

A wish is not (yet) an argument.















“...certainly, too, every deeper knowing, if it is to know only what is worth knowing, must begin emotionally. But the labor that follows is certainly of a new “rationalism”: in its diagrams and typologies, in its rethinking of the world in respect of soul, in its expulsion of unknowing as the ground of the manifestation of this world, in the generation of concepts in the direction of knowledge; it is precisely not just of the heart, but rather grounded ultimately in the postulates of a brightened emotionality.”

—Ernst Bloch, *The Spirit of Utopia*, p. 205





This race – this race between the destroying planes and the struggling Parliament of Man – it sticks in all our heads. The city at last perfectly illustrates both the universal dilemma and the general solution, this riddle in steel and stone is at once the perfect target and the perfect demonstration of nonviolence, of racial brotherhood, this lofty target scraping the skies and meeting the destroying planes halfway, home of all people and all nations, capital of everything, housing the deliberations by which the planes are to be stayed and their errand forestalled...this city, this mischievous and marvelous monument which not to look upon would be like death.

—E.B. White, *This is New York*





Stream of not yet consciousness.



But there is good news yet to hear, and fine things to be seen
Before we go to paradise by way of Kensal Green.

—G.K. Chesterton

