

## **Verbundkatalog Kalliope**

### **7. The Romantic Hero: Kossuth.**

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When the Humboldt arrived in New York, on December 6, 1851, the news= paper men had a busy day. For there were two distinguished personali= ties among the passengers - <sup>both handsome,</sup> ~~a handsome lady and a handsome man~~, both fugitives from minor European countries. <sup>One of them, Countess Landsfeld, alias Lola</sup> ~~"I am an exile like yourself;"~~ Montez, <sup>tried to start a conversation: "I am an exile like yourself..."</sup> ~~with these words the Countess Landsfeld, alias Lola Montez, had tried~~ the great fighter for Hungarian independence, <sup>responded coldly to these overtures,</sup> ~~to start a conversation with Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot and~~ regarding it as a gross impudence on Lola's part <sup>for her to try</sup> ~~fighter for independence. But his answer was a haughty glance and an~~ icy smile. He regarded Lola's attempt to construct a parallel between his ~~own~~ <sup>own</sup> tragic lot and her scandalous affair, as a naive impudence. He was no ordinary refugee, to begin with, but an honored guest of the American nation. The ex-mistress of the Bavarian king might stir up the vulgar curiosity of the mob; ~~but~~ <sup>whereas</sup> he, Kossuth, was ~~going~~ to be the object of <sup>official</sup> ~~official~~ marks of respect. ~~There~~ A Joint Resolution in Honor of Louis Kossuth had been discussed and solemnly accepted by the Senate of the United States. <sup>The main speech had been delivered by</sup> ~~It was~~ William H. Seward, a Whig <sup>who proposed -</sup> senator from New York, ~~who had delivered the main speech, asking the~~ Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled - "that the Congress of the United States, in the name and behalf of the People of the United States, give to Louis Kossuth a cordial welcome to the capital and to the country; and that a copy of this Resolution be transmitted to him by the President of the United States." There had been <sup>various</sup> ~~various~~ objections, ~~and~~ <sup>even suggesting insidiously that since Kossuth, granting all his merits, had done</sup> ~~and one gentleman~~ had even ventured on the insidious question, <sup>nothing for America, this homage was somewhat out of place.</sup> ~~"Why should the American people engage in paying this homage to Kossuth, granting all his merits,~~ because he has done nothing for America?" Mr. Seward, however, had <sup>eloquently</sup> ~~insisted~~ <sup>insisted</sup> with inspired eloquence that Kossuth should be "admitted here as the representative of the up<sup>rising</sup> liberties of Europe."



He had captivated the American imagination, even before he set foot on American soil. A wave of sympathy for the Hungarians and their gallant leader had swept ~~throughout~~ the country; <sup>There was general admiration for the</sup> ~~everybody admired that brave~~ <sup>gallant fight which that little nation was putting up against the Austrian yoke.</sup> ~~little nation, fighting against overwhelming odds for independence from~~ ~~oppressive Austria.~~ American newspapers carried furious articles against the tyrannous House of Habsburg, and when the Austrian chargé <sup>d'affaires in</sup> ~~at~~ Washington protested, Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, wrote him a defiant letter, emphasizing "the right of the American people to sympathize with the efforts of any nation to acquire liberty." American public opinion had been profoundly shocked by the ruthless attitude of the Czar, who <sup>in 1848 had given military support to</sup> ~~had interfered with military power, in 1848, for the House of Habsburg,~~ <sup>thus, frustrating the heroic efforts</sup> ~~against liberty and independence~~ of the proud Magyars. ~~Even~~ Lajos Kossuth, former Minister of Finance in the Hungarian government, was <sup>at that</sup> ~~time~~ actually dictator of his country, with the title of a Governor. ~~It was~~ <sup>He was forced to flee, and the only refuge which presented itself,</sup> ~~Russia's brutal intervention that rendered his heroic efforts unavailing,~~ <sup>available</sup> ~~he had to resign, to fly, and the only refuge he found was a Turkish prison.~~ His final liberation was due to the activities of his influential British and American friends.

<sup>Hundreds of thousands of Americans were familiar with the details of</sup> his dramatic career <sup>as if</sup> his life story was <sup>on sale every</sup> ~~sold~~ at ~~the~~ street corner, and <sup>that</sup> People knew ~~that~~ he was a champion, not only for national independence, but also for religious liberty. For he came from a Protestant family of noble rank, and the Protestant faith was persecuted by Metternich's agents. ~~At Buda,~~ <sup>He</sup> had been a political journalist and the editor of a paper which had to be circulated as manuscript because of the strict Austrian press laws. He had been in jail for advocating his advanced views, and he had founded a national league in opposition to the Vienna government.

He was tenacious, <sup>dashing</sup> ~~valiant~~, passionate, <sup>in the flamboyant</sup> ~~He was~~ a martyr, ~~and~~ a grand-  
seigneur, and an orator of the <sup>grand, flamboyant</sup> ~~grand, flamboyant~~ style. His face with <sup>boisterous</sup>



the well-kept beard and the wide, arched forehead <sup>had a</sup> virile beauty - intelligent, sensual, bold. He cut an impressive figure, beautifully dressed in a <sup>becoming Hungarian costume</sup> ~~colorful~~ costume of the national Hungarian style, the wide jacket lavishly trimmed, the hat adorned with a <sup>huge</sup> ~~big~~, waving feather. In short, <sup>he fitted to perfection his rôle as a</sup> ~~he looked and talked and acted exactly the way a hero of liberty and political romanticist, should look, talk and act.~~ His was a <sup>boisterous</sup> ~~thundering~~ eloquence, well-trained, highly theatrical and yet candid. He enthralled the women, and made the young men ardently wish to ~~follow~~ follow his example: to become as he was - as daring, goodlooking, generous and inspired.

His sojourn in England, preceding his visit to the United States, had been <sup>one long</sup> ~~a permanent~~ triumph. <sup>of</sup> ~~Among~~ all the exiles then gathered at the British capital, he was undoubtedly the most <sup>colorful - personality</sup> ~~picturesque and imposing~~ one. There were liberal German poets such as Freiligrath, and leaders of Italian <sup>the</sup> ~~nation~~ resorgimento such as the great Mazzini; and there was Karl Marx, pondering with Friedrich Engels <sup>his blueprint for</sup> ~~upon the scheme of~~ future revolutions. But Louis Kossuth, just escaped from Austrian tyranny and a Turkish jail, <sup>easily</sup> ~~triumphantly~~ stole the show. He was cheered by both <sup>labor</sup> ~~the~~ working people and the <sup>aristocracy -</sup> ~~bourgeoisie~~ although the proletarian masses knew that he was no socialist in the sense of the Trade Unions, while the conservative politicians were <sup>quite aware of his republican'sm.</sup> ~~informed of his republican tenets.~~ His popularity was tremendous. When he embarked at Southampton, with his wife Therese and a <sup>group of friends,</sup> ~~band of comrades~~, the Mayor and many officials appeared to bid him farewell. Yet the grandiose <sup>was the greatest climax of all.</sup> ~~welcome prepared for him by the American people, surpassed everything he had witnessed up to then.~~

How right he had been to sneer at poor Lola Montez, that ambitious adventuress in decline! Her little fame <sup>was the merest echo compared to his.</sup> ~~faded away, compared with his clamorous glory.~~ He was ~~received like a king / hailed, everywhere,~~ "as the champion of constitutional liberty and the rights of a brave, oppressed people." Only Lafayette had been accorded such overwhelming ovations. The streets he <sup>passed through</sup> ~~had to pass~~ were lavishly decorated ~~by~~ with



the Hungarian tricolour, entwined with the Star and Stripes; the <sup>general</sup> enthusiasm was indescribable. Thomas Nichols, in his instructive book Forty Years of American Life, mentions Kossuth's <sup>gaily</sup> festive arrival among "Excitements and Sensation", together with the last visit of Henry Clay to New York, the solemn reception of the first Japanese Ambassadors, ~~in the American cities~~, and ~~with~~ "that great and wonderful reception of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales," eldest son of Queen Victoria.

"The welcome to Kossuth was as enthusiastic as any revolutionary could desire. New York turned out its million of spectators, and its twenty regiments or so of citizen soldiery, to honour the illustrious Magyar. He had a triumphal progress, with brilliant processions, eloquent speeches, grand banquets. We had an immense dinner at the Astor House, with abundance of mutual glorification..."

~~It must have been an opulent performance, indeed.~~ The romantic hero entered the banquet hall at the side of Mayor Kingsland. Among the distinguished citizens <sup>There</sup> to greet him, were the Governor of Connecticut and General Watson Webb. The Reverend Bethune said grace; cordial messages from Henry Clay and Daniel Webster were read aloud. The tables were charmingly decorated with little statues in sugar, showing Kossuth's entry under a triumphal arch, or the Statue of Liberty, <sup>There was an abundance of</sup> ~~blossoms. There~~ <sup>toasts and oratory. Kossuth's own speech being the high point. He opened</sup> ~~were plenty of moving toasts and inspired speeches. Kossuth delivered~~ <sup>a flamboyant</sup> ~~a lengthy, most exciting address. He was coquettish enough to apologize~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~for his poor English: "I have learned it in my prison cell in Buda,~~ <sup>with a coy apology for</sup> ~~but never had an opportunity of speaking." The audience, of course, was~~ <sup>charmed by his</sup> ~~touched by so much charming modesty - particularly~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~since~~ <sup>in the last</sup> ~~his flow of~~ <sup>whatsoever</sup> ~~speech was not hampered~~ <sup>twist</sup> ~~by his foreign accent: on the contrary, the slight Hungarian~~ <sup>intention</sup> ~~intention~~ <sup>gave a delightful savour to his</sup> ~~impetuous eloquence.~~

He spoke for hours, for days, weeks, and months - almost without interruption. He spoke in Brooklyn and Philadelphia, in Baltimore, Boston, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati. He spoke in every city of any size. He spoke from ~~pulpits~~ pulpits, platforms, theatre stages; at dinner tables,



He spoke on devotion, trade, balance of power, present day democracy. He always spoke about Hungary.

in club rooms, churches, universities. He harangued military groups, religious organizations, mass meetings, and the Congress of the United States. He toured the entire country. He appeared in New Orleans, <sup>Richmond</sup> Charleston, and Washington. He became a machine <sup>for</sup> ~~producing~~ words - ~~demanding~~ words, sweet and flattering words, demanding, threatening, <sup>(thundering ones)</sup> ~~ominous~~ words. He used with experienced mastery the grand vocabulary of the romantic revolutionary, the suffering patriot, the noble victim of reactionary powers. He thrilled innumerable audiences with the <sup>melodramatic</sup> ~~plummy~~ style of 1848, spiced <sup>with a touch of</sup> ~~any~~ Hungarian paprika - intensified by the savage rhythm of a Magyar ~~rhapsody~~ rhapsody. He repeated, indefatigable, the gloomy epic of his country's struggle and <sup>martyrdom: the moving story of</sup> ~~defeat~~ - how that plucky little nation rose against its <sup>tyrants and</sup> ~~oppressors~~, virtually achieved independence - until a third power, Russia, <sup>and</sup> interposed with an overwhelming military force, after shooting and gibbeting thousands of its best citizens, replaced the chains of the Hungarian people and consigned them to a still more terrible bondage. ~~It was a~~ heart-breaking <sup>report</sup> ~~story~~, and told, again and again, with a burning pathos which penetrated the most stoical bosoms. <sup>impassioned</sup> Besides, the ~~rhapsodic~~ narrator <sup>was also</sup> ~~never~~ <sup>very good at adding a few</sup> failed to add a few touching details concerning his own tragic fate. <sup>He brought home to his hearers the bitterness of exile</sup> He made it movingly clear how bitter exile ~~was~~, especially for an ardent patriot of his stamp.

"Before I stepped across the frontier I lay down on the soil of my native land; I pressed upon it a sobbing kiss of filial love: - I took a handful of earth; one step, and I was like the hull of a wrecked ship..."

There were many moist ~~eyes~~ eyes in the audience.

~~He~~ Kossuth was a tremendous success.

Banquets and torchlight ~~processions~~ processions; speeches, receptions, meetings, parties, all sorts of ceremonies and festivities; at every railway station, people gathered to cheer him, ~~as he passed along~~ it was a continual triumph - and a continual strain. Sometimes he thought that he could not bear it much longer; especially during the first weeks of the journey <sup>he was often on the point of collapse.</sup> ~~he often felt near the total collapse.~~ In Philadelphia, on Christmas Eve,



he had to be carried to bed, with fever and all <sup>the</sup> symptoms of a nervous breakdown. Nevertheless he ~~had to~~ <sup>managed</sup> ~~was obliged~~ to attend a reception given in his honor, at Independence Hall, the next morning. Mayor Gilpin in his introductory speech praised the Hungarian guest as one of the greatest <sup>living men.</sup> ~~contemporaries~~. The Commander of the Pennsylvania militia, Colonel Page, presented him with a golden Maltese cross and a handsome medallion with George Washington's portrait framed in pearls. On the back ~~side~~ the following words were engraved: To Louis Kossuth, the Patriot of Hungary and Friend of Humanity - from an American Volunteer. - There is difficulty to him who wills. Kossuth was moved, <sup>gave</sup> and delivered a speech - <sup>and promptly came down with a new attack of fever.</sup> ~~whereupon he was shaken by a new fever attack.~~

Opposite the hotel room where he lay <sup>ill,</sup> ~~suffering~~, a gigantic <sup>(poster)</sup> ~~picture~~ was set up, showing the Goddess of Liberty, proudly erect, with her heel upon the prostrate Habsburg's neck. Lajos gazed at this encouraging allegory, as he struggled against the feverish nightmares, the weariness, the pains. Later he had to receive a <sup>delegation</sup> ~~deputation~~ of teachers, presenting a thirteen years-old boy - <sup>a sort of</sup> ~~something like an~~ infant prodigy who had won <sup>the school</sup> ~~a prize~~ offered by the school for the best <sup>Speech of welcome</sup> ~~welcome speech~~ to Louis Kossuth. The youngster recited his speech, in a piping, drowsy little voice. The sick hero nodded politely. There was an embarrassing silence when the boy had finished. Finally ~~the bearded~~ Kossuth observed, with a faint, worn-out smile: "If this is your youth, your country will always preserve its freedom. I thank you, gentlemen."

