such that a **question** can also be an answer that makes a problem explicit. Another potential objection is that the principle of **questioning** takes us no further than the initial **question**, and thus nothing has been gained. In other words, the initial **question** has

same as the initial **question** that asked what is first in philosophy. It is a response—an answer—to the **question** of foundations and is thus *different* from the initial **question**. The initial **question** is posed, while the answer reflects upon that **question** and confirms what is primary in it. This is an important point, and one which I

Sample preview

not dissolved—Meyer has exposed the underlying presupposition that answering is only that which dissolves **questions**. He does not reject the idea of answering per se, but shows that it cannot, and should not, be reduced to solely the dissolution of **questions**. Given that metaphysics aims to discover a first principle and to deduce the principles of Reason without presupposition, what Meyer has done is expose the propositional view of metaphysics as insufficient because it presupposes what answering is, in any and all answers. This fundamental point animates his critique of the suppression of **questioning**, which I discuss in later chapters From the starting point of **questioning questioning**, this insight enables Meyer to go further and deduce his new conception of the *logos*. But here, a further objection might be raised that one cannot deduce anything, without presupposition, from a foundation that is problematic and therefore indeterminate. Establishing this logical move is crucial,

question cannot be found, discourse upon the **question** is already a response to it. Thereby, he shows that the explicit treatment of the **question** is different from its implicit existence as a **question**, thus arriving at an 'answer' that preserves its problematicity but also

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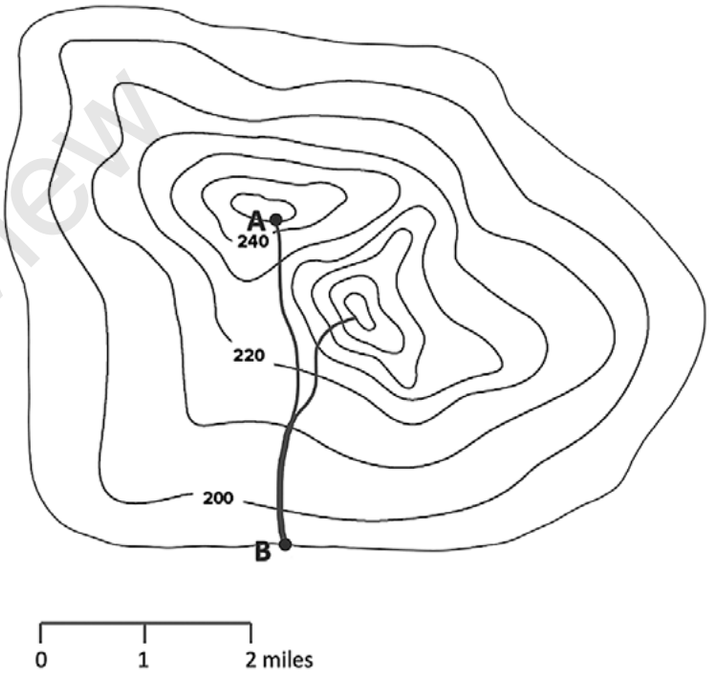
Frequently Asked **Questions**

Volume 2

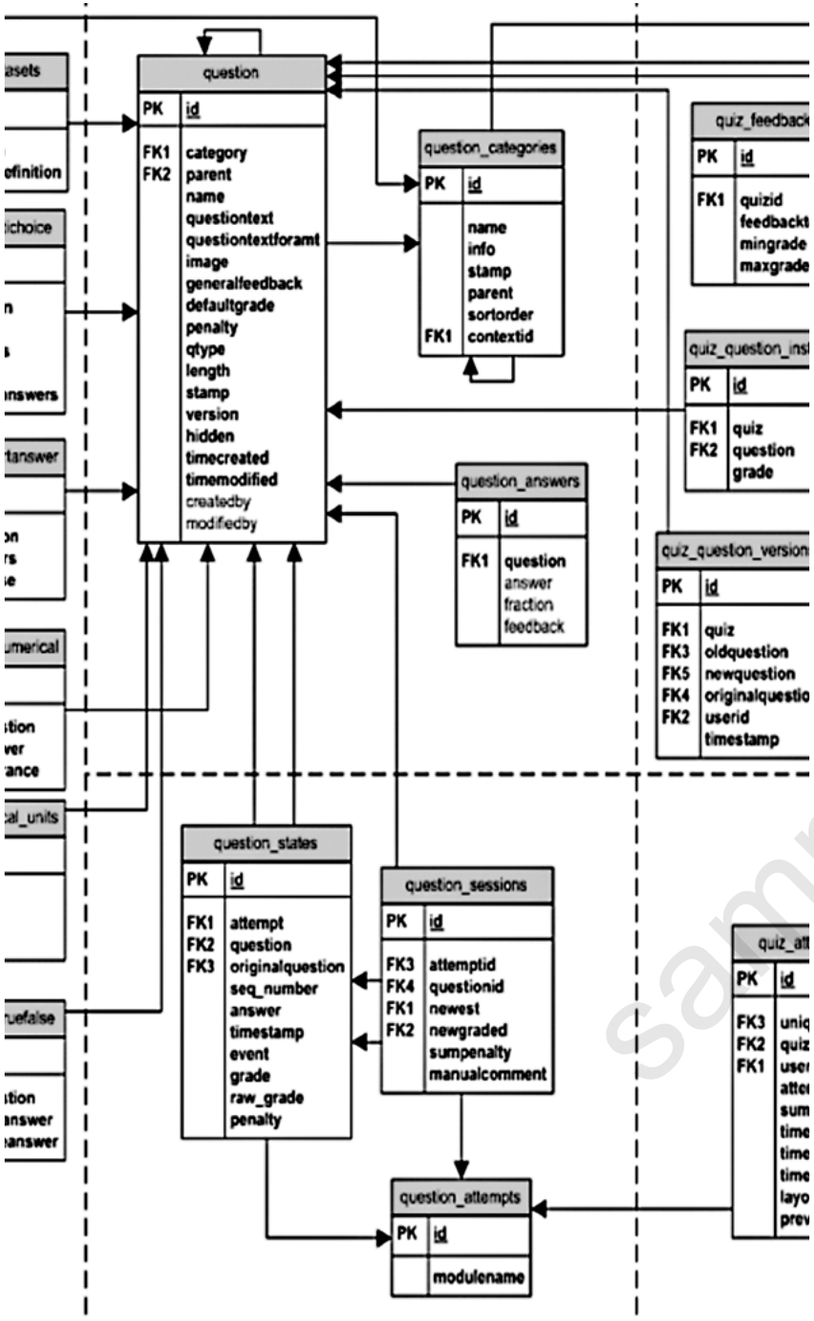
sample preview



Question 2: Using the map image above, please answer the following **questions** and show your work.

*Chegg, Earth Sciences **Questions** and Answers (chegg.com)*

sample preview



Following what happens when **questions** are attempted.

*Moodle, **Question** Engine 2: Design (moodle.org)*

‘Were you followed?’ she asked.

‘Are you serious?’

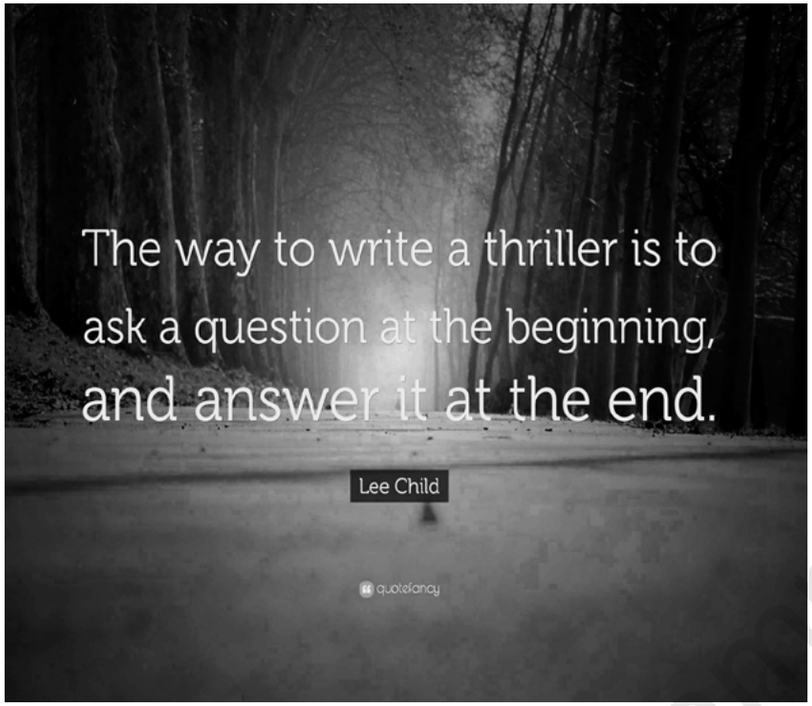
‘Of course. We are not in London now.’

‘No, I don't think so.’

‘You said you had **questions**.’

Marcel Theroux, Strange Bodies

sample preview



QuoteFancy, Quote 1132065 (quotefancy.com)

sample preview

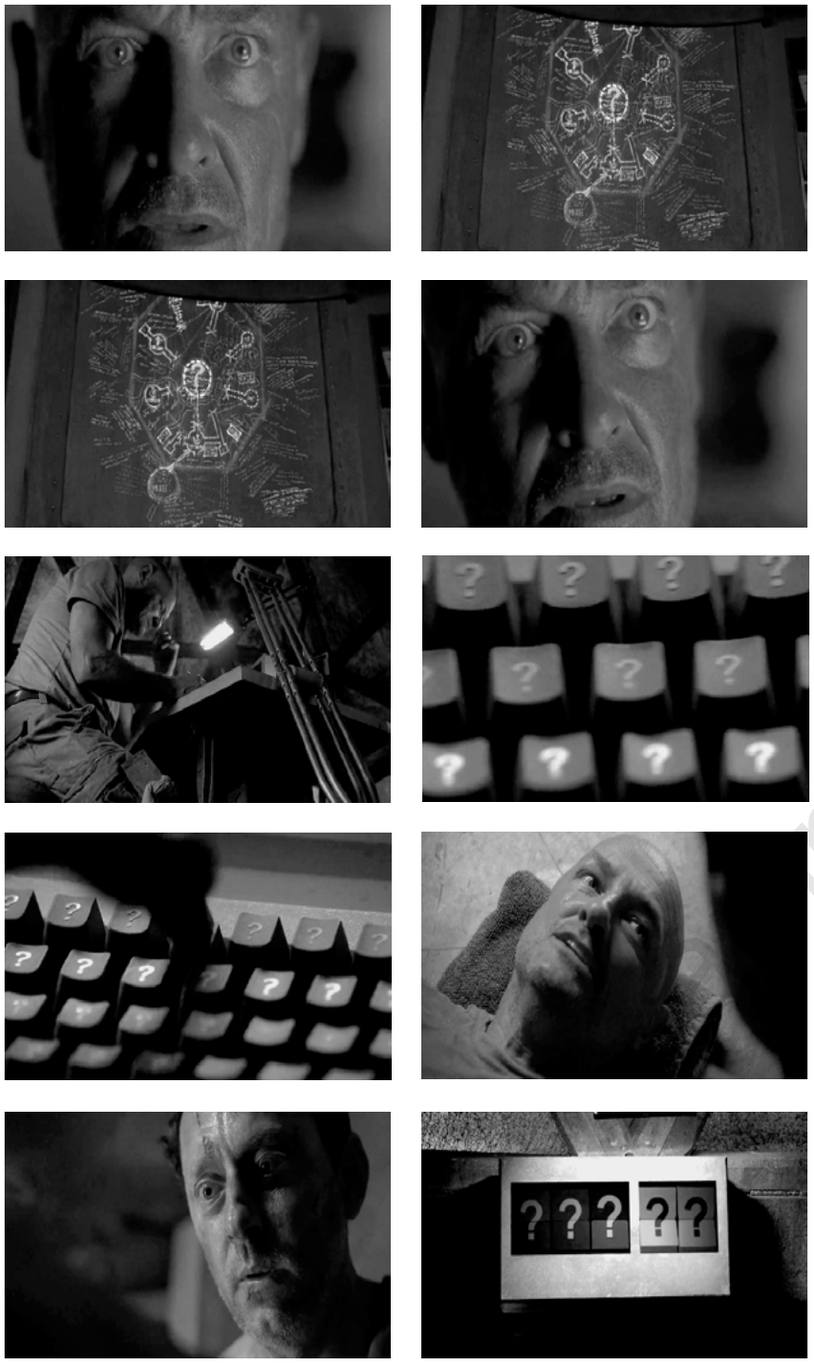
"Yemi. Forgive me. I should have listened to you. You were right. I didn't mean to do what I did."

"The work being done in this place is important, Eko. It is more important than anything, and it is in danger. You must help John. He has lost his way. You must make him take you to the **question** mark. John will not want to show you, so you must make him, Eko. There are many distractions, brother, but you must move past them. What is done is done. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Yemi."

"And, Eko? Bring the axe."

Lost, Season 2, Episode 21: ?



Lost, Season 2, Episode 21: ?

"?" (pronounced "**Question** Mark") is the 21st episode of Season 2 of *Lost* and the 46th produced hour of the series as a whole. After Eko experiences unusual dreams, he asks John to take him to the ? shown on the blast door map he saw.

Lostpedia: The Lost Encyclopedia, ?

"This is the Beginning," I told Hanuš.

"It is the Beginning I know," he said. "Perhaps there was one before it, perhaps not."

"Are we headed there?"

"Yes, but ask the **question** that is on your mind first."

"*Rusalka*. Can you find it?"

Hanuš closed his eyes, and a faint, popping sound of the opera resonated within my mind. Occasionally, the recording was interrupted by random voices, snippets of pop music, the deep, dark voices of demons, the sighs of copulating lovers, sirens, dial-up modems, but Hanuš kept the recording clean enough to soothe my nausea, and to give me the kind of peace experienced on a Sunday morning among soft sheets and drawn curtains.

Jaroslav Kalfař, Spaceman of Bohemia

"Are you seeing something I'm not?"

"Hey."

"I haven't seen a single track or piece of sign since we left the hatch. What the hell are you following?"

"Where is the **question** mark?"

"The what?"

"The **question** mark, John. Where is it?"

"You know what? You keep chasing after your own shadow. I'm going back."

"I know you do not want to show me, but you must."

"No, I don't have to show you anything."

"Then I'm sorry."

. . .

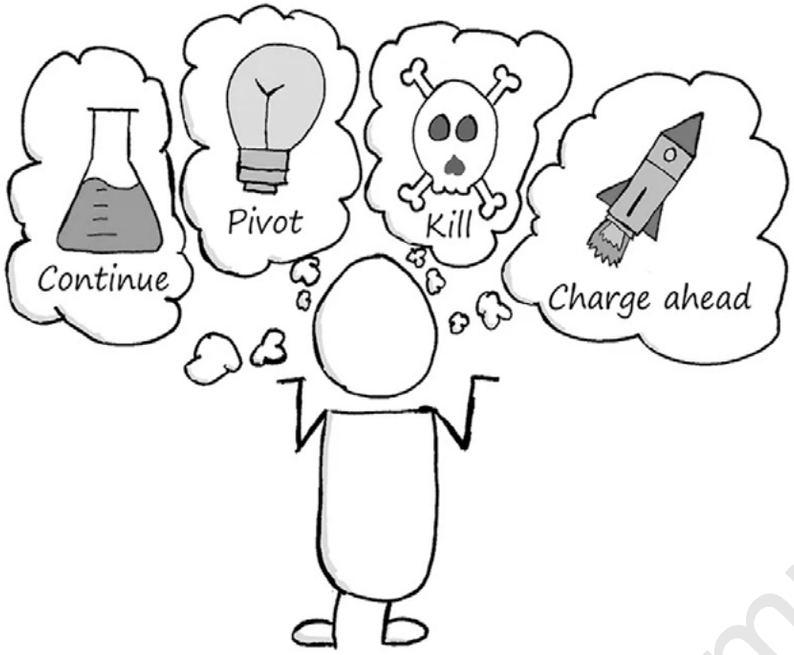
"You hit me. Why did you . . . ?"

"Because you were being difficult."

"Are you insane?"

Lost, Season 2, Episode 21: ?

Sample preview



Should we continue, pivot, kill, or charge ahead?

*Martin Spinnangr, The Toughest **Question** of Product Discovery (UX Collective)*

Question *(continued): You didn't know that then?*

Hitchcock: That he would go to East Berlin? No.

Question (*continued): I played with him in Amsterdam before he left . . .*

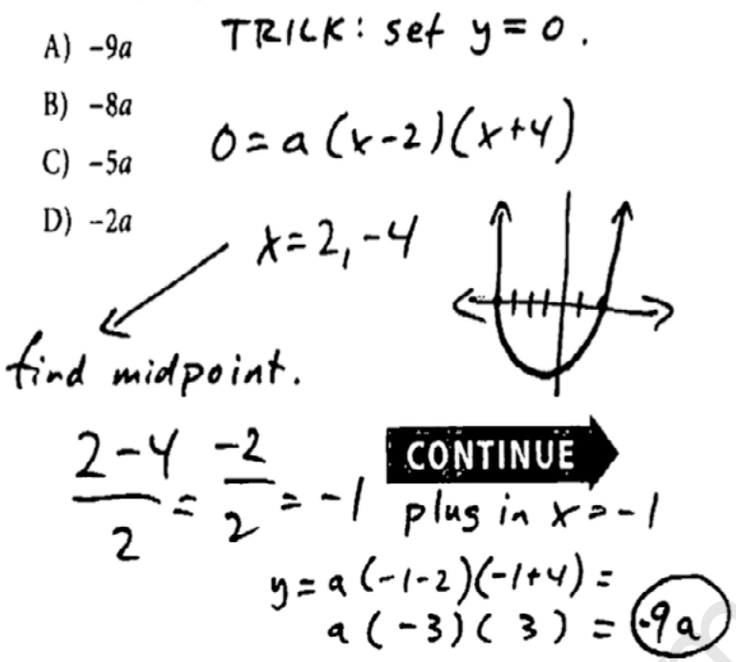
Hitchcock: Why did he go to East Berlin?

