CONTRACTUAL OBLIGATIONS
Since that moment it is all up with me. My last remaining shreds of happiness and self-confidence have been blown to the winds, I can do no more. Yes, I am unhappy. I freely admit it, I seem a lamentable and absurd figure even to myself. And that I cannot bear, I shall make an end of it. Today, or tomorrow, or some time, I will shoot myself.

My first impulse, my first instinct, was a shrewd one: I would make copy of the situation, I would contribute my pathetic sickness to the swell of literature of unhappy love. But that was all folly. One does not die of an unhappy love affair; one revels in it. [...] But what is destroying me is that hope has been destroyed with the destruction of all pleasure in myself. I case to write, fling the pen from me - full of disgust, full of disgust. I will make an end of it -- alas, that is an attitude too heroic for a diffettante. In the end i shall go on living, eating, sleeping; I shall gradually get used to the idea that I am dull, that I cut a wretched and ridiculous figure.

By 'The Dilettante', in Stories of Three Decades, Abraham Maslow

impression that she was before an infinite but unusual book impression that she was before and infinitly unusual book.

THE ETERNAL JOKE-ABSURDITY.

what is the matter? is it just a matter of intertexts, quotes, and made of fictions that we tell ourselves in order to live, to function, to get up after a fall.

and then committing schizophrenia (like it was some kind of crime)

intense awareness of the theatrical surrounding which is Life.

REALITY EXPIRED

Fig. 11.13.2 Back of Gift Voucher