

{...}

*Notes toward the definition of the blockbuster (1987)*

— Paris, 1793

He crushed her in his arms. Then they went into the bedroom and did it ten or fifteen times. “But what does it all mean?” she asked, staring pensively out the window at the French Revolution, the invention of the steam engine, and the development of a skilled mobile working class. “I...I don’t know,” he confessed, idly performing a few experiments with the galvanic cell. Then they went into the bedroom and did it ten or fifteen times. “Say, how about this Protestant work ethic?” he asked. Then they went into the bedroom and did it ten or fifteen times. “Don’t you love these period costumes?” she asked. “Yes,” he admitted in a husky whisper. Then they went into the bedroom and did it ten or fifteen times.

“But we were young then, and Romantics,” he confessed years later. “The influence of Lord Byron, of Goethe...the air of those musty castles, which gave all of us consumption.”

Delicately, he coughs blood into a handkerchief.