he had known in his youth, but also an avenue ending in a burst of yellow light...everything, everything. (10)

Or does the puppeteer's colossal hand appear here for an instant among the creatures whose size the eye had come to accept (10)

I strain my memory to the very limit as to taste of that darkness and use its lessons to prepare myself for the darkness to come...dying-in-reverse (11)

But the truthfulness of juxtapositions and deductions is sometimes better preserved on the near side of the verbal fence. (12)

painted flames like those on Vereshchagin's picture of the Moscow Fire flickered when a candle was lighted inside (13)

Those same children have now grown up and I often run across them in advertisements...in time they will become sprightly, rosy, gormandizing oldsters--and still have ahead of them the infernal black beauty of oaken caskets in a palm-decked display window...Thus a world of handsome demons develops side by side with us, in a cheerfully sinister relationship to our everyday existence; but in the handsome demon there is always some secret flaw...can never know the quiet joys of the gourmet, and his fashions...are always just a little behind those of real life. (13)

How remarkably the word "battle" (*srazhenie*) suggests the sound of a springy compression when one rammed into the toy gun its projectile. (14)

And you see, half concealed by the door,

That your double has stopped in the mirror,  
Rainbow feathers in head band  
Standing on end. (14)

a strange pause, as if to gather its strength, before striking. Its ticking, like an unrolled tape divided  
by stripes into inches, served as an endless measure of my insomnias. (16)

when I finally dozed off, a dozen strong hands would overturn me and, with an awful silk-ripping sound,  
someone would unstitch me from top to bottom, after which an agile hand would slip inside me and  
powerfully squeeze my heart. (17)

It is strange how a memory will grow into a wax figure, how the cherub grows suspiciously prettier as its  
frame darkens with age--strange, strange are the mishaps of memory. (17)

managed to push her spitting pen between...with a blot at the end, and...with a blot at the beginning.  
(18)

hand, laid on the counter as if on an executioner's block. (19)

how rounded all sounds become when the collar is raised (19)

and the red embryo floating inside, which when its mother is destroyed, will escape up to the ceiling and  
day later will come down, all wrinkled and quit tame (19)

let us describe also the delirious state in which one feels huge numbers grow, inflating one's brain,  
accompanied by someone's incessant patter quite unrelated to you (21)

freakish things that from time to time I coveted with the greed of a pregnant woman (22)

my mind had been dipped and rinsed only recently in a dangerous, supernaturally clean blackness (23)

Street after street unfolded without any effort on my part. (23)

economy of art advised him not to touch that theme before the right time came. (24)

the idea of speed had already given a slant to the steering wheel (sea-cliff trees will understand what I  
mean) (25)

I think that as I walk I shall utter something like a moan, in tune with the poles. (25)

if only because my eyes are, in the long run, made of the same stuff as the grayness, the clarity, the  
dampness of those sites (25)



I shall experience a certain satiation of suffering--perhaps on the mountain pass to a kind of happiness which it is too early for me to know (I know only that when I reach it, it will be with pen in hand) (25)

And support as in dreamland is lacking,  
And trusting in this dream simplicity,  
The bicycle does not collapse. (26)

executed with a phenomenally delicate mastery that brings out clearly every hair, not because everything is delineated with an excessively selective touch, but because the presence of the smallest features is involuntarily conveyed to the reader by the integrity and reliability of a talent that assures the author's observance of all the articles of the artistic covenant. (27)

Cells of white porcelain  
Contain blue, green, red honey...  
And, meantime, within the full goblet,  
In the radiance of its cut glass,  
What colors have blazed,  
What rapture has bloomed! (28)

when one's mind, after going around itself in the subliminal labyrinth, returns with newfound music that alone makes poems what they should be (28)

a feature fashionable in our time, when time is in fashion: if a collection opens up with a poem about "A Lost Ball," it must close with "The Found Ball." (28)

he located a clinking handful, weighty and reassuring (29)

A lyric possibility flitted past, singing quite close to his ear...the rhyme has kindled life, but the rhyme itself is abandoned. (30)

The rain began coming down faster: someone had suddenly tilted the sky. (30)

but who in some incomprehensible manner, which seemed as physically natural as some kind of emanation, had unobtrusively clothed himself in an aura of indefinable fame, so that his name was uttered not necessarily especially often, but quite differently from all the other young names (31)

trying by the very act of reading to destroy the marvel of it (31)

as by an escalator that transforms even a motionless man into a runner (31)

as a result, her perfectly innocent gaze became so ambiguous that one could not break away from it: the hypnosis of error. (31)

a bun--the sugar-powdered kind that always bears an anonymous fingerprint (33)

as if he felt chilled, so that the repose of the body was expressed more by angular projections (knee, elbow, thin shoulder) and the contraction of all the members (33)

yet his stuff goes on lying there, untouched (the provident laziness of one's soul?); it is unthinkable that a stranger should touch it, but what a relief it would be if an accidental fire were to destroy that precious little cabinet. (35)

while Yasha was perfectly real and live, and only the instinct of self-preservation prevented one from taking a good look at his features. (35)

while the others talked on and he talked to himself, he tried as he did everywhere and always to imagine the inner, transparent motion of this or that other person...he felt flattered when a chance word aptly confirmed the train of thought he was divining in the other.

burst into tears...as if a brimful crystal vessel had broken for no apparent reason (37)

All was quiet and wrong. The remains of cherry jam mingled with cigarette ash in my saucer. (38)

archaisms, prosaisms, or simply destitute words, having completed their life cycle, now, when used in poems, gained a kind of unexpected freshness, returning from the opposite direction (38)

crimson mist of shame (41)

when you imagine yourself returning into the past with the contraband of the present (41)

low cards transfigured by the radiance of the trump (41)

What can I do with his soul? This is what kills me--this yearning for some most mysterious tool...My blood throbs, my hands grow icy like a schoolgirl's when I remain alone with him (43)

backs of dormant books (43)

like an unbearably typical, and therefore false, note (44)

perhaps because at railroad stations the armament of time is particularly impressive (44)  
It was then that the triangle began to erode its circumference. (44)

should an aimless questioner have turned up among the angels already converging, already swarming and fussing professionally around the cradle where lay a dark little newborn revolver (45)

and the invisible crack, in keeping with the law governing all cracks, continued irresistibly to creep and widen. (47)

he had that honesty of spirit which imparts to the most reckless act an almost everyday simplicity (47)

the partition dividing the room temperature of reason from the infinitely ugly, cold ghostly world into which Yasha had passed suddenly crumbled, and to restore it was impossible, so that the gap had to be draped in makeshift fashion and one tried not to look at the stirring folds. (49)

essentially mortal, glass-and-rubber help of doctors (50)

hinted eerily at a mystery, as if, repelled by life's unclean touch, or burned by another life, he was reserving his bare handclasp for inhuman, hardly imaginable meetings. (50)

tousling the doll, which was executing all kinds of emotional evolutions in his lap (51)

ripple with the random agitation of a fog...their outlines...were evaporating through here and there a bright point still glowed--the cordial glint in an eye, the gleam of a bracelet (52)

shaking somebody's already dissolved hand (52)

they had even purchased in advance, in his future memories, space next to St. Petersburg, an adjacent grave; he walked along these dark, glossy streets and the blind houses retreated (53)

accustomed to subjection, we everywhere appoint over ourselves the shadow of supervision (54)

his feet were guided by local consciousness...while the only Fyodor Konstantinovich that mattered, was already peering into the next shadowy strophe (55)

everything around him began speaking at once, and, instantly sobered (55)

sink in the snow of slumber (56)

abandoned himself to all the demands of inspiration. This was a conversation with a thousand interlocutors, only one of whom was genuine, and this genuine one must be caught and kept within hearing distance. (56)

all the pale and chilled objects in the room stood like people come to meet someone on a smoky railroad platform (57)

discarded word-shells obstructed and chafed his brain and prickled his temples and there was no way he could get rid of them. (57)

having far outdistanced my own art, it simultaneously illuminated for it the dangers of the way. (59)

stood a bowl with an orange and a half and an appetizing jar of yogurt (62)

poems...passed almost entirely without control, trickling through openings where rubbish of greater weight and volume would have got stuck (62)

imagining one by one the various mental ways the poem would be read...with each of these different incarnations he would almost physically feel a change in the color of his eyes, and also in the color behind his eyes, and in the taste of his mouth (63)

chef-d'oeuvre du jour (63)

having given birth to, raised, and stopped loving forever some two dozen poems (63)

it was in his feet that he had the feeling of Russia, that he could touch and recognize all of her with his soles, as a blind man feels with his palms. (63)

went completely blind: the wriggling of toes inside had no effect on the exterior smoothness of the taut black leather (64)

this unpleasantly quiet man whose mysteriously growing talent could have been checked only by a ringful of poison in a glass of wine (64)

that special gaze that glides like a swallow across a poet's mirrory heart (65)

FIRST PROSTITUTE

All is water. That is what my client Thales says.

