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From Amsterdam, this is bright Minds. The podcast from the John Adams Institute, a treasure trove the best and the brightest of American thinking, and when the novelist Hanya Yanagihara set out to write a new book, she also set herself a challenge.

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Hanya Yanagihara: Could I write a version of America that had not been founded on Puritanism, and you know, Puritanism in the United States is, I think, in many ways similar to Calvinism here. It's quite punishing form of Christianity and if you change that, then the idea of love would change, the idea of gender would change, the idea of race would not change.

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Jonathan Groubert: That book became the epic novel *To Paradise*. *To Paradise* is a three part story spanning three centuries, all centered around New York City, in an alternate America. The characters face challenges that seem familiar but are more extreme, more of an extension of what could have happened or, in the case of the story that takes place 60 years from now, what may very well happen. Hanya Yanagihara's previous novel, *A Little Life*, was the book of 2015, critics lavished praise on it and readers of the *New York Times* nominated it as one of the best 25 books of the past 125 years. So, it was a big deal that Hanya Yanagihara was the guest for the John Adams first live event after Corona restrictions were lifted. The evening had a slightly different configuration to previous shows featuring authors, normally we'd start with a reading, but this time we'll start with a talk between culture journalist Joyce Roodnat and Hanya Yanagihara and miss Roodnat started by asking just how she defines "paradise"

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Hanya Yanagihara: Paradise, the very American idea of Paradise. First of all, it's always the West. Typically in America, paradise is meant the West, you go farther and farther and farther. You went to California, then you fell off the country and then you went to Hawaii. But Paradise is also in, in America, something within, and is this suggestion that happiness, not contentment but bliss, is something that you can achieve if you believe hard enough or you work hard enough or you try hard enough. And it is a very punishing belief because it suggests that if you are somehow incapable of finding happiness, it is your fault. And, and, I think that's a very dangerous way for us to teach our children how to think about what they should want in life and, and, what the idea of happiness is, that it is something that is purely dependent upon their ability to achieve it.

But in this book you are talking about the ending. Each book, each section of the book, ends with Paradise and each section is unfinished in a way it suggests it is not definitive. And when I was writing this book I began writing in earnest in early 2018 and I finished at the very end of 2020. So it's three years and I felt very much in that period, and I think many Americans felt this way, and not just Americans, that you were seeing the country change in real-time that it was one of those moments in history that you were seeing. You understood

that you, in retrospect, you would later see it from the distance of history as a moment in which the paradigm truly shifted. And there was this real-time sense that you didn't know what the country was becoming.

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Jocye Roodnat: And that's because of the election of Donald Trump?

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Hanya Yanagihara: Yes, and not only that, but that it had culminated in the election of Donald Trump, but that you didn't know what, what America's conclusion would be. That our future very much seemed and seems uncertain, and that same sense of uncertainty, of wariness, of fear, I think, is something, but also of hope and endurance, is what I think I wanted to, to imply with the endings of the three sections.

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Jocye Roodnat: So, to me, *to Paradise* also suggest death, you die and then you go to Paradise.

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Hanya Yanagihara: Yes, although you know, as I said, I did not grow up in a religious or cultural tradition that believed in Paradise. You know, my father was sort of nominally Buddhist, is sort of nominally Buddhist, but he did not believe, he was not of a sect that believed in the idea of nirvana or, or transcendent. He belonged to a very ascetic sect where they kind of just want you to just die and get it out of the way. But you know, because living is kind of beside the point. But I didn't grow up with that idea of paradise. You know, either literally or figuratively.

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Jocye Roodnat: So, that's, that's once again like I said, when you read something...

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Hanya Yanagihara: That's a good theory though, I like it.

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Jocye Roodnat: You just say this book is mine and I will use my interpretation.

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Hanya Yanagihara: But. it is, it is. But the idea of paradise exists in almost every major, you know, religious tradition, of course.

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Jocye Roodnat: So, this book consists of three books. How did it go about? How did it come? What style, state of mind were you in that you started a huge work like this?

