

## Station Quotes

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### Buddha's First Sermon

- Now this, O monks, is the noble truth of suffering: birth is suffering, old age is suffering, death is suffering, sorrow, grieving, dejection, and despair are suffering. Contact with unpleasant things is suffering, not getting what you want is also suffering. In short, the five aggregates 19 of grasping are suffering.
- Now this, O monks, is the noble truth of the arising of suffering: that craving which leads to rebirth, combined with longing and lust for this and that--craving for sensual pleasure, craving for rebirth, craving for cessation of birth.
- Now this, O monks, is the noble truth of the cessation of suffering: It is the complete cessation without remainder of that craving, the abandonment, release from, and non-attachment to it.
- Now this, O monks, is the noble truth of the path that leads to the cessation of suffering: This is the noble eightfold path.

Are we being welcomed into an exclusive club or satirized for our desire to belong? - Art & Popular Culture pg36

Fleury Leriner, and Sachs brow references of Vampbell's soup and Brillo pads but on high-end labels such as Hermes, Prada, and Louis Vuitton, In other words, contemporary artists seem less interested in Warholian issues around mass marketing and more obsessed with rarefied status symbols. - Pg 36 art and popular culture

Duchamp's action is the original sin of modernism. Pg 40 art and today.

The choice of these ready made, was never esthetic delectation. This choice was based on reaction of visual indifference with at the same time a total absence of good or bad taste. In fact a complete anesthesia." Duchamp.

LEM – One human minute

According to Lem's Law, "No One reads: if someone does read, he doesn't understand; if he understands he immediately forgets" pg.2

The ad as the New Utopia is currently a cult phenomenon. We watch the dreadful or boring things on television, because after the sight of prattling politicians, bloody corpses strewn about various parts of the globe for various reasons, and dramatizations in which one cannot tell what is going on because they are never-ending serials the commercials are a blessed relief. Only in them does paradise still exist. There are beautiful women, handsome men – all mature – and happy children, and the elderly have intelligence in their eyes and generally wear glasses. To be kept in constant delight they need only pudding in a new container, lemonade made from real water, a foot antiperspirant, violet-scented toilet paper. Pg 2

Anyway, it was clear to me from the start that advertising, as it improves in the merchandising struggle for existence, will enslave us not through the better quality of the goods it promotes but as a result of the ever-worsening quality of the world. After the death of God, of high ideals, of honor, of altruism, what is left to us in our overcrowded cities, under acid rains, but the ecstasy of these men and women of the ads as they announce crackers, pudding, and spreads like the coming of the heavenly kingdom? Because advertising, with monstrous effectiveness attributes perfection to everything. Pg 3

It is true that normal people do far madder things than the insane. The difference is that the madman does what he does disinterestedly, whereas the normal person does it for fame, because fame can be converted into cash. Pg 5

The problems we keep having with the world are more painful than a dog's. Not possessing the gift of reflection, a dog does not know that he does not know, and does not understand that he understands nothing; we, on the other hand, are aware of both. Pg 8

So what are we to do with this poor, narrow consciousness of ours, to make it encompass what it cannot? Pg 8

Only those who still cherish illusions on the subject of Man can be depressed by reality. Pg 21

They anticipated many objections, citing contemporary thinkers who call truth the prime value in society. If that is so, then all truth, even the most depressing is permissible and even necessary. Pg 19

It is indeed curious to realize that there is always a storm raging somewhere on earth, and that the number of lightning bolts is constant: six thousand per minute. One hundred strike every second, and that means perpetually, month after month and century after century. We also learn here that the earth covers 1,800 kilometers in the course of a minute of orbiting the Sun. In the same time, our planet loses a considerable amount of its atmosphere, which stirred by the movements of barometric high and lows, by cyclones and tradewinds, and also heated by the sun, created its own "tail" stretching for many thousands of miles; the earth loses, as a result, an enormous quantity of gas. Pg 22