Question (*continued): Because he saw me.*

Question: *Mr. Hitchcock, some people would accuse you of a lack of taste in that last sequence. The blood particularly and the rather sort of gratuitous violence of the scene is utterly unlike anything you've done before. It seems to surpass even* Psycho *in its stomach-turning, nauseating quality. I think it's a master film direction, but it strikes me as still a little bit tasteless. Would you comment on that?*

Alfred Hitchcock, Hitchcock on Hitchcock: Selected Writings and Interviews, Volume 2

sample preview



SAT **Question** of the Day: Test #3, Sec 3 Math NC #12

McElroy Tutoring, SAT Math Tips Post (mcelroytutoring.com)

sample preview

This second volume continues the plan outlined in the first, the commentary itself being somewhat denser. Attention is increasingly drawn to typical motifs and themes, which become more marked from book 5 on. At the same time vol. 1's emphasis on poetics, especially at the level of rhythm and diction, is maintained; and the analysis of character and motivation, as well as of divine involvement, becomes somewhat fuller than before. The four introductory chapters continue the progressive examination of the background to the *Iliad*; they will be complemented here and there in subsequent volumes, not least chapter 1 on Homeric religion. Reference to modern secondary literature, which some critics have found too slight, has been increased. Subsequent volumes will go further in this respect, although the principle stated in the editorial introduction to vol. 1 still applies, that neither complete bibliographical coverage nor a generally doxographical approach to Homeric interpretation is sought after.

Two amendments have been made to the list of essential aids (cf. vol. 1, xxi). First, Dr Stephanie West's elucidation of *Odyssey* bks 1–4, in the revised, English version of the *Odissea* commentary overseen by Alfred Heubeck, is of exceptional value for many Homeric matters and is cited with corresponding frequency. Second, Ameis-Hentze's commentary, though obviously outmoded in certain respects, still contains much that is both acute and relevant, and in the present volume is cited on a par with Leaf. Other references to works in German are too few, but the influence of Burkert, Erbse, W. H. Friedrich, Latacz, Leumann, Meister, Trümpy and others (not to mention Dörpfeld and Korfmann), if not of Neoanalysis except at its broadest level, is plain enough. In French, the quality and frequency of the guidance provided by Chantraine are equally obvious. Yet the 'commentary for Europe for the 1990s' desiderated by one friend is obviously not to be found in these pages—if it could, or should, be found anywhere. I have also continued to maintain a certain reserve over the ultimate intentions and attitudes, both moral and literary, of the *Iliad*'s monumental composer. That may be frustrating to some, but a commentator's first aim should be, not to provide ready-made answers to all possible **questions** at whatever level of generality, but to help his users make their own attempts to do so. Meanwhile (as a visit to the recent F.I.E.C. congress in Pisa served to remind one), on many points of Homeric interpretation, not least over **questions** of religion, a distinctly personal, not to say visceral response is still preferred by many scholars.

G. S. Kirk, Preface (The Iliad: A Commentary, Volume 2, Books 5–8)

*Anglophone North School District, Turn **Questions** into Comments (http://asd-n.nbed.nb.ca)*

Chief Liang belches into the phone. "It was probably some sex-crazed farmer who saw the girl on the street and followed her home."

Lu's gut tells him it wasn't just a libidinous farmer. "We'll see about that, Chief. In the meantime, enjoy the rest of your evening."

"My evening is already ruined." Liang hangs up.

Lu hopes the chief is nearly done drinking for the night. It will be a huge loss of face for the Raven Valley PSB if he shows up to greet the CIB reeking of booze and cheap perfume.

Lu finishes his coffee and briefly considers going home. Instead, he takes one of the patrol cars and drives to Kangjian Lane. He sits outside the Yang residence for a few minutes, listening to the engine tick, watching the neighborhood sleep. Then he gets out, opens the trunk, collects a pair of latex gloves, ducks under police tape, and approaches the front door of the house.

"It's me," he calls out. He doesn't want to give Big Wang and Li the Mute a heart attack by just barging in. He opens the front door and enters.

Wang and Li stand at attention. Li runs a hand across his tousled hair. Clearly, both have been sleeping, despite the cold and their initial fear of being left alone in the house.

"What did I miss?" Lu asks.

"Some nosy neighbors came by," Big Wang says. "Asking **questions** and so on. I had to shoo them away."

"Okay, you two can go home," Lu says. "But first, return the patrol car parked out front to the station, and be in before noon tomorrow. We have a team arriving from Beijing, and I need all hands on deck."

"I've been on duty since eight this morning," Big Wang says. "That's sixteen hours, and you want me to work tomorrow too?"

"Your commitment to the citizens of Raven Valley is noted, Constable Wang," Lu says dryly. "See you tomorrow before noon."

Brian Klingborg, City of Ice

sample preview

*Answer The **Question** . . .*
4.0 out of 5 stars

Poisoned Ground, the second TPB in Denny O'Neil's *The **Question*** series from the 80's, takes an even darker tone than the issues found in its predecessor, as Vic "Charlie" Sage, AKA The **Question**, continues to wage his war against the corrupt in Hub City. *Poisoned Ground* begins with Charlie forming a brief alliance of sorts with a crimelord that was raised by wolves (yes, you read that right), and later on attempts to rescue his friend Tot after he's kidnapped. While all this is going on, Charlie finds himself getting ever distant from his true love Myra. Had *The **Question*** series been in the hands of a lesser writer, there could have been much here that would just come off as laughable. However, legendary superhero writer Denny O'Neil is so good at writing these types of gritty and noir-ish stories that you can't help but enjoy it. Some of the artwork from Denys Cowan and Rick Magyer may be a little dated (seeing The **Question** with a mullet just induces laughs), but it manages to do the job regardless. All in all, if you enjoyed *Zen & Violence*, chances are that you'll dig *Poisoned Ground* too.

—N. Durham

Im glad i bought it
4.0 out of 5 stars

This is a excellent collection of *The **Question*** comics. It has interesting stories and starts to go into the mentality and cases that form the **question**. Although later he joins that Justice Leauge and becomes known as a conspiracy theroist, this novel portrays him as a solid crime fighter in a city packed with crime. It was in excellent conditions there was plenty to read and i reccomend it for all **Question** fans.

—Sierra Marsh

*I love the **question** great character*
5.0 out of 5 stars

I love the **question** great character

—louis pedroza

Underrated Treasure
4.0 out of 5 stars

The second collected *The **Question*** book from Dennis O'Neal's run really expands on the themes of the first. Here, you see what is going on inside The **Question** (Vic Sage)'s head, something that all recent works lack. If you are a fan of the grittier side of the DC universe, get this book.

—Zachary P. Stewart

Mature audiences only
2.0 out of 5 stars

This graphic novel, a collection of the comic books, needs a warning label.

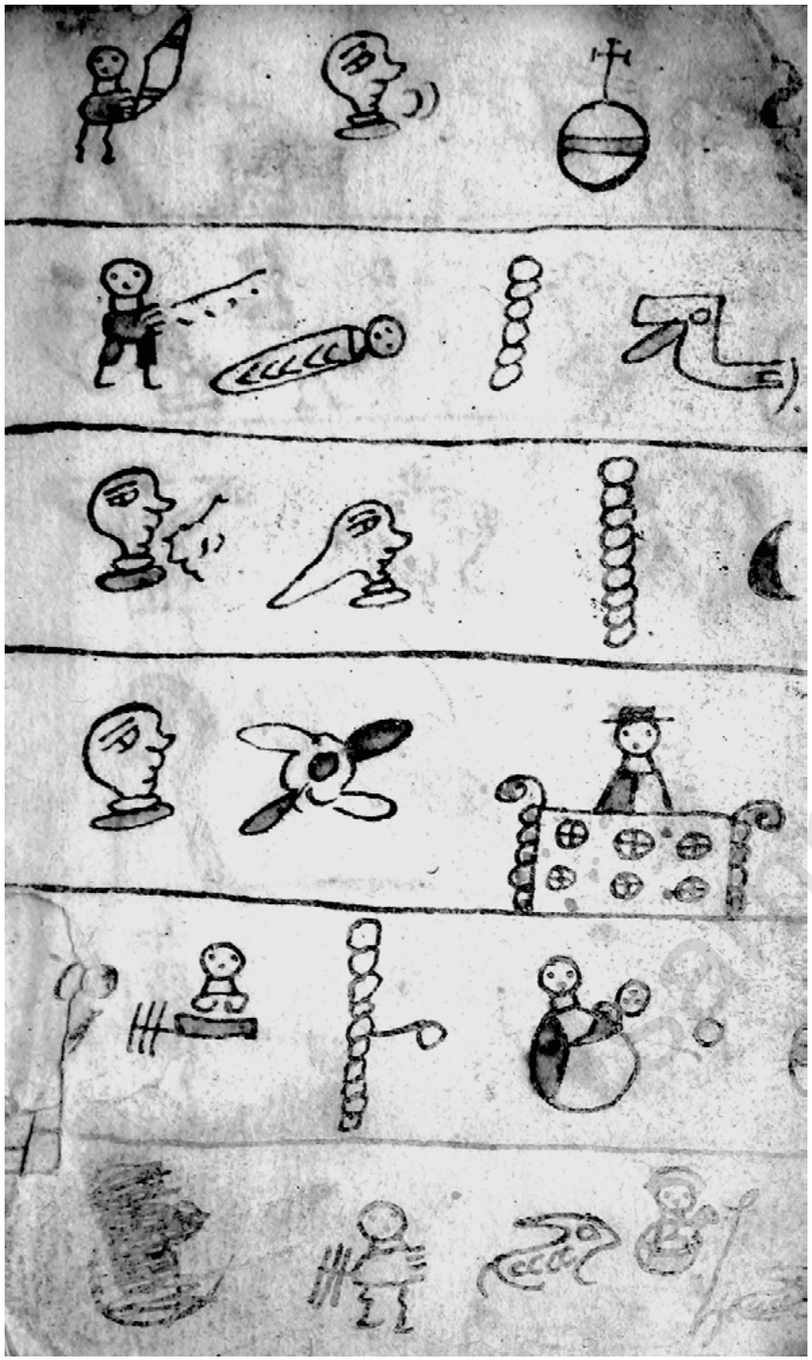
I'm sure some will enjoy the gritty, cynical, graphic, and unremittingly liberal plot lines, but I wasn't one of them. The scratchy artwork was interesting at first, but soon, for me, became tiring, almost as if it were a caricature of comic book art. If it had a redeeming quality, it was in the fact that there wasn't a super-power in sight. But, eventually, I began to wonder how many times the **Question** can be beaten into unconsciousness and still remain alive.

Ah well. I would recommend another book. I'm glad I picked it up very cheaply.

—BarClay

*Dennis O'Neil and Denys Cowan, The **Question**, Vol. 2: Poisoned Ground (Amazon Customer Reviews)*

sample preview



Testerian Catechism, Mexico, 18th century (John Carter Brown Library)

Sample preview

Rob Kovitz

Frequently Asked **Questions**

Volume 2

Treyf Books
Keep Refrigerated

Frequently Asked **Questions**
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Winnipeg Arts Council

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Front and back cover:
*Nick Turnbull, Michel Meyer's Problematology: **Questioning** and Society*
Front and back flyleaf:
Testerian Catechism (detail), Mexico, 18th century (John Carter Brown Library)

sample preview

Dedication (continued)

Meanwhile Nebuška loyally toiled over the *Brouček* vocal score, sensibly suggesting shortening the title, checking characters and stage directions, and eventually sending it off to Leipzig for engraving. One of Nebuška's **questions** was where the dedication of the opera should go: at the top of the title page, which was normal practice, or did Janáček expressly wish to take up a whole page with it (as his manuscript vocal score did)? An even better **question** would have been about the dedication itself.

John Tyrrell, Janacek: Years of a Life, Volume 2 (1914–1928): Tsar of the Forests

No one had thought of a dedication, but it occurred to no one to **question** it. And the answer was inevitable.

"You'd ought to do that," they said to Jane: For who else of their number had ever published poems in the Katy Town Epitome, and whom else had its editor asked to "do special funeral and wedding write-ups"?

Jane nodded and hid her relief, and presently faced the **question** which all along she had been dreading:

Zona Gale, White Bread (Best Short Stories Omnibus, Volume 2)

Cabot Solutions, 10 ***Questions*** *You Should Ask Before Hiring a Dedicated Engineering Team (cabotsolutions.com)*

If you are asked to define the word “dedication”, what will be your answer?

Quora User
Works at Davet E Davet Caterer
Author has 201 answers and 198.4K answer views

What is dedication?

The answer is inside the **question**

Dedication means

De Addiction

The addiction

when you Love something. when something is your passion and you take action with your 100% over it . It is called dedication.

Note: Deication neither be created nor be distroyed . All you need to be present and work on your tiny little highest excitments

411 views

View upvotes

Quora.com, If You Are Asked to Define the Word “Dedication”, What Will Be Your Answer?

The **question** of dedication assented to by the Crown is one for the jury, and it ought to have been distinctly left to them. They ought also to have been asked as to whether there was an adoption of the bridge by the public. It is submitted that, upon the grounds in the notice of motion, there ought to be a new trial.

Reports of All the Cases Decided by All the Superior Courts Relating to Magistrates, Municipal, and Parochial Law (Reprinted From the “Law Times” Reports), Vol. II

sample preview

Won't somebody please think of the children!?

*Louis J. Gasnier (director), Reefer Madness (aka Tell Your Children, aka The Burning **Question**), 1936 (wrongsideoftheart.com)*

Copyright & Fair Use **Frequently Asked Questions** (continued)

It is an infringement of copyright to do, without permission from the copyright owner, any act that only the owner is entitled to do.

*University of Toronto Libraries, Copyright Basics and **FAQ***

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The following is a general Q/A format presentation of what many experts regard as a nuanced and complex legal subject matter area. In addition, it is one in which advice will vary depending on the specific facts involved in each **question** or matter. Seemingly slight factual variations can alter the analysis and outcome of a given **question** or scenario. Therefore, it is very important to consult with counsel before taking any action in this area, and to not rely exclusively on the information contained in this Q/A. Nothing contained on this site or its related links may be construed as legal advice from the OVPGC on a given matter. Members of the IU community should consult the OVPGC directly on specific legal issues or matters.

*Indiana University, Copyright & Fair Use **Frequently Asked Questions***

What can I reproduce from a copyrighted work without permission? (or: What is Fair Use?)

Although you generally cannot put an entire copyrighted work on the Web without permission, you can make limited use of copyrighted material.

In most countries, people are allowed to make limited use of such works in their own writings, or copy the work to a limited extent, for purposes that include commentary, criticism, education, research, and news reporting. This right is known as "fair use" in the United States, and as "fair dealing" in many other countries.

Here's a brief explanation of fair use in the United States, which I've largely lifted from a PDF form letter (FL 102) sent out by the US Copyright Office. (The original form letter, as a government publication, is in the public domain. The Copyright Office is not responsible for the changes I've made here.)

*John Mark Ockerbloom, The Online Books Page **Frequently Asked Questions***

Isn't fair use pretty vague? I need to have clear guidelines, not just for me, but for my staff.

The law codifying fair use was designed to be broad and flexible, and judges usually understand that. Fair use will apply differently to different users in different situations. That may seem frustrating, but it can also be liberating, especially for communities that have a code of best practices. It means that fair use law, as it evolves, may be responsive to a profession's norms and conditions. The Code's principles and limitations are grounded in the particular practices of the visual arts professions and values, and tailored to key practice contexts. So, although fair use determinations need to be made on a case-by-case basis, some cases come up all the time; decisions based on reason can be applied to the same kind of situation ever more quickly as you and your staff become comfortable with the process.

*College Art Association, Code of Best Practices in Fair Use for the Visual Arts > **Frequently Asked Questions***

sample preview

What are the maximum criminal penalties for copyright infringement?

In the U.S., penalties for criminal copyright infringement can include fines up to $250,000 and/or imprisonment of up to five years.

Other countries have territory specific penalties.

Symantec, Anti-Piracy ***Frequently Asked Questions***

Yet, criminalizing infringement may actually cause a greater harm. To the extent it chills legitimate use of protected material, creation of new material becomes less certain and more expensive. In this case, the risk of a decline in productive activity caused by infringement must be balanced against the possibility that criminalization may result in over-deterrence and, in the long run, a decline in innovation. The blunt instrument of criminal law undermines a critical balance between the two goals of copyright policy, to protect public access to copyrighted material and to motivate production of new creative work.

In addition, identifying harm as an injury to the national interest in encouraging innovation ignores potential harm to the second prong of copyright policy, to maintain public access to protected material during the copyright term. The NET and especially the DMCA are likely to inhibit fair use of copyrighted material and to undermine that purpose by reducing public use. Finally, harm to national policy is also an accumulated harm; in this case a risk that authors will reduce their productive activity. Yet the causal contribution of any user to the risk of a decline in innovation is so attenuated and slight as to call the justification into **question**. Taking all of these considerations into account, the harm principle provides, at most, only equivocal support for criminalization of personal use infringement.

