

MARKSON'S PIER

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By David Ewald and Stuart Ross

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Writer is not David Markson.

Writer is only emulating—not plagiarizing—David Markson.

Ries steals too much from Beethoven. All steal, but Ries by handfuls.

Writer had never heard of David Markson until the summer of 2002 when he (Writer) traveled to New York to attend a conference.

Writer had a stopover in Pittsburgh that summer.

Pittsburgh.

As an exercise, Pissarro and Cezanne often worked together, independently, on the same subject.

Say it's not a Duchamp. Turn it over and it is.

Writer once again finds himself in an airplane. 20,000 feet and descending.

Charles Dopplet, inventor of the dopp kit.

The plane is an Embraer E-190. Today it carries 66 passengers and four crew members.

Writer is amazed that with all that is going on outside, the plane remains in the air.

Writer is not of his time, but how is that possible?

Hemingway's father committed suicide with a Civil War pistol.

I am of the 18th century, said Renoir.

In the 1870s.

"Flight attendants: prepare for landing."

The Chicago Public Library is my alma mater.

Thought Mamet.

The second part of *Don Quixote* would likely not have been written had a false sequel not appeared first.

Successfully sued for plagiarism, George Harrison was.

The number of passengers on Colgan Air Flight 3407 who thought, before the plane crashed on the night of February 12, 2009, they were smart to not fly on the following day, Friday the 13th.

David Markson's odd criticism of Bob Dylan in *The Last Novel*.

This interminable novel.

Wrote a critic named Michiko Kakutani of Bret Easton Ellis's *Glamorama*.

In 1892, while still a preteen, Helen Keller stood accused of plagiarism. Acquitted by one vote, she remained paranoid for the rest of her life.

Although characters watch TV in *The Cosby Show*, the actual screen is not revealed until season five—and then to show only the characters themselves.

Sante Fe, New Mexico, Wallace Stegner died in.

Writer purchased four copies of *The Last Novel*: two at the Strand Bookstore, \$4.95 new, one from Amazon.com, \$1.24 used, and one at City Lights Books, \$12.95 new.

All of them lost. Or given to friends.

The good is to know not to know how much one is knowing.

Said Stefan Wolpe.

There's no need to return it, being what Kafka told friends after lending them a book.

"I was like a mother to you."

"What sort of mother were you, who killed our mothers?"

At times I felt like a thief because I heard words, lines, saw people and places—and used it all in my writing.

Said William Carlos Williams.

The anti-Christ died. Oh, what wonderful news!

How few of a story's details can one tell and still tell a story?

Asked Jennifer Howard in her review of *Vanishing Point*.

15,000 feet.

Michael Crichton died the day of Barack Obama's election.

The only important works today are works which can no longer be regarded as works.

Thought Adorno.

In 1949.

The impact on English literature had Chaucer died in the Black Death rather than surviving it as a boy.

Helmut Newton once rented an apartment in London after being told Black Death victims were buried in the backyard.

How many passengers on Florida Air Flight 90 had seen *Airplane!* before the afternoon of January 13, 1982?

With regard to creation: the notion of an object, slipping away, that seems missing.

Mahler's suggestion to a group of Schoenberg's students that the study of Dostoyevsky is more important than the study of counterpoint.

Writer complaining of remakes, when one of his favorite songs, Double You's "Please Don't Go," is just that.

The G.I. Joe action figures he played with as a boy—remakes from the original 1964 figures.

March 1, 2010, Howard Barry Hannah died on.

Writer wishes he had never heard of David Markson.

To live is to defend a form, thought Hölderlin.

Wordsworth owned fewer than three hundred books.

Mary Waters had a great deal of faith in her son's education.

The Mysteries of David Markson.

Anton Diabelli's name might have been lost to history if not for Beethoven's set of variations based on a Diabelli theme.

Appleton, Wisconsin, Harry Houdini was born in.

Count Ferdinand Ernst Gabriel von Waldstein.

Why not: Harry Houdini was born in Budapest, Hungary.

Triumphant...plangent verbal music...altogether wonderful.

Wrote Michael Dirda in *The Washington Post Book World*.

The last time anyone opened a book by Roger Peyrefitte.

Seneca wrote his plays to be read rather than performed.

George Roger Waters! It's time to go to school!

Poe was adopted.

And later disinherited.

"After 39 years, this is all I've done."

The haunting final scene of *The Land That Time Forgot* in which the protagonist, having survived the end of the dinosaurs, treks across the barren icy land, the music swelling, the camera panning, his female companion at his side.

Jonathan Franzen, blindfolded, composing passages of *The Corrections*.

Joyces write. Readers read.

Talent borrows, genius steals.

“Yes, I believe you.”

The Land That Time Forgot as condemnation of the early twentieth century German war machine.

Hamartia.

Adjusted for inflation (2009 U.S.), the sum total Edgar Rice Burroughs earned for his first published story, serialized in 1912, was \$8,779.47.

Writer's first paid sale earned him \$5 in 2008.

Could the method of Socrates's execution—ordering him to drink hemlock—be carried out at all successfully, with anyone, in the 21st century?

No way am I going to drink that.

New York Hospital, Manhattan, 1:21 A.M. May 16, 1990.

“Drop the curtain, Collins. I can't go any further.”

Christine Chubbuck and Christopher McCandless, tragic deaths eighteen years apart. An overbearing concern for the world's problems, an intense urge to step in and make things right. The inability to get people to just listen.

The most photographed bus in America.

I even think of Old Dean Moriarty, the father we never found.

Penny dreadfuls.

Diamond v. Chakrabarty.

Homosexuals are the only true radicals, thought David Hurler.

Emanuel Schikaneder, born Johann Joseph Schickeneder.

Edgar Rice Burroughs had the means to escape Chicago during the flu epidemic of 1891.

Schoenberg. Rachmaninov. Stravinsky. Mann. Brecht. Huxley. Isherwood. Alma Mahler-Werfel.

All lived in Los Angeles in the late 1930s.

You are not Kafka.

John Coltrane released *Giant Steps* nine years before Neil Armstrong's moonwalk.

Encino, California. March 19, 1950.

Arias.

The last animated feature film Walt Disney had a hand in was *The Jungle Book*, the theatrical release of which he did not live to see.

Wondering if Andrea Yates ever saw *Medea*.

Shaquan Duley as well.

Accused of plagiarism, Jerry Kosinski asphyxiated himself with a plastic bag.

The Menendez Brothers: *The Amityville Horror*.

Walter Elias Disney.

A little book.

Being one of the original definitions of the word *libel*.

Baltimore-Washington-Poe International Airport.

Cold One.

Abraxas Aaran.

What song is playing on the cockpit voice recorder in the final half hour of American Eagle Flight 4184?

The last time someone read *Maggie: A Girl on the Streets*, and talked to someone else about it who also just read it. Passionately, over house wine, in late Summer. And then kisses, imported cigarettes, midnight dinner, pot, before meeting some friends, before back to the apartment.

Newport News-Williamsburg-Styron International Airport.

Charlie Victor Romeo.

The Eight Stooges.

October 30, 1987, Joseph Campbell died on.

Despite many preferring to believe he died on Halloween.

