

1397.

Her skin had the kind of transparency that shows a hint of color and warmth upon any provocation.

Williams, John – Stoner p. 65

1398.

In his extreme youth Stoner had thought of love as an absolute state of being to which, if one were lucky, one might find access; in his maturity he had decided it was the heaven of a false religion, toward which one ought to gaze with an amused disbelief, a gently familiar contempt, and an embarrassed nostalgia. Now in his middle age he began to know that it was neither a state of grace nor an illusion; he saw it as a human act of becoming, a condition that was invented and modified moment by moment and day by day, by the will and the intelligence and the heart.

IBID-p. 255

1399.

Chekhov understood that people die in a very ordinary way – for the most part they die thinking about life. He saw that death is simply part of the natural process – and when death came to him, he met it with the dignity and courage, and the same love of life, he had always shown. In June 1904 he booked into a hotel at Badenweiler, Germany, with his wife Olga. 'I am going away to die,' Chekhov told a friend on the eve of their departure. 'Everything is finished.' On the night of 2 July he woke with a fever, called for a doctor and told him loudly, '*Ich sterbe*' ('I am dying'). The doctor tried to calm him and went away. Chekhov ordered a bottle of champagne, drank a glass, lay down on his bed, and passed away.

For Tolstoy, death was no such easy thing. Terrified of his own mortality, he attached his religion to a mystical conception of death as a spiritual release, the dissolution of the personality into a 'universal soul'; yet this never quite removed his fear. No other writer wrote so often, or so imaginatively, about the actual moment of dying – his depictions of the deaths of Ivan Ilyich and of Prince Andrei in *War and Peace* are among the best in literature.

Figs, Orlando – Natasha's Dance p. 348/9

1400.

The less people know, the more easily they are governed. (*Could be a dictum from the Murdoch press handbook!*)

Uvarov in Porter, Cathy – Fathers & Daughters: Russian Women in Revolution p. 37

1401.

Human development is a form of chronological unfairness, since latecomers are able to profit by the labours of their predecessors without paying the same price.

Herzen in Porter, Cathy – Fathers & Daughters: Russian Women in Revolution p. 47

1402.

People of the Future (1965)

People of the future,
While you are reading these poems
Remember
You didn't write them
I did

Berrigan, Ted in **Codrescu, Andrei – *The Post Human Dada Guide* p. 228**

1403.

All words are Dada if they are correctly misused.

Codrescu, Andrei – *The Post Human Dada Guide: Tzara & Lenin Play Chess* p. 54

1404.

The love boat has crashed against the daily routine.
You and I,
we are quits,
and there is no point in listing mutual pains, sorrows, and hurts.

(part of his suicide note)

Mayakovski, in Codrescu, Andrei – *The Post Human Dada Guide* p. 219

1405.

Your ears deceive you. Far from being a bugbear of the Home Rule sodality, Cecily, Wilde was indifferent to politics. He may occasionally have been a little overdressed but he made up for it by being immensely uncommitted.

Stoppard, Tom – *Travesties* p. 74

1406.

The Tsar is intent on building his vision of Russia, caring nothing for the lives that are sacrificed in the process. The visionaries of the Revolution have given themselves, ironically, the goal not of national aggrandizement but of human welfare: and the results are just the same, and the casualties in quest of that ideal are on an even vaster scale. The subtle image of the 'sad tale' is used with great sophistication by Pasternak who perceived more clearly than any other contemporary Russian writer how well suited it could be to the kind of real world which the Revolution had brought about. That world was not the orderly and utopian society aimed at by the Bolshevik planners, but a chaotic and primeval state of affairs in which magic meetings and sudden separations, terror, salvation and the weirdest of coincidences became the normal state of living.

Bayley in Pasternak, Boris – *Doctor Zhivago* p. xv - xvi

1407.

'Marxism a science? Well, it's taking a risk, to say the least, to argue about that with a man one hardly knows, but all the same...Marxism is not sufficiently master of itself to be a science. Science is more balanced. You talk about Marxism and objectivity. I don't know of any teaching more self-centred and further from the facts than Marxism. Ordinarily, people are anxious to test their theories in practice, to learn from experience, but those who wield power are so anxious to establish the myth of their own infallibility that they turn their back on truth as squarely as they can. Politics means nothing to me. I don't like people who are indifferent to the truth.'

Pasternak, Boris – *Doctor Zhivago* p. 274

1408.

Revolutions are made by fanatical men of action with one-track minds, men who are narrow-minded to the point of genius. They overturn the old order in a few hours or days; the whole upheaval takes a few weeks or at most years, but for decades thereafter, for centuries, the spirit of narrowness which led to the upheaval is worshipped as holy.

IBID-p. 479

1409.

Nowadays there are more and more cases of cardiac haemorrhages. They are not always fatal. Some people get over them. It's the common illness of our time. I think its causes are chiefly moral. The great majority of us are required to live a life of constant, systematic duplicity. Your health is bound to be affected if, day by day, you say the opposite of what you feel, if you grovel before what you dislike and rejoice at what brings you nothing but misfortune. Your nervous system isn't a fiction, it's part of your physical body, and your soul exits in space and is inside you, like the teeth in your head. You can't keep violating it with impunity.

IBID-p. 510

1410.

Literary translation, I think, is preeminently an ethical task, and one that mirrors and duplicates the role of literature itself, which is to extend our sympathies; to educate the heart and mind; to create inwardness; to secure and deepen the awareness (with all its consequences) that other people, people different from us, really do exist.

Sontag, Susan – *At the Same Time* p. 177

1411.

What has followed in the wake of 1989 and the suicide of the Soviet empire is the final victory of capitalism, and of the ideology of consumerism, which entails the discrediting of 'the political' as such. All that makes sense is private life. Individualism, and the cultivation of the self and private well-being – featuring, above all, the ideal of 'health' – are the values to which intellectuals are most likely to subscribe. ("How can you spend so much time in a place where people smoke all the time?" Someone in New York asked my son, the writer David Rieff, of his frequent trips to Bosnia). It's too much to expect that the triumph of consumer capitalism would have left the intellectual class unmarked. In the era of shopping, it has to be harder for intellectuals, who are anything but marginal and impoverished, to identify with less fortunate others...In the words of Emile Durkheim, 'Society is above all the idea it forms of itself'. The idea that the prosperous, peaceful society of Europe and North America has formed of itself – through the actions and statements of all those who could be called intellectuals – is one of confusion, irresponsibility, selfishness, cowardice...and the pursuit of happiness.

Ours, not theirs. Here not there.