Geraldine Szott Moohr, The Crime of Copyright Infringement: An Inquiry Based on Morality, Harm, and Criminal Theory (Boston University Law Review)

"Yes, and there will always be injured people and they always take 'em to the hospital. That's where you'll be waiting."

"It'll work, Zola, because we'll make it work," Mark said. "Just the three of us, all for one, one for all. Equal partners to the very end."

"And what's the end, guys? What is your endgame?"

"Survival," Todd said. "We'll survive by hiding and pretending to be other people. We'll hustle the streets because there's no turning back."

"And if we get caught?"

Mark and Todd took a sip and thought about an answer. Finally, Mark said, "If we get caught, we simply walk away again. Vanish."

"A life on the run," she said.

"We're running now," Todd said. "You might not want to admit it, but that's what we're doing. We're living a life that's not sustainable, so we have no choice but to run."

Mark cracked his knuckles and said, "Here's the deal, Zola. We're in this together, thick as thieves and loyal to the end. We have to agree, right now, up front, that if it becomes necessary, we leave together."

"And go where?"

"We'll worry about that when the time comes."

"What about your families?" she asked. "Have you told them?"

They hesitated, and the pause conveyed the answer. Mark said, "No, I have not told

my mother, because she has enough problems right now. She thinks I'm in class and looking forward to graduation with a nice job all lined up. I suppose I'll wait a couple of months, then lie and tell her I'm taking a semester off. I don't know. I'll think of something."

"And you?" she asked Todd.

"Same here," he said. "Right now I don't have the balls to tell my parents. I'm not sure which version of the truth sounds worse. On the one hand, I'm $200,000 in debt and have no job. On the other hand, I've dropped out and decided to make a buck hustling DUIs for cash with a new identity. I'll wait, like Mark, and think of something later."

"And if the scheme blows up and you get into trouble?"

"It won't happen, Zola," Mark said.

"I'd like to believe you but I'm not convinced you know what you're talking about."

"We're not convinced either," Todd said. "But we've made our decision and there's no turning back. The **question** is whether or not you're with us."

John Grisham, The Rooster Bar

sample preview

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sample pre

Will All These Characters Make It Out Alive? (I Hope So!)

*Belen Edwards, 11 Burning **Questions** That 'Stranger Things 4: Volume 2' Better Answer: Vecna Fan Theories, Steve's Fate, and More (mashable.com)*

*Jalal al-Din Rumi, A Mosque Scene and the **Question** of the Length of Pubic Hair, 1663*
Ink and pigments on thin laid paper, 10.4 x 5.9 in., Baltimore, The Walters Art Museum

The Next **Question** About My Sexuality

*In Newark and the surrounding suburbs this apparently is the **question** on everybody's lips*

Do all Sabbath-breakers deserve death, in the sight of the Lord?

*Harvey Newcomb, Newcomb's First **Question** Book*

It went on for about an hour and seven minutes.

At the end Mrs. Mudge spoke with more vigor and punctuation:

"Now let me suggest to all of you the advantages of the Theosophical and Pantheistic Oriental Reading Circle, which I represent. Our object is to unite all the manifestations of the New Era into one cohesive whole—New Thought, Christian Science, Theosophy, Vedanta, Bahaism, and the other sparks from the one New Light. The subscription is but ten dollars a year, and for this mere pittance the members receive not only the monthly magazine, *Pearls of Healing,* but the privilege of sending right to the president, our revered Mother Dobbs, any **questions** regarding spiritual progress, matrimonial problems, health and well-being **questions**, financial difficulties, and—"

They listened to her with adoring attention. They looked genteel. They looked ironed-out. They coughed politely, and crossed their legs with quietness, and in expensive linen handkerchiefs they blew their noses with a delicacy altogether optimistic and refined.

As for Babbitt, he sat and suffered.

When they were blessedly out in the air again, when they drove home through a wind smelling of snow and honest sun, he dared not speak. They had been too near to quarreling, these days. Mrs. Babbitt forced it:

"Did you enjoy Mrs. Mudge's talk?"

"Well I—What did you get out of it?"

"Oh, it starts a person thinking. It gets you out of a routine of ordinary thoughts."

"Well, I'll hand it to Opal she isn't ordinary, but gosh—Honest, did that stuff mean anything to you?"

"Of course I'm not trained in metaphysics, and there was lots I couldn't quite grasp, but I did feel it was inspiring. And she speaks so readily. I do think you ought to have got something out of it."

Sinclair Lewis, Babbitt

'Unlike Jesus Christ, I can't find any joy in wanting to not exist or in suffering.

'The next **question** about my sexuality is: Why am I lower than Jesus Christ? Why do I suffer more than anyone else suffers? Why is there human unhappiness?

'When I was a child, I thought about this problem a lot. I decided: Since there can't be smoke without fire, such unhappiness is real. There must be something wrong with

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me. I'm not only not like other females, I'm not like other humans. (I was too young to know everyone's not like other humans.

Kathy Acker, Don Quixote, Which Was a Dream

Up to what point can the Mongolian, and even the Jewish race, become mixed with our Aryan or Indo-Germanic races, without gradually supplanting them and causing them to disappear? This is a **question** I am incapable of answering. If it were only a **question** of the Japanese there would be no serious difficulty and the assimilation would be beneficial. But the Chinese and some other Mongolian races constitute an imminent danger for the very existence of the white races. These people eat much less than ourselves, are contented with much smaller dwellings, and in spite of this produce twice as many children and do twice as much work. The connection of this with the sexual **question** is not difficult to understand.

Possibly we might make a compact with the Mongols, and the Chinese in particular, which would allow both races to live on the earth without annihilating each other. I am quite convinced that we have more to fear from their blood and their work than from their arms. Some time ago experts in Far-Eastern **questions** predicted that the world would end by becoming Chinese.

*Auguste Forel and C. F. Marshall, The Sexual **Question**; A Scientific, Psychological, Hygienic and Sociological Study*

James almost wept from fear, and Evans said, "If we had guns we could shoot that guy in the back of his head and leave him laying, doesn't he know that?" "Jesus God!" Fisher shouted. He kicked viciously at the wall of the cabin. The truck stopped again. "Now see what you done!" Houston cried. "These bastards are gonna kill us now!" Only one—Flatt—popped up at the rear. "GI!" he shouted. "GI motherfucker! Incoming!" One at a time he tossed in three cans of Budweiser beer. "That was a stupid gag," he admitted.

"Goddamn right," Fisher said.

"Well, anyway, those are real-ass stateside cans of Bud with pull tabs. Eat up them beers, and no hard feelings."

Fisher continued as spokesman: "*Yes* hard feelings! Jesus God! What are you, a goddamn NVA Vietcong *spy*?" He popped his beer and foam sprayed everywhere and he cried, "Fuck!"

"We're taking an R-and-R detour," the man said. "Have you ever had sideways pussy?"

The three had rearranged themselves now on the benches. Nobody replied.

"I repeat: Have you ever had sideways pussy?"

They continued pondering the **question**.

Denis Johnson, Tree of Smoke

Innumerable millions of passengers had polished the wood of the turnstile with their hips. From this arose a feeling of communion—brotherhood in one of its cheapest forms. This was serious, thought Herzog as he passed through. The more individuals are destroyed (by processes such as I know) the worse their yearning for collectivity. Worse, because they return to the mass agitated, made fervent by their failure. Not as brethren, but as degenerates. Experiencing a raging consumption of potato love. Thus occurs a second distortion of divine image, already so blurred, wavering, struggling. The real **question**! He stood looking down at the tracks. The most real **question**!

Saul Bellow, Herzog

But not to complain—not with a full erection to attend to. They met in a headlong clash near the tabernacle, against which they soon crashed. Fish reached inside and withdrew a chalice intended for the next Mass. He poured the wine over her breasts; it spilled down their abdomens and soaked their genitals. She was dangerously aroused by this, and when he began to lick the wine from her nipples she launched into a shrieking oratory and smashed a nearby madonna figurine.

They fucked on the dais that held the Bible, itself heaved aside and sent tumbling to the floor with an ignominious crash. They put holy wafers on their tongues and French-kissed, allowing the putative body of Christ to dissolve in their communal saliva. As for the Man himself, he gazed down from his gilt prison with great sorrow—or was it perhaps longing, or even jealousy?

Sweat puddled between them, augmenting his desire. Her neck tasted of salt. Wasn't there something eminently divine about their naked, lubricious bodies, galvanized in this febrile clasp? Wasn't this what Catholicism *should* be? A theology where purity arose from orgasm, and not abstinence? PYNCHED had been right all along: there was no surer way to save the ailing Catholic Church than to elevate fucking to sacramental status. *The holy estate of fucking . . .* All that was needed was an inversion of the party line, and the faithful would return in droves. Confession would assume a whole new significance. *(Forgive me Father for I have sinned; it has been two days since I fucked . . .)*

She was bending over the railing in front of the altar. He stood immediately behind, thrusting away, his hands cupping her breasts, while she in turn reached beneath the railing and stroked herself. He hadn't felt this good in ages.

The doors rattled.

He looked up, alarmed, and ceased his motion. "Come on!" she snapped, gyrating her hips.

"They're locked!"

The proximity of a third party began to arouse him even further. The doors shuddered, as if in the grip of some poltergeist, and he felt himself turning along that last avenue, the mall that leads to the palace, and everything was sweat and flesh and cunt and cum and a key turned in the lock and the door opened.

Silhouetted in the doorway, framed starkly against the daylight outside, stood the unmistakable ursine form of Bishop Abdul, the surly Lebanese prelate from the local archdiocese.

The lovers did not part, did not rush to conceal their nakedness as Adam and Eve were said to have done. They remained exhaustedly conjoined, sagging in tandem against the railing. Abdul advanced slowly up the nave, his face expressionless, his black beard seeming like the vanguard of some forthcoming assault from those grim lips.

"May I ask," he queried, cocking his head slightly, "may I ask what it is you're doing?" The **question** was not rhetorical: he seemed genuinely curious.

Fish, still panting, licked wine-stained lips. "I was hearing this woman's confession," he said querulously, as if his current disposition were the most natural consequence of that duty. "And this—well, this is her penance."

"Very interesting," said Abdul, advancing still further. "I thought perhaps you were purging her of demons."

"Well," said Fish, trembling now, "that too."

Todd Wiggins, Zeitgeist

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The hypothesis that those whom we love best turn into demons after death obviously allows us to put a further **question**. What prompted primitive races to ascribe such a change of sentiment to the beloved dead? Why did they make demons out of them? According to Westermarck this **question** is easily answered [81]. "As death is usually considered the worst calamity that can overtake man, it is believed that the deceased are very dissatisfied with their lot. Primitive races believe that death comes only through being slain, whether by violence or by magic, and this is considered already sufficient reason for the soul to be vindictive and irritable. The soul presumably envies the living and longs for the company of its former kin; we can therefore understand that the soul should seek to kill them with diseases in order to be re-united with them . . .

Sigmund Freud, Totem and Taboo: Resemblances Between the Psychic Lives of Savages and Neurotics

I bring ye love. ***Quest***. What will love do?
Ans. Like, and dislike ye.
I bring ye love. ***Quest***. What will love do?
Ans. Stroke ye, to strike ye.
I bring ye love. ***Quest***. What will love do?
Ans. Love will be-fool ye.
I bring ye love. ***Quest***. What will love do?
Ans. Heat ye to cool ye.
I bring ye love. ***Quest***. What will love do?
Ans. Love gifts will send ye.
I bring ye love. ***Quest***. What will love do?
Ans. Stock ye, to spend ye.
I bring ye love. ***Quest***. What will love do?
Ans. Love will fulfil ye.
I bring ye love. ***Quest***. What will love do?
Ans. Kiss ye, to kill ye.

Robert Herrick, Upon Love, by Way of ***Question*** *and Answer (Hesperides: or, The Works Both Humane & Divine of Robert Herrick Esq.)*

Those who dwell above the Crestonians do as follows:—each man has many wives, and when any man of them is dead, a great competition takes place among his wives, with much exertion on the part of their friends, about the **question** of which of them was most loved by their husband; and she who is preferred by the decision and so honoured, is first praised by both men and women, then her throat is cut over the tomb by her nearest of kin, and afterwards she is buried together with her husband; and the others are exceedingly grieved at it, for this is counted as the greatest reproach to them.

Herodotus, The History

The eternal **question** of the life connubial, needless to say, cropped up. Can real love, supposing there happens to be another chap in the case, exist between married folk?

James Joyce, Ulysses

Marie came that evening and asked me if I'd marry her. I said I didn't mind; if she was keen on it, we'd get married.

Then she asked me again if I loved her. I replied, much as before, that her **question** meant nothing or next to nothing—but I supposed I didn't.

"If that's how you feel," she said, "why marry me?"

I explained that it had no importance really, but, if it would give her pleasure, we could get married right away. I pointed out that, anyhow, the suggestion came from her; as for me, I'd merely said, "Yes."

Then she remarked that marriage was a serious matter. To which I answered: "No." She kept silent after that, staring at me in a curious way. Then she asked: "Suppose another girl had asked you to marry her—I mean, a girl you liked in the same way as you like me—would you have said 'Yes' to her, too?"

"Naturally."

Then she said she wondered if she really loved me or not. I, of course, couldn't enlighten her as to that. And, after another silence, she murmured something about my being "a queer fellow."

"And I daresay that's why I love you," she added. "But maybe that's why one day I'll come to hate you."

To which I had nothing to say, so I said nothing.

Albert Camus, The Stranger

A **question** to the nation: Is boredom socially necessary? There's no doubt that it's prevalent. Says Judith Seifer, former president of the American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors, and Therapists: "Sexual boredom is the most pandemic dysfunction in this country." Or as philosopher Denis de Rougemont puts it in *Love in the Western World,* regarding our penchant for fetishizing stability as a facile solution to love's dilemmas: "To wish marriage to be based on such 'happiness' implies in men and women today a capacity for boredom which is almost morbid." (Apparently not one given to optimism on the subject, he also wonders whether there's just something fatal to marriage at the heart of human longing.)

Laura Kipnis, Against Love: A Polemic

All she noticed was that Dasha looked rather tired, and that she was even quieter and more apathetic than she used to be. After their morning tea, according to their invariable custom, they sat down to needlework. Varvara Petrovna demanded from her a full account of her impressions abroad, especially of nature, of the inhabitants, of the towns, the customs, their arts and commerce—of everything she had time to observe. She asked no **questions** about the Drozdovs or how she had got on with them. Dasha, sitting beside her at the worktable helping her with the embroidery, talked for half an hour in her even, monotonous, but rather weak voice.

"Darya!" Varvara Petrovna interrupted suddenly, "is there nothing special you want to tell me?"

"No, nothing," said Dasha, after a moment's thought, and she glanced at Varvara Petrovna with her light-coloured eyes.

"Nothing on your soul, on your heart, or your conscience?"

"Nothing," Dasha repeated, quietly, but with a sort of sullen firmness.

"I knew there wasn't! Believe me, Darya, I shall never doubt you. Now sit still and listen. In front of me, on that chair. I want to see the whole of you. That's right. Listen, do you want to be married?"

Dasha responded with a long, inquiring, but not greatly astonished look.

"Stay, hold your tongue. In the first place there is a very great difference in age, but

Sample preview

of course you know better than anyone what nonsense that is. You're a sensible girl, and there must be no mistakes in your life. Besides, he's still a handsome man . . . In short, Stepan Trofimovitch, for whom you have always had such a respect. Well?"

Dasha looked at her still more inquiringly, and this time not simply with surprise; she blushed perceptibly.

"Stay, hold your tongue, don't be in a hurry! Though you will have money under my will, yet when I die, what will become of you, even if you have money? You'll be deceived and robbed of your money, you'll be lost in fact. But married to him you're the wife of a distinguished man. Look at him on the other hand. Though I've provided for him, if I die what will become of him? But I could trust him to you. Stay, I've not finished. He's frivolous, shillyshally, cruel, egoistic, he has low habits. But mind you think highly of him, in the first place because there are many worse. I don't want to get you off my hands by marrying you to a rascal, you don't imagine anything of that sort, do you? And, above all, because I ask you, you'll think highly of him,"—

She broke off suddenly and irritably. "Do you hear? Why won't you say something?"

Dasha still listened and did not speak.

"Stay, wait a little. He's an old woman, but you know, that's all the better for you. Besides, he's a pathetic old woman. He doesn't deserve to be loved by a woman at all, but he deserves to be loved for his helplessness, and you must love him for his helplessness. You understand me, don't you? Do you understand me?"

Dasha nodded her head affirmatively.

Fyodor Dostoyevsky, The Possessed; or, The Devils

The **question** I am left with is the **question** of her loneliness.
And I prefer to put it off.

Anne Carson, The Glass Essay

Lord Henry sipped his champagne in a meditative manner. "At what particular point did you mention the word marriage, Dorian? And what did she say in answer? Perhaps you forgot all about it."

"My dear Harry, I did not treat it as a business transaction, and I did not make any formal proposal. I told her that I loved her, and she said she was not worthy to be my wife. Not worthy! Why, the whole world is nothing to me compared with her."

"Women are wonderfully practical," murmured Lord Henry, "much more practical than we are. In situations of that kind we often forget to say anything about marriage, and they always remind us."

Hallward laid his hand upon his arm. "Don't, Harry. You have annoyed Dorian. He is not like other men. He would never bring misery upon any one. His nature is too fine for that."

Lord Henry looked across the table. "Dorian is never annoyed with me," he answered. "I asked the **question** for the best reason possible, for the only reason, indeed, that excuses one for asking any **question**—simple curiosity. I have a theory that it is always the women who propose to us, and not we who propose to the women. Except, of course, in middle-class life. But then the middle classes are not modern."