The unlikelihood that Anne Sexton thought of Christine Chubbuck in the final moments before succumbing to carbon monoxide poisoning on October 4, 1974, two and a half months after Chubbuck's own suicide.

East Village, New York City. 2:39 A.M. April 5, 1997.

Felix Salten once boxed Karl Kraus's ears.

Writer remembers a passbook, a Tootsie Roll bank, a dozen Morgan dollars.

Culpeper's *Herbal*.

Gustav Freytag.

Quando men' vo soletta.

Anthropologie.

da Vinci was a vegetarian.

Auden's two ambitions: to get a word in the OED and a chapter in the history of English prosody.

One never steps into the same Auden twice.

Markson says somewhere.

Pythagoras's existence is traceable almost solely as quotations in the writings of his successors.

Reynolds.

Alban Berg owned a Ford Cabriolet.

Of August Sanders's five requirements to be met in order to capture world history, one was the inclusion of a date.

Never tell a Marine you are gay. Tell him you are a cocksucker.
Instructs Bobby Garcia.

The love of ass in *Springer's Progress*.

Gesamtkunstwerk.

Pete Tchaikovsky.

It means I never have to work again.

Being Don McLean's response to the question "What does 'American Pie' mean?"

Yeats was tone deaf.

Tommy, the Unsentimental.

Vermeer's "Christ in the house of Martha and Mary," large and uncharacteristic, may well have been commissioned.

Wilhelm Heinrich Wackenroder.

The confusion of the names Oscar Wao and Oscar Wilde in conversation.

Don DeLillo's *Underworld* in some ways like Vermeer's "Martha and Mary"?

Writer will clean anything to not write.

Emil.

Michael Jackson once took his children to the Natural History Museum of Los Angeles.

The show must go on, someone was the first to say.

Blanket.

A *Gun.Smoke* game cartridge, a *Garbage Pail Kids* poster, a T&C Surf Designs T-shirt.

Procter and Gamble's Herbal Essences.

Quid Pro Quo.

Pottery Barn.

Stanley Kubrick's love of Nicole Kidman's ass in *Eyes Wide Shut*.

The number of people on the Titanic who had as part of their last meal iceberg lettuce.

Judith Barsi and Adrienne Frantz were born a day apart. Only the latter actress reached adulthood.

Olso-Ibsen International Airport.

The frightening assumption that the last sound Deborah Gail Stone heard, besides her own screams, was an American folk ballad sung by puppets.

Reno-Tahoe-Van Tillburg Clark International Airport.

Ronald Lauder used his Bar Mitzvah money to buy his first Schiele drawing.

Harpenden, Hertfordshire, England. Hour unknown. March 7, 1999.

Coyote Ugly as sociological study: America's life not long before September 11, 2001. A better study than Andres Dubus III's 2008 novel *The Garden of Last Days*.

Find half a page you love.

Being the unattributed comment written in the margins of a Dubus I paperback Writer once came across.

Schaudenfreude.

Kurt Cobain's awe upon hearing *The White Album*, telling his manager: this is *good*.

Samuel Beckett once sat through a doubleheader at Shea Stadium.

The friendship and rivalry of David Foster Wallace and Jonathan Franzen.

The end of Myla Goldberg's book deal.

The end of any book deal.

Tomorrowland.

The Cosby Show Season 1 used, *Reader's Block* used, a Cuisinart ice cream maker, new.

The rage on the tenth page.

Everything I hate is here?

Gustav Schleicher (D-TX).

CoCo Chanel may have accidentally kicked off the tanning craze after getting burnt on a yacht.

Debussy was a prodigy.

The interminable funeral of Gerald Ford.

To be human is to be a customer, thought Karl Kraus.

In 1914.

Sartre had no English.

Leave me alone.

Being Ivy Compton-Burnett's last words.

I have been shot. It is over.

Anton von Webern's.

Pastorius's *Bee Hive*—a collection of thoughts from hundreds of books.

The number of times Julian Lennon has listened to "Hey Jude" since its release in 1968.

Chopin was never able to return to Warsaw.

\$135,000,000.

Being what Ronald Lauder paid for Klimt's *Adele* in 2006.

Maximilian Kurzweil.

Artistic self-defilement in the fullest sense of the word. An offense against the most sacred feelings of mankind. The most revolting and disgusting forms and objects that the brush has ever depicted. Depravity dreamed up by an apocalyptic imagination. Painted pornography. Obscene art.

Being early reviews of Klimt.

Henry Rollins was a member of his high school's herpetology club.

All American writing gives the impression that Americans don't care for girls at all.

Thought Auden.

Walden Robert Perciville Cassotto.

Hegel was constantly in debt.

Life is painful, nasty and short. In my case it has only been painful and nasty.

In Shakespeare, there is always a deeper place to go.

Said Al Pacino.

Los Angeles, California, 1:36 P.M. October 21, 2003.

The sight of a woman reading a paperback novel while behind the wheel of a car headed through a green-lit intersection.

In 1991.

The plane is now in a holding pattern.

At 10,000 feet.

The last album Kurt Cobain listened to was REM's *Automatic for the People*.

This is *good*.

Drabble.

Being the term certain editors use to describe stories of under 100 words.

I am scared of Burrito.

The percentage of Americans who cannot locate Las Vegas, New Mexico on a map.

Abandon hopefully all ye who enter here.

Perhaps too much like *Reader's Block. The Last Novel. Vanishing Point. This is Not a Novel.*

Perhaps not enough.

The attention paid to the line "Attention must be paid" in the immediate aftermath of Arthur Miller's death.

Aphra Behn was accused of plagiarism.

And also found herself in debtor's prison.

The day will come when the legacy of Lincoln will finally be fulfilled and a Black man or woman will sit in the Oval Office.

Papa Bush. 1990.

Writer is trying to think of what his parents actually did to him.

Believing makes it sad.

George W. Bush's comparison of the War on Terror to the emancipation of American slaves, during a Lincoln Presidential Library speech in 2005.

It's just us and the guns!

Sitting alone in a darkened theater drinking lukewarm tea out of a tiny porcelain cup and staring at a blank screen or stage.

Being the definition of *nothing* in a children's book the title of which Writer has long since forgotten.

Loans, loans.

Roxbury, Connecticut. Amongst family, friends and lover.
February 10, 2005.

The sale and purchase of *American Psycho* was banned in Queensland.

Chuck Klosterman's veiled suggestion that Kurt Cobain killed himself because Courtney Love wanted to buy a Lexus.

Allen Ginsberg was a vegetarian.

As was Barry White. Vegan.

The dangers of reading Lauren Myracle.

There is no history. There are no works.

The defacing of the Elliott Smith wall on Sunset Boulevard in 2010 by a viral marketing team. Paid for by Roger Waters.

The dream with no bottom.

This is Not a Supernovel.

You ain't got much, but you keep subtracting from it.

Saint-Saëns, who wrote his first composition at 4.

Seppuku as the ultimate Hamartia.

Nonlinear. Discontinuous. Collage-like. An assemblage.

Embracing the hard choices is one of the burdens of command.

Keith Gessen: Markson had to, and it should never be done again.

I write for myself and strangers, said Gertrude Stein.

A complete list of artists who idolized their mothers.

Always forgetting the bicycle is a recent invention.

