

# QUOTE OF THE WEEK

## QUOTES FROM W H AUDEN

"Good can imagine Evil; but Evil cannot imagine Good."

*"A Certain World". Book by W. H. Auden, 1970.*

"All sins tend to be addictive, and the terminal point of addiction is damnation."

*A Certain World (1970) "Hell"*

"Young people, who are still uncertain of their identity, often try on a succession of masks in the hope of finding the one which suits them - the one, in fact, which is not a mask."

*"Forewords and Afterwords" by W. H. Auden, ("One of the Family"), (p. 369), 1973.*

"All wishes, whatever their apparent content, have the same and unvarying meaning: "I refuse to be what I am.""

*"The Dyer's Hand, and Other Essays" by W. H. Auden, ("Interlude: West's Disease"), (p. 241), 1962.*

"My deepest feeling about politicians is that they are dangerous lunatics to be avoided when possible and carefully humoured; people, above all, to whom one must never tell the truth."

*W H Auden (1981). "Antæus", Ecco Press*

Wystan Hugh Auden was a British-American poet. Auden's poetry was noted for its stylistic and technical achievement, its engagement with politics, morals, love, and religion, and its variety in tone, form, and content. Some of his best known poems are about love, such as "Funeral Blues"; on political and social themes, such as "September 1, 1939" and "The Shield of Achilles"; on cultural and psychological themes, such as "The Age of Anxiety"; and on religious themes such as "For the Time Being" and "Horae Canonicae".

[Wikipedia](#)

Thanks to the popular 1994 movie **Four Weddings** and a **Funeral**, thousands of people who had probably never read a word from poet W. H. Auden have been exposed to his work. facebook

In one scene, a character eulogizes his companion by reciting Auden's "Funeral Blues" for the other mourners.

The poem is also known as "Stop all the clocks," a reference to its rousing first stanza:

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,  
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,  
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum  
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Each of the four stanzas reads like an eloquent study in grief, including the last four lines, which leave a lump in the throat:

The stars are not wanted now: put out every one;

Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun;  
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood;  
For nothing now can ever come to any good.