Sontag, Susan – *Where the Stress Falls* p. 328/9

1412.

If we are to accept the aphorism – a little unjust to philosophy – which holds that “philosophy consists in asking questions, sophistry in answering them, and fanaticism in enforcing the answers”, then Lenin’s work, though intended as a blow against anti-rationalism and religious obscurantism, has been feted to serve a quasi-religious fanaticism of its own: developing into a state philosophy or a state faith, the faith of a state relentless, irreconcilable and omnipotent in “enforcing the answers”.

Wolfe, Bertram, D. – *Three Who Made a Revolution* p. 517

1413.

Killing proves nothing, except that the killer is stupid. Punishment by death does not make people better than they are. However many people are put to death, those remaining alive nonetheless follow the path indicated by history – death is not strong enough to arrest the development of historical forces...Physical violence will always be an incontestable proof of moral impotence – this has long been known & it is time to understand it.

Gorky, M. in Salisbury, Harrison, E. – *Russia in Revolution* p. 208

1414.

The question returns: what triggers the conversion from resistance to terror, flick-knife or otherwise, the jump into illegality? – oh the primacy of praxis, that romance of struggle masking murder.

Campbell, Marion, M. – *Konkretion* p. 88

1415.

The characteristic act of men at war is not dying, it is killing. For politicians, military strategists and many historians, war maybe about the conquest of territory or the struggle to recover a sense of national honour but for the man on active service warfare is concerned with the lawful killing of other people.

Bourke, J. in Lake, M & Reynolds, H. – *What’s Wrong with Anzac?* p. 28

1416.

Ashley, whose mind was of the generalizing sort, had seen quite clearly from the beginning that what was in process here was the emergence of a new set of conditions. Nothing after this would ever be the same. War was being developed as a branch of industry. Later, what had been learned on the battlefield would travel back, and industry from now on, maybe all life, would be organised like war.

Malouf, David – *Fly Away Peter* p. 112

1417.

The conventional word that is employed to describe tyranny is “systematic”. The true essence of a dictatorship is in fact not its regularity but its unpredictability and *caprice*; those who live under it must never be able to relax, must never be quite sure if they have followed the rules correctly or not.

Hitchens, Christopher – *Hitch 22 – A Memoir* p. 51

1418.

The problem with socialism is that it wastes too many evenings on ‘meetings’.

IBID-p. 149

1419.

Amis (Kingsley) is imitating the ingratiating announcer of the BBC's condescending weekly program *Jazz Record Requests* "...Archie Shepp at his most exhilarating. Now to remind us of jazz's almost infinite variety, back almost fifty years to Nogood Deaf Poxxy Sam and *One-Titted Woman Blues*: 'Wawawawa wawawaaa wawa wawa wa wa Oh ah gawooma shony gawon tia waah, wawa way eh ah gowooma shony gawon tia wawawwa waah wa boyf she ganutha she wouno where to put ia'.

IBID-p. 162

1420.

A life that partakes even a little of friendship, love, irony, humour, parenthood, literature and music, and the chance to take part in battles for the liberation of others cannot be called "meaningless" except if the person living it is also an existentialist and elects to call it so. It could be that all existence is a pointless joke, but it is not in fact possible to live one's everyday life as if this were so.

IBID-p. 331

1421.

Music, I regret to say, affects me merely as an arbitrary succession of more or less irritating sounds...The concert piano and all wind instruments bore me in smaller doses and flay me in larger ones.

Nabokov, V. in IBID-p. 276

1422.

Generally the letters sound painfully like those he had written his wife fourteen years earlier. He wrote of preordained compatibility; he marveled over the commonality of their impressions; he felt his lover's handling of him flawless. (For the more mortal among us there is cold comfort in the idea that even Nabokov could not coax two entire vocabularies out of reckless passion).

Schiff, Stacey – Vera (Mrs. Vladimir Nabokov) p. 89

1423.

Surrounded by a deep and comfortable sea of blank space, she is right there

One end of a luminous brain-bridge

Plain as day, front and centre, hidden in full view

(i.e. Vera!)

Nabokov, V. in IBID-p. 374

1424.

Her legs, her lovely live legs, were not too close together, and when my hand located what it sought, a dreamy and eerie expression, half-pleasure, half-pain, came over those childish features. She sat a little higher than I, and whenever in her solitary ecstasy she was led to kiss me, her head would bend with a sleepy soft, drooping movement that was almost woeful and her bare knees caught and compressed my wrist, and slackened again; and her quivering mouth, distorted by the acidity of some mysterious potion, with a sibilant intake of breath came near to my face. She would try to relieve the pain of love by first roughly rubbing her dry lips against mine; then my darling would draw away with a nervous toss of her hair, and then again come darkly near and let me feed on her open mouth, while with a generosity that was ready to offer her everything, my heart, my throat, my entrails, I gave her to hold in her awkward fist the scepter of my passion.

Nabokov, Vladimir - Lolita p. 15

1425.

There he stood, in the camouflage of sun and shade, disfigured by them and masked by his own nakedness, his damp black hair or what was left of it, glued to his round head, his little mustache a humid smear, the wool on his chest spread like a symmetrical trophy, his naval pulsating, his hirsute thighs dripping with bright droplets, his tight wet black bathing trunks bloated and bursting with vigor where his great fat bullybag was pulled up and back like a padded shield over his reversed beasthood.

IBID-p. 237

1426.

Fulfillment's desolate attic.

Larkin in IBID-p. 321

1427.

'The Party can never be mistaken,' said Rubashov. 'You and I can make a mistake. Not the Party. The Party, comrade, is more than you and I and a thousand others like you and I. The Party is the embodiment of the revolutionary idea in history. History knows no scruples and no hesitation. Inert and unerring, she flows towards her goal. At every bend in her course she leaves the mud which she carries and the corpses of the drowned. History knows her way. She makes no mistakes. He who has not absolute faith in History does not belong in the Party's ranks'.

Koestler, Arthur – *Darkness at Noon* p. 40/41

1428.

When the sun set that evening it lay at the bottom of the hill as if it had rolled there.

Doctorow, E.L. – *Ragtime* p. 60

1429.

Celebrity is a mask that eats into the face. As soon as one is aware of being somebody, to be watched and listened to with extra interest, input ceases, and the performer goes blind and deaf in his overanimation. One can either see or be seen.

Updike in Shields, D & Salerno, S – *Salinger* p. 278/9

1430.

You have the right to work, but for the work's sake only. You have no right to the fruits of work. Desire for the fruits of work must never be your motive in working. Never give way to laziness either...Renounce attachment to the fruits. Be even-tempered in success and failure; for it is this evenness of temper which is meant by yoga.