The whole city was illuminated with Bengal lights in the Hungarian colours. Kossuth was the hero of the day. His friends said to him: "You must be very proud, Lajos!" He did not answer. His face was numb and tired. After a silence he said: "I hope I shall be in good shape on New Year's Day - for the reception at the White House. In Washington I may find out, at last, whether this journey is a success - or a failure..." <sup>It was</sup> ~~It actually was~~ a failure. He did <sup>not</sup> ~~permit~~ himself <sup>(let)</sup> ~~to~~ be fooled by the



exquisite courtesy of President Fillmore nor by the cordial reception ~~he received~~ in Congress. ~~The fact that~~ <sup>He</sup> was invited to attend a session of Congress in the Capitol, on January 7, 1852, ~~meant~~ <sup>The Congressman from</sup> the highest honor ever granted to a foreigner, since the days of Lafayette. ~~The Member of~~ Ohio, Mr. Carter, greeted him as "Governor Louis Kossuth" - whereupon all <sup>the</sup> gentlemen present rose. The celebrated visitor expressed his firm conviction that the New World would bring about the final victory of liberty.

He was overwhelmed with lavish marks of sympathy and respect; he received an abundance of great words and little gifts. Kossuth Committees were established wherever he appeared. He seemed ~~was~~ hopeful, optimistic, entirely satisfied with the results of his rhetorical efforts. When he left Massachusetts, in May, he addressed the Kossuth Committee at Boston with these confident words:

Gentlemen: Departing from the State of Massachusetts, I leave the interests of the cause which I plead - the cause of civil and religious liberty in Europe - in the hands of you, who possess my full confidence. ... I hope that your committee will, to this end, become the centre of action for New England, and, if possible, for the Union. A cause advocated by such men as you, gentlemen, cannot fail to be successful.

~~Thus he spoke - though~~ <sup>But</sup> he already knew that his cause was lost: that his American mission had failed.

Thomas Nichols, witty and conscientious chronicler of American life, <sup>gives this explanation for</sup> ~~tries to explain~~ Kossuth's ultimate failure: ~~with the following words:~~ <sup>as follows:</sup>

Kossuth ~~none~~ wanted money. The Americans were ready to spend a million - they did spend millions in a popular manifestation, of which he was the centre and occasion; but they did not believe in or care enough for him or his cause to give him a tenth part of the money they were ready to expend in dinners and processions. Besides, Kossuth travelled en prince. He had a suite of nearly hundred persons, who drank costly wines, smoked the best of cigars, and lived like fighting-cocks. The hotel bills were enormous; people got tired of paying them; the Hungarian stock fell flat, and Kossuth left very quietly the country that had a few weeks before received him in a frenzy of excitement.

<sup>This is a crude over-simplification</sup> ~~This statement, however, represents a stark simplification~~ - although <sup>Based on a grain of</sup> ~~probably contains a certain amount of~~ truth. <sup>It seems safe to assume</sup> ~~We may presume that~~ that Kossuth, lavish as he was with words and <sup>pretty</sup> ~~Kossuth's clamorous presence, in the long run, became kind of cumbersome~~ dollars, did become something of a burden to his American hosts. ~~to his American hosts, as he wasted too many beautiful words and too~~



many beautiful dollars. <sup>But</sup> ~~Yet~~ the decisive reasons for his final lack of success are more serious and more complex. For he was not mainly interested in expensive wines and cigars; the purpose of his glamorous journey <sup>was very much more far-reaching.</sup> ~~was for mere pretensions.~~ He came, <sup>in fact,</sup> ~~indeed,~~ on a highly political mission, and it was for political reasons <sup>that</sup> he failed. His ~~leading~~ <sup>idea</sup> was nothing ~~other and nothing~~ <sup>than to persuade</sup> less ~~but to decide~~ the United States to <sup>engage in</sup> ~~armed inter-~~vention against Austria, <sup>and Russia.</sup> ~~that he actually undertook~~ was "a vigorous effort to revolutionize our foreign policy," - to use the anxious words of one of his American opponents. He preached the doctrine of "intervention to prevent intervention," - a theory that was called "Utopian" by his enemies. He came as a militant expounder of international law and openly urged ~~the~~ both the American government and people to incorporate in their policy a certain principle he had invented for the relief of oppressed nationalities. He asked the United States to constitute herself the Executive Authority for enforcing this law all over the globe. He wanted the American nation to check and not permit Russian interference in Hungary.

He declared: The international law not to interfere with the domestic affairs of other nations had been first recognized, then betrayed by Russia.

- "Therefore, I claim the aid of the United States, - : so that Hungary may have an opportunity to organize her strength against Russian despotism. ~~and barbarity.~~ This is the reason that I ask the United States to become the executive power to recognize the right of every nation to dispose of itself. This is the only glory which is yet wanting to the list of your glorious stars.... The people of the United States, having successfully asserted their own independence, have scarcely any other calling than to become the assertors of freedom equally for other lands."

He fully realized the <sup>tremendous</sup> ~~far-reaching~~ implications of his moral and political postulate. He did not try to conceal or to belittle the dangerous consequences involved in the policy that he <sup>so strongly urged.</sup> ~~recommended so keenly.~~ He said -



in his address to the New York Bar -:

Yes, gentlemen, I confess, should Russia not respect such a declaration of your country, then you are obliged, literally obliged, to go to war, or else be prepared to be degraded before mankind from your dignity. Yes, I confess that would be the case. But you are powerful enough to defy any power on earth in a just cause, as your Washington said.

It was, however, just this highest authority whom he had mentioned - the very authority of George Washington that was quoted against him, and his "New Doctrine of Intervention." He was blamed in Congress, shortly after his personal appearance there, for not having paid sufficient homage to that great American. Senator Jeremiah Clemens of Alabama delivered a violent speech against Kossuth, on February 12, 1852:

If Kossuth had been the ardent republican which he is represented, there is one spot in this vicinity no difficulty would have deterred him from visiting. Neither storm nor tempest - the summer's heat nor winter's snow should have prevented him from making a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, and kneeling at the tomb of the wisest, the noblest, the purest of all those who have done battle in the cause of mankind... But the spot where the remains of Washington are interred, has been undisturbed by Hungarian feet...

Kossuth or Washington? <sup>was</sup> ~~this is~~ the catching title of a lengthy address delivered in the Tenth Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, by H.A. Boardman, D.D. ~~and later published as a pamphlet.~~ It is a ~~most~~ <sup>rich both in feeling + in logical argument.</sup> remarkable document, ~~indeed - of alarming seriousness, rich in both~~ <sup>poignant</sup> ~~genuine emotions and strong logical arguments.~~ The speaker was, ~~very~~ obviously, <sup>gravely</sup> an honest friend of Kossuth and Kossuth's cause - and at the same time ~~earnestly~~ <sup>gravely</sup> disturbed by "various indications which show that a concerted effort is about to be made to break down the principle of non-intervention, which has hitherto been fundamental to our foreign policy, and to involve us actively in the conflicts of Europe."

He put the question <sup>bluntly:</sup> ~~right in the beginning, directly and without~~ ~~alleviating paraphrases:~~ "Are we to send fleets and armies to Europe (for this is the English of it), or are we to take care of this Union?" <sup>He then</sup> ~~thereupon he~~ analyses and refutes all the reasons offered by Kossuth <sup>conceding</sup> ~~to explain~~ the necessity of American intervention. America <sup>must</sup> ~~had to~~ <sup>but of</sup> ~~interfere~~ - according to the Hungarian ~~orator~~ <sup>agitation</sup> - , not merely for moral <sup>intervene</sup>



or idealistic motives, but also, or <sup>chiefly, for the purpose of</sup> ~~mostly, because~~ self-preservation, ~~re-~~  
quired of her to do so.

The despots of Europe will not be satisfied with surpressing the free nationalities contiguous to them. Having effected this end, they will turn their attention against the United States. And if you do not take the position I humbly claim, you will have to fight a war single-handed, within less than five years, against Russia and all Europe.

<sup>This was in</sup> ~~Thus he spoke at~~ Pittsburgh. And he exclaimed, <sup>In</sup> ~~at Cincinnati~~ <sup>he said:</sup>

Remember - you will have to fight, surrounded by enemies, weakened by discord, standing forsaken, single-handed, alone, against ~~a world of~~ the whole world.

Mr. Boardman, however - the speaker in Philadelphia - , after having praised Kossuth's personality and the Hungarian people, that "gallant race, which, after repeatedly rolling back the devastating torrent of Mohammedanism, was now compelled to see its own ancient and beloved church made the football of Jesuit intolerance and Austrian tyranny," drew the conclusion that the "Utopian doctrine of intervention to prevent intervention" must be flatly condemned:

Because it would throw the influence of this nation, hitherto the beneficent guardian of peace and happiness among the nations, into the scale of merciless and insatiable war.

It would be absurd - in Mr. ~~Broadman's~~ <sup>Broadman's</sup> opinion - to accuse the American government or people of having ever been indifferent to the progress and liberty ~~of~~ other lands: "Whenever a nation has revolted against its taskmaster, we have cheered them by our sympathy and instructed them by our example." Yet Americans should <sup>never forget the principle formulated by</sup> ~~well remember Washington's wisdom~~ <sup>Washington in</sup> ~~as formulated in~~ his Farewell ~~Ad~~ <sup>Address</sup>: "The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have as little political connection with them as possible." Americans must not forget - Mr. Broadman insisted - the sound tenets of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson: "keeping out of the vortex of European politics; avoiding all entangling alliances; abstaining from any intervention in the affairs of other governments, as contrary to our principles of national policy."



The crucial <sup>problem</sup> ~~issue~~ discussed <sup>by</sup> ~~between~~ Lajos Kossuth and his ideological opponents, is the issue of Isolationism and Intervention. Kossuth said: The United States will be able to maintain her own independence and liberty, only if she guarantees and defends the independence and liberty of other nations as well. The United States will inevitably ruin herself if she tries to make compromises with the boundless aggressiveness of European autocrats. William H. Seward agreed with Kossuth when he said to the Senate: "This Republic is, and forever must be, a living offense to Russia and to Austria, and to despotic powers everywhere." He <sup>predicted</sup> ~~FORGE~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~bold~~ the Czar <sup>might</sup> ~~may~~ attempt to make the whole of Europe his own sphere of influence. "If the Russian Autocrat prevails in that contest, we shall be left without friends or allies in the Eastern world."

The isolationist, <sup>on the other hand, gives a different interpretation of,</sup> ~~however, resumed his own vision of~~ "America's mission". ~~in the following words:~~

The great thing we have done for the world, has been, under Providence, to establish and maintain a just, wise, and well-ordered government - in all essential particulars, a "model" of what a government should be. .... We may look forward without presumption to a future as brilliant as our past career has been illustrious. We shall consummate with honor the sublime mission confided to us for mankind, and achieve a still more signal fulfillment of the prophecy: "All Nations shall call you blessed."

The whole debate, <sup>carried on</sup> ~~was~~ with zeal and candor, <sup>and</sup> on a remarkably high intellectual level, is most revealing - and ~~the~~ at the same time confusing. The parallels <sup>to the contemporary situation</sup> with our modern problems and conditions are <sup>obvious.</sup> ~~striking;~~ recalling the arguments as exchanged, in 1852, between Kossuth and his antagonists, <sup>seems as though</sup> ~~often gives the impression of listening to a discussion~~ between 1940 Isolationists and Interventionists. Yet the basic differences between the <sup>political realities of</sup> ~~conditions~~ of Kossuth's period and <sup>ours are as drastic</sup> ~~the political~~ reality our own generation is confronted with, <sup>drastic</sup> ~~are as~~ striking as the resemblances. Kossuth's warning of <sup>the</sup> ~~a~~ dreadful war, <sup>which</sup> ~~that~~ America might have to fight, "single-handed, within less than five years", unless she <sup>promptly</sup> ~~promptly~~ <sup>fulfilled</sup> ~~meets~~ her moral and political obligations - his urgent appeal to



American generosity and sense of self-preservation, sounds today <sup>partly</sup> like <sup>an</sup> ~~the~~ unscrupulous trick, ~~as an agitator,~~ <sup>partly</sup> like an inspired prophecy. He was mistaken as far as the immediate menace of the Russian Czar was concerned. He was mistaken <sup>in relation to</sup> ~~considering~~ the standards of technique and <sup>the</sup> political tactics ~~of~~ that time. His warning was exaggerated, premature, and obviously influenced by his own national interests. But was he mistaken in principle? Was his "new scheme" really quite erroneous? Was he actually wrong when he <sup>claimed that</sup> ~~recommended~~ the universal solidarity of Democracy was the only <sup>means of preserving</sup> ~~method for preventing~~ Democracy from <sup>ultimate collapse?</sup> ~~perishing, everywhere?~~ He anticipated the fundamental conception of the indivisibility of Civilization. He believed in Collective security. ~~He did not believe that the United States could exist and flourish as an isolated oasis, a "model republic" in the midst of a world where tyranny and brutal force are allowed to triumph.~~

His immediate political program - to persuade the United States <sup>take</sup> ~~into~~ military action against the Czar and the House of Hapsburg - <sup>was an obvious absurdity.</sup> ~~was an obvious absurdity.~~ The moral impact of his desperate appeal, however, was significant - much more so, <sup>(himself may have)</sup> ~~more,~~ than he realized himself. ~~He was doomed to fail.~~ The arguments <sup>used against him,</sup> ~~that were used to refute his~~ fantastic claims, proved infinitely stronger and more convincing than anything he had to say. <sup>It was inevitable that,</sup> His immoderate hopes <sup>should be</sup> ~~had to be~~ frustrated. It was not only, <sup>nor primarily,</sup> ~~and not mostly,~~ American complacency and national selfishness that caused his ~~inevitable~~ disappointment: American Common Sense denied his frantic demands. Yet we cannot help looking at him with profound sympathy, even with admiration. <sup>He makes a pathetic figure, but with a grandeur</sup> ~~What a pathetic and yet imposing figure!~~ <sup>all his own: the</sup> ~~an~~ indefatigable traveller, carrying his message through the continents, <sup>dynamic, charming, proudly</sup> ~~always brisk, always charming,~~ concealing ~~proudly~~ his hopelessness and despair; always picturesque and attractive, in his theatrical costume, with his <sup>exuberant</sup> ~~grand, expressive~~ gestures. He still smiles and thunders, pours out words, continues his grandiose performance, ~~bravely and tenaciously.~~



But his face <sup>is beginning to be tracked with</sup> ~~already begins to show the gloomy marks of bitterness,~~  
~~and distress.~~ He had failed in the United States of America. He will  
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and Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy. Nobody will help him to liberate his  
subjugated nation. He will write, as an ageing man:

A Hungarian question may exist, I believe it does exist hidden in  
hearts, but not before the world.... There are no longer Hungarian  
refugees. - I, with my sons and a few faithful friends, stand alone,  
- foresaken, solitary wanderers in the desert.