Man as executioner, oppressor and killer of his own species.. Now we see what a predator he is or if you will, what a parasite of the entire biosphere – that is, the animal and plant kingdoms. Almost no-body sitting down to a steak or chop feels any pang of conscience. Pg 23

*We pass away; animals can only die.* Pg 23

Proving how little Nature truly cares about the individual human being (yet in all religions and nearly all philosophical systems we try so hard to preserve the human dignity of the individual). Pg 24

He who saves the life of one human being saves the world. Pg 25

Here the object is to contrast the affluent consumer society, with their constantly increasing wealth with those societies headed toward disaster. Pg 25

The rules and boundaries that distinguish art from what cannot be art have eroded completely and disappeared. Thus, on the one hand, more works of art are being created in the world than cars, planes, tractors, locomotives, and ships combined. On the other hand, that great volume is lost, as it were, in the still greater volume of objects that have no use whatever. For these numbers gave rise to black thoughts. First, the world of art has been shattered once and for all, and no art lover can piece things together again.

Again we have the dilemma on which the first critics of this book broke their teeth. Is the terrible predominance of evil over good, of malice over loving kindness, of stupidity over intelligence, the true balance sheet of the human world? Or is it the result in part, of the computers and the statistical viewpoint? Pg 28

There cannot be, nor ever will be, devices, harnesses, salves, aphrodisiacs, or any sort of "meters" to abet or measure filial or maternal love; no thermometers to gauge the heat of lovers' passions. That their temperature is sometimes fatally high, we learn only indirectly from the statistics on suicides resulting from unrequited love. Pg 28

But, then, no one can deny that the split between technological progress and moral progress has taken place and is irreversible – impossible though it may be to establish the date of this separation, which marks the collapse of our nineteenth-century faith in the collective march into the happy future. Technological solutions to one's desires can serve evil as well as good. But goodness, again, is not measurable, and sometimes it happens that neither concept can be pinned down. Pg 29

My dilemma was how to hide the secret forever but at the same time take advantage of it freely-to hide it from the world but not from myself. After much deliberation, I realized that this could be done very easily. The safest way to conceal a remarkable idea – every word of it true- was to publish it as science fiction. Just as a diamond thrown on a heap of broken glass would become invisible, so an authentic revelation placed amid the stupidities of science fiction would take on their coloration – cease to be dangerous. Pg 38

*The thin starve before the fat lose weight.*" Pg 39

I understood that the truth, when set in fiction is camouflaged perfectly, and that even this fact can be safely confessed. Pg 39

The Bulletin's doctrine was "One World or None": the world would either unite and be saved, or would perish. Pg 40

Although the danger of atomic warfare increased whenever “equality” was lessened, and therefore the rational thing would seem to have been to preserve that equality under multinational supervision, the antagonists did not reach an agreement despite repeated negotiations. Pg 41

Technological progress in defense sent electronic “eyes” into orbit, creating a high frontier of global reconnaissance able to spot missiles at the moment of launch. This was the shield that the new type of sword – the “killer satellite” was to break, with a laser to blind the defending eyes or with lightning like discharge of immense power to destroy the missiles themselves during their flight above the atmosphere. Pg 41

In the first place, all these improvements and innovations, instead of increasing strategic security, offensive or defensive, only reduced it. Security was reduced because the global system of each superpower grew more and more complex, composed of an increasing number of different subsystems on land, sea, and air and in space. Military success required infallible communications’ to guarantee the optimum synchronization of operations. 42

The bodies of animals and plants consist of trillions of functioning parts, yet life copes with the phenomenon of inevitable failure. In what way? **The experts call it the construction of reliable systems out of unreliable components.** Pg 42

If an automated spaceship going to a distant planet were built according to the directive of multiplying pilot computers as in the shuttles, then it would have to contain – in view of the duration of the flight – not four or five but possibly fifty such computers. **They would operate not by linear logic but by “voting”:** once the individual computers ceased functioning identically and thus diverged in their results, one would have to accept, as the right result, what was reached by the majority. Pg 43