Work done with anxiety about results is far inferior to work done without such anxiety, in the calm of self-surrender... They who work selfishly for results are miserable.

Bhagavad Gita in Salinger, J. D. – *Franny & Zooey* p. 115

1431.

Oh snail
Climb Mount Fuji,
But slowly, slowly!

Issa in Salinger, J. D. – *Franny & Zooey* p. 115

1432.

Our Party can have no Opposition, it is monolithic because we reconcile thought and action for the sake of a higher efficiency. Rather than settle which of us is right and which wrong, we prefer to be wrong together because in that way we are stronger for the proletariat. And it was an old mistake of bourgeois individualism to seek truth for the sake of conscience, one conscience, *my* conscience. We say: To hell with my and me, to hell with self, to hell with truth, if the Party can be strong!

Serge, Victor – *The case of Comrade Tulayev* p. 86

1433.

I look at their faces, folk from another world, Austrian petty-bourgeois closed to all new ideas, lamenting the death of a revolutionary; (Lenin) and Lenin was there, too, before my eyes, his hands open in the familiar gesture of demonstration, hunching a little towards the audience, marshaling the historical evidence, with his great firm forehead and the smile of a man who was sure of the truth, sure of himself. Together with a few others, this man had endowed an immense movement of faltering masses with a political consciousness that was supremely clear and resolute. Even when favourable social conditions are granted, such a human achievement is rare, unique, irreplaceable at the moment of its happening. Without it, the minds of those who marched would have been several degrees dimmer, the chances of chaos, and of defeat amid chaos, immeasurably greater; for a degree of consciousness once lost, can never be measured.

Events continued to overwhelm us. Even where they took place at a distance I find it hard to separate them from my personal memories. All we lived for was activity integrated into history; we were interchangeable; we could immediately see the repercussions of affairs in Russia upon affairs in Germany and the Balkans; we felt linked to our comrades who, in pursuit of the same ends as we, perished or else scored some success at the other end of Europe. None of us had, in the bourgeois sense of the word, any personal existence: we changed our names, our posting and our work at the Party's need; we had just enough to live on without real material discomfort, and we were not interested in making money, or following a career, or producing a literary heritage, or leaving a name behind us; we were interested solely in the difficult business of reaching Socialism.

Serge, Victor – *Memoirs of a Revolutionary* p. 176/7

1434.

Rarely has it been made more sharply obvious that the end, far from justifying the means, commands its own means, and that for the establishment of a socialist democracy that old means of armed violence are inappropriate.

IBID-p. 235

1435.

In the hearts of the persecuted I encountered the same attitudes as in their persecutors. Contagion through combat has its own natural logic: thus the Russian revolution proved, despite itself, to be the continuation of certain ancient traditions stemming from the despotism it had just overthrown; Trotskyism was displaying symptoms of an outlook in harmony with that of the very Stalinism against which it had taken its stand, and by which it was being ground into powder.

IBID-p. 349

1436.

Undoubtedly, one of the greatest problems which each of us has to solve in the realm of practice, is that of accepting the necessity to maintain, in the midst of the intransigence which comes from steadfast beliefs, a critical spirit towards these same beliefs and a respect for the belief that differs. In the (revolutionary) struggle, it is the problem of combining the greatest practical efficiency with respect for the man in the enemy; in a word, of war without hate. The Russian Revolution, although led by men who were upright and intelligent, did not resolve this problem.

IBID-p. 375

1437.

The most civilized nations are as close to barbarity as the most polished iron is close to rust. Nations, like metals, shine only on the surface.

Antoine de Rivarol in Funder, Anne – *All that I am* (front-piece epigram)

1438.

It was a condition of seeing Dora that it was not exclusive, that she was 'free'. I was, of course, 'free' too.

I don't know, now, how much freedom the heart can bear. The heart, too, likes containment.

IBID-p. 100

1439.

She had no sense that things might end, which is, I suppose, the definition of youth.

IBID-p. 152

1440.

The moon was a hole punched in the sky, the light still on behind.

IBID-p. 242

1441.

Those who resonate with left-wing ideologies believe that people are basically good and that the purpose of society is to facilitate human growth and experience. By contrast, those who resonate with right-wing ideologies believe that people are essentially bad and that the function of society is to set rules and limits to prevent irresponsible behaviour.

In an extraordinary (international, peer-reviewed) study of the psychological characteristics of right-wing thinkers published in 2003, Professor John T. Jost and colleagues found that there were two main characteristics shared by conservatives: a resistance to change, and a tolerance of social inequality. Conservatives hold that 'it's a dog-eat-dog world' and 'they want to be the ones doing the eating'. They believe, with Michael Ghiselin (1974), 'Scratch an "altruist" and watch a "hypocrite" bleed'. The characteristic that motivates a conservative most is fear: they are frightened of change, and frightened of moves towards social equality that might erode their positions. It is not apparent to them that in a dog-eat-dog world, one dog ends up dead, the other watching alone, fearful of the next attack. Or, one dog ends up in a gated condo community with private police protection, afraid of the poverty outside its gates that its choices have created. The fastest way to a Hobbesian world where life is 'solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short' is to behave as if this is naturally so.

Secondly, this fear in people can be created. It can be created by government to consolidate its power. This can be done by starting a war against an external enemy, or finding an internal enemy, like Jews or refugees...It might be done by claiming refugees reaching Australia are terrorists cleverly disguised as women and children and men fleeing terror...Fear as Toller had it 'is the psychological foundation of dictatorship'.

Funder, Anna – *Courage* p. 33/4

1442.

Why are we always told that God will answer our prayers if we believe in Him? Why can't He ever make the first move?

Toews, Miriam – *All My Puny Sorrows* p. 70

1443.

Millions of people in our time behave as if they have been made a promise – by whom? When? – that life must get freer, more honest, more comfortable, always better. Has advertising only set our minds more firmly in this expectant mode? Yet nothing in history suggests that we may expect anything but wars, tyrants, sickness, bad times, calamities, while good times are temporary. Above all, history tells us that nothing stays the same for long. We expect gold at the foot of always renewable rainbows. I feel I have been part of some mass illusion or delusion. Certainly part of mass beliefs and convictions that now seem as lunatic as the fact that for centuries expeditions of God-lovers trekked across the Middle East to kill the infidel.

Lessing, Doris – *Under My Skin* p. 16

1444.

Forgive me for the banality of this reflection, but there is something very wrong with the human race.

IBID-p. 91

1445.