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Hanya Yanagihara: The ideas arrived together, and they seemed inseparable from one another, but it took me some time to figure out how they were speaking to one another, how they were related. With the first book, which is said in 1893, I will, first I had always wanted to write a marriage novel, which is kind of, you know, literary subgenre that exists in every culture around the world and. A marriage, you know, you know, you know Austen and

a marriage novel and all marriage novels are about money ultimately, and all novels are about money. It's, it's, a very postmodern idea to think that the novel is inseparable from money because you know Tolstoy knew it, you know Austen knew it, Dickens knew it. I'm only, I'm only naming a few people from a few places, but all of them knew that the characters, motivations, their possibilities, their worlds were ultimately defined by how much money they had. And if you were a woman, it was not what your, your, possibilities in life were directly affected by how much money you had or how much money you could marry into. And so I started thinking: what if I could write a marriage novel, a 19th century marriage novel, that wasn't gendered in that way. The idea of money itself was not gendered.

And then also, could I write a version of America that had not been founded on Puritanism. And you know, Puritanism in the United States is, I think, in many ways similar to Calvinism here, and it's a quite punishing form of Christianity. And if you change that, then the idea of love would change, the idea of gender would change, the idea of race would not change. But that was the beginning of that, of that book. But the three sections arrived very much at the same time, as I said, and, and, I knew they had something to do with one another. But I couldn't figure out how or why or what.

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Joyce Roodnat: And then you started writing three books together. Split-screen experience?

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Hanya Yanagihara: Yes, no, I knew what it was going to be. I knew the last lines of every section, I knew how each section would end and I think for any of you who are writers, the writing begins when you know that. When you know that before you even begin the physical act of, you know, putting fingers to keyboard once you know that you know the book, and so I began. I wrote chronologically, I wrote the first section, 1893, and then I wrote the first part of the second section, 1993, and then I wrote the third section, 2093. And then I doubled back and wrote the second section of 1993.

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Joyce Roodnat: And why '93?

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Hanya Yanagihara: Well, the book begins in 1893, because that was the year that, that, a few things the first, the book begins in 1893, because that was the year that the last queen of Hawai'i was overthrown by a group of American missionaries and businessmen and the country was annexed five years later by the Americans. And I wanted to write, you know, an end of century novel, a fantasy novel, and because at the end of centuries it is natural for us as humans to feel uncertain, it means a redefinition of what history is, it's very retrospective moment, and so I wanted these three books, separated by a 100 years, by the sort of active years of the American Experiment, and I like organization in my books. I think I'm very good at structure and I'm good at a sort of mirroring, by which I mean that, you know, there's a detail in the first that should reappear in the last, and I wanted it to feel mathematical in a way.

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Joyce Roodnat: And did you ever get confused by yourself?

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Hanya Yanagihara: No, no, they were such distinct worlds, and world building is great fun, and it just has to make logical sense within the world you create.

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Joyce Roodnat: And the three books seem to have their own styles, literary styles. So, the first book is based on the style of Henry James that you already told. It is a construction like a novel of Henry James with the same title. And the other two, what styles were they?

00:10:09

Hanya Yanagihara: Well, I wanted to write more of a modern novel in section two, so it begins. The first part of that section unfolds over the course of a single night and is told in the third person and then it moves into the first-person narrative, which again is, is a very, you know, kind of not a modern invention but a style we associate with modernity. And then the third part is told in an old-fashioned form. In a, you know, in alternating voices, one of which is a young woman talking to someone we don't know, maybe to herself, and the second part is a series of letters. Again, I mean I love epistolary novels.

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Joyce Roodnat: And in the third part of your book, it seems that the person who is writing the letters is telling it to himself also. What, what's happening to him?

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Hanya Yanagihara: Yes, I mean, I think it's a way. You know, one of the human instincts is to narrativize our own lives, and, and, he, he definitely is doing that.

Joyce Roodnat: So he can understand him?

00:11:07

Hanya Yanagihara: Yes, he can understand himself to himself.

00:11:10

Joyce Roodnat: The biggest variation on actual reality of the three books to me, is that the blood ties are no longer important or of consequence. People marry, but marriages are arranged. Is that a thought experiment that you like, or is it something you think is important or why?

00:11:35

Hanya Yanagihara: Well, I mean, one of the things that's always puzzled me is, after so many thousands of years of human civilization, why the idea family has remained relatively narrow and rigid, and maybe it's our evolutionary tendencies to, to form a tradition, what is known as a traditional family. But, in the coming world that might not be true. I mean a family, the realization of a family depends on a society that allows it to exist, and it also depends on a certain amount of resources, and it depends upon the desire to procreate. We may no long. We may, but maybe it's ultimately based on resources and that, and that, and that model may not be useful for, you know, in the distant future.