There ~~was already~~ <sup>was already about</sup> ~~was~~ this atmosphere of hopelessness ~~surrounding~~ him  
- though not yet obviously - , when he left the United States, on July  
14, 1852, after a glamorous and senseless stay of more than seven months.

He hastened his departure <sup>because</sup> ~~as~~ he had received news from his mother  
that she was being bothered by Austrian agents <sup>in her refuge at</sup> ~~in~~ Brussels. An unnoti=  
ced couple, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, embarked on the vessel Africa. Lajos

Kossuth <sup>had chosen</sup> ~~preferred~~ this modest disguise for himself and his wife, as  
<sup>as if he were</sup> ~~as if he were~~ <sup>as if he were</sup> ~~he was~~ ashamed of his own identity. What a <sup>dreary</sup> ~~monstrous~~ transformation!

He resembles an actor or opera singer who has put off his fancy clothes,  
<sup>and removed his make-up.</sup> ~~his colourful make-up and artificial beard.~~ No spectacular gestures,  
no great words any more. He has sung his beautiful aria of liberty,

solidarity, independence. People liked his voice and his appearance.

He was <sup>welcomed and</sup> ~~cordially~~ cheered. ~~Now, his show is over, sober life goes on,~~

Now the show is over - or, at least, his big <sup>sole</sup> ~~scene~~ <sup>is going on today.</sup> ~~in the show.~~ But the  
great drama goes on: ~~it actually still continues.~~ Walt Whitman meant

him, too - Lajos Kossuth of Hungary - when he called out "To a foil'd  
European Revolutionaire":

Then courage! European revolter! revoltress!  
For, till all ceases, neither must you cease.

Revolt! and the bullet for tyrants!

Did we think victory great?

So it is - But now it seems to me, when it cannot be help'd, that defeat  
is great,

And that death and dismay are great.

X



The Romantic Hero:

KOSSUTH.

When the Humboldt arrived in New York, on December 6, 1851, the news= paper men had a busy day. For there were two distinguished personali= ties among the passengers - a handsome lady and a handsome man, both fugitives from minor European countries. "I am an exile like yourself;" with these words the Countess Landsfeld, alias Lola Montez, had tried to start a conversation with <sup>Lola</sup>~~Louis~~ Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot and fighter for independence. But his answer was a haughty glance and an icy smile. He regarded Lola's attempt to construct a parallel between his own tragic lot and her scandalous affair as a naive impudence. He was no ordinary refugee, to begin with; but an honored guest of the American nation. The ex-mistress of the Bavarian king might stir up the vulgar curiosity of the mob - while he, Kossuth, was going to be the object of official marks of respect. ~~There~~ A Joint Resolution in Honor of Louis Kossuth had been discussed and solemnly accepted by the Senate of the United States. It was William H. Seward, a Whig= senator from New York, who had delivered the main speech, <sup>in writing</sup>~~saying~~ the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled - "that the Congress of the United States, in the name and behalf of the People of the United States, give to Louis Kossuth a cordial welcome to the capital and to the country; and that a copy of this Resolution be transmitted to him by the President of the United States." There had been varied objections, and one gentleman had even ventured on the insidious question, "Why should the American people engage in paying this homage to Kossuth, granting all his merits, because he has done nothing for America?" Mr. Seward, however, <sup>elegantly</sup> had in= sisted ~~with inspired eloquence~~ that Kossuth should be "admitted here as the representative of the up-rising liberties of Europe."



He had captivated the American imagination, even before he set foot on American soil. A wave of sympathy for the Hungarians and their gallant leader had swept throughout the country; everybody admired that brave little nation, fighting against overwhelming odds for independence from oppressive Austria. American newspapers carried furious articles against the tyrannous House of Habsburg, and when the Austrian chargé at Washington protested, Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, wrote him a defiant letter, emphasizing "the right of the American people to sympathize with the efforts of any nation to acquire liberty." American public opinion had been profoundly shocked by the ruthless attitude of the Czar, who had interfered with military power, in 1848, for the House of Habsburg, *thus frustrating the heroic efforts* ~~against liberty and independence~~ by the proud Magyars. Then Lajos Kossuth, former Minister of Finance in the Hungarian government, was actually dictator of his country, with the title of a Governor. ~~It was Russia's brutal intervention that rendered his heroic efforts unavailing.~~ *available* He had to resign, to fly, and the only refuge ~~he found~~ was a Turkish prison. His final liberation was due to the activities of his influential British and American friends.

Hundreds of thousands of Americans were familiar with the details of his dramatic career as his life story was *on sale* ~~sold~~ at the street corners. People knew ~~that~~ he was a champion, not only for national independence, but also for religious liberty. For he came from a Protestant family of noble rank, and the Protestant faith was persecuted by Metternich's agents. ~~At Budapest he had been a political journalist and the editor of a paper which had to be circulated as manuscript because of the strict Austrian press laws. He had been in jail for advocating his advanced views, and he had founded a national league in opposition to the Vienna government.~~

He was tenacious, *dashing* ~~manly~~, passionate, ~~he was~~ a martyr, and a grand seigneur, and an orator of the grand, ~~eloquent~~ *boastful* style. His face with



the well-kept beard and the wide, arched forehead was of virile beauty - intelligent, sensual, bold. He cut an impressive figure, beautifully dressed in a ~~beauteous~~ <sup>becoming</sup> costume of the national Hungarian style, the wide jacket lavishly trimmed, the hat adorned with a ~~big~~ <sup>huge</sup> waving feather. In short, he looked and talked and acted exactly the way a hero of liberty and political romanticist should look, talk and act. ~~His was a~~ <sup>his was a</sup> ~~thundering~~ <sup>heroic</sup> eloquence, well-trained, highly theatrical and yet candid. He enthralled the women, and made the young men ardently wish to ~~like~~ follow his example: to become as he was - as daring, goodlooking, generous and inspired.

His sojourn in England, preceding his visit to the United States, had been a permanent triumph. Among all the exiles, then gathered at the British capital, he was undoubtedly the most ~~picturesque and imposing~~ <sup>colorful personality</sup>. ~~There~~ <sup>There</sup> were liberal German poets such as Freiligrath, and leaders of Italian ~~national~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~risorgimento~~ <sup>risorgimento</sup> such as the great Mazzini; and there was Karl Marx, pondering with Friedrich Engels upon the scheme of future revolutions. But Louis Kossuth, just escaped from Austrian tyranny and a Turkish jail, triumphantly stole the show. He was cheered by both the working people and the Lords - although the proletarian masses knew that he was no socialist in the sense of the Trade Unions, while the conservative politicians were informed of his republican tenets. His popularity was tremendous. When he embarked at Southampton, with his wife Therese and a band of comrades, the Mayor and many officials appeared to bid him farewell. Yet the grandiose welcome prepared for him by the American people, surpassed everything he had witnessed up to then.

How right he had been to sneer at poor Lola Montez, that ambitious adventuress in decline! Her little fame faded away, compared with his clamorous glory. ~~He was received like a king, hailed everywhere, as the champion of constitutional liberty and the rights of a brave, oppressed people.~~ Only Lafayette had been accorded such overwhelming ovations. The streets he had to pass were lavishly decorated ~~by~~ with



the Hungarian tricolour, entwined with the Star and Stripes; the enthusiasm was indescribable. Thomas Nichols, in his instructive book Forty Years of American Life, mentions Kossuth's <sup>gaily</sup> ~~festive~~ arrival among "Excitements and Sensation", together with the last visit of Henry Clay to New York, the solemn reception of the first Japanese Ambassadors, ~~in the American cities~~ and with "that great and wonderful reception of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales," eldest son of Queen Victoria.

"The welcome to Kossuth was as enthusiastic as any revolutionary could desire. New York turned out its million of spectators, and its twenty regiments or so of citizen soldiery, to honour the illustrious Magyar. He had a triumphal progress, with brilliant processions, eloquent speeches, grand banquets. We had an immense dinner at the Astor House, with abundance of mutual glorification..."

~~It must have been an opulent performance, indeed.~~ The romantic hero entered the banquet hall at the side of Mayor Kingsland. Among the distinguished citizens to greet him, were the Governor of Connecticut and General Watson Webb. The Reverend Bethune said grace; cordial messages from Henry Clay and Daniel Webster were read aloud. The tables were charmingly decorated with little statues in sugar, showing Kossuth's entry under a triumphal arch, or the Statue of Liberty, ~~blowing~~. There were plenty of moving toasts and inspired speeches. Kossuth delivered a <sup>flamboyant</sup> ~~lengthy, most exciting~~ address. He was coquettish enough to apologize for his poor English: "I have learned it in my prison cell in Buda, but never had an opportunity of speaking." The audience, of course, was touched by so much charming modesty - particularly since his flow of speech was not hampered whatsoever by his foreign accent: on the contrary, the slight Hungarian intonation gave a delightful savour to his winged, impetuous eloquence.

He spoke for hours, for days, weeks, and months - almost without interruption. He spoke in Brooklyn and Philadelphia, in Baltimore, Boston, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati. He spoke in every city of any size. He spoke from ~~pulpits~~ pulpits, platforms, theatre stages; at dinner tables,







he had to be carried to bed, with fever and all symptoms of a nervous breakdown. Nevertheless he <sup>managed</sup> ~~was to be~~ ~~was obliged~~ to attend a reception given in his honor, at Independence Hall, the next morning. Mayor ~~Gilpin~~ Gilpin in his introductory speech praised the Hungarian guest as one of the greatest contemporaries. The Commander of the Pennsylvania militia, Colonel Page, presented him with a golden Maltese cross and a handsome medallion with George Washington's portrait framed in pearls. On the backside the following words were engraved: To Louis Kossuth, the Patriot of Hungary and Friend of Humanity - from an American Volunteer. - There is difficulty to him who wills. Kossuth was moved, and delivered a speech - whereupon he was shaken by a new fever attack.

Opposite the hotel room where he lay suffering, a gigantic <sup>poster</sup> ~~picture~~ was set up, showing the Goddess of Liberty, proudly erect, with her heel upon the prostrate Habsburg's neck. Lajos gazed at this encouraging allegory, as he struggled against the feverish nightmares, the weariness, the pains. Later he had to receive a deputation of teachers, presenting a thirteen years-old boy - something like an infant prodigy who had won a prize offered by the school for the best welcome speech to Louis Kossuth. The youngster recited his speech, in a piping, drowsy little voice. The sick hero nodded politely. There was an embarrassing silence when the boy had finished. Finally ~~the hero~~ Kossuth observed, with a faint, worn-out smile: "If this is your youth, your country will always preserve its freedom. I thank you, gentlemen."

The whole city was illuminated with Bengal lights in the Hungarian colours. Kossuth was the hero of the day. His friends said to him: "You must be very proud, Lajos!" He did not answer. His face was numb and tired. After a silence he said: "I hope I shall be in good shape on New Year's Day - for the reception at the White House. In Washington I may find out, at last, whether this journey is a success - or a failure..."

It actually was a failure. He did <sup>not</sup> ~~defeat~~ himself <sup>but</sup> ~~to~~ be fooled by the



exquisite courtesy of President Fillmore nor by the cordial reception he ~~received~~ in Congress. The fact that he was invited to attend a session of ~~Congress~~ in the Capitol, on January 7, 1852, meant the highest honor ever granted to a foreigner, since the days of Lafayette. The Member of Ohio, Mr. Carter, greeted him as "Governor Louis Kossuth" - whereupon all gentlemen present rose. The celebrated visitor expressed his firm conviction that the New World would bring about the final victory of liberty.

He was overwhelmed with lavish marks of sympathy and respect; he received an abundance of great words and little gifts. Kossuth Committees were established wherever he appeared. He seemed ~~much~~ hopeful, optimistic, entirely satisfied with the results of his rhetoric efforts. When he left Massachusetts, in May, he addressed the Kossuth Committee at Boston with these confident words:

Gentlemen: Departing from the State of Massachusetts, I leave the interests of the cause which I plead - the cause of civil and religious liberty in Europe - in the hands of you, who possess my full confidence. ... I hope that your committee will, to this end, become the centre of action for New ~~W~~ England, and, if possible, for the Union. A cause advocated by such men as you, gentlemen, cannot fail to be successful.

Thus he spoke - though he already knew that his cause was lost: that his American mission had failed.

