

1256.

You cannot imagine Hitler emerging as a dominant figure in any century before the twentieth. To this degree alone he is the supreme 'eminent life' of the twentieth century because in many respects he embodies it. He foreshadows Hollywood and television stars, and all the post-war politicians, of the free world as well as of the dictatorships, who depended for their success on their ability to present themselves on screen – a consideration which would have probably ditched the careers of most true political orators or administrative geniuses, from Pericles to Churchill...Hitler, together with Pathe, the pioneer of cinematic newsreels, and together with the Hollywood producers and the early pioneers of sound broadcasting, saw that the twentieth century was going to leave behind the printed word. Germany had invented printing. Under Hitler's dictatorship, Germany would burn its books...Hitler was the first and most hypnotic artist of post-literacy. (*That is, the demagoguery of style over substance*)

Wilson, A. H. – *Hitler: A Short Biography* p. 27, 28

1257.

The Berliners showed astounding resilience. Their natural obedience manifested itself in the fact that even when the treasury offices were flattened, Berliners continued to pay their taxes, some clambering over the ruins of the Treasury to see if they could find an official to whom they could offer their dues. This paralleled the remarkable behaviour of the villages of Baden in 1945 after they had been occupied by the Americans and the Gestapo had fled to a nearby mountain retreat; the villages would still stagger up the mountain for the chance to inform the Gestapo of their neighbours' defeatist attitude.

IBID-p. 172

1258.

If I had power over the Jews, as our princes and cities have, I would deal severely with their lying mouths...For a usurer is an arch-thief and a robber who should rightly be hanged on the gallows seven times higher than other thieves...we are at fault in not avenging all this innocent blood of our Lord and of the Christians which they shed for three hundred years after the destruction of Jerusalem, and the blood of the children they have shed since then (which still shines forth from their eyes and their skin). We are at fault in not slaying them.

Luther, Martin – *On the Jews and their Lies* in Steigmann-Gall, R. *The Holy Reich* p. 33

1259.

Remember the words of Taine: "for a young person the world always seems a scandalous place". Later in life, the world seems only to be an imperfect place which can be worked on here and there. I'm told that finally, in old age, the world becomes either infinitely amusing or infinitely annoying – according to one's temperament.

Moorhouse, Frank – *Grand Days* p. 501/02

1260.

No unknown man, however handsome, could excite so broad and elemental a response. Even at her height of artifice, a nubile young woman is a force of nature. Carrying the burden of mystery or mystique, she becomes the poet's transient Muse, turning the prosaic into poetry.

Paglia, Camille – *Break, Blow, Burn* p. 191 (Paul Blackburn's: *The Once-Over*)

1261.

The artist is not a better person but someone who makes us see better.

IBID-p. 196 (May Swenson's: *At East River*)

1262.

The poet rejects alternate or rusing personae: in life or in art, she (Rochelle Kraut) claims, she has no masks; she is simply herself. Yet the denial of fiction is itself a fictive act. As Oscar Wilde said, "To be natural is such a very difficult pose to keep up".

IBID-p. 211 (Rochelle Kraut's: *My Makeup*)

1263.

One more drink and I'll be under the host.

Parker, Dorothy in IBID-p. 212 (Rochelle Kraut's: *My Makeup*)

1264.

Poets have glimpses of other realities, higher or lower, which can't be fully grasped cognitively. The poem is a methodical working out of fugitive impressions. It finds or rather projects symbols into the inner and outer worlds. Poets speak even when they know their words will be swept away by the wind.

IBID-p. Xiv

1265.

'Beauty simplifies', he said. 'The best music is neither beautiful nor ugly. Like the world, it is infinitely complex. Full of nuance. Rich beyond any reduction. We must not make the mistake of confusing music with emotion'... 'If you want people to believe your lies', he grunted, 'set them to music'.

Goldsworthy, Peter – *Maestro* p. 50

1266.

This, he thought, must be what all parents feel: ordinary men go through life like this crossing their fingers, praying against pain, afraid... This is what we escape at no cost at all, sacrificing an unimportant motion of the body. For year, of course, he had been responsible for souls, but that was different... a lighter thing. You could trust God to make allowances, but you couldn't trust smallpox, starvation, men...

Greene, Graham – *The Power and the Glory* p. 66

1267.

He remembered a proverb – it came out of the recesses of his own childhood: his father had used it – 'The best smell is bread, the best savour salt, the best love that of children'.

IBID-p. 67

1278.

But during the long intervals in which each of us collected evidence to produce at the plenary meetings, and with the clear conscience of those who accumulate material for a medley of burlesques, our brains grew accustomed to connecting, connecting, connecting everything with everything else, until we did it automatically out of habit. I believe you can reach the point where there is no longer any difference between developing the habit of pretending to believe and developing the habit of believing.

