

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

12. Dream America.

Mann, Klaus

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Amurika, du hast in b-m
Ab immer Kondiment, das alte,
Hast keine zufallenden Sollen
Und keine Ratzeln.
Diel thöret nicht von Tannen,
Zur lebendigen Zeit,
Unmühsam Erwachen,
Und wegbleibende Stille.

(Dream America.)

Proph. tr.

America, your lot is better
Than ours with all our ancient faults:
No castle ruins there to fetter,
And no basalts.
Your heart keeps direction
Mid your quivering life:
No vain recollection,
No profitless strife.

Employ with skill your present day,
And when your sons seek poet's glories,
May kindly fate preserve their lays
From mysteries and pale ghost-stories."

This is the voice of Germany's highest spiritual authority: it is Goethe's powerful and yet urbane ^{ly}rythm. His comprehensive mind was open to any message, ~~any promise~~ from East any ~~region~~ part of the world, and his clearaudient ear received and understood both the ancient wisdom and the inspiring promises of modern progress. He recalled and re-created the half-forgotten miracles of Oriental poetry, and his own life-work is not free at all "from mysteries and pale ghost-stories." At the same time, however, he foresaw with realistic enthusiasm the tremendous developments of modern technique and anticipated the universal significance and coming splendor of that continent without "castle ruins and basalts." From a modest studio in Weimar - ^{namow} sanctum of a representative, spacious house - his winged and impressionable soul made magic excursions to the tender sphere of Hafis, the Persian singer, to the picturesque horrors of the Walpurgisnacht, to Greek goddesses, the poets of Italian Renaissance, the formulas of light and colour - and to the American people, undisturbed by "vain recollection and profitless strife..."

It is typical for this great European and citizen of the world that he kept spiritual traditions of the XVIII Cent. while he anticipated moods and conceptions of the XX e. The homage he has paid to the United States combines a romantic, snetimental longing for "America, my new found land" - as an English poet of the XVI Cent. has addressed it - , a

romantic pathos à la Rousseau and Chateaubriand with a more modern,
realistic, even anti-romantic outlook...

His own life work - not far from ---
There is Dostoevsky, Faust, Mephisto, Mr. Gorkh
H. Anna and the within ---
American, your lot is better --- M, it really
M, the young nation not impressionable.

There are ancient impressions --- etc.
... Oceans of giants in New York or
Kansas City; exercise in the neighbor-
hood of hood of gangster and highway ---
hyper-modern factories.

Prophets.

There are very ancient hopes and promises,
very old intuitions, fears and fixed ideas;
there are mystic doctrines, esoteric cults,
carried on through the ages; secret "knowledge"
of hidden things, the science of transcendental
spheres, the topography of heaven, the hierarchy
of angels, spirits and ghosts. Mysticism contacts
with the "other world", the voice of the dead,
ecstasy and martyrdom; the secret rules
of the transmutation of souls; mystic
numbers or geometric figures based
on the symbolism of numbers; the secret rules
of medicine, with secret meanings; all the traditions and
regulations of occultism, ~~carried from the~~
are kept alive ~~from the~~ early beginning
of human history. This stream leading to
Egyptian and Indian spirits — purifying
mixtures of profound revelation and shocking
humbug — was received and developed by
the Greek philosophers, and from Pythagoras
and Plato it was given to esoteric Christianity
while the culture of antiquity went to
pieces during the Dark Ages, the secret
cults and formulas mentioned above,
There are connecting lines leading from
the esoteric secrets of the dying Middle
Ages to Swedenborg And the
XIX Century — industrial, efficient —

2)

more than ... mixing semi-religious and
semi-scientific elements to a cocktail
of authentic wisdom and embarrassing
platitudes ...

One might presume that a young nation
such as the Americans, are hardly
inclined to accept this conglomeration
of blended ideas and hazy and imprecise
yet the fact is that the American mind
turned out to be ~~more~~ susceptible
to the dubious charm of occult science.
~~from any other~~ (by the way,
a curious and perhaps significant fact
that in Italy, Spain or America, mystic teachers
as Italy, Spain or America, mystic teachers
and organizations are less
successful and gain more in regions with
a mostly Protestant population, such as
Holland, England, or the Scandinavian
countries.)

He who regards and describes America merely
as the country of "Big Business" and "Money-
optimism, of democratic common sense and
Christian pragmatism, simplification and
sacrifice as a reality that is more complex
and has more inspiring aspects. There is an
essential, innovative element in the A.
character — much more definitely so than
in the character of the French or English.

3) There is a tendency toward collective hysteria which can easily be used and exploited by any fanatic, by any people of a new religion ^{or any} "movement" who claims to ~~show new way~~ ^{possess the key} to ~~some~~ ^{transcendental} wisdom, has a good chance ^{in this} to be heard and to gain followers.

Dr. Rudolf Steiner,

The Bedford
118 EAST 40TH STREET
NEW YORK

Christianity as Mystical Fact
— and The Mysticism of Antiquity. "
(N.Y., 1914.)

Translated into French by
[Edmond Schenck,
"The Great Initiator", Publ., Rider,
London.]

He preaches Tolwance. So we will
try to be Tolwant. — We, A.W. Rose,
admit: wonderful elements. For
the Gospel of St. John or Plato are
wonderful ... Nevertheless, the accuma-
lation of beauties don not necessarily
create a new beauty ... There is something
lacking ... : a spark ... He who has
a mirror has also has a style. Not St.
His German style is miserable. He is not the best

To find out: Figures of
membership of Theosophic —
Anthroposophic Society in U.S.A.
[Historical survey.]

Annie Besant.

Born: London,
Oct. 1, 1847.

"An Autobiography."
Joined the Theosophical Society,
in 1889; lecturing and writing
on its behalf, "and have traveled
pretty well all over the world in
its service. — Prominent everywhere:
France, Belgium, Holland, Germany,
Hungary, Italy, Denmark, Sweden,
Norway, have all listened willingly
to the message of Theosophy."
— Regards "the great change which has
come over English thought — its
turning away from materialism and
the revival of mysticism — as due
to that great wave of spiritual
life of which the Theosophical
Society is the crest." World-wide,
well-organized X
America — many times, lecturing in
the large cities; Australia;
New Zealand. — India: the
revival, strengthening, and uplifting

2.)

of the ancient religions — Hinduism,
Zoroastrianism, and, in Ceylon
and Burma, Buddhism.

Consequence: a great wave of patriotic
life; the beginning of the
building of a nation ...

[In Ceylon: 3 colleges and over
100 schools flourishing under the care
of Buddhist Theosophists. ^{1908.}]

Educational work: Schools, Libraries,
Indian work, from 1893-1907,

carried on in close collaboration
with President-founder of
the Theosophical Soc. —

Colonel Henry Steel Olcott,
colleague of our much-revered
H. P. Blavatsky. — Became

his successor as President of the
Society, at his death, in 1907.

— strenuous work all over the
world —

..... "Now once, for a single instant,
has my faith in it faltered, nor the
slightest cloud of distrust flitted
across my sky. ... Life has grown more
and more intelligible; death a negligible
incident in an ever-widening life."

The Hidden Way Across the Threshold. or The Mystery which hath been hidden for Ages and from Generations. - An Explanation of the Concealed Forces in Every Man to Open the Temple of the Soul and to Learn. - The Guidance in the Unseen Hand. - By J.C. Street (Fellow of the Order S.S.S. and of the Brotherhood Z.Z.R.R.Z.Z.)

(Motto: "All Things Come From Within." - An - a mysterious circles, decorated with three swastikas in smaller circles, and the mystic pentagram...)

((Reminding us of that that vociferous quackery, advertising.....

The powerful Wizard.....touching things and problems with his magic wand.....Irking us with.....garrulous, well-meaning, naive,... simplifying the complexity of human plight.....Don't lead us into temptation!.....))

((The selling off of the great esoteric traditions...rationalizing, vulgarizing ancient intuitions...Strange meeting between a very old authentic wisdom, and the semi-scientific pedantry of XIX. Cent.)

The author - bitterly complaining of this age "of error and indifference, where intellect and wealth have been deified..."

...his "experience as a student and a medium of occult forces, and his union and intercourse with Adepts of many lands, and with the Derwishes and Lamas of the East..."

"With the full assurance from the Angel world that many men and women and whole legions of Angels will appreciate the effort, he pressed on, and in a few short weeks the first edition was exhausted."

The sources:

The Egyptians - who worshipped God as a Motherhood - Divine Love - under the name of Isis, or The Female Principle, but the Male Principle was by no means ignored in Egyptian Theosophy;

The Hindus held that the Divine Spirit is to be found in the Male Principle only; that the Male or Occult IS the Divine Principle; Esoteric Christianity - was but a continuation of the Esoteric Egyptian Theosophy under another name.

...It was the Priests of Egypt to whom Pythagoras and Plato went for instruction...This book is based upon the Pythagorean system and the principles of Esoteric Christianity...The tenet of the book is Pythagorean - which is that a religion is only true which benefits humanity. ((The humanitarian, practical element -; to improve the plight of mankind...))

"The things that are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." 2 Cor. iv:18.

The Universal Agent or Star Magno has been known and used by the mystics of all ages with the favored few. It is that subtle and all-pervading fluid, of which the phenomena of light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and vitality are considered to be but the grosser and more palpable manifestations... ((Notice again: the pseudo-scientific terminology...))

The moralistic element. "When men find what is right and what wrong in every relation of life, and what their own individual duty to humanity, then shall follow a great impulse to pursue the right and avoid the wrong..."

The true man is the Bride of the Spirit within.

"Our acts our Angels are for good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still"

...Swedenborg - affirmed that all Angels, even the highest ones, that move about the throne of God, had once been men.

((The pedantic Hierarchy...))

Know Thyself! - "Kind reader, will you know yourself? Will the greeting be one of joy and pleasure, or of abhorrence and sorrow...? Dear Pilgrim, God in this life has given you freedom and liberty of action in the Soul world as well as in the Natural world.

"Oh man, walk with the knowledge of the spirit within thee."

(Greek wisdom. "The Pythagorean Peace...")

...Seer and mediumship open countless door to limitless new lives and new worlds. No man is ever alone after having become a medium. How exquisitely beautiful are the faces of some of the inhabitants of other planets, especially those from Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune! What greatness of Soul! what intensity of excellence! what refreshing presence! what exquisite delicacy of facial expression!"

...Definitely against "the old ruts of bigotry and superstition..."

Appealing, again and again, to the "dear Pilgrim," the "kind reader", to the "friends of the world's progress...", as though the penetration of the "Spirit-world" would just mean another civilizing achievement... like a new warm water boiler...

...The trance...

The Spirit-world is ready and willing today to work for our enlightenment...

"He whose Soul has become developed knows of the Infinite Presence, the Absolute and Divine Energy, One Living and one True God..."

...Developments of man's Spiritual gifts to his own true knowledge settles 3 questions of momentous importance:

- 1.) That man has a conscious existence beyond the grave;
- 2.) That all individuals commence that existence precisely as they leave this mentally and morally, retaining their identity and memory.
- 3.) That this future existence is one of mental progress and spiritual unfoldment for all human intelligences.

...The Soul and its Astral covering (called by the Hindus Akasa)...

...Vibrations... silent meditations...: the efficacy of silent prayers.

(The Hidden Way...)

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

(The question of vegetable diet. Some Occultists are for it.)

The Delphic Oracle...

"Great Souls will set their standard high,
And, toiling on through storm and night,
They wake the nations with their cry,
For Light! more Light!" (But - IS it light?...)

....This somewhat shocking conglomeration -: Pythagoras, Milton,
the Bible, Egypt, the Hindus, Hesiodus, the Cabala, Swedenborg, Plato,
Paracelsus, the mystics of the Middle Ages, angels, demons, truly
wise men and fakes..., the end of fide, Gnomon, Nymphs,
...."the lesson of charity and tolerance toward those who think
and believe differently from ourselves..."

((This shocking intimacy with angels, spirits, all sorts of super-
natural forces...))

...The Many Mansions. The many categories, divisions,: from the
"lowest orders, groping in darkness, in a chaotic state of numbness",
up to Perfection, growing toward the light of Truth...

the Abbi di Villars, Hermann Trismegistus,
the Song of the Egyptian Harper —
in the time of Ramses II, 1390 B.C. —

"Your Bodies are the Temples of the
Living God."

— An ancient longing, ~~which the~~
newly quick satisfied by Christianity
as it differs — or connects — its
connections with the old exotic
traditions, Oriental or Greek.

Asia and the Middle Ages..
the knotted romances...

Spanions, now motion elements interwoven
into another wisdom....

The trace of ancient wisdom....

Man's metaphysical flight X

and mission —

↓ The ecstatic aspect of Christian
life....

... the philosophical language of the
Neoplatonists....

1)

Swedenborg — A modern Translation of Nature into Thought.

"Shall we only trust what the ear can hear,
What the hand can grasp and the eye make clear,
Shall the dearest hopes of the human breast
In our inmost being have no part,
Because we fail to understand
The movement of an Unseen Hand?"

..... mental illumination
..... the doctrines of any modern religion
Society

The following was given from a
spiritual language which fully
corresponds with recent translation
of Egyptian Hieroglyphics!

* The number 1881 (!) has reference to
a Mexican cycle, also of an astronomical
period; both are always found together
in Egyptian symbols and numbers. — The
astronomical fact is, 1881 was this symbol
of a period of time, which is but the
physical expression of what really is the
end of the "Christian" dispensation, and
end of a grand solar cycle of the Orient.
As M. C. was the fifth Mexican, as the
sixth is now announced as approaching
(by us) in the dual form of love
and wisdom or angelic harmony
..... The new age is to put on the robes
of mortality when the period of preparation

2)

The positive indications of changes in
"this planet" ... The silent voices of
nations who left no history breathe through
the colossal remains of their ruined
cities and temples half buried in the
drifting sands ... The great scars of roads
among the glaciers; the upheaval of nations;
the sinking of kingdoms into ocean
depths; the risen mountains and empty
river-beds; point in mystic writing
and speak in mute stony language,
whispering and beckoning away back
through the ages, in unspeakable eloquence,
of unrecorded times ...

..... Man is the connecting link between
dust and Deity, an atom of God's
unit of measurement ...

Swedenborg.

The Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood
of Man is the sublime thought of the
New Church. — The Prayer of this
worthy and excellent sect of the
North was for DIVINE HUMANITY.

3)

is ended. The hwaids are all ready here.
Twelve angels (twenty-four bodies), of the
rank we call angelic messengers, will put on
the robes of mortal life before the
Messiah comes....

X

Pythagoras: "Oh man, walk with the know-
ledge of the Spirit within thee!"

..... Between God and man are the silent
monitors or Spirits who are always near us,
though commonly invisible to us, who know
all our thoughts.

D i s t i n g u i s h e d
V i s i t o r s .

BY KLAUS MANN.

America, your lot is better
Than ours with all our ancient faults;
No castle ruins there to fetter,
And no basalts.
Your heart keeps direction
Mid your quivering life:
No vain recollection,
No profitless strife.

Employ with skill your present days,
And when your sons seek poet's glories,
May kindly fate preserve their lays
From mysteries and pale ghost-stories.

Goethe.

~~the most ^{revolting} ~~barbaric~~ form of ^{paganism} ~~barbarism~~. The leader's voice - panting, raucous, barking, but persuasive - lures the ignorant ^{youth} boys into a dingy jungle, a most ^{dark} ~~dreary~~ inferno. ~~For there is nothing more horrid than anarchy made lasting by Prussian organization.~~~~

Karl possessed imagination enough to fancy the kind of world the leader would eventually create. No fun, no faith, no truth, no innocence, (no criticism, no articulate word, no lament, appalling) no law, no beauty, no adventure - : a rather ~~revolting~~ vision. An ~~advance~~ advanced technique - misused as an instrument of torture; the absolute power - dictating absolute degradation; the dated principle of domination - superseding the timely conceptions of collaboration, tolerance, and helpful understanding. A period of complete stagnation, cultural death, desperate ~~calmness~~ calmness, may precede the ultimate catastrophe, the apocalyptic triumph of destruction. ~~The~~ The seduction of the ^{raucous} leader's voice was, fundamentally, the sinister attraction of death.

Karl felt: This is not our way. The American way must be different. It leads into the opposite direction.

And he realized: There is ~~no~~ ^{ways -} room enough, in this shrunk world of ours, for both ~~conceptions of life -~~ : not room enough, for freely organized life - and the mechanized jungle; for civilization - and barbarism. The two principles ~~are~~ ^{are} not compatible: they exclude each other on this planet that ~~has~~ ^{is} become ~~pretty~~ ^{so} small. One of them will be conquered; one of them has to vanish - either he or we. The time of decision is near. This is zero hour.

It was strange that a little alien and anonymous vagabond should use such ~~grand~~ ^{pretentious} expressions - if only in his thoughts - : "our American way...", and "we shall conquer..." ~~Did he consider himself a citizen of this country?~~ Did he ^{consider} ~~think of~~ himself ~~as~~ a representative of American youth? By no means. But somehow he had gained a new consciousness, a new pride, ~~for he was pretty sure that he stood on the right~~

(and confidence.)

~~side - the side that was going to win.~~

"Those Unamerican tricks won't work, in the long run," he said to a pal as they studied ^{together} the dispatches from the European fronts, ~~on their way home from work.~~

The other fellow grinned. "You talk like one of them damned guys who run for a political job. Unamerican... What do you know about it, anyhow? Silly foreigner..." And that ~~mess~~ mess over there, in Europe," he continued, emphasizing his words in a somewhat ominous way, "that's not of our business whatsoever - if you know what I mean. I think it's Unamerican to meddle with other people's affairs."

What could Karl reply? Should he tell him that civilization is an entity, indivisible, and that America forms a part of it - an essential part, in fact, its last undamaged bullwark. Should he deliver a lecture on the folly of 'isolationism'? Should he read aloud ~~to him~~ a poem ~~which~~ he had recently found in a paper and had liked very much? There are no islands, any more... Karl knew it was true. ~~But how could he explain it to the other fellow?~~

The horrible collapse of decency and law ~~was~~ ^{to} "not of our business"? To defend a heritage and future that all civilized men have in common - ~~this means~~ "meddling with other people's affairs"? To adhere to the solidarity of free and thinking human beings, against the ~~prejudiced~~ ^{having} assault of howling fanatics - thus was a betrayal of American traditions? - Karl shrugged his shoulder, contemptuously.

The American Tradition... ~~the little edition, already forgotten in Europe; not yet really at home in this country -~~ ^{he began to gather} gradually grasped the boldness and complexity of this great conception. He learned something concerning this Tradition at its best, as he went to the Public Library, on Sundays ^{during the week,} or after the working hours. He read Washington and Benjamin Franklin, Jefferson and Lincoln. This modest greatness, this proud determination, reasonable faith - this, then, was America:

no Dream-America but the real thing; no Eldorado and paradise, but a vast, inspiring human effort, a tremendous human accomplishment - or rather a singular promise to mankind.

Eternal Progress, the kosmos and the modern reports... This, then, is life; here is what has come to the surface after so many throes and convulsions... How curious! how real!

It was this voice - the winged and powerful rhythm of America's greatest poet - that struck the lonely reader more profoundly, more thoroughly than any other appeal. It was this ^{ebullient} song-of-the-songs of an "athletic Democracy", this rhapsodic enumeration of its beauties, this ecstatic praise of its technical achievements, its struggles, its professions, its triumphs -: it was the ^{effulgent} ~~martial and tender~~ work of Walt Whitman to which Karl Rossmann owed more knowledge, more understanding of the ^{true} ~~great~~ American tradition than to any editorial or historical book.

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear...

America always!...

This inspired patriotism was boundless - :comprehensive, all-embracing, not narrow-minded and arrogant. This ^{generous} ~~over~~ sweeping declaration of love was ~~generously~~ ^{a sweeping Salut au Monde,} addressed to mankind - ~~paying an enthusiastic~~ homage to all human beings: provided only that they were really human ... I sing the body electric... Karl felt that he, ^{an} ~~the~~ unknown foreigner, was included into this ~~savage~~ grand and savage embrace. He was admitted to a vast comradeship that was martial as well as tender.

Americanos! conquerors! marches humanitarian; foremost! century marches! Libertad! Masses!

This was a battle-cry - another part and impact of ^{the} ~~his~~ ~~stunning~~ message! "most jubilant poem." The ^{effusive} ~~lover~~ lover of mankind is not without militant features: his overflowing sympathy ~~with mankind~~ can transform itself into a thundering fury. He is kind, ~~and tender~~, but

^{, large-hearted, affectionate;}

not indolent; tolerant - but not soft. He discriminates between good and evil. He is vigilant. He accepts the challenge, and he knows how to fight. O I believe there is nothing real but America and freedom! O to sternly reject all except Democracy...

The young reader in the Public Library already was intellectually trained and emotionally moved enough not to misunderstand the ~~great~~ ^{meaning} ~~fact~~ of this daring outcry. There is nothing real but America because the American Way embraces the entirety of all ideals and tenets striving for human progress, the steady increase of human dignity; because true Americanism is the ~~magnificent~~ striking contrary of nationalism. It is rich and pregnant with ^{all} ~~the~~ hopes, endeavours, ~~the~~ creative emotions of modern man. It is, indeed, the magnificent refutation of nationalism. True Americanism is the promise and beginning of a super-national ^{organization} ~~form~~ of human life.