Thomas Nichols, witty and conscientious chronicler of American life, tries to explain Kossuth's ultimate failure with the following words:

Kossuth ~~was~~ wanted money. The Americans were ready to spend a million - they did spend millions in a popular manifestation, of which he was the centre and occasion; but they did not believe in or care enough for him or his cause to give him a tenth part of the money they were ready to expend in dinners and processions. Besides, Kossuth travelled en prince. He had a suite of nearly hundred persons, who drank costly wines, smoked the best of cigars, and lived like fighting-cocks. The hotel bills were enormous; people got tired of paying them; the Hungarian stock fell first, and Kossuth left very quietly the country that had a few weeks before received him in a frenzy of excitement.

This statement, however, represents a stark simplification - although it probably contains a certain amount of truth. We may presume that Kossuth's clamorous presence, in the long run, became <sup>gaily</sup> ~~rather~~ cumbersome to his American hosts, as he wasted too many beautiful words and too



many beautiful dollars. Yet the decisive reasons for his final lack of success are more serious and more complex. For he was not mainly interested in expensive wines and cigars; the purpose of his glamorous journey was far more pretentious. He came, indeed, on a highly political mission, and it was for political reasons he failed. His daring idea was nothing other and nothing less but to decide the United States to an armed intervention against Austria, <sup>and Russia.</sup> ~~that he actually undertook was "a vigorous effort to revolutionize our foreign policy," - to use the anxious words of one of his American opponents. He preached the doctrine of "intervention to prevent intervention," - a theory that was called "Utopian" by his enemies. He came as a militant expounder of international law and openly urged the both the American government and people to incorporate in their policy a certain principle he had invented for the relief of oppressed nationalities. He asked the United States to constitute herself the Executive Authority for enforcing this law all over the globe. He wanted the American nation to check and not permit Russian interference in Hungary.~~

He declared: The international law not to interfere with the domestic affairs of other nations had been first recognized, then betrayed by Russia.

- "Therefore, I claim the aid of the United States," - : so that Hungary may have an opportunity to organize her strength against Russian despotism and barbarity. This is the reason that I ask the United States to become the executive power to recognize the right of every nation to dispose of itself. This is the only glory which is yet wanting to the list of your glorious stars.... The people of the United States, having successfully asserted their own independence, have scarcely any other calling than to become the assertors of freedom equally for other lands."

He fully realized the far-reaching implications of his moral and political postulate. He did not try to conceal or to belittle the dangerous consequences involved in the policy that he recommended so keenly. He said -



in his address to the New York Bar -:

Yes, gentlemen, I confess, should Russia not respect such a declaration of your country, then you are obliged, literally obliged, to go to war, or else be prepared to be degraded before mankind from your dignity. Yes, I confess that would be the case. But you are powerful enough to defy any power on earth in a just cause, as your Washington said.

It was, however, just this highest authority whom he had mentioned - the very authority of George Washington that was quoted against him, and his "New Doctrine of Intervention." He was blamed in Congress, shortly after his personal appearance there, for not having paid sufficient homage to that great American. Senator Jeremiah Clemens of Alabama delivered a violent speech against Kossuth, on February 12, 1852:

If Kossuth had been the ardent republican which he is represented, there is one spot in this vicinity no difficulty would have deterred him from visiting. Neither storm nor tempest - the summer's heat nor winter's snow should have prevented him from making a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, and kneeling at the tomb of the wisest, the noblest, the purest of all those who have done battle in the cause of mankind... But the spot where the remains of Washington are interred, has been undisturbed by Hungarian feet...

Kossuth or Washington? - this is the catching title of a lengthy address delivered in the Tenth Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, by H.A. Boardman, D.D. ~~and later published as a pamphlet~~ It is a most remarkable document, indeed - of alarming seriousness, rich in both genuine emotions and <sup>eloquent</sup> ~~sharp~~ logical arguments. The speaker was, very obviously, an honest friend of Kossuth and Kossuth's cause - and at the same time <sup>gravely</sup> ~~earnestly~~ disturbed by "various indications which show that a concerted effort is about to be made to break down the principle of non-intervention, which has hitherto been fundamental to our foreign policy, and to involve us actively in the conflicts of Europe."

He put the question, right in the beginning, directly and without alleviating paraphrases: "Are we to send fleets and armies to Europe (for this is the English of it), or are we to take care of this Union?" Whereupon he analyses and refutes all the reasons offered by Kossuth to explain the necessity of American intervention. America had to interfere - according to the Hungarian ~~factor~~ <sup>out of</sup> - not merely ~~for moral~~

(agitator)



on idealistic motives, but also, or mostly, because self-preservation required of her to do so.

The despots of Europe will not be satisfied with surpressing the free nationalities contiguous to them. Having effected this end, they will turn their attention against the United States. And if you do not take the position I humbly claim, you will have to fight a war single-handed, within less than five years, against Russia and all Europe.

Thus he spoke at Pittsburgh. And he exclaimed, at Cincinnati:

Remember - you will have to fight, surrounded by enemies, weakened by discord, standing forsaken, single-handed, alone, against ~~the world~~ the whole world.

Mr. Boardman, however - the speaker in Philadelphia - , after having praised Kossuth's personality and the Hungarian people, that "gallant race, which, after repeatedly rolling back the devastating torrent of Mohammedanism, was now compelled to see its own ancient and beloved church made the football of Jesuit intolerance and Austrian tyranny," drew the conclusion that the "Utopian doctrine of intervention to prevent intervention" must be flatly condemned:

Because it would throw the influence of this nation, hitherto the beneficent guardian of peace and happiness among the nations, into the scale of merciless and insatiable war.

It would be absurd - in Mr. Boardman's opinion - to accuse the American government or people of having ever been indifferent to the progress and liberty in other lands: "Whenever a nation has revolted against its taskmaster, we have cheered them by our sympathy and instructed them by our example." Yet Americans should well remember Washington's wisdom as formulated in his Farewell Address: "The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have as little political connection with them as possible." Americans must not forget - Mr. Boardman insisted - the sound tenets of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson: "keeping out of the vortex of European politics; avoiding all entangling alliances; abstaining from any intervention in the affairs of other governments, as contrary to our principles of national policy."



The crucial <sup>problem</sup> ~~issue~~ discussed <sup>by</sup> ~~between~~ Lajos Kossuth and his ideological opponents, is the issue of Isolationism and Intervention. Kossuth said: The United States will be able to maintain her own independence and liberty, only if she guarantees and defends the independence and liberty of other nations as well. The United States will inevitably ruin herself if she tries to make compromises with the boundless aggressiveness of European autocrats. William H. Seward agreed with Kossuth when he said to the Senate: "This Republic is, and forever must be, a living offense to Russia and to Austria, and to despotic powers everywhere." He foretold the Czar may attempt to make the whole of Europe his own sphere of influence. "If the Russian Autocrat prevails in that contest, we shall be left without friends or allies in the Eastern world."

The isolationist, however, resumed his own vision of "America's mission" in the following words:

The great thing we have done for the world, has been, under Providence, to establish and maintain a just, wise, and well-ordered government - in all essential particulars, a "model" of what a government should be. .... We may look forward without presumption to a future as brilliant as our past career has been illustrious. We shall consummate with honor the sublime mission confided to us for mankind, and achieve a still more signal fulfillment of the prophecy: "All Nations shall call you blessed."

The whole debate, led with zeal and candor, on a remarkably high intellectual level, is most revealing - and ~~the~~ at the same time confusing. The parallels with our modern problems and conditions are striking: recalling the arguments as exchanged, in 1852, between Kossuth and his antagonists, often <sup>seems as though</sup> ~~gives the impression of~~ listening to a discussion between 1940 Isolationists and Interventionists. Yet the basic differences between the conditions of Kossuth's period and the political reality our own generation is confronted with, are as <sup>dramatic as</sup> ~~striking~~ as the resemblances. Kossuth's warning of a dreadful war America might have to fight, "single-handed, within less than five years", unless she promptly meets her moral and political obligations - his urgent appeal to



American generosity and sense of self-preservation, sounds today <sup>partly</sup> like <sup>any</sup> the unscrupulous trick, <sup>partly</sup> of an agitator, <sup>partly</sup> like an inspired prophecy. He was mistaken as far as the immediate menace of the Russian Czar was concerned. He was mistaken considering the standard of technique and political tactics in that time. His warning was exaggerated, premature, and obviously influenced by his own national interests. But was he mistaken in principle? Was his "new scheme" really quite erroneous? Was he actually wrong when he <sup>claimed</sup> ~~maintained~~ the universale solidarity of Democracy as the only method <sup>ing</sup> of prevent Democracy from <sup>ultimate collapse</sup> ~~perishing, everywhere~~? He anticipated the fundamental conception of the indivisibility of Civilization. He believed in Collective Security. ~~He did not believe that the United States could exist and flourish as an isolated oasis, a "model republic" in the midst of a world where tyranny and brutal force are allowed to triumph.~~

His immediate political program - to persuade the United States into ~~the~~ military action against the Czar and the House of Hapsburg - <sup>represents</sup> ~~was~~ an obvious absurdity. The moral impact of his desperate appeal, however, was significant - much more so, maybe, than he realized himself.

~~He was doomed to fail.~~ The arguments <sup>used against him,</sup> ~~that were used to refute his~~ ~~fantastic claims~~ proved infinitely stronger and more convincing than anything he had to say. His immoderate hopes had to be frustrated. It was not only, and not mostly, American complacency and national selfishness that caused his inevitable disappointments: American Common Sense denied his frantic demands. Yet we cannot help looking at him with profound sympathy, even with admiration. What a pathetic and yet imposing figure!

- an indefatigable traveller, carrying his message through the continents, always brisk, always <sup>(dynamic, amiable)</sup> ~~cheerful~~, concealing proudly his hopelessness and despair; always picturesque and attractive, in his theatrical costume, with his grand, expressive gestures. He still smiles and thunders, pours out words, continues his grandiose performance, ~~bravely and tenaciously.~~



But his face already begins to show the gloomy marks of bitterness and distress. He ~~had~~ failed in the United States of America. He will also fail in his attempt to win Napoleon III, ~~Emperor~~ Emperor of France, and Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy. Nobody will help him to liberate his subjugated nation. He will write, as an ageing man:

A Hungarian question may exist, I believe it does exist hidden in hearts, but not before the world.... There are no longer Hungarian refugees. - I, with my sons and a few faithful friends, stand alone, - forsaken, solitary wanderers in the desert.

There ~~was~~ already was this atmosphere of hopelessness surrounding him - though not yet obviously - , when he left the United States, on July 14, 1852, after a glamorous and senseless stay of more than seven months. He hastened his departure as he had received news from his mother that she was being bothered by Austrian agents <sup>in her refuge at</sup> in Brussels. An unnoticed couple, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, embarked on the vessel Africa. Lajos Kossuth <sup>had chosen</sup> ~~preferred~~ this modest disguise for himself and his wife, as <sup>if he were</sup> ~~if he was~~ ashamed of his own identity. What a murky transformation! He resembles an actor or opera singer who has put off his fancy clothes, <sup>and</sup> ~~his~~ colourful make-up, ~~and artificial beard~~. No spectacular gestures, no great words any more. He has sung his beautiful aria of liberty, solidarity, independence. People liked his voice and his appearance. He was cordially cheered. ~~Now, his show is over, sober life goes on~~ Now the show is over - or, at least, his big <sup>solo</sup> scene in the show. But the great drama goes on: it actually still continues. Walt Whitman meant him, too - Lajos Kossuth of Hungary - when he called out "To a foil'd European Revolutionaire":

Then courage! European revolter! revoltress!  
For, till all ceases, neither must you cease.

Revolt! and the bullet for tyrants!  
Did we think victory great?  
So it is - But now it seems to me, when it cannot be help'd, that defeat  
is great,  
And that death and dismay are great.

X



The Young Tiger:

CLEMENCEAU.

The second half of the 19th Century,

The French colony of New York, in the period following the Civil War, was rather gay and fairly influential, especially in matters of ~~fastidious~~ <sup>concerning refined</sup> taste and culture. There <sup>was</sup> still ~~existed~~ something like a French Quarter, in the vicinity of Liberty Street and around Washington Square, with French theatres, restaurants, and stores. A newcomer from Paris found ~~plenty of salons~~ <sup>many social centers</sup> where ~~people~~ <sup>was spoken</sup> ~~understood~~ his language, and there even was a French paper, the Courrier des États-Unis.

The young doctor, however, who landed in New York from the steamer Etna of the Imman Line, in the autumn of 1865, ~~hardly~~ <sup>lost little sympathy on</sup> ~~liked~~ that periodical; ~~for~~ he thought the Courrier too closely connected with Napoleon III, "the Tyrant of the Tuileries." The young man was bitterly opposed to the Emperor, as ~~he was~~ <sup>he was</sup> to many other things - such as the Catholic Church, <sup>(the costly lead-dresser of the</sup> German romanticism, <sup>obscure</sup> French Royalists, <sup>Empress Eugénie</sup> and all kinds of reactionary, ~~sentimental~~ or mystical ideas. He believed in Freedom, Reason, and Justice; in Greek philosophy, Roman strategy, Latin <sup>freedom</sup> ~~wisdom~~; in the dignity of man as a result of incessant intellectual endeavour and of the French Revolution. He was gifted with a sardonic wit, <sup>enormous</sup> ~~a great deal of~~ <sup>dynamic</sup> energetic vitality, and an <sup>total</sup> ~~absolute~~ absence of sense of humour. He was ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~respectable scholar, and a moderate~~ <sup>sparkling</sup> causeur, an elegant horseman, and a <sup>moderately</sup> ~~fairly~~ good fencer. He soon became a popular figure in the journalistic and artistic circles of New York City. His name was Eugène Franklin Georges Clemenceau.

