Men, Art, Love, Artist, Memories, Reality, Truth, Wine, Heart, Secret, Long, Kissing, Loneliness, Real, Desire, Writing, Matter, People, Travel, Doe

The richest love is that which submits to the arbitration of time.

~Lawrence Durrell

A woman's best love letters are always written to the man she is betraying.

~Lawrence Durrell

Prohibitions create the desire they were intended to cure.

~Lawrence Durrell

Life is like a cucumber. One minute it's in your hand, the next it's up you ass.

~Lawrence Durrell

Travel can be one of the most rewarding forms of introspection.

~Lawrence Durrell

Music is only love looking for words.

~Lawrence Durrell

We are all hunting for rational reasons for believing in the absurd.

~Lawrence Durrell

To write a poem is like trying to catch a lizard without its tail falling off.

~Lawrence Durrell

It is not love that is blind, but jealousy.

~Lawrence Durrell

Journeys, like artists, are born and not made. A thousand differing circumstances contribute to them, few of them willed or determined by the will-whatever we may think.

Old age is an insult. It's like being smacked.

~Lawrence Durrell

A city becomes a world when one loves one of its inhabitants.

~Lawrence Durrell

Who invented the human heart, I wonder? Tell me, and then show me the place where he was hanged.

~Lawrence Durrell

History is an endless repetition of the wrong way of living.

~Lawrence Durrell

Does not everything depend on our interpretation of the silence around us?

~Lawrence Durrell

We are the children of our landscape; it dictates behavior and even thought in the measure to which we are responsive to it.

~Lawrence Durrell

The sense of truth no matter how subjective is necessary for the experience of beauty.

~Lawrence Durrell

Our inventions mirror our secret wishes.

~Lawrence Durrell

Music was invented to confirm human loneliness.

~Lawrence Durrell

Shyness has laws you can only give yourself; tragically to those who least understand.

I am quite alone. I am neither happy nor unhappy; I lie suspended like a hair or a feather in the cloudy mixtures of memory.

~Lawrence Durrell

I don't believe one reads to escape reality. A person reads to confirm a reality he knows is there, but which he has not experienced.

~Lawrence Durrell

I had become, with the approach of night, once more aware of loneliness and time - those two companions without whom no journey can yield us anything.

~Lawrence Durrell

The appalling thing is the degree of charity women are capable of. You see it all the time... love lavished on absolute fools. Love's a charity ward, you know.

~Lawrence Durrell

Truth is a matter of direct apprehension-you can't climb a ladder of mental concepts to it.

~Lawrence Durrell

It's only with great vulgarity that you can achieve real refinement, only out of bawdry that you can get tenderness.

~Lawrence Durrell

It takes a lot of energy and a lot of neurosis to write a novel. If you were really sensible, you'd do something else.

~Lawrence Durrell

Life, the raw material, is only lived in potentia until the artist deploys it in his work.

Like all young men I set out to be a genius, but mercifully laughter intervened.

~Lawrence Durrell

Truth disappears with the telling of it.

~Lawrence Durrell

Sorrow is implicit in love as gravitation is implicit in mass.

~Lawrence Durrell

Every man is made of clay and diamond, and no woman can nourish both.

~Lawrence Durrell

Everyone loathes his own country and countrymen if he is any sort of artist.

~Lawrence Durrell

It's unthinkable not to love - you'd have a severe nervous breakdown. Or you'd have to be Philip Larkin.

~Lawrence Durrell

Everything really desirable has come about because of, or in spite of, wine!

~Lawrence Durrell

To be the equal of reality you must learn how to ignore it without danger.

~Lawrence Durrell

It is the duty of every patriot to hate his country creatively.

~Lawrence Durrell

Brazil is bigger than Europe, wilder than Africa, and weirder than Baffin

Land.

~Lawrence Durrell

Guilt always hurries towards its complement, punishment: only there does its satisfaction lie.

~Lawrence Durrell

Artâ€"the meaning of the pattern of our common actions in reality. The cloth-of-gold that hides behind the sackcloth of reality, forced out by the pain of human memory.

~Lawrence Durrell

The heaviest impact of the work of art is in the guts. Art does not reason. It manhandles you and changes you.

~Lawrence Durrell

Religion is simply art bastardized out of all recognition.

~Lawrence Durrell

It is not peace we seek but meaning.

~Lawrence Durrell

I'm trying to die correctly, but it's very difficult, you know.

~Lawrence Durrell

No one can go on being a rebel too long without turning into an autocrat.

~Lawrence Durrell

Now stiff on a pillar with a phallic air nelson stylites in Trafalgar square reminds the British what once they were.

~Lawrence Durrell

We should tackle reality in a slightly jokey way, otherwise we miss its

point.

~Lawrence Durrell

A taste older than meat, older than wine. A taste as old as cold water.