SECOND PROSTITUTE

All is air, young Anaximenes told me.

THIRD PROSTITUTE

All is number. My bald Pythagoras cannot be wrong.

FOURTH PROSTITUTE

Heraclitus caresses me whispering "All is fire."

LONE COMPANION (*enters*)

All is fate. (67)

Suddenly something gave: little landslides began among the audience.

Before long, certain power lines formed in various directions all across the room--a network of exchanged glances (67)

so far from the center of the city that...seemed to others to happen in an ethereal world, beyond the horizon of human worries. (70)

black enchantment of stone promenades (71)

produce prose in which 'thought and music are conjoined as are the folds of life in sleep' (71)

there are only two kinds of books: bedside and wastebasket (71)

Jesus 'the ghostly Galilean, cool and gentle, in a robe the color of ripening plum' (72)

Bedlam turned back into Bethlehem--that's Dostoyevski for you (72)

In the 'Karamazovs' there is somewhere a circular mark left by a wet wine glass on an outdoor table. (73)

aphorisms, that, like airplanes, stay up only while they are in motion (74)

auditive hues...the various 'a's of the four languages which I speak differ for me in tinge, going from lacquered-black to splintery-gray--like different sorts of wood. I recommend to you my pink flannel 'm'...you would appreciate my radiant 's' if I could pour into your cupped hands some of those luminous sapphires that I touched as a child...when my mother, dressed for a ball, uncontrollably sobbing, allowed her perfectly celestial treasures to flow out of their abyss into her palm, out of their cases onto black velvet (74)

Whose business is it that actually we parted at the very first corner, and that I have been reciting a fictitious dialogue with myself as supplied by a self-teaching handbook of literary inspiration? (76)

The rain still fell lightly, but with the elusive suddenness of an angel, a rainbow had already appeared. (77)

Stray arrows of rain that had lost both rhythm and weight and the ability to make any sound, flashed at random, this way and that, in the sun. (77)

Pattern of Elysian hues! (77)

entered the base of a rainbow--the rarest occurrence!--and found himself in colored air, in a play of light as if in paradise. He took one more step--and left paradise. (77)

a highly significant footprint, ever looking upward and ever seeing him who has vanished. (78)

bilberries...seeming so much darker in the basket than on their stalks! (78)

there deepened a rich blackness that, transferred to paper would satisfy the water colorist only as long as the paint remained wet, so that he would have to put on layer after layer to retain its beauty--which would immediately fade. (79)

slim and sleek with a sensitive shadow (rising like a blind woman to meet you and touch your face) (79)

pressing out crunchy little holes in the dumb sand with the tip of her parasol (79)

the wet snow drifted slantingly...the asphalt remained black and bare, as if incapable by nature of accepting anything white (80)

which in itself was suspicious, like the vividness of dreams at the wrong time of day or after a soporific (80)

he got the impression that all these cold, slippery eyes, looking at him as if he were carrying an illegal treasure (which his gift was, essentially) (81)

eternally and painfully seeking equilibrium (81)

not with an upright finger, a standing reminder of Divine Judgement--but with a horizontal digit imitating a waving stick; for a love of fences, rows, mediocrity (81)

someone else's live cat, pierced through with wire as revenge on a neighbor, and the wire cleverly twisted at one end (81)

living always uphill, spending all his strength in pursuit of the innumerable beings that flashed inside him, as if at dawn in a mythological grove, he could no longer force himself to mix with people either for money or for pleasure (83)

Just then the wind searched him cruelly (84)

also evidence somehow of the disastrous imperfection of the world in which Fyodor continued to reside. He could stand it no longer, he jumped out (84)

swinging his arms as he walked he brushed his fingertips against the wet needles (85)

its lightning conductor cleaving through the blue sky and the bright white clouds extending an endless embrace. (85)

One forgot who had taken it, but this transient, faded and generally insignificant (how many others and better were there) photograph (86)

she was guided not by what was most costly to get but by what was most difficult to part with (86)

her face twisted with the pain of happiness (86)

The miracle of this return would consist in its earthly nature, in its compatibility with reason...but the more the necessity for such naturalness grew with the years, the more difficult it became for life to meet it, and now what frightened him was not simply the imagining of a ghost, but the imagining of one that would not be frightening. (87)

in Berlin there are cul-de-sacs where at dusk the soul seems to dissolve (87)

having experienced physical tortures which it was forbidden to mention, now changed into clean linen--it was impossible to think of the body underneath (88)

It happens that over a long period you are promised a great success, in which from the very start you do not believe, so dissimilar is it from the rest of fate's offerings, and if from time to time you do think of it, then you do so as it were to indulge your fantasy--but when, at last, on a very ordinary day with a west wind blowing, the news comes--simply, instantaneously and decisively destroying any hope in it--then you are suddenly amazed to find that although you did not believe in it, you had been living with it all this time, not realizing the constant, close presence of the dream, which had long since grown fat and independent, so that now you cannot get it out of your life without making a hole in that life. (88)

a dream which had mysteriously embellished his life and somehow lifted it above the level of surrounding lives, so that he could see all sorts of distant and interesting things, just as, when a little boy, his father used to lift him by his elbows (88)

sun-flecked crosses were measuring something terrible large with their arms (89)

this silent walk being performed by two minds, using according to the rules of the game the rate of a human footstep (although they could have flown over their whole domains in a single instant) (89)

tiny but many-cornered room completely swallowed up by a mirror (89)

puddles made the sidewalks seem full of holes (90)

a commercial Santa Claus in a red stormcoat and with hungry eyes was distributing handbills. (90)

"Why, are you dead?" was the first thing he asked, more discontent than surprised. In his capacity as "Chairman of the Society for Struggle With the Other World" he was continually devising methods to prevent permeation by ghosts (91)

only much later did he understand...all the irreproachable compositional balance with which these collateral sounds had been included in his own life. (92)

town of a hundred eyes, beneath skies unknown (93)

in the seemingly dark verse such a chasm of meaning yawned at one's feet, so convincing were the sounds and so unexpectedly, out of the very same words every poet was stringing together, there sprang up, played, and slipped away without ever quenching one's thirst a unique perfection (93)

Things here are in a sorry state;  
Even the moon is much too rough (94)

never, never will we reach home (94)

the creation of something new, something still unknown, genuine, corresponding fully to the gift which he felt like a burden inside himself (94)

suddenly he felt a sweet, strong stab from somewhere. Still not understanding, he put the book to one side and slipped blind fingers into a boxful of homemade cigarettes. (95)

But, as often happens, the momentum of mighty coincidence did not stop there (95)

"The harvest rippled, awaiting the sickle" (96)

To strengthen the muscles of his muse he took on his rambles whole pages of *Pugachyov* learned by heart as a man using an iron bar instead of a walking stick. (97)

"when reality, giving way to fancies, blends with them in the nebulous visions of first sleep." (97)

"*Tut Apollon-ideal, tam Niobeya-pechal*" (Here is Apollo-ideal, there is Niobe-grief) (98)

Thus will Russia long continue to feel the living presence of Pushkin. There is something seductive, like an abyss, in his fatal destiny, and indeed, he himself felt that he had had, and would have, a special reckoning with fate. (99)

that that unhappiness was one of the colors of happiness (105)

[and here a smile broke through the written line] (105)

simple mention of a far, far place (107)

these exclamations won't take me very deep--but my pen is not yet accustomed to following the outlines of his image, and I myself abominate these accessory curlicues. Oh don't look at me, my childhood, with such big, frightened eyes. (109)

it was as if cows gave us Chartreuse and we gave them our infants to eat (110)

seemed to have been invented by some waggish artist precisely for the intelligent eyes of man (110)

peridots...indifferent to the direction of the wind, always at the same level above the ground (111)

As if playing a game, as if wishing in passing to imprint his force on everything (112)

To ascertain and preserve the ancient native name of a pass..is always both more scientific and more noble than to saddle it with the name of a good acquaintance. (113)