Karl, sitting very erect at his narrow reading desk, had a smile that was solemn, ^{concentrated} and cheerful, radiant with pride and determination. Nobody should dare any more to question his membership to that ^{great} ~~last~~ American community. Whoever might try to tease or vilify him because of his being a "foreigner" and not ^{yet} ~~having~~ a regular American ^{passport} ~~passport~~, should certainly get the ^{he deserved.} ~~right~~ answer. For Karl Rossmann had made up his mind not to be ~~so~~ coy and diplomatic any more. This was no time for ~~belated~~ ~~and~~ careful paraphrases, ~~but~~ ^{it} rather was the last moment for an open word, for frankness, straightforwardness: the last moment for truth.

Karl would say to such a complacent fellow: Shut up! What do you mean? - foreigner... : it sounds ~~pretty~~ silly to me. ~~It sounds rather dated, too.~~ How can there be foreigners - as there are no islands, any more? There is only one civilization - : all of us are living under its protection. You and I have ^{still} a chance to read a book, or to learn flying a plane, to marry the girl we like, to quarrel with the fellow we dislike, to join a union, to discuss, to protest, to play - as long as we are pro-

(to improve,)

tected by ~~this~~ civilization. It may be a lousy civilization, but it's better than nothing. If it goes to pieces, the whole world will get itself into a hell of a mess.

The whole world: including this country - do you understand? Or do you think America is taboo, the ascred oasis of Democracy? Fool you are! (enshrined and worshipped in a church) Democracy is not a stale idol but a flame and a ~~goal~~ ^{public} goal, a permanent movement, a revolutionary process ~~ending at~~. Democracy is not to be bought as a car or an ice box. One cannot pay for Democracy by spending some billions dollars ^{its} for defense. What is Democracy without the passion, the inspired efforts, the faithful imagination of millions of men and women? What is a Democracy that cowardishly abandons its (its very substance) own ~~noble~~ traditions, (or hesitates) and only ~~follows~~ acts according to selfish, short-sighted considerations? What is a Democracy devoid of vision and pride, courage, determination? What is a Democracy that watches the universal triumph of ~~the~~ barbarism as a detached or slightly disturbed observer watches from his window ~~as~~ a fight going on in the street?

Don't you see? The heaven is black with clouds. Don't you hear this hollow, ominous noise? This is no fight in the street but an earthquake - :don't you feel the shock? Everything trembles, tumbles, crumbles. no escape There is no safety, is no difference between ~~There is no oasis, no isolation. There are no foreign-~~ and natives. ~~ners~~ There are ~~only~~ human beings who try to stop the catastrophe - and others who are too cowardish or too ignorant even to recognise its fatal character.

I am no foreigner. ~~Who am I, to talk of the thing big words? I nobody who~~ arrived here, some time ago, without money, without friends, without ~~friends~~ ^{family}. America was great and strange and rather frightening. I began to love ~~it~~ ^{America} when I felt the airs of freedom carressing my face. I overcame my fear as the Statue of Liberty gave me an encouraging sign - with her shining sword.

Was it a Dream America I have seen and loved and believed in? But there are millions of men and women cherishing the same dream, ~~and hope~~. I am one of them. ~~We have both in common - the reality and the dream, the sublime pattern of what reality should ultimately become.~~ We live together, work together, we may fight side on side. We ^{win} ~~survive~~ or perish together - the unknown victims, the unknown heroes, the unknown soldiers. ~~Our names and sufferings will be forgotten. Our cause will come out victorious - unless we abandon it.~~ ^{But our dream must not fade.}

I offer you all I have - my courage, my patience, my faith. If you need my life - you can have it. It ^{would lose its} ~~has no~~ value if you allow the ^{mortal} ~~enemy~~ ^{to stamp out our dream,} to devastate this country, from without or within. And if you are going to fight, I want to be as brave as all of you will be. I am not eager to survive your shame. ^{Now do I} ~~I don't~~ desire to enjoy your triumph without having shared your woes.

For I am neither distinguished nor a visitor. This is not the moment to pay visits: it is the moment to join ranks.

May I have chosen the right side - which is not necessarily the one that easily wins, but the one that deserves victory. I want no other distinction.

THE END.

Dream - America.

There are certain age-old visions which mankind cherishes
~~There are promises and hopes, age-old, faithfully cherished by mankind~~
 faithfully through the centuries. It is the mysterious character of ~~traditional~~
~~human wish dreams and~~ the great Utopian conceptions that they point to the
 remote past and, at the same time, to the distant future. The lost paradise
 and the paradise ~~to be won~~ are wonderfully connected, ~~indeed, are~~
 identical. Time is a delusion: the Golden Age was in the beginning and
 will be in the end.

The painful and sinful path of man leads from the Garden of Innocence
 to the gigantic Tower of Babel. The sacrilegious majesty of the Tower
 must ~~fall to pieces~~: ~~there is~~ a tremendous Flood, ^{comes} washing away all marks
 of a transient ^{glory} greatness. Only the mute eloquence of ~~some~~ stones and
 ruins ^{tells later} informs posthumous generations of the upheaval of nations, the
 sinking of kingdoms into oceans depths. Oh, where is Atlantis, the sunken
~~maria~~ Island? When did it vanish - and why?

In the rousing days of the awakening, the Renaissance, man believed
 that he could bring paradise down to this ~~he could force down the paradise to the earth: the~~ Utopia seemed to be
 about to become an amazing reality.

~~Columbus invaded a dream land when he set foot on the unknown con-~~
~~tinent.~~ It was a dream land that Columbus invaded.

There it was, the promised soil - the great land, offering room and
 wealth and happiness enough for all. The ~~then~~ vast landscape of Utopia,
 the streams and mountains, forests, endless prairies; the gold, the flowers,
~~marvels~~, the wood, the iron, the furs of wild animals, the fruits of
 unknown treasures, the weapons and songs of exotic tribes - here they
 were, the treasures, unmeasurable, gigantic - ^{waiting to be} ~~ready for~~ conquered,
 to be ~~used~~ ^{ransacked} and stolen.

The greed of the explorers transformed the dream land into colonies.
 The paradise, ^{re-found at last} ~~finally re-discovered~~, became the object of imperialistic
 quarrels, sordid bargains, bloody exploitation. The colonies liberated

themselves. They formed an independent part of the very civilization that had discovered and exploited them. ^{In place of paradise there was now a} ~~There was no paradise but a~~ great country, ^{taking part} ~~participating~~ in ~~the~~ both the crimes and the heroic efforts of ~~the~~ other countries, sharing and sometimes surpassing their glory, tainted by the same evils, doomed to ~~have~~ the same suffering.

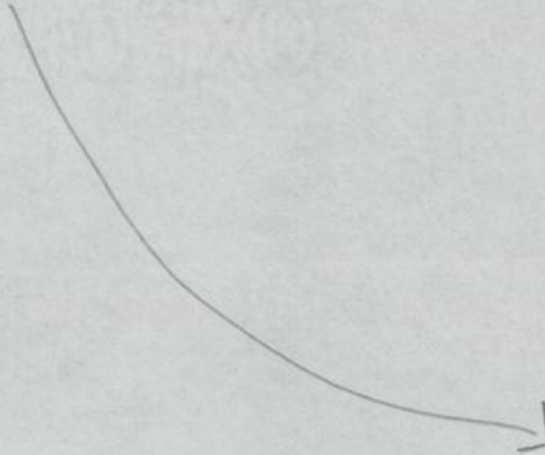
Yet on the other side of the Atlantic - ~~but~~ ^{often} there where they had invented and overcome the Greek gods, had found and ~~had~~ ^{back} betrayed Christianity - ~~back~~ there, in those ancient cities of Europe, ^{They went on referring to} ~~they kept on speaking~~ of the "New World." And they meant America - the United States. For in the imagination of average, poor Europeans the very name of America ^{still rang} ~~remained connected~~ with ^{all the old} ~~the same~~ promises and Utopian hopes. It remained the New World, the Land of Unlimited Possibilities, the ^{open door for rebels,} ~~encouraging chance,~~ ^{adventurers, the down-trodden & the poor:} ~~for the down-trodden, the poor, the rebels, the adventurers;~~ the land where ^{one might} ~~one might~~ hunt in the forests, ~~to~~ dig gold, ~~to~~ kill Indians, ~~to~~ become a millionaire, ~~to~~ make a career as a ^{prize fighter} ~~gangster~~, ~~to~~ shake hands with the President, ~~to~~ get married to a movie star. These naive conceptions of the New World changed, but always remained fantastic, always ^{glorious,} ~~glorious,~~ absurd and full of a ^{wild} ~~strange~~ attraction.

In America, men are huge, and ^{ungainly,} ~~stupidly clumsy~~ but terribly strong. When they laugh you ~~can~~ see the ~~to~~ golden teeth, flashing in their ~~open~~ ^{They are all rich and} ~~open~~ mouths. ~~All of them are wealthy,~~ most of them are gangsters, gold diggers or reporters; they wear ^{loud chequered suits,} ~~colourful suits of chequered stuff.~~ They drive ^{tin lizzies -} ~~old-fashioned little Ford cars~~ - very ^{fast} ~~rapidly~~ - , they offer you handsome jobs; when they happen to be in a bad mood, however, they are inclined to tar and feather you, according to their national habit. They drink an astounding ^{amount} ~~lot~~ of gin and whiskey. ^{The women are all very} ~~All women are extremely~~ pretty, ^{glitterant,} and ~~utterly~~ cold. If you say "Hello," to one ^{you are} ~~at them,~~ you get either lynched, or are bound to marry her ^{immediately.} ~~promptly.~~ Everything is ^{in America} ~~too~~ ^{enormous} ~~enormously big~~ - the buildings, the income of comedians, gossip writers,

bootleggers and politicians, the headlines in the papers, the turkeys,
the apples, the strawberries, the lobsters and the mountains, ^{(the income taxes,} the Pullman
cars, the dogs, the cities, and your own chance ^{of ~~making a~~ ~~career~~ ~~success~~ making a} career.

Oh America, my new found land...: Thus sang an English poet of the
¹⁶th. Century. ^{It is no longer so "new".} ~~It is not so very "new" any more.~~ But it still ^{has} ~~offers~~
miracles, ^{to offer} to its actual visitors as well as to those who visit it in their
dreams.

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The Wild West is still wild and wonderful and very far away - for the boys in Leipzig, Breslau and Hanover. The names of Arizona, Texas, New Mexico, Rio Grande, Sierra-de-los-Organos, Rianca and Guadalupe, are still ~~loaded~~ ^{charged} with romantic spell. Oh, the endless prairies, the glowing sands of the deserts! Oh, those magic nights ~~spent~~ ^{so much wilder} in the open, air, under a purple moon and amazing stars that have a ~~stranger~~ ^{stauncher} shine ~~lustre~~ than ~~they have~~ on European skies! Oh, the martial and yet idyllic life in the wigwam, the stamping buffalos, the untamed mustangs, the ~~hearted~~ ^{Sioux!} ~~Sioux!~~ Oh, Winnetou, noble chieftain of the Apaches! ~~Life in those remote and splendid regions must be full of tremendous fun and tremendous danger. It is perpetual play, and permanent adventure, it is gay and bloody. The wicked Ogellallah Indians keep on watching in the ambush for their innocent victims. Everyone is in the habit of spending important parts of his day in the ambush - which seems a cosy and at the same time exciting place. locality. Valiant Winnetou is always on the alert. Plucky Young Braves warriors are proud of their collections of scalps as European boys are may be of precious stamps or pretty butterflies. The villains are shrewd and efficient: but definitely less so than Old Shatterhand, the reliable protector of decent folks. He rushes into the picture, an experienced deus ex machina, when danger and excitement are just reaching their climax. He is a fascinating blend of young Siegfried and Tom Mix: smart and bold, tough and charming, generous and swift, exceedingly attractive, fairly cultured, even scholarly, and a shade ~~sadistic~~ ^{plans & carries out}. He ~~arranges and successfully accomplishes~~ gigantic butcheries, and while his hands are still dripping with blood, he ~~tells us instructive details about~~ ^{gives us detailed information on} Indian life. For he happens ^{also} to be a highly gifted writer, who describes with eloquence and verve. his innumerable adventures. On many thousand ^{of} pages he cheerfully boasts of his amazing deeds. His vanity is disarming. He goes on~~

Over & over he says, "I am great, I am marvellous" - and the boys believe ~~in~~ it.

Millions of young readers in all German-speaking countries were ~~not~~ ^{captivated by him} ~~interested in him~~, for decades, ~~in a state of~~ ^{He was no} ~~mere~~ ^{he was much more} than merely their favourite author: he ~~actually~~ ^{was} an idol. All these admirers of his ^{the} ~~those youngsters~~ were possessed by one ardent desire ^{to become} as heroic, daring and ingenious as ~~this magnificent warrior~~ ^{old Shatterhand}.

His real name was Karl May, and he ~~he~~ ^{was} one of the most popular authors Germany ^{has} ever produced. His books have an enormous circulation, ^{even} ~~still~~ today. There ~~exists~~ ^{is} a special Karl May Publishing House, in Radebeul near Dresden, and his former residence, Villa Shatterhand, is open to the public as a Karl May Museum. It contains all the "trophies" ~~the author here had~~ ^{by the author here on} ostensibly collected ~~during~~ his adventurous journeys through America and ^{the} ~~various~~ Oriental countries.

^{Reading} ~~he read~~ Karl May, ~~he~~ ^{among} imitated and ~~to~~ ^{praising} worship him, used to be a sort of contagious disease ~~among~~ ^{among} boys in all parts of Germany and the neighbouring countries. ~~In the beginning~~ ^{at first} parents and teachers ~~mildly or firmly objected to the~~ ^{took objection to this} ~~Karl May-mania of their pupils and~~ ^{on the part of the} young. Their sound instinct told them that the literary production of this dubious adventurer was sheer trash, ~~and was not harmful~~ ^{and was not harmful} ~~and nonsense~~. They wanted

to be sure, however, and therefore started reading Karl May themselves. ~~And they became bewitched, transported, thrilled on their own turn.~~ ^{too were completely won over.} Old Shatterhand's ^{bubbling} ~~imagination~~ imagination, his brassy self-confidence, his overwhelming naïveté proved to be quite irresistible.

~~He had countless admirers.~~ One of the most ardent Karl May-fans was a certain good-for-nothing from Brunau, Austria, who was ^{rise to} ~~to make an impressive career himself.~~ ^{heights.} Young Adolf was ~~seriously~~ ^{seriously} ~~smitten~~ ^{smitten} by Karl May, whose works ~~were~~ ^{were} his favourite, if not his only reading, even in later years. His own imagination, his whole notion of life was impregnated by these Western thrillers. The cheap and counterfeit conception of "heroism" ~~as offered~~ ^{presented} by Karl May, fascinated

and not even harmless at that.

the use of

lazy and aimless, Adolf was

the future Führer; he ^{loved} ~~admired~~ this primitive ^{but} ~~more~~ effective shrewd-
 ness; -/the brutal cunning of wild animals in the jungle; he was de=
 lighted by the glorification of ^{savagery} ~~cruelty~~ /the cruelty for its own sake,
 or for the sake of personal revenge. That lazy youth, Adolf, from
 Brunau understood the bloody and fantastic world that was Karl May's;
 he ^{perfectly} ~~felt~~ himself at home in this dubious labyrinth created by a morbid
 and infantile ^{brain} ~~imagination~~. What the unsuccessful Austrian painter
 and potential dictator ^{chiefly admired in} ~~admired~~ Old Shatterhand, was ^{his} ~~was~~
^{mixture} ~~blend~~ of brutality and hypocrisy; ^{he could quote the Bible with the} ~~in his character: he managed to quote~~
^{greatest ease while toying} ~~the Bible while he amused himself with murder; and he committed abo-~~
^{worst} ~~minable~~ atrocities with a ^{clear} ~~perfectly good~~ conscience; for he took it
 for granted that his enemies were of an "inferior race" and hardly
~~worthy of being called human beings~~ - whereas he, Old Shatterhand,
 was a superman, called by God to destroy ^{Being} ~~the~~ evil and ~~to~~ promote
 the good. Since Old Shatterhand obviously ^{was} ~~was~~ the militant incarna-
 tion of all good and noble principles, anything he did ^{was} ~~necessarily~~
~~was~~ good and noble: his cruelty was praised as heroism, his lack of
 morals interpreted as admirable ^{ingenuity} ~~frankness~~. ^{depraved, ambitious youth} ~~The~~ ~~German~~ ~~from~~
^{was convinced that that was the way to be,} ~~Brunau told himself: This is the way one should be.~~ He could see
 no reason why Old Shatterhand's convictions and tactics should not
 work ~~unquestionably~~ if applied to national and international politics.
 One might conquer civilization by going back to the principles of
 the jungle.... It hardly is an exaggeration to say that Karl May's
 childish and criminal fantasia has actually - though ^{obliquely} ~~indirectly~~ -
 influenced the history of the world.

He was admired not merely as a great narrator, but also, or ^{chiefly} ~~mainly~~,
 as a powerful ~~figure~~ and personality - as the hero who had actually
 faced all these dangers, and ~~really~~ ^{performed} all these astounding
^{what he described in his books. There was hardly a reader who} ~~deeds. Hardly a single one among his many readers~~ dared to question
 the credibility of his dramatic reports. He had been in the Orient,

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and had gone through all these adventures ^{he had had} rivaling the Thousand-and-One-Nights. In Bagdad & Cairo the author - who told all his stories in the first person singular - ^{he took} ~~was~~ an Arabian disguise and called himself Kara Ben Nemsî, while in the American wilderness he appeared as Old Shatterhand.

But ^{underneath he} ~~he~~ always remained the same ^{even greater fame} ~~Karl~~ May, who earned a considerable fortune and ^{by} ~~was~~ ^{through his brash} ~~glory with all his~~ ^{inventions}. The boys were spellbound, and even some ^{Even some of the} ~~native~~ critics considered May's fantastic tales a trustworthy representation of ^{The} American ^{scene} ~~reality~~. A French writer, for instance, makes the following statements in his preface to the French version of Karl May's story The Revenge of the Farmer:

The traveller (Karl May) assures us that no single point in his story is invention or exaggeration. He ~~used to travel~~ ^{has traveled} extensively in the United States, and merely describes what he ~~has~~ actually seen. The peculiarities of the New World no longer shock or surprise him: he is accustomed to them. ... ~~The~~ American morals, no matter what certain admirers of that young civilization might say, are generally inferior to ours: they sometimes lower themselves to abject savagery, especially when it comes to the ugly practices of personal revenge...

^{The} ~~Whereupon the~~ French admirer of Karl May adds a few remarks concerning the ghastly ^{custom} ~~habit~~ of lynching - severe words ^{which} ~~that~~ are undeniably justified in themselves, but have very little to do with Karl May's queer interpretation of American life - , and finally draws this conclusion:

A kind of ^{Such as} ~~Christianity~~ ^{as there are} ~~mutilated~~ we find in that country, is unable to maintain the divine law of Pardon... The thirst for both gold and revenge are the two most terrible passions of the Yankee.

The ^{is} enlightened critic ^{must have felt somewhat let down} ~~whose words we just quoted, may have felt~~ slightly embarrassed when the ridiculous truth at last transpired; that ^{Herr} ~~Karl~~ May in Radebeul near Dresden had ^{been swindling his} ~~fooled and cheated~~ the millions of ~~his~~ credulous followers: he had never been in America at all. ~~Old Shatterhand's heroic deeds and adventures were the product of a~~ hectic, immature fantasia. This was an embarrassing blow to all Karl May-fans; but Old Shatterhand's position grew still worse when the question suddenly arose: ~~Where has he actually spent all those years during which~~ he ostensibly was in the United States? The answer turned out to be rather shocking: ~~Then where has he spent all~~ those years, which was supposed to have spent in the United States? The answer was rather a shock!

The sudden revelation of Karl May's dubious past endangered and for a ~~brief~~ while actually ruined his literary career. Strangely enough, it was he himself who had foolhardily ^(provoked) ~~started~~ the whole scandal by bringing an action against the heirs of his former publisher, Mr. Münchmeyer. This gentleman had published, years before, a series of cheap stories, entitled Little Roses from the Woods, - rather maudlin ~~trash~~ stuff with a definitely pornographic flavour. The author hidden behind a romantic pseudonym was ^{no one} ~~named~~ but Karl May. Since he had meanwhile gained a considerable popularity, Münchmeyer's heirs thought it opportune to ^{bring out} ~~expand~~ new editions of these greasy romances - ~~which~~ ^{appeared} ~~ing~~, this time, under the ~~famous~~ name of Karl May, celebrated favourite ~~and example~~ of the German youth. Old Shatterhand - for the first time in his life seriously attacked - desperately tried to defend himself: he claimed ^{that the compromising} ~~the~~ publications were forgeries, ^{in which essential parts of the original text had been falsified} ~~changing and falsifying the original text in essential parts~~. Winnetou's Great White Brother, however, made a fatal blunder, ~~when he~~ ^{by} ~~provoked his foes~~: he should have been more aware of his own precarious position. For it hardly was in his interest to have his past publicly ~~examined and discussed~~.

For the idol of German boyhood turned out to be an ordinary ex-convict who had ^{served} ~~served~~ many years of severe imprisonment in various Saxonian jails. He had been repeatedly condemned for all kinds of theft and forgery. He had stolen ^{away} ~~away~~ everything from billiard balls and golden watches ~~to~~ baby carriages and horses; had cheated peasants and little store-keepers by presenting himself as a famous physician or the agent of an ⁱⁿ ~~an~~ assurance company; one of the ^{fanciful} ~~various~~ pseudonyms he used ^{upon} ~~upon~~ ^{these} ~~such~~ occasions, was, curiously enough, ~~the name of~~ Dr. Heilig - which means Dr. Holy. He had been a pathological liar and a vulgar crook with a definite ^{leaning} ~~disposition~~ toward delusion of grandeur. ~~His obvious inferiority complexes probably were the real source of the petty crimes, and dirty little tricks he used to play upon society, seem to be the miserably over-compensation of~~

His petty crimes, his underhanded little tricks against society reflect an obvious & rather pitiable inferiority complex.