Oscar Wilde, The Picture of Dorian Gray

And you, the implication is, when are you going to get married already? In Newark and

the surrounding suburbs this apparently is the **question** on everybody's lips: WHEN IS ALEXANDER PORTNOY GOING TO STOP BEING SELFISH AND GIVE HIS PARENTS, WHO ARE SUCH WONDERFUL PEOPLE, GRANDCHILDREN? "Well," says my father, the tears brimming up in his eyes, "well," he asks, *every single time I see him,* "is there a serious girl in the picture, Big Shot? Excuse me for asking, I'm only your father, but since I'm not going to be alive forever, and you in case you forgot carry the family name, I wonder if maybe you could let me in on the secret."

Philip Roth, Portnoy's Complaint

Later I realized he believed I was gay, had taken a rather impressive, if premature, position on my sexuality. At the time I thought he was just veering off topic, which I guess he was doing as well.

"Seriously, you can love anybody, and I will love you."

"Thanks, Dad."

"No, really, I mean it."

"I know, Dad."

"Oysters *and* snails. Ever see that movie?"

"Saw it with you. On TV. But they didn t have that part. You told me about it."

"Spahtakus,"he said, "I love you, Spahtakus. Remember?

"That's what's-his-face."

"Right," I said.

"There's no shame in men loving men," he said. "There's only shame if there's shame. You get me?"

"Sure, Dad."

"I don't go in for all that macho crap," he said. "In fact, even though your mother goes to all those meetings, I'm a better feminist than she is. You want to know why?"

"Why?"

"Because I'm objective. I'm not a woman, so I can see it all very clearly. And they are absolutely right. We are pieces of shit."

"We are?"

"Not you. You're a good boy. I can tell you want to be a bad boy but you don't have it in you. Or maybe Claudia drained it out of you. I shouldn't say that. She's going through a lot of changes. So am I. Change or die, they say. And who, you may ask, are they?"

"Huh?"

"I said, 'Who, you may ask, are they?'"

"Who?" I said.

"Who is who?"

"Who are they?" I said.

"Third base," said my father, laughed.

He loved the old routines, even if he never quite got how they worked. Maybe he liked those movies, the spit takes and predictable trickery, because they gave him occasion to dream, to watch the better movie in his head, or even just browse for an interior state. When you did that without a television, people worried, asked if you'd like to see a professional.

"But who's on first?" I said now, tried to get him going.

"You're a good kid," he said. "It's not your fault."

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I thought he meant it wasn't my fault that he didn't love me enough. But he probably meant something else. The phrase "good kid" made me shudder now, especially when I looked at Bernie. I'd spoken those words myself on occasion, knew them for the flail scared fathers wielded to fend off the love of their sons.

Sam Lipsyte, The Ask

As I said earlier in this chapter, I believe there's no **question** God wants us out of debt. I also believe there's no **question** God is willing to do whatever it takes to get us out of debt. How do I know that? You and I entered this world in debt to sin. God knew that wasn't good. So He sent His own Son to pay off the debt we could never pay in order that we could be free. John 8:36 says, "So if the Son sets you free, you will be free indeed." There's no freedom and certainly no feeling in the world like being free from the debt of sin. The next best feeling is to be free from the debts of this world. God will help you with those, too!

Barry L. Cameron, The ABC's of Financial Freedom

That aside, however, the **question** remains of how a family so adept at life should have produced a scion forever on the verge of a nervous breakdown, a paradox which long puzzled Swinburne's biographers as they eagerly teased at his family descent and hereditary make-up, till at length they agreed to describe the poet of Atalanta in Calydon as an epigenetic phenomenon sprung from the void, as it were, from beyond all natural possibility.

W. G. Sebald, The Rings of Saturn

It was inevitable that a person of so remarkable an appearance and bearing should form a frequent topic in such a village as Iping. Opinion was greatly divided about his occupation. Mrs. Hall was sensitive on the point. When **questioned**, she explained very carefully that he was an "experimental investigator," going gingerly over the syllables as one who dreads pitfalls. When asked what an experimental investigator was, she would say with a touch of superiority that most educated people knew such things as that, and would thus explain that he "discovered things." Her visitor had had an accident, she said, which temporarily discoloured his face and hands, and being of a sensitive disposition, he was averse to any public notice of the fact.

Out of her hearing there was a view largely entertained that he was a criminal trying to escape from justice by wrapping himself up so as to conceal himself altogether from the eye of the police. This idea sprang from the brain of Mr. Teddy Henfrey. No crime of any magnitude dating from the middle or end of February was known to have occurred. Elaborated in the imagination of Mr. Gould, the probationary assistant in the National School, this theory took the form that the stranger was an Anarchist in disguise, preparing explosives, and he resolved to undertake such detective operations as his time permitted. These consisted for the most part in looking very hard at the stranger whenever they met, or in asking people who had never seen the stranger, leading **questions** about him. But he detected nothing.

H. G. Wells, The Invisible Man: A Grotesque Romance

"Nothing!" exclaimed Verloc, stirring not a limb, and not raising his eyes, but with the note of sincere feeling in his tone. "I have several times prevented what might have been—"

"There is a proverb in this country which says prevention is better than cure,"

interrupted Mr Vladimir, throwing himself into the armchair. "It is stupid in a general way. There is no end to prevention. But it is characteristic. They dislike finality in this country. Don't you be too English. And in this particular instance, don't be absurd. The evil is already here. We don't want prevention—we want cure."

He paused, turned to the desk, and turning over some papers lying there, spoke in a changed, business-like tone, without looking at Mr Verloc.

"You know, of course, of the International Conference assembled in Milan?"

Mr Verloc intimated hoarsely that he was in the habit of reading the daily papers. To a further **question** his answer was that, of course, he understood what he read. At this Mr Vladimir, smiling faintly at the documents he was still scanning one after another, murmured, "As long as it is not written in Latin, I suppose."

"Or Chinese," added Mr Verloc, stolidly.

"H'm. Some of your revolutionary friends' effusions are written in a *charabia* every bit as incomprehensible as Chinese—" Mr Vladimir let fall disdainfully a grey sheet of printed matter. "What are all these leaflets headed F.P., with a hammer, pen, and torch crossed? What does it mean, this F.P.?" Mr Verloc approached the imposing writing-table.

Joseph Conrad, The Secret Agent

But now we come to the nub of the **question**, the hub of the turning wheel of the teachings: What figure does the solitary cut in the human tapestry? What is the usefulness of sitting alone at one's desk and writing, especially writing those vast seas of pages that will see only the recycling bin? What is the usefulness of meditation, or of prayer? What is the usefulness of the solitary?

Fenton Johnson, Going It Alone: The Dignity and Challenge of Solitude (Harper's Magazine)

"And one day I thought: a landscape which, let us say, by its objective majesty evokes the idea of God can, of course, equally well evoke his absence. God was created after the image and likeness of men. This is what everyone grasps in the end, except people who never grasp anything. But I despise people, including"—here was a slight raising of the tone, which gave the word a clipped independence, so that it hovered briefly, in isolation and pregnant with meaning, in the open space between them—"myself, of course. I detest myself. But however much I love dogs and mountains, I was nevertheless unable to imagine God in the shape of a dog or a skier going down a slope into the valley. Can you picture it? Seen from a distance the tiny human figure looks black. It writes itself like calligraphy on the white sheet of snow. A long, graceful movement, a mysterious, illegible letter being written, something that is there and is suddenly no longer there. It is lost from sight. It wrote itself and left nothing behind. For the first time I was alone in the world, but I would not miss Him. God sounds like an answer— that is what is most pernicious about the word. It has so often been used as an answer. He should have had a name that sounded like a **question**. I never asked to be alone in the world, but then, nobody does. Do you ever think about these things?"

Cees Nooteboom, Rituals

"He's a drunkard and a worthless fellow," Shatov muttered with apparent reluctance.

"Is he always so stupid?"

"No, he's not stupid at all when he's not drunk."

"I used to know a general who wrote verses exactly like that," I observed, laughing.

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"One can see from the letter that he is clever enough for his own purposes," Mavriky Nikolaevitch, who had till then been silent, put in unexpectedly.

"He lives with some sister?" Liza queried.

"Yes, with his sister."

"They say he tyrannises over her, is that true?"

Shatov looked at Liza again, scowled, and muttering, "What business is it of mine?" moved towards the door.

"Ah, stay!" cried Liza, in a flutter. "Where are you going? We have so much still to talk over . . ."

"What is there to talk over? I'll let you know tomorrow."

"Why, the most important thing of all—the printing-press! Do believe me that I am not in jest, that I really want to work in good earnest!" Liza assured him in growing agitation. "If we decide to publish it, where is it to be printed? You know it's a most important **question**, for we shan't go to Moscow for it, and the printing-press here is out of the **question** for such a publication. I made up my mind long ago to set up a printing-press of my own, in your name perhaps—and I know maman will allow it so long as it is in your name . . ."

Fyodor Dostoyevsky, The Possessed; or, The Devils

But Which? or, Domestic Grievances of the Wolmore Family
Hesitation; Or, To Marry, Or, Not To Marry?
Isn't It Odd? By Marmaduke Merrywhistle
Papa Brick; Or, What Is Death?
The Polish Bandit; Or, Who Is My Bride?
The **Question***, Who Is Anna?*
Says She To Her Neighbour, What? By An Old-Fashioned Englishman.
Think's-I-To-Myself. A Serio-Ludicro, Tragico-Comido Tale, Written By Think's-I-To-Myself Who? In Two Volumes
What D'ye Think Of The World?
Who Can He Be, Or, Who Is His Father?
Who Is The Bridegroom? Or, Nuptial Discoveries
Who's The Murderer?

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Lawrence Evalynon, 100 Actual Titles of Real Eighteenth-Century Novels (The Toast)

Where were my thoughts? What had become of my attention? I was too bewildered to know. I started and looked at my new husband. He seemed to be almost as much bewildered as I was. The same thought had, as I believe, occurred to us both at the same moment. Was it really possible—in spite of his mother's opposition to our marriage—that we were Man and Wife? My aunt Starkweather settled the **question** by a second tap on my shoulder.

Wilkie Collins, The Law and the Lady

Then she had strange ideas.

"When midnight strikes," she said, "you must think of me."

And if he confessed that he had not thought of her, there were floods of reproaches that always ended with the eternal **question**—

"Do you love me?"

"Why, of course I love you," he answered.

"A great deal?"

"Certainly!"

"You haven't loved any others?"

"Did you think you'd got a virgin?" he exclaimed laughing.

Gustave Flaubert, Madame Bovary

"There was a French lady whose name I forget," I said, "and Lady Clarinda—"

"That will do! She is a friend of Mrs. Beauly's. She is sure to know where Mrs. Beauly is. Come to me the moment you have got your information. Find out if the maid is with her: she is the easiest to deal with of the two. Only make the maid open her lips, and we have got Mrs. Beauly. We crush her," he cried, bringing his hand down like lightning on the last languid fly of the season, crawling over the arm of his chair—"we crush her as I crush this fly. Stop! A **question**—a most important **question** in dealing with the maid. Have you got any money?"

"Plenty of money."

He snapped his fingers joyously.

"The maid is ours!" he cried. "It's a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence with the maid. Wait! Another **question**. About your name?"

Wilkie Collins, The Law and the Lady

Simple **questions** such as "What's your name?" and "Where do you live?" fall into the category of personal **questions**, but most are not nearly that straightforward. "How do you feel about . . . ?" or "What do you think . . . ?" **questions** are the kind that may relate to another category of discovery, but they also reveal something about the individual's personality and/or point of view. As soon as you leave the realm of the straightforward personal **question**, pay attention not only to what the answer is, but also to how the **question** is answered. There is more discussion of that latter issue in the subsection "Categories of People."

James O. Pyle and Maryann Karinch, Find Out Anything From Anyone, Anytime: Secrets of Calculated ***Questioning*** *From a Veteran Interrogator*

We were very sad and very tragic that night. For hours and hours we argued the **question** over. But I felt somewhat that I was inextricably caught in my fate, that I could not retreat now from my resolve. I was perhaps, very school-boyish, but I felt that it would be cowardice to back out now. But it was Alice again who perceived a final aspect of the matter.

"Carl," she said to me, her lips very close to mine, "it need not come between our love. After all, ours would be a poor sort of love if it were not more of the mind than of the flesh. We shall remain lovers, but we shall forget mere carnal desire. I shall submit to that operation too!"

G. Peyton Wertenbaker, The Coming of the Ice (Amazing Stories)

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Ever optimistic, heady with love's utopianism, most of us eventually pledge ourselves to unions that will, if successful, far outlast the desire that impelled them into being. The prevailing cultural wisdom is that even if sexual desire tends to be a short-lived phenomenon, nevertheless, that wonderful elixir "mature love" will kick in just in time to save the day, once desire flags. The **question** remaining unaddressed is whether cutting off other possibilities of romance and sexual attraction while there's still some dim chance of attaining them in favor of the more muted pleasures of "mature love" isn't similar to voluntarily amputating a healthy limb: a lot of anesthesia is required and the phantom pain never entirely abates. But if it behooves a society to convince its citizenry that wanting change means personal failure, starting over is shameful, or wanting more satisfaction than you have is illegitimate, clearly grisly acts of self-mutilation will be required.

Laura Kipnis, Against Love: A Polemic

"That's a nice image."

"I rarely employ them. Anyway . . . yumm . . . ginger crystals."

"I'm actually hitting a bit of a rough patch with Maura."

"Rough patch. That's kind of a *dead* image, no. I'm trying to cut down on stock phrases myself. But I'm sorry to hear about your marital woes. Anyway, listen. Melinda wants to do a natural childbirth, but not at that place you met me, the Best Place. She's decided to do it here at home. No epidural, nothing. Fine by me. If she's a glutton for agony, that's her business. I'll be right there, stroking her brow, telling her what a great job she's doing, rah rah. I'll cut the cord. We're banking the cord blood. For bone marrow transplants, stuff like that."

"Do you need a bone marrow transplant?"

"I don't know. Do you?"

"I don't think so."

"Well, this blood won't help you. Oh, and there's also the placenta. Maybe I'll do some kind of face-mask treatment. I'm not eating that crap. Friend of mine slapped his boy Bronco's afterbirth on a Portuguese sweet roll. Ate it with his wife right there on the birthing bed. Did it come with soup? No thanks, I say. Maybe I'll help with the snip-snip."

"The what?"

"The circumcision. We've decided to go with that. It's not a religious thing, it's just that Melinda thinks foreskins are repulsive. Plus they give women cervical cancer."

"Oh," I said. "Yeah. We didn't do Bernie. We went the other way on the **question**. Maura thinks . . . we think it's mutilation."

"No, female circumcision is mutilation, not male. What planet are you on? What they do to the clitoris—man alive! I mean, especially if it's not even part of your culture, that is some brutal shit."

"I've never heard of that," I said.

"Never heard of what?"

"People doing female circumcision when it's not part of their culture."

"That's what I'm saying," said Purdy. "How insane would that be?"

"Will the midwives do a circumcision in your home?"

"No, but Melinda's doctor has already agreed to be here just for that procedure, so we can get everything out of the way in one shot. The midwives and doulas are cool

with it. It will be a melding of opposed philosophies as only a rich motherfucker like myself can engineer."

Sam Lipsyte, The Ask

Mr Dass was too shy to ask you to undress. If you were a man you faced him standing in your stockinged feet, stripped to the waist and clutching at your trousers while your braces dangled round your thighs. Even when he had you lying on your stomach and was working the base of your spine, he exposed only the smallest margin of flesh necessary to his purpose.

And Mr Dass talked. In his caressing oriental lilt. To inspire confidence and forestall intimacy. And sometimes, to stop you dozing off, he asked you **questions**, though today in the alertness of my new condition I would have wished to ask them for myself: have you seen them?—has she been here?—did he bring her?—when?

'Have you been doing your exercises, Timothy?'

'Religiously,' I lied in a drowsy voice.

'And how is the lady in Somerset?'

I was quick inside my seeming somnolence. He was speaking, as I well knew, of a professional colleague of his in Frome whom he had recommended when I moved to Honeybrook. But I preferred a different interpretation.

'Oh, she's fine, thanks. Working too hard. Touring a lot. But fine. You've probably seen her more recently than I have. When did she last come to you?'

He was already laughing, explaining the misunderstanding. I laughed with him. My affair with Emma was no secret from Mr Dass or anyone else. It had been my pleasure, in the early months of my new life, to declare her to whoever would listen to me: Emma, my live-in girl, my grand passion, my ward, nothing underhand.

'She's nowhere near as good as you are, Mr Dass, I can tell you that,' I said, belatedly answering his **question**; and promptly threw him into a flurry of embarrassment.

'Now, Timothy, that is not necessarily the case at all,' he insisted as he flattened his scalding palms on my shoulders. 'Do you go to her regularly? One session here and there and forget it for six months, that's no good at all.'

John le Carré, Our Game

It is evident that the answers to all these **questions** depend on the Theory of Menstruation, and this is as yet far from being established upon immovable foundations.

*Mary Putnam Jacobi, The **Question** of Rest for Women During Menstruation*

'Well how could you? You've barely met me.'

I sipped my tea, chastened, and said, 'I went through a brief religious phase once. I used to go to communion every week. Apart from anything else, it's still the only place you can get a drink first thing on a Sunday morning.'

She didn't laugh or even smile, and I felt that I had struck a wrong note.

'What would you like to do this evening?' she asked. 'Shall we go out somewhere?'

'Sure,' I said. 'Anywhere you like.'

