

Cohabiting with Deborah was like sitting to dinner in an empty castle with no more for host than a butler and his curse.

--Vladimir Nabakov

And, yikes, living with Deborah -- Bodhisattvas and pratyekabuddhas gather round and give words to my tongue -- was like sittin to hotdogs in a grooky old Lugosi castle with Karloff, wow, for butler and huge sinister shadows dancin and movin in the French-Canadian mother corners of the room, plug.

--Jack Kerouac

The attempt, for it was no more than an attempt, to live in "marriage," both physical and mental, with Deborah, was, moment by moment and month by month, mentally excruciating, and physically debilitating, to an extreme, and terrible, extent.

-- Henry James

When I was a green lad and windy there
I made a marriage like chains in the sea
And howled out my heart in green rage
In the salmon-seeded season of sex

-- Allen Ginsberg

Living with her (he thought) is a bitch. A female dog. A goddam growling female dog. A real 24-carat bitch.

-- James Jones

As Carl took Deborah into his arms she turned into an enormous black widow spider and he came in orgasm after orgasm of terror shooting out jissom and shit and all kinds a horrible gick from every possible orifice.

-- William S. Burroughs

Living with Deborah left me drained like the swinning pool of a silent-movie star after she has retired to Dallas and her mansion falls slowly into decay and the tourist guides do not even point to it any longer, in the cool windy afternoon of the day of defeat which is every day in our lives these days.

-- Raymond Chandler