(apparently as a pitiable form of)

He

obvious inferiority complex. For Karl May was born ~~as~~ the son of a poor weaver, in a dreary village near Chemnitz, Saxonia, and had had a miserable youth. He was exceedingly ^{vain} ~~vain~~, and very eager to impress a world that had treated him so badly. In the beginning he may have dreamed of becoming a great robber, feared by the rich and envied by the poor. But the only result of this fantastic attempt ^{in this direction was even greater humiliation.} ~~was more humiliation, more shame.~~ So ~~he~~ ^{he became} finally ~~grew~~ disgusted with his own identity, his dull and glamourless ^{lot} ~~lot~~ - and ~~he~~ decided to transform himself into Old Shatterhand and Kara Ben Nemsî, the heroic adventurer of the Orient. Both were lavishly gifted with all those qualities and virtues ⁱⁿ which the real Karl May was ~~lacking~~ so deplorably lacking. Since he himself was ~~miserable, mendacious,~~ ^{mendacious,} stingy, sickly and neurasthenic, his exotic "doubles" ^{were naturally} ~~had to be~~ generous, ~~truthful,~~ ^{He spent most of the precious} strong, intelligent, charming and athletic. ^{As down-trodden, poor Karl May} ~~had to spend precious years of his youth in narrow prison cells,~~ his dream-incarnations ^{the whole world unfolded, they wandered} ~~had to see the wide world, wandering~~ across American plains and Arabian deserts, romantically ^{garbed} ~~dressed up~~ as cow boys or ~~an~~ Oriental sheikhs.

Once he managed to escape his guards, ^{while being transported} ~~on the transport~~ from one provincial ~~and~~ jail to another. He disappeared for several months, and it seems likely that he actually spent that period between ~~his~~ imprisonments in the South of France, Italy and Egypt. ^{An} odd witness ^{to} ~~was~~ May's visit ~~to~~ ^{was} Marseille ~~appeared~~ the French poet Comte de Lautréamont, eccentric and ^{highly} ~~extraordinary~~ gifted forerunner of the modern surrealists. Lautréamont - whose real name was Isidore Ducasse - occasionally mentioned a depraved German ^{whom} ~~whom~~ he had met at Marseille, and who ^{was, (the latter, incidentally,} ~~obviously bore Karl May's features.~~

~~By the way, May~~ later used Ducasse's aristocratic pseudonym as his own nom de plume, changing it slightly into Lautréaumont.)

His Arabian tales, The Silver Lion etc., are, of course, as fantastic as his stories ^{of} ~~from~~ Texas and ~~Arizona~~. Yet the author seems a trifle more familiar with the French-African background than ~~to be~~ with American ~~background~~.

There are obvious
resemblance to
Karl May.

There is hardly a single detail

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ditions of life. In his "American" stories, such as Winnetou, Old Surehand, The Black Mustang, Christmas, Winnetou's Heirs, ~~etc.~~ ^{that is not a total} every detail is wrong, ^{and ludicrous misrepresentation} and the whole picture could hardly be more absurd. Atmosphere and landscape, gestures, words and actions of the ~~leading figures~~ ^{varied characters} are thoroughly un-American. Un-American are the villains - who, for some mysterious reason, usually are presented as Mormons or Armenians - ; un-American - the noble heroes; ^{utterly} ~~entirely~~ un-American, above all, ⁱⁿ the self-^{righteous} ~~proclaimed~~ narrator, Old Shatterhand-Karl May. His ^{cold} ~~regretless~~ cruelty and his ~~abhorrent~~ ^{complete} absence of any sense of humour ^{even} ~~in his character~~, make him ~~to~~ ^{decidedly} a ~~most~~ ^{anti-American} type, ^{and the only thing that he does accurately represent} Old Shatterhand is exactly what a Saxonian petty criminal may fancy an American cow boy and adventurer to be like. ^{is the image of an American adventurer in the mind of a petty criminal from Saxony.} ~~It has good reasons that no English version exists of Karl May's writings.~~

There had been mild protests before against Karl May's ... German teachers and parents had mildly grumbled about Karl May ^{immoderate influence over the boys of Germany.} ~~excessively~~ ^{appalling} ~~immoderately~~ exciting their boys. But when the ~~facts~~ ^{howl} of his past were revealed, a ~~concern~~ ^{arose throughout} and outcry of moral indignation was going through the conservative and liberal ^{press.} ~~papers.~~ From platforms and pulpits he was ominously ^{labeled} ~~the~~ ^{arch-crook} ~~had~~ ^{Corruptor of} the youth, was hurled against him from platforms, pulpits and lecturing desks. The milder ^{of} ~~ones~~ ^{that} ~~among~~ his judges declared he was half-mad. ^{Had he} ~~and he~~ not portrayed, in his famous Winnetou, an insane poet ~~who was~~, constantly struggling against inward voices and ^{frightful} ~~terrible~~ hallucinations? And Karl May, in all his shameful misery, almost believed himself that he was ~~two~~ ^{going} ~~going~~ ^{mad} crazy, and perhaps had never been quite normal... ~~It was unbearable~~ ^{abused} how they tortured him. He was ~~chided~~ ^{abused} not only as a thief, an impostor and forger, but also as a voluptuary and ^{sexual pervert.} ~~profligate~~. Journalists ^{un} ~~un~~ ^{exposed} ~~uncovered~~ and ruthlessly ^{his indulgences were described as unspeakable.} ~~publicized~~ compromising stories concerning his first marriage: he had not only described but also done ~~many~~ ^{was cold comfort} ~~unspeakable~~ things.

He suffered a severe nervous breakdown, and it ^{was cold comfort} ~~hardly~~ ^{a few} ~~some~~ sporadic voices bravely came out in his defense. A professor ^{called} ~~named~~ Gurlitt published a pamphlet Justice for Karl May! ~~There~~

~~even~~ ^A few well-meaning critics ~~even~~ ^{even} expressed ~~their~~ ^{an} opinion that the author of Winnetou might ^{have} been in the United States, after all. The main argument for ~~this~~ ^{this} theory was the fact that Karl May occasionally used, in the German text of his stories, certain American ~~words~~ words, which - according to these observers - nobody could possibly know unless he had actually lived among cow boys. The "American" vocabulary that ~~he~~ ^{made} such an impression on these critics ~~pressed these critics so deeply~~ ^{mainly} consists of short exclamations such as He, greenhorn... Ah, devils... Damned..., or an occasional Well..., Old Boy..., and Good Night. It ^{seems} conceivable that even a weaver's son from Chemnitz may have had enough linguistic intuition to grasp the ~~hand~~ ^{meaning} of such ~~words~~ ^{even} words, without having crossed the Atlantic.

The problem of whether or not Old Shatterhand had really ~~been on the scene~~ ^{seen on the scene} of all his ~~alleged~~ ^{alleged} adventures, played a crucial role in the ~~discussion~~ ^{discussion} of Karl May's work and character. ~~He~~ ^{He} himself ~~was~~ retired to a purely defensive position, ^{and} his ~~own~~ statements concerning his American experiences ~~became~~ ^{became} more and more ambiguous. ~~He~~ ^{He} ~~restricted~~ ^{confined} himself to rather general ~~statements~~ ^{statements}: that an author, after all, has the natural right to make up stories; that he had never ~~pretended~~ ^{claimed to write only} ~~every word~~ ^{the literal truth}; that a certain symbolic element, even a touch of the fairy-tale, ^{in his novels to be literally true; that these elements, of course, were characteristic of his style; certain elements in his art, even a fairy-tale flavour, .. and so on. But all these evasions were} ^{ing to} ^{gave him their staunch and} ~~absolute belief~~ ^{absolute belief} of the boys who had ~~simply~~ ^{believed in the} ~~alleged reality~~ ^{alleged reality} of his reports. And ~~what~~ ^{what} about the collection of "trophies" in his villa "Old Shatterhand"? And all ~~the~~ ^{the} personal interviews ~~in which he~~ ^{in which he} ~~had confirmed~~ ^{had confirmed} again and again the authenticity of his tales? Was it, then, the natural right of an author to ~~swindle~~ ^{swindle} ~~his~~ ^{his} naive admirers?

Karl May, harassed by ~~many~~ ^{many} questions and insulting letters, ~~had~~ ^{had} decided to assume the attitude of a martyr, a noble victim of ~~misunderstanding~~ ^{misunderstanding} bigotry and petty prejudices. He ^{cleverly} ^{cleverly} appealed to the sympathy, the tolerance and psychological understanding of his fellow-citi-

zens. He turned Catholic, and wrote books of a mystic character. Public indignation gradually calmed down. Karl May ~~and his second wife, Frau~~

~~Klara May made several extensive voyages, as though they wanted to prove~~
~~Frau Klara May. He tried to refute the standard talk~~
~~their ability of travelling. The whole story about his never-leaving-~~
~~(about his cowardice and falsehood by venturing on a trip~~
~~Saxonia was mean calumny, as he courageously went to Egypt, on a luxury~~

~~steamer.~~ He also crossed the Atlantic with Mrs. May, in 1908, four years before his death. The belated visit to the United States was bound to

be disappointing. The elderly couple inspected ~~the~~ ^{(Yellowstone Park, the Grand Canyon,} Niagara Falls, various

Indian settlements, and the grave of ~~Mrs~~ ^{Harriet} Beecher Stowe. Karl May dis-

liked the noisy American cities. He felt that America did not ^{really} live ~~quite~~

up to the grand vision he had ^{so long ago} conceived in ^{his Saxonian} the prison cells, ^{long ago.} in Saxonia.

Frau Klara wrote a book entitled With Karl May ^{Across} ~~through~~ America. It also

~~concludes~~ ⁱⁿ the story of a second trip to the United States ^{undertaken} ~~she undertook~~

after her husband's death. The devoted widow then faithfully followed in

what she calls ^{"Karl May's footsteps"} ~~the traces of Karl May~~ - probably referring to the

fantastic zigzag as outlined in Old Shatterhand's poetical reports.

~~Besides she had a glance~~ ^{on the Denver Zoo she took a look} at Leo the Lion - "model of the trade mark of

the Mayer-Goldway(?!) films", as she puts it. The proud animal was just

celebrating its sixteenth birthday. ~~Moreover she was allowed~~ ^{The German Lady was also permitted,} to shake

hands with President Hoover, ~~to whom she was presented by the German~~

~~ambassador.~~ She ^{sums up} ~~records~~ her impression of the President with the following words:

"President Hoover is a man whose personality fails to arouse warm sympathy, even in America. But as I looked at his sharply chiseled features I was struck by the impression: Here is a man who ~~exactly~~ knows what he wants."

^{exactly} ~~The fact~~ ^{seems to prove} that the German Ambassador introduced May's widow to the White House, ^{at least the time of his death, in 1912,} ~~proves~~ that Old Shatterhand ~~was~~ ^{had} ~~regained~~ ^{more or less} his respected position. For ~~the~~ German faith

in authority is not easily ~~to~~ ^{shaken}. And the author of Winnetou had established himself as the ^{supreme} ~~supreme~~ authority in everything concerning Indians and Arabs, desert ^{Jungles} and prairies. ~~Karl May had become something~~

had, indeed, become something like a national institution. ^(, indeed,)

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Compromised for a short while, he was again to ^{Karl May} like a national institution. Merely for a short while his work ~~was~~ compromised by the scandalous facts of his life. New generations of German boys, ^{assert his dubious sway over} found back to the dubious genius who had thrilled their fathers.

Much enthusiasm was wasted, and youthful imagination was ^{tainted} spoiled and ~~confused~~. A whole generation in Germany grew ~~brutish~~ ^{in of America, of its landscape & people} wickedly misled. For German youth is as impressionable and able to love, and ~~was wild~~ ^{poisoned} — partly through the evil influence of Karl May. ^{and} use youthful faith. Karl May was indeed an evil man and a dangerous cor-

rupter of the young. For he had deliberately falsified their picture of foreign countries, ^{and} above all, the conception of American people, morals ^{its moral code} and sceneries. ~~Moreover~~ He had ^{poisoned} tainted their hearts and souls with hypocritical moral ^{ing} and the ^{lewd} glorification of cruelty. He had ~~per-~~ ^{entangled} ~~posed~~ the simple notions of truth and falsehood, ~~as he own concept ideas~~ of ethics were confused and he was a liar. He anticipated, in a quasi-literary sphere, ^{the} a catastrophic reality that ^{is now before us; he was} we witness today with shuddering, ~~and disgust~~. He turned out to be the grotesque prophet of a sham ~~sham~~ Messiah.

The Austrian house-painter who had been inspired by Old Shatterhand, tries to build and dominate a world according to his ^{Literary} master's ethical and aesthetic standards. The Third Reich is Karl May's ultimate triumph: the horrid realization of his ^{ghastly} dreams. Those murderous fellows in their black and brown shirts, ^{(devastating now the European continent,} are brutal romanticists — infantil, criminal, irresponsible; hopelessly estranged from both reality and art. They have sacrificed ^{decency} culture, common sense, civilization — for the sake of ^{what they call} "heroism." But with stubborn faith they stick to the vile ^{substitute} ~~arrangements~~ of culture and ^{poetry and} civilization — Karl May.

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~~All kinds of "Dream Americas" make their fascinating appearance, again and again, in the popular literatures of all European tongues: America — where the gangsters terrorize and actually besiege big cities; where the Ziegfeld girls half-naked in the streets of New York, Washington, Chicago;~~

The Third Reich is Karl May's ultimate triumph, the ghastly realization of his dreams. It is according to ethical & aesthetic standards indistinguishable from his that the Austrian house-painter, nourished in his youth by Old Shatterhand, is now attempting to re-build the world. His murderous minions are perverted romanticists, infantile, criminal, irresponsible. They are hopelessly estranged from both reality and art, sacrificing all civilization & all common ~~and~~ sense on the altar of a brutish "heroism", but stubbornly loyal, whether consciously or not, to the foul substitute for poetry & culture represented by Karl May.

* * * *

The American spell, always strongly alive in the popular imagination, during certain periods also ~~wields its magic power upon~~ ^{exerts itself in} the more exclusive sphere of serious ~~literature and poetical~~ ^{artistic} creation. Such a current swept ~~the~~ French literature in the days of Chateaubriand, and ~~then~~ again in the hectic years following the first World War.

French culture is, as a rule, more ~~seclusive and self-contained~~ ^{self-contained} than any other cultural sphere ~~in the world, except perhaps~~ ^{with the possible exception of} the Chinese. The creative impact of ~~the~~ French spirit has often influenced and even dominated the ideological and aesthetic ~~attitude~~ ^{development} of other nations. But ~~the~~ French genius ^{itself} remained inaccessible, mysteriously holding its productive balance between conservative and revolutionary trends.

Sometimes, however, the fine, civilized vessel of French literature suddenly transforms itself into a savage skiff - le bateau ivre, leaving behind the traditional canals of routine and moderate wisdom; rocking on the vast open seas of adventure. ~~It takes a breath-taking~~ ^{what a breath-taking}, Suddenly, it will leap ~~leapt~~ ^{leapt} from the delicate, silvery twilight of the boulevards and boudoirs ⁱⁿ to the glowing wilderness of exotic landscapes - deserts, jungles, the blooming underwood of unwholesome South Sea paradises.

Arthur Rimbaud, the ecstatic captain of Le Bateau Ivre ~~the Boat of Intoxication~~, allured French poetry to the highlands of Abyssinia, to the savage villages of African natives - shaking off the ~~European continent and~~ ^{fetters of all tradition & of the European continent itself} all familiar traditions as a tedious nuisance. He despised literature - and revolutionized French poetry. They called him Shakespeare enfant. ~~They imitated him~~ The next generation of French poets followed him, at least to the glowing brink of the Sahara. ~~André Gide discovered, conquered North Africa for the French literature, spellbound by the peculiar charm of Biscra and Touzeur, where the Arabian spell seems strangely intermingled with a tender flavour of the Côte d'Azur. In his later years he ventured on the grand, authentic wilderness of the Congo landscape.~~

The French spirit had broken, once more, the chains of convention, ideological or aesthetic. ^{the most refined, the most thoroughly} There was an enticing call from the jungles, ^{civilized minds were enticed by this invitation to the wild.} ~~luring away the most refined minds of the most thoroughly civilized~~ people. Claude Farrère and Pierre Loti returned from their journeys to Far Eastern shores, full of amazing stories, their luggage and their heads ^{packed} ~~overcharged~~ with ^{curious} ~~and~~ souvenirs - tiny Buddhas, exotic perfumes, ^{opium pipes} lions of ivory, and obscene pictures. French literature became interested in traveling: but mostly within the boundaries of the vast French Empire.

After the first World War, however, in 1919, there ^{came a} ~~was a more thorough~~ more far-reaching change ⁱⁿ ~~of~~ the creative French mind. Novelists and critics who had formerly ^{confined} ~~restricted~~ themselves to the description and analysis of French social life, now explored the mysteries of Berlin, ^{Some of them even ventured on a trip to the Soviet Union.} Barcelona, London, Vienna, ~~Udla~~. Observant emissaries of the Gallic spirit crossed the oceans and brought home, from Buenos Aires or Shanghai, thrilling news of Asiatic vices, political scandals in ^{The} ~~the~~ Argentina, and the social developments in Mexico or Japan. At the same time, ~~and then the~~ French poets, novelists and reporters re-discovered the United States.

Some of them ^{had} ~~came~~ during the war, in 1916/1917, ^{and, in a more practical spirit,} ~~inspired, propagandists~~ ⁱⁿ ~~of~~ a noble cause; full of patriotism and curiosity; talking, demanding, begging, ^{pleading the cause of} ~~and persuading~~ the winged and moving voices of their suffering mother, la douce France. Henri Bergson came, the great philosopher - and, on the same boat, Jean Giraudoux, ^{then} a young officer. ~~at that time~~. He had been educated partly in this country, and his feelings ^{for} ~~toward~~ America ^{was} ~~were~~ ^{that} ~~those~~ of a European for ~~his~~ a younger cousin but, ^{had the character of} ~~rather, son-like gratitude~~ - des sentiments filiaux. In his passionate ~~and searching~~ little book, Amica America, he described ~~the situation~~ the overwhelming reception ^{given} ~~presented~~ to him and his com-

Some went to the Soviet Union.

was more in the nature of filial gratitude.

It was a few weeks before America's declaration of war.

And the leader of the French group had difficulty in beginning his speech because of the thunder of applause that greeted his opening words: "La

rades by American men and women. At Harvard University some one ~~(the French visitor)~~ told ~~me~~ "I wish ... I wish that ~~the~~ German planes ^{would} ~~not~~ finally bombard our cities..." And as the commander of the French crew tried to deliver his speech, he could hardly begin, with thundering applause interrupting him, ^{and} again, ^{as} ~~when~~ he had pronounced "La France..." There was a frenzy of enthusiasm, ^{yelling,} whistling, cheering, ^{and the tumult broke out} ~~and~~ ^{speakers} ~~the commander~~ repeated ~~the~~ ^{all over again.} ~~ecstatic~~ ^{La France...} "La France, chaque jour..." he tried to continue; but in vain. Finally he cried, ~~and~~ "Friends! - don't you see how the face of France ~~grows paler~~ turns paler, every day?".....

After the victory,

Paul Claudel, ~~represented~~ ^{for French} the Third French Republic as its official Ambassador to Washington, ~~and besides represented~~ ^{both} ~~the Third Republic and the~~ ^{in that time - the last period} secret kingdom of French poetry. ~~and while resided at the capital~~ ^{from Paris} of French might and glamour - many literary observers, experienced emissaries of the intellectual French elite, travelled throughout this country, ^{the American} ^{noting} interviewing people, watching details of their daily life, examining economic, social, cultural conditions. Some thousands of students of international ~~politics~~ ^{affairs}, in Paris or the provincial centers, of spiritual French life, became familiar with the basic facts ~~and many details~~ ^{life} of American ~~affairs~~, thanks to the elaborate essays ^{by authors such as} of André Siegfried, Bernard Fay, and a few other French experts on everything concerning America. ^{Others.}

During that period - The last

The majority of the French people, however, ^{obstinately cherished} ~~kept~~ another vision ^{a different image} of the United States - ^{an image as fantastic as the grandiose conception} ~~a vision, as naive and fantastic as had been~~ ^{grandiose and captivating interpretation.} ~~a century before.~~ ^{once again} ~~And, this time again,~~ the poets, were mostly responsible those innocent counterfeiters, were ^{chiefly} ~~mostly~~ responsible for ~~that~~ an amazing distortion of reality in the public mind. Even those who had actually seen the New World, ^{gave descriptions of it that tallied} ~~described it in a way that strangely~~ ^{strangely with the wild} ~~corresponded with the~~ ^{exaggerations} of the early, silent films.

of Chateaubriand a century before.

