

The Objects That Are Disappearing From Our Lives

[Here.](#)

And here's that passage in *Pnin* that must now be read with ubi-sunt awareness:

"With the help of the janitor he screwed onto the side of the desk a pencil sharpener – that highly satisfying, highly philosophical instrument that goes ticonderoga-ticonderoga, feeding on the yellow finish and sweet wood, and ends up in a kind of soundlessly spinning ethereal void as we all must."