It's the old story of the spies: they infiltrate the secret service of the enemy, they develop the habit of thinking like the enemy, and if they survive, it's because they've succeeded. And before long, predictably, they go over to the other side, because it has become theirs. Or take those who live alone with a dog. They speak to him all day long; first they try to understand the dog, then they swear the dog understands them, he's shy, he's jealous, he's hypersensitive; next they're teasing him, making scenes, until they're sure he's become just like them, human, and they're proud of it, but the fact is that they have become just like him: they have become canine.

Eco, Umberto – *Foucault's Pendulum* p. 453

1279.

The failure of ideals and models of community, from the family to communal households utopian or feminist, from democracy and free enterprise capitalism to the welfare state, is her persistent subject.

Gribble, Jennifer – *Christina Stead* p. 4

1280.

Stead touches here, and throughout the *Tales*, on what are to develop as her engrossing themes. Through the drama of the person is glimpsed the drama of the family with its incestuous undercurrents, and the drama of the couple in its domestic and operatic manifestations.

IBID-p. 25

1281.

I like Wagner's music better than any other music. It is so loud that one can talk the whole time, without people hearing what one says.

Oscar Wilde

1282.

Nabokov once commented: 'Literature is invention. Fiction is fiction. To call a story a true story is an insult to both art and truth. Every great writer is a deceiver'.

Rowley, Hazel – *Christina Stead: A Biography* p. ix

1283.

It seems beyond doubt that a sense of abandonment and rejection, accompanied by anger and self-loathing, were factors in her impulse to write, though one cannot know how much weight to assign to them. As Freud observed, 'Before the problem of the creative artist analysis must, alas, lay down its arms'.

IBID-p. 7

1284.

In those first years in Paris, very much in love, Christina Stead was the happiest she would ever be. But she knew better than most people that happiness is a highly precarious state. The shadow side of love is fear of its loss; she would always feel the tug of these tensions.

IBID-p. 109

1285.

Throughout her life Stead would find herself haunted and obsessed by certain individuals, who attracted and angered her at the same time. They were the people on whom she based her major fictional characters, and they were, without exception, charming and manipulative, highly articulate, energetic, humorous. Indeed, ambivalence was the motor behind Stead's most powerful writing.

IBID-p. 142

1286.

Jews were beginning to flee the country; many headed for Paris. The world was 'beginning to believe the unbelievable', as Zweig would write in 1942.

IBID-p. 147

1287.

...but her talent and contribution to Australian literature had never been celebrated by Australian critics. Entrenched in the realist tradition, they disliked the 'over-luxuriance' of her writing and its elements of modernist experimentation.

IBID-p. 255/6

1288.

In an interview when she was 75, Stead would say that the novel (TMWLC) 'demanded to be written': "I was quite solitary, although I was very happy with Bill, my husband...But I was crying every two months and just couldn't stop. I didn't know it then, but it was because of my terrible experiences as a child". Then I wrote everything down to clarify my feelings.

IBID-p. 258

1289.

'People do not like originality', Stead warned her students. Nevertheless, she insisted, writers must have the courage to respect 'those ideas that rush up and force themselves into the story'.

"Outside critics will tell you to take out these sudden apparitions from below which satisfy you so much, because they 'don't contribute to the plot'...these critics being quite unaware what original impulse made you start the novel and what critical streak in your temperament is now coming to light. Do not listen to them, whether they are publishers, agents or friends".

By the time Stead wrote *For Love Alone*, her sixth work of fiction, she was quite definite about she was aiming for in her writing: "intelligent ferocity".

IBID-p. 316

1290.

'Stanley, despite your boredom sometimes, weariness with sordid struggle, and so on, it is true you are one of a happy breed, those who can write their vision, so that their lives have value, heard or unheard.'

Bill Blake in IBID-p. 355

1291.

Not all the mistakes of Socialism, not its crassness, vulgarization, bureaucracy, tyranny, errors in humanity as in theory, can ever cause me to lose the Celestial Vision and I am not by nature Apocalyptic, Utopian or Messianic. I see the millennium as Marx saw it, as struggle, ever widening and ever deepening.

Bill Blake in IBID-p. 424

1292.

All nature seems to work. Slugs leave their lair-
The bees are stirring...

And I, the while, the sole unbusy thing,
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

S. Coleridge in IBID-p. 503

1293.

My feeling is the gifted student does not need help – except in only one particular: He needs to have it confirmed that literature is by writers not critics, that critics should be thrown out the window.

C Stead in IBID-p. 530

1294.

She (Stead) had already told me that she loathes the sight of any of her books in print, that she believes, with Ambrose Bierce the American essayist, that “achievement is the end of endeavour, and the beginning of disgust”.

IBID-p. 551

1295.

There isn't a Frenchman alive who doesn't try to make himself a picture of the universe, and a remarkably well policed one (too policed)! But there isn't the background of Grimm's fairy tales, marvel, dread, and illiteracy that is the basis of much of the profound thinking from over the Rhine. The troll wood, the Black Forest, dragon rocks, river maidens, the Lorelei: it produces a beautiful and confused effect of torrents and thunder in German music.

Stead, Christina – *House of All Nations* p. 165