Bourgeois housewives in Lyon, Nice and Nantes, Parisian high school boys, headwaiters at Strasbourg, and minor officials in Le Havre, ^{imagined} fancied an America ^{on the order of} that looked like Pleasure Island - a bewitched Amusement Park, full of magic tricks, dazzling with fireworks, roaring with jazz music ~~day and night~~, inhabited by Amazon-like chorus girls, eccentric millionaires, and gigantic baseball ^{heroes.} ~~champions.~~ There were ^{immense} plenty of books on America, ^{appeared, with such} bearing titles such as New York, la Nuit... or la Jazz Hot, and all of them were ^{devoured,} ~~eagerly read~~. Cheap movie magazines stimulated the popular fantasy, and a third-rate German actress, Marlene Dietrich, became the ^{shining} ~~effulgent~~ symbol of American beauty, in the muddled mind of provincial newspaper men and their petty-bourgeois readers. ^{obtained their wisdom from} ~~The more~~ sophisticated people ~~like~~ Paul Morand, ^{who is well acquainted with} ~~this~~ rhapsodic snob and ~~eloquent~~ ^{its} globe-trotter ~~really knows~~ the United States - ~~her~~ ^{her} geography, ~~her~~ literature, and ~~her~~ social gossip. He feels at home ~~in~~ New York. "I love New York because it is the greatest city ⁱⁿ ~~of~~ the universe, and because it is inhabited by the strongest people - the only ones who, after the war, have succeeded in organizing themselves..." He is ^{constantly} spell-bound by American vitality, American enthusiasm - by what he calls the American élan sportif. He ^{would like} ~~desires, therefore,~~ to be an American himself - for ^{a few} ~~some~~ minutes, at least. For - "who does not adore victory?" He ^{claims} ~~pretends to be~~ ^{to be} the French expert on Harlem, le Quartier Noir, la patrie du jazz, and is also ^{as well as the} ~~the~~ inspired bard of ~~the~~ prize fighters, the ^{eloquent} ~~eloquent~~ ^{admirer} ~~eloquent~~ of les Champions du Monde. Yet Morand's sparkling ^{sketches} ~~interpretation~~ of American life ^{contains also have their} ~~has a~~ fantastic, dream-like ^{side, in spite of} ~~element as well, despite its~~ ^{wealth of} ~~richness in~~ realistic details.

Another French poet - and a greater one - ^{once} said to Paul Morand, in Paris: "You are going to America? You'll see New York? It's like visiting a fortune teller..." He meant that the metropolis on the Hudson anticipates the style and the achievements, the horrors and ~~its~~ charms of a future world.

A few years later, this poet himself, Jean Cocteau, undertook the first extensive journey of his life. The morbid connoisseur of all kinds of artificial paradises - the last legitimate heir of Baudelaire and Verlaine, les poètes maudits, - had hardly ever left France. Now he renounced, for a while, the refined hermitage of his Paris home. Experienced in ~~dis-~~ ^{his ~~real~~ metamorphosis this time was as} disguise, ~~he~~ ^{he} ventured on a new ~~metamorphoses~~ ^{playful metamorphoses and trans-} formed himself ~~into~~ ^{as} Mr. Phileas Fogg, leading character of Jules Verne's celebrated utopian novel, Round the World in Eighty Days, ^{which had} ~~Cocteau had been~~ enthralled Cocteau as a boy. Now he wanted actually to captivated by that masterpiece when he was a boy. Now he amused himself ^{realize Verne's fantasy,} ~~by assuming the identity of his childhood's hero and to accomplish in~~ reality what Jules Verne had dreamingly anticipated. He wanted to follow ^{ing} ~~the~~ in every detail the pattern of Phileas Fogg, ^{keeping the same} ~~wanted to keep Fogg's~~ schedule and visit ^{ing} ~~all those~~ ^{the} places where his classic model had been. Jules Verne had furnished his taciturn globe-trotter with a young companion called Passepartout, a versatile, witty Frenchman. Jean-Phileas Cocteau-Fogg had his ^{own} ~~own~~ "Passepartout", ~~too~~: his civil name was Marcel Khil and he was an actor. The odd enterprise was arranged and financed by the popular newspaper Paris Soir, M. Cocteau travelling ^{ing} as its special correspondent. He turned out to be the most unreliable, most capricious and ^{wittiest} ~~most spiritual~~ reporter ever ^{commissioned} ~~appointed~~ by any editorial staff.



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~~this part himself~~ ~~undertook~~
A few years later, Jean Cocteau, ~~himself~~ ~~ventured on~~ ~~his~~ the first extensive voyage of his life: ~~he~~ ~~had~~ ~~confessed~~, in 1923: "Je voyage bien seul. J'ai vu Londres, Venise, Bruxelles, Rome, Alger..." But now he left his refined hermitage, near the Madeleine at Paris, the morbid connoisseur of all sorts of artificial paradises transformed himself into a "special correspondent" of the ~~powerful~~ ^{popular} newspaper Paris Soir, and Jean Cocteau - one of the exquisit symbols of modern Paris, just as la Mistinguette and the Eiffel Tower - rushed "round the world again in 80 days." The word again refers to the celebrated Utopia by Jules Verne. For that book, Round the World in Eighty Days, had captivated Cocteau's ~~childish~~ imagination, ~~decades~~ when he was a boy, and now he arranged to follow the route of his childhood's hero, limiting his journey similarly to a period of eighty days. The poet became Phileas Fogg, "that stolid pillar of the Reform Club," while his companion - in reality a young actor ~~called~~ ^{called} by the name of Marcel Khill - adopted the name of Passepartout, according to the Jules Verne pattern.

Charles Baudelaire has suggested that we should regard the man of genius as an homme-enfant - "a man possessing at every moment of the day the genius of childhood, a man, that is, for ~~whom~~ ^{whom} familiarity has robbed of its brilliance no single aspect of our common life."

Utterly impressionable, constantly intoxicated ~~as~~ ^{like} a child, the lyrical traveller ~~watched~~ ^{observed} the miracles of Egypt and China, Japan and Honolulu. He arrived at San Francisco, still exhausted and inspired by the scenes, ~~the~~ ^{the} smells and ~~noises~~ ^{music} of the Far East; he ~~speeded~~ ^{sped} to Hollywood where he saw nobody but King Vidor and Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin, ~~whereupon~~ ^{and then} ~~he~~ intensely enjoyed the sensation of a night flight from Los Angeles to New York.

The big city, seen from his window at the Ambassador Hotel, brought to ~~his~~ ^{his} mind Venice with its Grand Canal bordered by palaces. "The rare cars of a Sunday morning glided by like gondolas..."

~~What a~~ ^{strange} ~~odd~~ ^{It is a strange experience} experience! ~~to follow this~~ ^{to follow this} homme-enfant, this clair-
voyant and infantile creature through the familiar streets of that
^{fabulous} ~~grand~~ city, New York. The ~~huge~~ ^{lose their bulk & become transparent} skyscrapers ~~became transparent, light,~~
^{like} ~~as the~~ bewitched castles in fairy-tales, ^{as} ~~when~~ ^{le} looked at them. They
^{are crisp & flimsy as tulle} ~~had the crisp flimsiness of tulle~~ curtains; brisk airs traversed them
and played around the tall façades... The ^{enchanted} ~~delighted~~ poet told the
local ^{reporters} ~~newsmen~~ that New York was "a city of tulle", and its air free
from "moral dust." They garbled the remark, translating it as follows:
"Jean Cocteau told us that New York wears a woman's dress." He ^{was} ~~had~~
^{delighted by his brief glimpse of} ~~an admiring glimpse at~~ Radio City, and ~~was~~ ^{was} fascinated by Broadway,
^{particularly marvelous} ~~more marvelous than ever when seen at dusk:~~ "Its shops sell inspired
rubbish, the automatic bars are gorged with the treasures of Cathay.
Milk fountains, beer fountains, malt fountains, and ice-cream fountains
gush from marble walls, while, high above, the sky-signs vie in aerial
fantasy..."

He went to Coney Island, and recognised with horror and delight
a nightmarish fun-fair that he once had seen in an early motion-
picture. ^{It turned to be actually quite plausible} ~~Here it was the easiest thing, indeed,~~ for two young lovers
to be swept apart and lose each other, as he had watched it in that
ancient movie comedy. He plunged into a maelstrom of lightning
photographers, of whirligigs of Russian courtesans spinning round
garden cafés, of the freaks that Shanghai manufactures wholesale...
He was enchanted by Minsky's ~~and~~ ^{rank} Burlesque Shows, by the ^{frozen} ~~smiles~~
and gestures of the strip-tease ^{artists} ~~artists~~, and particularly by ~~the~~
^{the} celebrated Miss Murray, "an exponent of the flamboyant style."
But what ^{pleased and impressed him most deeply} ~~he liked best of all, what fascinated him more deeply than~~
~~any other curiosity the metropolis had to offer,~~ was le quartier noir.

I see Harlem as the power-plant of the city, and its frolicsome
black youth as the coal that feeds the furnaces and keeps the wheels
turning. In the Middle Ages many a populace fell victim to St.
Vitus' dance; its frenzied rhythms, spreading by contagion, set a

a Gothic cathedral with
electric fireworks!

If Cocteau had ~~remained~~ ^{Stayed in} at his Paris apartment - that magic cave filled with strange objects and ^{stranger} dreams ~~that are even stranger~~ - : if he had abstained from making the fatiguing journey, his ^{amazing} ~~captivating~~ portrait of New York would have ^{been equally} ~~become as~~ authentic and ~~as~~ absurd. ~~so~~

~~It is now~~ *

There was another poet, as originally gifted as Jean Cocteau, but less capricious and more tragic by nature, - ~~and he~~ ^{who} did not ~~consider~~ ^{think} it necessary to ~~make a journey to~~ ^{see} the United States in order to describe it. Franz Kafka was a German-speaking Jew in Prague. He had to work in ~~some~~ ^{an} office, but his intimate friends knew that the real passion of his life was writing. A dozen ~~of~~ initiated connoisseurs realized, moreover, that this sickly youth - melancholy, shy, aristocratic, gifted with an almost frightening seriousness and a bizarre sense of humour - was one of the ~~singular~~ ^{few} masters of the German language in this century.

scarcely attracted him. He did not even care to see his manuscripts appear in print. His literary friends, above all the distinguished novelist and critic Max Brod, arranged the publication of some of his short stories. His main works, however, - among them three fragmentary novels - were published only after his death. His writings soon aroused the curiosity and even the admiration of a small circle of literary connoisseurs, first of all in the German-speaking countries, later also in an international sphere. He was praised as the master of a bizarre, fantastic prose: a captivating interpreter of all kinds of macabre visions. Only later, when his great epic fragments and his philosophical diaries were available, a few thousand zealous readers, scattered over the cultural centres of five continents, gradually realized that Franz Kafka mainly was a religious genius, and that all his nightmarish or grotesque hallucinations were merely the artistic reflection of his metaphysic striving. He hardly meant to be horrible or comic. All he did was to describe with the utmost degree of exactness his own interior experiences. The narrative result is sometimes frightening, ~~and~~ sometimes strangely humorous, and always moving and great.

constantly haunted by all kinds of nightmarish visions.
He was possessed and tormented by all sorts of fears and apprehensions. The notions of the ^{Ideas of} Original Sin, of Guilt and Punishment ^{were} the very basis of his feeling and thinking. The God to whom he ~~prays and sends~~ sent his almost hopeless prayers and whose Holy name he hardly ever mentioned, is Jehova, the Lord of Revenge, and there is no Savior to reconcile ~~the~~ ^{mortal} doomed ~~earthly~~ creatures with their ^{merciless} ~~remote and cruel~~ Father. Human beings have ^{constantly} to atone for crimes the gravity and even the names of which ~~they cannot know.~~ *Our mysterious guilt is examined in an eternal Trial; there we ignore.* There is an eternal Trial examining our mysterious guilt; there is a hierarchy of hidden judges - and even the lowest ~~one among them~~ ^{overwhelming} is of such ~~daring~~ majesty that we could not bear ~~to glance at him~~ ^{even his casual to see him face to face.} The only representatives of that Supreme Court we are sometimes allowed to see, are the most humble servants of the secretaries of the lowest emissary of

of the lowest under-judge. For it is an exceedingly complicated machinery ~~registers and examines~~ that ~~occupies~~ itself with the involved details of our sins.

Kafka's ~~huge~~ and horrifying vision of the Trial and the Castle in which the invisible Power hides, ~~was~~ ^{as well as} influenced by the esoteric wisdom of the Cabballa ~~and~~ by the over-complicated system of the ancient Austrian ^{can} ~~bureaucracy that~~ ^{that exerted its capricious tyranny over his country.} ~~ruled his homeland with whimsical pederasty.~~ For the City of Prague was really all he knew: it represented, in a very peculiar way, his entire world, his problematic paradise, and ~~the~~ ^{the} prison from which there was no escape. His ^{personal} ~~own~~ genius was thoroughly impregnated by the morbid and yet heroic genius of that ancient capital. He ^{yearned} ~~was longing~~ for other landscapes, for a lighter and brighter beauty. But the ^{few} ~~journeys~~ ^{could} ~~he occasionally made~~ ^{afford}, in the company of friends or alone, were short and hardly satisfactory. He ~~had~~ ^{was bound} ~~to return to Prague, to the mysterious atmosphere of its~~ ^{magnificent} narrow streets, to its bloody and ~~brilliant~~ memories, ~~as~~ ^{a prisoner} its literary gossip, its permanent political struggles. He was ~~looked up~~ ^{looked up} in Prague.

He made one attempt to escape, but ~~it~~ ^{in the sphere} merely ~~was a~~ literary one. The goal of ^{his} ~~the~~ bold excursion was ~~American.~~ ^(the United States.) ~~He knew he would never see it; by he wanted to breathe its inspiring air by describing it.~~

His friends were highly surprised when he confided to them his little secret - that he was going to write a novel entitled Amerika: in fact, he had already ^{begun} ~~started to work.~~

"What do you know about America?" ^{they} ~~asked his friends.~~ And he answered, ^{cheerfully!} ~~happily~~: "I know the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin, and I always admired Walt Whitman, and I like the Americans because they are healthy and optimistic." He ^{imagined} ~~envied~~ that all Americans ^{were a perpetual smile.} ~~kept constantly kept smiling, showing immaculate teeth.~~ Later, in the years of his ^{fatal} ~~portal~~ dis-ease, he met ^{in a sanatorium} ~~several American parties in a sanatorium who quite often grumbled and~~ ^{grumbled} complained, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~very rarely smiled but very rarely.~~ He was deeply disappointed. But when he conceived his America novel, in 1913,

he knew no Americans at all and ~~hardly~~ ^{very little} understood ~~any~~ English. The only ~~His only sources of information were the~~ source of his knowledge were a few books he had read - and his own poetic ~~can imagination~~ imagination.

He seemed unusually cheerful and confident while ~~he was~~ working on Amerika. His friends were pleased to notice that his looks and mood had improved ~~in an~~ almost miraculous ^{his relative} way. ~~This~~ optimism, however, ~~if, then,~~ this expression is allowed in connection with Franz Kafka - did not entirely protect him from qualms and scruples. He was at that time reading, or re-reading, several novels by Dicksⁿ, and made the following remarks in his diary:

"Dickens, Copperfield. - 'The Stoker', a flat Dickens imitation: even more so the planned novel." (The Stoker is the first chapter of the America novel and was published as a special little volume before the novel appeared.) "My intention was, as I now see, to write a Dickens novel, enriched by the sharper lights which I took from our modern times, and by the pallid ones that I would have found in my own interior. - Dickens' wealth and naive, sweeping power: but, consequently, moments of a horrible weakness.... The impression of the senseless whole is barbaric - a barbarism which I was able to avoid thanks to my decadence..."

~~The paradoxical fact is that Kafka very firmly believed in his own spiritual mission - notwithstanding such sceptic utterances about his "decadence" - , and that he heartily admired Dickens, despite of his sharp criticism concerning the "barbaric" elements in Dicken's art. Strangely enough, figure and works of Dickens were in Kafka's mind ~~very~~ ^{And it} deeply and vitally ^{intensely} connected with the American atmosphere and landscape. It was ~~not Dickens' biting satire on America, in Martin Chuzzlewit, that lay~~ by no means the mordant satire Dickens made in Martin Chuzzlewit on ^{that, behind this identification,} American conditions, which influenced Kafka's vision of America. ~~The~~~~

~~picture he used to cherish~~ ^{ed,} was that of Dickens's fatherly and humorous incarnation of the narrative ~~genius~~ ^{called Charles Dickens}, triumphantly arriving in New York, ~~enthusiastically~~ ^{hailed and} cheered by many thousands of his American readers.

Kafka ~~He~~ often described to his friends the hilarious ^{(spectacle offered by those} ~~books~~ ^{resonance)} of all that exuberant public jammed on the dock, women and children, jammed in the harbor on the quais of the New York

harbor, eagerly awaiting a new chapter of David Copperfield, waving ^{its} ~~and shouting~~ as the boat with the literary treasure ~~slowly pulls in.~~ ^{slowly pulls in.} ~~and arrives.~~

The picture that Kafka cherished was of a fatherly genius called Charles Dickens being welcomed to New York with wild enthusiasm by thousands of his American readers.

As for ²⁴ ~~concerning his own novel~~, we may safely say that he ~~misinterpreted its~~ ^{he was far from giving an accurate} sense of it when he called it ~~real character by calling it a~~ "Dickens imitation." For the resemblance with Dickens is only accidental and superficial, - while the differences between the sentimental or humorous circumstantiality of Dickens' style and Kafka's dream-like ^{precisions} ~~preciseness~~ are basic and essential.

The novel Amerika begins with the following remarkable paragraph:

Als der sechzehnjährige Karl Rossmann, der von seinen armen Eltern nach Amerika geschickt worden war, weil ihn ein Dienstmädchen verführt und ein Kind von ihm bekommen hatte, in dem schon langsam gewordenen Schiff in den Hafen von New York einfuhr, erblickte er die schon längst beobachtete Statue der Freiheitsgöttin wie in einem plötzlich stärker gewordenen Sonnenlicht. Ihr Arm mit dem Schwert ragte wie neuérdings empor, und um ihre Gestalt ~~woher~~ wehten die freien Lüfte.

~~It is~~ ^{what} ~~is~~ a masterly beginning, ~~indeed~~ ^{giving} in a few concentrated sentences not only the main facts of the hero's past, but also the atmosphere of the haven he ~~is now approaching~~. ^{The single phrase,} ~~These two short and inspiring words of~~ ^{does} the free breezes, characterize the peculiar flavour of the entire story.

For this bold and modest lad, Karl Rossmann, ^{whom we see arriving in} ~~whose arrival at New York he~~ is, in spite of the hardships ahead, almost happy - ~~is almost happy, indeed, in spite of all the hardships and privations~~ ^{happy, at least, as compared} he may have to face - ~~happy, if compared with his tragic relatives,~~ ^{the} ~~doomed heroes of~~ ^{two} ~~appear in~~ Kafka's later novels, The Trial and The Castle. Both of these

remain strangely anonymous - or rather, they hide their mysterious identity with the author, ~~Kafka~~, behind the obvious initial K. - while young Karl Rossmann is permitted ^{a name of his own,} ~~to have an individual name~~, in which the fatal K. appears, but ^{does not} ~~not~~ predominates. Karl Rossmann ~~is~~ ^{is} a younger, more fortunate brother of that ~~doomed~~ ^{nameless} being. K. is forced by the hidden power to remain in Europe, in Prague, and to endure there the merciless ~~presence~~ of the inscrutable judges - while young Rossmann was sent by ^{but sensible} ~~his poor~~ parents to America, ~~where he could feel the inspiring caress of~~ the free breezes.

It ^{may} ~~might~~ be, however, that Karl is guilty as well - notwithstanding the

~~girl's own~~ confession that she was the active party in the sordid affair

^{maid-servant's} That precipitated the youth's departure.

He is a younger, more fortunate brother of that nameless being, K., for whom there will be no America: who must remain in Europe, in Prague, to endure the merciless decisions of the inscrutable judges.

that occurred between herself and the innocent lad. He is not responsible - according to human judgement. But our judgement, ^{is of course subject to error} of course, may be erroneous and ^{is} easily refuted by the sentence of higher authorities. And ~~provided~~ even ^{if} ~~that~~, Karl Rossmann himself is almost free of guilt - the problem of guilt as such, the mystic curse of ~~the~~ Original Sin follows him over the ocean. ^{It is because of this that the} That is why the Statue of Liberty welcomes him, ^{surprisingly, with an upraised sword.} with a threatening sword - that surprising weapon that she bears ~~only~~ in Kafka's imagination.

The European boy is ~~haunted and~~ harassed by the problem of ~~the~~ Original Sin, even in the land of free, in America.

During the last hours of the journey he had made friends with the stoker of the boat - an obstinate and rather clumsy fellow, who for some reason believes that he ^{has been} ~~was~~ unfairly treated by the officers. He ^{complains} ~~bitterly~~ complains, and there are lengthy examinations ^{concerning of} of the stoker's case - a sort of solemn ^{but} ~~and yet~~ half-burlesque trial in the captain's stateroom. Karl tries his best to convince the officers of the stoker's right, but ^{somehow} we feel from the ~~very~~ beginning that his cause is hopeless: all the

authorities are prejudiced against him, ~~he is obviously doomed.~~ This ^{comical} sinister ~~and yet comical~~ scene, ^{with a sudden} ~~however,~~ reaches its climax when one of ^{announced by one of the} ~~the~~ ^{honourable} gentlemen present, a certain Senator Jacob, ~~suddenly announces~~ ^{demands.} that he is Karl's wealthy uncle. ~~The pregnant Bohemian servant girl had informed him of his prodigal nephew's arrival.~~ "Kiss me!" ~~ex-~~

^{claims} Senator Jacob. And the captain adds: "This is one of the miracles ^{that can} ~~which~~ still sometimes happen ^{Love,} ~~and~~ especially in America." Uncle Jacob ^{promptly} takes ~~without delay~~ young Karl to his luxurious home - while we leave the unfortunate stoker to his fate ^{which is presumably} ~~that probably is~~ dark and terrible.