I invited two young people working for the Soviet Trade Organisation, whom I met at a party, to dinner to meet an American. He was currently committed to Freud, being in that stage of the journey taken by so many in our time, disciple of Marx, then Freud, then shaman. (Amazing how many former Marxists are earning their living as holy men.)

IBID-p. 319

1446.

I intended to earn my living by writing, and I did, but it was a poor one for a time: not till ten years after I got to London did I earn as much as the average worker's wage. It never occurred to me to regret that, for everyone I knew was poor. Now young writers talk first about advances and security, but our lot thought differently, perhaps because of the war. We wanted to write, to succeed on our terms, to keep our independence and our privacy. No writer can do that now, for our personalities, our history, our lives, belong to the publicity machines.

IBID-p. 409

1447.

Every new writer, every new book, must if successful somehow survive the arrows of envy, but communism gave envy and jealousy a robe of respectability to wear over the nasty truth. Under names such as 'socialist realism', communist attitudes towards art and literature have been and in some places still are art and literature's deadly enemy. Again and again and in country after country, we have seen 'socialist realism' surfacing to rubbish respected writers, and this long after it was hated and despised by every working artist and writer in socialist realism's mother country as well as by readers...Envy has always hidden behind moral indignation.

Lessing, Doris – *Walking in the Shade Vol. 2 of my Autobiography* p. 234 & 236

1448.

In the production society, economic growth was dependent above all on investor confidence, or what John Maynard Keynes called animal spirits; today in the consumption society growth is determined more by consumer confidence, which in the 1990s became heavily influenced by the availability of consumer credit. Previously corporations manufactured largely standardised products and competed with each other through the efficiency of their production processes...Today, differentiation rather than standardisation characterises goods and services...marketing creativity has replaced production efficiency as the key to competitiveness and corporate success.

Whereas prices for standardised products were once the focus of both consumers and producers, for most goods and services today price is a secondary consideration. The cost of investing goods with often intangible qualities that contribute nothing to their practical usefulness now frequently exceeds the cost of actually manufacturing the items. The emblematic case is the \$200 pair of sneakers that costs only \$20 to produce in China, with much of the difference made up by marketing expenses such as payments to sports stars and sponsorship of events. In the production society, marketing, including advertising, was a subsidiary aspect of business organisation; in today's consumption society marketing departments dominate production departments within firms.

Hamilton, Clive – *Requiem for a Species* p. 66/67

1449.

Consumption today is now inseparable from profligacy...It is now possible to buy capsules filled with 24-carat gold leaf which, when swallowed, make your excrement sparkle...the gold pills are promoted as a signifier of excess and a means of 'increasing your self-worth'.

IBID-p. 69

1450.

While economic growth is said to be the process whereby people's wants are satisfied so that they become happier, in the consumption society economic growth can be sustained only as long as people remain discontented. Economic growth no longer creates happiness: unhappiness sustains economic growth.

IBID-p. 71

1451.

Nearly one in ten American households now rents self-storage space to accommodate the stuff spilling out of their homes.

IBID-p. 72

1452.

Nevertheless, the message of green consumerism is seductive: if I am worried about climate change then I should try and do something about it, and the one thing I can control is my own behaviour. The danger of green consumerism is that it transfers responsibility from the corporations mostly accountable for the pollution, and the governments that should be restraining them, onto the shoulders of private consumers. As Michael Maniates has written: 'A privatization and individualization of responsibility for environmental problems shifts blame from state elites and powerful producer groups to more amorphous culprits like "human nature" or "all of us".' Instead of being understood as a set of problems endemic to our economic and social structures, we are told we each have to accept liability for our personal contribution to every problem. Websites that allow us to calculate our own 'ecological footprint' reinforce the personalizing of responsibility.

In practice, green consumerism has failed to induce significant inroads into the unsustainable nature of consumption and production, and is unlikely ever to do so.

IBID-p. 78/79

1453.

We are encouraged or shamed into buying eco-friendly products, insulating our homes and recycling our waste. While these activities do not deserve to be criticized in themselves – engaging in them reduces our personal responsibility – when they are promoted as the solution to environmental decline they may actually block real solutions. (*Cf. Abbott's Green Army*)

IBID-p. 80

1454.

Despite attempts to turn us all into rational economic calculators, consumers are not the same as citizens; supermarket behaviour is not the same as ballot box behaviour...Thus it is not inconsistent for consumers to decline to take up green power when it is offered but to vote for a party that promises to require everyone buy green power.

IBID-p. 81

1455.

In a 1930 essay titled 'Economic Possibilities for our Grandchildren', John Maynard Keynes imagined what life would be like after another century of economic growth, a state now reached by most people in affluent nations. For the first time, he wrote, humans will be able to choose to live 'wisely and agreeably and well'. 'It will be those people, who can keep alive, and cultivate to a fuller perfection, the art of life itself and do not sell themselves for the means of life, who will be able to enjoy the abundance when it comes'. Is it possible to imagine a society in which we live up to Keynes' vision, one in which we are no longer obsessed with growth and consumption and instead cultivate the art of life? It would be a society in which we really do nurture the things that improve our wellbeing, rather than dreaming evermore of the things only money can buy. In a way, the recipe for such a society is simple. Sooner or later, we spend what we earn. So if we want to consume less we must work less. At least, we must perform less paid work. If that sounds shocking today, it is nothing more than a call to resume the great historical trend of declining working hours. Until this trend was disrupted in the 1980s, falling working hours were regarded as the surest sign of progress. A return to the downward trend would mean a social choice to take less of the gains from productivity growth in money income and more in free time. Society could be just as vibrant and technologically innovative; the difference would be that we would have much more time for activities other than paid work, including caring for others, education, community work, hobbies and leisure. One of the most effective long-term policies that Western governments could adopt to tackle growing greenhouse emissions would be to redefine progress so that falling working hours became its foremost indicator. For that to happen we would first need to redefine ourselves. (Cf. Marx's 'Homo Aestheticus')

IBID-p. 86/87

1456.

Children now begin to recognise corporate logos when they are as young as six months. A British study found that for one in four children the first recognizable word they utter is a brand name.

IBID-p. 88

1457.

It is noteworthy that today the strongest support for Israel in the international arena comes from the United States, Canada and Australia, the so-called Anglosphere – settler-colonial societies based on extermination or expulsion of indigenous populations in favour of a higher race, and where such behaviour is considered natural and praiseworthy.

Chomsky, Noam – *Because We Say So* p. 100

1458.

She was a long, lean splinter of beauty embedded in the gray drab of any crowded city street.

Marra, Anthony – *The Tsar of Love and Techno* p. 52

1459.