But, a friend of mine said which I've appropriated as my own. You know he said that this book was very much about a challenge, challenge the idea of what a parent was. That maybe at the end of the day, a parent was an older person taking care of a younger person, and

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sometimes that older person was a literal parent, sometimes it was a boss, sometimes it was a grandparent, sometimes it was a lover. But, you know, as we enter in these three worlds, traditional family members are in shorter supply for various reasons, and so people have to make their own unions and they do so with what they have available to them.

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Joyce Roodnat: In *a little life* it was the same that the friends were substitute for family. So, but don't you believe at all in blood ties?

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Hanya Yanagihara: Well, I mean, I think it's a very useful social construct. No, I mean I mean, but this is what I mean. There's a reason, it's endured, it has not been relevant in my life. It's not been potent in my life.

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Joyce Roodnat: Not with your parents either?

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Hanya Yanagihara: Yes, I mean I love them very much, but, but the idea that that they are more important to me than anybody else, that they are paramount in my loyalties and affection, is not true, and they never encouraged me to think that way either.

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Joyce Roodnatt: Now I keep asking this because I remember the moment my daughter was born and I saw the child and I thought; if one person puts out one finger to her, I will bite it off. I mean I would. I have never had thoughts like that.

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Hanya Yanagihara: Yes, but I think for those of us who are not a member of a family defined by blood or law, the idea of loyalties and, and affection and duty become different.

00:14:24

Jonathan Groubert: And this was the moment, Maarten, the actor who read the Dutch audiobook, came to the stage to read a selection from book three of *To Paradise*: the year is 2084, and Charles, a Scientist, is writing a letter to a friend about a fable his grandmother told him. It is a fable that is a metaphor for the state of this alternate future America, so here is Maarten.

00:14:52

Maarten Heijmans:

July 12th 2084

Dear Peter,

Last night I dreamt of Hawaii. The night before I had been in my favorite house of ill repute. Sleeping alongside A. when the sirens began to wail "Jesus, Jesus." said A, scrabbling for his clothes, his shoes, "it's a raid." Men began crowding in doorways, buttoning their shirts and buckling their belts as they did, their faces blank or terrified. It was safer to be silent in these raids. And yet some one, a young man who does something in justice, kept repeating: "What we're doing isn't illegal. What we're doing isn't illegal." until someone else hissed at him to

shut up that we already knew that. We stood there waiting for about 30 of us across four floors. Whoever they were trying to find wasn't guilty of homosexuality.

The person might be under suspicion for smuggling or forgery or theft, and although they couldn't charge us for who we are, they could humiliate us for it. Why else, then, would they arrest this person when they knew he was here, instead of quietly at his residence? It was for the spectacle of leading us single file out of the house, our hands raised above our heads like criminals, for the mortifying pleasure of tying our hands and having us kneel on the curb. For the sadism of asking us to repeat our names. "Louder please, I didn't hear you!" And shouting it to their colleague to run through the database: "Charles Griffith, 13 Washington Square North, says he's a scientist at RU, age; 80 in October." And then a smirk: "80? You're still doing this at 80?" As if it were absurd, obscene that someone so old should still want to be touched, when really it is the sensation you come to crave the most.

And then there were the discomfort of the hours spent in a crouch in the street, your head bent as if in shame, the suspect long since removed, waiting for the theatre to end, for one of them to get bored and release us. The sound of his fellow soldiers laughter as they climbed back into their cars. They were never physically abusive with us, they never called us names, they couldn't. Too many of us had too much power, but it was clear they disdained us, and when we finally stood and turned for the house, you could see the street darkening again. The neighbors who had watched us through their windows, never saying a word, returning to bed now that the show had concluded. Returning to bed, now that the show had concluded.

"I wish they'd just make us illegal." Someone, a young man, had grumbled after the last raid and a number of people had begun shouting at him, asking him how he could be so ignorant and stupid. But I understood what he was trying to express. If we were illegal, we would know our position. As it was, we were nothing. We were known but not named, tolerated but not recognized. We lived in a constant state of uncertainty, waiting for the day we would be declared enemies, waiting for the night when what we did would, in the space of an hour, a single signed document, be transformed from regrettable to criminal.

