

## Audio file

[2024-11-12 KST Kafka 01 Resolutions v1.mp3](#)

## Transcript

Resolutions. To rouse oneself from a state of misery should be an easy matter, even with borrowed energy. I tear myself away from my chair, run round the table, bring some movement to my head and neck, some fire to my eyes, tense the muscles around them. Work to counter every instinct greet A. rapturously if he should come now, decently tolerate B.'s presence in my room, and in the case of C. imbibe in long draughts everything he says, in spite of the attendant pain and difficulty.

But even if I can manage all that and with each mistake and mistakes are unavoidable – the whole thing, however hard or easy, we'll eventually falter, and I will be back where I started.

For which reason, the best advice remains to take what comes, to behave like some sluggish mass, and even if one should feel oneself being blown away not to be tempted into one superfluous step to gaze at the other with wary animal eye, to feel no remorse, in a word, to crush out with one's hands whatever ghostly particle of life remains, that is, to intensify the final piece of the grave. And not allow anything else.

A characteristic motion accompanying such a condition is to smooth one's eyebrows with one's little finger.