He had just completed his medical studies in Paris, when ~~he~~

a fair scholar, as well as a



*the idea came to him*

suddenly got the idea of travelling to England and the United States

- ~~he~~ definitely <sup>2</sup>against the will of his father. Yet old Monsieur

Clemenceau should have had more understanding for his son's wayward

~~and rebellious~~ character; for it was from his father that Georges had

inherited <sup>his obstinacy and recklessness,</sup> ~~the reckless and stubborn features.~~ Benjamin Clemenceau, ~~was~~

also a doctor, ~~and besides~~ <sup>was</sup> a philosophical Jacobin of the ~~ancient~~ <sup>old</sup>, in-

flexible ~~pattern.~~ <sup>order.</sup> He was known among his friends for ~~detesting only~~ <sup>abominating</sup>

<sup>loathing only</sup> one thing more than Louis-Philippe, and that was Napoleon III. He had

the honorable reputation of spending more time in cursing both Bourbons

and Bonapartes than in curing patients. His son, <sup>consequently, was brought up</sup> ~~then, was educated in~~

<sup>on the stern doctrines of</sup> ~~the strict spirit of a certain~~ "idealistic materialism" - ~~which~~ em-

<sup>ing</sup> ~~braced~~ both a grim scepticism and a militant belief in Democracy as

the ultimate mission of man. No wonder that the first political acti=

vity of the young scholar in Paris was the composition of a violent

manifesto, bristling with attacks against the clergy and inviting a

group of friends to "bind themselves to oppose the presence of a priest

at birth, marriage, or death." They solemnly established a 'Do-as-you-

think association', with 'Science as its law, and Justice as its aim.'

<sup>Those were the distant, romantic days of the Latin Quarter,</sup> ~~Oh, those wonderful, faraway days of the Quartier Latin! - oh,~~

<sup>when the French spirit was at its most flamboyant.</sup> ~~that great, rousing period of the French spirit!~~ The young artists,

already anticipating the coming <sup>outburst</sup> ~~miracle~~ of Impressionism - that magni=

<sup>limitous</sup> ~~ficent outburst of colour~~ <sup>rapid</sup> invasion of glowing life into art -

still flocked respectfully around the masters, Courbet and Corot. Clemen=

ceau made friends with Emile Zola and the brothers Goncourt. A group

of inspired youngsters launched a progressive newspaper, Le Travail;

they had to camouflage their refractory ideas because of the rigid

control wielded by the Emperor's political censorship. Zola was the

poet, Clemenceau <sup>the sheet.</sup> ~~the literary and dramatic critic of~~ <sup>Barbican.</sup>



Sometimes they grew tired of <sup>caution and diplomacy.</sup> being careful and diplomatic. Clemenceau challenged the Imperial dictator: "They can silence us, but they cannot make us lie!" He <sup>was sent</sup> had to go to prison - only for seventy-three days, but <sup>they seemed like as many years.</sup> he thought they seemed endless like seventy-three years. ✓

~~The only books he was allowed to read were religious works, and an abominable poem in twelve cantos by M. de Jumièville, a young French officer, who was killed on the banks of the Ohio, fighting with the militia of George Washington. Clemenceau loathed the jail, and "Napoléon le Petit", to whom he owed this nasty humiliation, and he also loathed M. de Jumièville whose ballad was so unbearably dull. He admitted later: "I have never since been able to get rid of an invincible feeling of resentment against Washington.."~~

His stay in England was short, with a visit to John Stuart Mill as its climax. Clemenceau was planning to translate Mill's work on Auguste Comte into French. He also <sup>had a glimpse of</sup> studied social conditions in Britain, and was struck by the contrast between upper-class wealth and the squalid <sup>plight</sup> misery of the poor.

He arrived in America, <sup>seething with</sup> full of ~~unpassionate~~ curiosity, hankering for knowledge and activity. At that time - <sup>which</sup> ~~was~~ even France, homeland of ~~the~~ Revolution, <sup>lay under the heel of a shrewd</sup> ~~was~~ oppressed by the cunning despot - alarmed Democrats <sup>were turning hopeful & anxious eyes</sup> all over the world, ~~turned~~ to the United States - watching, ~~hopefully and anxiously,~~ the aftermath of the Civil War, the delicate and <sup>vital</sup> ~~crucial~~ process of Reconstruction. Lincoln's assassination had <sup>profoundly shocked all</sup> ~~shocked and startled~~ faithful adherents of progress. <sup>Everywhere</sup> The question <sup>was being asked:</sup> ~~prevailed, everywhere:~~ Will the Union be able to rehabilitate itself without having recourse to ~~some kind of~~ dictatorship?

Clemenceau was <sup>charged/commissioned</sup> ~~supposed~~ to discuss ~~and answer~~ this <sup>crucial</sup> ~~repisive~~ question for the readers of the Paris newspaper Le Temps - ~~a radical~~

He left France in order to avoid this annoying episode.



at that time, <sup>Most of</sup> an organ of Democratic radicalism. His articles appeared anonymously as his name was anathema to French censors. His fixed salary was 150 francs a month - which was a modest payment for his services, but enabled him, together with the allowance he received from his father, to live <sup>in relative comfort,</sup> ~~rather comfortably.~~

He liked New York, although he <sup>remarked that it was weak</sup> ~~observed that it lacked in general~~ ideas and good coffee. <sup>Yet</sup> ~~but~~ he enjoyed strolling through the streets of Manhattan, and he soon felt at home in his little flat, ~~downtown,~~ <sup>on 12<sup>th</sup></sup> ~~in the 12<sup>th</sup>~~ Street. He had a reserved table at Pfaff's, on Broadway - the ~~a~~ meeting ground of the literati. ~~Another of his favourite~~ places was the Astor Library, in Lafayette Street. There he used to spend tranquil hours of studying, and ~~if~~ he later presented the institute with his doctor's degree essay, La génération des éléments anatomiques. The autograph dedication in that treasured copy is dated from October 19, 1867.

✓ Among his more intimate friends in New York were William E. Marshall - an American artist whom he had met at Paris - , the enterprising Bostonian Edward Howard House, then dramatic critic on the New York Tribune, and Horace Greeley, whom he later praised as "the perfect type of a political journalist, struggling for the enlightenment of the masses."

It is characteristic that he <sup>sought</sup> ~~seeked~~, almost exclusively, <sup>the society of</sup> ~~contacts~~ <sup>& showed little</sup> ~~hardly~~ ~~interest~~ <sup>interest in</sup> with journalists and politicians, ~~while he seemed hardly~~ ~~interested~~ in the conversation of his "colleagues", the physicians. In fact, one ~~might easily~~ <sup>might easily</sup> be inclined to forget that he ever was a doctor - a profession that seems rather inadequate considering the <sup>Y</sup> ~~real~~ gifts and tendencies of his character. <sup>He</sup> ~~But he~~ did not possess that patient love for

It is easy, in fact, to forget that he was a doctor, a profession obviously unsuited to his



man in all his weakness and misery, that conscientious pity that makes the great physician. ~~He did not regard~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~as his mission to alleviate the suffering of man, but to improve his moral standards~~ <sup>was obsessed with</sup> - even through still more suffering, if necessary. ~~He was~~ a cold

passion for Justice - the dry ecstasy of a rationalistic preacher.

His poignant eloquence and moral determination <sup>would seem rather to have</sup> ~~rather predestined~~ <sup>destined him for the law.</sup> him for the career of a lawyer. But his pugnacious temper and <sup>drive led him to politics.</sup> ~~dynamic ambition made him a politician.~~

He was, indeed, a politician by nature, passion and mission. He loved politics. He not only believed in the parliamentary system, but actually needed <sup>+ could not exist without,</sup> like the air to breathe <sup>lively</sup> that ~~animated~~ <sup>scandal and</sup> sordid atmosphere of ~~corrupt~~ <sup>perpetual struggle</sup> intrigues ~~and~~ <sup>intrigue</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>those devious</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>ingenious</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>in the</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>cause</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>make</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>of his own career, one's party, the</sup> fatherland, and general human progress. He was firmly convinced of the educational function of Democracy. He believed that any political problem should be discussed in public until the ~~one~~ correct solution was found. He believed in correct solutions of involved affairs. He ~~said~~ <sup>was known:</sup> ~~said:~~ "A question is never settled until it is settled right."

The man who was to become one of the great leaders of the French nation, was a fairly good journalist and reliable correspondent, though <sup>limited in his interests.</sup> rather one-sided one. For he was so completely concerned with ~~the~~ <sup>happenings</sup> political ~~collisions~~ <sup>though</sup> that he neglected cultural and artistic matters. <sup>the most</sup> While he reported, with <sup>meticulous care,</sup> ~~an almost pedantic con-~~ <sup>scientiousness,</sup> ~~science~~ <sup>had almost nothing to say of the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>fascinating coming-of-age</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>accomplishments of the young</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>of</sup> American culture. ~~His own conception~~



of culture was exclusively determined by Greece and Rome, "the two greatest things of the past." Besides he exclaimed, with that rather conceited pathos characteristic for a certain sterile "modernism": "What is literature compared with the accomplishments of politics and science!"

*He let pass unnoticed even the most*

The same man who rushed to Washington when some Senator was going to deliver a more or less significant speech, ~~heedlessly missed~~ *He even the most* festive events of literary life in New York - such as the ~~banquet~~ *given* ~~at~~ *Paris* to Charles Dickens by the New York press, on April 18, 1868, at Delmonico's. Clemenceau's name did not appear on the list of ~~the~~ participants, although his great friend, Horace Greeley, ~~acted as the president and toastmaster upon that occasion.~~ *presided as toastmaster.*

As *a* political observer, however, the young doctor was of penetrating intelligence, ~~far-seeing + very wide awake.~~ *far-seeing + very wide awake.* witty, ~~and~~ *real* His criticism of American life was not devoid of sympathy and ~~genuine~~ *real* respect; ~~and~~ *his* prophecies concerning the ~~American~~ *of America* future were ~~full of confidence and optimism,~~ *highly optimistic* despite his realistic ~~knowledge of all dangers and difficulties~~ *sense of the* this country. ~~These threats to peaceful development were a source of genuine concern had then to meet.~~ *than confronting* As he honestly liked the United States, he was worried *to him.* but not unduly upset about the serious troubles menacing, at that particular time, ~~her~~ peaceful development. He ~~informed~~ *told* his readers of the alarming size of the Federal Debt, which amounted, in 1866, to the fabulous sum of more than two-and-a-half billion. He discussed, frankly and ~~with~~ *earnest consideration* the various problems of American policy, both foreign and domestic; the crisis ~~of~~ *in* trade and industry ~~after~~ *following* the ~~peace~~ *Continuing resentment* war boom; the ~~continued~~ sullen and resentful attitude of the Southern States after their defeat; the outrages of the Ku-Klux Klan, the violent protests against what ~~the~~ Southerners called the "Crime



of Reconstruction," - including "the unbearable ~~the~~ burden of negro rule supported by the bayonets of the North."

He also analysed ~~and described~~ the events and tensions complicating America's relations with foreign countries; ~~- going into the details~~ <sup>dealing in detail with</sup> of the Irish problem, <sup>and</sup> the ~~noisy~~ propaganda of the Fenian Society, <sup>as a menace to Anglo-American friendship.</sup> menacing the friendship between the United States and England. The subscribers of Le Temps learned through their anonymous correspondent that "at least a third of the Irish population of the world is in this country - among them excellent men, leaders of the Independence Party, patriots, that is to say, exiles." ~~Even more keenly~~ <sup>he was especially</sup> he ~~was~~ concerned, however, <sup>with the</sup> with the ominous ~~affairs~~ <sup>situation</sup> of Mexico and the ~~hathless~~ <sup>ominous</sup> intervention of Napoleon III in that country. Clemenceau's accounts concerning that sordid adventure of the Emperor and his pathetic tool, the Archduke Maximilian, had to be, of course, particularly cautious and restrained. <sup>(pathetic drama)</sup> The ~~final~~ <sup>tragic</sup> tragedy of the Archduke took place while Clemenceau was staying in the United States. It was in 1867 that General Grant sent General Sheridan with an army to the Mexican border, <sup>(intervention)</sup> and Napoleon withdrew his troops from ~~the~~ Mexico, thus <sup>(promptly)</sup> callously sacrificing the unfortunate <sup>(Austrian was)</sup> Archduke, who court-martialed and shot by the Mexicans. <sup>In the five years of his visit there was an abundance of material for the young correspondent.</sup>

Many things occurred during the five years' stay of Georges Clemenceau in the New World: there was an abundance of events for the ~~an~~ ambitious correspondent to write about. There was the affair of the Alabama Claims - that <sup>serious</sup> ~~grave~~ quarrel between the United States and Britain <sup>over</sup> ~~because of~~ some warships built for the Confederacy and slipped away from English ports, during the Civil War, to prey on the commerce of the Union. The damage done by the Alabama was considerable - directly as well as indirectly: <sup>in the destruction of</sup> ~~by destroying~~ merchant ships and

Mexico & the ominous situation of that country, which reached its climax in the death of Maximilian during Clemenceau's stay in the United States.

(Maximilian read it and)



and cargoes on the high seas, and - which was <sup>never still - in</sup> ~~still worse~~ - through the most unfortunate encouragement of the Confederate cause.

Charles Sumner, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, demanded <sup>that</sup> the British should pay \$200,000,000, <sup>besides giving up</sup> ~~and moreover,~~ <sup>#Feeling ran high,</sup> ~~should give up~~ Canada, Honduras and Guiana. ~~I was quite an excitement~~ <sup>in 1871</sup> until a compromise was found, in 1871.

There was the Purchase of Alaska, in 1867 - that tremendous bargain between Czar Alexander II of Russia and the Government of the United States: 577,390 square miles for \$7,200,000 - ; and there were the astounding accomplishments and still more astounding intrigues of big Railway Building, with ~~the~~ communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific Coasts finally completed, in May, 1869.