The very word for what we were had somehow at this point disappeared from the vernacular. To us we were only people like us. Do you know Charles? He's one of us. Even we had become euphemistic, unable to say what we are. They almost never raided the inside. As I said, too many of us had too much power and it was like they knew that the amount of contraband they'd find inside would entail so much processing that they'd be able to do little else for the following week. And the first place we went after, and the first place we went after going back indoors, was the safe box in the basement, where we'd retrieve our books and wallets and devices and whatever else we had dropped. And then we would leave, probably without even saying goodbye to the person we'd been with, and the next time we came, neither of us would mention it. We would pretend it had never happened.

Two nights ago, we had been waiting three minutes for the bang on the door, for the loudspeaker announcing one of our names, when we realized that the sirens weren't for us after all. Again there was a sound, there was a soundless exchange of glances, the people on the first and second floors looking up to us on the third and fourth, all of us wondering when

finally, a young man on the first floor cautiously unlocked the door and then, after a pause, dramatically flung it open. Standing in the center of the frame, he shouted, and we came rushing downstairs to see the Bank Street had become a river, the water racing east. "The Hudson River is flooded." I heard someone say in a quiet, awestruck voice, and then, right after someone else said; "The safe box" and there was a hustle down through the basement, which was already filling with water. A chain was formed to move the books and equipment we stored there to the attic. And after we stood at the first-floor windows watching the water rise.

A. had a communication device, a kind I had never seen before, one different from my own. I never asked what he did and he never told me, and he spoke into it, a few terse words. And ten minutes later a flotilla of plastic dingies appeared. "Get out" said A, whom I had known only to be passive and somewhat whiny, but who had suddenly transformed into someone declarative and stern, his work persona I assumed. "Everyone cue up for the boats" the water was now lapping up the front steps. "What about the house?" Someone asked, and we all knew he was asking about the books in the attic. "I'll handle them." Said a youngish man whom I had never met but who I knew to be the house's owner or manager or keeper. It was never clear which, but I knew he was responsible. "Go!" So we did.

This time, whether because of who A. was or because of the equalizing nature of the crisis. There were no jokes from the soldiers, no sneers, they held out their hands and we grabbed them and were lowered into the rafts, and the whole exchange was so matter of fact, so colegio. We needed saving and they were here to save us, that you could almost believe that their disgust for us was an act, that they respected us as much as they did anyone. Behind us, another fleet of boats was arriving and now there was a loudspeaker announcement: "Residents of zone 8, evacuate your units, descend to your front door and wait for help." By now the water was rising so rapidly that the boat was actually bobbing on the water as if atop a wave, and the puny motor was becoming choked with leaves and twigs. A block east on Greenwich Street. We were joined by other motorized rafts moving east from Jane and West 12Th Street, all of us making our slow way to Hudson Street, where corps of soldiers were stacking sandbags trying to hold the river back. Here there were emergency vehicles and ambulances, but I climbed out of the raft and left walking east, never looking behind me.

It was best not to get involved where you didn't need to. There was no honor, no use in it. I hadn't gotten too wet, but my socks squished as I walked and I was glad I hadn't worn my cooling suit. Despite the heat. At West tenth and sixth Avenue, a platoon of soldiers jogged by me, groups of four each holding aloft a plastic raft. They looked weary, I thought, and why wouldn't they be? Two months ago the fires, last month the rains, this month the floods. When I finally got home, everything was quiet, though, whether that was because of the hour or because some of the inhabitants had been conscripted to help with the efforts, I didn't know.

The next day, Tuesday, yesterday, I went to work and did little but listened to radio reports of the flood, which had consumed a significant part of zone eight and all of zone seven and 21. From, from what had been the highway all the way east to, in some instances, Hudson

Street, the Bank Street house had presumably been ruined. Someone will let me know for sure one way or the other. Two people had died: an elderly lady had fallen down the stairs of her house on West 11Th Street, trying to reach the boat and had broken her neck. A man on Perry Street had refused to vacate his basement apartment and had drowned. Two streets had been somewhat spared purely from happen stands. The Army had felled three massive, deceased trees on Baton and Washington early Monday morning, which had mitigated the flooding there, and on Ganseforth. The army had been digging a trench on Greenwich to reroute a deteriorating sanitation pipe, and this too had minimized the damage.