We walked to a little Hungarian restaurant on the Kings Road. I tried putting my arm around her waist on the way, but could feel no encouragement, so I withdrew it at the first opportunity. Not that she asked me to or anything. It was just a sense I had.

'What are your plans?' she asked me, after we had ordered our food.

sample preview

'Pardon?' It seemed an odd **question**.

'What are you going to do? With all this music and everything. Where's it going to lead?'

'I don't know, I hadn't really thought. That's not why I'm doing it.'

'Why are you doing it?

Jonathan Coe, The Dwarves of Death

If discrepancies exist between the practical statistics and theoretical inference, how are they to be explained?

*Mary Putnam Jacobi, The **Question** of Rest for Women During Menstruation*

"Do you ever get nervous, Turvey?" The captain's **questions** had been jumping around a lot but here was the sixty-four-dollar one. He felt his grin widen in spite of him. He fixed his eyes on the sooty porcelain skull the captain used for an ashtray. It grinned back at him.

"Well, sir, like when people ask me a lot of **questions** I do. Not," he thought he had better add, "not like now, of course, sir, but with the lieutenant yesterday. Course I kinda think he was nervous too, the way he kept bitin his nails. I guess we all do somethin. Now me, it's my grin, sir. People who dont know me, they think I'm happy sometimes when I'm most tied up in knots. Like when I got a girl in the famly way once and thought I'd have to marry her; and everybody in Skookum Falls was sure I was real pleased about it, cause I musta gone around grinnin just like somebody else would be, you know, frownin. They knew how I felt, I bet, when I jumped a freight and never came back."

Earle Birney, Turvey: A Military Picaresque

McKenna realized he was pointing himself down a road he didn't want to travel, so he consciously banished his next obvious **question** from his mind. It was time to change the subject. "Do you have an apartment across the street?" he asked.

She responded to his **question** by laughing at him.

"Getting a little hot in here, isn't it, Brian?" she asked.

"No, it's fine in here," McKenna said, but realized he was sweating. "Was that a stupid **question**?"

"Which?" She was smiling at him innocently.

"Do you have an apartment across the street?"

"Oh, that **question**. You have my keys, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And you used them to get into the lobby to get Pao, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Then it was a stupid **question**."

McKenna realized that he might be overplaying his dumb act for a very smart girl, which put him on dangerous ground. It was time to smarten up a bit. "Then you don't deny it?" he said.

Elena wasn't denying anything. She just looked at him without answering.

"Which apartment?" he asked.

Still no answer, but she was still smiling.

McKenna took her keys from his pocket. "You know, I'm going to find out if I have to try these keys in every lock on every apartment in that building."

The smile disappeared. Something he said had disturbed her. She thought for a moment, then said, "Don't do it yourself."

"Why? Is the apartment booby-trapped?"

"Just don't do it yourself."

"Elena, we're going to find that apartment and I'm not sending anybody else to get blown up. I'll be careful, but it's gonna be done and I'll do it myself"

"Don't."

"Elena, think about it for a minute. Getting extra people killed in this doesn't make much sense when it's almost over."

The time it took Elena to think it over convinced McKenna she didn't suspect he already knew which apartment it was. "Is it that there's someone else in there?" he asked.

Dan Mahoney, The Edge of the City

Then she noticed the broken padlock and answered her own **question** with a nod, walking over to the cabinet and squatting down sharply in front of it, her skirt rising to just above the knees.

"Mac-10," she stated. "Notorious for jamming." She stood up again, patted her skirt back down.

"Better than some kit," Simms responded. Introductions over, he was standing between Rebus and Siobhan, legs slightly apart, back straight, hands again clasped in front of him.

"Care to show some ID?" Rebus asked.

*Ian Rankin, A **Question** of Blood*

Yes, *adulterers*: playing around, breaking vows, causing havoc. Or . . . maybe not just playing around? After all, if adultery is a de facto referendum on the sustainability of monogamy—and it would be difficult to argue that it's not—this also makes it the nearest thing to a popular uprising against the regimes of contemporary coupledom. But let's consider this from a wider angle than the personal dimension alone. After all, social theorists and political philosophers have often occupied themselves with similar **questions**: the possibilities of liberty in an administered society, the social meaning of obligation, the genealogy of morality—even the status of the phrase "I do" as a performative utterance, a mainstay **question** of the branch of philosophy known as speech act theory. Might we entertain the possibility that posing philosophical **questions** isn't restricted to university campuses and learned tomes, that maybe it's something everyone does in the course of everyday life—if not always in an entirely knowing fashion? If adultery is more of a critical practice than a critical theory, well, acting out is what happens when knowledge or consciousness about something is foreclosed.

Laura Kipnis, Against Love: A Polemic

GER. How is that?

SCA. While I am speaking to you, there are people who are looking out for you everywhere.

GER. For me?

SCA. Yes.

GER. But who?

SCA. The brother of that young girl whom Octave has married. He thinks that you are

sample preview

trying to break off that match, because you intend to give to your daughter the place she occupies in the heart of Octave; and he has resolved to wreak his vengeance upon you. All his friends, men of the sword like himself, are looking out for you, and are seeking you everywhere. I have met with scores here and there, soldiers of his company, who **question** every one they meet, and occupy in companies all the thoroughfares leading to your house, so that you cannot go home either to the right or the left without falling into their hands.

GER. What can I do, my dear Scapin?

SCA. I am sure I don't know, Sir; it is an unpleasant business. I tremble for you from head to foot and . . . Wait a moment.

(SCAPIN goes to see in the back of the stage if there is anybody coming.)

GER. *(trembling)*. Well?

SCA. *(coming back)*. No, no; 'tis nothing.

GER. Could you not find out some means of saving me?

Molière, The Impostures of Scapin

Actually, that's what acting out is for. Why such knowledge is foreclosed is a **question** yet to be considered—though how much do any of us know about our desires and motivations, or the contexts that produce them? We can be pretty clueless. We say things like "Something just happened to me," as if it were an explanation.

Laura Kipnis, Against Love: A Polemic

"Your name isn't—" she began, and then stopped and shook her head vigorously in agreement with what I had said or with what she had just thought of. Her eyes became narrow and almost black and as shallow as enamel on a cafeteria tray. She had had an idea. "I have to go home now," she said, as if we had been having a cup of tea.

"Sure."

I didn't move. She gave me another cute glance and went on towards the front door. She had her hand on the knob when we both heard a car coming. She looked at me with **questions** in her eyes. I shrugged. The car stopped, right in front of the house. Terror twisted her face. There were steps and the bell rang. Carmen stared back at me over her shoulder, her hand clutching the door knob, almost drooling with fear. The bell kept on ringing. Then the ringing stopped. A key tickled at the door and Carmen jumped away from it and stood frozen. The door swung open. A man stepped through it briskly and stopped dead, staring at us quietly, with complete composure.

Raymond Chandler, The Big Sleep

Once a religious leader asked Jesus this **question**: "Good Teacher, what should I do to inherit eternal life?"

"Why do you call me good?" Jesus asked him. "Only God is truly good. But to answer your **question**, you know the commandments: 'You must not commit adultery. You must not murder. You must not steal. You must not testify falsely. Honor your father and mother.'"

Life Application Study Bible, Third Edition, Personal Size

What advice would a father give his daughter? He doesn't have an answer, and he wonders if it's a worthwhile **question**, an essential **question**. It doesn't matter; all he really wants to do is play around with some ideas. But what would a father say to a pianist

daughter who'd rather to be a writer; a daughter who recites or sings—he doesn't really know—as part of a performance he thinks will only create a nightmarish atmosphere in the theater; a child prodigy who lives a hectic life and has peculiar friends and relatives, including himself?

A. G. Porta, No World Concerto

"Where were you?" He started pulling the glove back on. She nodded towards North Castle Street. "Car's parked just around the corner. Now, to return to my original **question** . . ."

"Never mind that. At least this means you've not been back to the airfield."

"Not yet, no."

"Good, because I want you to talk to him."

"Who? Brimson?" She watched him nod. "And after that, you'll tell me what you were doing with Steve Holly?"

*Ian Rankin, A **Question** of Blood*

Mrs. Leggett avoided my gaze, looking at her husband.

His metallic voice answered my **question**: "We don't know, exactly. Friends of hers, a Mr. and Mrs. Harper, drove up from Los Angeles and asked her to go along on a trip up in the mountains. I don't know which route they intended taking, and doubt if they had any definite destination."

I asked **questions** about the Harpers. Leggett admitted knowing very little about them. Mrs. Harper's first name was Carmel, he said, and everybody called the man Bud, but Leggett wasn't sure whether his name was Frank or Walter. Nor did he know the Harpers' Los Angeles address. He thought they had a house somewhere in Pasadena, but wasn't sure, having, in fact, heard something about their selling the house, or perhaps only intending to.

Dashiell Hammett, The Dain Curse

"Oh, it must have been that other chap," Daintry said. "I've forgotten his name."

"Watson?" the brigadier suggested.

"Yes, Watson."

"So you've even been checking our chief?"

"It's all part of the drill," Daintry said.

Castle opened his briefcase. He took out a copy of the *Berkhamsted Gazette.*

"What's this?" Daintry asked.

"My local paper. I was going to read it over lunch."

"Oh yes, of course. I'd forgotten. You live quite a long way out. Don't you find it a bit inconvenient?"

"Less than an hour by train. I need a house and a garden. I have a child, you see—and a dog. You can't keep either of them in a flat. Not with comfort."

"I notice you are reading *Clarissa Harlowe?* Like it?"

"Yes, so far. But there are four more volumes."

"What's this?"

"A list of things to remember."

"To remember?"

"My shopping list," Castle explained. He had written under the printed address of his

sample preview

house, 129 King's Road, "Two Maltesers. Half pound Earl Grey. Cheese—Wensleydale? or Double Gloucester? Yardley Pre-Shave lotion."

"What on earth are Maltesers?"

"A sort of chocolate. You should try them. They're delicious. In my opinion better than Kit Kats."

Daintry said, "Do you think they would do for my hostess? I'd like to bring her something a little out of the ordinary." He looked at his watch. "Perhaps I could send the porter—there's just time. Where do you buy them?"

"He can get them at an ABC in the Strand."

"ABC?" Daintry asked.

"Aerated Bread Company."

"Aerated bread . . . what on earth . . . ? Oh well, there isn't time to go into that. Are you sure those—teasers would do?"

"Of course, tastes differ."

"Fortnum's is only a step away."

"You can't get them there. They are very inexpensive."

"I don't want to seem niggardly."

"Then go for quantity. Tell him to get three pounds of them."

"What is the name again? Perhaps you would tell the porter as you go out."

Graham Greene, The Human Factor

Code No.	Code Name	
32329	*Quillst*	**Question**
32330	*Quillwort*	Out of the **question**
32331	*Quilma*	No **question** about it
32332	*Quilosas*	What is the **question**
32333	*Quiloso*	Cannot reply to the **question**

William Clauson-Thue, The ABC Universal Commercial Electric Telegraphic Code: Specially Adapted for the Use of Financiers, Merchants, Shipowners, Underwriters, Engineers, Brokers, Agents, Etc., Etc. Suitable for Every One. Multum in Parvo. Simplicity and Economy Palpable, Secrecy Absolute. Fifth Edition.

A.B.C. An abbreviation having a number of meanings that can be decided only by the context. Thus, "So-and-so doesn't know his ABC" means that he is intensely ignorant: "he doesn't understand the ABC of engineering" means that he has not mastered its rudiments. So, an *ABC Book,* or *Absey Book,* is a primer which used to be used as a child's first lesson book and contained merely the alphabet and a few rudimentary lessons often set in catechism form, as is evident from Shakespeare's lines:—

> That is **question** now;
> And then comes answer like an Absey book
>
> *King John, 1, 1.*

Quarles alludes figuratively to the Absey Book in his lines:—

> Man is man's ABC. There is none can
> Read God aright unless he first spell man
>
> *Hieroglyphics of the Life of Man.*

A.B.C. may also stand for the Aerated Bread Company, or for one of their tea-shops in London; while a farmer speaking of the A.B.C. process would be referring to an obsolete

method of making artificial manure, said to be named from the initials of Alum, Blood, and Clay, the three chief ingredients.

Ebenezer Cobham Brewer, Wordsworth Dictionary of Phrase and Fable

Buffy said suddenly, "My God, if those are not Maltesers!"

"You know Maltesers?" Daintry asked.

"Haven't tasted one for donkey's years. Always bought them at the movies when I was a kid. Taste wonderful. There's no movie house around here surely?"

"As a matter of fact I brought them from London."

"You go to the movies? Haven't been to one in ten years. So they still sell Maltesers?"

"You can buy them in shops too."

"I never knew that. Where did you find them?"

"In an ABC."

"ABC?"

Daintry repeated dubiously what Castle had said, "Aerated Bread Company."

"Extraordinary! What's aerated bread?"

"I don't know," Daintry said. "The things they do invent nowadays. I wouldn't be surprised, would you, if their loaves were made by computers?"

Graham Greene, The Human Factor

One has to understand one's type. Once the type is understood there is no problem; then one can follow a clean-cut line.

In India we have a word, *swasthya.* It can be translated as study, but that misses the whole point. In fact, swasthya means self-study, studying the self. It is not a **question** of reading scriptures, it is not a **question** of going more and more into information. Rather, it is a **question** of going more and more inwards, into transformation.

Osho, The ABC of Enlightenment: A Spiritual Dictionary

Replying to my **question** about the introduction of modern factory-made bread, Mr Colin Davis, writing from Botswana (still free, I hope, from this stain of industrialism), cites a case in the British Appeal Court of 1873. "The appeal", writes Mr Davis, "was on definition of 'Fancy Bread' in the Weights and Measures legislation, but the interesting point is that the company concerned, the Aerated Bread Company, had been formed specifically for the purpose of manufacturing bread by injecting 'carbonic acid' gas into the dough instead of using yeast. The kneading was done by machine".

Ariadne (New Scientist)

Now let us see what are the distinctive advantages claimed for Dr. Dauglish's bread-making process by Dr. Richardson. It yields a bread which is said to be "perfectly clean, perfectly wholesome, and completely nutritious." As to the perfect cleanliness of this mechanical process for making bread there can be no **question**; it is immeasurably superior to the barbarous and old, but, as Dr. Richardson remarked, *not* "time-honoured system of kneading dough by the hands and feet of the workman." And we may agree, with almost equal confidence, in the statement that aerated bread is perfectly wholesome. The stream of pure water charged with carbonic acid gas vesiculates the dough, which has required neither alum, nor blue vitriol, nor lime-water, to check the irregular fermentation, and neutralise the sourness of mouldy or otherwise damaged or inferior flour. But, on the other hand, the adoption of the aerating process does not of itself

Sample preview

necessarily exclude all adulterations of the bread: materials to whiten the loaf and to cause the retention of a larger percentage of water may still be used. As to the small loss of nutrient materials involved in the ordinary fermentation of dough, it hardly merits consideration. Perhaps Dr. Richardson alluded to it because it gave him an opportunity of having a fling at his old enemy, alcohol, of which it has been found that a newly-baked loaf, made by means of yeast, contains about 0.25 per cent. So that a man who eats twenty quartern loaves has therein consumed an amount of alcohol which is commonly contained in one bottle of port! But if there be no really serious loss of starch by conversion, first into sugar, and then into carbonic acid gas and alcohol, there can be no doubt that a number of altered products are present in a fermented loaf, and that these are less abundant and less variable in nature in aerated bread. But the presence in fermented bread of larger quantities of sugar, gum, and soluble starch than are found in aerated bread is not usually a disadvantage so far as the digestibility of the loaf is concerned. It is rather to the production of lactic acid and of nitrogenous ferments by the use of yeast or leaven that we should attribute the uncertain value of ordinary bread. The quality of the yeast, too, must not be left out of consideration, as some of our home and of our imported supplies are by no means of a satisfactory character.

A.H. Church, Aerated Bread (Nature)

agentdcf | Moderator | Modern Britain | Environment
41 points • 1 year ago

I have to disagree with some key components of this answer. First,

> *What you referred to as "bleached" and "unhealthy" is basically interpretation of what wheat bread traditionally has looked like.*

I won't comment on the health aspects of it, because those change over time; what we consider healthy is different from what past people did. However, bleaching agents have a long history in bakeries. At least from the 17th century and perhaps earlier (I can't think of medieval examples off the top off my head, but they may exist), bakers used alum to whiten bread and improve its working qualities. In Britain, this was long illegal as a dishonest marketing ploy, although real, systematic enforcement with testing that could actually prevent bakers from using it dates from the 1870s. By the end of the 19th century, millers were using a variety of other bleaching agents, and continue to do so. In the United States, bleached and unbleached flours are sold as separate items today. This raised substantial health concerns in the early 20th century, although to my knowledge little or no actual legislation was passed regulating it.

> *One of the aspects of the industrial revolution in the mid 1800 hundreds was the increased accessability of foodstuffs to the middle class, types of which were traditionally seen as either expensive, or luxuries associated with either the nobility or certain feastdays.*

This is not an accurate statement for Britain and the United States; it may be for other parts of Europe, but the real shift in Britain in the last quarter of the 19th century is that it was the poor, not the middle class, that took up white bread. The increased availability of whiter bread was a direct result of two things: first, new milling methods that used steel rollers instead of stones, plus a whole suite of machinery to clean and sort wheat, meal, and flour. Rollers allow much more precise milling methods and when combined

with other new machinery, it became possible to extract 65 or 70% "long patent" flours that were as white as the 25% white flour that was possible with stones. The second change was the globalization of the wheat supply. Frontier settlement and agricultural development in Russia, India, Canada, Australia, Argentina, the United States and elsewhere dramatically increased the supply of wheat available globally, and Britain was the center of gravity for it. No other market in the 19th century offered such demand combined with strong purchasing power, and thus we see new wheatfields around the world created to feed British cities. As such, many farmers planted varieties of wheat that were specifically geared to appeal to British tastes. These wheats were high-protein, hard varieties that were well suited to roller mills and produced a lot of flour with a lot of gluten, perfect for well-risen loaves.