~Lawrence Durrell

The cocktail party - as the name itself indicates - was originally invented by dogs. They are simply bottom-sniffings raised to the rank of formal ceremonies.

~Lawrence Durrell

It only takes one match to ignite a haystack, or one remark to fire a mind.

~Lawrence Durrell

Science is the poetry of the intellect and poetry the science of the heart's affections.

~Lawrence Durrell

Gamblers and lovers really play to lose.

~Lawrence Durrell

Life is more complicated than we think, yet far simpler than anyone dares to imagine

~Lawrence Durrell

Love is like trench warfare - you cannot see the enemy, but you know he is there and that it is wiser to keep your head down.

~Lawrence Durrell

But I love to feel events overlapping each other, crawling over one another like wet crabs in a basket

All culture corrupts, but French culture corrupts absolutely.

~Lawrence Durrell

The memory of man is as old as misfortune

~Lawrence Durrell

Odd, isn't it? He really was the right man for her in a sort of way; but then as you know, it is a law of love that the so-called 'right' person always comes to soon or too late.

~Lawrence Durrell

Art like life is an open secret.

~Lawrence Durrell

Whatever the heart desires, it purchases at the cost of soul

~Lawrence Durrell

Lovers can find nothing to say to each other that has not been said and unsaid a thousand times over. Kisses were invented to translate such nothings into wounds

~Lawrence Durrell

Truth is a woman. That is why it is enigmatic.

~Lawrence Durrell

They say that if you get bored enough with calamity you can learn to laugh.

~Lawrence Durrell

An idea is like a rare bird which cannot be seen. What one sees is the trembling of the branch it has just left.

~Lawrence Durrell

I see artists as a great battalion moving through paint, words, music

towards cosmological interpretation.

~Lawrence Durrell

Of women, the most we can say, not being Frenchmen, is that they are burrowing animals.

~Lawrence Durrell

All artists today are expected to cultivate a little fashionable unhappiness.

~Lawrence Durrell

Love joins and then divides. How else would we be growing?

~Lawrence Durrell

What are stars but points in the body of God where we insert the healing needles of our terror and longing?

~Lawrence Durrell

Somewhere in the heart of experience there is an order and a coherence which we might purprise if we were attentive enough, loving enough, or patient enough.

~I awrence Durrell

Perhaps our only sickness is to desire a truth which we cannot bear rather than to rest content with the fictions we manufacture out of each other.

~Lawrence Durrell

He thought and suffered a good deal but he lacked the resolution to dare--the first requisite of a practitioner.

~Lawrence Durrell

They flower spontaneously out of the demands of our natures - and the best of them lead us not only outward in space, but inward as well.

~Lawrence Durrell

Let us define 'man' as a poet perpetually conspiring against himself.

~Lawrence Durrell

How grudging memory is, and how bitterly she clutches the raw material of her daily work.

~Lawrence Durrell

I suppose the secret of his success is in his tremendous idleness which almost approaches the supernatural.

~Lawrence Durrell

Truth is what most contradicts itself.

~Lawrence Durrell

I have done so many things in my life," she said to the mirror. "Evil things, perhaps. But never unattentively, never wastefully...was I wrong?

~Lawrence Durrell

Poetry is what happens when an anxiety meets a technique.

~Lawrence Durrell

I am just a refugee from the long slow toothache of English life. It is terrible to love life so much you can hardly breathe!

~Lawrence Durrell

The realisation of one's own death is the point at which one becomes adult.

~Lawrence Durrell

The steward, according to custom, had stopped all the clocks. This, in the language of Narouz, said "Your stay with us is so brief, let us not be

reminded of the flight of the hours."

~Lawrence Durrell

The effective in art is what rapes the emotions of your audience without nourishing its values.

~Lawrence Durrell

You see, nothing matters except pleasure - which is the opposite of happiness, its tragic part, I expect.

~Lawrence Durrell

Poverty is a great cutter-off and riches a great shutter-off.

~Lawrence Durrell

A critic is a lug-worm in the liver of literature.

~Lawrence Durrell

The artist's work constitutes the only satisfactory relationship he can have with his fellow men since he seeks his real friends among the dead and the unborn.

~Lawrence Durrell

Comedians are the nearest to suicide.

~Lawrence Durrell

A diary is the last place to go if you wish to seek the truth about a person. Nobody dares to make the final confession to themselves on paper: or at least, not about love.

~Lawrence Durrell

There is no pain compared to that of loving a woman who makes her body accessible to one and yet who is incapable of delivering her true self -- because she does not know where to find it.

People only see in us the contemptible skirt-fever which rules our actions but completely miss the beauty-hunger underlying it.

~Lawrence Durrell

Frost in January minus 20 for a week. Dead birds frozen on the branchâ€"they fall with the first thaw like ripe fruitâ€"death-ripened. We shall all end like themâ€"just a stain in the snow.

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