"All the clocks in the house stopped" (114)

not so much to seek something as to flee something, and that on returning, he would realize that it was still with him, inside him, unriddable, inexhaustible. (115)

these ancient colors which swim before the eyes as if seeking new shapes (116)

in the light there were such flashes...it became impossible to look at a rock...in the shadow a darkness which absorbed all detail, so that every color lived a magically multiplied life (117)

halted, quivering. No, it was only the air quivering...they had already vanished. (117)

through the edges of its breathing flame seem to float the broad-shouldered shadows of men, endlessly changing their outlines, and a red reflection trembles, without moving from the spot, on the seething water of the river. (118)

divine the current of his thoughts, and I have much less success with this than with my mental visits to places which I have never seen. (119)

different years, which are superimposed one on another in translucent layers (119)

the mirages where nature, that exquisite cheat, achieved absolute miracles: visions of water were so clear that they reflected the *real* rocks nearby! (120)

Only in China is the early mist so enchanting, causing everything to vibrate (121)

seeking refuge from the heat in the short shadows thrown by the horses (121)

the shadow of an eagle flicks across the cliffs (122)

a line of dark objects strung across it, the large horns of twenty wild yaks which had been caught in crossing by the suddenly forming ice; through its thick crystal the immobilization of their bodies in a swimming attitude was clearly visible; the beautiful heads lifted above the ice would have seemed alive if the birds had not already pecked out their eyes; and for some reason I recalled the tyrant Shiusin, who used to cut open pregnant women out of curiosity and who, one cold morning, seeing some porters fording a stream, ordered their legs to be amputated at the shin in order to inspect the condition of the marrow in their bones. (122)

so that it was not quite clear which was impersonating which--or why. (123)

night sky with stars scattered over it...the Starry Steppe (123)

Marco Polo: "the whisper of spirits calling you aside" and the queer flicker of the air (124)

All this lingered bewitchingly...with lively movement in the foreground and a convincing backdrop (125)

already feeling the void between his bunched fingers, he turned to the patiently waiting lamp...to the still-warm pen which now quietly slipped back into his fingers...and returned at once to that world which was as natural to him as snow to the white hare or water to Ophelia. (125)

sweeping by with the impetuosity of a vision (127)

one could sense a growing feeling of indefinite, expectant perplexity (131)

spattered with bloodlike pupal discharge (spots of which on the white walls of cities predicted to our ancestors the fall of Troy, plagues, earthquakes). (133)

thus begin the best fairy tales and thus end the best lives (134)

The only son of a great khan, having lost his way during a hunt...caught sight among the trees of something sparkling. Coming closer he saw it was a girl gathering brushwood, in a dress made of fish-scales; however, he could not decide what precisely was sparkling so much, the girl's face or her clothing. Going with her to her old mother, the young prince offered to give her as bride-money a nugget of gold the size of a horse's head. "No," said the girl, "but here, take this tiny bag--it's little bigger than a thimble as you can see--go and fill it." The prince, laughing...threw in a coin, threw in another, a third, and then all that he had with him. Extremely puzzled, he went off to consult his father.

All his treasures gathering,  
public funds and everything,  
in the bag the good khan threw;  
shook, and listened, shook anew;  
threw in twice as much again;  
just a dingle in the drain!

They summoned the old woman. "That," she said, "is a human eye--it wants to encompass everything in the world"; then she took a pinch of earth and filled up the bag immediately. (134)

as if retaining the invulnerability inherent in sacred objects (135)

I tried to outwit fate by imagining to myself (and thus destroying its possibility in advance) the still uncomprehended, black, fresh grief which I would carry back home (136).

nothing but new layers of uncertainty rather than glimpses through it. (136)

"What is your profession?" Pugachyov asked the astronomer Lowitz. "Counting the stars." Whereupon they hanged him so he could be nearer the stars.

or did they lead him out into some kitchen garden one dark night and wait for the moon to peep out? How did he wait with them in the dark? With a smile of disdain? (137)

Once the rumor of my father's death is a fiction, must it not then be conceded that his very journey out of Asia is merely attached in the shape of a tail to this fiction (138)

At times I feel that somewhere it has already been written by me, that it is here, hiding in this inky jungle, that I have only to free it part by part from the darkness and the parts will fall together of themselves...this labor of liberation...afraid I might dirty it with a flashy phrase, or wear it out in the course of transfer onto paper (138)

when I study the position of the words that can neither be replaced nor rearranged (139)

'with a kiss starts the death of romance' (139)

As soon as she put the receiver to her ear her body assumed its usual telephone posture on the sofa (140)

special rhythm in her pronunciation of the figures--as if 48 was the thesis and 31 the antithesis--adding in the shape of a synthesis (141)

Loudly, so that it even tickled his middle ear (141)

Well, never put off to tomorrow what you have already done (143)

as if positioned several fateful degrees out of true (143)

he held it in that position for several seconds, as if taking a time exposure. (144)

The heart does not break, as it does in parting with dear objects. The humid gaze does not wander around holding back a tear, as if it wished to carry away in it a trembling reflection of the abandoned spot; but in the best corner of our hearts we feel pity for the things which we did not bring to life with our breath (144)

the shadows of my caravan passed over this wallpaper, lilies grew out of the cigarette ash on the carpet--but now the journey is over. The torrents of books have gone back to the ocean of the library. (145)

corpses do not steal (145)

then the bizarre internal whine of a bath tap that finally turned into the rustle of a shower (146)

mother and daughter invariably speak to one another in the accents of a quarrel (146)

came with a vacuum cleaner, and then all hell broke loose, the world was shattered to bits, a hellish grinding pervaded one's very soul, destroying it, and drove Fyodor out of his bed, out of his room, and out of the house. (147)

Lying supine with the first satisfyingly tasty, large, and long-lasting cigarette between his parched lips (147)

kiss-bliss, wind-in-linden-leaves-grieves (147)

quickly pushed...into his hand so that he could better unburden his soul upon it (149)

the new charm that had appeared in the features of Russian poetry, a charm that I sensed even in its most absurd manifestations. (149)

Those walks will come in handy sometime. (150)

seeing nothing, my lips moving (150)

a trisyllable that one visualizes in the shape of a sofa with three cushions--the middle one dented..."dejected," "enchanted," "rebellious" (151)

the combination "unwanted and misunderstood" gave a certain moire quality to the line; look at it this way--it is an amphibrach, and that way--an iamb (151)

There were also certain treasured freaks, rhymes to which, like rare stamps in an album, were represented by blanks (153)

The agitation which seized me, swiftly covered me with an icy sheet, squeezed my joints and jerked at my fingers. The lunatic wandering of my thoughts which by unknown means found the door in a thousand leading into the noisy night of the garden, the expansion and contraction of the heart, now as vast as the starry sky and then as small as a droplet of mercury (153)

like a man relating his dream (like any dream infinitely free and complex, but clotting like blood upon waking up..."I dreamt that I was sitting in my room," monstrously vulgarizes the dream's devices by taking it for granted that the room had been furnished exactly the same as his room in real life." (153)

Love...repeats at the last parting the musical theme of shyness that precedes its first avowal. (154)

Since there were things he wanted to express just as naturally and unrestrainedly as the lungs want to expand, hence words suitable for breathing ought to exist. (154)

an accidental survivor of his former wealth, a flat, gold cigarette case with the date of a distant summer night scratched on it--oh that creak of her wicket gate wet with dew! (155)

He lay and smoked, and gently composed, reveling in the womblike warmth of the bed (155)

wardrobe by the left wall (which, by the way, sometimes for no reason, suddenly opened with the officious look of some fool of an actor who has come onto the stage at the wrong time) (156)

None of this did he see for the moment, but it was all there: a small society of objects schooled to become invisible and in this finding their purpose, which they could only fulfill through the constancy of their miscellaneousness. (156)

Love only what is fanciful and rare; what from the distance of a dream steals through; what knaves condemn to death and fools can't bear. To fiction be as to your country true. Now is our time. Stray dogs and cripples are along awake. Mild is the summer night. A car speeds by: Forever that last car has taken the last banker out of sight. Near that streetlight veined lime-leaves masquerade in chrysoprase with a translucent gleam. Beyond that gate lies Baghdad's crooked shade, and yon star sheds on Pulkovo its beam. Oh, swear to me-- (156)

It did not wish to die; it had to be killed. (156)

that wet asphaltic gloss (157)

O swear to me that while the heartblood stirs, you will be true to what we shall invent (157)

he got up and passed immediately from a world of many interesting dimensions into one that was cramped and demanding...into a world of cold water: the hot was not running today. (158)

A pale self-portrait looked out of the mirror with the serious eyes of all self-portraits. (158)

Through the cold shaving-soap foam pierced the little red eye: *L'oeil regardait Cain*. (158)