To learn from biological evolution, whose several-billion-year existence demonstrates optimal strategic engineering. A living organism is not guided by totalitarian centralism” or “democratic pluralism,” but by a strategy much more complex. Simplifying, we might call it a compromise between concentration and separation of the regulating centers. Pg 43

The major antagonists of the planet devised two opposite strategies. One can call them the scalpel and the hammer. The constant escalation of payload megatonnage was the hammer; the improvement of detection and swift destruction in flight was the scalpel. Pg 44

No maneuvers, no computer simulation, could re-create the actual conditions of such a battle. Pg 45

At the end of the twentieth century, the idea emerged of a new weapon that would be neither an atom bomb nor a laser gun but a hybrid of the two. Up to then, there were fission (uranium, plutonium) and fusion (thermonuclear, hydrogen-plutonium) bombs. The “old” bomb, in breaking nuclear bonds, unleashed every possible sort of radiation: gamma rays, X-rays, heat, and avalanche of radioactive dust and lethal high-energy particles. The fireball, having a temperature of millions of degrees, emitted energy at all wavelengths. As someone said, “Matter committed forth everything she could.” From a military standpoint it was wasteful, because at ground zero all objects turned into flaming plasma. Pg 46

The laser bomb, however, was not actually a bomb it was a single-charge laser gun, focusing a huge part of its force into a ray that could incinerate a city (from high orbit), for example, or a rocket base, or some other important target (such as the enemy’s satellite defense screen). At the same time, the ray

would turn the laser bomb itself into flaming fragments. But we will not go into more detail about such a weapons, because instead of leading to further escalation, as was expected, they really marked its end. Pg 47

The safety of the population was important but second in priority. Pg 47

A realistic solution would have meant evacuating the cities and building gigantic underground shelters. Bethe estimated the cost of the first phase of such a project to be twenty billion dollars, though the social and psychological costs were beyond reckoning. But it soon became clear that even a “return to the cave” would not guarantee the survival of the population, because the arms race continued to yield more powerful warheads and increasingly accurate missiles. **The science fiction of the day painted gloomy and nightmarish scenes in which the degenerate remnants of humanity vegetated in concrete, multilevel molehills beneath the ruins of gutted cities.** Pg 47

**Self styled futurologists (but all futureologists were self-styled) pg 47**

But no one dreamed that, with political antagonisms still persisting, the era of atomic weapons would come to an end without ushering in either world peace or world annihilation. Pg 48

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori - It is sweet and proper to die for one's country – Horace's odes III.2.3) pg 49

This came at a time when the world was slowly recovering from two economic crises. The first was caused by the formation of the OPEC cartel and the big increases in the price of crude oil: the second, by the collapse of OPEC and the sudden drop in the price of oil. Pg 50

What was necessary? A command of the situation, skill, care, and enterprise. All these qualities are found in insects. Pg 50

**Not artificial intelligence but artificial instinct pg 51**

This shows that the greater the destructive action of an elemental force or technological weapon, the smaller must a system be in order to survive it unharmed. Pg 56

A human being couldn't be reduced or dispersed! In those days much thought was given to soldier-automatons – human robots – a naïve anthropomorphism. Yet heavy industry was already undergoing unhumanization, and the robots that replaced people on the assembly lines were not remotely humanoid. Pg 56

According to the first – the principle of autonomy – an army proceeded like a column of ants, or a wave of microbes, or a swarm of locusts. Pg 57

The pseudo-locust could be destroyed, of course, by an atomic attack, but this would have an effect like that of shooting at clouds with nuclear weapons: great holes would open, only to fill again with more cloud. Pg 57

The greatest problem in the unhuman stage of military history was that of distinguishing friend from foe. Pg 59

**For those who loved the uniform, the flag, the changing of the guard, standing at attention, drill, medals, and the bayonet charges, the new era of war was an affront to their noble ideals, a mockery, a disgrace!**

The experts of the day called the new military science an “upside-down evolution,” because in nature what came first were the simple, microscopic systems, which then changed over the eons into larger and larger life forms. In the military evolution of the postnuclear period, the exact opposite took place: Microminiaturization. Pg 60

It is easy to see that in such an army there was nothing for noncommissioned officers to do. Pg 61

The twentieth century had already begun the process of destroying them, dispensing with swords, three-cornered hats, and gorgeous uniforms.