Whereas a few years ago I would have been outraged by the flood, its inevitability, the result of years of governmental inaction and arrogance, I found that this time I could summon little of anything. Indeed, I felt nothing but a kind of weariness, and even that I experienced not as a sensation but as an absence of one. I listened to the radio and yawned and yawned, staring out of my office window at the East River, which David had always said looked like chocolate milk, watching a small vessel inch its way north, maybe to David's island. Maybe not. But if I could not find it in myself to feel anything about the flood, there would be others who would, the protesters who gathered each day in the square and were removed each night. I had expected a surfeit of them when I returned home. They had long ago discovered who among us were on the committee, and they had an unerring sense of when we'd arrive home each night. It didn't matter how often we changed drivers or how much we tried to upend our schedules. The car would approach home and there they'd be with their signs and slogans.

They're allowed to do this, they cannot. They cannot congregate outside state buildings, but they can outside of ours, which I suppose is more apt. It's the architects they hate even more than what we've built. Last night, evening, last evening, though, there was no one, just the square with its fenders and people shopping its stalls. This meant that the floods had given the state a reason to conduct a roundup of the protestors, and for a moment I dawdled in the street despite the heat, watching regular people doing regular things before going into the house and up to the apartment.

That night I dreamed of when I was a teenager at my grandparent's farm in Laie. It was the year of the first name, and although we had been just far enough inland to not be directly hit, they had always said that they wished we had been for them. We could have collected the insurance money and begun anew, or not at all. As it was, the farm was too intact to be forsaken, but also too damaged ever to be productive again. The hill that had provided shade for my grandmother's herb garden had been destroyed and the irrigation channels were filled with sea water. You would pump it away and then it would return, for months. Salt had affixed itself to every surface. The trees, the animals, the vegetables, the sides of the house were all streaky with white. The salt made the air sticky, and when the trees fruited that spring, the mangoes, the lychee, the papayas, all tasted of salt.

They had never been happy people, my grandparents. They had bought the farm in a rare romantic moment, but romance is ephemeral, yet they kept working at it long past the point when it ceased to be enjoyable. Partly because they were too proud to admit they failed and

partly because they had limited imaginations and couldn't think of what else they might want to do. They had wanted to live as their own grandparents had dreamed of living. Before restoration and yet doing anything because your ancestors wanted to do it, fulfilling someone else's ambition is a poor motivation. They had berated my mother for not being Hawaiian enough, and then she left and they had had to raise me. They had berated me for not being Hawaiian enough too, while at the same time assuring me I never would be, and yet when I left as well, for why would I stay some place I had been told that I would never belong? They resented that just as much.

But the dream was not so much about them as it was a story my grandmother had told me when I was a child about a hungry lizard. All day the lizard would stalk across the land grazing, he ate fruit and grass, insects and fish. When the moon rose, the lizard would go to sleep and dream of eating. Then the moon would set and the lizard would wake and begin eating again. The lizard's curse was that he would never be full. Although the lizard didn't know this was a curse, he wasn't that intelligent. One day, after many thousands of years had passed, the lizard woke as usual and began looking for food as usual. But something was wrong. Then the lizard realized there was nothing left for him to eat. There were no more plants, no more birds, no more grasses or flowers or flies. He had eaten everything. He had eaten the stones, the mountains, the sand and the soil.

Here my grandmother would sing a lyric from an old Hawaiian protest song: (Hawaiian). All that was left was a thin layer of ash, and beneath the ash the lizard knew was the core of the earth, which was fire, and although the lizard could eat many things, he could not eat that. So the lizard did the only thing he could. He lay in the sun and waited, dozing and saving his strength, and that night, as the moon was rising, he drew himself up on his tail and swallowed the moon. For a moment he felt wonderful, he had no water all day and the moon was so cool and smooth in his stomach, as if he'd swallowed an enormous egg. But as he was relishing the feeling, something changed. The moon was still rising, trying to escape him so it could continue its path in the sky. This must not happen, the lizard thought, and he quickly dug a hole, narrow but deep or as deep as he could, before he reached the fire at the earth's center and stuck his entire snout inside of it. This would keep the moon from going anywhere, he thought, but he was wrong, for just as it was the lizard's nature to eat, it was the moon's nature to rise. And no matter how tightly the lizard clamped its mouth, the moon rose still, but so tight was the hole in the earth where the lizard had had stuck its snout that the moon was unable to exit its mouth, and so the lizard exploded and the moon burst forth from the earth and continued its path.

