Dianamania

John Moore

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The labyrinth of power has many entrances but few exits, and many lose themselves within it. Should we feel pity for the lost as we ignite the flame that burns down its dry thickets?

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Frankenstein’s Monster. Created by the media, killed by the media, given an afterlife by the media. Meanwhile, a body lies bleeding, mangled in the machinery.

Media’s children. Britons look into their tv mirrors, see themselves — dead — and mourn.

A vicarious death. In weeping for Diana, Britons subconsciously weep for their own deaths, their living deaths — the deaths of their hopes, dreams, desires.

A measure of vacuity. The more one mourns the death of one’s masters, the more one affirms the evacuation of one’s self.

An inverse ratio. The more repressed people are, the more hysteria lurks just below the surface, waiting to erupt. The greater the obsession with privacy, the greater a people’s prudity — but also their prurience.
The real tragedy of Diana’s death remains the media-
orchestrated spectacle of British slavishness and obedience to
authority.

We all mourn. Like an ugly jingoistic mob, moral fascism
stalks the land, policing this lie — belligerently glaring, righ-
teously intimidating, and hysterically awaiting any hint of dis-
sent — eagerly desiring an opportunity to pummel with disap-
proval.

Heard the sick joke about the death of Diana and Dodi? The
institutions they symbolise — state and capital, respectively —
still exist.

The events following Diana’s demise: Albert Speer’s finest
hour.

Apotheosized as St. Diana, the ‘people’s princess’ joins the
pantheon of the gods of New Labour.

Blair’s project: modernisation; i.e., an intensified, more in-
tegrated form of capitalist totalitarianism. Diana is cast as the
Queen of Hearts, virgin mother of a demonic child.

A national(ist) disgrace. ‘There is [a] kind of tears that rise
from shallow springs and flow or dry up at will: people shed
them some as to have a reputation for being tenderhearted, so
as to be pitied or wept over, or, finally, to avoid the disgrace of
not weeping’ (La Rochefoucald).

The new logo for UK PLC: ‘Charity shall cover the multitude
of sins’.

Contrary to all appearances, Britons yearn for human regen-
eration. Naïvely hoping that Diana’s death would mean that
nothing would ever be the same again, they feebly tried to ef-
fect apocalypse through public despondency and social passiv-
ity, then meekly returned to working and consuming. A very
English, very reactionary equivalent of May 68 resulted merely
in more of the same. Nothing changed, it just got worse.