Every detail ^{of} Kafka's description of American life is ^{quite} ~~entirely~~ ^{inaccurate} ~~wrong~~, and yet the ^{as a whole} ~~entire~~ picture has a certain ^{convincing} ~~convincing~~ poetical truth. The balcony ^{of} Uncle Jacob's house where young Rossmann spends many

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hours staring at the streets of New York, ^{has more to do with} seemingly belongs to a Parisian ^{than with anything American.} ~~studio, rather than to an American~~ ^{building.} The hyper-modern desk which the generous uncle puts at his nephew's disposal, looks like a grotesque piece of furniture in a Charlie Chaplin film: ^{more, it is an alarming object,} ~~rather irritating, even alarming~~ with innumerable technical tricks ~~and surprises~~, secret drawers that ~~pop~~ ^{pop} open when one touches a hidden button, little trapdoors, complicated locks etc. ~~With whole construction~~ The country house of a millionaire near New York City is ^{built} ~~constructed~~ like an ancient European castle - a typical Kafka ^{in fact} ~~Castle~~ ^{space} - ,confusing, frightening, with countless corridors and galleries, huge empty rooms, tremendous staircases, an unfinished chapel, - a veritable labyrinth, ~~a bewitched building.~~

~~Young Karl Rossmann~~ ^{as} is right when he exclaims: "This is no villa but a fortress!" At night it is pitch dark, ^{being lit not by electricity but by a single} ~~as there is no electric light, and~~ ^{candle carried by an ancient & bow-legged manservant,} an old, crooked-legged man servant carries a single candle. It is a dream-like country-house, ^{gloomy and bewitched;} and its inhabitants ^{are equally strange!} ~~have dream-like features:~~ well-meaning Mr. Green, his friend Mr. Pollunder - a rather ^{evil} ~~wicked sort of a~~ gentleman - , and ^{a pugnacious girl named} Miss Klara Green, ~~a pugnacious, dangerous girl.~~ Karl naively expresses his surprise: "So there already exist such old houses in America!" ~~whereupon~~ ^{She} sneers at him: "You have funny ideas of our country." - "You must not laugh at me," he says angrily, and the author adds: "After all, he already knew America and Europe, while she only knew America."

^{She is hard to cope with,} ~~She certainly is a tough creature,~~ this Miss Klara; ^{when} ~~and as~~ young Rossmann does not want to kiss her, she ^{becomes} ~~turns~~ very angry, ^{strikes} ~~hits~~ him and throws him on the bed. The European lad notices, not without horror, that she has muscles of steel, and he comforts himself: 'Of course, she is much stronger than I am, since she ^{has} ~~spent~~ most of her life practicing the feats of a professional wrestler.'

The little fight with Miss Klara was ^{certainly not inspired by lust;} ~~no justful~~ ^{has} ~~fun;~~ yet Rossmann ~~has~~ to atone for it: his uncle Jacob sends him, through ~~out~~ Mr. Pollunder, a farewell letter, telling him in ~~a~~ sad and solemn ^{words} ~~terms~~ that the Sena=

For Karl should have known all along that he was not intended to accept his uncle's invitation.

tor's house will be closed from now on to the unfaithful nephew, ^{accepted Mr.} ~~for~~ ^{invitation,} ~~pleasure-seeking, curious young Karl had gone to the Greens,~~ although he knew, or should have known, that the uncle did not want him to do so. The Senator's reaction seems exaggerated ^{& somewhat} ~~even~~ cruel, considering the ~~relative~~ insignificance of Karl's sin. But perhaps it was a very evil, ~~even~~ an unforgivable crime ^{that} the ignorant youth ^{had} committed - and the uncle ^{had} ~~probably~~ received instructions from ^{a more} ~~another~~ remote authority. Mr. Pollunder ^{may} ~~might~~ be somehow involved in this mysterious ~~and ruthless~~ process: ^{is perhaps} ~~this dis-~~ agreeable gentleman ~~is maybe~~ one of those humble servants of the secretary of the lowest under-judge of the Supreme Court...

~~However, we see~~ ^{The} ~~young Karl,~~ ^{adventurer} mercilessly abandoned by his benefactor, ^{is now} penniless and friendless on the highways: ~~He is left alone in a~~ ^{without detection} ~~country that is~~ vast and unknown, ~~even~~ ^{spread before him} and terrifying. ~~He~~ ^{country.} The amazing streets of ~~big~~ American cities, with the Gothic lines of steel-constructed skyscrapers profiled against a wan, colourless sky, like cathedrals from another planet where people are praying to another God. ^{He sees innumerable} ~~on these~~ noisy little inns flanking the endless highways: dusty gardens where dirty men hastily swallow ^{indispensable} ~~lubious, almost black~~ liquids and waiters run around with distorted faces as in permanent pain. The never-ceasing stream of cars ~~speeds~~ constantly speeds along: Karl ~~never~~ ^{not} saw a single car stopping ~~nor a single passenger getting out.~~ ~~and no passenger getting out, even not for a short while.~~ He thinks that a special number of cars must be sent out from a faraway place while authorities on another remote geographical point already await impatiently exactly the same quantity of vehicles.

The helpless wanderer ^{first} ~~of all~~ intends to go to San Francisco, ^{having been told} ~~as he is informed~~ that ~~over~~ there, ^{there may still be a} ~~in the East,~~ ^{chance to} discover gold mines. (Kafka speaks quite seriously of "the East" ^{in referring} ~~when he~~ refers to California; probably confused by the fact that ^{San Francisco} ~~Prisco~~ is ^{nearer} ~~closer~~ the Far East than New York. This is just one of the ^{astounding} ~~fantastic~~ mistakes ^{that} This is but one of his astounding mistakes.)

clear to him

when

He changes his plans, however, ~~as~~ ^{when} he makes the acquaintance of two ~~other~~ ^{men} tramps, Delamarche, a Frenchman, and Robinson, an Irishman. Karl ~~distrusts~~ ^{distrusts} ~~the Irishman~~ ^{Robinson because} he remembers having read somewhere that one should beware of ^{all} Irishmen in America. ^{But} The French ^{man} fellow, however, ~~Delamarche~~ ^{Delamarche} turns out to be ^{even} ~~still~~ ^{even} more dangerous ^{and nasty} than his Irish ^{pal} ~~pal~~; a greedy and impudent creature, filthy, cruel and conceited, almost monstrous. In short, ~~both Robinson and Delamarche~~ ^{the two play the rôle of} appear and act as wicked demons in Karl's life.

They want to take him to a big city named Ramses; but it is a long and ~~fatiguing way to that place~~ ^{journey and on the way they stop at} and the young people interrupt their tedious journey in another enormous ~~settlement~~ ^{find} called Butterford. There ~~Karl~~ ^{find} Karl Rossmann has the ~~amazingly~~ ^{good} good luck to ~~obtain~~ ^{find} a job as ~~elevator~~ ^{an} elevator boy in the Hotel Occidental, thanks to the protection of a benign and powerful woman, the Supreme Cook, the Oberköchin. This kind and influential personality, however - ^{whose title is rather} bearing a title that sounds Austrian rather than American - is by no means the highest authority ~~within~~ ^{both} in the complicated hierarchy of the huge hotel. The Supreme Doorman - a brutal fellow who is in the habit of beating up the elevator boys - and the severe headwaiter are, ^{both} perhaps, ~~still~~ ^{both} more ^{powerful} ~~mighty~~ than she. In any case, the ~~settled~~ ^{settled} motherly kitchen-queen seems ^{quite} ~~absolutely~~ unable to help her protégé when he finds himself in an alarming mess, ^{brought about by Robinson who visits him at the} produced by the revolting behavior of Robinson. This ^{hotel in a state of complete intoxication, presumably with the} unscrupulous good-for-nothing badly compromised his former friend by ^{express purpose of compromising his position.} visiting him at the Hotel Occidental in a state of utter intoxication. We must unfortunately assume that the depraved Irishman ~~acted~~ ^{acted} so with the mean purpose of making Karl's position in the hotel untenable - an ugly aim that he easily achieved. ^{has to endure a} Karl ~~is unable to prove~~ ^{and is unable to prove} in the course of a lengthy, humiliating examination his innocence. ^{Both} Both the doorman and the headwaiter suspect him of other, ~~even~~ ^{even} more shameful crimes, and even

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Her information, however, is only from hearsay.

Karl discovers a former girl-friend among these publicity cherubs, ~~and who~~ ^{he} tells him encouragingly: ~~she encourages him:~~ "It is the biggest theatre in the world!" ~~He~~ ^{she} must admit, though, that ~~she~~ ^{she} had not yet seen it ~~herself~~ ^{her}; but some of ~~my~~ ^{her} colleagues, who already were at Oklahoma, confirm ~~me~~ ^{ad} that it is virtually boundless. ~~The institution appears to be a kind~~ ^{ad} of a gigantic WPA project, ~~as it seems~~ ^{extremely poor} organized and financed by invisible but ~~very~~ ^{ad} mighty benefactors. ~~As to the unemployed,~~ ^{are at first} they seem somewhat suspicious in the beginning, ~~and only reluctantly join~~ ^{join reluctantly, but Karl has nothing to lose & is consequently more daring.} the wondrous institution. Karl, however, is daring, ~~as he has nothing to~~ ^{lose} lose, and even the most humble work would be better than life in Brunelda's filthy kingdom. An official inquires him ~~as to what he used to in Europe,~~ ^{as to his former occupation} and he replies, rather vaguely: "I wanted to become an engineer." ~~known~~ ^{to express the remoteness of} The official makes a casual gesture as if he wanted to say how ~~remote Europe is, and how insignificant~~ ^{Europe and the insignificance here of become here,} all plans or hopes one might have ~~cherished~~ ^{cherished} ~~harboured~~ ^{cherished} over there, in that other world. Karl obtains a job as a machinist and is very pleased - ~~especially about the~~ ^{particularly by} ~~rich, though hasty, meal~~ ^{opulent} offered by the invisible management of the Open Air Theatre. ~~to the new employees~~ ^{to the new employees} This ~~little~~ ^{hasty} festival, preceding the departure to Oklahoma, is the last scene we are allowed to ~~see~~ ^{watch} ~~witness~~ ^{witness} of Karl Rossmann's dreamlike adventures in America.

Kafka was especially fond of this ~~last~~ ^{concluding} chapter, and his friends tell us that he used to read it aloud in an "unforgettable manner." With an enigmatic smile he declared that his young hero, Karl Rossmann, might ~~never~~ ^{well} find again, "in this almost boundless theatre", his profession, his security and ~~liberty~~ ^{freedom}, and perhaps even his homeland and parents - "as by a paradisiac spell."

Kafka himself ~~he~~ ^{he} was not in ~~the~~ ^a position to describe these happy developments, ~~as smilingly anticipated.~~ ^{as smilingly anticipated.} The novel had to remain a fragment as ^{did} all of his greater compositions, according to their mysterious ^{inherent} ~~inherent~~ law. The very themes of these works - the topics of Guilt and Atonement, human loneliness and the ~~inscrutable~~ ^{unfathomable} unfathomable riddle of the Supreme Law - prohibit them from finding an end: they are es-

essentially and necessarily endless. Amerika, however, is the only one of Kafka's fragmentary novels on the last pages of which a confident mood prevails. The youthful hero ~~vivaciously~~ ^{disappears} - running, capering like a reckless foal, in the midst of a vast, heroic landscape. His tragic brother and creator, Franz Kafka, watches the agile figure, gradually shrinking between the huge hills, trees and buildings. Finally the poet turns away his beautiful, shadowed forehead, bidding a plaintive farewell ~~and~~ ^{of mingled} ~~meaning~~ ^{smiling, moved} tenderness and renunciation.

His own excursion to the New World has come to an end. Here they are again - the gloomy streets of Prague: his home, his prison, the familiar background of his suffering. The city ~~welcomes~~ ^{gives} him, numb and solemn, welcomes her prodigal son. The baroque statues, the cathedrals, the mysterious dwellings of the alchemists, the libraries, the strange and sweetish smells of the ghetto, the melancholy splendor of the ancient castles - all this well-known beauty, well-known horror receives him with a faint, unfathomable smile: Here you are - our son, our prisoner, our poet; this is Europe - your chain, your curse and your love: Europe, your bitter love: you must bear it, ~~must~~ accept it. Here, you must ^{continue your} ~~keep~~ writing, ^{your} ~~meditate~~ ^{meditations & prayers:} seeking and fearing God. Here you ^{must bear} ~~have to~~ stand the torments of your religious persecution mania, and must transform your constant agonies into the ~~but~~ brittle beauty of your lucid prose. Here, you must serve and perish, ~~and finally will~~ ^{To/ at last} earn the gloomy crown, ~~the crown of thorns~~ - the dark glory of your own destruction. This is Europe's center, the bleeding heart of the continent - the ^{glorious} ~~grand~~ and ^{Terrible} ~~horrid~~ theatre of your ~~struggles, your~~ ^{victories, triumphs} defeats, your problematic ^{victories, triumphs}. Bow your head! Recognise your fate! For it is vain to skulk.

He does not try to skulk. He is brave - the delicate but tenacious son of an ancient, heroic race, most experienced in suffering, humiliation, and ^{endurance} ~~in long, faithful resistance~~.

His is the drama and the martyrdom of a Jew, of an European, of a poet and prophet in these faithless days. He accepts it ^{wholly and} ~~without~~ ^{complaint} ~~stint~~, without ~~groaning and shuddering~~ ^{wander}. Sometimes, however, his loving, sorrowful thoughts ~~fly~~ ^{there} over the ocean, to visit that errant youth ~~Karl~~ whom he has created and abandoned. He sends his wishes ^{and his} ~~his~~ demands and hopes. He wants Karl to be courageous ~~over~~ there, in ~~the~~ Dream America - as courageous, indeed, as ^{in his own place his elder brother} ~~as the older brother~~, is obliged to be ~~himself~~ ^{in his own place}. The poet and prophet ^{must} ~~has to~~ glorify and analyze his ~~own~~ doom; ^{must} ~~has to~~ continue his dialogue with a hidden God - indefatigable, witty, passionate, desperate and yet faithful. ^{But} ~~as to~~ Karl, ^{must simply} ~~he has just~~ ^{live} - which is no easy task either. He ^{must} ~~has to~~ live in America. ^{He has, therefore, a special} ~~Therefore, he has a~~ particular chance. His ~~brotherly~~ ^{That} creator hopes, he may prove worthy of it. He does not want him to perish. For the poet, ⁱⁿ ~~but~~ all his glory and misery, deeply and simply loves his innocent creature, his favourite dream, his heir.

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Karl is not going to perish. He staggers but he ^{will not} ~~won't~~ fall. We follow for a while his swift though uncertain course. We tremble ^{seeing him} ~~as~~ ^{often} ~~as we often~~ ^{often} menaced by evil forces, unfortunate circumstances,



his own pusillanimity. But ~~he will~~ ^{in the end he will} ultimately overcome both his own weakness and the hardships of an unfamiliar world. ~~For he is tenacious and faithful.~~ We trust him. He ~~small right~~ ^{will come out all right.}

~~He is no distinguished visitor.~~ There is nothing extraordinary about him: ~~just one of the many boys arriving from somewhere in Europe, just a hungry youth, eager to make his way, or at least to earn enough so that he will not starve. He looks, very much like all the others. He shares with them most of his exactly, like millions of other boys. He has in common with them most qualities and desires - the healthy appetite, the normal zest for living. He enjoys dancing, swimming, going to a show. He is fond of leisure and work. He is buoyant, confident and gay, as long as he has a girl-friend and a job. He ~~hardly~~ ^{little} thinks very much - ~~enough~~ a trifle more, maybe, than some of the ~~rest~~ ^{rest} boys.~~

~~But he started thinking, more deeply and more intensely, as he had lost his job, and his girl. Things looked pretty tough.~~

It was no fun, ~~spending the night~~ ^{cold} ~~on a bench, walking~~ ^{all day.} ~~aimlessly through the streets.~~ ^{It gets him down.} He feels low and discouraged. 'Life is rotten, ~~like everywhere else.~~ ^{like everywhere} there is no great difference, on both sides of the Atlantic. All that talk about America and Democracy and the unlimited possibilities - it's just ~~a bunch of lies.~~ ^{amounts to}

~~A lot of possibilities there are for me! I can't stand seeing all those~~ ^{to look at other guys} ~~no possibilities. No damned chance. I'm through. I feel lousy. I~~

~~don't like other fellows sitting around in restaurants, fooling around with girls - and I have nothing to eat, and no girl. I ~~don't like~~ ^{hate} other guys to have jobs, and I have nothing. I feel like killing ~~some~~ ^{one of them} other guys just for fun. I feel like killing that ~~damn~~ ^{over there.} cop, ~~at the next~~ ^{a good} ~~meal.~~ I would get the headline in the morning papers, and ~~a glass of beer, and the chair.~~ ^{a good} People would ~~get~~ ^{be} interested.~~

Maybe I'd be happier over there: they say over there you get organized, get orders & know what you have to do.

He would remember my name - Karl Rossmann, that tough guy who ~~had~~ ^a ~~just for fun~~ ^{the way it is now I'm nobody,} killed ~~the~~ cop, ~~the things are now~~ ^{things are now} ~~nobody~~, just some ~~lonely~~ ^{people} foreigners, just a tramp. If I die tonight, nobody gives a dam, Nobody cares. My ~~people~~ ^{people} in Europe have forgotten me, too. They think I've found new friends over here. But I have no friends. Perhaps I would be happier ~~over there~~ ^{on the other side}, in the old country. They say ~~there~~ ^{there} youth is organized, and a fellow knows what he has to do, gets clear orders, does ~~it~~ ^{not hang} around as I do... It ~~is not~~ ^{can't be} so bad, after all, ~~to march on to beat up some Jews, or to throw some bombs -~~ ^{a few} ~~it's more fun, I guess, than sitting around and thinking a lot of rubbish...~~ ^{suppose hanging better, anyway, than hanging around like this...}

But he changed his mind. He ~~renounced~~ ^{gave up} the idea of killing the police=man, throwing bombs or beating up ~~some~~ ^{a few} Jews. As a matter of fact, he felt pretty ashamed when ~~he remembered those grim, senseless plans.~~ ^{later of all that later.} He ~~had~~ ^{got} found another job. He ~~went on living and thinking~~ ^{found life quite bearable again.}

He ~~still~~ ^{even more so, because} was lonely: indeed, he became more and more isolated since he had started ~~to think more seriously,~~ ^{more} thinking ~~in a~~ ^{ly} serious way. ~~at the~~ ^{But} same time, however, he realized that he was not quite alone. ~~There was a~~ ^{he knew} feeling, gradually ^{seen} increasing in his mind, ~~that he belonged~~ ^{of belonging} to a community - a vast and comprehensive organization that did not yet really exist, but was in ~~the~~ ^{the} exciting process of becoming.

He began to read, to observe, to compare, and to draw ~~his naive~~ ^{well knew} conclusions. He ~~had experienced~~ ^{as elsewhere -} that the present state of affairs in this country was far from ~~perfect~~ ^{at all.}; but it was not hopeless. He grasped the essential fact: that things could not and should not remain as they are today. The world ~~was understood~~ ^{and} is in a permanent process of change, ~~transition,~~ ^{transition,} gradual transformation. At this moment, however, the ~~normal~~ ^{had become} process of transition ~~accelerated~~ ^{a climactic} and was swiftly approaching ~~the final~~ ^{the final} stage. ~~a great decision.~~ It was Karl's bad luck - or his great advantage, ^{that} he happened to live in ~~an historical hour~~ ^{a time} of such paramount importance. It was ~~an hour of tremendous chances and tremendous dangers.~~ ^{a time of vast danger and vast opportunity:} A grand and fatal hour - he felt - :pregnant with tragedy, pregnant with resurrection.

There were two main tendencies, two solutions offered to a muddled, ~~aimless~~ ^{aim - sickening} mankind. One of them ~~was~~ ^{seemed to have triumphed} seemingly triumphant in the old countries - in ~~some~~ ^{most} of them at least. ~~Youth had become fascinated by~~ ^{new leaders, boastful and fanatic, who wrapped themselves in grandiose slogans & lurid splendor.} Dissatisfied boys, everywhere, were spellbound by this lurid splendor, the grandiose slogans, the spectacular presentation. Karl was only too familiar with this ~~sort of~~ ^{kind of} generation seduction. A ~~path~~ ^{generation} that is on the point of becoming obtuse and sodden, at last follows the shrillest voice, the most theatrical gesture. How convenient! - to have a leader who thinks for you, while you merely have to obey. Life ~~grows~~ ^{becomes} easier and yet more elevating. It was empty before. Now there are inspiring tasks to perform: to increase the ~~glory~~ ^{glory} of fatherland and ~~the~~ leader; ~~and~~ to prove ~~to~~ the superiority of the race, to conquer inferior peoples, to dominate the world...

To dominate the world... And then? And if the universe is filled with the nerve-wracking clamour of totalitarian propaganda, covered with the withering pall of totalitarian lies? What ~~is then going to~~ ^{will happen then?} ~~happen~~ ^{subjugated} - ~~still more~~ ^{more wars,} more destruction. For the ~~oppressed~~ ^{rise up:} races may eventually ~~try to rebel~~ ^{try to rebel}. There will be ~~the~~ insurrection of slaves, followed by a bloody ~~chastisement~~ ^{punishment.}. There will be no peace. Peace is not heroic. The ~~historical~~ ^{glorious victory} ~~superior~~ will defend their ~~position~~ ^{power, & will} ~~extend it still farther.~~ ^{But in the end} ~~and will still enlarge it.~~ ^{Finally, however,} they will struggle among themselves. For the world belongs to the strongest, ~~most~~ ^{and the} merciless.

