

John Fraser was born in London. He wrote on and taught social and political theory (especially Marxism) in the UK, Canada and, after 1980, in Rome and Ferrara.

Since 1982 he has lived in Rome. He has also worked as a musician.

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John Fuller



JOHN FRASER

BLUE LIGHT

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Blue light



John Fraser

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Starting Over

I'd like, I'd hope, to walk with Venus, in that flat land, when all the rest has fallen down and gone: gone all those tired and thirsty places, the people starved or suffocating, and where Romano's run his course, my debt's paid back, or else forgotten, never having been written down. Blue light.

She says, 'I've too much on. Go on your own. And if you want, the mask, the bird of wisdom mask – it's yours.'

I tell her, 'No, Venus. That would look absurd, there's no one there to see, no birds, no nothing. There was always you, alongside. The object of desire. No mask. For if I'm on my own, desire is always there, inside,' and then I think, it isn't much, but everything there is, and that is why it is.
from Blue Light

The nurse says, 'However much we took away, what was there, or added, what was left – would still be you. There's no one else it could be, every morning you'd greet it as yourself, and every night.'

'And if I die – is that still me, or are there missing bits? Or memories? In some head, lingering? Bits of that universe?'

The Doctor cocks his head. He's like the dog on the disc. 'You must have asked,' he says, 'If that old guy, maybe your father, dies, would it be good? or bad? or natural? even a relief. Or just what happens, just this one time, to someone who filled spaces in your life. You can't imagine a space, without this person, always there in just the right slots ... What's you, what's memory – where do your "other people" fit?'

I say, 'But memories ...'
The Doctor says, 'Ah yes, "memories are made of this". But what, exactly? Think of what you remember, then think – imagine – what you don't.'
The nurse says, 'There's plenty to go round.'
from Starting Over

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