Drops of blood dew appeared in the vicinity of his Adam's apple but the hairs were still there. The Steppe of Despair. (158)

slowly mixing a white exclamation mark of sour cream into her borshch (159)

the more brains, cunning, and circumspection he found in their mutual activities the more stupid, vulgar and simple his world became. (160)

and then Shchyogolev's England clashed not with another Shchyogolev country but with Kasatkin's England, equally nonexistent, so that in a certain sense international wars turned into civil wars, although the warring sides existed on different levels which could never come into contact with one another. (160)

There was no force on earth...which could have stopped him using the past continuous instead of the simple past, and this endowed every of his accidental activities of the day before with a kind of idiotic permanence. (160)

Firmly believing that the humorous side of things had long since been worked out in the proper place for it (the back page of a Berlin illustrated weekly) (161)

schematic little pictures on which are depicted for the edification of beginning motorists all the elements of the city, all the possibilities for them to collide. (161)

there was a sandpit for children; but we touch this kind of rich sand only when we are burying someone we know. (162)

you look at a person and you see him as clearly as if he were fashioned of glass and you were the glass blower (163)

the constant feeling that our days here are only pocket money, farthings clinking in the dark, and that somewhere is stocked the real wealth, from which life should know how to get dividends in the shape of dreams, tears of happiness, distant mountains. (164)

that's the total of my little immortality (164)

with lips like sealing-wax on a letter in which there was nothing. (164)

noting down words as you would note down the address of someone you knew you would never visit. (164)

the smell of that certain scent which somehow was always used by the very women who liked him, although to him this dullish, sweetish-brown smell was unbearable. (165)

Jauntily using the author as a springboard, carried away by his own paraphrase, extracting isolated phrases in support of his incorrect conclusions, misunderstanding the initial pages and thereafter energetically pursuing a false trail (169)

[more bleeding stumps of verse] (170)

As a writer he derived something from the very sterility of these exercises. (171)

with the body in a horizontal position on the sofa (i.e., when the body becomes a distant, dark blue line: its own horizon) (171)

If he had not been certain...that the realization of the scheme already existed in some other world, from which he transferred it into this one, then the complex and prolonged work on the board would have been an intolerable burden to the mind, since it would have to concede, together with the possibility of realization, the possibility of its impossibility. (171)

that one piece, as if greased with oil, went smoothly behind another after slipping across the whole field and creeping up under its arm, constituted an almost physical pleasure, the titillating sensation of an ideal fit. (172)

so many bullets for exactly so many hearts (172)

with the look of one who had no wish at all to part with his grief. (173)

without a hint of poetry; these were chess comic strips, nothing more, and the shoving and jostling pieces did their clumsy work with proletarian seriousness, reconciling themselves to the presence of double solutions in the flat variants and to the agglomeration of police pawns. (174)

two gray sandwiches with a glossy mosaic of sausage (175)

added at the last minute, in order to cure a cook, as if a writer had hastily changed "he will surely be told" in the proofs to the more correct "he will doubtless be told" without noticing that this was immediately followed by: "of her doubtful reputation." (175)

When had this strange dependence sprung up between the sharpening of thirst and the muddying of the source?...Ought one not to reject any longing for one's homeland, for any homeland besides that which is with me, within me, which is stuck like the silver sand of the sea to the skin of my soles, lives in my eyes, my blood, gives depth and distance to the background of life's every hope? Some day, interrupting my writing, I will look through the window and see a Russian autumn. (175)

a star--which, like any star, could only properly be seen by switching one's vision, so that all the rest moved away out of focus. (176)

There water gleams, there Venice vaguely shows. Look at that street--it runs to China straight, and yonder star above the Volga glows! Oh, swear to me to put in dreams your trust, and to believe in fantasy alone, and never your soul in prison rust, nor stretch your arm and say: a wall of stone. (177)

She always unexpectedly appeared out of the darkness, like a shadow leaving its kindred element. (177)

the peculiar forward slant of her graceful body, as if the floor over which, gathering speed like a skater, she hastened, was always gently sloping away toward the haven of the chair or table on which lay the object she sought (178)

her frightening accessibility to his gaze, the reconstituted union of all the details. (178)

for he had long since realized that he was incapable of giving his entire soul to anyone or anything: its working capital was too necessary to him for his own private affairs; but on the other hand, when he looked at her he immediately reached (in order to fall off again a minute later) such heights of tenderness, passion and pity as are reached by few loves. (178)

Actually she never appeared in his dreams, remaining content to delegate various representatives of hers and confidantes, who bore no resemblance to her (179)

happiness sucking at his heart (179)

in her light crisp footfalls there was a topographical enigma (180)

"Longer, longer, and for as long as possible, shall I be in a strange country." (180)

And at the very moment when he decided to stop listening and give his undivided attention to Gogol, Fyodor quickly got up and went into the dining room. (180)

Looking at this picture one could *already* hear the whiz of the leather missile, *already* see the goalkeeper's desperate dive. (182)

the shadow of the iron design on the door undulated over her and continued obliquely over him, like a shoulder-belt. (183)

the strangeness of life, the strangeness of its magic, as if a corner of it had been turned back for an instant and he had glimpsed its unusual lining. (183)

Despite the complexity of her mind, a most convincing simplicity was natural to her, so that she could permit herself much that others would be unable to get away with (185)

salvation was not forthcoming (185)

since it was impossible to imagine Boris Ivanovich in the role of a silent listener, one had to allow that this was a special form of split personality. (186)

In the beginning she drew these strings so taut (188)

a horrible, obscene object dumped here after gradually passing through the offices of all three directors--Traum, Baum and Kasebier. (189)

whose soul was little more than a replica of her apartment (189)

He loved himself with a passionate and completely reciprocated love (190)

in my opinion he was already bankrupt when he was born. (192)

"One could make ham out of him" (192)

When I was little I didn't like drawing anything that didn't finish, so I didn't draw fences because they don't finish on paper; you can't imagine a fence that finishes, but I always did something complete, a pyramid, or a house on a hill.

And I liked horizons most of all, and diminishing dashes beneath it--to represent the wake of the sun setting beyond the sea. And the greatest childhood torment of all was an unsharpened or broken crayon pencil.

But then the sharpened ones....Do you remember the white one? Always the longest--not like the red and blue ones--because it didn't do much work, do you remember?

But how much it wanted to please! The drama of the albino. *L'inutile beauté*. Anyhow, later I let it have its fill. Precisely because it drew the invisible and one could imagine lots of things. In general there await us unlimited possibilities. Only no angels, or if there must be an angel, then with a huge chest cavity, and wings like a hybrid between a bird of paradise and a condor, and talons to carry the young soul away--not 'embraced' as Lermontov has it.



Yes, I also think that we can't end here. I can't imagine that we could cease to exist. In any case I wouldn't like to turn into anything.

Into diffused light? What do you think of that? Not too good, I'd say. I am convinced that extraordinary surprises await us. It's a pity one can't imagine what one can't compare to anything. Genius is an African who dreams up snow. Do you know what it was that most amazed the very first Russian pilgrims when they were crossing Europe?

The music?

No, the fountains in the cities, the wet statues. (193)

Do you want me to tell you why moths fly toward the light? No one knows that.

And you know?

It always seems to me that in a minute I'll guess if I just think hard enough. My father used to say that it resembled most of all a loss of equilibrium, as when learning to ride a bike you are lured by a ditch. Light in comparison with darkness is a void. Look at it circling! But there's something deeper here--in a minute I'll get it. (193)

I seem to remember my future works, although I don't even know what they will be about. I'll recall them completely and write them. (194)

viscid ineptitude...as if some workshop glue had got onto the man's hands, and they both were left (194)

this little magazine now had a sentimental value for him, the memory of an encounter. (195)

if he wished to impart something to his neighbor he did not turn toward him but moved his head closer, still looking ahead, and having imparted it or asked a question, slowly moved away again. (196)

His whole appearance evoked for some reason such obsolete associations as, for example: department of the interior, cold vegetable soup, glossy rubbers, stylized snow falling outside the window, stolidity, Stolypin, statist. (196)

Firing practice (196)

a lot strikes us today as both comic and boring. But in that era there is something sacred, something eternal. Utilitarianism, the negation of art and so on--all this is merely an accidental wrapping, under which it is impossible not to distinguish its basic features: reverence for the whole human race, the cult of freedom, ideas of equality (197)

Rousseau was a lousy botanist, and I wouldn't have been treated by Dr. Chekhov for anything in the world. (198)

But granted a talented approach to a given subject, sarcasm is *a priori* excluded, is irrelevant. (199)