Tolstoy's *The Kreutzer Sonata* was banned from the mail by the U.S. Postal Service.

Franz Wright: Some of my best friends teach in MFA programs.

I read it in the basement of the Berkeley Public Library.

Somebody is living in this Wal-Mart.

Dappled.

Being what the speaker in "Feelin' Groovy" feels, in addition to drowsy.

The 'St. Vincent' from the hospital in Greenwich Village where she was born.

Caveat emptor.

Tom Hanks was born eleven years after the conclusion of World War II.

This is Not a Septic Tank Either.

"It's like kissing Hitler," said Tony Curtis of his smooch with Marilyn Monroe in *Some Like It Hot*.

Walter Benjamin committed suicide after discovering that the border in the Pyrenees, his escape route from the Nazis, had been closed.

Albeit closed temporarily, of which Benjamin was unaware.

Yondah lies da castle of my faddah.

Luftmensch.

Tom Hanks was a tween at the height of the Vietnam War.

The closest thing we have to the Great American Novel, Norman Mailer said of *The Sopranos*.

Remembering that Norman Mailer fought in World War II, in the Pacific Theater.

An illness of childhood, Einstein called war.

Old enough to take part in the invasion of Grenada, Tom Hanks was. Or go after Manuel Noriega.

Did Marilyn Monroe at least *say bello* to Henry Miller at some point?

The monster under the bed is you.

Tenuous stuff. Brain-spun. Labored. Self-conscious.

The New York Times, on the music of Alban Berg.

I'm too old to die!

Robin Holloway expressed interest in turning *Miss Lonelyhearts* into an opera. Auden told him it wouldn't work because its characters were too miserable to sing.

Agonies are one of my changes of garment, wrote Whitman.

You don't know about me, without you.

Schubert was dead at 31.

Josephine Nivison.

Charles Ives, when told what was going on in Germany in 1933: "Then why doesn't somebody do something about it?"

An opera based on David Markson's works.

Get in, get out. Don't linger. Go on.

Don DeLillo is three years younger than Philip Roth.

The metronome was invented by an otherwise disreputable friend of Beethoven's.

Jonathan Safran Foer is a vegetarian.

And, according to Writer's friends, looks at so much internet pornography that his laptop technician will not look him in the eye.

Never did I concern myself with the idea of becoming a great jazz musician. I just dug playing.

Cosima Wagner carried Richard's eyelashes around in her purse.

The British pronunciation of *baroque*. As if it precedes Obama.

Mallarmé did not see the 20th century.

Nor did Emily Dickinson, or Tchaikovsky.

Everything is political, thought a young Bob Dylan.

Snuffbox with a Jew telling a secret to another Jew.

Asses, filled with books.

Markson quotes Mohammed as saying.

Knowledge is a single point, but the ignorant have multiplied it.

Mohammed said.

Nothing quite encourages as does one's first unpunished crime.

Wrote de Sade.

"Why me?"

"Because you're on television, dummy."

I am writing *Parsifal* only for my wife—If I had to depend on the German spirit, I should have nothing more to say.

Miles Davis and John Coltrane were born the same year.

According to Ford Maddox Ford, Dickens was not fun at parties.

The last time anyone mentioned the name Hans Blix.

Watteau was dead at 37.

Holding pattern.

The best American prose stylist alive.

Auden called M.F.K. Fisher.

Laurence Sterne had to pay to publish the first two volumes of *Tristram Shandy*.

A very long holding pattern.

Marlowe likely did not live to see *Dr. Faustus* performed.

How many times have you died in all the video games you've played?

Markson's Closet.

"BEGIN: Balthus Is A Painter Of Whom Nothing Is Known.
Now Let Us Look At The Pictures. Regards. B"

Resisting any semblance of narrative.

I completely ripped her off in *Less Than Zero*.

Said Bret Easton Ellis, of Joan Didion.

Roy Orbison did not live to see "Pretty Woman" played in the movie *Pretty Woman*.

The moral right of the author has been asserted.

Nick Drake was dead at 26. Pills.

Does he have to wear the outfit in order to get the girl who wears the outfit?

Rufus Wilmot Griswold.

Neil LaBute removed all references to Mormonism from *bash: latterday plays*, after being disfellowshipped.

The number of times Don Delillo had to take the A train in order to write his first published story, "Take the A Train."

Stanley Kubrick did not live to see the year 2001.

Schwoerer.

Leuchtturm 1917.

Writer once lifted a trade paperback novel from an indie bookstore.

And ended up hating the work.

Sloane Crosley and Diablo Cody were born the same year.

Roosevelt's decision, in 1939, to deny asylum to all 937 German-Jewish passengers on board the MS *St. Louis*, when it attempted to dock in Miami.

Berthe Morisot.

At the age of six, Samuel Taylor Coleridge published "Kubla Khan."

According to a typo in the first edition of the textbook *The Literary Experience*.

Gershwin was dead at 38.

To whom it may concern.

Being the dedication page of John Cage's *Silence*.

Siegfried Wagner was bisexual.

When the soul speaks, then—alas—it is no longer the soul that speaks.

Wrote Schiller.

“How much money is the desk?”

The man waved his hand at this preposterous question.

Why I Am Not a Christian.

Richard Danielpour.

Elisabeth Schumann's first role was as a shepherd boy.

I write because I hate. A lot. Hard.

Mahler wrote his first composition, *Polka with Introductory Funeral March*, at 6.

An artist is someone who does the best she can.

Said David Antin.

A reaction at the close of a performance of *Parsifal*: I felt gradually I was returning to earth. But from where?

“Just passing by, just coming through, not staying long. I always knew this home I have will never last.”

Paul Lewis took up the cello because it was the only instrument on which schools would offer him tuition.

When you're a kid, the things you notice about the circus aren't the things you're supposed to notice.

Said Bruce Springsteen.

“I never lived more than half a dozen blocks away from Djuna Barnes for something like thirty years,” said Markson, “here in the Village, but to my knowledge I never saw the woman.”

Remembering a Sarah, an Allison, a June and a Vanessa. Jewels all.

Happy the man who takes a dip in that.

Plato called Sappho the tenth muse.

Elgar said the same of Jelly d'Aranyi.

Novels are like lace. An art that disappeared with the convents.

Said Louis-Ferdinand Céline.

I haven't been seen with a girl without a mink since the heat wave of '39.

Caravaggio was from Caravaggio. His 'Flagellation of Christ' was painted when he was on the run from a murder charge.

Felt, but nowhere seen.

Air travel is like death: everything is taken from you.

Wrote Elif Batuman.

Le vrai Moleskine n'est plus.

Momentarily forgetting in which state Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho* takes place.

Pliny the Older.

The day Maxwell Perkins is forgotten.

John Updike died in hospice.

Prospect Park without the prospects.

The person who teaches writing is not much more than a midwife.

Wrote Flannery O'Connor.

Rachel. Nicole. Alma. Marguerite. Middle names all.

Lou Andreas-Salome, the only lover who left Rilke before he could leave her.

Fossil.

What is it about this little book that gives people such big ideas?

“A lot of people who aren’t saying ‘ain’t,’ ain’t working right now.”

Said Dizzy Dean, after being told to speak correctly.