~~There were great achievements and petty scandals, and George~~ Clemenceau was ardently interested in <sup>all</sup> ~~both~~ manifestations, of <sup>great or petty,</sup> ~~great achievements or petty scandals.~~ Democratic life. <sup>He</sup> watched <sup>most</sup> ~~eagerly~~ the smooth or refractory working of the <sup>vast</sup> ~~big~~ political machinery, the ever-changing moods and tendencies ~~of the~~ within the parties and factions, the increasing unpopularity of the President, Andrew Johnson. In his first dispatch from Washington, in 1865, Clemenceau noted: "Republicans and Democrats vie with each other in expressing their friendship for Mr. Johnson." Two years and some months afterwards, however, he <sup>gave a detailed report of</sup> ~~reported in detail about~~ "The President's Trial".

That rather sordid affair - the Impeachment of Mr. Johnson by the Senate of the United States - was, in the opinion of Georges Clemenceau, <sup>a crucial matter but also a thoroughly exciting spectacle.</sup> not only a matter of crucial magnitude, but also a <sup>most</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>tremendously</sup> ~~thrilling and amusing~~ spectacle. He enjoyed it ~~thoroughly~~ greedily snuffling the sharp and stimulating fragrance of ~~it~~ <sup>avidly snuffing up the odor of</sup>



grand  
le) scandal.

The black cloud has finally broken. The President called upon the lightning, and the lightning came. Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, has been impeached, and the Senate is preparing to pass judgement upon him.

*So he opens his startling account for Le Temps.*  
~~Thus the gifted correspondent of Le Temps begins his startling~~  
~~account.~~ Most ingeniously, he built up and dramatized the "affair", *already in something of*  
~~already somewhat~~ in the grand polemic style which he later developed as a participant and witness of the great French affairs, Dreyfus and Panama.

*had actually occurred*  
What ~~was really happening~~, in Washington, was rather dreary. In March 1867, Congress had passed a law called the Tenure of Office Act, which forbade the President to remove officers of the Government without consent of the Senate. The main purpose of the new law was to keep Mr. Stanton at the head of the War Department; for he was a *devoted* ~~faithful~~ friend and follower of the radical leaders of Congress. Mr. Johnson, however, *removed the Secretary regardless of the Act.*  
~~without consulting his cabinet~~  
~~removed the Secretary of War, thus violating the Tenure of Office Act.~~ ~~Or - to use the words of the French observer - the President~~  
~~"set to work to take the bull by the horns," being "as greedy~~  
~~for stirring emotions as his compatriot Andrew Jackson, of daunt-~~  
~~less memory."~~

The House impeached the President, on February 24, 1868, and in the following month, <sup>The</sup> Senate assembled under the presidency of Chief Justice Chase to try the sensational case. Clemenceau observed:

Mr. Johnson, like Medea, stands absolutely alone. He is his own sole remaining friend. Unhappily, he does not suffice.

Yet <sup>The</sup> Senate failed, by one vote ~~necessary~~ of the two-thirds necessary to convict the President. The radical Republicans were ~~rather~~ disappointed, and so was the correspondent from Paris.



Mr. Johnson finished out his term, constantly antagonized and heckled by Congress, openly despised by the Republican leaders.

Clemenceau, <sup>for all</sup> ~~despite~~ his passion for Justice, failed to recognize that a condemnation of the President would have been unfair, <sup>for the Act</sup> ~~had been~~ ~~was~~ invented and passed mainly to set a trap for Johnson; ~~the hostile~~ ~~Congressmen cunningly tried to catch him on "high crime of misdemeanors."~~ Clemenceau's judgement in this entire matter was obviously influenced, if not determined, by <sup>his</sup> ~~the~~ emotions of sympathy and hatred. He <sup>thoroughly</sup> ~~utterly~~ disliked Johnson, and was <sup>wholly in sympathy with</sup> ~~a thorough-going~~ follower of the radical Republicans.

He believed in General Grant, whom he had met and admired at the Army Headquarters, long before the 1868 elections. ~~One of Clemenceau's~~ <sup>Immediately after</sup> ~~first activities in America,~~ <sup>promptly</sup> ~~from~~ his arrival, in 1865, <sup>he had made a</sup> ~~had been a~~ hasty trip to the South. He found the city of Richmond in ruins and General Grant in great form. Fifty-two years <sup>later,</sup> ~~afterwards,~~ <sup>solemnly addressing the American troops in France, he was</sup> ~~during the first World War, he was to recall that glorious impression as he~~ <sup>to recall that visit!</sup> ~~solemnly addressed the American troops in France:~~

I have for long admired American institutions, and know them well. I was in your country during the last days of the Civil War, and was in Richmond five minutes before General Grant captured the town.

The first great speech in Congress ~~on~~ which he reported <sup>for</sup> his newspaper, was that of Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, on December 18, 1865. The <sup>impetuous</sup> ~~violent~~ Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations was known as an ardent foe of the South and active leader of the radical Republicans, who had decided to punish the "rebels" severely. It was the same Thaddeus Stevens whom President Johnson had attacked, in a coarse speech from the balcony of the White House on Washington's birthday, 1866. Stevens, Sumner and Philipps were not only trying - according to the ~~■~~ Mr. Johnson - to rob the President of his legal



powers, but were also encouraging those who planned <sup>his</sup> ~~the~~ assassination.  
tion.

Clemenceau, however, was emphatically <sup>on their side, and thought</sup> ~~for those men, whose~~ <sup>of them as carrying on</sup> ~~and tactics he thought in accordance with~~ the great French tradition of the "rights of man." He watched the Presidential Campaign of 1868, not merely as a keenly interested observer, but also as a passionate partisan. He wanted General Grant to win.

Yet <sup>judging by</sup> ~~his~~ amusing stories dealing with the Campaign, <sup>it appears that</sup> ~~make it clear~~ <sup>nevertheless</sup> ~~that~~ he managed <sup>the</sup> to remain, at the same time, a detached witness of <sup>this colorful battle -</sup> the clamorous, colourful goings-on - aloof, witty, malicious.

The American carnival takes place every four years, and lasts about two months. The pretext for the general universal dissoluteness of mind is the presidential election.

He described <sup>open air</sup> the gaudy meetings in Union Square, with platforms and stands decorated with Japanese lanterns. He watched, with <sup>sardonic</sup> ~~amazing~~ amazement, a mass meeting in Tammany Hall, with 8000 people present: "When the speaker appeared on the platform he was welcomed with such cheers as only Irish throats can produce and which I can compare only to the roars of wild animals..."

The Frenchman was <sup>puzzled and a little put off by the</sup> ~~bewildered and even slightly shocked by a~~ <sup>exuberant</sup> certain enthusiastic rudeness of American political manners. But when Grant had won, he cried out, jubilantly:

The Republican victory is dazzling and decisive. It provides a sure guarantee that reaction will not rule, and that the blacks will not be left to the mercy of their former masters. Of her slaves America means to make, and will make, citizens and free men.

<sup>in Le Temps of May 7, 1870,</sup> His conclusive article, <sup>ratification of the</sup> ~~commenting upon the Fifteenth Amendment,~~ was ~~already~~ written in Paris, after his return from the United States. He heartily approved of that new ~~the~~ completion of American Democracy, guaranteeing that "The rights of citizens of the United



States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

He had come to America as a bachelor - and ~~came back to Paris as~~ <sup>went home.</sup>

a married man.

He had met

Miss Mary Plummer <sup>while teaching French</sup> ~~had been one of his pupils when he was active~~

~~as a French master~~ at the Catherine Aiken School for Girls, in Stamford, Connecticut. <sup>His father, angry at George's prolonged stay abroad, had cut off his allowance & George had been obliged</sup> ~~He had accepted that job as his father had~~ out off all supplies, even his allowance, being gravely angered by <sup>prolonged</sup> ~~George's long stay~~ <sup>to accept this job</sup> ~~away abroad.~~ The versatile young doctor and correspondent proved his pedagogical talent <sup>pedagogue</sup> as well - though his Gallic charm and <sup>intriguing</sup> ~~interesting~~ appearance turned out to be somewhat dangerous for the emotional equilibrium of his female students.

At the Commencement of 1868, ~~some of~~ "Dr. Clemenceau's grateful pupils" presented him with a fine copy of Washington Irving's Sketch Book. In the collective dedication "To our admired Teacher <sup>among others,</sup> ..." appears the name of the orphan daughter of General Plummer, of Springfield.

She was of good old New England stock, and well guarded by a little army of trustees, aunts and uncles. Her sudden idea of getting married to an unknown alien - a piratical young man of dubious convictions and eccentric manners - was regarded by the Plummer tribe as a <sup>scandalous</sup> ~~shocking~~ whim. She was madly in love with her fascinating French teacher - that young tiger <sup>rashly admitted</sup> ~~when such confidence had~~ ~~admitted~~ as a guardian of the innocent sheeps.

The young lady <sup>refused to listen to reason.</sup> ~~proved obstinate and reckless.~~ She confronted



her family with a fait accompli: "I am his fiancée!"

The situation grew still more precarious <sup>when</sup> Clemenceau bluntly refused to attend any religious ceremonies: he was a "free-thinker", and <sup>held</sup> faithfully ~~sticked~~ to the axioms <sup>2</sup> once formulated in his anti-clerical manifesto: 'Do as you think! ~~Sternly~~ Oppose sternly the presence of a priest at birth, marriage, or death!'

There was no representative of the Church <sup>present</sup> when ~~George~~ Miss Mary Plummer became the bride of Monsieur Georges Clemenceau, on June 25, 1869, in the City Hall of New York.

He returned to France, where he had been once in the meantime, for a few months, to present the Plummer clan to the Clemenceau family. This time, however, he came home for good, and at ~~an historical~~ <sup>historical</sup> moment of crucial significance. It was the year ~~of~~ 1870 - fatal to the Second Empire, to Napoleon III, to France, to Clemenceau. It was the tragic hour of Sedan, of La Débâcle. Georges left his young American wife in Brittany, and hastened to Paris.

His old enemy was defeated: the glib and inscrutable despot with the <sup>smooth</sup> ~~refined~~ manners and the callous soul had lost his shrewd, adventurous game. Up went the star of the radical republican, the <sup>stern</sup> ~~articulate~~ fighter for Liberty and Justice, the sober and inflexible patriot. Here he was, <sup>burning with</sup> ~~full of a tremendous~~ faith in himself and in the genius of France; eager for action, struggle and power; - the future Mayor of Montmartre, future <sup>holder</sup> ~~occupant~~ of <sup>innumerable</sup> ~~many~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~an~~ office, <sup>master</sup> ~~great man~~ of la Grande Nation - ~~pulsing with energies~~, offering to ~~his~~ <sup>of</sup> conquered nation his lucid intelligence, his will-power, his ambition, his wit, his cruelty, his faith, his articulate



inspiration, his ~~beastly~~ <sup>turbulent</sup> lust for revenge.

~~His hair and lips were yet soft: he still was the slender, elastic youth, with his fine dark eyebrows and moustache - not yet the old Tiger and Tyrant, much-feared and much-admired, whose formidable features we recognize, not without shuddering, on the matchless bust by Rodin, and also in these praising words that another grand old man, Winston Churchill of England, wrote in homage of his illustrious French colleague: "A life of storm, from the beginning to the end; fighting, fighting all the way; never a pause, never a truce, never a rest... Beating down opponents with his mace, Clemenceau long strode, reckless, aggressive, triumphant... Happy the nation which when its fate quivers in the balance, can find such a tyrant and such a champion."~~

The young ~~lawyer~~ <sup>postrated</sup> who returned from the United States, found a nation, <sup>on the edge of collapse.</sup> that was defeated, ~~postrated, near a state of total collapse and dissolution.~~ The task of <sup>true</sup> a patriot was not to lament but to act, or to prepare the action. The humiliation had to be avenged; the nation must be reconstructed.

Reconstruction - <sup>this had been the central theme</sup> ~~this had been the leading thought~~ of Clemenceau's letters from America. ~~What~~ What he had watched and experienced in the United States, had prepared him in many respects for the duties and dangers of his own career - his career for France. He had learned a great deal, <sup>and wandering,</sup> during those five eventful years, ~~or wandering,~~ <sup>or was to put his knowledge to good use.</sup> He was going to use this ~~newly acquired knowledge.~~

<sup>thought: 'Over there</sup> 'Reconstruction....,' he ~~said~~. <sup>we too?</sup> They are reconstructing, ~~over there~~ - efficiently and bravely. Why shouldn't ~~we~~ <sup>be</sup> able to do the same thing?

La France est morte: Vive la France.'

X



The Young Tiger:

CLEMENCEAU.

second half of the XIX<sup>th</sup> Century,

The French colony of New York, in the ~~period following the Civil~~  
~~war~~ was rather gay and fairly influential, especially in matters  
of fastidious taste and culture. There still existed some-  
thing like a French Quarter, in the vicinity of Liberty Street and  
around Washington Square, with French theatres, restaurants, and  
stores. A newcomer from Paris found plenty of social centers where people  
understood his language, and there even was a French paper, the  
Courrier des États-Unis.

The young doctor, however, who landed in New York from the steamer  
Etna of the Imman Line, in the autumn of 1865, hardly liked that  
periodical; for he thought the Courrier too closely connected with  
Napoleon III, "the Tyrant of the Tuileries." The young man was  
bitterly opposed to the Emperor, as he was to many other things -  
such as the Catholic Church, German romanticism, French Royalists,  
and all kinds of reactionary, obtuse or mystic ideas. He be-  
lieved in Freedom, Reason, and Justice; in Greek philosophy, Roman  
strategy, Latin clarity; in the dignity of man as a result of in-  
cessant intellectual endeavour and of the French Revolution. He  
was gifted with a sardonic witticism, a great deal of dynamic  
vitality, and an absolute absence of sense of humour. He was  
(a respectable scholar, and, moreover, a)  
sparkling causeur, an elegant horseman, and a fairly good fencer.  
He soon became a popular figure in the journalistic and artistic  
circles of New York City. His name was Eugène Franklin Georges  
Clemenceau.