The way of life to which he had become addicted while studying his father's activities was now renewed for Fyodor. It was one of those repetitions, one of those thematic "voices" with which, according to all the rules of harmony, destiny enriches the life of observant men. (199)

was already bathed in the light of the forthcoming book, just as the sea throws a blue light on a fishing boat, and the boat itself together with this light is reflected in the water (200)

as if the Word, Logos, were avenging itself on them for being slighted! (200)

who decorated his window with cacti (as did Emma Bovary) (200)

died of consumption with a speech to the Russian people on his bloodstained lips (200)

branded routine opinions with the battering ram of his ideas (201)

opinions that, like a fuse lit at the time, have now blown these critics to bits. (201)

"uphold chaste morals and not to replace them solely by beauty of the imagination" (202)

it was comical to find, forty years before Freud, the theory that "all these aesthetic feelings and similar illusions 'elevating us' are only modifications of the sexual instinct..." (202)

(in public...the condemned man brazenly puts on a bold face, thus bringing the law into disrepute) so that those attending the hanging would not see but would only hear solemn church hymns from behind a curtain, for an execution should be moving...innate in every man is the feeling of something insuperably abnormal about the death penalty, something like the uncanny reversal of action in a looking glass that makes everyone left-handed: not for nothing is everything reversed for the executioner: the horse collar is put on upside down when the robber Razin is taken to the scaffold; wine is poured for the headsman not with a natural turn of the wrist but backhandedly; and if, according to the Swabian code, an insulted actor was permitted to seek satisfaction by striking the *shadow* of the offender, in China it was precisely an actor--a shadow--who fulfilled the duties of the executioner, all responsibility being as it were lifted from the world of men and transformed into the inside-out one of mirrors. (203)

a pile of stones on an Asian pass; warriors going on a campaign each placed a stone there; on the way back each took a stone from the pile; that which was left represented forever the number of those fallen in battle. Thus in a pile of stones Tamerlane foresaw a monument. (204)

considering him as belonging to Fyodor, and partly to her, that his actual life in the past appeared to her as something of a plagiarism. (204)

so that the result would be not the form of a book, which by its finiteness is opposed to the circular nature of everything in existence, but a continuously curving, and thus infinite sentence (204)

a most flexible memory, which twined like ivy around what she perceived. (205)

the end of his work (the hero's birth, to be precise) (205)

"I prefer the backs of their heads" (207)

"For the baby a meal, for the father a coffin" (208)

all he could do to try and save himself from Busch was to quicken his step, but this so speeded up his companion's speech that he slowed down again in horror. (209)

"my Novel is the tragedy of a philosopher who has discovered the absolute formula." (209)

"Far-are-well, Louisa! wipe your eyes and don't cry; not every bullet kills a good guy" (209)

splitting down to the least essence of that very atom, at which moment the Shadow of a Hand [the physicist's hand!] falls on our universe with catastrophic results, because the universe is but the final fraction of one...the whole is equal to the smallest part of the whole, the sum of the parts is equal to one part of the sum. This is the secret of the world (210)

if only man's mind could withstand that explanation. The soul sinks into a monetary dream (212)

the compressed ball of his index finger thus remained ink-stained forever (213)

fish are harder to catch than human souls (but even the souls later escaped through the rents). (213)

"war of words" to the "corn ears bowing in the dust" (214)

But the "Holy Ghost" must be replaced by "Common Sense." Is not poverty the mother of vice? Christ should first have shod everybody and crowned them with flowers and only then have preached morality. Christ the Second would begin by putting an end to material want (aided here by the machine we have invented). (215)

"The companion piece of the Cross." (215)

that *dark pallor* of the skin and those long toes vaguely reminded one of his intimates of "The Removal from the Cross"--by Rembrandt, is it? (215)

And then a third theme is ready to unfold--and to unfold quite fantastically if we don't keep an eye on it: the theme of "traveling" (216)

reading a book--and a hole in the road loses its meaning of hole, becoming merely a typographical unevenness, a jump in the line--and now again the words pass evenly by, the trees pass by and their shadow passes over the pages. (216)

no matter what subject he touched there would come to light--insidiously, and with the most taunting inevitability--something that was completely opposed to his conception of it. (217)

for the living link (reading a novel he would kiss the page where the author appealed to the reader) (217)

What if, he muses in 1848, one attached a pencil to a mercury thermometer, so that it moved according to the changes in temperature? (217)

while his blind, white hands move on a different plane from his faulty but obstinate and muscular mind. (218)

the abstraction to end all abstractions, infinity with a minus sign, plus a broken jug into the bargain. (218)

"they" (the respectful pronoun he used in speaking of his mother--that wonderful Russian plural which, as later his own aesthetics, "attempts to express quality by quantity") (218)

the arsenic intended for mice, which got into some flour and poisoned over a hundred people (219)

A coincidence of anniversaries, a card index of dates. That is how fate sorts them in anticipation of the researcher's needs; a laudable economy of effort. (220)

What is more, he derived a secondary joy from his basic one...yes, he was always doing his utmost to turn his heart so that one side was reflected in the glass of reason (220)

French romanticism gave us the poetry of love. German romanticism the poetry of friendship. (220)

"Three tears rolled down," he notes with characteristic accuracy...and the reader is tormented momentarily with the involuntary thought, can one had an odd number of tears, or is it only the dual nature of the source which makes us demand an even number? (220)

he was able to bend the silliest daydream into a logical horseshoe. (221)

And so, gradually burying his friend in his dreams, with a sigh (221)

to the beauty apprehended and registered by others; i.e., to women's portraits. Thus from the very beginning the concept of art became for him...something subsidiary and applied...the superiority of [her beauty], that is Life, to the beauty of all other "female heads," that is Art ("Art!"). (222)

On her knees in a cave, Mary Magdalene was praying before a skull and cross. (223)

Hence comes an important conclusion: life is more pleasing (and therefore better) than painting, for what is painting, poetry, indeed all art, in its purest form? It is "a crimson sun sinking into an azure sea"; it is picturesque folds in a dress; it is the "rosy nuances which the shallow writer wastes on illuminating his glossy chapters"; it is garlands of flowers, fays, fauns, Phrynae...The further it goes the cloudier it gets: the rubbishy idea grows. (223)

inexhaustible (just pull) supply of horsehair (224)

an inner rot must eat away the whole of a created structure, and that a good end, justifying bad means, will only reveal its fatal kinship with them. Thus politics, literature, painting, even vocal art, were pleasantly entwined with Nikolay Gavrilovich's amorous emotions (225)

he turned out to have no black thread, so what there was he undertook to soak in ink...Ink, indeed, was the natural element of Chernyshevski (he literally bathed in it), who used to smear with it the cracks in his shoes when he was out of shoe polish (225)

he was mild and open to insults, but secretly he felt himself capable of "the most desperate, the most crazy" actions. (226)

pastry shops. They have seen a good deal in their time. It was there that Pushkin gulped down a glass of lemonade before his duel; there that Sophia Perovski and her companions each took a portion...before proceeding to the Canal Quay to assassinate Alexander II. (226)

west little wind blowing from the newspaper pages cause the candle flames to vacillate ("disturbances have already touched the Russia entrusted to us" as the Tsar put it). (226)

his voluptuousness fed on symbols. (230)

which twisted the sentence "I shall arouse strong suspicions" into "I have strong friends." (231)

the bread supply inexhaustible, and nuts were provided on Sundays; for while stressing how important were the meat dishes of politics and philosophy, Nikolay Gavrilovich never forgot the sweet either [physics] (233)

*"the majority is always right"* (234)

How she used to fling the plates around! What biographer can stick the pieces together? (235)

I have tamed its themes, they have become accustomed to my pen; with a smile I let them go: in the course of development they merely describe a circle, like a boomerang or falcon, in order to end by returning to my hand. (236)

"They descended like flies on carrion," snorted Turgenev...although he himself was not averse to pleasing the flies. (237)

As often happens with unsound ideas which have not freed themselves of the flesh or have been overgrown by it, one can detect in the "young scholar's" aesthetic notions his own physical style, the very sound of his shrill, didactic, voice....Art is thus a substitute or a verdict, but in no wise the equal of life. (237)

as an ascetic may dream of a feast that would make an epicurean sick (238)

"the power of art is the power of its commonplaces" (239)

with "form" playing the role of the soul and "content" the role of the body; and the muddle is augmented by the fact that this "soul" consists of mechanical components, since Chernyshevski believed that the value of a work was not a qualitative but a quantitative concept, and that "if someone were to take some miserable, forgotten novel and carefully cull all its flashes of observation, he could collect a fair number of sentences that would not differ in worth from those constituting the pages of works we admire" (239)

any genuinely new trend is a knight's move, a change of shadows, a shift that displaces the mirror. (239)

unaware of the physiological fact of "colored hearing." (240)

in the way that a bad rider thinks a gallop is "simpler" than trotting. (241)

occur in the unstressed parts of the feet and lose their accentual individuality, while their collective rhythm on the other hand is heightened: the parts are sacrificed to the whole (241)

the most materialistic method merely to the relations between objects, to the void between objects and not the objects themselves...precisely at the point where they most wanted to be standing on the ground. (243)

refuted..."the earth is the sum of human sensations" with "the earth existed before man did" (243)