~~various~~ ^{chance} ~~a fairly flattering offer,~~ ^{guffian} indeed, for a young unemployed and dreary sluggard - ~~to become a superman and the feared scourge of the other~~ ^{It looked like a pretty wonderful prospect for a boy} ~~with nothing to do -~~ ^{sluggard - to become a superman and the feared scourge of the other} races. Undeniably, it sounded rather attractive - as long as one ~~did~~ ^{closed} ~~one's eyes to~~ ^{one's eyes to} the colossal swindle. A reflective lad ~~such as~~ ^{like} Karl, finally found ~~out~~ ^{out}: Eternal struggle is eternal boredom; ~~permanent~~ ^{there is nothing} ~~more dull than perpetual catastrophes.~~ ^{threats & boasts & lies} ~~through - permanent dullness.~~ ^{shouting, boasting, threaten-} The constant ~~become unbearable in their monotony.~~ ^{become unbearable in their monotony.} ~~and grows incredibly monotonous.~~ ^{and grows incredibly monotonous.} The idolatry of brutal force is

Nothing could be more sickening than the frenzied repetition of brazen lies.

~~side - the side that was going to win.~~

"Those ^{un-American} ~~un-American~~ tricks won't work, in the long run," he said to a friend ^{as they studied together} ~~as they studied~~ the dispatches from the European fronts, ~~on their way home from work.~~

The other fellow grinned. "You ^{could} ~~look~~ like one of ^{those political} ~~them damned~~ guys racketeers. ^{Un-American} ~~Un-American~~... What do you know about it, ^{you're a} ~~you're a~~ silly foreigner..." And that ~~mess~~ ^{giving the words an ominous emphasis,} ~~mess over there, in Europe,~~ he continued, ^{emphasizing his words in a somewhat ominous way,} "that's none of our business ~~whatsoever~~ - if you know what I mean. ⁱⁿ ~~think~~ ^{say?} ~~it's~~ ^{un-American} to meddle ^{with} ~~in~~ other people's affairs."

What could Karl ~~reply?~~ ^{say?} Should he tell him that civilization is an entity, indivisible, and that America ^{is} ~~forms~~ a part of it - an essential part, in fact, its last undamaged bulwark. Should he deliver a lecture on the folly of "isolationism"? Should he read aloud ~~to him~~ ⁱⁿ a poem ~~which~~ he had ^{recently} found in a paper? ~~and had liked very much.~~ ^{There are} no islands, any more... Karl knew it was true. ~~But how could he explain it to the other fellows?~~

The horrible collapse of decency and law ~~was~~ ^{the} "none of our business"? To defend a heritage and future that all civilized men have in common - ~~which means~~ "meddling with other people's affairs"? To adhere to the solidarity of free and thinking ^{people} ~~human~~ beings, against the ^{raving} ~~fanatic~~ assault of ~~howling~~ fanatics - ^{was this} ~~this was~~ a betrayal of American traditions? - Karl shrugged, ~~his shoulder,~~ ^{his} contemptuously.

The American Tradition... ^{he began to gather} ~~the little which already forgotten~~ ~~in Europe, not yet really at home in this country, gradually grasped~~ ^{He was beginning to grasp,} the boldness and complexity of this great conception. He learned something ^{about} concerning this Tradition at its best, ^{when} ~~as~~ he went to the Public Library, on Sundays or ^{during the noon,} ~~after~~ ^{the} working hours. He read Washington and Benjamin Franklin, Jefferson and Lincoln. This modest greatness, ^{and} this proud determination ^{and} reasonable faith - this, then, was America:

no Dream-America but the real thing; no Eldorado and paradise, but a vast, inspiring human effort, a tremendous human accomplishment - or rather a singular promise to mankind.

Eternal Progress, the kosmos and the modern reports... This, then, is life; here is what has come to the surface after so many throes and convulsions... How curious! how real!

It was this voice - the winged and powerful rhythm of America's greatest poet - that struck the lonely reader more profoundly, more thoroughly than any other appeal. It was this song-of-~~the~~-songs of an "athletic Democracy", this rhapsodic enumeration of its beauties, this ecstatic praise of its technical achievements, its struggles, its professions, its triumphs -: it was the ~~most tender~~ ^{effusive} work of Walt Whitman ^{that gave} ~~in which~~ ^{his greatest} Karl Rossmann ~~and more~~ ^{his deepest} knowledge, ~~more~~ understanding of the ~~great~~ ^{time} American tradition ~~than to any editorial or historical book~~.

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear...

America always!...

This ~~happy~~ patriotism was boundless, ~~and comprehensive~~, all-embracing, not narrow ~~and~~ and arrogant. This ~~one~~ sweeping declaration of love was ~~generously~~ ^{all} addressed to ^{a greeting to the world -} mankind - ~~paying~~ an enthusiastic homage to all human beings: provided only that they were ^{truly} ~~really~~ human ... I sing the body electric... Karl felt that he, ~~the~~ ^{an} unknown foreigner, was included in ~~this~~ ~~savage~~ ^{and} grand and savage embrace. He was admitted to a vast comradeship that was martial ~~as well as~~ ^{and} tender as well.

Americanos! conquerors! marches humanitarian; foremost! century marches! Libertad! Masses!

This was a battle-cry - another part and impact of ~~this~~ ^{the} ~~standing~~ ^{reflexive} ~~message~~ ^{impulse} "most jubilant poem." The ~~lover~~ ^{militant} of mankind is not without ~~militant~~ ^{turn to} features: his overflowing sympathy ~~with mankind~~ can ~~transform itself into~~ a thundering fury. He is kind, ~~and tender~~, but ^{large-hearted, affectionate,}

not indolent; tolerant - but not soft. He discriminates between good and evil. He is vigilant. He accepts the challenge, and ~~he~~ knows how to fight. O I believe there is nothing real but America and freedom! O to sternly reject all except Democracy...

The young reader in the Public Library already was intellectually trained and emotionally moved enough not to misunderstand the ~~great~~ ^{meaning} ~~fact~~ of this daring outcry. There is nothing real but America because the American Way embraces the entirety of all ideals and tenets striving for human progress, the steady increase of human dignity; because true Americanism is ~~in stark contrast to~~ ^{in stark contrast to} ~~the magnificent striking contrast of~~ nationalism. It is rich and pregnant with ~~the~~ ^{all the} hopes, ~~and all the~~ ^{and all the} creative endeavors of modern man. ~~It is, indeed, the magnificent reformation of nationalism.~~ ^{the} True Americanism is the promise and beginning of a super-national ^{organization} ~~of~~ human life.

^{sat} Karl, ~~sitting~~ ^{concentrated} very erect at his narrow reading desk, ~~and a smile that~~ ^{There was a strange} ~~never again~~ ^{great} smile on his face, solemn and cheerful, radiant with pride and determination. ~~anyone dare~~ ^{anyone dare} should ~~ever~~ ^{ever} more to question his membership ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ that ~~great~~ ^{great} American community. ~~Whoever might try to tease or vilify him because of his~~ ^{Did it matter whether his papers were in order? Whether} ~~he had the correct passport?~~ ^{papers} ~~being a "foreigner" and not having a regular American passport, should~~ ^{he deserved} certainly get the ~~right~~ answer. For Karl Rossmann had made up his mind not to be ~~coy and diplomatic any more.~~ ^{phrases. It was the moment to be straightforward!} This was no time for ~~delicate~~ ^{and careful} ~~phrases, but the~~ ^{chance} ~~It rather was the last moment for an~~ ^{moment} open word, for frankness, straightforwardness: the last ~~moment~~ ^{chance} for truth. ~~To anyone who answered him with "Foreigner!" Karl~~ ^{mean? - foreigner...} ~~would say:~~ ^{mean? - foreigner...} ~~mean? - foreigner... it sounds~~ ^{mean? - foreigner... it sounds} ~~rather silly to me. It sounds rather~~ ^{dated, too} ~~dated, too~~ ^{dated, too} How can there be foreigners - ~~if~~ ^{if} there are no islands, any more? There is only one civilization - :all of us are living under its protection. You and I ~~must~~ ^{still can still} ~~read a book, or we~~ ^{learn} ~~learn~~ ^{to fly} ~~people we don't~~ ^{people we don't} ~~like, or~~ ^{like, or} ~~marry the girl we like, or~~ ^{marry the girl we like, or} ~~quarrel with the~~ ^{quarrel with the} ~~people we dislike,~~ ^{people we dislike,} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~join a union, or~~ ^{join a union, or} ~~discuss, or~~ ^{discuss, or} ~~protest, or~~ ^{protest, or} ~~play - as long as we are pro-~~ ^{to improve,}

tested by ~~this~~ civilization. It may be a ^{bad} ~~pure~~ civilization, but it's better than nothing. ^{And when it goes to pieces, that's the end.} If it goes to pieces, the whole world will get itself into a hell of a mess.

The whole world: including this country - do you understand? Or do you think America is taboo, the ~~as~~ sacred oasis of Democracy? Fool! ~~you are~~

~~Consigned and worshipped in a shrine;~~
Democracy is not a stale idol, but a flame and a ~~goal~~ goal, a ~~perpetual~~ ^{public} movement, a revolutionary process. ~~standing at~~. Democracy is not to be bought ^{like} ~~as~~ a car or an ice box. One cannot pay for Democracy by spending ^{a few} ~~some~~ billions dollars ^{its} for defense. What is Democracy without the passion, the inspired efforts, the faithful imagination of millions of men and women? What is a Democracy that ^{like a coward} ~~consistently~~ abandons its own ^{its very substance,} ~~holy~~ traditions, ^{or hesitates for the sake of} ~~and only follows acts according to selfish, short-sighted considerations?~~ What is a Democracy devoid of vision and pride,

courage, determination? What is a Democracy that watches the universal triumph of ~~the~~ barbarism as a ^{cool observer might watch a fight} ~~detached or indifferently disturbed observer~~ in the street from his window? ^{in the street from his window?} watches from his window ~~as a fight going on in the street?~~

^{Can't} ~~Don't~~ you see? The heaven is black with clouds. Don't you hear this hollow, ominous noise? This is no fight in the street but an earth-quake - ^{can't} ~~don't~~ you feel ^{it?} ~~the~~ shake? Everything ^{is trembling, tumbling, crumbling.} ~~trembles, tumbles, crumbles.~~ There is no safety, ^{no safety} ~~there is no ease,~~ no isolation. ^{is no difference between} ~~There are no foreign~~ ^{and nations.} ~~peoples.~~ There are ^{only} ~~only~~ human beings who ^{are trying} ~~try~~ to stop the catastrophe - and others ^{cowardly} ~~who are~~ too cowardly or too ignorant ^{to know what is in} ~~even to recognize its~~ fatal character.

^{I am no foreigner.} ~~Who am I, to talk of the thing big words? Nobody who~~ arrived here, some time ago, without money, without friends, without ^{friends} ~~friends~~. America was great and strange and rather frightening. I began to love ^{America} ~~her~~ when I felt the airs of freedom carressing my face. I overcame my fear ~~as~~ the Statue of Liberty ^{signaled ~~to me~~ encouragement to me} ~~gave me an encouraging sign~~ - with her shining sword.

There is no difference between
Those who are foreign -
Those who are not.

^{Is} ~~has~~ it a Dream America ^{that} I have seen and loved and believed in? But ~~there are~~ millions of men and women cherishing the same dream, ~~and hope.~~
I am one of them. ~~We have both in common - the reality and the dream,~~
~~the sublime pattern of what reality should ultimately become.~~ We live
together, work together, we may fight side ^{by} side. We ^{win} ~~survive~~ or perish
together - the unknown victims, the unknown heroes, the unknown soldiers.
~~of civilization.~~ Our names and sufferings will be forgotten. ^{But our} ~~our cause~~
~~will come out victorious unless we abandon it.~~ ^{dream must not fade.}

I offer you all I have - my courage, my patience, my faith. If you
need my life - you ^{may} ~~can~~ have it. It ^{would lose its} ~~is~~ value if ~~you allow~~ ^{mental} ~~the~~
^{were allowed} ~~to stamp out our dream,~~
enemy to devastate this country, from without or within. And if you
are going to fight, I want to be as brave as all of you will be. I am
not eager to survive your shame. ^{Now do I} ~~I don't~~ desire to enjoy your triumph
without having shared your woes.

For I am neither distinguished nor a visitor. This is not the
moment to pay visits: it is the moment to join ranks.

May I have chosen the right side - which is not necessarily the
one that ^{easily} ~~wins~~, but the one that deserves victory. I want no
other distinction.

THE END.

'Dream America'

There are certain age-old visions which mankind cherishes faithfully through the centuries. It is the mysterious character of the great Utopian conceptions that they point to the remote past and, at the same time, to the distant future. The lost paradise and the paradise to be won are wonderfully connected, are indeed identical. Time is a delusion: the Golden Age was in the beginning and will be in the end.

The painful and sinful path of man leads from the Garden of Innocence to the gigantic Tower of Babel. The sacrilegious majesty of the Tower must crumble: a tremendous Flood comes, washing away all marks of transient glory. Only the mute eloquence of stones and ruins tells later generations of the upheaval of nations, the sinking of kingdoms into oceans depths. Oh, where is Atlantis, the sunken Island? When did it vanish - and why?

In the rousing days of the awakening, the Renaissance, man believed that he could bring paradise down to this earth: Utopia seemed about to become an amazing reality.

It was a dream land that Columbus invaded.

There it was, the promised soil - the great land, offering room and wealth and happiness enough for all. The vast landscape of Utopia, the streams and mountains, forests, endless prairies; the gold, the flowers, the wood, the iron, the furs of wild animals, the fruits of unknown trees, the weapons and songs of exotic tribes: there they were, the treasures, unmeasurable, gigantic - waiting to be conquered, to be used, to be ransacked and stolen.

The greed of the explorers transformed the dream land into colonies. The paradise, re-found at last, became the object of

imperialistic quarrels, sordid bargains, bloody exploitation. The colonies liberated themselves. They formed an independent part of the very civilization that had discovered and exploited them. In place of paradise there was now a great country, taking part in both the crimes and the heroic efforts of other countries, sharing and sometimes surpassing their glory, tainted by the same evils, doomed to the same suffering.

Yet on the other side of the Atlantic - there where they had invented and overcome the Greek gods, had found and often betrayed Christianity - back there, in those ancient cities of Europe, they went on referring to the "New World." And they meant America - the United States. For in the imagination of average, poor Europeans the very name of America still rang with all the old promises and Utopian hopes. It remained the New World, the Land of Unlimited Possibilities, the open door for rebels, adventurers, the down-trodden and the poor; the fabulous land where one might hunt in the forests, dig gold, kill Indians, become a millionaire, make a career as a prize fighter, shake hands with the President, get married to a movie star. These naive conceptions of the New World changed, but remained always fantastic, always glorious, absurd and full of a wild attraction.

In America, men are huge and ungainly, but terribly strong. When they laugh you see the gold teeth flashing in their mouths. They are all rich, and most of them are gangsters, gold diggers or reporters; they wear loud chequered suits. They drive tin lizzies - very fast -, they offer you handsome jobs; when they happen to be in a bad mood, however, they are inclined to tar and feather you,

according to their national habit. They drink an astounding amount of gin and whiskey. The women are all very pretty, flippant, and cold. If you say "Hello" to one you are either lynched or are bound to marry her immediately. Everything in America is enormous: the buildings, the income of comedians, gossip writers, bootleggers and politicians, the headlines in the papers, the turkeys, the apples, the strawberries, the lobsters and the mountains, the income taxes, the Pullman cars, the dogs, the cities, and your own chance of making a career.

Oh, America, my new found land...! Thus sang an English poet of the sixteenth Century. It is no longer so "new". But it still has miracles to offer to its actual visitors as well as to those who visit it in their dreams.

* * *

The Wild West is still wild and wonderful and very far away - for the boys in Leipzig, Breslau and Hanover. The names of Arizona, Texas, New Mexico, Rio Grande, Sierra-de-los-Organos, Rianca and Guadalupe, are still charged with romantic spell. Oh, the endless prairies, the glowing sands of the deserts! Oh, those magic nights in the open, under a purple moon and amazing stars that have a so much wilder lustre than on European skies! Oh, the martial and yet idyllic life in the wigwam, the stamping buffalos, the untamed mustangs, the staunch-hearted Sioux! Oh, Winnetou, noble chieftain of the Apaches! Life in those regions is tremendous with danger, and fun. It is perpetual play, and struggle and adventure, gay and bloody. The wicked Ogellallah Indians are

forever waiting in ambush for their innocent victims. Everyone is in the habit of spending a large part of his day in ambush - a very cozy but exciting place to be. Valiant Winnetou is always on the alert. Young braves are proud of their scalp collections, much as European boys are of their stamps or butterflies. The villains are shrewd and efficient: but definitely less so than Old Shatterhand, who always rushes into the picture, an experienced deus ex machina, just in the nick of time -, a fascinating blend of young Siegfried and Tom Mix: smart and bold, tough and charming, generous and swift, exceedingly attractive, fairly cultured, even scholarly, and a shade sadistic. He plans and carries out gigantic butcheries, and his hands still dripping with blood, gives us detailed information on Indian life. For he happens also to be a highly gifted writer, who describes his innumerable adventures with eloquence and verve. On many thousands of pages he cheerfully boasts of his amazing deeds. His vanity is disarming. Over and over he says, "I am great, I am marvellous" - and the boys believe it. Millions of young readers in all German-speaking countries were captivated by him for decades. He was no mere favorite author: he was an idol, and all these admirers of his were possessed by the one ardent desire of becoming as heroic, daring and ingenious as old Shatterhand.

His real name was Karl May, and he was one of the most popular authors Germany has ever produced. His books have an enormous circulation even today. There is a special Karl May Publishing House, in Radebeul near Dresden, and his former residence, Villa Shatterhand, is open to the public as a Karl May Museum. It contains all the " trophies" ostensibly collected by the

author-hero on his adventurous journeys through America and the Orient.

Reading Karl May, imitating and worshipping him, used to be a sort of contagious disease among boys in all parts of Germany and neighboring countries. In the beginning parents and teachers took objection to this Karl May-mania on the part of the young. Their sound instinct told them that the literary production of this dubious adventurer was sheer trash, and not even harmless at that. They wanted to be sure, however, and therefore started reading Karl May themselves. And they too were completely won over. Old Shatterhand's bubbling imagination, his brassy self-confidence, his overwhelming naïveté proved to be quite irresistible.

One of the most ardent Karl May -fans was a certain good-for nothing from Brunau, Austria, who was to rise to impressive heights. Young Adolf was seriously smitten by Karl May, whose works were his favorite, if not his only reading, even in later years. His own imagination, his whole notion of life was impregnated by these Western thrillers. The cheap and counterfeit conception of "heroism" presented by Karl May fascinated the future Fuehrer; he loved this primitive but effective shrewdness: - the use of "secret weapons" and terrible tricks, such as carrying prisoners as shields, the brutal cunning of wild animals in the jungle; he was delighted by the glorification of savages. Lazy and aimless, Adolf was perfectly at home in this dubious labyrinth created by a morbid and infantile brain. What the unsuccessful Austrian painter and potential dictator chiefly admired in Old Shatterhand, was his mixture of brutality and hypocrisy: he could

quote the Bible with the greatest ease while toying with murder; he carried out the worst atrocities with a clear conscience; for he took it for granted that his enemies were of an "inferior race" and hardly human- whereas he, Old Shatterhand, was a superman, called by God to destroy evil and promote the good. Being the militant incarnation of all good and noble principles, anything he did was necessarily good and noble: his cruelty was praised as heroism, his lack of morals interpreted as admirable ingenuity. The depraved, ambitious youth from Brunau was convinced that that was the way to be. He could see no reason why Old Shatterhand's convictions and tactics should not work if applied to national and international politics. One might conquer civilization by going back to the principles of the jungle.... It hardly is an exaggeration to say that Karl May's childish and criminal fantasia has actually - though obliquely- influenced the history of the world.

He was admired not merely as a great narrator, but also, or chiefly as a powerful personality - as the hero who had actually faced all the dangers and performed astounding deeds described in his books. There was hardly a reader who dared to question the credibility of his dramatic reports. He had been in the Orient, he had had adventures rivaling the Thousand-and-one Nights. In Bagdad and Cairo he took an Arabian disguise and called himself Kara Ben Nemsî, while in the American wilderness he appeared as Old Shatterhand. But underneath he remained the same Karl May, who earned a considerable fortune and even greater fame through his brash inventions. Even some of the critics considered May's fantastic tales a trustworthy representation of the American scene.

A French writer, for instance, makes the following statements in his preface to the French version of Karl May's story The Revenge of the Farmer:

The traveller (Karl May) assures us that no single point in his story is invention or exaggeration. He has traveled extensively in the United States, and merely describes what he has actually seen. The peculiarities of the New World no longer shock or surprise him: he is accustomed to them ... American morals, no matter what certain admirers of that young civilization might say, are generally inferior to ours: they sometimes lower themselves to abject savagery, especially when it comes to the ugly practices of personal revenge...

The French admirer adds a few remarks concerning the ghastly custom of lynching - severe words which are undeniably justified in themselves, but have very little to do with Karl May's queer interpretation of American life -, and finally draws this conclusion:

A kind of mutilated Christianity such as we find in that country, is unable to maintain the divine law of Pardon... The thirst for both gold and revenge are the two most terrible passions of the Yankee.

This enlightened critic must have felt somewhat let down when the ridiculous truth at last transpired; that Herr Karl May in Radebeul near Dresden had been swindling his millions of credulous followers: he had never been in America at all. This was an embarrassing blow to all Karl May-fans; but Old Shatterhand's position grew still worse when the question suddenly arose: Then where was he during all those years, which he was supposed to have spent in the United States? The answer was rather a shock!