The cruel pressure to unhumanize the armies did away with the picturesque traditions of war games, the pageantry of parades (a marching locust, unlike a procession of tanks or rocks is not a grand sight), the bayonet drills, the bugle calls, the flag raisings and lowerings, the roll calls, the whole rich fabric of barracks life. Pg 62

A tapestry of ribbons and medals on the chest was no protection against being put out to pasture.

A world with two mutually exclusive political conditions war or peace – changed into a world in which war was peace and peace became war. Pg 63

But now there were rains so corrosive that they destroyed roads, power lines, and factory roofs, and it was impossible to determine whether they were caused by pollution or by enemy sabotage. Pg 65

Blurred, also, was distinction between real and spurious hostilities. In order to turn its people against another nation, a country would produce on its own territory “natural catastrophes so obviously artificial that its citizens were bound to believe the charge that the enemy was responsible. Pg 67

It is as if the ancients had debated so long about banning their “Greek fire” that by the time they agreed to ban it, Berthold Schwarz had appeared with his gunpowder. When one decides “today” about something that existed “yesterday,” the decision moves from the present into the past and thereby becomes an empty game. Pg 67

Pre-Copernican astronomy put the earth in the center of the world; Copernicus deposed it from its privileged position when he discovered that ours is but one of many planets orbiting the sun. We lived “nowhere in particular” in the universe in a stellar suburb. Pg 69

Astronomy studies the evolution of the stars, biology the evolution of life on earth; and the paths of their investigations met pg 70

And there were hypotheses about the self-destructiveness of intelligence – such as von Höerner’s with connected the psychozoic “density” of the universe with its barrenness claiming that suicide threatened every civilization, as nuclear war was now threatening humanity. Pg 71

Other hypotheses pointed to the dangers that the twentieth century encountered even in the peaceful expansion of technology, whose side effects devastated the reproductive capacities of the biosphere. Pg 71

Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must make poetry. Perhaps Olaf Stapledon, in his fantasy *Last and the First Men*, was the first to express our destiny, in this sentence: the stars create man, and the stars killed him. Pg 71

Man emerged because the universe is a place of catastrophe that earth together with life, owes its existence to a peculiar sequence of catastrophes. Pg 72

Creation through destruction (and consequent release of tensions) occupies the central place in this new picture of the world. Pg 72

In this sense, the galactic game of life and death is a game played on loaded roulette wheel. Pg 76

Galaxies continue to give birth to stars, because the universe in which we live, while certainly not young, is not yet old. Computer simulations reaching far into the future show that in the end all the star-generation material will be depleted, the stars will be extinguished, and whole galaxies will “vaporized” into radiation and particles. Pg 84

Finally, all spiral nebulae are similar, but similar in the way people are who are of different heights, weights, ages, races, sexes, and so on. Pg 85

We owe our existence to that catastrophe. WE emerged and multiplied into the billions only because billions of other creatures suffered annihilation. Hence the title, *The World as Cataclysm*. 95

Where there is No One – therefore no feelings. Friendly of hostile, no love or hate – there are also no intentions. The Universe, being neither a person nor the work of any Person, cannot be accused of bias in its action: it simply is what it is and does what it does. What it does is create, again and again, by destroying. 96

Faith as well as science, endowed the visible world with properties that eliminated blind, incalculable chance as the author of all events. The war of good and evil present in all religions does not always end, in every faith with the victory of good, but in every one it establishes a clear order of existence. The sacred as well as the profane rest on that universal order. Thus, chance, the ultimate arbiter of existence, was not present in any of the beliefs of the past. 99

Human beliefs can be divided roughly into those that offer comfort and those that offer order vis-à-vis the given world. 99

## Dulce et Decorum Est

BY WILFRED OWEN

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,  
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,  
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs,  
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.  
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots,  
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;  
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots  
Of gas-shells dropping softly behind.