He had just completed his medical studies in Paris, when he



suddenly got the idea of travelling to England and the United States - ~~he~~ definitely <sup>a</sup>gainst the will of his father. Yet old Monsieur Clemenceau should have had more understanding for his son's wayward and rebellious character; for it was from his father that Georges had inherited the reckless and stubborn features. Benjamin Clemenceau was also a doctor, and besides a philosophical Jacobin of the ancient, inflexible pattern. He was known among his friends for ~~detesting~~ <sup>abominating</sup> only one thing more than Louis-Philippe, and that was Napoleon III. He had the honorable reputation of spending more time in cursing both Bourbons and Bonapartes than in curing patients. His son, then, was educated in the strict spirit of a certain "idealistic materialism" - which embraces both a grim scepticism and a militant belief in Democracy as the ultimate mission of man. No wonder that the first political activity of the young scholar in Paris was the composition of a violent manifesto, bristling with attacks against the clergy and inviting a group of friends to "bind themselves to oppose the presence of a priest at birth, marriage, or death." They solemnly established a 'Do-as-you-think association', with 'Science as its law, and Justice as its aim.'

Oh, those wonderful, faraway days of the quartier Latin! - oh, that great, rousing period of the French spirit! The young artists, already anticipating the coming ~~miracle~~ <sup>outburst</sup> of Impressionism - that ~~magnificent outburst of colour~~ <sup>impetuous</sup> invasion of glowing life into art - still flocked respectfully around the masters, Courbet and Corot. Clemenceau made friends with Emile Zola and the brothers Goncourt. A group of inspired youngsters launched a progressive newspaper, Le Travail; they had to camouflage their refractory ideas because of the rigid control wielded by the Emperor's political censorship. Zola was the poet, Clemenceau - the literary and dramatic critic of ~~the sheet~~ <sup>the sheet.</sup>



Sometimes they grew tired of being careful and diplomatic. Clemenceau challenged the Imperial dictator: "They can silence us, but they cannot make us lie!" He had to go to prison - only for seventy-three days, but he thought they seemed endless like seventy-three years.

~~The only books he was allowed to read were religious works, and an abominable poem in twelve cantos by M. de Jumonville, a young French officer, who was killed on the banks of the Ohio, fighting with the militia of George Washington. Clemenceau loathed the jail, and "Napoléon le Petit", to whom he owed this nasty humiliation, and he also loathed M. de Jumonville whose ballad was so unbearably dull. He admitted later: "I have never since been able to get rid of an invincible feeling of resentment against Washington..."~~

His stay in England was short, with a visit to John Stuart Mill as its climax. Clemenceau was planning to translate Mill's work on Auguste Comte into French. He also <sup>had a glimpse at</sup> ~~visited~~ social conditions in Britain, and was struck by the contrast between upper-class wealth and the squalid <sup>slight</sup> ~~view~~ of the poor.

He arrived in America, full of a passionate curiosity, hankering for knowledge and activity. At that time - while even France, homeland of the Revolution, was oppressed by <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ cunning despot - alarmed Democrats, all over the world, turned to the United States - watching, hopefully and anxiously, the aftermath of the Civil War, the delicate <sup>vital</sup> ~~and~~ process of Reconstruction. Lincoln's assassination had shocked and startled <sup>all</sup> faithful adherents of progress. The question prevailed, everywhere: Will the Union be able to rehabilitate itself without having recourse to some kind of dictator?

Clemenceau was <sup>charged</sup> ~~supposed~~ to discuss and answer this <sup>crucial</sup> ~~question~~ question for the readers of the Paris newspaper Le Temps - ~~a~~ radical

The left France in order to avoid the negotiation of such enormous advantage.



at that time, an organ of Democratic radicalism. <sup>Most of</sup> His articles appeared anonymously as his name was anathema to French censors. His fixed salary was 150 francs a month - which was a modest payment for his services, but enabled him, together with the allowance he received from his father, to live rather comfortably.

He liked New York, although he observed that it lacked in general ideas and good coffee. <sup>Yet</sup> ~~but~~ he enjoyed strolling through the streets of Manhattan, and he soon felt at home in his little flat, downtown, in the 12 th. Street. He had a reserved table at Pfaff's, on Broadway - the a meeting ground of the literati. ~~Another of his favourite~~ places was the Astor Library, in Lafayette Street. There he used to spend tranquil hours of studying, and ~~and~~ he later presented the institute with his doctor's degree essay, La génération des éléments anatomiques. The autograph dedication in that treasured copy is dated from October 19, 1837.

✓ Among his more intimate friends in New York were William E. Marshall - an American artist whom he had met at Paris - , the enterprising Bostonian Edward Howard House, then dramatic critic on the New York Tribune, and Horace Greeley, whom he later praised as "the perfect type of a political journalist, struggling for the enlightenment of the masses."

It is characteristic that he sought, almost exclusively, contacts with journalists and politicians, while he seemed <sup>scarcely</sup> ~~much~~ interested in the conversation of his "colleagues", the physicians. In fact, one <sup>might easily</sup> ~~may be inclined~~ to forget that he ~~was~~ was a doctor - a profession that seems rather inadequate considering the real gifts and tendencies of his character. For he did not possess that patient love for



man in all his weakness and misery, that conscientious pity that makes the great physician. ~~He did not regard~~<sup>it</sup> ~~as his mission to alleviate the suffering of man, but to improve his moral standards~~ <sup>was obsessed with</sup> ~~even through still more suffering, if necessary, his~~ a cold passion for Justice - the dry ecstasy of a rationalistic preacher. His poignant eloquence and moral determination rather predestined him for the career of a lawyer. But his pugnacious temper and dynamic ambition made him a politician.

~~He was, indeed, a politician by nature, passion and mission.~~ He loved politics. He not only believed in the parliamentary system, but actually needed - like the air to breathe - that animated, sordid atmosphere of secret intrigues and clamorous scandals, of violent debates and permanent <sup>strife</sup> ~~maneuvers~~ - all ~~those elegant and~~ <sup>ingenious</sup> ~~ruthless rhetoric feats~~ those inspired and cynical efforts for the sake of one's own career, one's party, the fatherland, and general human progress. He was firmly convinced of the educational function of Democracy. He believed that any political problem should be discussed in public until the ~~one~~ correct solution was found. He believed in correct solutions of involved affairs. <sup>proclaimed</sup> ~~He~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~:  
"A question is never settled until it is settled right."

The man who was to become one of the great leaders of the French nation, was a fairly good journalist and reliable correspondent, though ~~rather one-sided one.~~ <sup>limited in his interests.</sup> For he was so completely concerned with the political goings-on that he neglected cultural and artistic matters. While he reported, with <sup>meticulous</sup> ~~an almost pedantic~~ conscientiousness, even the insignificant details of current political events, he scarcely ever mentioned the manifold endeavours and accomplishments of the young American culture. ~~his own conception~~



~~of culture was exclusively determined by Greece and Rome, "the two greatest things of the past." Besides he exclaimed, with that rather conceited pathos characteristic for a certain sterile "modernism": "What is literature compared with the accomplishments of politics and science!"~~

~~The same man who rushed to Washington when some Senator was going to deliver a more or less significant speech,~~ <sup>He</sup> ~~heedlessly missed~~ <sup>even the most</sup> festive events of literary life ~~in New York~~ <sup>of</sup> - such as the ~~solemn~~ <sup>opulent</sup> banquet offered to Charles Dickens by the New York press, on April 18, 1868, at Delmonico's. Clemenceau's name did not appear on the list of the participants, although his great friend, Horace Greeley, acted as the president and toastmaster upon that occasion.

As <sup>a</sup> political observer, however, the young doctor was of penetrating intelligence, <sup>7</sup> vigilant, witty, clairvoyant. His criticism of American life was not devoid of sympathy and genuine respect; <sup>his</sup> ~~and~~ prophecies concerning the American future were full of confidence and optimism, despite his realistic knowledge of all dangers and difficulties this country had then to meet. As he honestly liked the United States, he was worried but not unduely upset about the serious troubles menacing, at that particular time, her peaceful development. He informed his readers of the alarming size of the Federal Debt, which amounted, in 1866, to the fabulous sum of more than two-and-a-half billion. He discussed, frankly and with earnest consideration, the various problems of American policy, both foreign and domestic; the crisis of trade and industry <sup>following</sup> ~~the~~ the hectic war boom; the continued sullen and resentful attitude of the Southern States after their defeat; the outrages of the Ku-Klux Klan, the violent protests against what the Southerners called the "Crime



of Reconstruction," - including "the unbearable ~~the~~ burden of negro rule supported by the bayonets of the North."

He also analysed and described the events and tensions complicating America's relations with foreign countries, - going into ~~the~~ details of the Irish problem, the noisy propaganda of the Fenian Society, menacing the friendship between the United States and England. ~~The subscribers of Le Temps learned through their anonymous correspondent that "at least a third of the Irish population of the world is in this country - among them excellent men, leaders of the Independence Party, patriots, that is to say, exiles." Even more keenly he was concerned, however, with the ominous affairs of Mexico and the~~ <sup>rather</sup> ~~political~~ intervention of Napoleon III in that country. ~~Clemenceau's accounts concerning that sordid adventure of the Emperor and his pathetic tool, the Archduke Maximilian, had to be, of course, particularly cautious and restrained.~~ <sup>Catholic drama</sup> ~~The final tragedy of the Archduke~~ <sup>headed it, and</sup> ~~took place,~~ while Clemenceau was staying in the United States. It was in 1867 that General Grant sent General Sheridan with an army to the Mexican border, <sup>whereupon</sup> ~~and~~ Napoleon withdrew his troops from ~~the~~ Mexico, thus <sup>callously</sup> ~~sacrificing~~ <sup>promptly</sup> the unfortunate <sup>Austrian</sup> ~~Archduke~~ <sup>war</sup>, who court-martialed and shot by the Mexicans.

Many things occurred during the five years-stay of Georges Clemenceau in the New World: there was an abundance of events for ~~the~~ <sup>an</sup> ambitious correspondent to write about. There was the affair of the Alabama Claims - that grave quarrel between the United States and Britain because of some warships built for the Confederacy and slipped away from English ports, during the Civil War, to prey on the commerce of the Union. The damage done by the Alabama was considerable - directly as well as indirectly: by destroying merchant ships and



and cargoes on the high seas, and - which was still worse - through the most unfortunate encouragement of the Confederate cause. Charles Sumner, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, demanded the British should pay \$200,000,000, and, moreover, should give up Canada, Honduras and Guiana. I was quite an excitement - until a compromise was found, in 1871.

There was the Purchase of Alaska, in 1867 - that tremendous bargain between Czar Alexander II of Russia and the Government of the United States: 577,390 square miles for \$7,200,000 - ; and there were the astounding accomplishments and still more astounding intrigues of big Railway Building, with the communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific Coasts finally completed, in May, 1869.

~~There were great achievements and petty scandals, and George~~

Clemenceau was ardently interested in both manifestations of Democratic life. He watched eagerly the smooth or refractory working of the ~~big~~ <sup>vast</sup> political machinery, the ever-changing moods and tendencies ~~as the~~ within the parties and factions, the increasing unpopularity of the President, Andrew Johnson. In his first dispatch from Washington, in 1865, Clemenceau noted: "Republicans and Democrats vie with each other in expressing their friendship for Mr. Johnson." Two years and some months afterwards, however, he reported in detail about "The President's Trial".

That rather sordid affair - the Impeachment of Mr. Johnson by the Senate of the United States - was, in the opinion of Georges Clemenceau, not only a matter of crucial magnitude, but also a ~~very~~ <sup>most</sup> thrilling ~~and amusing~~ spectacle. He enjoyed it thoroughly, greedily snuffling the sharp and stimulating fragrance of ~~it~~



grand  
le scandal.

The black cloud has finally broken. The President called upon the lightning, and the lightning came. Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, has been impeached, and the Senate is preparing to pass judgement upon him.

Thus the gifted correspondent of Le Temps begins his startling account. Most ingeniously, he built up and dramatized the "affair", already somewhat in the grand polemic style which he later developed as a participant and witness of the great French affairs, Dreyfus and Panama.

What ~~was really happening~~ <sup>had actually occurred</sup> in Washington, was rather dreary. In March 1867, Congress had passed a law called the Tenure of Office Act, which forbade the President to remove officers of the Government without consent of the Senate. The main purpose of the new law was to keep Mr. Stanton at the head of the War Department; for he was a ~~faithful~~ <sup>devoted</sup> friend and follower of the radical leaders of Congress. Mr. Johnson, however - without consulting his cabinet - removed the Secretary of War, thus violating the Tenure of Office Act. ~~to use the words of the French observer - the President "set to work to take the bull by the horns," being "as greedy for stirring emotions as his compatriot Andrew Jackson, of dauntless memory."~~

The House impeached the President, on February 24, 1868, and in the following month Senate assembled under the presidency of Chief Justice Chase to try the sensational case. Clemenceau observed:

Mr. Johnson, like Medea, stands absolutely alone. He is his own sole remaining friend. Unhappily, he does not suffice.

Yet Senate failed, by one vote ~~necessary~~ of the two-thirds necessary to convict the President. The radical Republicans were ~~rather~~ disappointed, and so was the correspondent from Paris.



Mr. Johnson finished out his term, constantly antagonized and heckled by Congress, openly despised by the Republican leaders.

Clemenceau, ~~despite~~ <sup>for all</sup> his passion for Justice, failed to recognize that a condemnation of the President would have been unfair. For the Act was invented and passed mainly to set a trap for Johnson: the hostile Congressmen cunningly tried to catch him on "high crime of misdemeanors." Clemenceau's judgement in this entire matter was obviously influenced, if not determined, by <sup>his</sup> ~~the~~ emotions of sympathy and hatred. He utterly disliked Johnson, and was a thorough-going follower of the radical Republicans.