The sudden revelation of Karl May's dubious past endangered and for a while actually ruined his literary career. Strangely enough, it was he himself who had foolhardily provoked the whole

scandal by bringing an action against the heirs of his former publisher, Mr. Muenchmeyer. This gentleman had published, years before, a series of cheap stories, entitled Little Roses from the Woods, - rather maudlin stuff with a definitely pornographic flavor. The author hidden behind a romantic pseudonym was no one but Karl May. Since he had meanwhile gained a considerable popularity, Muenchmeyer's heirs thought it opportune to bring out new editions of these greasy romances - appearing, this time, under the name of the celebrated favorite of German youth. Old Shatterhand for the first time in his life seriously attacked - desperately tried to defend himself: he claimed that the compromising publications were forgeries, in which essential parts of the original text had been falsified. Winnetou's Great White Brother, however, made a fatal blunder: he should have been more aware of his own precarious position.

For the idol of German boyhood turned out to be an ordinary ex-convict who had served many years of severe imprisonment in various Saxonian jails. He had been condemned repeatedly for all kinds of theft and forgery. He had stolen everything from billiard balls and gold watches to baby carriages and horses; had cheated peasants and little store-keepers by presenting himself as a famous physician or the agent of an insurance company; one of the fanciful pseudonyms he used on these occasions, was, curiously enough, Dr. Heilig - which means Dr. Holy. He had been a pathological liar and a vulgar crook with a definite leaning toward delusions of grandeur. His petty crimes, his underhanded little tricks against society reflect an obvious and rather pitiable

inferiority complex. He was born the son of a poor weaver, in a dreary village near Chemnitz, Saxonia, and had had a miserable youth. He was exceedingly vain, and very eager to impress a world that had treated him so badly. In the beginning he may have dreamed of becoming a great robber, feared by the rich and envied by the poor. But the only result of his fantastic attempts in this direction was even greater humiliation. So at last he became disgusted with his own identity, his dull and glamourless lot- and decided to transform himself into Old Shatterhand and Kara Ben Nemsî, the heroic adventurer of the Orient. Both were lavishly gifted with all those qualities and virtues in which the real Karl May was so deplorably lacking. Since he himself was mendacious, stingy, sickly and neurasthentic, his exotic "doubles" were naturally generous, charming and athletic. He spent most of the precious years of his youth behind the bars, but before his dream-incarnations the whole world unfolded, they wandered across American plains and Arabian deserts, romantically garbed as cowboys or Oriental sheiks.

Once he managed to escape his guards, while being transported from one provincial jail to another. He disappeared for several months, and it seems likely that he actually spent that period between imprisonments in the South of France, Italy and Egypt. An odd witness to May's visit in Marseille was the French poet Comte de Lautréamont, eccentric and highly gifted forerunner of the modern surrealists. Lautréamont - whose real name was Isidore Ducasse - occasionally mentioned a depraved German whom he had met at Marseille, and who bore an obvious resemblance to Karl May, (The latter incidentally later used Ducasse's aristocratic pseudonym as

his own nom de plume, changing it slightly into Lautréaumont).

His Arabian tales, The Silver Lion etc., are, of course, as fantastic as his stories of Texas and Arizona. Yet the author seems a trifle more familiar with the French-African background than with America. There is hardly a single detail in his "American" stories, such as Winnetou, Old Surehand, The Black Mustang, Christmas, Winnetou's Heirs, that is not a total and ludicrous misrepresentation. Atmosphere and landscape, gestures, words and actions are thoroughly un-American. Un-American are the villains - who, for some mysterious reason, are usually presented as Mormons or Americans -; un-American- the noble heroes; utterly un-American, above all, is the self-righteous narrator, Old Shatterhand-Karl May. His cold cruelty and complete absence of any sense of humor even make him a decidedly anti-American type, and the only thing that he does accurately represent is the image of an American adventurer in the mind of a petty criminal from Saxony.

...There had been mild protests before against Karl May's immoderate influence over the boys of Germany. But when the appalling facts of his past were revealed, a howl of moral indignation arose throughout the conservative and liberal press. From platforms and pulpits he was ominously labeled the Corruptor of youth. The milder of his judges declared that he was half-mad. Had he not portrayed, in his famous Winnetou, an insane poet, constantly struggling against inward voices and frightful hallucinations? And Karl May, in all his shameful misery, almost believed himself that he was going crazy, and perhaps had never been quite normal...He was abused not only as a thief, an impostor and forger,

but also as a voluptuary and sexual pervert. Journalists uncovered and ruthlessly exposed compromising stories concerning his first marriage: his indulgences were described as unspeakable.

He suffered a severe nervous breakdown, and it was cold comfort that a few sporadic voices bravely came out in his defense. A professor named Gurlitt published a pamphlet called Justice for Karl May! A few well-meaning critics even expressed an opinion that the author of Winnetou might have been in the United States at some time, after all. The main argument for this theory was the fact that Karl May occasionally used, in the German text of his stories, certain American words, which - according to these observers - nobody could possibly know unless he had actually lived among cowboys. The "American" vocabulary that made such an impression on these critics consists mainly of short exclamations such as He, greenhorn...Ah, devils...Damned..., or an occasional Well..., Old Boy..., and Good Night. It seems conceivable that even a weaver's son from Chemnitz may have had enough linguistic intuition to grasp the meaning of such words, even without having crossed the Atlantic.

The problem of whether or not Old Shatterhand had really been on the scene of all his alleged adventures, played a crucial role in the discussions of Karl May's work and character. He himself retired to a purely defensive position, and his statements concerning his American experiences became more and more hazy and ambiguous. He confined himself to rather general statements: that an author, after all, has the natural right to make up stories; that

he had never claimed to write only the literal truth; that a certain symbolic element, even a touch of the fairy-tale, were characteristic of his style...and so on. But all these evasions were hardly convincing to the boys who had given him their staunch and absolute belief. And what about the collection of "trophies" in his villa "Old Shatterhand"? And all the personal interviews in which he had confirmed again and again the authenticity of his tales? Was it, then, the natural right of an author to forge and to swindle his naive admirers?

Karl May, harassed by questions and insulting letters, had decided to assume the attitude of a martyr, a noble victim of bigotry and petty prejudice. He appealed cleverly to the sympathy, the tolerance and psychological understanding of his fellow-citizens. He turned Catholic, and wrote books of a mystic character. Public indignation gradually calmed down. Karl May made several extensive voyages with his second wife, Frau Klara May. He tried to refute the slanderous talk about his cowardice and falsehood by venturing on a trip to Egypt. He also crossed the Atlantic with Mrs. May, in 1908, four years before his death. The belated visit to the United States was bound to be disappointing. The elderly couple inspected Niagara Falls, Yellowstone Park, the Grand Canyon, various Indian settlements, and the grave of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Karl May disliked the noisy American cities. He felt that America did not really live up to the grand vision he had so long ago conceived in his Saxonian prison cells. Frau Klara wrote a book entitled With Karl May Across America. It also includes the story of a second trip to the United States undertaken after her husband's

death. The devoted widow then faithfully followed in what she calls "Karl May's footsteps" - probably referring to the fantastic zigzag as outlined in Old Shatterhand's poetical reports. In the Denver Zoo she took a look at Leo the Lion - "model of the trade mark of the Mayer-Goldway(?) films", as she puts it. The proud animal was just celebrating its sixteenth birthday. The German lady was also permitted to shake hands with President Hoover. She sums up her impression of the President with the following words:

"President Hoover is a man whose personality fails to arouse warm sympathy, even in America. But as I looked at his sharply chiseled features I was struck by the impression: Here is a man who knows exactly what he wants."

That the German Ambassador introduced May's widow to the White House seems to prove that at the time of his death, in 1912, Old Shatterhand had more or less regained his respected position. For German faith in authority is not easily shaken. And the author of Winnetou had established himself as the supreme authority in everything concerning Indians and Arabs, deserts, jungles and prairies, had, indeed, become something like a national institution. Compromised for a short while, he was again to assert his dubious sway over new generations of German boys.

Much enthusiasm was wasted, youthful imagination was tainted and confused. A whole generation in Germany grew brutish and ran wild - partly through the evil influence of Karl May. For he had deliberately falsified their picture of foreign countries, and, above all of America, of its landscape and people and its moral code. He had poisoned their hearts and souls with hypocritical

morality and the lurid glorification of cruelty. He had entangled the simple notions of truth and falsehood. He anticipated, in a quasi-literary sphere, the catastrophic reality that is now before us; he was the grotesque prophet of a sham Messiah.

The Third Reich is Karl May's ultimate triumph, the ghastly realization of his dreams. It is according to ethical and aesthetic standards indistinguishable from his that the Austrian house-painter, nourished in his youth by Old Shatterhand, is now attempting to re-build the world. His murderous minions are perverted romanticists, infantile, criminal, irresponsible. They are hopelessly estranged from both reality and art, sacrificing all civilization and all common sense on the altar of a brutish "heroism", but stubbornly loyal, whether consciously or not, to the foul substitute for poetry and culture represented by Karl May.

* * *

The American spell, always strongly alive in the popular imagination, during certain periods also exerts itself in the more exclusive sphere of serious artistic creation. Such a current swept French literature in the days of Chateaubriand, and again in the hectic years following the first World War.

French culture is, as a rule, more self-contained, than any other cultural sphere with the possible exception of the Chinese. The creative impact of the French spirit has often influenced and even dominated the ideological and aesthetic development of other nations. But French genius itself remained inaccessible, myster-

iously holding its productive balance between conservative and revolutionary trends.

Sometimes, however, the fine, civilized vessel of French literature suddenly transforms itself into a savage skiff- le bateau ivre, leaving behind the traditional canals of routine and moderate wisdom; rocking on the vast open seas of adventure. Suddenly it will leap from the delicate, silvery twilight of the boulevards and boudoirs into the glowing wilderness of exotic landscapes - deserts, jungles, the blooming underwood of unwholesome South Sea paradises.

Arthur Rimbaud, the ecstatic captain of Le Bateau Ivre lured French poetry to the highlands of Abyssinia, to the savage villages of African natives - shaking off the fetters of all tradition and of the European continent itself. He despised literature - and revolutionized French poetry. They called him Shakespeare enfant. The next generation of French poets followed him, at least to the glowing brink of the Sahara.

The French spirit had broken, once more, the chains of convention, ideological or aesthetic. The most refined, the most thoroughly civilized minds were enticed by this invitation to the wild. Claude Farrere and Pierre Loti returned from their journeys to Far Eastern shores, full of amazing stories, their luggage and their heads packed with curious souvenirs - tiny Buddhas, exotic perfumes, opium pipes and obscene pictures. French literature became interested in travel: but mostly within the boundaries of the vast French Empire.

After the first World War, however, in 1918, there came a

more far-reaching change in the creative French mind. Novelists and critics who had formerly confined themselves to the description and analysis of French social life, now explored the mysteries of Berlin, Barcelona, London, Vienna. Some went to the Soviet Union. Observant emissaries of the Gallic spirit crossed the oceans and brought home, from Buenos Aires or Shanghai, thrilling news of Asiatic vices, political scandals in the Argentine, and the social developments in Mexico or Japan. At the same time, French poets, novelists and reporters re-discovered the United States.

Some of them had come during the war, in 1916 and 1917, in a more practical spirit; full of patriotism and curiosity; talking, demanding, begging, pleading the cause of la douce France. Henri Bergson came, the great philosopher of the élan vital- and, on the same boat, Jean Giraudoux, then a young officer. He had been educated partly in this country, and his feeling for America was never that of a European for a younger cousin but was more in the nature of filial gratitude- des sentiments filiaux. In his passionate little book, Amica America, he described the overwhelming reception given to him and his comrades by American men and women. It was a few weeks before America's declaration of war. At Harvard University someone told the French visitor: "I wish ... I wish that German planes would bombard our cities..." And the leader of the French group had difficulty in beginning his speech because of the thunder of applause that greeted his opening two words: "La France..." There was a frenzy of enthusiasm, yelling, whistling, cheering. "La France...", the speaker repeated- and the tumult broke out all over again. "La France, chaque jour..." he tried to

continue; but in vain. Finally he cried: "Friends! - don't you see how the face of France turns paler, every day?"

After the victory, Paul Claudel, French Ambassador to Washington, represented both the Third Republic and the secret kingdom of French poetry. During that period- the last of French might and glamour- many literary observers from Paris, experienced emissaries of the intellectual French elite, travelled throughout this country,- interviewing the American people, noting details of their daily life, examining economic, social, cultural conditions. Thousands of students of international affairs, in Paris and the provincial centers, became familiar with the basic facts of American life, thanks to the elaborate essays by authors such as André Siegfried, Bernard Fay, and others.

The majority of the French people, however, obstinately cherished a different image of the United States - an image as fantastic as the grandiose conception of Chateaubriand a century before. And once again the poets, those innocent counterfeiters, were chiefly responsible for an amazing distortion of reality in the public mind. Even those who had actually seen the New World gave descriptions of it that tallied strangely with the wild exaggerations of the early, silent films.

Bourgeois housewives in Lyon, Nice and Nantes, Parisian high-school boys, headwaiters at Strasbourg, and minor officials in Le Havre, imagined an America on the order of Pleasure Island - a bewitched Amusement Park, full of magic tricks, dazzling with fireworks, roaring with jazz, inhabited by Amazon-like chorus girls, eccentric millionaires, and gigantic baseball heroes. In-

numerable books on America appeared, with such titles as New York, la Nuit... or La Jazz Hot..., and all were devoured. Cheap movie magazines stimulated the popular fantasy, and a third-rate German actress, Marlene Dietrich, became the shining symbol of American beauty, in the muddled mind of provincial newspaper men and their petty-bourgeois readers. More sophisticated people took their impressions from Paul Morand, rhapsodic snob and globe-trotter who is well acquainted with the United States - its geography, literature, and social gossip. He feels at home in New York. "I love New York because it is the greatest city in the universe, and because it is inhabited by the strongest people - the only ones who, after the war, have succeeded in organizing themselves..." He is constantly spell-bound by American vitality, American enthusiasm - by what he calls the American élan sportif. He would like to be an American himself - for a few minutes, at least. For - "who does not adore victory?" He claims to be the French expert on Harlem, le Quartier Noir, la patrie du jazz, as well as the bard of prize fighters, the eloquent admirer of les Champions du Monde. Yet Morand's sparkling sketches of American life also have their fantastic, dream-like side, in spite of their wealth of realistic detail.

Another French poet - and a greater one - once said to Paul Morand, in Paris: "You are going to America? You'll see New York? It's like visiting a fortune teller..." He meant that the metropolis on the Hudson anticipates the style and the achievements, the horrors and charms of a future world.

A few years later, this poet himself, Jean Cocteau, undertook

the first extensive journey of his life. The morbid connoisseur of all kinds of artificial paradises - the last legitimate heir of Baudelaire and Verlaine, les poètes maudits, - had hardly ever left France. Now he renounced, for a while, the refined hermitage of his Paris home. Experienced in disguise, his metamorphosis this time was as Mr. Phileas Fogg, leading character of Jules Verne's utopian novel, Round the World in Eighty Days, which had enthralled Cocteau as a boy. Now he wanted actually to realize Verne's fantasy, following in every detail the pattern of Phileas Fogg, keeping the same schedule and visiting all the places where his classic model had been. Jules Verne had furnished his taciturn globe-trotter with a young companion called Passepartout, a versatile, witty Frenchman. Jean-Phileas Cocteau-Fogg had his own "Passepartout": his civil name was Marcel Khil and he was an actor. The odd enterprise was arranged and financed by the popular newspaper Paris Soir, M. Cocteau travelling as its special correspondent. He turned out to be the most unreliable, most capricious and wittiest reporter ever commissioned by an editorial staff.

Charles Baudelaire has suggested that we should regard the man of genius as an homme-enfant - "a man possessing at every moment of the day the genius of childhood, a man, that is, for whom familiarity has robbed of its brilliance no single aspect of our common life."

Utterly impressionable, constantly intoxicated like a child, the lyrical traveller observed the miracles of Egypt and China, Japan and Honolulu. He arrived at San Francisco, still exhausted and inspired by the scenes, smells and music of the Far East; he

sped to Hollywood where he saw nobody but King Vidor and Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin, and then intensely enjoyed the sensation of a night flight from Los Angeles to New York.

The big city, seen from his window at the Ambassador Hotel, brought to his mind Venice with its Grand Canal bordered by palaces. "The rare cars of a Sunday morning glided by like gondolas..."

It is a strange experience to follow this homme-enfant, this clairvoyant and infantile creature through the familiar streets of that fabulous city, New York. The skyscrapers lose their bulk and become transparent like bewitched castles in fairy-tales. They are crisp and flimsy as tulle curtains; brisk airs traverse them and play around the tall facades... The enchanted poet told the local reporters that New York was "a city of tulle", and its air free from "moral dust." They garbled the remark, translating it as follows: "Jean Cocteau told us that New York wears a woman's dress." He was delighted by his brief glimpse of Radio City, and fascinated by Broadway, particularly marvelous at dusk: "Its shops sell inspired rubbish, the automatic bars are gorged with the treasures of Cathay, Milk fountains, beer fountains, malt fountains, and ice-cream fountains gush from marble walls, while, high above, the sky-signs vie in aerial fantasy..."

He went to Coney Island, and recognized with horror and delight a nightmarish fun-fair that he once had seen in an early motion-picture. It turned to be actually quite plausible for two young lovers to be swept apart and lose each other, as in that ancient movie comedy. He plunged into a maelstrom of lightning

photographers, of whirligigs of Russian coursers spinning around garden cafés, of the freaks that Shanghai manufactures wholesale... He was enchanted by Minsky's Burlesque Shows, by the frozen smile and rank gestures of the strip-tease artists, and particularly by the celebrated Miss Murray, "an exponent of the flamboyant style." But what pleased and impressed him most deeply was le quartier noir.

I see Harlem as the power-plant of the city, and its frolicsome black youth as the coal that feeds the furnaces and keeps the wheels turning. In the Middle Ages many a populace fell victim to St. Vitus' dance; its frenzied rhythms, spreading by contagion, set a whole city capering. And all New York, with its passion for cathedrals, organs, holy candles, gargoyles, minstrels and burlesques, for mystery and mysticism, is convulsed by the black rhythms...

What a strange view of New York they received, those hundreds of thousands of readers of the Paris Soir! Many of them must have reflected: 'Well, it sounds queer but he has seen it, after all: it must be true. So New York is like that: a dream-city with fortresses of tulle; a Gothic cathedral with electric fireworks: obsessed with a dark rapture; grandiose, obscene, incredible. Athletic young negroes hop madly up and down Broadway, selling fantastic rubbish and making noise with gigantic trumpets, saxophones and drums - while a horde of football champions and college boys spend their time worshipping that overwhelming personality, Miss Murray, exponent of the flamboyant style. She is a kind of uncrowned queen of that remarkable city where the cars glide on the avenues like gondolas... Curious: but if it's in the Paris Soir...

If Cocteau had stayed in his Paris apartment - that magic cave filled with strange objects and stranger dreams-: if he had abstained from making the fatiguing journey, his amazing portrait

of New York would have been equally authentic and absurd.

* * *

There was another poet, as originally gifted as Jean Cocteau, but less capricious and more tragic by nature, - who did not think it necessary to see the United States in order to describe it. Franz Kafka was a German-speaking Jew in Prague. He had to work in an office, but his intimate friends knew that the real passion of his life was writing. A dozen initiated connoisseurs realized, moreover, that this sickly youth - melancholy, shy, aristocratic, gifted with an almost frightening seriousness and a bizarre sense of humour - was one of the few masters of the German language in this century.

He was possessed and tormented by all sorts of fears and apprehensions, constantly haunted by nightmarish visions. Ideas of Original Sin, of Guilt and Punishment were the very basis of his feeling and thinking. The God to whom he sent his almost hopeless prayers and whose Holy name he hardly ever mentioned, is Jehova, the Lord of Revenge, and there is no Savior to reconcile doomed mortal creatures with their merciless Father. Human beings have constantly to atone for crimes the gravity and even the names of which they cannot know. Our mysterious guilt is examined in an eternal trial; there is a hierarchy of hidden judges - and even the lowest is of such overwhelming majesty that we could not bear to see him face to face. The only representatives of that Supreme Court we are sometimes allowed to see, are the most humble servants of the secretaries of the lowest emissary of the lowest

under-judge. For it is an exceedingly complicated machinery that registers and examines the involved details of our sin.

Kafka's huge and horrifying vision of the Trial and the Castle in which the invisible Power hides, was influenced by the esoteric wisdom of the Cabballa as well as by the over-complicated system of the ancient Austrian Bureaucracy that exerted its capricious tyranny over his country. For the city of Prague was really all he knew: it represented, in a very peculiar way, his entire world, his problematic paradise, and the prison from which there was no escape. His personal genius was thoroughly impregnated by the morbid and yet heroic genius of that ancient capital. He yearned for other landscapes, for a lighter and brighter beauty. But the few journeys he could afford, in the company of friends or alone, were short and hardly satisfactory. He was doomed to return to Prague, to the mysterious atmosphere of its narrow streets, to its bloody and magnificent memories, its literary gossip, its permanent political struggles. He was a prisoner in Prague.

He made one attempt to escape, but merely in the literary sphere. The goal of his bold excursion was the United States. His friends were highly surprised when he confided to them his little secret - that he was going to write a novel entitled Amerika: in fact, he had already begun.

"What do you know about America?" they asked. And he answered, cheerfully: "I know the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin, and I always admired Walt Whitman, and I like the Americans because they are healthy and optimistic." He imagined that all Americans wore a perpetual smile. Later, in the years of his fatal disease,

he met in a sanatorium several Americans who quite often grumbled and complained. He was deeply disappointed. But when he conceived his novel America, in 1913, he knew no Americans at all and understood very little English. His only sources of information were the few books he had read - and his own poetic imagination.