Exley, Brock Clarke published. Eighteen years after Frederick Exley died.

Retail Resort.

Life, liberty and the pursuit of all those who threaten it.

Milk me! Milk me!

Being the words Milton would cry out to his daughters when he wanted them to take down his dictation for *Paradise Lost*.

The document contains no data.

Am I Too Loud?

The plane has been on its side for some time now. Circling, circling amongst the clouds.

Wherever you are, that’s where you’ll be.

Often said Writer’s high school journalism teacher.

On more than one anti-depressant.

I’d be happy landing somewhere else.

The woman next to Writer says.

Never mind the icebergs! What icebergs?

Joan Didion's passing reference in her essay "In the Islands" to a couple who threw their infant into a Hawaiian volcano.

Decades later, Writer was unable to find anything else even remotely about the incident.

If someone doesn't know who Maxwell Perkins is, can he still be forgotten?

Oyster Wagon.

The failure to remember political or international questions signals their death.

I did what I could.

Fauré to his sons, the day before he died.

Henry Miller's idea that all one needs to write one book, is to have read one other book.

What if that one book were *Reader's Block*?

I think I saw his face in the post office, but I wasn't sure if it was on a Wanted poster or a stamp.

Elaine Cynthia Potter Richardson.

We Stalk Others in Order to Live.

I'm not interested in literature anymore....I'm sort of interested in politics now.

Said John Gardner.

Weeks before he was killed in a motorcycle accident.

Douglas Adams died of a heart attack in a Santa Barbara gym.

At the age of 49.

Guy de Maupassant held off publishing any work for seven years while under the tutelage of Flaubert.

Who died three weeks after Maupassant's highly successful first story was published.

Seventeen. Julian Lennon's age when his father was murdered.

Ever find you're in the wrong place.

J.D. Salinger was born on New Year's Day.

If you can't annoy somebody with what you write, I think there's little point in writing.

Said Kingsley Amis.

Soldier Who Gets Slapped.

Good question.

Pippin is tempted to commit suicide by swallowing a flame.

Philip Roth's assertion that he found a napkin in a diner that contained, in a single paragraph, the first sentences of what would become his first several novels.

At eight of the clock on that fatal Friday morning.

A beard! A beard!

E.M. Forster was born on New Year's Day.

Poetry makes nothing happen.

Said Auden.

Looking over a huge catalogue of new books one might weep at thinking that, when ten years have passed, not one of them will be heard of.

Said Schopenhauer.

The last time someone read Schopenhauer.

Martha Argerich's relationship with Friedrich Gulda.

Zelenka composed his *Missa votiva* to glorify God after recovering from a serious illness.

Hume and Hume's Connexions.

Harvard University, John Updike's papers are housed in.

The University of Texas, Norman Mailer's.

Coretta Scott King was a vegetarian.

"The singers did what they could."

From a sympathetic review of the first performance of Beethoven's Ninth.

The Barber of Seville was rejected at its premiere.

Norma was likewise a first-night failure, but well-received a week later.

Peter O'Neil, a 9/11 victim, lived in the Amityville Horror house from 1987 to 1997.

One cannot fill one's stomach with the future.

I think every man in the country has the belief, buried away in him somewhere, that he would make a successful editor.

Thought Sherwood Anderson.

Horace Tapscott's first encounter with a white man. Five years old. A Houston policeman, holding a gun to his mother's head.

Giuditta Pasta.

The accusation, verbally implied, at the opening ceremony of the 1996 Summer Olympics that TWA Flight 800 had been brought down by a terrorist bombing—when in fact a short circuit had caused the fuel tanks to explode.

When we feel the most happy, death laughs with us.

Writer was either good or not good at Scrabble. His friends were either not surprised or surprised.

Andreas Vesalius died in a shipwreck.

To be immortal, and then die.

Houston, Texas, the Rothko Chapel is in.

Lennie Tristano was totally blind by age 10.

Sylvester Paumgartner.

The first time I saw Brenda she asked me to hold her glasses.

Schopenhauer played the flute.

Ira Gershwin outlived his brother by 46 years.

I don't spend more time doing it. I spend more time thinking about how to do it.

Ornette Coleman, on being a mature composer.

Under the Third Reich, Heine's *Lorelei* was declared the work of an unknown poet.

A complete list of artists who flourished when ordered to bed rest.

What is a book by David Markson?

In some ways not unlike *The New Leviathan* of R.G. Collingwood.

Style is a fraud. I think it is the most bourgeois idea that one can make a style beforehand.

DeKooning. Probably pissed.

Somebody is living in this Wal-Mart.

If I had been a big guy, I probably would have been one of them.

Scorsese thought.

To avoid a performance, Martha Argerich made up the excuse of a cut finger. She then went ahead and actually cut her finger, disinfecting the area first.

When a bed becomes a deathbed.

Writer either was or was not a great speller. His friends were either surprised or not surprised.

The orchestra, unlike the piano, has no pedal.

Deduced Siebelius.

Death holds no fear for me. It has a kind of beauty. What I am afraid of is falling ill and not being able to work. That's lost time.

Ginsberg's papers are at Stanford.

Twain's are in the Bancroft Library in Berkeley.

You don't know about me, without you.

That's good. That's excellent. But we'll do it one more time.

Charles Mackerras to his orchestra. Repeatedly.

She was my closest friend, even though she had been dead for 100 years.

Hannah Arendt, on Rahel Varnhagen.

Behind me the branches of a wasted and sterile existence are cracking.

Giuditta Angiola Maria Costanza Pasta.

Bernstein's *Presidential Cantatas* was a failure.

My godmother lived in a handsome house in the clean and ancient town of Bretton.

Lee Wiley's 1939 recording of the Gershwin/Porter "songbook" was probably the first Great American Songbook recording of its kind.

Writer's wife should continue to receive manuscript rejections. She should put them in a file marked: *Nicole Kidman Project 2014*.

Martha Argerich's disinfecting the finger first in some way similar to Marianne Moore's imaginary gardens with real toadstools in them?

"Yes, on the ground."

And he lived for these bastards, he worked, taught, argued for them.

Even amidst fierce flames

The golden lotus can be planted.

Seymour Krim.

Poe was paid nine dollars for publication of "The Raven."

This book, already without much of a plot, no longer has a living character.

Paddy Chayefsky's papers are in the Wisconsin Historical Society and in the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts.

Miss, I got what I really went for.

And with no characters. None.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead

Scribbling on the sky the message He Is Dead.

Au moins, je meurs célèbre.

Do something else. The rewards are too personal and small.

Richard Ford, on the writing profession.

Midway along the journey of our life

I woke to find myself in a dark wood

For I had wandered off from the straight path.

Death is only the beginning, someone was the first to say.

Death is an unacceptable idea, said Damien Hirst.

Decades after V.C. Andrews's passing, books with her name on their covers are still being published and purchased.

Times change and so do the demands of man, and what does not prove great must perish.

Magnificent...it's almost impossible to stop turning pages...my soul was humming.

Wrote Sven Birkets in *The New York Observer*.

Plotless. Characterless.

Lost time.

counselor.

John Milton died of gout.

A novel with no *setting*.

Anne Hathaway.

In a book without characters?