"We see a tree; another man looks at the same object. We see by the reflection in his eyes that his image of the tree looks exactly the same as our tree. Thus we all see objects as they really exist." (243)

an elemental, mythological punishment which had not been taken into account by his human judges. (244)

"a vague image of the circumference controlling all life of the mind, and the mind is confined inescapably within it. This is truth's merry-go-round, for truth is always round; consequently, in the development of life's forms a certain pardonable curvature is possible: the hump of truth; but no more." (244)

I have put [Marx] into blank verse so it would be less boring. (245)

that combination of enormous content with a modest exterior (246)

presupposing something that creates our perception of the external world itself. (246)

details were for him merely the aristocratic element in the nation of our general ideas. (247)

"His head thinks about the problems of humanity...while his hand carried out unskilled labor," he wrote of his "socially conscious workman"

compare the latter's apple with Fourier's apple costing the commercial traveler a whole fourteen sous in a Paris restaurant...as Marx was led to acquaint himself with economic problems by the question of the wine-making gnomes ("small peasants") in the Moselle Valley: a graceful origination of grandiose ideas. (247)

"What if we are indeed living in the times of Cicero and Caesar, when *seculorum novus nascitur ordo*, and there comes a new Messiah, and a new religion, and a new world?..." (247)

"only the flunkeys have grown rude, otherwise everything has stayed the way it was." Landowners and notably their wives began to dream terrible dreams not listed in dream books. (248)

the Tsar's signature, so handsome, so robust, with two full-blooded, mighty flourishes, which were to be later torn off by a bomb! (248)

in the wings of his busy, talkative thought (248)

blue wallpaper--good for the eyes (248)

"Poetry for you is merely chapters of political economy transposed into verse." (251)

a caesura...which in Nekrasov becomes a genuine organ of breathing, as if it had turned from a partition into a pit (252)

His tastes only congealed in Siberia--and by a strange delicacy of historical fate (253)

"literature cannot fail to be the handmaiden of one or another ideological trend," and that writers "incapable of being animated by sympathy toward what is being accomplished around us by the force of historical movement...will never in any circumstances produce anything great, for history does not know of any works of art that were created exclusively from the idea of beauty." (253)

other textbooks, which only help mediocrity to admire itself. (255)

Chernyshevski equated genius with common sense...It should have flowed effortlessly since common sense speaks its mind immediately, for it knows what it wants to say. (256)

"Poetic works are good when *everyone* [my italics] says after reading them: yes, this is not only verisimilar, but also it could not be otherwise, for that's how it always is." (256)

imagine as absentmindedly and hungrily biting into an apple--transferring the hunger of his reading to the apple, and again eating the words with his eyes (257)

if I wanted to laugh at them, I could think of nothing better than just to reprint them with no comment at all. (257)

"If people were able to announce all their ideas concerning public affairs at...meetings there would be no need to make magazine articles out of them" (257)

"The poet himself chooses the subjects for his poems; the multitude has no right to direct his inspiration." (259)

"The tangible object acts much more strongly than the abstract concept of it." (261)

"but illumined by a wonderful expression of self-abnegation and submissiveness to fate" (261)

the fate of children does not forgive such slips of the pen (262)

(the coffin in such cases is always simple) (263)

For men of such a cast and such aspirations life has nothing but burning grief to offer. (263)

he needed only a day, only an hour's run of luck in the game of history, one moment of passionate union between chance and destiny, in order to soar. (264)

In Russia the censorship department arose before literature; its fateful seniority has always been in evidence (264)

something that stuck in the minds of all the memoirists (267)

a speech of iron and fire, that very speech which the hero of his novel was about to give, very likely (267)

a plentiful and tasteless dowry, which the present one has squandered (268)

his Adam's apple convulsively bobbing as he washed something down with cold tea (*swallowed papers* according to Antonovich's sinister guess) (269)

create the evidence "which should have been there but was not," for a very curious situation had arisen: judicially speaking there was nothing to fasten on to and they had to build a scaffolding for the law to climb up and work. So they worked with "dummy quantities," calculating to remove carefully all the dummies only when the emptiness enclosed by the law was filled up by something actual. (270)

The plurality of hands he could imitate (271)

It was a life whose portrayal demands from a writer an abundance of dots.... (272)

a sliding drawer "whose bottom, like Achilles' heel, had remained unpainted" (272)



ugly but amazingly legible...with its resolute strokes at the tails of the words, with loopy R's and P's and the broad, fervent crosses of the "hard signs"--and our lungs dilate with a pure emotion such as we have not experienced for a long time. (273)

to jerk violently the bridle and perhaps to crimson the lip of Russia, the rearing steed, with blood--all this now found a sick outlet in his correspondence. (273)

this was the attempt of the mysterious force--in this case centrifugal--to confiscate the book whose success was destined to have such a disastrous effect upon the fate of its author. (275)

"Destroy it!" begged a hopeless voice: in vain. (275)

but the book sinks away from her eyes (277)

The inspired Russian reader understood the good that the talentless novelist had vainly tried to express. (277)

This professed utilitarian's mental illness was distinguished by a kind of perverted aesthetic-ism. (278)

"The woman who agrees to lighten and warm my life will receive from me all the love which was spurned by Raissa when she threw herself at the neck of her handsome eagle." (278)

being praised for its ideas instead of being ridiculed because of its style (278)

"To the Serfs of Landowners"...here the fruit had already ripened on the espaliers of forgery and bribes (279)

Thus in Chernyshevski's person they condemned a phantasm closely resembling him (280)

STATE CRIMIN (the last syllable had not gone in) (280)

Roses exploded in the air (281)

a heat...concealed, as it were between the words (as only bread is hot) and it was inevitably doomed to be dispersed with time (as only bread knows how to go stale and hard) (282)

the idea of egoism is connected with the development of commodity production (282)

the masses must catch up with the intelligentsia out of calculation--and calculation is an opinion. But the matter is simpler than that: the idea that calculation is the foundation of every action (or heroic accomplishment) leads to absurdity: in itself calculation can be heroic! Anything which comes into the focus of human thinking is spiritualized. (282)

Thus even figures, Chernyshevski's goldfish, let him down. (283)

he absolutely ate apples and absolutely did not eat apricots (since the poor did not) (283)

instantaneous fate is a hundred times more to be envied than the fading glory of a reformer! (283)

in her gypsy eyes there lurked something hunted but also enticing--against her will, perhaps. (284)

to catch and cage "a bird with royal blood in order to ransom Chernyshevski." (285)

as if on a stage (or the way in zoos they exhibit a melancholy beast of prey among its native rocks) stood a bed and a table, which were essentially the natural furnishings of his whole life. (286)

They noticed once that although he was calmly and smoothly reading a tangled tale, with lots of "scientific" digressions, he was looking at a blank notebook. A gruesome symbol! (286)

"I must be considered on the basis of my actions and there were no actions and could not have been any." (286)

us, who can see from the hilltop of time the disparity between the image of a "fettered giant" and the real Chernyshevski whom these efforts by his would-be saviors only enraged (287)

a pair of officials, a pair of clerics and a pair of merchants--as if he were talking about the Ark (288)

a silver tablespoon, of which almost a quarter was worn away on the pot's earthenware sides during the twenty years that he himself was wearing away. (289)

"it had come to peck at his liver," remarks Strannolyubski, "but did not recognize Prometheus in him." (289)

He wrote a lot but burned almost everything...this work was ashes and a mirage. (290)

Upon their flat features the soul does not dwell (290)

(overburdened time was already having difficulty in dragging his destiny) (292)

last, hopeless attempts to shout down the silence (a feat even more difficult than Lear's attempt to shout down the storm) (295)

"that with this careless kick destiny had given the last suitable touch to the chain of retribution it had forged for him." (296)

He was afraid of space, or more exactly, he was afraid of slipping into a different dimension (297)

a flaw corresponding, it would seem, to something lacking in their lives, something that might have turned life into song. (298)

(which turned his brain into a forced labor factory and represented in fact the greatest mockery of human thought) (299)

was it in himself that he felt this tiny particle that had kept mysteriously impairing all he did and experienced in life? (300)

"A strange business: in this book there is not a single mention of God." It is a pity that we do not know precisely *which* book he was reading to himself.