Everything did change, faster than his fingers could type. What he had been too cautious to hope for was pulled from his dreams and made real on the television screen. At that momentous hour on 26 December 1991, as he watched the red flag of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics – the empire extending eleven time zones, from the Sea of Japan to the Baltic coast, encompassing more than a hundred ethnicities and two hundred languages; the collective whose security demanded the sacrifice of millions, whose Slavic stupidity had demanded the deportation of Khassan's entire homeland; that utopian mirage cooked up by cruel young men who gave their moustaches more care than their morality; that whole horrid system captained by Lenin and Zinoviev and Stalin and Malenkov and Beria and Molotov and Khrushchev and Kosygin and Mikoyan and Podgorny and Brezhnev and Andropov and Chernenko and Gorbachev, all of whom but Gorbachev he hated with a scorn no author should have for his subject, a scorn genetically encoded in his blood, inherited from his ancestors with their black hair and dark skin – as he watched that flag slink down the Kremlin flagpole for the final time, left limp by the windless sky, as if even the weather wanted to impart on communism this final disgrace, he looped his arms around his wife and son and held them as the state that had denied him his life quietly died.

Marra, Anthony – *A Constellation of Vital Phenomena* p. 85/86

1460.

For months they'd run their fingers around the hem of their affection without once acknowledging the fabric.

IBID-p. 300

1461.

People cry at weddings for the same reason they cry at happy endings: because they so desperately want to believe in something they know is not credible.

Atwood, Margaret – *The Blind Assassin* p. 293

1462.

The old wish the young well, but they wish them ill also: they would like to eat them up, and absorb their vitality, and remain immortal themselves. Without the protection of surliness and levity, all children would be crushed by the past – the past of others, loaded onto their shoulders. Selfishness is their saving grace.

IBID-p. 511

1463.

The girl's entry into her Oedipal attachment to the father and away from her pre-Oedipal mother, which is the result of her castration complex, takes place along the lines of what Freud calls the equation 'faeces – penis – baby'. It is often this notion, of all others, that gives the most offense (*to feminists vide* Kate Millett). In the repudiation of the suggestion we have evidence that the strongest opposition to Freud's theories of femininity are made no more solely on the grounds of his male chauvinist stance than early objections to his work were made solely on the grounds of his scandalous imputation of infantile sexuality: both oppositions have buried within them a strong protest against the fact of an unconscious mind. Here we have an example of how nearly all cases of relentlessly hostile criticism, though paying nominal tribute to Freud's 'discovery', deny it in their subsequent analyses. For, as I said earlier. Here as elsewhere it is with the manner of the working of the unconscious that we are concerned in this equation.

Mitchell, Juliet– *Psychoanalysis & Feminism* p. 101

1464.

In 1934, less concerned than Reich, Karl Kraus, still busy as a satirist in Vienna, wrote:

Psychoanalysis...is supposed to be making an undiminished impression on Americans who are interested in everything that they don't have, such as antiques and an inner life...

IBID-p. 295

1465.

Psychoanalysis makes conscious the unconscious, not only as a therapeutic technique, but also as the task of its theory. It reconstructs the unperceived, fragmented and incoherent myths and ideas held within the unconscious mind, it makes them coherent and presents them as what they are: myths, representations of ideas, ideology – the word is difficult to find as each has a debased meaning. So the paranoid-psychotic Schreber, the mildly paranoid Reich, the normal man-in-the-street, share a common heritage of the past, present and future which can be revealed and made explicit, or can be reconstructed in the whole form to which each suggestion, represented drive, thought or association refers. As has been said, Jung did not need to propose a 'collective unconscious' as the unconscious is already collective.

IBID-p. 368/9

1466.

It is not the family but the structural relationship *between* families that constitutes the elementary form of human society; that distinguishes human society from primate groups. Furthermore, it is not what is given, but the act of exchange (*e.g. of women there has been no society where men are exchanged by women*) itself that holds any society together. A controlled act of exchange is the decisive break that man makes with the beasts. It is definitional of humanity. Marriage is an archetype of exchange and can be seen to serve the exchange function by setting up a new locus of relationships. Ultimately what is important, then, is some legally established method of exchange and a distinction between legitimate and illegitimate relationships (*incest*) – within these terms, what the law established goes, but its expression can be extremely variable and is certainly not attached to a biological pattern which, nevertheless, it, so to speak, takes into account.

IBID-p. 374/5

1467.

The myth that Freud rewrote as the Oedipus complex epitomizes man's entry into culture itself. It reflects the original exogamous incest taboo, the role of the father, the exchange of women and the consequent difference between the sexes. It is *not* about the nuclear family, but about the institution of culture with the kinship structure and the exchange relationship of exogamy. It is thus about what Freud regarded as the order of all human culture. It is specific to nothing but patriarchy which is itself, according to Freud, specific to all human civilisation.

IBID-p. 377

1468.

In his speculative works on the origins of human culture and man's phylogenesis, in particular in *Totem and Taboo* and *Moses and Monotheism*, Freud shows quite explicitly that the psychoanalytic concept of the unconscious is a concept of mankind's transmission and inheritance of his social (cultural) laws. In each man's unconscious lies all mankind's 'ideas' of his history; a history that cannot start afresh with each individual but must be acquired and contributed to over time. Understanding the laws of the unconscious thus amounts to a start in understanding how ideology functions, how we acquire and live the ideas and laws within which we must exist. A primary aspect of the law is that we live according to our sexed identity, our ever imperfect 'masculinity' or 'femininity'.

IBID-p. 402/3

1469.

Attendant on the transition from an active mother-attachment to a mother identification and the passive aim of father-attachment is the narcissistic wish to be loved rather than to love. Caught out, too, at the height of the narcissistic phase is the enforced recognition of her inferior clitoris, a woman compensates for the great hurt by making her whole body into a proud substitute. She has to develop her threatened narcissism in order to make herself loved and adored. Vanity thy name is woman.

We have already seen how a greater sense of jealousy seems to result from the woman's envy of the penis, and this envy has a further consequence. The demand for justice, for things to be 'fair', is a modification of envy and one, therefore women are less able to make. More importantly, the fact that there is no pressing need for them to put an end to their Oedipal relationship with their father means women do not have to shatter this complex by a massive act of identification with a powerful figure, thus they do not have so powerful a superego. Less of a superego, less of a capacity for sublimation, less social sense; though this is clearly the fate of psychological femininity, it should be noticed how frequently Freud refers all these qualities to the influence of 'social custom', 'social conditions', 'matters of convention' and so on. The demands of human culture as such (which to Freud is patriarchal) and the particular patriarchal society interlock.