For many thousands of years after that, nothing happened. Well, I say nothing happened, but in those years everything that the lizard had eaten returned. Back came the stones and the soil, back came the grasses and the flowers and the plants and the trees. Back came the birds and the insects and the fish and the lakes. Overseeing it all was the moon which rose and sank each night. That was the end of the story.

I had always assumed it was a Hawaiian folk tale, but it wasn't and when I asked her who had told her that fable, she would say my grandmother. When I was in college and taking an ethnography class, I asked her to write it down for me. She scoffed "Why?" She asked "You

already know it." Yes, I told her, but it was important for me to hear it as she would tell it, not as I remembered it, but she never did, and I was too proud to ask her again, and then the class ended. Then, several years later, we were barely communicating then, pulled apart by mutual lack of interest and disappointment. She sent me an email, and in the email was the story. This was during my *Wunderjahr*, and I remember getting it, while I was, while I was at a cafe in Kamakura with friends. Although it wasn't until the next week, when I was on Jeju, that I read it.

There it was the familiar, old, inexplicable story. Just as I remembered it, the lizard died as he always did. The earth restored itself as it always did. The moon glowed in the sky, as it always would, but this time there was a difference. After everything had grown back, my grandmother wrote the lizard returned, although this time he was not a lizard, but (Hawaiian), a thing that goes upright, and this creature behaved in exactly the same way as his long deceased ancestor had. He ate and ate and ate until one day he looked about him and realized there was nothing left and he too was forced to swallow the moon.

You know, of course, what I'm thinking. For a long time I assumed that it would be a virus that would destroy us all in the end. That humans would be felt by something both greater and much smaller than ourselves. Now I realize that that is not the case. We are the lizard, but we are also the moon. Some of us will die, but others of us will keep doing what we always have, continuing on our own, oblivious way, doing what our nature compels us to do, silent and unknowable and unstoppable in our rhythms. Love Charles

00:38:41

Hanya Yanagihara: Maarten, that was amazing. It's like you're an actor or something, really really, brilliant. Thank you so much. The line that Maarten actually did fairly well in reciting in Hawaiian is from an old Hawaiian protest song written when the queen was being overthrown, and it's, it's called the stone eating song, because there's a famous line in it that says we would. They. They're talking about turning down the American's money and it says it translates to we would rather eat stones, the wondrous food of our land, than accept money from the Americans anyway. Thank you, that was really amazing.

00:39:25

Joyce Roodnat: Thank you. About this fable or parable that consists the main part of this letter. Where does it come from? Did you invent it or is it?

00:39:38

Hanya Yanagihara: The fable? I invented it.

00:39:41

Joyce Roodnat: Because it sounds ancient.

00:39:44

Hanya Yanagihara: I love writing origin stories and I'm very interested in countries' various origin stories, because they're so they're. And I think this is a good lesson for all writers. They, they, don't, they don't get hung up on what's probable or what's logical or what's, what's, what's, possible. They are. They are written purely for the wonder of the story, and I always like to hear which stories very old people tell about themselves. You know old

culturists tell about themselves, but how they came to exist and how they've come to make sense of who they are. Joyce, thank you so much and thank you to all of you. It was really an honor to see you and thank you for being so much better than the Brussels audience. I'm kidding, I'm kidding, I'm kidding.

00:40:34

Jonathan Groubert: I liked the thing she wasn't kidding. That was the American author Hanya Yanagihara, being interviewed by culture journalist Joyce Roodnat in March of 2022 about her novel to Paradise.

Yes, of course there's a video of this event on our website. <https://www.john-adams.nl/videos/>. We also have a newsletter you can sign up for and a veritable treasure trove of great American thinkers and speakers at <https://www.john-adams.nl/>, and while you're there, why not become a member of the John Adams? Not only will you support what we do, you get a discount to future live events.

In the meantime, you should go to wherever you get your broadcasts and leave a review of this show, this will help get the word out and we can keep on sharing the very best of American thinkers with you free of charge. That's it for this week show. Our theme song is called LA Prensa by the Parlando's. Our editor is Tracy Metz. From Amsterdam this was Bright Minds, the podcast from the John Adams Institute. I'm Jonathan Groubert. Thank you for listening.