Norman Mailer's sixth wife was the same age as his oldest daughter.

He Knew He Was Right.

Was the plane crash that killed Knute Rockne the first commercial aviation disaster in America?

Virginia was named after Queen Elizabeth I, the Virgin Queen.

Breathtakingly seamless perfection...brilliant, high, fine, masterful, deep.

Crit lit.

Nathanael West was seven years younger than F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Medea won last prize in dramatic competition the year it was presented.

Muriel Rukeyser died of a stroke.

Qualmful.

Jack Johnson died in an automobile crash.

David Copperfield.

Cause-Célèbre-Club.

Your last novel didn't rank high enough.

Daydreaming of a MacArthur Foundation award.

Words, words, words.

Abbottabad.

From the erudite and extraordinary Markson...subtle, inventive, ineffably moving.

Fifteen paintings by Arshile Gorky were destroyed in the crash of American Airlines Flight 1.

Monroe County, Michigan. January 9, 1997.

I played the game out straight to the end.

Arati Sharangpani.

Procter & Gamble.

The publisher did not care to add brilliant material to his list.

Intensely erudite and *beautiful*.

I never knew a writer's wife who wasn't beautiful.

Said Kurt Vonnegut.

Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Not to be born is far best.

Wrote Sophocles.

I killed the town bully.

There is no way of being a creative writer in America without being a loser.

Said Nelson Algren.

Reads as addictively as an airport thriller...masterful.

Writing in bed, Mark Twain preferred.

Schrodinger's conundrum.

Writer was left-handed.

As was Osama bin Laden.

Watson, you idiot, somebody stole our tent.

Jedwabne.

Nonlinear. Discontinuous. Collage-like. An assemblage.

As is already more than self-evident.

The Persistence of Memory.

For a long time I used to go to bed early.

Seventy-two sturgeons?

Go. Fish.

Machines cannot think.

Watson.

Debbi Stone.

I think I can I think I can I think I can.

Alarmingly moving...yes, you should read this book.

Poor Tom's a-cold.

Impecunitis.

This is Not The Last Novel.

One of America's most original voices.

Hypnotic...a profoundly rewarding read.

Wrote Kurt Vonnegut.

No, it's not a novel, but it is a masterwork.

No one but Beckett can be quite as sad and funny at the same time as Markson can.

No one.

Trashcan.

Dear Gabe, The drugs help me bend my fingers around a pen.

This work is dedicated to no one, save those who would find pleasure in it. That is the most profitable decision.

Hindemith's father was a house painter.

"Pretty much the high point of experimental fiction in this country."

Hysterics suffer from mainly reminiscences, thought Freud.

Oakland, California, Harry Partch was born in.

da Vinci was illegitimate.

But you who philosophize, disgrace, and criticize all fears.
Take the rag away from your face. Now ain't the time for your
tears.

Fats Waller was dead at 39.

Yet Norman Mailer came
and spoke some kindly words.

Temistocle Solera.

Kafka was a vegetarian.

Wastebasket.

Selah.

The University of Nottingham has most of D.H. Lawrence.

The University of Buffalo most of Joyce.

Blue Note Records once changed hands to the Transamerica Insurance Company.

Lucien? *Oh, Lucien! Oh, oh, oh, Lucien, oh!*

Samuel Barber had such a love for croutons, he asked they be sprinkled at his funeral.

Cassio. Roderigo. Emilia. Othello. All respond "Ha!" in response to Iago's jokes.

Für Elise was likely misnamed.

All Jews have a certain gene that makes them different from other people.

Thilo Sarrazin. August 2010.

Writer's children either looked at his unpublished manuscripts or didn't give a shit.

Oh, most lame and impotent conclusion.

A novel with no *hot girls*.

A novel with no *going somewhere*.

Each life is a perspective on reality, thought Ortega y Gasset.

It took Klopstock 25 years to complete *Der Messias*.

John Malkovich: It's hard to explain how you end up in *Eragon* and not *Goodfellas*.

Dr. Doolittle was a veterinarian.

Pocahontas. Sacajawea. Hester Prynne.

You look like a beautiful painting without a frame.

Daniel Barenboim told a young Martha Argerich.

Emily Dickinson and Helen Hunt Jackson were born in 1830.

And died five decades later, nine months apart.

Saxe Holm.

Evert Duyckink.

Dollars damn me.

It is obvious that a mediocre book is always too long, and that a great one usually seems too short.

Said Edith Wharton.

There will be no pictures of Michelle Obama blowing her nose.

Verdun.

At the time of his suicide, David Foster Wallace held the Roy Edward Disney Chair in Creative Writing at Pomona College.

After her partner of twenty-four years, George Lewes, died, George Eliot officially married a man twenty years her junior.

And died six months later.

Moose. Indians.

Jackdaws love my big sphinx of quartz.

Literature is mostly about having sex and not much about having children.

Said David Lodge.

khorosho.

Amy Tan responded to her 90-hour work weeks as a technical and business writer by writing fiction after work hours.

And eventually publishing *The Joy Luck Club*.

A work of art has no importance whatever to society. It is only important to the individual, and only the individual reader is important to me.

Said Nabokov.

You know Frost always steals any show he is a part of.

Said John F. Kennedy.

President-elect John Finley, Frost called him at the end of his recitation of "The Gift Outright" on Inauguration Day.

Palimpsest.

Nathan W. Weinstein.

Tolstoy's attachment to teaching. Despite having never finished university.

Joe Laptops.

Being what Martin Amis called just-any average bloggers able to effortlessly pour their thoughts out onto the internet.

In 2003.

Did Pyrrho of Elis ever set a building on fire?

Did he ever so much as think about setting a building on fire?

I do not take much to modern books, because the ancient ones seem to me fuller and stronger.

Said Montaigne.

Opchanacanough.

Fanny Burney.

The book is too short.

Said J.R.R. Tolkien on his epic trilogy *The Lord of the Rings*.

Now I envy those saintly Yankee women in their clean cool New England homes, writing books to make their fortunes and to shame us.

Ha!

Are Aida and Iago the only four-letter names pronounced with three English syllables?

Writer spent all day dreaming of MacArthur Park.

I love Roth's writing, but I'm just not that involved with Jews.
Reasoned Ned Rorem.

Monk died of a stroke, but lived to hear disco. As did Duke Ellington, who died of lung cancer.

"You're different from Norman Mailer."

"Not at all," said Bukowski. "We're both about 25 pounds overweight."

Leonard Lauder donated \$131 million to the Whitney in 2008.

Four million dollars less than what his brother paid for Klimt's *Adele* two years before.

Johann Georg Albrechtsberger.

Ives had to pay to publish *114 songs*.

The futility of this project.

In some ways a mix tape to the great humanities gig in the sky?

If you put too much emphasis on continuity, you can be left with nothing else.

Thought Morton Feldman.

Lexington, Kentucky, Mary Gaitskill was born in.

A novel with no *dad*.

“He’s dead, so what can I do about it?”

Arnold Schwarzenegger, in response to his mother’s request to attend his father’s funeral.

It is a truth generally accepted that the future Edward VII, while Prince of Wales, was the first man to cuff his pants.

Airplane! was selected by the Library of Congress for the 2010 National Film Registry.