Gas! GAS! Quick, boys!—An ecstasy of fumbling  
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time,  
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling  
And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime.—  
Dim through the misty panes and thick green light,  
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams before my helpless sight,  
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams, you too could pace  
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,  
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,  
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;  
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood  
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,  
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud  
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,—  
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest  
To children ardent for some desperate glory,  
The old Lie: *Dulce et decorum est*  
*Pro patria mori.*

Horace: The Odes

<https://www.poetryintranslation.com/PITBR/Latin/HoraceOdesBkI.php>

Horace: The Satires book 1

<https://www.poetryintranslation.com/PITBR/Latin/HoraceSatiresBkISatI.php>

**BkISatI:1-22 Everyone is discontented with their lot**

How come, Maecenas, no one alive's ever content  
With the lot he chose or the one fate threw in his way,  
But praises those who pursue some alternative track?  
'O fortunate tradesman!' the ageing soldier cries  
Body shattered by harsh service, bowed by the years.  
The merchant however, ship tossed by a southern gale,  
Says: 'Soldiering's better. And why? You charge and then:  
It's a quick death in a moment, or a joyful victory won.'  
When a client knocks hard on his door before cockcrow  
The adept in justice and law praises the farmer's life,  
While he, going bail and having been dragged up to town  
From the country, proclaims only town-dwellers happy.  
Quoting all the other numerous examples would tire  
Even that windbag Fabius. So to avoid delaying you,  
Here's what I'm getting at. If some god said: 'Here I am!  
Now I'll perform whatever you wish: you be a merchant  
Who but now was a soldier: you the lawyer become a farmer:  
You change roles with him, he with you, and depart. Well!  
What are you waiting for? They'd refuse, on the verge of bliss.  
What in reason would stop Jove rightly swelling his cheeks  
Then, in anger, and declaring that never again will he

Be so obliging as to attend to their prayers.

**BkISatI:23-60 All work to make themselves rich, but why?**

Then again, not to pass over the matter with a smile  
Like some wit - though what stops one telling the truth  
While smiling, as teachers often give children biscuits  
To try and tempt them to learn their alphabet? -  
No: joking aside, let's turn to more serious thoughts:  
The farmer turning the heavy clay with sturdy plough,  
The rascally shopkeeper, the soldier, the sailor  
Who boldly sails the seas, all say they only do so  
So as to retire in true idleness when they are old,  
Having made a pile: just as their exemplar  
The tiny labouring ant drags all she can together,  
Adding what's in her mouth to the heap she's building,  
Neither ignorant of nor careless of her tomorrow.  
Though as soon as [Aquarius](#) freezes the turning year,  
Wise creature that she is, she no longer forages,  
Using instead what she gathered, while nothing stops you,  
Nothing deflects you from riches, not scorching heat, fire  
Winter, sword or sea, while there's a man richer than you.  
Yet what good is all that mass of silver and gold to you,  
If, fearful, you bury it secretly in some hole in the ground?

'If I broke into it,' you say, 'it would all be gone, to the last Brass farthing.' Yet if you don't what's the point of your pile? Though you've threshed a hundred thousand measures of corn That won't make your stomach hold any more than mine: Just like the chain-gang where carrying the heavy bread-bag Over your shoulder won't gain you more than the slave Who lifts nothing. Tell me then, what difference to the man Who lives within Nature's bounds, whether he ploughs a hundred Acres or a thousand? 'But it's sweet to take from a big heap.' Even so why praise your granaries more than our bins, So long as we're able to draw as much from the smaller? It's as if though you needed no more than a jug of water, Or a single cup, you said: 'I'd rather have the same amount From some vast river rather than this little spring.' That's why Raging [Aufidus](#) sweeps away riverbanks, and all those Who delight in owning more than their fair share of wealth. But the man who desires only as much as he needs, Won't drink muddy water, or lose his life in the flood.

