

RESERVATIONS IN ORANGE AND GREEN



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Aphoristic Philosophy by

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CDM Philosophy

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PREFACE

The only reason there is an orange notebook 3 and not a green notebook 3 in this literary project having markedly philosophical overtones is that the first orange notebook was already over two-thirds full with previous literary material when I began to use it for this project, and that, since I wanted a balance, so far as possible, between the green and orange notebooks, both in terms of length and amount and quality of material contained within each of them, I opted to fill about two-thirds of a third orange notebook in my possession in order to compensate for the comparative brevity of the first notebook, thereby presenting the reader with approximately as much orange as green notebook material, but without any intention of suggesting a bias towards the orange at the expense of the green simply on account of the partially-filled additional orange notebook.

The results, overall, are pretty interchangeable in any case, since I did not consciously attempt to think or write, from an Irish standpoint, in a more 'green' way with the green notebooks or in a more 'orange' way with the orange ones, even if sometimes a bias towards one or the other tendency could be inferred. What I wanted, and I believe achieved, was a framework that allowed me to think and write freely without undue concessions to either colour (or ethnicity), and somehow I succeeded, even at this late stage in my literary vocation, in extending my philosophy to embrace an entirely new perspective which I believe to be of seminal importance in both understanding and defining

contemporary civilization as an extension of Western civilization, whether or not one relates to it or has any ancestral connections with it.

I have achieved all this within a relatively short project, one which transcends the conventional printery book bias towards volume, not to say mass, in the interests of aphoristic brevity and metaphysical credibility within a literary framework more suited, I believe, to eBook publication on the Internet, not to say to philosophical truth, even with other considerations, often of a quite literary and even entertaining nature, that had to be considered along the largely time/pseudo-space way in which the subject of 'reservations', amounting to the thematic *leitmotif* of this project, was duly investigated from a number of angles in both the orange and green notebooks, with a view to enhancing my understanding of what it means to be 'reserved'.

John O'Loughlin, London, September 2013 (Revised
2022)

ORANGE NOTEBOOK 1

How much of a part did the Renaissance contribute to the Reformation? For was not the Renaissance something of a Catholic decadence? If Catholicism underwent its own decadence with the Renaissance, as the evidence for papal debauchery and such like would suggest, then that, no doubt, had a considerable influence upon the Reformation, at least in Germany, and upon the Protestant rejection, through Luther (who had been to Rome and seen corruption at first hand), of all things Catholic.

I suppose, when it comes down to it, the offspring of parents take the male surname in order that the father be further bound, beyond marriage, to the mother. That didn't work, however, in my father's case and, ever since, I have been burdened with the surname of a man I didn't know and who, to judge by his absence from the family, didn't want to know me, either.

I guess human swine will always eat pig's flesh, after their swinish natures. You can always tell a swine by the fact that he eats pig's flesh, or pork.

The sun melted into the ocean, like butter descending from above.

Hatred of most things British, love of most things German and/or Germanic – the emotional poles of my existence

(subject to occasional modification).

I'd rather be shown up in public than show off in public.

Those who love hate, hate to love.

The British can be reserved, but they can also be unspeakably vulgar. Some Britons are more reserved than unspeakably vulgar, others more unspeakably vulgar than reserved. Even the reserved can, on occasion, be unspeakably vulgar, just as the unspeakably vulgar can, on occasion, be reserved. The British are both reserved and unspeakably vulgar, and perhaps, in some cases, reserved *because* unspeakably vulgar.

When you've acted in films like *Run Lola Run*, *Anatomy*, *The Princess and the Warrior*, and *Atomised*, as Franka Potente has, you'd probably feel you had a right to consider yourself the finest actress of your day, having played leading roles in four of the very best films of your time. I think my order of preference of the above films would be:–

The Princess and the Warrior
(*Der Krieger und die Kaiserin*)

Atomised
(*Elementarteilchen*)

Run Lola Run
(*Lola Rennt*)

Anatomy
(*Anatomie*)

Whether a man knows his mind as well as a woman knows her body ... must remain a moot point.

British urban terraced housing, up close and up tight! A convergence to some kind of worldly omega point that nonetheless stops short of anything arguably social democratic, like rectilinear tower blocs on sprawling estates.

With me, content precedes form, so that not just *what* but *how* I think conditions the way I write, the 'form' of my writings.

The damned androgynous liberal, paving the way, through equalitarianism, for the liberated bitch, unhampered by conservatism, to strut her liberated stuff with socialistic importunity. What a disgrace!

They are mistaken who think that by removing discrimination in one context it doesn't have a knock-on effect and undermine one's ability to discriminate in others. These days 'discrimination' has become a dirty word, especially with the 'politically correct', but it wasn't always so. In fact, the ability to discriminate meant the difference between 'good' and 'bad', 'right' and 'wrong', 'high' and 'low', and was regarded, correctly, as a prime attribute of the cultured, i.e. 'the discriminating' or 'the discerning' or those, generally, who could distinguish between 'right' and 'wrong', etc. In a non-discriminatory,

egalitarian system 'anything goes' and the capacity to discriminate is not only undermined, but regarded as undesirable because 'elitist'. Somehow I can't help but think that all this want of discrimination stems from Protestant opposition to Catholicism and the gradual secular levelling which has since ensued, in consequence. In spite of that, however, people *do* still discriminate, because it is necessary to both human dignity and survivability.