“Can’t you think of a better way to kill me?”

A pupil of Liszt upon hearing a piano composition by Nietzsche.

Music for children who have mixed feelings when they see a Toyota Sienna.

The Marquise Went Out at Five.

Using a pile of manure as a makeshift replacement for a stump, William Jennings Bryan said he now knew what it meant to stand on a Republican platform.

I wasn't even paying attention to what I meant.

T.S. Eliot, late along.

Solomon Cutner's father was a tailor. As was John Coltrane's.

People should have regular jobs and write their scripts at 5 A.M., according to Francis Ford Coppola.

The reasoning of the rapist brothers in *Családi tűzfészek*:

Don't scream. Do you want more of us to come? Isn't two enough for you?

The Theory of Moral Sentiments.

You slipped your poem into mine.

Piatigorsky was a prodigy. As was Solomon, who after his stroke never played again.

Dickens lost money in a speculative venture in southern Illinois. He was to curse the Mississippi in his writings thereafter.

Tom Eliot. Bill Bryan. Wastebasket.

The last time someone opened a book by Walter de la Mare.
The last time someone opened this book.

Passengers on Colgan Air Flight 3407 who had already purchased or received Valentine's Day gifts.

A novel with no *sex*.

And what is the use of a book without pictures or conversations?

Was T.C. Boyle's story "Friendly Skies," first published in 2000, a reaction to the crash of Alaska Airlines Flight 261?

Music for children who have mixed feelings about going to a Safeway.

Defiance unlimited.

This has got to stop.

Most journalists have a novel in their heads—and that's where it should stay.

A shower of arrows rained on our dead mules from the closing circle of red men.

It lacks irony for all the right reasons.

Igen igent mondok meg fogom csinálni Igen.

If someone sins against you, go talk to him.

August 1, 1981, Paddy Chayefsky died on.

P.T. Barnum's apocryphal tale of Jumbo sacrificing its life to save that of a fellow elephant, the young Tom Thumb, at a

railroad classification yard in St. Thomas, Ontario.

Death by self-emulation.

The likelihood that Dawn Brancheau at least heard of the episode of *30 Rock* in which a character says, "Like a killer whale going nuts on his trainer at Sea World"—in the two years before Brancheau's demise by the orca Tilikum at a Sea World in Orlando.

Martin Amis's first novel, *The Rachel Papers*, won the Somerset Maugham Award.

Writing, Jean Toomer later gave up.

60 million square feet of unrented office space is the equivalent of fifteen darkened World Trade Towers.

Wrote Joan Didion.

In 1990.

Like flies to feces, the Bedouin to the buses.

"That plane looks like it's going to hit."

Says a character standing on a New York City rooftop in Don DeLillo's *Players*.

Published in 1977.

The amount of work consumed in a house fire that Arthur Miller considered reconstructing.

Snowhill, Alabama.

When the job required travel, I developed such a fear of airplanes my head trembled from takeoff to landing.

Wrote Judith Wax on page 191 of her book *Starting in the Middle*.

Not long before she perished in the crash of American Airlines Flight 191.

Life, liberty and the pursuit of all those who threaten it.

For the greater glory of the right.

Said Cervantes in reference to the loss of his left hand at the Battle of Lepanto.

Unamuno.

You may not be interested in war, but war is interested in you.

Leon Trotsky is misattributed as having said.

Eunuch.

Rodney Bingenheimer.

During a period of financial difficulty, Wagner considered moving to Minnesota.

The Kennedy. The Jackie Robinson. The 101. The 405.

Helmut Newton's mother was exceptionally vain.

Currer Bell.

J. Gordon Whitehead.

How was this possible?

“Is the *Gates of Wrath* a good short novel title? Or is it too much like Steinbeck?”

Ginsberg to Kerouac. 2/24/49.

Ginsberg.

Men do not like epics, whatever they may say to contrary, thought Poe.

His general obsession with the length of works.

Stuart Cloete: 15 novels in the Chicago Public Library.

2 copies of *The Abductors*.

Robinson Jeffers did not live to see the Kennedy assassination.

9/11: Eudora Welty. By fewer than two months.

Aristotle assumed men and women come to cities so that they might become more human.

Shine, perishing republic.

Portnoy's Complaint was a flop. *The Rachel Papers*, natch.

In the novel it's a bunch of roses; in the screenplay it's a torpedo boat.

Thomas Ollive Mabbott's papers are at the University of Iowa.

Vassar has Mary McCarthy's.

Bertram Goodhue.

Aldous Huxley died on the same day as John F. Kennedy.

"I don't think I'd like to do it over again in any way," said John Coltrane of *My Favorite Things*.

In 1962.

Rosalyn Tureck's grandfather was a cantor.

Glenn Gould was born in Toronto and died there.

Whitman's New Jersey home on Mickle Street, now a Boulevard, stands across from what is now a penitentiary.

Chicago, Illinois, Sigmund Florsheim was born in.

Douglas Adams was one of two non-Pythons to receive a writing credit for *Monty Python*.

A cannon buried under flowers: Schumann's impression of Chopin's music.

Schumann taught me nothing but how to play chess, said Brahms.

Plath's markings in her copy of *Gatsby*. Writing 'L'ennui' next to Daisy's kvetching.

Now you're Jesus's age but you've only been betrayed by the calendar.

Kohler, Wisconsin, John Michael Kohler wasn't born in.

Discontinued.

It's all so arty there's no art left in it.

Alles in Ordnung.

"You're not the racist. I'm the racist."

Pure art never enters into competition with the unattainable perfection of the world.

Said A.K. Coomaraswamy.

Unable to generate interest, E.A. Robinson self-published his first two volumes of poetry.

And achieved immense success when President Theodore Roosevelt wrote a review of Robinson's second book, *Children of the Night*.

Subject verb object. Subject verb object. Subject verb object.

Michael Dorris was the first unmarried man in the United States to adopt a child.

Twenty-six years before he committed suicide.

A country which needs heroes is an unfortunate one.
Said Brecht.

Even more unfortunate is the country that needs heroes and
has none.
Wrote Yevgeny Yevtushenko.

She left her hat in San Francisco.

I am just going outside and may be some time.

It's for myself and my friends my stories are sung.

Edwin Arlington Robinson.

The Brick Tower Motor Inn. Concord, New Hampshire.
Hour unknown. April 10, 1997.

New Haven, Connecticut, Karen Carpenter was born in.
As was George W. Bush.

Go ask Heidegger.

Only white Americans can consider themselves to be
expatriates.
Said James Baldwin.

Falsely sensitive, Saul Bellow called *Another Country*.
Among many other things.

Whatever is felt on the page without being specifically named there—that, one might say, is created.

Wrote Willa Cather.

1. Men novelists—Psychology—Fiction 2. Fiction—Authorship—Fiction 3. Writer's block—Fiction.

While living in Ireland, Edmund Spenser would take to the top of his tower and unload his musket on the local peasantry.

Dictionaries of the simulacrum, all.

Of the 120 tales in *The Canterbury Tales*, Chaucer completed 24.

The principle of the collage is the central principle of all art in the twentieth century.

Said Donald Barthelme.

Prince Machiavelli.

I am asking for only one thing—let me finish my work.

The end.

