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Extract from 'In Trust' page 435:

There is to begin with the paraphernalia of daily living: all those objects, knives,(1), coins,(2), razors, that are too familiar, too worn and stained with use, a doorknob, a baby's rattle, or too swiftly in passage from hand to mouth or hand to hand to arouse more than casual interest. They are disposable, and are mostly disposed of without thought. Tram tickets,(3), wooden serviette rings with a poker design of poinsettias,(4), beer mats, longlife torch batteries, the lids of Douulton soup tureens, are carted off at last to a tip and become rubble, the sub-stratum of cities, or are pulped and go to earth; unless by some quirk of circumstance, one or two examples are stranded so far up the beach in a distant decade that they become collectors' items and then so rare and evocative to be the only survivors of their age.

. . . Later again, it is not only objects that survive and can be collected. Images too, the shadowy projection of objects, live on to haunt us with the immediacy of what was: figures alone or in groups, seated with a pug dog on their knees or stiffly upright in boating costume beside an oar; a pyramid of young men in flannel slacks and singlets holding the difficult pose forever, blood swelling their necks as they strain upwards, set on physical perfection (5); . . . Bearded, monocled, or in hoop skirts under parasols, and with all their flesh about them, they stare boldly out of a century of Smiles . . .