"molders of opinion" (301)

[wrote Mortus quietly] (302)

That golden time has passed irretrievably when the critic or reader could be interested above all by the 'artistic' quality or exact degree of talent of a book (303)

people of faultless taste will understand me (303)

has become plainer, more serious, drier--at the expense of art, perhaps, but in compensation producing...sounds of such sorrow, such music and such 'hopeless,' heavenly charm (303)

The fact that is precisely now, precisely today, that this tasteless operation is being performed is in itself an affront to that significant, bitter, palpitating something which is ripening in the catacombs of our era. (303)

mere 'art' and the 'lyre' were not a sufficient pabulum (304)

we are interested not in the way an author executed his 'task' nor even in the 'task' itself, but only in the author's attitude toward it (304)

but excessive zeal, and even blindness, in the process of exposing evil is always more understandable and forgivable than the least mockery--no matter how witty it may be--of that which public opinion feels to be objectively good. (305)

*classification of time*, without which history turns into an arbitrary gyration of multicolored spots, into some kind of impressionistic picture with a walking figure upside down against a green sky that does not exist in nature. (306)

the *Weltanschauung* of the most progressive men of his era, and were moreover indissolubly linked with the development of social ideas (306)

therefore can serve as a basis for the reader's judgment and guidance--the author gives him an unexpected fillip and knocks the imaginary prop from under him (307)

as if someone had tried to restore the image of a person by making an elaborate collection of his combings, fingernail parings, and bodily excretions. (307)

to that noble and chaste truth (an absence of which deprives history of what the great Greek called 'tropotos') (307)

someone being sure to burden himself with a large, framed portrait of some long-forgotten relative (308)

quicksilver racing through his veins (308)

asked at somebody's funeral...*ne se decouvre pas*, he replied *qu'elle se decouvre la premiere* (309)

Fear gives birth to sacred awe, sacred awe erects a sacrificial altar, its smoke ascends to the sky, there assumes the shape of wings, and bowing fear addresses a prayer to it. (309)

I know that death in itself is in no way connected with the topography of the hereafter, for a door is merely the exit from the house and not a part of its surroundings, like a tree or a hill. (309)

"I refuse to see in a door more than a hole, and a carpenter's job" (310)

the unfortunate image of a "road" to which the human mind has become accustomed (life as a kind of journey) is a stupid illusion: we are not going anywhere, we are sitting at home. The other world surrounds us always and is not at all at the end of some pilgrimage. In our earthly house, windows are replaced by mirrors; the door, until a given time, is closed; but air comes in through the cracks. (310)

For religion subsumes a suspicious facility of general access that destroys the value of its revelations. If the poor in spirit enter the heavenly kingdom I can imagine how gay it is there. I have seen enough of them on earth. (310)

but now, when I am perhaps dying, this belief in ghosts seems to me something earthly, linked with the lowest earthly sensations (310)

The search for God: the longing of any hound for a master; give me a boss and I shall kneel at his enormous feet. (310)

wants so much to find the biggest number, so that all the rest may mean something and climb somewhere (311)

Funny that I have thought of death all my life, and if I have lived, have lived only in the margin of a book I have never been able to read. (311)

Happiness, sorrow--exclamation marks *en marge*, while the context is absolutely unknown. A fine affair. (311)

In general there has been nothing in life except getting ready for an examination--which all the same nobody can get ready for. (311)

How difficult it is to turn one's thoughts over: like logs. I feel much too ill to die. (311)

a mobility of the pupils accompanied by a certain tension in the muscles of the neck (312)

Everything was wet, sunny, and somehow nudely bright (313)

instead of its collected, crouched, round-muscled grace there were two naked soldiers scrapping in a bathhouse (313)

a red little rhombus high in the blue sky (313)

but his soul refused to budge and lay there, sleepy eyes shut, content with its cage (313)

He tried to think about death, but reflected instead that the soft sky, edged on one side with a long cloud like a pale and tender border of fat, would have resembled a slice of ham had the blue been pink. (314)

a worker with devilish energy and an excess of steam, as if in hell, torturing a pair of flat trousers. (314)

but gradually his annoyance with himself passed with a kind of relief--as if the responsibility for his soul belonged not to him but to someone who knew what it all meant--he felt that all this skein of random thoughts, like everything else as well--the seams and sleaziness of the spring day, the ruffle of the air, the coarse, variously intercrossing threads of confused sounds--was but the reverse side of a magnificent fabric, on the front of which there gradually formed and became alive images invisible to him. (314)

with legerdemain magic, they were gone when the shutter was removed. (315)

"Oh Lord, our Father! Down Broadway in a feverish rustle of dollars, hetaeras and businessmen in spats, shoving, falling and out of breath, were running after the golden calf, which pushed its way, rubbing against walls between the skyscrapers, then turned its emaciated face to the electric sky and howled. In Paris, in a low-class dive, an old man Lachaise, who had once been an aviation pioneer but was now a decrepit vagabond, trampled under his boots an ancient prostitute, Boule de Suif. Oh Lord, why--? Out of a Moscow basement a killer came out, squatted by a kennel and began to coax a shaggy pup: little one, he repeated, little one...In London, lords and ladies danced the Jimmie and imbibed cocktails glancing from time to time at a platform where at the end of the eighteenth ring a huge Negro had laid his fair-haired opponent on the carpet with a knockout. Amid arctic snows the explorer Ericson sat on an empty soapbox and thought gloomily: The pole or not the pole?...Ivan Chervyakov carefully trimmed the fringe of his only pair of pants. Oh Lord, why dost Thou permit all this?" (315)

wearing large spectacles behind which, as in two aquariums, swam two tiny, transparent eyes--which were completely impervious to visual impressions. (315)

it is a quality quite frequently met with among the average Russian literati, as if a beneficent fate were at work refusing the blessing of sensory cognition to the untalented so that they will not wantonly mess up the material. (315)

But even Dostoevski always brings to mind somehow a room in which a lamp burns during the day. (316)

to catch up with them became amazingly fluid and ethereal, as if they were always situated equidistantly between three points represented by the treasurer and two members of the Committee. (317)

a whole store of metal in his mouth (319)

as if there was in action here the irrevocable law of capillary attraction and fusion (320)

with two-toned (the Berlin imagination did not stretch to any more) illuminated signs--ozone-blue and oporito-red (320)

cold, incapable of thawing to friendly discussions (321)

during this five second petrification the excommunicated waiter scanned the tables, having forgotten who had ordered the ham sandwich he had just brought in on a tray. (321)

on the edge of the plate a yellow blob of mustard projected, as is usually the case, a yellow horn. (321)

Foma Mur...a complete French novel (*femme, amour*) (321)

as if establishing an alibi for his name (322)

valuable-crammed mouth...figures were emitted like sparks, metallic words bounced (323)

pencil quivering like a serpent's tongue (323)

diamonddimlunalilithlilasafieryviolentviolet (325)

the yawn begun by a woman in the lighted window of the first car was completed by another woman--in the last one. (325)

narcotic night air (325)

darkness of foliage, and wonderful naked odors spreading on the lawns (325)

sleep with the insensible, hundred percent sleep of peasants (326)

All in all, French emotions. Fama Mour. Sleep, sleep--the heaviness of spring is utterly untalented (326)

a problem which had seemed so complex that one could not help wondering if there was not a mistake in its construction (326)

every one of these numbers had its own face: a beehive, a magpie in a tree, the silhouette of a knight, a young man (327)

slapping it against the trunk of an innocent lime tree (328)

among artificial white roses, in place of a coffin, lay a bicycle: whose? why? (328)

a cloud of locomotive steam suddenly appeared from the right of the bridge, disintegrated against its iron ribs, then immediately loomed white again on the other side and wavily streamed away through the gaps in the trees. (328)

peeled walls of old houses toasting their tattooed backs in the morning sunshine. (328)

Where shall I put all these gifts with which the summer morning rewards me--and only me? Save them up for future books? Use them immediately for a practical handbook: *How to Be Happy*? Or getting deeper, to the bottom of things: understand what is concealed behind all this, behind the play, the sparkle, the thick, green greasepaint of the foliage? For there really is something, there is something! And one wants to offer thanks but there is no one to thank. The list of donations already made: 10,000 days--from Person Unknown. (328)

sent out far ahead by the Grunewald pinewoods (or, on the contrary: stragglers behind the regiment?). (329)

speckling his vision (329)

since the sky was looking in through the gaps of future windows, and since burdocks and sunlight had taken advantage of the slowness of the work to make themselves comfortable within the unfinished white walls, these had acquired the pensive cast of ruins, like the word "sometime," which serves both the past and the future. (329)

a particle of that fascination, both special and vague, which he found in many girls, but with particular fullness in Zina, so that they all possessed some mysterious kinship (329)

formulating the indicia of this kinship (329)

a hopeless desire, whose whole charm and richness was in its unquenchability. (329)