Maggie Cassidy.

The perfectly acceptable self-characterization *I don't really like to read*. In almost any social context.

A 1685 Fourth Folio, wrapped in blankets, was once found in a utility closet of the L.A. Public Library.

I deny the accident.

Jackson Pollock. Before dying in one.

Johnny Appleseed was a vegetarian.

As was Ben Franklin, Twain, Thoreau and Darwin.

And Tolstoy.

I don't identify with the Jews. I have enough trouble trying to figure out who I am.

Said Kafka.

John Lennon once mailed John Cage cookbooks.

A novel not written within the moral code of the days when you could check an automobile on a flight from Paris to London.

For no extra fee.

I merely took the energy it takes to pout and wrote some blues, said Duke Ellington.

Bülow named all of Chopin's 24 Preludes. Only *Raindrop* stuck.

Henry Gaylord Wilshire.

Delphina Potocka.

As far as too loud goes, follow the general outlines of the Christian life.

Rostropovich was a prodigy.

When I die, I open a bordello. You know what is a bordello, no?

But against every one of you—all—I lock shut the door.

Said Arturo Toscanini, to a recalcitrant orchestra.

A symphony is no joke.

Als ick kan.

While composing his second Cantata, Anton von Webern lived in war-ravaged Mödling. The bombings resulted in numerous relatives taking refuge at his residence.

Then I go out at night and paint the stars.

Says a Van Gogh letter.

The ability to call a fork a spoon and then eat soup with it, being one of Ginsberg's definitions of poetic license.

Lansing, Michigan, Bethany Beardslee was born in.

On Christmas Day.

Peggy Guggenheim's father was killed in the sinking of the Titanic. Linda McCartney's mother died in the crash of American Airlines Flight 1.

All poems compose one poem.

We sat in the mountains eating lousy vegetarian food.

Charles Olson used his Guggenheim Fellowship purse to buy his mistress a horse.

And later complained they shouldn't have given it to him all at once.

“Copying there is, period.”

The public wants works which flatters its illusions, said Flaubert.

Stephen Crane had to pay to publish *Maggie: A Girl on the Streets*.

Christmas Day, Nicolae Ceausescu and his wife were executed on.

By sub-machinegun.

If an actor thinks he has attained a higher level of skill than he has reached...he will lose even the level he has achieved.

Said Zeami.

Publius Vergilius Maro.

In Aleppo once.

Magniloquence.

I lisped in numbers for the numbers came.

Guy Davenport's observation that there are no childhoods recorded in Plutarch.

Thank you for the lovely sheets. We hope you will be able to come over and sleep with us sometime.

Living in exile in what is now Romania, Ovid was unable to finish the *Metamorphoses* before his death at age 74.

Trachiniae.

Late have I loved thee, O Beauty so ancient and so new.

Lesbia's pet sparrow.

After 1965 or 1970 Glamour will begin to envelop memoirs. Few will be valuable; most of them will deceive more than they enlighten.

Wrote Douglas Southall Freeman.

In 1947.

A man once lived in the land of Utz.

Rule number eight: don't let your prose rhyme.

Romulus Linney died with only one of his plays having received a Broadway production.

Which closed after five performances.

adab.

Balkh, in northern Afghanistan, Jalaloddin Rumi was born in.

I heard a phone buzz when I died.

Publius Ovidius Naso.

A tax collector, Cervantes at one point worked as.

Did it ever cross Socrates's mind *not* to drink from the cup?

It is only very recently that the ability to forget has become a prized skill.

Jews, Christians, and Muslims: all believe in angels.

Who am I?

Jeremy Wade Delle.

After new French girlfriend.

Isosceles Kramer.

All steal, but Ries by handfuls.

Charlie Ives.

Were I the moor, I would not be Iago.

Himmelfortgrund, Austria, January 31, 1797.

Who would not rather be he than any of the persons who laugh at him, Margaret Fuller wondered about Don Quixote.

Margaret Fuller.

And all that you are, past and present, once more comes into focus, every morning, when you awaken.

There's nothing that annoys me more than a comma out of place, said Whitman.

Charles Alkan was probably killed by a fall under an umbrella rack.

Paganini was a prodigy.

Cratylus.

Writer remembered a walk down 57th Street. She was holding *Notes from Underground*, he was holding *The House of the Dead*. Despite the titles, it was a sunny day.

People don't remember who the critics were, Robert Redford once said.

You're almost there, 57th Street.

Vanishing Point was the answer to the question: what postmodern novel is filled entirely with trivia?

At a bar in Greenwich Village.

John Coltrane once bought a guitar because his hotel neighbor complained he was making too much noise on his saxophone.

Bullshit.

Whitman wrote *Franklin Evans, or The Inebriate* when hard-up for cash. The composing took three days, under the influence of perhaps several bottles of port.

Dere's no guy livin' dat knows Brooklyn t'roo an' t'roo, because it'd take a guy a lifetime just to find his way aroun' duh f--- town.

Socrates spoke of the ancient saying: hard is the knowledge of the good.

Fontainebleau, summer 1921. Oil on canvas, 6' 7" x 7' 3 3/4".

Boulez conducted his last opera at 82. Janáček wrote four operas in his 70s.

The Jews: A Fictional Adventure Into the Follies of Antisemitism.

Ives's papers are at Yale. The Library of Congress has Bernstein's.

You don't know about me, without you.

In order to save his sugar cubes for the coachmen's horses,
Anton von Webern was willing to drink his coffee bitter.

Toni, to family and friends.

Bessie Head.

Bemidji, Minnesota, Jane Russell was born in.

Isak Dinesen's lover was killed in a plane crash.

Ah, I have asked too much, I plainly see.

El otro lado.

William Sydner Porter.

Ford Maddox Ford sang Ovid to get himself off to sleep.

Despite selling well, Poe's books earned him only \$300 over
the course of his lifetime.

The loss of an eye saved James Thurber from having to fight in
the first World War.

Martin Eden.

Clarice Lispector.

Markson's Book Club.

An enthusiasm for Poe is the mark of a decidedly primitive stage of reflection, said Henry James.

One must keep one's distance from the supreme artists.

Wrote Cynthia Ozick.

Who felt she'd been betrayed by Henry James.

Le poete maudit.

Edith Wharton paid to publish her first book of poetry.

When she was thirteen.

Zora Neale Hurston. John Cheever. Richard Wright. Saul Bellow. Ralph Ellison.

All of whom were members of the Federal Writer's Project.

Susan Sontag wrote *Illness as Metaphor* after she survived cancer.

And died of leukemia over two decades later.

To look at a thing hard and straight and seriously—to fix it.

If in many of my productions terror has been the thesis, I maintain that terror is not of Germany, but of the soul.

Katherine Anne Porter took over two decades to complete *Ship of Fools*.

O. Henry served three years in a federal penitentiary.

Indian No City.

People at first were not so much concerned with what the story meant; what they wanted to know was where the lotteries were held, and whether they could go there and watch.

Said Shirley Jackson.

A short story padded.

Being Ambrose Bierce's description of the novel.

Did Otis Redding in fact die on the dock of the bay when his plane crashed into Lake Monona, three days after recording the song?

To choose the place where one dies is also the greatest joy in life.

