**1. Friedrich Nietzsche**

Have you not heard of that madman who lit a lantern in the bright morning hours, ran to the market-place, and cried incessantly: "I am looking for God! I am looking for God!"  
  As many of those who did not believe in God were standing together there, he excited considerable laughter. Have you lost him, then? said one. Did he lose his way like a child? said another. Or is he hiding? Is he afraid of us? Has he gone on a voyage? or emigrated? Thus they shouted and laughed. The madman sprang into their midst and pierced them with his glances.  
  
  "Where has God gone?" he cried. "I shall tell you. We have killed him - you and I. We are his murderers. But how have we done this? How were we able to drink up the sea? Who gave us the sponge to wipe away the entire horizon? What did we do when we unchained the earth from its sun? Whither is it moving now? Whither are we moving now? Away from all suns? Are we not perpetually falling? Backward, sideward, forward, in all directions? Is there any up or down left? Are we not straying as through an infinite nothing? Do we not feel the breath of empty space? Has it not become colder? Is it not more and more night coming on all the time? Must not lanterns be lit in the morning? Do we not hear anything yet of the noise of the gravediggers who are burying God? Do we not smell anything yet of God's decomposition? Gods too decompose. God is dead. God remains dead. And we have killed him. How shall we, murderers of all murderers, console ourselves? That which was the holiest and mightiest of all that the world has yet possessed has bled to death under our knives. Who will wipe this blood off us? With what water could we purify ourselves? What festivals of atonement, what sacred games shall we need to invent? Is not the greatness of this deed too great for us? Must we not ourselves become gods simply to be worthy of it? There has never been a greater deed; and whosoever shall be born after us - for the sake of this deed he shall be part of a higher history than all history hitherto."

**2. Edwin Arlington Robinson**

**Richard Cory**

Whenever Richard Cory went down town,   
We people on the pavement looked at him:   
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,   
Clean-favoured and imperially slim.   
  
And he was always quietly arrayed,   
And he was always human when he talked;   
But still he fluttered pulses when he said,   
"Good Morning!" and he glittered when he walked.   
  
And he was rich, yes, richer than a king,   
And admirably schooled in every grace:   
In fine -- we thought that he was everything   
To make us wish that we were in his place.   
  
So on we worked and waited for the light,   
And went without the meat and cursed the bread,   
And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,   
Went home and put a bullet in his head.

**3. Ernest Hemingway**

"Good night," said the younger waiter.   
  
"Good night," the other said. Turning off the electric light he continued the conversation with himself. It was the light of course but it is necessary that the place be clean and pleasant. You do not want music. Certainly you do not want music. Nor can you stand before a bar with dignity although that is all that is provided for these hours. What did he fear? It was not a fear or dread. It was a nothing that he knew too well. It was all a nothing and a man was a nothing too. It was only that and light was all it needed and a certain cleanness and order. Some lived in it and never felt it but he knew it all was nada y pues nada y nada y pues nada. Our nada who art in nada, nada be thy name thy kingdom nada thy will be nada in nada as it is in nada. Give us this nada our daily nada and nada us our nada as we nada our nadas and nada us not into nada but deliver us from nada; pues nada. Hail nothing full of nothing, nothing is with thee. He smiled and stood before a bar with a shining steam pressure coffee machine.   
  
"What's yours?" asked the barman.   
  
"Nada."   
  
"Otro loco mas," said the barman and turned away.

**4. D. H. Lawrence**

THE Perfectability of Man! Ah ,heaven, what a dreary theme! The perfectability of the Ford car! The perfectability of which man? I am many men. Which of them are you going to perfect? I am not a mechanical contrivance.

Education! Which of the various me’s do you propose to educate, and which do you propose to suppress?

Anyhow, I defy you. I defy you, oh society, to educate me or to suppress me, according to your dummy standards.

The ideal man! And which is he, if you please? Benjamin Franklin or Abraham Lincoln? The ideal man! Roosevelt or Porfirio Diaz?

There are other men in me, besides this patient ass who sits here in a tweed jacket. What am I doing, playing the patient ass in a tweed jacket? Who am I talking to? Who are you, at the other end of this patience?

Who are you? How many selves have you? And which of these selves do you want to be?

Is Yale College going to educate the self that is in the dark of you, or Harvard College?

The ideal self! Oh, but I have a strange and fugitive self shut out and howling like a wolf or o coyote under the ideal windows. See his red eyes in the dark? This is the self who is coming into his own.

The perfectability of man, dear God! When every man as long as he remains alive is in himself a multitude of conflicting men, Which of these do you choose to perfect, at the expense of every other?