With the increased supply of hard wheat and roller mills, truly white bread—and not the alum-bleached product that was the norm before this point—became the standard throughout Britain. Every social survey and food commentator from the 19th century remarks on the nearly universal preference among the poor for white bread. Curiously, it was also at this point that the middle class, which had hitherto eaten white bread as a marker of status, shifted to brown bread. Every "alternative" brown bread product or organization, such as Hovis, Aerated Bread, and the Bread Reform League, found its base of support among the middle class. Indeed, I've seen one baker comment that as soon as white bread became available to all, "brown bread began to sell at fancy bread prices"; in other words, the middle class became willing to pay higher prices for brown bread, again as a matter of social distinction.

yodatsracist | Comparative Religion
8 points • 1 year ago

> *Every social survey and food commentator from the 19th century remarks on the nearly universal preference among the poor for white bread. Curiously, it was also at this point that the middle class, which had hitherto eaten white bread as a marker of status, shifted to brown bread.*

Hey random, but I'm working on a small Bourdieu article and there's a little section where there's citation vomit about class-based taste distinction, and I was wondering if there was a convenient cite for this odd reversal based, I gather, largely on class distinction.

agentdcf | Moderator | Modern Britain | Environment
41 points • 1 year ago

See my edit below! ~~No, to my knowledge no one has written about this.~~ I'm working on it, but I've been buried by teaching. What are you doing with Bourdieu?

Edit: I'm trying to place all the sources in my mind; the bit about the baker and the prices of brown and fancy bread is from *The Miller,* c. 1880, I'm sure of it. The Aerated Bread Company stuff I cannot recall exactly, but somewhere in my notes there's a discussion from one of the later owners of the company in a letter to the board or something about how they're having a lot of success getting middle class people to buy their products, but they can't get any working class people into it, and it was hurting their efforts to expand. The Bread Reform League stuff is all from pamphlets at the British Library.

Actually, the person who has written about this is Aaron Bobrow-Strain in *White*

sample preview

Bread. His focus is the US, and there I think the shift is substantially later, like post-1945. He definitely has a chapter or two on how brown bread became counter-cultural though.

yodatsracist | Comparative Religion
8 points • 1 year ago

Ugh that's what I was worried you'd say. I'll check back in with you to see if you've got anything published by the time this paper gets publishable. It's a little piece about Bourdieu and sexuality, and basically how people's sexual tastes (in terms of specific practices) don't fit the Bourdieusian dynamics we expect and see other places, and then explaining that. I'm making the argument that sex is basically not social, in that it's private and dyadic, and we have very little media information about it, and information about travels in very small, quite possibly isolated networks. People have started to argue that we need to think of "erotic/sexual capital" in an "erotic/sexual field", and I try to argue, "yes that's true, but it's not actually about the sex—it's about the partner". It's a random one-off paper because I found an interesting **question** (is sexual taste like musical taste) and a dataset that will help me answer it.

ManlyBeardface
1 point • 1 year ago

This darker, beer-containing, sourdough type bread, as a type or category, does it have a name? I am curious to go seek out a recipe or starter and make some of this bread for myself. Thanks!

Reddit > Ask Historians > When Did Bread Become the Bleached, Unhealthy Thing It Is Today? What Happened to the Hardy Bread That Sustained the World for Thousands of Years?

And your famous steak-and-kidney pudding?" Daintry asked. "I've heard so much about it."

"My pie, you mean. Did you really have a good morning, Colonel?" Her voice had a faint American accent—the more agreeable for being faint, like the tang of an expensive perfume.

"Not many pheasants," Daintry said, "but otherwise very fine."

"Harry," she called over his shoulder, "Dicky" and then "Where's Dodo? Is he lost?" Nobody called Daintry by his first name because nobody knew it.

Graham Greene, The Human Factor

Code No.	Code Name	
32336	*Quimicos*	*The* **question** must remain open until the goods are sold
32337	*Quinadas*	Until the **question** is finally settled
32338	*Quinado*	In order to avoid any further **question**
32339	*Quinary*	Do not answer the **question**

William Clauson-Thue, The ABC Universal Commercial Electric Telegraphic Code: Specially Adapted for the Use of Financiers, Merchants, Shipowners, Underwriters, Engineers, Brokers, Agents, Etc., Etc. Suitable for Every One. Multum in Parvo. Simplicity and Economy Palpable, Secrecy Absolute. Fifth Edition.

23 All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient: all things are lawful for me, but all things edify not.
24 Let no man seek his own, but every man another's *wealth.*
25 Whatsoever is sold in the shambles, that eat, asking no **question** for conscience sake.
26 For the earth *is* the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.

27 If any of them that believe not bid you to a feast, and ye be disposed to go; whatsoever is set before you, eat, asking no **question** for conscience sake.

N Hal McKay (ed.), The ABC User Friendly Bible: Books in Alphabetical Order

But the trouble is that intelligent, cultivated people, the very people who might be expected to have liberal opinions, never do mix with the poor. For what do the majority of educated people know about poverty? In my copy of Villon's poems the editor has actually thought it necessary to explain the line "Ne pain ne voyent qu'aux fenestres" by a footnote; so remote is even hunger from the educated man's experience.* From this ignorance a superstitious fear of the mob results quite naturally. The educated man pictures a horde of submen, wanting only a day's liberty to loot his house, burn his books, and set him to work minding a machine or sweeping out a lavatory. "Anything," he thinks, "any injustice, sooner than let that mob loose." He does not see that since there is no difference between the mass of rich and poor, there is no **question** of setting the mob loose. The mob is in fact loose now, and—in the shape of rich men—is using its power to set up enormous treadmills of boredom, such as "smart" hotels.

George Orwell, Down and Out in Paris and London†

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*5. To verify this information, Gilbert contacted Lloyd D. Celentano, Deputy Researcher of Conveyenaces for the City of New Orleans, Office of Conveyances, Orleans Parish, who researched the Conveyance Office deeds and titles for the property in **question** which is called "Delecroix Plantation" owned by Joseph Orgeron. (See Attachment A). *Mr. Celentaino attests to the fact that the tract of land is not involved nor is it near the land being proposed for a golf course and country club . . .*

•••

It is also significant to note that there is an air hazard issue on the proposed site. When Gilbert originally was looking for suitable transmitter sites, she did not propose the area owned by Mr. Orgeron because of the fact that it is located at the end of a runway from the Naval Air Station. Based upon conversations that she had with Claire Billington (of the FAA), she was advised that the FAA had requested ABC to provide it with a map of the area but that the FAA was advised to forget it because they were changing their site. [Footnote omitted] However, it is a clear presumption that the site itself was defective when ABC chose it from an FAA standpoint which could have easily been ascertained, as Gilbert did, before the application was filed.

Federal Communications Commission, A Comprehensive Compilation of Decisions, Reports, Public Notices, and Other Documents of the Federal Communications Commission of the United States, Volume 3, No. 21, Pages 5964–6203

†6. Apparently accepting the unverified allegations of Gilbert (with respect to the FAA), and in spite of ABC's observation that its original site (Site A) remained available, the ALJ denied ABC's Petition for Leave to Amend, holding that ABC effectively had no site whatsoever available to it (*Memorandum Opinion and Order*, FCC 88M-2070, released July 1, 1988, at para. 6):

The law is clear that when a party designates its site there must be a reasonable assurance of its availability. Dutchess Communications Corporation, 101 F.C.C. 2d 243 (1985). The facts indicate that a development plan was filed in 1986 which would have alerted ABC to the site's unavailability. Alternatively, there are facts presented indicating that the first site was not part of the land development plan and that it sat at the end of a runway of a military air station and FAA clearance could not be expected. Whichever factual scenario applies, ABC appears not to have had the requisite reasonable assurance. See National Innovative Programming Network, 2 F.C.C. Rcd 5641 (1987).

7. Thereafter, ABC filed a request for permission for leave to file an appeal. This was denied by the ALJ by *Order*, FCC 88M-2418, released July 27, 1988. Prior to the release of this *Order*, Gilbert had filed a motion to dismiss ABC's application. The ALJ granted this latter motion by *Order*, FCC 88M-2871, released September 1, 1988, based upon the assumption that ABC had no transmitter site available to it. The appeal at issue herein followed. In support of its appeal, ABC attaches the site certification from its original application, a statement from Joseph Orgeron, the site owner, affirming that Site A was and is still available, the statement of Sue Adams, president of ABC, setting forth the circumstances surrounding its attempt to amend to Site B including its belief that Site A was part of a planned redevelopment, and a letter from Clair Billington, FAA Air Specialist, indicating that an aeronautical study was never completed on the originally proposed site because the FAA believed that site had been superseded by ABC's proposed amended site. ABC Appeal. Attachments A–D.

8. The Board will grant ABC's appeal and reinstate that applicant in this proceeding. It appears from the information now before us that the ALJ's dismissal of ABC may have been premature. In its original application (FCC Form 301, Section VII), in response to **question** 3, ABC certified that it had reasonable assurance from

sample preview

"Is my aunt here often?"

"Please, we're not to answer **questions** such as that from a guest."

"There was a man in this room last night and I wonder, who might he be?"

The maid showed no sign of emotion or hesitance; young as she was, she'd been carefully trained. "We're not to answer **questions**."

"But he could not be a guest, as I know the guests are ladies, and he is a male."

"We're not to answer **questions** of who would visit."

"Surely he was not visiting. He was wearing bedclothes."

"We are not to answer **questions** of who works here."

"He *works* here?"

"I didn't say so, missus. I was only saying what the rules are."

"He works here doing what?" It couldn't be playing piano, as a hired musician for the guests' entertainment. Even though she'd complimented him, it was obvious that he didn't know the first thing about actual music.

Ellen Cooney, A Private Hotel for Gentle Ladies: A Novel

According to our supposedly well-informed organizer and team leader, this is the place where midgets wear drink trays on their heads and drunken after-hours midget tossing is a nightly occurrence. When our waitress is not amused by our comments about midgets giving blow jobs while standing up, we begin to **question** his due diligence, as well as our expectations for the evening ahead of us.

As she is taking our drink orders, we test the waters once again. "Check out that pen in her hand. Wow. Let me see that," a guy shouts while grabbing at her. "No, not the pen. Give me your hand." He then proceeds to hold it up. "Wow, do you know how ginormous this would make my cock look?" Check please![*]

John LeFevre, Straight to Hell: True Tales of Deviance, Debauchery, and Billion-Dollar Deals

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the owner of its proposed site (Site A), Joseph Orgeron, that the proposed site was available. Nowhere in the numerous subsequent pleadings, does ABC claim or disclose that Site A was not, or is not, available to it; it maintains only that the site might become unavailable in the future because of possible planned land development. Indeed, Gilbert actually bolsters ABC's position (see para. 5, supra) and states (Opposition, at para. 3) that the Deputy Researcher of Conveyances for the City of New Orleans concludes from his investigation "that the land in **question** (ABC's Site A) has not been designated for any other use than farm land and that no requests have been made . . . for designation for the building of a golf course and condominiums." Furthermore, as noted above, ABC has furnished with its appeal a statement from the landowner confirming that Site A was and continues to be available to the applicant, and an explanation from its president that it only sought to amend to Site B because of its good faith but erroneous reliance on newspaper articles suggesting that Site A had become unsuitable. In sum, it appears that the ALJ may have been mistaken as to the continuing availability to the applicant of Site A and its willingness to specify that site.

Federal Communications Commission, A Comprehensive Compilation of Decisions, Reports, Public Notices, and Other Documents of the Federal Communications Commission of the United States, Volume 3, No. 21, Pages 5964–6203

*9. Having made these preliminary observations, we believe it is now appropriate for the ALJ to revisit the ABC application and to determine whether ABC in fact has reasonable assurance that its originally chosen transmitter location (Site A) is available to it. In reviewing this **question**, the ALJ must consider the evident circumstance that the FAA has never completed an air hazard study of that site; therefore, at a minimum, the applicant will have to supplement the record in this respect in order to meet the already-designated air hazard issue. On the other hand, should the applicant not receive clearance from the FAA, and again seek to amend its application to specify Site B (or some other site), it will of course be required to satisfy the stringent "good cause" requirements for such an amendment, which, at this stage and with its aforenoted history, would be a considerable hurdle. *See California Broadcasting Corp.*, 90 FCC 2d 800, 809 (1982); *Belo Broadcasting Corp.*, 68 FCC 2d 1313 (1978); *Erwin O'Connor Broadcasting Co.*, 22 FCC 2d 140 (Rev. Bd. 1970). In this regard the ALJ may specify site availability suitability or other issues against ABC, as he deems appropriate.

Federal Communications Commission, A Comprehensive Compilation of Decisions, Reports, Public Notices, and Other Documents of the Federal Communications Commission of the United States, Volume 3, No. 21, Pages 5964–6203

"Does the name . . . COUDREUSE . . . mean anything to you?"

I had put the **question** bluntly.

He sank into the chair opposite me and folded his arms. He was still breathing hard.

"Why? You knew . . . Coudreuse?"

"No, but I've heard about him in the family."

His color was brick-red now and sweat was standing out on the wings of his nose.

"Coudreuse . . . He used to live up there, on the second floor . . ."

He had a slight accent. I swallowed a mouthful of coffee, determined to let him talk, since another **question** might put him off.

"He worked at the Gare d'Austerlitz . . . His wife was from Antwerp, like me . . ."

"He had a daughter, didn't he?"

He smiled.

"Yes. A pretty little thing . . . Did you know her?"

"No, but I heard about her . . ."

"What's happened to her?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out."

Patrick Modiano, Missing Person

Moreover where is the third Calixtus
Last of his name to die
Who for four years held the papacy
Alphonso king of Aragon
His grace the duke of Bourbon
Artus duke of Bretagne
And Charles VII "The Good"
But where is the valorous Charlemagne?

Similarly the Scottish king
Half of whose face it's said
Was scarlet as an amethyst
From forehead to chin
And the famous king of Cyprus
Alas and that good king of Spain
Whose name I can't recall
But where is the valorous Charlemagne?

Let me say no more
This world is only a cheat
No one can fight off death
Or lay up store against it
But let me ask one more **question**

François Villon, The Testament (The Poems of François Villon)

"Hi, how are you doing?" Why am I trying to carry on a conversation, isn't she the one who is suppose to do the talking, the stimulating?

"I'm fine, thank you." An extended pause. "What's on your mind?"

I didn't know she was going to ask complex **questions**. I'm not prepared. What's

Sample preview

on my mind? what's not on my mind? what exactly does she mean? I'm not sure of my role here. What exactly is my motivation?

"I don't know, you want to tell me?"

"You have to initiate the conversation."

Rules, no one told me there is a specific code of behavior prescribed for proper phone-sex conversation; none of the newspapers, magazines or TV programs has prepared me for this conversation.

"Oh, what are you doing?"

"I'm just sitting around."

"Oh, that's nice."

"Ah hugh." Waiting for me; I'm the one paying; why is she waiting for me to talk?

"So what's on your mind Ed?"

I'm having trouble relating to my new name; possibly I should have chosen someone different, a fantasy name suitable for invocation of the necessary masculinity; something suitably inspiring for two Stanislavsky actors.

"Oh, I don't know, I just you know, just wondered what you know, what we could do?"

"Well baby, you have to initiate conversation."

"I do?"

"Yes, you do."

"Oh, what should we do?"

Pause, a slight sigh of exasperation. Am I not doing this right?

"You have to tell me what you want to talk about."

"I do?"

"Yeah."

"I don't know. I guess something exciting."

"What are you doing right now Ed?"

"I'm just sitting around on my couch."

"What are you doing?"

"Oh, not much, just sitting here."

"Oh baby you have to be specific about what you want to talk about."

"I do?"

"Yes you do."

"Augh, humm, I'm not quite sure, I don't know."

"Well, I can't initiate the conversation, you have to."

"I have to?"

"Yeah."

"I thought you would talk to me."

"Yes, I will, but after you initiate the conversation."

This is far more work than I expected. Maybe I should have started off slow, not a live one-on-one conversation, but a recorded voice who wouldn't make many demands. Maybe it will be easier after we get to know each other.

"Oh, I'd like, I guess, I would like something fun to do, you know. I'm just sitting here on my couch."

"Yeah, but that's not initiating it."

"Oh. I don't know really what to say. I've never done this before."

"If I was there with you Ed," the voice of a frustrated school teacher trying to explain a point to a particularly dull student, "what would you do to me?"

"Oh, I would probably, I guess, undress you?"

"Unhugh."

"And then I would, you know, see what else we could do."

"You're still," she's almost laughing, "not being specific. I tried."

"I don't really know."

"Is this your first time calling?" laughing. Is she laughing at me? I didn't say anything intentionally humorous. And I've already told her I haven't done this before.

"So, I'm not quite sure, you know."

"But you have to be spa . . . spa . . . specific about what you want to talk about or else I can't even get into the conversation, if I initiate I can get fired for that."

"Oh, I see, it's not legal."

"No, it's not. It's for you to do, not me."

"So, I guess, I want you to touch me, is that what you, you know . . ."

"You have to be more specific, sorry, I just, you know."

"You, I want you to play with my genitalia?"

"Play with your what?"