### **BkISatI:61-91 The miseries of the wealthy**

Still, a good many people misled by foolish desire Say: 'There's never enough, you're only what you own.' What can one say to that? Let such people be wretched, Since that's what they wish: like the rich [Athenian](#) miser

Who used to hold the voice of the crowd in contempt:

‘They hiss at me, that crew, but once I’m home I applaud

Myself, as I contemplate all the riches in my chests.’

**Tantalus**, thirsty, strains towards water that flees his lips –

Why do you mock him? Alter a name and the same tale

Is told of you: covetously sleeping on money-bags

Piled around, forced to protect them like sacred objects,

And take pleasure in them as if they were only paintings.

Don’t you know the value of money, what end it serves?

Buy bread with it, cabbages, a pint of wine: all the rest,

Things where denying them us harms our essential nature.

Does it give you pleasure to lie awake half dead of fright,

Terrified night and day of thieves or fire or slaves who rob

You of what you have, and run away? I’d always wish

To be poorest of the poor when it comes to such blessings.

‘But,’ you say, ‘when your body’s attacked by a feverish chill

Or some other accident’s confined you to your bed,

I’d have someone to sit by me, prepare my medicine

Call in the doctor to revive me, restore me to kith and kin.’

Oh, but your wife doesn’t want you well, nor your son: all

Hate you, your friends and neighbours, girls and boys.

Yet you wonder, setting money before all else,

That no-one offers you the love you’ve failed to earn!

While if you tried to win and keep the love of those kin  
Nature gave you without any trouble on your part,  
Your effort would be as wasted as trying to train  
A donkey to trot to the rein round the [Plain of Mars](#).

### **BkISatI:92-121 Set a limit to your desire for riches**

So set a limit to greed, and as you gain more  
Fear poverty less, achieving what you desired,  
Make an end of your labour, lest you do as did  
One [Ummidius](#). It's not a long tale: he was rich,  
So much so he was forced to weigh his coins: so stingy  
He dressed no better than a slave: and right to the end  
He was fearful lest starvation overcome him.  
Instead a freedwoman cut him in two with an axe,  
She an indomitable scion of [Tyndareus](#)' race!  
'Do you want me to live, then,' you say, 'like [Naevius](#)  
Or [Nomentanus](#)?' Now you're setting up a war  
Of opposites. When I order you not to be avaricious  
I'm not telling you to become an idle spendthrift.  
Between [Visellius](#)' father-in-law and [Tanais](#)  
There's a mean. Measure in everything: in short, there are  
Certain boundaries, on neither side of which lies Right.  
I return to the point I first made, that no one's content  
In himself, because of greed, but envies all others

Who follow different paths, pines that his neighbour's goat  
Has fuller udders, and instead of comparing himself  
With the poorer majority, tries to outdo this man and that.  
But however he hurries there's always one richer in front,  
As when the galloping hooves whisk the chariots away  
From the gate, the charioteer chasing the vanishing teams,  
Indifferent to the stragglers he's leaving behind.  
So we can rarely find a man who claims to have lived  
A happy life, who when his time is done is content  
To go, like a guest at the banquet who is well sated.  
That will do. Lest you think I've pillaged the shelves  
Of bleary-eyed Crispinus, I'll add not a single word.

Horace: The Satires Book II

<https://www.poetryintranslation.com/PITBR/Latin/HoraceSatiresBkISatII.php>

Sartre

<https://www.marxists.org/reference/archive/sartre/works/exist/sartre.htm>

de-beuvre

<https://www.marxists.org/reference/subject/ethics/de-beauvoir/ambiguity/ch03.htm#s1>