These days, literature is beset by too many conventional slaves who deprive it of original artists. Commercialization has so bedevilled literature that no self-respecting artist could possibly allow his work to be published commercially, much less expect it to be published by the book-orientated publishing establishment! Which is really just as well, since the prospects of his work surviving unscathed at the hands of editors and printers and others on the production side of publishing could only be slight, if the appalling evidence of most books is anything to judge by!

Politicians in Britain are usually too out of touch with reality (in their various provincial 'ivory towers') to think about the consequences of their actions, never mind to experience them at first-hand. Anybody who regularly votes in British General Elections to elect members of parliament would have to be British. Certainly, as an Irishman, I could not do such a thing, since, quite apart from what politicians have done and are still doing to

undermine themselves, it would strike me as an axial betrayal, a betrayal of what I believe in.

I have employed a species of cultural fascism to hit back, time and again, at communistic workmen whose exploitation of somatic licence goes too far for my liking. In fact, they've only got what they deserved, that is, some form of retributive punishment. Which, on second thoughts, is probably less than they deserved.

The British form of global success, the imperial acquisitions of Empire and so on, is fundamentally ant-like in character, and therefore only admirable from the standpoint of those who admire ants.

The weather goes from bad to worse, and there is nothing you can do about it, nobody you can specifically hold to account and blame for it. So helpless!

Much of the time we don't actually listen to music; we hear it and are tormented by it.

How could they bomb Monte Cassino?

Keeping up appearances is to put down essences. Keeping up (sticking to) essences is to put down appearances.

Drumming is the essence of rock music, one might almost say the godly element *par excellence*. Most kinds of music either don't have an essence or, like jazz, tend to have only a pseudo-essence in the guise of an approach to drumming (or percussion) that is more sequential than repetitive and

therefore germane not to time (metaphysics) but to pseudo-time (pseudo-metaphysics), which, of course, exists under the spatial space, or space *per se*, of metachemistry, as under jazz vocals and/or brass, with particular reference, I should imagine, to use of a trumpet.

Born in Raiding, just south of Furchtenstein in Austria, Franz Liszt would have to be considered, these days, as just another great Austrian composer. Although Burgenland, the province in which Liszt was born, formerly belonged to Hungary within the Austro-Hungarian Empire, since 1921 it has been a part of the province of Lower Austria, in which Liszt's *Geburtshaus* is to be found.

Austria is probably the one place in central Europe where Turks wouldn't want to live, at least in any great numbers.

Brunau-am-Inn's most infamous son – any guesses?

He was a tormented genius – tormented by other people!

Uneducated proletarians are simply people who are incapable – exceptions to the rule notwithstanding – of being educated. Only a fool or a madman would throw pearls before swine, not least those who, lacking the requisite capacity, don't want to be educated in the first place.

The incompetence of the British, inextricably bound, as it tends to be, to a degree of leg-pulling and even foul play, sometimes even Paddy-bashing as a foil for their want of

competence, invariably makes for discontent. They are too much will and too little soul, but also, and conversely, too little spirit and too much ego. As Nietzsche observed of the English: *'Sans genie et sans esprit'*.

Living in Britain, one is afflicted by the barbarity of so-called multiculturalism which, like the legendary tower of Babel, simply confounds and confuses one, since contrary to that which, as culture, leads to contentment.

Living in London, which is one of the most cosmopolitan cities on earth, is like living in a microcosm of the world. Any sense of national pride, whether English or British, would be difficult if not impossible in such a city, since it has little or nothing to do with the British nation, whatever that means, but appears rather to glory in the cosmopolitan transcendence of Englishness or Britishness to a point where the historically indigenous of one sort or another become swamped by foreign influences and scarcely recognizable as such.

When countries, or the people of a given country, are growing, they tend towards nationhood, or the achievement of a uniform culture within civilized bounds.

When, however, countries are falling apart or disintegrating, they tend towards internationalism, or the break-up of nationhood under the twin pressures of barbarity and philistinism. As Yeats wrote: 'Things fall apart, the centre cannot hold, mere anarchy is loosed upon the world' ... or, more specifically, upon what was once a nation. But a nation, one could argue, that undermined itself through foreign conquests and the absorption or

integration of foreign elements, becoming, in the process,
less male and more female in character.

It is ironic that while Ireland was discovering nationhood (through the Gaelic Revival, the Easter Rising, and so on), Britain was in the process of losing it (through the disruptive internationalism of Empire and the disintegrative consequences of global imperialism), with devolution as a concomitant of a developing British malaise.

Nationhood is the only thing worth holding on to; it is what defines a country. Without it, you are nothing. Internationalism leads not forwards but backwards ... to alphaville, as to a polytheistic plethora of competing cultures whose incompatibility makes for barbarous strife and a want of certainty or conviction, a confusion of mind that allows the body to sensuously triumph.

Latterly, the wretched workmen next-door have added sawing to their ungodly repertoire of hammering, drilling, and scraping. Whatever next?

A more fitting name for the British would, in my opinion, be the Brutish. For, accustomed to the strife of imperialism and the acquisition by force of empire, the British masses are nothing if not brutal, with few if any exceptions. Getting on with it without reasoning or even knowing why seems to be their fatality, one deriving, in no