The situation adds up to the fact that the shock of her lack, her 'castration', and the end of her pre-Oedipal mother-love forces the little girl to *take refuge* in the Oedipus complex. Exactly contrary to the experience of the boy, it is a haven from the castration complex, a love nest in which the girl can gain the love she requires by winsome flirtation and pretty ways... The woman's task is to *reproduce* society, the man's to go on and *produce* new developments. There is an obvious link between the security of Oedipal father-love and the happy hearth and home of later years. But, before and after, much stands in the way.

IBID-p. 116/7

1470.

Whatever our particular family constellation or kinship network, or the reproductive technology involved in our conception, we are all conceived of two parents: society elaborates this biological fact, which gives plausibility to the timelessness and placelessness of the Oedipus complex – it is everybody's human lot. And hysteria in its generality finds a plausible explanation as a malnegotiation of the universal Oedipus complex.

Mitchell, Juliet– *Mad Men and Medusas: Reclaiming Hysteria & the Effect of Sibling relationships on the Human Condition* p. 27

1471.

However, it is essential to note that, despite its origins as a 'talking cure', psychoanalysis, properly speaking, does not deploy the story. In this it is different from many of the therapies that may in part derive from it. Already at the time of Dora, Freud was rightly worried about the seductions of the story, by language as sexuality. The psychoanalytic method is one of free association. The psychoanalyst asks the patient to say without censorship whatever comes into his head. It is surprisingly difficult and hysterical patients are particularly adept at being able to avoid this prime requirement of the treatment. If one free associates rather than making an effort to tell a coherent, logical story, then all kinds of surprising juxtapositions occur. One may also make slips of the tongue or say something which clearly has a meaning other than the one intended.

IBID-p. 95

1472.

The Surrealists made their minority manifesto from the tenets of hysterical flamboyance, passion and demonstration. Today the social situation which favours a conscious, public enactment in place of private driven symptoms is best summed up in the philosophy of post-modernity which eschews metanarratives, truth, representation in favour of fragmentation, the proliferation of desires, the ascendancy of the will and the act and language that gets one what one wants. This is the valorization of performance and performativity. In continuing to work on the Oedipus and castration complex against his own hysteria, Freud was also fighting a modernist battle against the disintegration he was to live through before his death in exile in 1940. Hysteria has not disappeared, and never can – it is important to recognise it before it is normalized not as a momentary reaction, but as the way in which we predominantly live.

Hysteria has not, then, disappeared from the twentieth century Western world; it is rather that this world manifests a hidden hysteria and is not recognising this...as it (*hysteria*) has moved from a place outside the centre (*the other*) into the centre, it must be denied all existence. This is an immensely important change of scene.

IBID-p. 133/4

1473.

Compulsive seduction is a meeting place of ghosts. Both the lover and the love object are substitutes for people who have never been felt to be there.

IBID-p. 137

1474.

The classical psychoanalytical account of sexual differences revolves around the resolution of the Oedipus complex. This is the 'ideal' non-hysterical resolution in which the boy gives up his wishes for his mother and acknowledges that his father's place will one day be his with another woman if he relinquishes a claim to it in the present. By contrast, a girl more or less gives up her wishes for her mother and instead hopes in the future to be in her place, an object of desire for the man (the father substitute). In doing this, she must give up absolutely the claim to the man's position. Hysteria becomes simply the failure to resolve satisfactorily the Oedipus complex. Because of the relegation of hysteria to non-existence, the other half of the infantile story is missed. This half of the story is that all children want to have babies and both genders have to give this up in the present of their childhood. If they give it up, girls and boys do so differently. Girls know that if they do give up the idea of having babies now, they will be able to have them, and so be in the place of the mother, in the future. Boys must give up such thoughts absolutely. Hysterical men and women do not give up the wish to reproduce from themselves – both sexes maintain this in identical fashion.

IBID-p. 137

1475.

It is because hysteria is regressive, from childhood or adulthood, that it is sexual. There is a sexual-seeming frenetic discharge underlying it – which is the frantic avoidance of falling into the hole of non-recognition. Sexuality is a bodily discharge of accumulated tension.

IBID-p. 218/9

1476.

Perception and memory are incompatible. We need not 'remember' what we see, hear, touch, smell at the time. We cannot see something and simultaneously remember it. Even when it is recollected in the body, as what Melanie Klein calls 'memories in feeling', something is only remembered when it must be re-perceived in its absence. At the very moment of trauma there is neither perception nor memory. Something experienced as traumatic shock eradicates the victim's capacity for memory as representation. In its place comes the perception, the presentation of the experience. Blasted limbs, a hole in the stomach, come into the mind's image with a vividness that is near-hallucinatory. This presentation of sensory aspects of what happened is not the same as the experience itself coming back in its actuality. It is not 'the Real' nor a representation of it as a memory. It is an iconic presentation. Perception necessarily distorts and is individual. It is this perception that returns as the iconic images, of 'frozen' movements such as running without moving across some railway tracks as the train approaches, of the traumatic nightmare – the inescapable, repeated perceived presentations of an aspect of the experience, not the experience itself. The trauma victim and the hysteric are akin (or are sometimes one and the same person) because they cannot remember, they can only perceive. It is not the 'Real' that invades them, it is that they have too much perception.

IBID-p. 281

1477.

Freud argued that an infantile experience, even if overtly sexual (such as sexual abuse in early childhood), could only be experienced as sexual after puberty. The first, for the infant, non-sexual experience (an experience empty of the sexuality that becomes its hallmark) is experienced as sexual later, in the present. It is not that the present reinterprets the past, but there is what we could call a retardation of meaning altogether. This is crucial for all Freud's work. It is also crucial for an understanding of trauma.

IBID-p. 283

1478.

A hundred years ago, psychoanalysis started not with memory but with forgetting. Observing the pathological gaps in memory displayed by hysterical patients led Freud in time to formulate a 'normal' universal amnesia of the first five years of life: however hard we try, we do not remember, at least in any continuous way, our infancy. Freud saw that those hysterical characteristics were particular manifestations of a general human characteristic. Between the two instances of forgetting (the hysterical-pathological and the normal) – and really, one could say, because of them – came the great discoveries that are the objects of psychoanalytic theory and, to a greater or lesser degree depending on the psychoanalyst's orientation, the focal points of therapy: **an unconscious which is structured and which functions in a way that is completely different than consciousness; repression and other modes of psychic defence; the Oedipus complex and infantile sexuality.** At the turn of the century this was the field that was laid out between the hedgerows of the observation of hysterical forgetting and the theory of human infantile amnesia.