He seemed unusually cheerful and confident while working on Amerika. His friends were pleased to notice that his looks and mood had improved almost miraculously. His relative optimism, however, did not entirely protect him from qualms and scruples. He was at that time reading, or re-reading, several novels by Dickens, and made the following remarks in his diary:

"Dickens, Copperfield. - 'The Stoker', a flat Dickens imitation: even more so the planned novel." (The Stoker is the first chapter of the America novel and was published as a special little volume before the novel appeared.) "My intention was, as I now see, to write a Dickens novel, enriched by the sharper lights which I took from our modern times, and by the pallid ones that I would have found in my own interior. - Dickens' wealth and naive, sweeping power: but, consequently, moments of horrible weakness.... The impression of the senseless whole is barbaric - a barbarism which I was able to avoid thanks to my decadence..."

Strangely enough, in Kafka's mind the figures and the works of Dickens were vitally connected with the American atmosphere and landscape. And it was not Dickens' biting satire on America, in Martin Chuzzlewit, that lay behind this identification. The picture that Kafka cherished was of a fatherly genius called Charles Dickens being welcomed to New York with wild enthusiasm by thousands of his American readers. Kafka often described to his friends the hilarious spectacle of all that exuberant public jammed on the dock, eagerly awaiting a new chapter of David Copperfield, waving and shouting as the boat with its literary treasure slowly pulls in.

As for his own novel, he was far from giving an accurate sense of it when he called it a "Dickens imitation." For the resemblance with Dickens is only accidental and superficial - while the differences between the sentimental or humorous circumstantiality of Dickens' style and Kafka's dream-like precision are basic and essential.

The novel Amerika begins with the following remarkable paragraph:

Als der sechzehnjaehrige Karl Rossmann, der von seinen armen Eltern nach Amerika geschickt worden war, weil ihn ein Dienstmädchen verfuehrt und ein Kind von ihm bekommen hatte, in dem schon langsam gewordenen Schiff in den Hafen von New York einfuhr, erblickte er die schon laengst beobachtete Statue der Freiheitsgoettin wie in einem ploetzlich staerker gewordenen Sonnenlicht. Ihr Arm mit dem Schwert ragte wie neuerdings empor, und um ihre Gestalt wehten die freien Luefte.

It is a masterly beginning - giving in a few concentrated sentences not only the main facts of the hero's past, but also the atmosphere of the haven he is now approaching. The single phrase, the free breezes, characterizes the peculiar flavor of the entire story. For this bold and modest lad, Karl Rossmann, whom we see arriving in New York is, in spite of the hardships ahead, almost happy - : happy, at least, as compared with his tragic relatives, the doomed heroes of Kafka's two later novels, The Trial and The Castle. Both of these remain strangely anonymous - or rather, they hide their mysterious identity with the author behind the obvious initial K. - : while young Karl Rossmann is permitted a name of his own, in which the fatal K. appears, but does not predominate. He is a younger, more fortunate brother of that nameless being, K., for whom there will be no America: who

must remain in Europe, in Prague, to endure the merciless decisions of the inscrutable judges.

It may be, however, that Karl is guilty as well - notwithstanding the maid-servant's confession that she was the active party in the sordid affair that precipitated the youth's departure. - He is not responsible - according to human judgment. But our judgment is of course subject to error and is easily refuted by the sentence of higher authorities. And even if Karl Rossmann himself is almost free of guilt - : the problem of guilt as such, the mystic curse of Original Sin follows him over the ocean. It is because of this that the Statue of Liberty welcomes him, surprisingly, with an upraised sword.

The European boy is harassed by the problem of Original Sin, even in the land of free, in America.

During the last hours of the journey he had made friends with the stoker of the boat - an obstinate and rather clumsy fellow, who for some reason believes that he has been unfairly treated by the officers. He complains bitterly, and there are lengthy examinations of the stoker's case - a sort of solemn but half-burlesque trial in the captain's stateroom. Karl tries his best to convince the officers of the stoker's right, but we somehow feel from the beginning that his cause is hopeless: all the authorities are prejudiced against him. This comical and sinister scene reaches its climax with a sudden announcement by one of the gentlemen present, a certain Senator Jacob, that he is Karl's wealthy uncle. "Kiss me!" Senator Jacob demands. And the captain adds: "This is one of the miracles that can still happen sometimes-

especially here in America." Uncle Jacob promptly takes young Karl to his luxurious home- while we leave the unfortunate stoker to his fate which is presumably dark and terrible.

Every detail of Kafka's description of American life is quite inaccurate and yet the picture as a whole has a certain poetical truth. The balcony of Uncle Jacob's house where young Rossmann spends many hours staring at the streets of New York, has more to do with a Parisian studio than with anything American. The hyper-modern desk which the generous uncle puts at his nephew's disposal, looks like a grotesque piece of furniture in a Charlie Chaplin film: it is an alarming object, with innumerable technical tricks, secret drawers that pop open when one touches a hidden button, little trapdoors, complicated locks etc. The country house of a millionaire near New York City is built like an ancient European castle - a typical Kafka castle in fact -, confusing, frightening, with countless corridors and galleries, huge empty rooms, tremendous staircases, an unfinished chapel - a veritable labyrinth. At night it is pitchdark, being lit not by electricity but by a single candle carried by an ancient and bow-legged manservant. It is a dream-like country-house, gloomy and bewitched, and its inhabitants are equally strange: well-meaning Mr. Green, his friend Mr. Pollunder - a rather evil gentleman-, and a pugnacious girl named Miss Klara Green. Karl naively expresses his surprise: "So there already exist such old houses in America!" She sneers at him: " You have funny ideas of our country." - " You must not laugh at me," he says angrily, and the author adds: "After all, he already knew America and Europe, while she knew only America."

She is hard to cope with, this Miss Klara! When young Rossmann does not want to kiss her, she becomes very angry, strikes him and throws him on the bed. The European lad notices, not without horror, that she has muscles of steel, and he comforts himself: 'Of course, she is much stronger than I am, since she has spent most of her life practicing the feats of a professional wrestler.'

The little fight with Miss Klara was certainly not inspired by lust; yet Rossmann has to atone for it: his uncle Jacob sends him, through Mr. Pollunder, a farewell letter, telling him in sad and solemn words that the Senator's house will be closed from now on to the unfaithful nephew. For Karl should have known all along that he was not intended to accept ~~his uncle's invitation~~. The Senator's reaction seems exaggerated and somewhat cruel, considering the insignificance of Karl's sin. But perhaps it was a very evil, even an unforgivable crime that the ignorant youth had committed - and the uncle had received instructions from a more remote authority. Mr. Pollunder may be somehow involved in this mysterious process: is perhaps one of those humble servants of the secretary of the lowest under-judge of the Supreme Court...

The young adventurer mercilessly abandoned by his benefactor, is now penniless and friendless on the highways: left without protection in a vast and unknown and terrifying country. The amazing streets of American cities spread before him, with the Gothic lines of steel-constructed skyscrapers profiled against a wan, colorless sky, like cathedrals from another planet where people are praying to another God. He sees innumerable noisy

Mr. Green's invitation, and should have remained with the uncle, instead of looking around with muscular Miss Klara.

little inns flanking the endless highways: dusty gardens where dirty men hastily swallow indescribable liquids and waiters run around with distorted faces as in permanent pain. The never-ceasing stream of cars constantly speeds along: Karl saw not a single car stop nor a single passenger get out.

The helpless wanderer first intends to go to San Francisco, having been told that there, in the East, there may still be a chance to discover gold mines. (Kafka speaks quite seriously of "the East" in referring to California, probably confused by the fact that San Francisco ~~is~~ nearer the Far East than New York. This is but one of his astounding mistakes).

He changes his plans, however, when he makes the acquaintance of two tramps, - Delamarche, a Frenchman, and Robinson, an Irishman. Karl distrusts Robinson because he remembers having read somewhere that one should beware of all Irishmen in America. But the Frenchman turns out to be even more evil and dangerous: a greedy and impudent creature, filthy, cruel and conceited, almost monstrous. In short, the two play the role of wicked demons in Karl's life.

They want to take him to a big city named Ramses; but it is a long journey and on the way they stop at another enormous settlement called Butterford. There Karl Rossmann has the good luck to find a job as elevator boy in the Hotel Occidental, thanks to the protection of a benign and powerful woman, the Supreme Cook, the Oberkoechin. This kind and influential personality, however- whose title is rather Austrian than American - is by no means the high-

est authority in the complicated hierarchy of the huge hotel. The Supreme Doorman - a brutal fellow who is in the habit of beating up the elevator boys - and the severe headwaiter are both, perhaps, more powerful than she. In any case, the motherly kitchen-queen seems quite unable to help her protégé when he finds himself in an alarming mess brought about by Robinson who visits him at the hotel in a state of complete intoxication, presumably with the express purpose of compromising his position. Karl loses his job. Lonely, helpless and persecuted by the police, he is at last forced to accept the hard and humiliating position offered him as servant to those two fiendish crooks, Delamarche and Robinson. This is the sinister climax of his martyrdom. Delamarche in the meantime has made a sordid success as lover and male nurse of a prodigious woman named Brunelda: a former opera singer, lazy, half idiotic, lustful and voluptuously fat. She is a kind of grotesque Wagner heroine, yet attractive, even beautiful in her own appalling way. Life in this lady's dingy and chaotic apartment is one long inferno. Delamarche in a new brocade dressing-gown waits on his friekish mistress. Robinson serves Delamarche, and Karl cleans up after them all. The chapter describing this grisly set-up is called, with hard irony, "An Asylum."

But as though the author found it intolerable to continue this macabre report, he suddenly breaks off his narrative, and when Karl re-appears - months, perhaps years later - he is looking for a new job. Almost miraculously he finds one in the Open Air Theatre of Oklahoma which is apparently in need of a vast number of employees. No one knows exactly what he is to do, nor who will pay. There is money, however, and work: men are wanted: chorus girls, dressed like theatrical angels, blow enormous trumpets to lure the unemployed.

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Karl discovers among these publicity cherubs a former girlfriend who tells him encouragingly: "It is the biggest theatre in the world!" Her information, however, is only from hearsay.

The institution appears to be a kind of gigantic WPA project, organized and financed by invisible but extremely powerful benefactors. The unemployed are at first somewhat suspicious and join reluctantly, but Karl has nothing to lose and is consequently more daring. An official inquires as to his former occupation in Europe, and he replies, rather vaguely: "I wanted to become an engineer." The official makes a casual gesture as if to express the remoteness of Europe and the insignificance here of all plans or hopes one might have cherished in that other world. Karl obtains a job as a machinist and is very pleased - particularly by the opulent meal offered to the new employees by the invisible management of the Open Air Theatre. This hasty festival, preceding the departure to Oklahoma, is the last scene we are allowed to witness of Karl Rossmann's dreamlike adventures in America.

Kafka was especially fond of this concluding chapter, and his friends tell us that he used to read it aloud in an "unforgettable manner". With an enigmatic smile he declared that his young hero, Karl Rossmann, might well find again, "in this almost boundless theatre", his profession, his security and freedom, and perhaps even his homeland and parents - "as by a paradisiac spell."

Kafka himself was not in a position to describe these happy developments. The novel had to remain a fragment as did all of his greater compositions, according to their mysterious inherent law. The very themes of these works - the topics of Guilt and Atonement, human loneliness and the unfathomable riddle of the Supreme Law- prohibit them from finding an end: they are essen-

tially and necessarily endless. Amerika, however, is the only one of Kafka's fragmentary novels on the last pages of which a confident mood prevails. The youthful hero disappears- running, capering like a reckless foal in the midst of a vast, heroic landscape. His tragic brother and creator, Franz Kafka, watches the agile figure gradually shrinking between the huge hills, trees and buildings. Finally the poet turns away his beautiful, shadowed forehead, bidding a plaintive farewell of mingled tenderness and renunciation.

His own excursion to the New World has come to an end. Here they are again - the gloomy streets of Prague: his home, his prison, the familiar background of his suffering. The city, numb and solemn, welcomes her prodigal son. The baroque statues, the cathedrals, the mysterious dwellings of the alchemists, the libraries, the strange and sweetish smells of the ghetto, the melancholy splendor of the ancient castles - all this well-known beauty, well-known horror receive him with a faint, unfathomable smile: Here you are - our son, our prisoner, our poet; this is Europe - your chain, your curse and your love: Europe, your bitter love: you must bear it, accept it. Here, you must continue your writing, your meditations and prayers; seeking and fearing God. Here you must bear the torments of your religious persecution mania, and must transform your constant agonies into the brittle beauty of your lucid prose. Here, you must serve and perish, to earn at last the gloomy crown - the dark glory of your own destruction. This is Europe's center, between East and West, the bleeding heart of the continent - the glorious and terrible theatre of your defeats,

your problematic victories. Bow your head! Recognize your fate!
For it is vain to skulk.

He does not try to skulk. He is brave- the delicate but tenacious son of an ancient, heroic race, most experienced in suffering, humiliation, and long endurance.

His is the drama and the martyrdom of a Jew, of a European, of a poet and prophet in these faithless days. He accepts it wholly and without complaint. Sometimes, however, his loving, sorrowful thoughts wander over the ocean, to visit that errant youth whom he has created and abandoned there. He sends his wishes and his hopes. He wants Karl to be courageous there, in Dream America - as courageous, indeed, as in his own place his elder brother is obliged to be. The poet and prophet must glorify and analyze his doom; must continue his dialogue with a hidden God - indefatigable, witty, passionate, desperate and yet faithful. But Karl must simply live - which is no easy task either. He must live in America. He has, therefore, a special chance. His creator hopes that he may prove worthy of it. He does not want him to perish. For the poet, in all his glory and misery, deeply and simply loves his innocent creature, his favorite dream, his heir.

* * *

Karl is not going to perish. He staggers but he will not fall. We follow for a while his swift though uncertain course. We tremble seeing him menaced often by evil forces, unfortunate circumstances, his own pusillanimity. But in the end he will overcome both his own weakness and the hardships of an unfamiliar

world. We trust him. He will come out all right.

There is nothing extraordinary about him: he is just one of thousands of ~~active~~ boys arriving from somewhere in Europe, just a hungry youth, eager to make his way, or at least to earn enough so that he will not starve. He looks very much like all the others. He shares with them most of his qualities and desires - the healthy appetite, the normal zest for living. He enjoys dancing, swimming, going to a show. He is fond of leisure and work. He is buoyant, confident and gay, as long as he has a girl-friend and a job. He thinks very little - a trifle more, maybe, than some of the rest.

Things looked pretty bad when he lost his job, and his girl. It was no fun, spending the cold night on a bench, walking aimlessly through the streets all day. It gets him down. 'Life is rotten, - here like everywhere else. All that talk about America and Democracy and the unlimited possibilities - it's just a bunch of lies...A lot of possibilities there are for me! I can't stand seeing all those other guys sitting around in restaurants, fooling around with girls - and I have nothing to eat, and no girl. I feel like killing one of them, just for fun. I feel like killing that cop over there. I would get the headline in the morning papers, and a good meal, and a glass of beer, and the chair. People would remember my name - Karl Rossmann, that tough guy who killed a cop, just for fun. The way it is now I'm nobody, just a tramp. If I die tonight, nobody gives a damn. Nobody cares. My people in Europe have forgotten me too. They think I've found new friends over here. But I have no friends. Maybe I'd be happier over there:

They say over there you get organized, get orders and know what you have to do...It can't be so bad, after all - to beat up a few Jews, or throw some bombs-, Better, anyway, than hanging around like this...'

But he changed his mind. He gave up the idea of killing the policeman, throwing bombs or beating up a few Jews. As a matter of fact, he felt pretty ashamed of all that later. He got a new job. He found life quite bearable again.

He was still lonely: even more so, because he had started thinking more seriously. But at the same time he knew that he was not quite alone. The sense had gradually been increasing in his mind of belonging to a community - a vast and comprehensive organization that did not yet really exist, but was in the exciting process of becoming.

He began to read, to observe, to compare, and to draw conclusions. He well knew that the present state of affairs in this country - as elsewhere - was far from perfect; but it was not hopeless at all. He grasped this essential fact: that things could not and should not remain as they are today. The world is in a permanent process of change and gradual transformation. At this moment, however, the process of transition had become accelerated and was swiftly approaching a climactic stage. It was Karl's bad luck - or his great advantage - that he happened to live in a time of such paramount importance. It was a time of vast danger and vast opportunity: pregnant with tragedy, pregnant with resurrection.

There were two main tendencies, two solutions offered to a

muddled, pain-stricken mankind. One of them seemed to have triumphed in the old countries - in most at least. Youth had become fascinated by new leaders, boastful and fanatic, who wrapped themselves in grandiose slogans and lurid splendor. Karl was only too familiar with this kind of sinister seduction. A generation that is on the point of becoming obtuse and sodden, at last follows the shrillest voice, the most theatrical gesture. Life becomes easier and yet more elevating. It was empty before. Now there are inspiring tasks to perform: to increase the glory of fatherland and leader; to prove the superiority of the race, to conquer inferior peoples, to dominate the world...

To dominate the world...And then? And if the universe is filled with the nerve-wracking clamour of totalitarian propaganda, covered with the withering pall of totalitarian lies? What will happen then? More wars, more destruction. For the subjugated races may eventually rise up. There will be insurrections of slaves, followed by bloody punishment. There will be no peace. Peace is not heroic. The glorious victors will defend their power and will extend it still further. But in the end they will struggle among themselves. For the world belongs to the strongest and the most merciless.

It looked like a pretty wonderful prospect for a boy with nothing to do - as long as one closed one's eyes to the colossal swindle. A reflective lad like Karl finally found out: Eternal struggle is eternal boredom; there is nothing more dull than perpetual catastrophe. The constant threats and boasts and lies become unbearable in their monotony.

Karl had enough imagination to envisage the kind of world the leader would eventually create. No fun, no faith, no truth, no song, no innocence, no criticism, no law, no beauty, no articulate word, no lament, no adventure -: and he was appalled. Advanced technique - misused as an instrument of torture; absolute power-dictating absolute degradation, the outworn principle of domination - superseding tolerance and collaboration. A period of complete stagnation, cultural death, desperate calm would perhaps precede the ultimate catastrophe, the apocalyptic triumph of destruction. The seduction of the leader's raucous voice was, fundamentally, the sinister attraction of death.

Karl felt: This is not our way. The American way must be different. It leads in the opposite direction.

And he realized: There is not room enough, in this shrunken world of ours, for both ways - for freely organized life- and the mechanized jungle; for civilization- and barbarism. The two principles are incompatible: they exclude each other on this planet that is becoming so small. One of them will be conquered; one of them must vanish - either he or we. The time of decision is near. This is the zero hour.

It was strange that a little alien and anonymous vagabond should so express himself - if only in his thoughts -: "our American way..." and "we shall conquer..." Did he consider himself a citizen of this country? Did he consider himself a representative of American youth? By no means. But somehow he had gained a new consciousness, a new pride and confidence.

"Those un-American tricks won't work, in the long run", he said

How can there be foreigners - if there are no islands, any more? There is only one civilization- : all of us are living under its protection. You and I can still read a book, learn to fly, marry the girl we like, quarrel with the people we don't, join a union, discuss, improve, protest, play - as long as we are protected by civilization. It may be a bad civilization, but it's better than nothing. And when it goes to pieces, that's the end. *(end for all countries)*
The ~~main world~~, including this ~~country~~ - do you understand? Or do you think America is taboo, the sacred oasis of Democracy? Fool!

Democracy is not a stale idol, enshrined and worshipped in a church; but a public flame and a goal, a perpetual movement, a revolutionary process. Democracy is not to be bought like a car or an ice box. One cannot pay for Democracy by spending a few billion dollars for its defense. What is Democracy without the passion, the inspired efforts, the faithful imagination of millions of men and women? What is a Democracy that like a coward abandons its own tradition, its very substance, for the sake of momentary considerations? What is a Democracy devoid of vision and pride, courage, determination? What is a Democracy that watches the universal triumph of barbarism as a cool observer might watch a fight in the street from his window?

Can't you see? The heaven is black with clouds. Don't you hear this hollow, ominous noise? This is no fight in the street but an earthquake -: can't you feel it? Everything is trembling, tumbling, crumbling. There is no safety, no isolation. There is no difference between those who are foreign and those who are not.

There are only human beings who are trying to stop the catastrophe - and others too cowardly or too ignorant to know what is in store...

I am no foreigner. I arrived here, some time ago, without money, without friends, without fame. America was great and strange and rather frightening. I began to love America when I felt the airs of freedom caressing my face. I overcame my fear when the Statue of Liberty signaled encouragement to me - with her shining sword.

Is it a Dream America that I have seen and loved and believed in? But millions of men and women cherish the same dream. I am one of them. We live together, work together, we may fight side by side. We win or perish together - the unknown victims, the unknown heroes, the unknown soldiers. Our names and sufferings will be forgotten. But our dream must not fade!

I offer you all I have - my courage, my patience, my faith. If you need my life- you may have it. It would lose its value if the mortal enemy were allowed to stamp out our dream, to devastate this country, from without or within. And if you are going to fight, I want to be as brave as all of you will be. I am not eager to survive your shame. Nor do I desire to enjoy your triumph without having shared your woes.

For I am neither distinguished nor a visitor. This is not the moment to pay visits: it is the moment to join ranks.

May I have chosen the right side - which is not necessarily the one that wins easily, but the one that deserves victory. I want no other distinction.

THE END.