"I don't know, I don't know, play with me . . . is that what you're suppose . . ."

"Play with your what?"

"Penis?"

"Oh yeah, that's initiating it." Her voice suddenly turning softer, sexier, as though finally I have pressed the correct button, the machine now activated.

"Ok?"

"Like I said you have to be specific. So, do you have a hard-on?"

More **questions**. I thought we were through with that stage of the conversation.

"No, I don't."

"Would you like to get one?" A soft airy voice breathing her **question** into my telephone ear.

"I guess so, sure, yeah."

"Humm, how big is your cock Ed?"

How big should Ed's cock be? Why is she asking me this **question**? What exactly does cock size have to do with our relationship? Would she laugh if I said it was small? Would she give me better, more exciting, sensuous, airy, phone sex if I told her Long Dong Silver was my half brother and although I can't tie mine into a knot like Long Dong, I was well known in my neighborhood for unusual sexual activity.

"A good size."

"Oh yeah?" Why is she **questioning** me? doesn't she believe me? What is the response of your average male caller? huge? thick? long? Am I supposed to consider if I am adequately endowed for good phone sex? and if I'm not, what difference should it make to Tracey, is her pay predicated on the length of my penis?

Eldon Garnet, Reading Brooke Shields: The Garden of Failure

"SEX HISTORY". Lieutenant Smith paused and reached for the aspirin box he kept in his tobacco-tin cache on the window-ledge, along with his bismuth pills. Two would be enough, he hoped, and a bismuth after. He'd better say very little here. Crashaw

sample preview

was so touchy about anyone else asking sex **questions**. Sat on his great fanny expecting the Personnel Officer to spot all the neurotics for him without letting him ask the real posers. "Single. Says he was 'kind of engaged' to a girl in his home town but lost contact when he left because 'I dont go for writing letters.' Marked interest in women in general but no admitted history of V.D." Lieutenant Smith thought deeply, then added: "Not **questioned** regarding masturbation." Let Crashaw make what he wanted to out of that.

Earle Birney, Turvey: A Military Picaresque

How about a poem that connects anal sex and Jerusalem's Western Wall? "Fetishes," in Jasmine Donahaye's second collection, will make readers run screaming (perhaps in outrage), or else fascinate them. This elegant little poem is in fact a complicated comment on gender, sexism, forbidden things, and access to and uses of sacred places, bodily and historical. (The mechitza is a screen separating the sexes at Orthodox synagogues and at the Western Wall, where women are allowed only at one small section.)

The cock, rearing up
trembling and twitching
nubbing towards home

and the anus with its little deceit
that it wants out
when it really wants in.

The mechitza, which you can
see through, but through which
you may not be seen,

and the wet redness of the cunt
with its retreat upon retreat
into itself.

At the Western Wall:
should I
should I not
touch it?

*Daisy Fried, A Fusillade of **Question** Marks*

That gets her attention. I've rather sprung this on her, having learned the hard way that sidling up to the personal **questions** gives difficult subjects too much time to get their hackles up, and nice ones too much time to gently and blushingly sidestep.

Jennifer Egan, A Visit From the Goon Squad

Article 10. Whether sacrilege can be a species of lust?

Objection 1. It would seem that sacrilege cannot be a species of lust. For the same species is not contained under different genera that are not subalternated to one another. Now sacrilege is a species of irreligion, as stated above (**Question** 99, Article 2). Therefore sacrilege cannot be reckoned a species of lust.

*Thomas Aquinas, Summa Theologica, Second Part of the Second Part, **Question** 154: The Parts of Lust*

I'm by no means an expert on this, but I think I remember reading somewhere that

treadmill motors didn't have enough torque for sex machine use. But I'd love to be proven wrong because I've seen a couple that I could use myself.

*TangibleEnnui, Machine Yourself Forum › Building **Questions** › Motor and Electrical **Question** › Top of FBottom of Form >> Treadmill Motor and Controller **Question***

Perhaps this is what people mean by original sin, I thought.
But what love could be prior to it?
What is prior?

What is love?
My **questions** were not original.
Nor did I answer them.

Anne Carson, The Glass Essay

"Was Mr. Powell cheating on your daughter?" I suggested. So many marriages end because one party is unfaithful, it seemed logical to start there.

Arthur chuckled. "Bill isn't interesting enough to have an affair," he answered with a sneer.

"Then, was Ms. Masters-Powell cheating on her husband?" I asked.

Laverne looked as if I'd suggested her daughter had suddenly become a giraffe. "I should say not!" she exclaimed. "Rita would never even consider such a thing! Arthur, we don't have to submit to these indignities. Let's go." But her son did not move from his chair, which was set up like his mother's next to the treadmill, where I had only three minutes left to go. I set the control for a three-mile-per-hour pace to begin the cool-down process.

"Excuse me if I expressed myself in an inappropriate manner," I said. "I have Asperger's Syndrome, and sometimes I do not say things the way other people expect to hear them." I did not believe I had said anything wrong—in fact, I was sure I hadn't—but sometimes mentioning a "disorder" with which people are not intimately familiar can have its uses.

*E. J. Copperman and Jeff Cohen, The **Question** of the Missing Head*

'Animal, vegetable, mineral?'

Shiva stood at a work surface and began chopping a breast of chicken into perfect cubes and dousing them in corn flour.

'Pardon me?'

'Is it animal, vegetable or mineral?' repeated Shiva impatiently. 'The thing that's bothering you.'

'Animal, mainly.'

'Female?'

Samad dropped on to a nearby stool and hung his head.

'Female,' Shiva concluded. 'Wife?'

'The shame of it, the pain of it will come to my wife, but no . . . she is not the cause.'

'Another bird. My specialist subject.' Shiva performed the action of rolling a camera, sang the theme to *Mastermind* and jumped into shot. 'Shiva Bhagwati, you have thirty seconds on shagging women other than your wife. First **question**: is it right?

Answer: depends. Second **question**: shall I go to hell?

Samad cut in, disgusted. 'I am not . . . making love to her.'

sample preview

'I've started so I'll finish: shall I go to hell? Answer—'

'Enough. Forget it. Please, forget that I mentioned anything of this.'

'Do you want aubergine in this?'

'No . . . green peppers are sufficient.'

'Alrighty,' said Shiva, throwing a green pepper up in the air and catching it on the tip of his knife. 'One Chicken Bhuna coming up. How long's it been going on, then?'

'Nothing is going on. I met her only once. I barely know her.'

'So: what's the damage? A grope? A snog?'

'A handshake, only. She is my sons' teacher.'

Shiva tossed the onions and peppers into hot oil. 'You've had the odd stray thought. So what?'

Samad stood up. 'It is more than stray thoughts, Shiva. My whole body is mutinous, nothing will do what I tell it. Never before have I been subjected to such physical indignities. For example: I am constantly—'

'Yeah,' said Shiva, indicating Samad's crotch. 'We noticed that too. Why don't you do the five-knuckle-shuffle before you get to work?'

'I do . . . I am . . . but it makes no difference. Besides, Allah forbids it.'

Zadie Smith, White Teeth

Therefore he swallowed all **questions**.
And Voss was spitting them out now.

Denis Johnson, Tree of Smoke

And time for all the works and days of hands
That lift and drop a **question** on your plate;

T. S. Eliot, The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock

A characteristic example is the anonymous *testamentum porcelli*, "The Pig's Testament", in which a pig leaves his bones to the dicemaker, his feet to the errand runner, and his penis to the priest. Both *The Legacy* and *The Testament,* as the titles suggest, fall into this mock-legal genre—and, in fact, many of the legatees they name are the same. In almost all other respects, however, the two poems differ very sharply from each other.

The Legacy's ambiguity begins with its very tone. To some it will sound like the liveliest horseplay, while to others it will seem a work of considerable romantic sadness, at least in part. Both qualities exist in the poem. But it is hard to make an ultimate judgment because of the curious way *The Legacy* plays with styles. (This is also why it cannot be translated successfully!) The opening section, *a congé d'amour* in the tradition of Alain Chartier's *Livre de la belle dame sans merci*, depicts in a high-flown courtly style the conventional plight of a poet martyred by his cruel mistress. The middle section, the mock giving-away of the testator's belongings, uses a swift, wiry, hard-edged style suggesting that the leave-taking is not only from a cruel mistress but also from a false or conventional way of being. In the final section the style parodies the abstract language of Aristotelian psychology.

Did Villon put these three styles together out of caprice, or with some intention? The **question** may be unanswerable, for stylistic allusions and mockeries of this kind may have become impossible for us to catch. But let us suppose that the shift from style to style is purposeful. We may then note that the mock-courtly style at the beginning

suits the farewell to courtly love, and that the swift style of the middle sections fits the satirical and sexual bequests. The reason for the stylistic parody at the end is less evident, however. Perhaps through the absurd abstractions of this third section Villon is merely commenting on the arid solipsisms of the Schoolmen. But the section also appears to suggest an act of masturbation: expressed in this preposterous language, it is an obscene joke completing the flight from idealized love.

Galway Kinnell, Introduction to The Poems of François Villon

Sweat poured from his face, dripped into his eyes, stinging. Justin increased the speed on the treadmill, ignoring the burning in his eyes, the burning in his legs and lungs.

Ignoring Mat, who stood beside the treadmill, looking bored. Let him be bored. Justin didn't invite him over to keep him entertained. He invited him over to spot him, in case Justin pushed too much, pushed too hard.

In case he wanted to talk.

Right now, talking was out of the **question**. It took all of his effort to focus, to ignore the flash of pain that shot through his arm with each stride. And to breathe.

"How do you know this isn't going to make your arm worse?" Mat asked the **question** for the sixth time in the last hour.

Because he checked with the team doctor, got him to approve a workout regimen that would keep him in shape—get him in better shape—while he waited for the arm to finish healing. He got approval to start physical therapy next week, ahead of schedule. In two weeks, he could add light weights and low reps to the movement exercises. Two weeks after that, hopefully more. A little at a time, building up until he got released. The surgeon had told him three to six months. Justin was going to do his best to make it three.

Lisa B. Kamps, Delay of Game (The Baltimore Banners: Second Period Trilogy)

CARL. Hey, Jody. I have I **question**.
JODY. No. It's not really that big. *(Silence.)*
CARL. It looks bigger than South America.
JODY. It's not.
CARL. Too bad. Think if it was. Think of all the coffee they could produce. *(Jody just stares at him. Carl grabs a travel map from a display case. He sits in the most recent chair, peruses his map. Silence. Finally, Jody relents and talks to him.)*
JODY. And how about you?
CARL. Me?

Steven Dietz, Lonely Planet

But he couldn't tell Mat that, not when all his energy was focused on breathing. So Justin grunted and shook his head, earning another eye roll from Mat.

"When are you going to call Val?"

Justin almost tripped, his hand reaching out for the sidebar to keep him from flying off. He regained his balance and stride then eased the speed back before giving Mat a dirty look. That was another **question** Mat had been asking for the last hour, one Justin didn't know how to answer.

He was an ass for not calling her yet. He wanted to. He'd stay awake at night, staring up at the ceiling, wondering what she was doing, missing the feel of her body curled against him. And he'd tell himself he'd call her in the morning. To

sample preview

Some pages are omitted from this book preview.

Lisa B. Kamps, Delay of Game (The Baltimore Banners: Second Period Trilogy)

For it seemed vain and arrogant in the extreme to try to better that anonymous work of creation; the labours of those vanished hands.

Virginia Woolf, Orlando

And time for all the works and days of hands
That lift and drop a **question** on your plate;

T. S. Eliot, The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock

There is a paradox in these quotations. On the one hand, they indicate that something is missing. Where are the vanished bodies to which these hands belong? Who does the lifting and dropping? As Brecht asks in "**Questions** of a Worker Who Reads," "Caesar beat the Gauls. / Didn't he even have a cook with him?" These passages remind us of the exclusion of the people from literary representation. On the other hand, they also suggest a less familiar point. In the last decades of the twentieth century, the reasons for the long lack of popular representation can be said to fall within the realm of common knowledge. We are aware of how society was structured in past times, of who wrote and read and who didn't, of the cultural consequences of unequal power. Knowing all this, we are likely to assume that the dominators have monopolized the power to represent, while the dominated have had no option but to endure passively through centuries of abusive synecdoche.

Bruce Robbins, The Servant's Hand: English Fiction From Below

"A lot of time to kill," said Scopes from the darkness. "An infinity of time to kill. So much time for them, and so little time for us."

"I choose *time* as a keyword," said the Levine-figure.

The Scopes-figure sat down again in the rickety chair, kicked back, and said:

"There will be time, there will be time
To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;
There will be time to murder and create . . ."

Levine—the real Levine—smelled a strange odor in the air of the Octagon; pungent, almost sweet, like long-dead roses. His eyes began to sting and he closed them, listening to the voice of the Scopes-figure:

"And time for all the works and days of hands
*That lift and drop a **question** on your plate;*
Time for you and time for me . . ."

There was a silence, and the last thing Levine heard as he drew the acrid gas into his lungs was his own voice, reciting an answering quotation: "'Time is a storm in which we are all lost . . .'"

Douglas Preston and Lincoln Child, Mount Dragon: A Pandemic of Apocalyptic Proportions

It may surely be said that Tennyson admitted guilt, that he felt uneasy about the isolation of the poet from his community and about his absorption in aesthetics, but "all the works of days and hands / That lift and drop a **question** on your plate" expresses (leaving matters of imagery aside) something distinctly un-Tennysonian: it collapses private

into public identity through a ritualized act of ingestion—the figure of the Eucharist persisting in the background.

Lee Oser, Prufrock's Guilty Pleasures (T. S. Eliot and American Poetry)

Code No.	Code Name	
33554	*Realeros*	How long am I (are we) to remain
33555	*Realete*	What is the latest I (we) can remain
33556	*Realidade*	Remain until the **question** is settled
33557	*Realisais*	Remain until I (we) arrive
33558	*Realisera*	Remain where you are until you receive my (our) letter
33559	*Realiseur*	Remain as you are until further advice
33560	*Realismo*	Must remain until—
33561	*Realismus*	I (we) shall remain until—
33562	*Realistic*	I (we) shall remain until further orders
33563	*Realists*	I (we) shall remain unless instructed to the contrary
33564	*Realitaet*	I (we) shall remain until—is better
33565	*Realizada*	I (we) shall remain until the matter is settled
33566	*Realizaras*	I (we) shall remain until you arrive
33567	*Realizest*	Cannot remain here any longer
33568	*Realizzo*	Useless to remain here (at—) any longer
33569	*Realliance*	Useless to remain here (at—) any longer, so shall proceed
33570	*Really*	Useless to remain here (at—) any longer, so shall return
33571	*Realm*	You had better not remain longer
33572	*Realmente*	You can remain until—
33573	*Realmless*	You can remain as long as you please
33574	*Realness*	Can do nothing if I (we) remain
33575	*Realwerth*	Will not remain any longer
33576	*Realzais*	Evidently intends to remain
33577	*Reamarrer*	Will probably remain some time
33578	*Reame*	Will probably remain until next tide
33579	*Reamuria*	Must remain until spring tides
33580	*Reanimar*	Must now remain for the winter
33581	*Reanoint*	How many (much) now remain(s)
33582	*Reanointed*	There now remains—
33583	*Reapandun*	Nothing now remains (but to—)

William Clauson-Thue, The ABC Universal Commercial Electric Telegraphic Code: Specially Adapted for the Use of Financiers, Merchants, Shipowners, Underwriters, Engineers, Brokers, Agents, Etc., Etc. Suitable for Every One. Multum in Parvo. Simplicity and Economy Palpable, Secrecy Absolute. Fifth Edition.

He asked her **questions**; she didn't respond. She was holding herself absolutely still, in the fear that the slightest movement would make her vomit. At the same time, she felt an icy cold rising from her feet up toward her heart.

"Ah! So now it's starting," she murmured. "What did you say?" She rolled her head from side to side, gently, but filled with anguish, and she kept opening her jaws, as if she felt something very heavy weighing on her tongue. At eight o'clock, the vomiting started again.

Charles, examining the basin, saw that there was a sort of white gritty substance

sample preview

sticking to the bottom of the porcelain.

"That's strange! That's extraordinary!" he repeated.

But she said loudly:

"No, you're mistaken!"

Then, as delicately as a caress, he passed his hand over her stomach. She let out a piercing cry. He recoiled, very frightened.

Then she began to moan, weakly at first. A great shuddering started in her shoulders, and she became paler than the sheet her clenched fingers were digging themselves into. Her pulse was irregular, and almost imperceptible now.

Drops of sweat were oozing from her bluish face, which was stiffening now as if some metallic vapor were exhaling itself from inside her. Her teeth were chattering, her wide-open eyes were gazing vaguely all around her, and to every **question** her only reply was to nod her head; she even smiled two or three times. Bit by bit, her moans grew stronger. A low howl burst from her; she claimed that she was feeling better and that she would be getting up soon. But she was seized by convulsions; she cried out:

"Oh, it's horrible, my God!"

He threw himself down on his knees against the bed.

"Speak! What did you eat? Answer me, in the name of God!"

Gustave Flaubert, Madame Bovary

For example, respondents were asked how many days in the past week they had any butter to eat. Many people use the terms butter and margarine interchangeably, so respondents were inconsistent in whether they included or excluded margarine when they answered the **question**. When the **question** was rewritten to explicitly exclude margarine, 20% fewer people said they had had any "butter" to eat at all in the past week than was the case when the term was left undefined (Fowler, 1992).