Although there maybe biological explanations, for psychoanalysts no physiological, neurological or anatomical explanation fully accounts for this observation. It can, however, be explained by the particular nature of human interaction. The extreme dependence of the human infant induces a situation in which the objects on whom it is dependent become overcatheted, that is, they matter too much. There is too much emotion, both love and hate, towards he who protects and she who nourishes, and in the interests of human society this excess must be forgotten, repressed. This act of repression makes the representations of these wishes and impulses unconscious and, because it is so major and momentous an act of obliteration, it drags with it all potential memories of this early period.

IBID-p. 286/7

1479.

(According to Freud) 'It is a very remarkable thing that the unconscious of one human being can react upon that of another without passing through the conscious...descriptively speaking, the fact is incontestable'. Through the deployment of the fundamental technique of 'free association', the patient is meant to say whatever comes into his head and the censorship, which would otherwise operate to prohibit unconscious material from coming to the surface, is bypassed. Commensurate with this is the fact that the analyst should offer 'evenly suspended attention', listening with a part of herself that is not the logical conscious mind.

If the analyst must come to each session without either 'memory or desire', this doesn't mean that she does not have the patient in mind. However, if she consciously either recalls the last week's session or the patient's childhood, or prompts him to have memories, this will interfere with the unconscious communication between his free-floating association and her suspension of conscious attention. Of unconscious communication Freud wrote: *Experience soon showed that the attitude which the analytic physician could most advantageously adopt was to surrender himself to his own unconscious mental activity, in a state of evenly-suspended attention, to avoid as far as possible reflection and the construction of conscious expectations, not to try to fix anything that he heard particularly in his memory, and by these means to catch the drift of the patient's unconscious with his own unconscious.*...It is not, of course, that trauma is collective but that the traumatic breach in each and everyone taps into a shared human situation. Unconscious communication can thus bypass consciousness.

IBID-p. 290

1480.

Psychic trauma, like physical trauma, breaks through the subject's protective shield so that there is an influx of excitation which cannot be mastered or tolerated. The trauma happens *to* one and one responds with an unconscious act of 'primal repression' to deal with the 'excessive degree of excitation and the breaking through of the protective shield against stimuli'. The mystic pad, as a model for memory, describes the breaching of the protective cellophane and wax paper to form the ineradicable, permanent marks below; always the language is of quantities of excitation and breaching...

The hypothesis of primal repression implicates the particular conditions of human existence. The prematurity of human birth necessitates a degree of dependence that entails a risk of death if the conditions of survival are under threat. Prototypically, one might almost say mythologically, the absence of the all-providing/caring mother is equivalent to death. In the absence of protection and nurturance, too much of the world invades the neonate, puncturing whatever protective psychic shield it may have. The Taita woman whose *saka* is triggered off by the noise of a striking match is reminiscent of the baby who bursts into tears at a sudden unexpected sound; the woman whose *saka* is started by the sight of a strangely placed car has parallels with the infant of around eight to ten months whose 'stranger anxiety' makes it frightened of an unfamiliar face. In *saka*, as in hysteria in the Western world, we are dealing with the regression to a very early response. This regression repeats or parodies the response when an 'excessive degree of excitation' breaks through. Some mark from this incursion is retained by the subject as a track or groove along which repeated perceptions travel – this is the 'memory' with which human life is initiated: next time (or even twenty years later) the unexpected sight or sound will be a repetition of this perception rather than of the trauma itself.

IBID-p. 290/1

1481.

The Freud in question is the Freud who (*initially*) believed the stories (*of sexual molestation by their fathers*) that his first hysterical patients told him when they were able to fill in the amnesiac gaps in their consciousness. It is not a question of asking whether or not the stories were true or false. The result of coming to see them not as actual but as fantasies was, quite simply, psychoanalysis. For, there would have been no Oedipus complex, no theories of the unconscious, of defences, of infantile sexuality if what Freud had been dealing with were instances of actual abuse. The shift from seeing hysterics as victims of specific acts of abuse to believing that all children, by virtue of their common humanity, both desire and repress the desire for their parents – the Oedipus complex – changed the nature of the enquiry from one that was concerned with a discrete pathology, to one that had to do with the formation of the psyche.

IBID-p. 293/4

Sometimes they were monographic, the jokes. And many of them were about women. For example one cop would say: what's the perfect woman? *Pues* she's two feet tall, big ears, flat head, no teeth, and hideously ugly. Why? *Pues* two feet tall so she comes right up to your waist, big ears so you can steer her, a flat head so you have a place to set your beer, no teeth so she can't bite your dick, and hideously ugly so no bastard steals her away. Some laughed. Others kept eating their eggs and drinking their coffee. And the teller of the first joke continued. He asked: why don't women know how to ski? Silence. *Pues* because it never snows in the kitchen. Some didn't get it. Most of the cops had never skied in their lives. Where do you ski in the middle of the desert? But some laughed. And the joke teller said: all right, friends, what's the definition of a woman? Silence. And the answer: *Pues* a vagina surrounded by a more or less ordered bunch of cells. And then someone laughed, an inspector, good one Gonzales, a bunch of cells, yes, sir. And another joke, international this time: why is the Statue of Liberty a woman? Because they needed an empty head for the observation deck. And another: How many parts is a woman's brain divided into? *Pues* that depends, *valedores!* Depends on what, Gonzales? Depends on how hard you hit her. And on a roll now: why can't women count to seventy? Because by the time they get to sixty-nine their mouths are full. And still going strong: what's dumber than a dumb man? (An easy one.) *Pues* a smart woman. And full throttle: why don't men lend their cars to women? *Pues* because there is no road from the bedroom to the kitchen. And in the same vein: what does a woman do outside the kitchen? *Pues* wait for the floor to dry. And a variation: what do you call a neuron in a woman's brain? *Pues* a tourist. And then the same inspector laughed again and said excellent, Gonzales, brilliant, neuron, yes, sir, tourist, brilliant. And Gonzales, tireless, went on: how do you pick the three dumbest women in the world? *Pues* at random. Get it? At random! It makes no difference! And: how do you give a woman more freedom? *Pues* get her a bigger kitchen. And: how do you give a woman even more freedom? *Pues* plug the iron into an extension cord. And: how long does it take a woman to die who's been shot in the head? *Pues* seven or eight hours, depending on how long it takes the bullet to find the brain. Brain, yes, sir, mused the inspector. And if someone complained to Gonzales about all the chauvinist jokes, Gonzales responded that God was the chauvinist, because he made men superior. And he went on: what do you call a woman who's lost ninety-nine percent of her IQ? *Pues* speechless. And: what happens to a woman's brain in a spoon of coffee? *Pues* it floats. And: why do women have one more brain cell than dogs? *Pues* so that when they're cleaning the bathroom they don't drink the water out of the toilet. And: what's a man doing when he throws a woman out of the window? *Pues* polluting the environment. And: how is a woman like a squash ball? *Pues* the harder you hit her, the faster she comes back. And: why do kitchens have windows? *Pues* so that women can see the world. Until at last Gonzales wore himself out and got a beer and dropped into a chair and the rest of the policemen went back to their eggs. Then the inspector, exhausted after a night's work, wondered to himself how much of God's truth lay hidden in ordinary jokes. And he scratched his crotch...

