

From: "jeffrey E." <jeevacation@gmail.com>

To: [REDACTED] >

Subject: Re:

Date: Sun, 12 Nov 2017 23:26:52 +0000

brilliant

On Sun, Nov 12, 2017 at 6:18 PM, [REDACTED] > wrote:

This paragraph is a masterpiece to me. I've been reading it over and over again. It's incredible how sometimes books perfectly describe your inner feelings and perceptions.

"The cradle rocks above an abyss, and common sense tells us that our existence is but a brief crack of light between two eternities of darkness. Although the two are identical twins, man, as a rule, views the prenatal abyss with more calm than the one he is headed for (at some forty-five hundred heartbeats an hour). I know, however, of a young chronophobiatic who experienced something like panic when looking for the first time at homemade movies that had been taken a few weeks before his birth. He saw a world that was practically unchanged — the same house, the same people — and then realized that he did not exist there at all and that nobody mourned his absence. He caught a glimpse of his mother waving from an upstairs window, and that unfamiliar gesture disturbed him, as if it were some mysterious farewell. But what particularly frightened him was the sight of a brand-new baby carriage standing there on the porch; even that was empty, as if, in the reverse order of events, his very bones had disintegrated." - Nabokov

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please note

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