*Floyd J. Fowler, Improving Survey **Questions**: Design and Evaluation*

The first **question** (Did the Woman Die Poisoned?) had been answered, positively. The second **question** (Who Poisoned Her?) had been answered, apparently. There now remained the third and final **question**—What was His Motive? The first evidence called in answer to that inquiry was the evidence of relatives and friends of the dead wife.

Wilkie Collins, The Law and the Lady

He began by going to Lieberman.

"*Whose* Jewish experience?" Lieberman, a hulking, balding redhead, asked with blunt distrust when Gold presented the idea.

"Mine."

"Why not mine?" Lieberman's narrow eyes blazed. His desk was littered with typewritten manuscripts and dark correcting pencils as thick and grubby as his fingers. All through college Lieberman's dearest wish for the future had been to manage a small, intellectual magazine. Now he had his magazine, and it wasn't enough. Envy, ambition, and dejection were still ravaging what few invisible good qualities he might have been born with. Lieberman had never been generous.

"You'd like me," Gold recapitulated with amusement, "to write a piece about you, for publication in your magazine?"

Lieberman saw the light moodily. "It wouldn't work."

"You would have to write it."

"I can't write. You and Pomoroy convinced me of that."

"You rely too much on rhetorical **questions**."

"I can't seem to help it. What did you have in mind?"

"I haven't worked it out yet," Gold began. He avoided Lieberman's eyes. "But I would do a sober, responsible, intelligent piece about what it has been like for people like you and me to be born and grow up here. Certainly I'll go at least a little bit into the cross-cultural conflicts between the traditions of our European-born parents and those in the prevailing American environment."

"I'll tell you what," Lieberman responded. He broke one of his thick pencils between his hands and paced. "We've got a very sober and responsible magazine for highly intelligent readers. I want something racier from you on that subject, spicier. Frankly, we're usually very dull. Sometimes we're so dull, I don't believe I'll be able to continue. What was it like the first time you saw an uncircumcised cock? How does it feel to be screwing gentile girls?"

"What makes you think I screw gentile girls?" asked Gold.

"Fake that part if you have to," Lieberman answered. "We want viewpoints, not facts."

Joseph Heller, Good as Gold

Constantly searching sentimental literature for unsentimental or "subversive" instances seems a perverse occupation, like scanning a nursery for ugly babies. The interesting **question** about babies is what makes them so cute, and the interesting **question** about love songs is why so many of them have such an unreasonable hold on our imagination. "Yesterday" is the most covered song ever written, and would not have been better if it were more realistically disabused about why she had to go. He doesn't know; she wouldn't say. That's the love song. Sentiment, after all, is just the grumpy guy's word for love.

Adam Gopnik, June, Moon, Tune: What Is This Thing Called Love? (The New Yorker)

A second **question** from us failed to elicit any answer at all, save a plaintive bleat from his wife to the effect that her husband was in a very violent temper already, and that she hoped we would do nothing to make it worse. A third attempt, later in the day, provoked a terrific crash, and a subsequent message from the Central Exchange that Professor Challenger's receiver had been shattered. After that we abandoned all attempt at communication.

And now, my patient readers, I can address you directly no longer. From now onwards (if, indeed, any continuation of this narrative should ever reach you) it can only be through the paper which I represent. In the hands of the editor I leave this account of the events which have led up to one of the most remarkable expeditions of all time, so that if I never return to England there shall be some record as to how the affair came about.

Arthur Conan Doyle, The Lost World

My personal goal here—apart from anything else that may happen—is to express myself as clearly and honestly as I can. So in a sense love is just like writing: living in such a heightened state that accuracy and awareness are vital. And of course this can extend

sample preview

to everything. The risk is that these feelings'll be ridiculed or rejected, & I think I'm understanding risk for the first time: being fully prepared to lose and accept the consequences if you gamble.

I think our telephone call went well last night, despite the ambiguous archness of your **question**: "And you only want to talk, right?" I can't remember what I answered, the answer just flowed out, but I think we understood that we were talking about the same thing.

Chris Kraus, I Love Dick

"Yes," said the countess when the brightness these young people had brought into the room had vanished; and as if answering a **question** no one had put but which was always in her mind, "and how much suffering, how much anxiety one has had to go through that we might rejoice in them now! And yet really the anxiety is greater now than the joy. One is always, always anxious! Especially just at this age, so dangerous both for girls and boys."

"It all depends on the bringing up," remarked the visitor.

Leo Tolstoy, War and Peace

After several months of subjecting each filament and nanosecond of my lunch with Kitty Jackson to a level of analysis that would make Talmudic scholars look hasty in their appraisal of the Sabbath, I have concluded that my own subtle yet decisive realignment occurred at precisely the moment when Kitty Jackson dipped her finger into the bowl of salad dressing "on the side" and sucked the dressing off.

Here, carefully teased apart and restored to chronological order, is a reconstruction of the brew of thoughts and impulses that I now believe coursed through my mind at that time:

Thought 1 (at the sight of Kitty dipping her finger and sucking it): Can it possibly be that this ravishing young girl is *coming on to me?*

Thought 2: No, that's out of the **question**.

Thought 3: But *why* is it out of the **question**?

Thought 4: Because she's a famous nineteen-year-old movie star and you're "heavier all of a sudden—or am I just noticing it more?" (—Janet Green, during our last, failed sexual encounter) and have a skin problem and no worldly clout.

Thought 5: But she just dipped her finger into a bowl of salad dressing and sucked it off in my presence! What else can that possibly mean?

Thought 6: It means you're so far outside the field of Kitty's sexual consideration that her internal sensors, which normally stifle behavior that might be construed as overly encouraging, or possibly incendiary, such as dipping a finger into salad dressing and sucking it off in the company of a man who might interpret it as a sign of sexual interest, are not operative.

Thought 7: Why not?

Thought 8: Because you do not register as a "man" to Kitty Jackson, and so being around you makes her no more self-conscious than would the presence of a dachshund.

Jennifer Egan, A Visit From the Goon Squad

Heathcliff's sexual despair
arose out of no such experience in the life of Emily Brontë,

so far as we know. Her **question**,

which concerns the years of inner cruelty that can twist a person into a pain
devil,
came to her in a kindly firelit kitchen
("kichin" in Emily's spelling) where she

and Charlotte and Anne peeled potatoes together

Anne Carson, The Glass Essay

There is something lab-coat testing in the manner of her offer, asking suddenly, without prior warning, without preamble, or apparent context: "Chick pea salad?" Why? Why today? Why not six weeks ago when we were still new to each other? Why never before has there been mention of this food? Is it possible that now she feels secure, within the domain of my trust, feels enough confidence to finally pose the **question** and not fear a response of complete destruction? Or does she see that today I am vulnerable, that now is the time for a violent frontal attack?

Eldon Garnet, Reading Brooke Shields: The Garden of Failure

p. 409–14

Choice A is incorrect because badly is an adverb describing how someone would smell using his nose. A casserole is not smelling anything therefore an adjective is needed to describe the smell.

B

Henry Davis, Explanations for the Official SAT Study Guide ***Questions****: Detailed Explanations for the Answers for Every* ***Question***

"Extraordinary!" said the pharmacist. "But it might be that the apricots precipitated a syncope! There are some systems just that impressionable when they encounter certain odors! And this could be quite a good **question** to examine, as much from a pathological angle as from a physiological one. The priests know how important this is, which is why they have always mixed scents in with their rituals. It's in order to stupefy your senses and provoke ecstasies, which is, moreover, very easy to bring about with persons of the weaker sex, who are more delicate than the others. Cases have been cited of people fainting at the scent of burnt hartshorn, of fresh bread . . ."

"Be careful not to wake her up!" said Bovary in a low voice.

"And it's not only humans," the pharmacist continued, "who are subject to these anomalies, but animals as well. Thus, you are certainly aware of the singularly aphrodisiac effect that *nepeta cataría,* vulgarly known as catnip, has on the feline race; and moreover, to cite an example I can personally warrant as genuine, Bridoux (one of my old comrades, currently living on the Rue Malpalu) owns a dog who falls into convulsions the minute anyone shows him a snuffbox. He has often demonstrated this for his friends, at his summerhouse in the Bois Guillaume. Can you believe that a simple sternutation could effect such ravages on the organism of a quadruped? It's exceptionally curious, wouldn't you agree?"

Gustave Flaubert, Madame Bovary

Jacques shook his head and did not answer.

What does a grown man, an intelligent man, an honest and decent man who fancies

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himself as a philosopher, think he's playing at, telling disgusting stories like this?

First of all, Reader, they aren't stories. This is a chronicle, and I don't feel any more guilty—perhaps less—when I write down Jacques's follies than Suetonius when he chronicled the debauched life of Tiberius for us. Yet you read Suetonius and you don't complain about him. Why don't you glower at Catullus, Martial, Horace, Juvenal, Petronius, La Fontaine, and many, many more? Why don't you tell Seneca the Stoic: 'We're not interested in your loathsome slaves and their magnifying mirrors'?* Why is it that you only make allowances for dead authors? If you stop a moment and think about this one-sided view of yours, you'll see that it's based on a false premise. If you are pure in heart, you will not read my book; if you are depraved, you will not be affected by reading me. But if you are not convinced by this argument, have a look at what Jean-Baptiste Rousseau says in the preface to his works and there you will find the case for my defence.† Which of you would dare take Voltaire to task for writing *La Pucelle?*‡ Not one of you. Doesn't it follow, therefore, that you use two different sets of scales for judging men's actions?

But, you say, *La Pucelle* is a masterpiece.

Good. That means more people will read it.

Whereas your *Jacques* is a tasteless mishmash of things that happen, some of them true, others made up, written without style and served up like a dog's breakfast.

Good. That means not many people will read *Jacques*.

Look, Reader, whichever view you take, you get it wrong. If my book is any good, you'll like it; if it's bad, it won't do you any harm. There is no book more innocent than a bad book. I rather enjoy—pausing only to change the names—writing down the stupid things you do. Your follies make me laugh, but what I write offends you. To be perfectly frank, Reader, I'd say that of the two of us the more unkind is not me. I'd be only too happy if it were as easy for me to defend myself against your aspersions as it is for you to defend yourself against being bored or imperilled by my book. Just leave me alone, you miserable hypocrites. Carry on fucking like rabbits, but you've got to let me say fuck: I grant you the action and you let me have the word. Words like 'kill' and 'rob' and 'betray' come boldly to your lips, but you don't dare speak *that* word out loud, you just say it under your breath. Could it be that the fewer so-called obscenities you come out with, the more numerous they remain in your thoughts? What harm were you ever done by something as natural, necessary, and right as genital activity, that you should wish to exclude all mention of it from your conversation and imagine that your mouth and eyes and ears would be polluted if it weren't? It is good that the words which are spoken the most often, written the least frequently, and the most effectively curbed should be the best known and the most widely used—as such indeed is the case. For *futuo*§ is no less

* according to Seneca (***Questiones** naturales*, i. 16), Hostius Quadra, a slave, made use of such mirrors in his relations with homosexual partners.

† Jean-Baptiste Rousseau (1671–1741), the greatest lyric poet of the century, was forced into exile in 1707 for publishing obscene, scurrilous verses. He defended himself in the preface to an edition of his works published in 1712.

‡ a mock-epic (1755) by Voltaire (1694–1778), notorious for its licentious treatment of Joan of Arc.

§ first person, present tense of Latin *futuere***, the etymological origin of *foutre****

** to fuck *(latinlexicon.org)*

*** [French] to fuck, to screw, to have sex *(wiktionary.org)*

common than the word 'bread'. It is known to every age and idiom, there are countless synonyms for it in every tongue known to man, it looms large in every language but is never directly expressed, being without voice or outward shape, and the sex which indulges the thing most is the one accustomed to say the word least.

I can still hear you objecting: 'Oh, what a cynic! The impudence! This is sophistry!'

That's right, go ahead—insult a revered author who you are forever reading and of whom I am here merely the mouthpiece: I mean Montaigne.* You might say that the freedom of his language is the guarantee of the purity of my morals. *Lasciva est nobis pagina, vita proba.*†

Jacques and his Master spent the rest of the day not speaking.

Denis Diderot, Jacques the Fatalist and His Master

* the text, from 'To be perfectly frank' to 'the words least', is transcribed almost literally from Montaigne (*Essais*, iii. 5).

† 'The page I write is licentious, but my life is pure.' The line is from the *Epigrams* (I. iv. 8) of Martial (AD 43–104).

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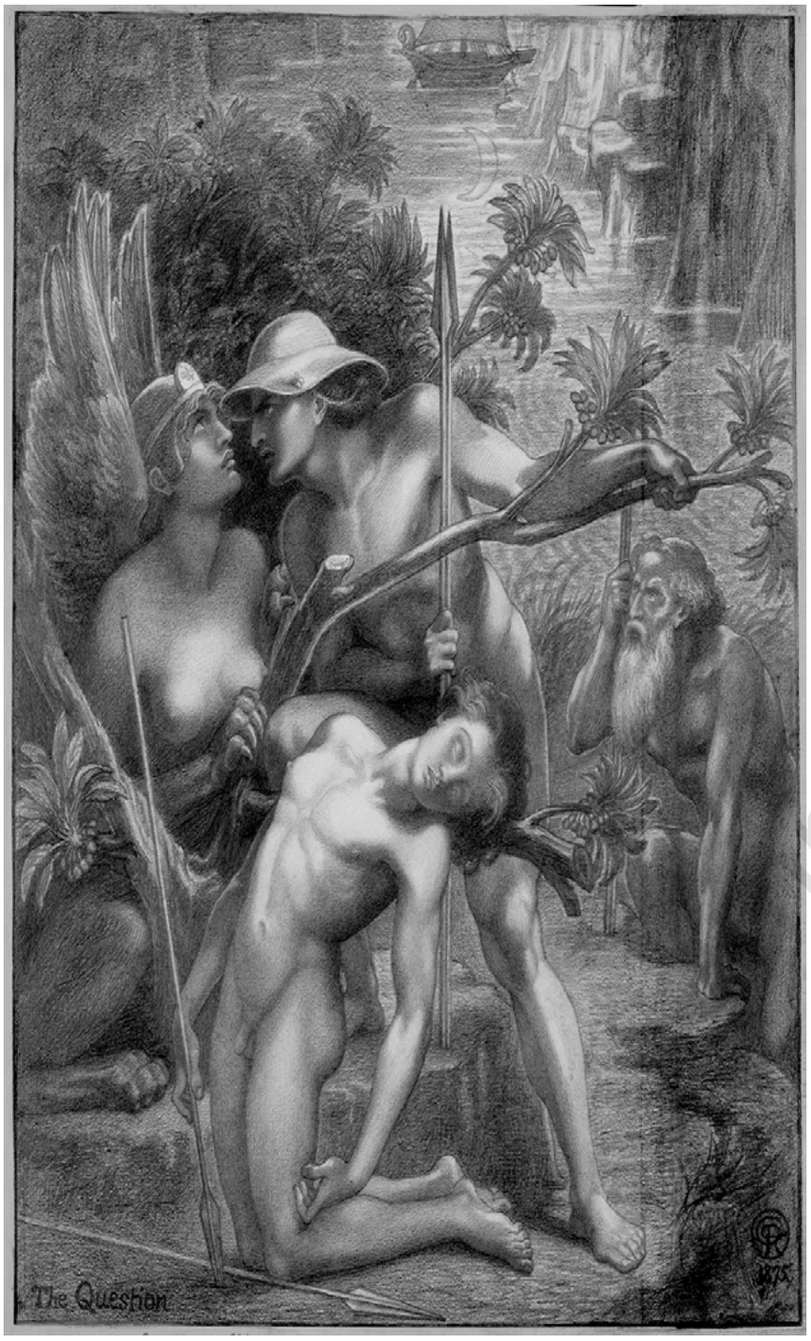

*Dante Gabriel Rossetti, The **Question** (alternately titled: The Sphinx), 1875*
Pencil, 18 3/4 x 16 in., Birmingham City Museum and Art Gallery

Question 154. The Parts of Lust

Nothing is too filthy to be used to stimulate the base sensuality of the public

Victor Orcutt had stopped talking and was looking at me as if he expected a remark or a **question**. I decided on a **question**.

Ross Thomas, The Fools in Town Are on Our Side

QUESTION 154. THE PARTS OF LUST

Into what parts is lust divided?
Is simple fornication a mortal sin?
Is it the greatest of sins?
Is there mortal sin in touches, kisses and such like seduction?
Is nocturnal pollution a mortal sin?
Seduction
Rape
Adultery
Incest
Sacrilege
The sin against nature
The order of gravity in the aforesaid sins

Thomas Aquinas, Summa Theologica

There are also some verses on the subject as follows: "The whole subject of embracing is of such a nature that men who ask **questions** about it, or who hear about it, or who talk about it, acquire thereby a desire for enjoyment. Even those embraces that are not mentioned in the Kama Shastra should be practised at the time of sexual enjoyment, if they are in any way conducive to the increase of love or passion. The rules of the Shastra apply so long as the passion of man is middling, but when the wheel of love is once set in motion, there is then no Shastra and no order."

Vatsyayana, The Kama Sutra

"*Must* we return to that?" he asked, piteously.

"Only for a moment," I said.

"You remind me," pursued Major Fitz-David, shaking his head sadly, "of another charming friend of mine—a French friend—Madame Mirliflore. You are a person of prodigious tenacity of purpose. Madame Mirliflore is a person of prodigious tenacity of purpose. She happens to be in London. Shall we have her at our little dinner?" The Major brightened at the idea, and took up the pen again. "Do tell me," he said, "what is your favorite autumn soup?"

"Pardon me," I began, "we were speaking just now—"

"Oh, dear me!" cried Major Fitz-David. "Is this the other subject?"

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