I search beyond the barricades...for infinity, where all, all the lines meet. (329)

crowded around the lake (and like us, in our own departure from hairy ancestors, having kept only a marginal vegetation) (330)

"When closely--no matter how closely--observing events in nature we must, in the very process of observation, beware of letting our reason--that garrulous dragoman who always runs ahead--prompt us with explanations which then begin imperceptibly to influence the very course of observation and distort it: thus the shadow of the instrument falls upon the truth." (331)

folded into a wonderfully graceful curve, paws to paws. (331)

the philosopher prefers moss to roses. (331)

seemed to be a jigsaw fitting together of their wavy edges (332)

whose image I had raised as it were by my own efforts above the level of those artless Sunday impressions (paper trash, a crowd of picnickers) (333)

an Adam (333)

depends upon the awareness of our defenseless whiteness, which has long since lost all connection with the colors of the surrounding world and for that reason finds itself in artificial disharmony with it. (333)

but one's own truth is not to blame if it coincides with the truth some poor fellow has borrowed. (333)

The sun licked me all over with its big, smooth tongue. (333)

I gradually felt that I was becoming moltenly transparent, that I was permeated with flame and existed only insofar as it did. As a book is translated into an exotic idiom, so was I translated into sun. (333)

as a fish is wet in water. (334)

immediately the weightless paw of a leafy shadow descended upon his left shoulder; it slipped off again at the next step. (334)

but palpitated rhythmically on his left side, between the ribs. (334)

tantalized by the possibility of sylvan encounters, mythical abductions. *Le sanglot dont j'etais encore ivre*. He would have given a year of his life, even a leap-year, for Zina to be here--or any of her corps de ballet. (335)

the vague feeling of security from having a fence at one's back. (336)



of aired and dried poverty, the smell of dried, smoked, potted souls a penny a piece. (336)

whose death was expressed on it through some hitherto concealed, funereal blood relationship. (337)

came to an end, like a bundle of life tied up crosswise, which will long be kept but which will long be kept but which will never again be untied by our lazy, procrastinating, ungrateful hands. (337)

One seems to live more superficially--on the surface of one's own skin...(338)

But thought likes curtains and the camera obscura Sunlight is good in the degree that it heightens the value of shade. A jail with no jailer and a garden with no gardener--that is I think the ideal arrangement. (338)

If we start bowing to one another, then, as soon as one of us stops the other will feel hurt and depart in a huff. (339)

the way a speck on an embryo turns into an eye. (339)

since the lawful road is open. But your smugglers under the cover of an obscure style, with all sorts of complicated contrivances, import goods that are duty free anyway. (339)

I found your cigarette ash between the pages. (339)

Fifthly and finally, you sometimes say things chiefly calculated to prick your contemporaries, but any woman will tell you that nothing gets lots so easily as a hairpin--not to speak of the fact that the least swerve of fashion may make pins obsolete: think how many sharp little objects have been dug up whose exact use not a single archaeologist can tell! (340)

The real writer should ignore all readers but one, that of the future, who in his turn is merely the author reflected in time. (340)

I remembered this prayer and kept saying it for years, almost until adolescence, but one day I probed its sense, understood all the words--and as soon as I understood I immediately forgot it, as if I had broken an unrestorable spell. It seems to me that the same thing might happen to my poems--that if I try to rationalize them I shall instantly lose my ability to write them. (340)

You are too rich, too greedy. The Muse's charm lies in her poverty. (341)

the Tungus and the Kalmuk of Pushkin's '*Exegi monumentum*' begin to tear out of each other's hands my 'Communication,' with the Finn looking enviously on. (341)

All the little hairs on the soul stand on end! (342)

It would be a good thing in general to put an end to our barbaric perception of time (342)

just as it is impossible in a single segment of time to imagine *whole* an egg lying on a road along which an army is endlessly marching. How stupid! (342)

Existence is thus an eternal transformation of the future into the past--an essentially phantom process--a mere reflection of the material metamorphoses taking place within us...the attempt to comprehend the world is reduced to an attempt to comprehend that which we ourselves have deliberately made incomprehensible. The absurdity at which searching thought arrives is only a natural, generic sign of its belonging to man, and striving to obtain an answer is the same as demanding of chicken broth that it began to cluck. (342)

And if one adds to this that nature was seeing double when she created us (oh, this accursed pairing which is impossible to escape: horse-cow, cat-dog, rat-mouse, flea-bug) (343)

and that in our straining toward asymmetry, toward inequality, I can detect a howl for genuine freedom, an urge to break out of the circle... (343)

white, pink and brown, like a triple sample of the sun's actions. (343)

what a director lurked behind the pines (344)

where had this happened before--what had straightened up and started to sway? (344)

There is a story to the effect that a passenger who inadvertently dropped his glove out of a train window promptly threw out its mate so that at least the person who found them should have a pair. (345)

Drops of rain had begun to fall, and it was as if someone were applying a silver coin to different parts of his body. (346)

the whole of its surface seemed to be covered with jumping little candles (347)

Man is fate's plaything. Happy today, pappy tomorrow. (348)

one writes an address heaps of times, automatically and correctly, and then all of a sudden one hesitates, one looks at it consciously, and one sees you're not sure of it, it seems unfamiliar (349)

now I am completely empty, clean, and ready to receive new lodgers (349)

he thrust the money beneath a dictionary (349)

not to mention my wonderful solitude in this country, the wonderful, beneficent contrast between my inner habitus and the terribly cold world around me (350)

I know for certain that I shall return--first because I took away the keys to her, and secondly because, no matter when, in a hundred, two hundred years--I shall live there in my books--or at least in some researcher's footnote...'I lust for immortality--even for its earthly shadow!' (351)

all sorts of verbal rejects, sparkling and tingling, broke in: "The crystal crunching of that Christian night beneath a chrysolithic star"...Extinguished, Yasnaya Polyana's light, and Pushkin dead, and Russia far..."A falling star, a cruising chrysolite, an aviator's avatar...His mind sank lower and lower into a hell of alligator alliterations, into infernal cooperatives of words. (352)

Behind a certain closed door in his brain, holding on to its handle but turning away from it, his mind commenced to discuss with somebody a complicated and important secret (352)

the air was transparently gray (352)

the premonition of something incredible, of some impossible superhuman surprise splashed his heart with a snowy mixture of happiness and horror. In the gray murk, blind children wearing dark spectacles came out of a school building in pairs and walked past him; they studied at night (in economically dark schools which in the daytime housed seeing children) (353)

this execution was such a joy that life faded before it (354)

I have woken up in the grave, on the moon, in the dungeon of dingy non-being. (355)

the briskly ticking alarm clock, at the rose in a glass with its stem all studded with bubbles (356)

The Potsdam square, always disfigured by city work (oh, those old postcards of it where everything is so spacious) (358)

with that happy sadness in her eyes with which she always greeted him when they met alone. (359)

a small mirror, looked into it, baring the filling in her front tooth (361)

her eyes blinking and a kind of inner biting and sucking in of her cheeks. (361)

an army of roses was in bloom (362)

merely a pretext, merely an ostentatious device on the part of fate, which had hastily put up the first barrier to come to hand in order to engage meantime in the important, complicated business that secretly required the very delay in development which had seemed to depend on a natural obstruction. (362)

It was of this that he spoke now, spoke in such a way as if it were really the best and most normal expression of his happiness--which was also expressed in a more accessible way by such things as the velvetiness of the air, three emerald lime leaves that had got into the lamplight, the icy cold beer, the lunar volcanoes of mashed potato, vague voices, footfalls, the stars among the ruins of clouds....(363)

What resourcefulness! The most enchanting things in nature and art are based on deception. Look, you see-- it began with a reckless impetuosity and ended with the finest of finishing touches. (364)

add such spices of my own and impregnate things so much with myself that nothing remains of the autobiography but dust--the kind of dust, of course, which makes the most orange of skies. (364)

honeyed scent of blooming lindens caused a sucking ache at the base of the chest. This scent evanescenced in the stretch from linden to linden, being replaced there by a black freshness (365)

Like mortal eyes, imagined ones must close some day, Onegin from his knees will rise--but his creator strolls away. And yet the ear cannot right now part with the music and allow the tale to fade; the chords of fate itself continue to vibrate; and no obstruction for the sage exists where I have put The End: the shadows of my world extend beyond the skyline of the page, blue as tomorrow's morning haze--nor does this terminate the phrase. (366)