Bolano, Roberto – 2666 p. 552/553

1483.

Nietzsche – the very name has an ominous ring, no modern thinker, with the exception of Karl Marx, has had such a fateful influence on the course of world history as this gentle professor turned Antichrist who proclaimed God was dead, Christianity a disease, and democracy a sham. Nietzsche, the philosopher with the hammer who glorified war, ridiculed mercy and exhorted his readers to “live dangerously”. These thoughts, perverted to be sure and taken out of context, have served as the intellectual armor for all the *condottieri* and would-be super-men of our time. Nietzsche himself was convinced that his ideas were “dynamite” and prophesied that there would be wars the like of which the world had never seen. We know now how right he was, but when he said these things in the peaceful eighteen-eighties, nobody listened; nobody took him seriously, least of all his friends. They considered him a harmless eccentric driven to despair by his solitude and his suffering, and they followed his erratic course with compassion or dismay, as the case might be.

Peters, H. F. – *My Sister My Spouse: A Biography of Lou Andreas Salomé* p. 83

1484.

The only wisdom we can hope to acquire
Is the wisdom of humility: humility is endless.

T.S. Eliot cited in *The Conversation*

1485.

Communism provided an alternative. It was, in many ways, *the* alternative, the most important indicator that society could be remade. Between 1917 and 1989, its star shone bright and its star shone dim, but its continuing sparkle in the firmament allowed millions to believe in a world beyond the free market. Even those who despised communism felt that while it existed, change – whether they wanted it or not – was a possibility.

Today, that feeling has gone.

A slogan carried by anti-globalisation protesters in London a few years ago displayed the loss. It ran: ‘Tear down capitalism and replace it with...something nicer!’. The whimsy expresses a real dilemma. With communism gone, few of us can articulate a different kind of society, another economic model or even a philosophical challenge to the buy-low, sell-high ethics of the market. If there is no longer an alternative, what sense does it make to protest, whether in the street or at the ballot box? The absence of choice results in cultural erosion, as large swathes of the population withdraw from the public sphere into a sullen silent cynicism.

Sparrow, Jeff – *Communism: A Love Story* p. 3

1486.

‘Trotsky-fascist...dilettante!’

He remembered a passage from *Finnegans Wake* and felt both Stalin and his local (Australian) supporters slide back into perspective. ‘I thought,’ Joyce wrote, ‘you were all glittering with the noblest carriage. You’re only a bumpkin. I thought you the great in all things, in guilt and in glory. You’re but a puny.’

He could almost pity Miles, (CPA leader) condemned to senselessly repeat Moscow’s lines. The CPA hacks – part-gangster, part-gramophone, as Orwell put it – praised Stalin’s unscrupulousness. What did they know of revolution? How did Luxembourg phrase it, when she spoke of the feeling for humanity that constituted the essence of socialism? ‘A world must be overturned,’ she said, ‘but every tear that flows and might have been staunched is an accusation, and a man hurrying to a great deed who knocks down a child out of unfeeling carelessness commits a crime.’

IBID-p. 258

1487.

“Money flows toward short term gain”, writes the geologist David Archer, “and toward the over-exploitation of unregulated common resources. These tendencies are like the invisible hand of fate, guiding the hero in a Greek tragedy toward his inevitable doom.”

This indeed is the essence of humanity’s present derangement.

Imperialism was not, however, the only obstacle in Asia’s path to industrialization: this model of economy also met with powerful indigenous resistances of many different kinds. While it is true that industrial capitalism met with resistance on every continent, not least Europe, what is distinctive in the case of Asia is that the resistance was often articulated and championed by figures of extraordinary moral and political authority, such as Mahatma Gandhi. Among Gandhi’s best known pronouncements on industrial capitalism are these famous lines written in 1928: “God forbid that India should ever take to industrialism after the manner of the West. If an entire nation of 300 millions took to similar economic exploitation, it would strip the world bare like locusts.”

This quote is striking because of the directness with which it goes to the heart of the matter: numbers. It is proof that Gandhi, like many others, understood intuitively what Asia’s history would eventually demonstrate: that a consumerist mode of existence, if adopted by a sufficient number of people, would quickly become unsustainable and would lead, literally, to the devouring of the planet.

Ghosh, Amitav – *The Great Derangement* p. 111/112

1488.

Stewart, like Evelyn Waugh, was an incorrigible punster. Australian politicians such as Goof Witless, Chairman Mal, Bob Orc and Poll Cheating, and their ‘bludgets’ were always fair game. Internationally he had little time for Presidents Ray-Gun and Gormenghast, or for the communists Infidel Castrato, Dung and Mao... Current affairs magazines were rebaptised ‘Slime’ and ‘Newsreek’. Japanese politicians were spared this lash, but not bureaucrassies such as the Denigration Department (Immigration), the Litterachewer Bored, the National Gullery in Cannedbeera, or the concept of the ill-fare state. The Australia of perks and junkets was the Lurky Country, its national university, the ANU, an acronym for Academic Nonentities Union or Australian Nohopers Utopia, while he marvelled at the \$13 million paid for ‘Blue Poles’ by Action Dollop, or poked fun at ‘Tears’ Eliot and Ezra Pound’s ‘Rantos’. Similarly, publishers, those sworn enemies of self-respecting craftsmen, were rebaptised as Anguish and Robbery or Ailing and Un-win.

Ackland, Michael – *Damaged Men* p. 194/95 & 268

1489.

Indeed, a special commemorative issue of ‘Quad-Rant’ – never his favourite magazine – on James McAuley turned his stomach. In his eyes it reflected the deplorable ‘Cult of Poetic Personality’, while its galaxy of notable mourners, which included the High Executioner Sir John Falsetaff Cur and the Grand Inquisitor Senor Torquemart Sanctimoaniousmaria, showed clearly his friend’s engagement with worldly goals.

IBID-p. 268