Wrote Yukio Mishima.

During the last few years of her life, Kate Chopin was made aware of libraries removing copies of *The Awakening* from their shelves.

In St. Louis, where she was then living.

As an adult, Robert Craft inadvertently came upon his childhood teacher's private memos. One read: "Encourage Craft."

Everything we see could always be otherwise.

The list has no end so I'd better stop here.

In America the people who write are the people who read.
Wrote Poe.

Verdi clung to an unrealized *Lear* project for decades.

Sappho is not mentioned by Dante or Chaucer.

Clara Schumann was a prodigy. And was reported to have nearly fallen off her stool trying to negotiate some of Scarlatti's crossed-hands acrobatics.

I don't know which of my compositions I like better; I like them all, because I liked them when I was writing them.

Eric Rohmer credited his love of the number 6 to its frequent appearance in his favorite authors, from Virgil to Stevenson.

Henry Miller has one fault. He thinks he thinks.
Said Nelson Algren.

Art Blakely played drums on Monk's first and last recordings.

Pythagoras was a vegetarian.

Anne Lister.

Maria Thins.

Encourage craft.

Columbia. Harvard. Yale. Princeton. Brown.

Being the top five colleges of *New York Times* wedding announcement participants.

We can by no means enter directly into the nature of a dog; behind the appealing eyes and the wagging tail lies a mystery as inscrutable as the mystery of the trinity.

Said D.L. Sayers.

Writer remembered Daisy, before she passed, pawing the same spot in the kitchen. Death under the floorboards. Then Daisy herself was dead.

The port of New York is in Hoboken, New Jersey.

Harry Truman was the first president to sit for a book signing.

Where in Markson is a man killed at his own book signing?

The physical world is meaningless tonight
And there is no other.

Well, he's 40. So he won't even look at a woman over 18.

John D. Rayner, who dreamed of the creation of a human being unable to shed blood.

Utter submersion of the spirit in the surging torrent of feelings, Wackenroder defined romantic music as.

The best discourse upon music is silence, wrote Schumann.

Strindberg believed all of Wagner's good passages were stolen from Mendelssohn.

All steal, but Markson by handfuls.

Life is present only when there is no stagnation and the regularity of nature is not obstructed by the forces of death.

Wrote Gimbutas.

I'm too much of a hack to have writer's block. I just churn it out.

Malcolm Gladwell was gracious enough to admit.

At least Judas didn't go into some apostle protection program. He hung himself. He knew what he did.

Loose-limbed, bold, unfettered fantasy.

Being an early review of the *Eroica*.

It's usually the stupid people who develop long illnesses, said Auden, who died of a heart attack.

That's good. That's excellent. But we'll do it one more time.

Bronx, New York, Murray Perahia was born in.

Rape Culture. Porn Culture.

No.

What I really feel about America is that it's given me a place to be myself—but myself as I was formed somewhere else.

Said Jamaica Kincaid.

Frank O'Connor's formal education stopped at the fourth grade.

Our first stories come to us through the air. We hear voices.

Wrote Margaret Atwood.

Nun with bread.

Yukio Mishima publicly petitioned to be awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature.

Was it Judy Garland who died while fixing a car, which, while parked at an incline on a hill, broke free and ran her over as she was underneath, wrench in hand? Or was it Mary Poppins, or was it the toilet all along?

Good Friday, Lincoln was assassinated on.

Nostophobia.

The Tatler and *The Spectator*.

And *The Rambler*, *The Adventurer*, and *The Idler*.

Endless, the imprecision of the language.

Charles Lamb's mother was stabbed to death by her daughter.

Who, rather than go to prison, would afterwards be taken care of by her brother for the rest of her life.

You either wrote a story every night or watched television. I wrote a story every night.

Said Ann Beattie.

Norman Mailer enlisted to fight in World War II intending to write a great novel from the experience.

Joan Didion was a child of the Great Depression. Philip Roth was a child of the Great Depression. David Antin was a child of the Great Depression.

Plan and Make Your Own Fences and Gates, Walkways, Walls and Drives.

Being the title of one of six how-to books Annie Proulx published in the 1980s.

At the time of his death, none of Fitzgerald's books were in print.

"That day I showed him the anemones and pansies, which he particularly liked."

Airport Writer airport airport.

It's not so much a novel as an ingenious alibi.

Vailima.

zuihitsu.

Once, I had a dream of fame. Generally, even then, I was lonely.

Why people have expected me to write a second and a third and a fourth book like *Cane* is one of the queer misunderstandings of my life, said Jean Toomer.

The date is in doubt.

Letting my brush write what it would.

Each of the sentences I write is trying to say the whole thing, i.e., the same thing over and over again.

Said Wittgenstein.

Gawd, the prose!

Pneumonia, once known as the old man's friend.

An education, David Markson called Stanley Edgar Hyman's *The Armed Vision*.

Philip Roth's comment that some of his success could be attributed to voraciously reading Céline instead of Proust.

Joyces write. Readers read.

Talent borrows, genius steals.

The World of Yesterday.

Writer's last recollection: his niece showing him that a standing pencil looked like the Empire State Building.

Writer knowing that such a standing pencil had been Lamb's inspiration.

Genius is one hundred percent directness—nothing more.

Wrote Walt Whitman.

A novel with no *reconsidering*.

Both Beethoven's and Schubert's bodies were exhumed twice. Following Schubert's first, doctors were astonished by his skull's delicate, womanly organization.

Reality is covered in depth in the news. I don't see what fiction can add.

Said Eric Rohmer.

Hey hey, Woody Guthrie, I wrote you a song.

Wagner described the entrance of a kettledrum in *Parsifal* as "the finest thing I have ever done."

Nabokov's admission that his greatest achievement in *Lolita* was the description of a haircut.

Never did I concern myself with the idea of becoming great. I just dug working.

It was my companion at the most miserable time.

Writer? Writer? Milk me! Milk me!

V.C. Andrews died of breast cancer. As did Kathy Acker. And Grace Paley.

The Female Complaint: The Unfinished Business of Sentimentality in American Culture.

Freud's salons were held on Wednesday.

I found myself sitting in the library, and again sitting there alone.

Schubert was a torchbearer at Beethoven's funeral.

Distant mountains excite the fancy, for beyond them we place the scene of our paradise.

No, I'll not say a word about it—here it is;—in publishing it—I have appealed to the world—and to the world I leave it;—it must speak for itself.

Old Dean Chantilly.

They don't have self-steam and confidants.

Face to the departure, my heart have the unspeakable taste.

Let me not seem to have lived in vain.

You must treat us like children.

And you're free.

I shall not write what Klimt said to me down, because I don't think I'll forget it in a hurry.

Life, liberty and the pursuit of all those who threaten it.

What I'm Going to Do, I Think.

\$1.95 used. \$12.99 new. \$8.45 discounted.

A wad of Big League Chew. A heat-sensing Hypercolor T-shirt. A spider in the pool.

Who were you?

Hour known.

I played a number in a game. The dice have rolled. I have lost.

Childless.

Writing about Feldman after Feldman writing about Feldman may be something of a challenge.

Tenuous stuff. Brain-spun. Labored. Self-conscious.

Walt, because his father was Walter.

Encourage craft.