He believed in General Grant, whom he had met and admired at the Army Headquarters, long before the 1868 elections. One of Clemenceau's first activities in America, <sup>promptly</sup> upon his arrival, in 1865, had been a hasty trip to the South. He found the city of Richmond in ruins and General Grant in great form. Fifty-two years afterwards, during the first World War, he was to recall that glorious impression as he solemnly addressed the American troops in France:

I have for long admired American institutions, and know them well. I was in your country during the last days of the Civil War, and was in Richmond five minutes before General Grant captured the town.

The first great speech in Congress on which he reported to his newspaper, was that of Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, on December 18, 1865. The <sup>conspicuous</sup> ~~prominent~~ Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations was known as an ardent foe of the South and active leader of the radical Republicans, who had decided to punish the "rebels" severely. It was the same Thaddeus Stevens whom President Johnson had attacked, in a coarse speech from the balcony of the White House on Washington's birthday, 1866. Stevens, Sumner and Philipps were not only trying - according to the ~~the~~ Mr. Johnson - to rob the President of his legal



powers, but were also encouraging those who planned <sup>his</sup> ~~the~~ assassination.

Clemenceau, however, was emphatically for those men, whose tenets and tactics he thought in accordance with the great French tradition of the "rights of man." He watched the Presidential Campaign of 1868, not merely as a keenly interested observer, but also as a passionate partisan. He wanted General Grant to win.

Yet his amusing stories dealing with the Campaign, make it clear that he managed to remain, at the same time, a detached witness of the clamorous, colourful goings-on - aloof, witty, malicious.

The American carnival takes place every four years, and lasts about two months. The pretext for the general universal dissoluteness of mind is the presidential election.

He described <sup>open air</sup> the gaudy meetings in Union Square, with platforms and stands decorated with Japanese lanterns. He watched, with a smirking amazement, a mass meeting in Tammany Hall, with 8000 people present: "When the speaker appeared on the platform he was welcomed with such cheers as only Irish throats can produce and which I can compare only to the roars of wild animals..."

The Frenchman was bewildered and even slightly shocked by a certain enthusiastic rudeness of American political manners. But when Grant had won, he cried out, jubilantly:

The Republican victory is dazzling and decisive. It provides a sure guarantee that reaction will not rule, and that the blacks will not be left to the mercy of their former masters. Of her slaves America means to make, and will make, citizens and free men.

in Le Temps of May 7, 1870,  
His conclusive article, commenting upon the <sup>(ratification of the)</sup> Fifteenth Amendment, was already written in Paris, after his return from the United States. He heartily approved of that new ~~a~~ completion of American Democracy, guaranteeing that "The rights of citizens of the United



States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

He had come to America as a bachelor - and came back to Paris as a married man.

*He had met*  
Miss Mary Plummer ~~had been one of his pupils~~ when he was active as a French master at the Catherine Aiken School for Girls, in Stamford, Connecticut. He had accepted that job as his father had cut off all supplies, even his allowance, being gravely angered by ~~George's long~~ *prolonged* stay ~~and~~ abroad. The versatile young doctor and correspondent proved his pedagogical talent as well - though his Gallic charm and interesting appearance turned out to be somewhat dangerous for the emotional equilibrium of his female students.

At the Commencement of 1868, June 15, "Dr. Clemenceau's grateful pupils" presented him with a fine copy of Washington Irving's Sketch Book. In the collective dedication "To our admired Teacher ... *among others,*" appears the name of the orphan daughter of General Plummer, of Springfield.

She was of good old New England stock, and well guarded by a little army of trustees, aunts and uncles. Her sudden idea of getting married to an unknown alien - a piratical young man of dubious convictions and eccentric manners - was regarded by the Plummer tribe as a shocking whim. She was madly in love with her fascinating French teacher - that young tiger whom rash confidence had admitted as a guardian of the innocent sheeps.

The young lady proved obstinate and reckless. She confronted



her family with a fait accompli: "I am his fiancée!"

The situation grew still more precarious as Clemenceau bluntly refused to attend any religious ceremonies: he was a "free-thinker", and faithfully stuck to the axioms, once formulated in his anti-clerical manifesto: 'Do as you think! ~~Steadily~~ Oppose sternly the presence of a priest at birth, marriage, or death!'

There was no representative of the Church when ~~George~~ Miss Mary Plummer became the bride of Monsieur Georges Clemenceau, on June 25, 1869, in the City Hall of New York.

He returned to France, where he had been once in the meantime, for a few months, to present the Plummer clan to the Clemenceau family. This time, however, he came home for good, and at an historical moment of crucial significance. It was the year of 1870 - fatal to the Second Empire, to Napoleon III, to France, to Clemenceau. It was the tragic hour of Sedan, of la Débâcle. Georges left his young American wife in Brittany, and hastened to Paris.

His old enemy was defeated: the glib and inscrutable despot with the ~~refined~~ <sup>smooth</sup> manners and the callous soul had lost his shrewd, adventurous game. Up went the star of the radical republican, the ~~stern~~ <sup>stern</sup> fighter for Liberty and Justice, the sober and inflexible patriot. Here he was, full of a tremendous faith in himself and in the genius of France; eager for action, struggle and power; - the future Mayor of Montmartre, future occupant of many an office, many a political function; the future ruler of his country's destiny, in the hour of ultimate trial. Here he was, the coming ~~great man~~ <sup>master</sup> of la Grande Nation - pulsing with energies, offering to ~~his~~ <sup>a</sup> conquered nation his lucid intelligence, his will-power, his ambition, his wit, his cruelty, his faith, his articulate



-27-  
*truculent*

inspiration, his ~~truculent~~ lust for revenge.

~~His hair and lips were yet soft: he still was the slender, elastic youth, with his fine dark eyebrows and moustache - not yet the old Tiger and Tyrant, much-feared and much-admired, whose formidable features we recognize, not without shuddering, on the matchless bust by Rodin, and also in these praising words that another grand old man, Winston Churchill of England, wrote in homage of his illustrious French colleague: "A life of storm, from the beginning to the end; fighting, fighting all the way; never a pause, never a truce, never a rest... Beating down opponents with his mace, Clemenceau long strode, reckless, aggressive, triumphant... Happy the nation which when its fate quivers in the balance, can find such a tyrant and such a champion."~~

The young ~~lawyer who returned from the United States~~ scholar and orator who returned from the United States, found a <sup>prostrated</sup> nation, ~~that was defeated,~~ ~~prostrated,~~ near a state of total collapse and dissolution. The task of <sup>true</sup> patriot was not, to lament but to act, or to prepare the action. The humiliation had to be avenged; the nation must be reconstructed.

Reconstruction - thus had been the leading thought of Clemenceau's letters from America. ~~His~~ What he had watched and experienced in the United States, had prepared him in many respects for the duties and dangers of his own career - his career for France. He had leareened a great deal, during those five eventful years of wandering. He was going to use this newly acquired knowledge.

'Reconstruction....,' he felt. 'They are reconstructing, over there - efficiently and bravely. Why shouldn't we be able to do the same thing?

La France est morte: Vive la France.'

X



his obstinacy and recklessness. Benjamin Clemenceau, also a doctor, was a philosophical Jacobin of the old, inflexible order. He was known among his friends for loathing only one thing more than Louis-Philippe, and that was Napoleon III. He had the honorable reputation of spending more time in cursing both Bourbons and Bonapartes than in curing patients. His son, consequently, was brought up on the stern doctrines of "idealistic materialism" - embracing both a grim scepticism and a militant belief in Democracy as the ultimate mission of man. No wonder that the first political activity of the young scholar in Paris was the composition of a violent manifesto, bristling with attacks against the clergy and inviting a group of friends to "bind themselves to oppose the presence of a priest at birth, marriage, or death." They solemnly established a 'Do-as-you-think association', with 'Science as its law, and Justice as its aim.'

Those were the distant, romantic days of the Latin Quarter, when the French spirit was at its most flamboyant. The young artists, already anticipating the coming outburst of Impressionism - that impetuous invasion of glowing life into art- still flocked respectfully around the masters, Courbet and Corot. Clemenceau made friends with Emile Zola and the brothers Goncourt. A group of inspired youngsters launched a progressive newspaper, Le Travail; they had to camouflage their refractory ideas because of the rigid control wielded by the Emperor's political censorship. Zola was the poet, Clemenceau the literary and dramatic critic of the sheet. Sometimes they grew tired of caution and diplomacy. Clemenceau challenged the Imperial dictator: "They can silence us, but they cannot make us lie!" He was sent to prison- only for



seventy -three days, but they seemed like as many years. He left France in order to avoid a repetition of this annoying episode.

His stay in England was short, with a visit to John Stuart Mill as its climax. Clemenceau was planning to translate Mill's work on Auguste Comte into French. He also had a glimpse of social conditions in Britain, and was struck by the contrast between upper-class wealth and the squalid plight of the poor.

He arrived in America seething with curiosity, hankering for knowledge and activity. At that time - when even France, homeland of Revolution, lay under the heel of a shrewd despot- alarmed Democrats all over the world were turning hopeful and anxious eyes to the United States - watching the aftermath of the Civil War, the delicate and vital process of Reconstruction. Lincoln's assassination had profoundly shocked all faithful adherents of progress. Everywhere the question was being asked: Will the Union be able to rehabilitate itself without having recourse to dictatorship?

Clemenceau was commissioned to discuss this crucial question for the readers of the Paris newspaper Le Temps-at that time an organ of Democratic radicalism. Most of his articles appeared anonymously as his name was anathema to French censors. His fixed salary was 150 francs a month- which was a modest payment for his services, but enabled him, together with the allowance he received from his father, to live in relative comfort.

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12th. Street. He had a reserved table at Pfaff's, on Broadway - then a meeting ground of the literati.

Among his more intimate friends in New York were William E. Marshall - an American artist whom he had met at Paris -, the enterprising Bostonian Edward Howard House, then dramatic critic of the New York Tribune, and Horace Greeley, whom he later praised as " the perfect type of a political journalist, struggling for the enlightenment of the masses."

It is characteristic that he sought, almost exclusively, the society of journalists and politicians and showed little interest in his " colleagues", the physicians. It is easy, in fact, to forget that he was a doctor, a profession obviously unsuited to his real gifts and tendencies. He did not possess that patient love for man in all his weakness and misery, that conscientious pity that makes the great physician. He was obsessed with a cold passion for Justice - the dry ecstasy of a rationalistic preacher. His eloquence and moral determination would seem rather to have destined him for the law. But his pugnacious temper and drive led him to politics.

He loved politics. He not only believed in the parliamentary system, but actually needed, and could not exist without, that lively sordid atmosphere of scandal and intrigue, of violent debate and perpetual struggle- all those devious efforts in the cause of career, party, fatherland, and general human progress. He was firmly convinced of the educational function of Democracy. He believed that any political problem should be discussed in public until the correct solution was found. He believed in correct solutions of involved affairs. He said: "A question is never settled until it is settled right."



The man who was to become one of the great leaders of the French nation, was a fairly good journalist and reliable correspondent, though rather limited in his interests. For he was so completely concerned with political happenings that he neglected cultural and artistic matters. Though he reported, with meticulous care, the most insignificant details of current political events, he had almost nothing to say of the fascinating coming-of-age of American culture. He let pass unnoticed even the most festive events of literary life- such as the banquet given to Charles Dickens by the New York press, on April 18, 1868, at Delmonico's. Clemenceau's name did not appear in the list of participants, although his great friend, Horace Greeley, presided as toastmaster.

As a political observer, however, the young doctor was of penetrating intelligence,- witty, far-seeing and very wide awake. His criticism of American life was not devoid of sympathy and real respect; his prophecies concerning the future of America were highly optimistic, despite his realistic sense of the dangers and difficulties then confronting this country. These threats to peaceful development were a source of genuine concern to him. He told his readers of the alarming size of the Federal Debt, which amounted, in 1868, to the fabulous sum of more than two-and-a-half billion. He discussed, frankly and earnestly, the various problems of American policy, both foreign and domestic; the crisis in trade and industry following the war boom; the continuing resentment of the Southern States after their defeat; the outrages of the Ku-Klux Klan, the violent protests against what Southerners called the "Crime of Reconstruction" - including " the unbearable burden of negro rule



supported by the bayonets of the North."

He also analyzed the events and tensions complicating America's relations with foreign countries - dealing in detail with the Irish problem and the propaganda of the Fenian Society as a menace to Anglo-American friendship. He was especially concerned, however, with the ruthless intervention of Napoleon III in Mexico and the ominous situation of that country, which reached its climax in the death of Maximilian during Clemenceau's stay in the United States. In the five years of his visit there was an abundance of material for the young correspondent.

There was the affair of the Alabama Claims - that serious quarrel between the United States and Britain over some warships built for the Confederacy and slipped away from English ports, during the Civil War, to prey on the commerce of the Union. The damage done by the Alabama was considerable - directly as well as indirectly: in the destruction of merchant ships and cargoes, and - which was graver still - in encouragement of the Confederate cause. Charles Sumner, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, demanded that the British should pay \$ 200,000,000, besides giving up Canada, Honduras and Guiana. Feeling ran high, until in 1871 a compromise was found.

There was the Purchase of Alaska, in 1867 - that tremendous bargain between Czar Alexander II of Russia and the Government of the United States: 577,390 square miles for \$ 7,200,000 - ; and there were the astounding accomplishments and still more astounding intrigues of big Railway Building, with communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific Coasts finally completed, in May 1869.



Clemenceau was ardently interested in all manifestations, great or petty, of Democratic life. Eagerly he watched the smooth or refractory working of the vast political machinery, the ever-changing moods and tendencies within the parties and factions, the increasing unpopularity of the President, Andrew Johnson. In his first dispatch from Washington, in 1865, Clemenceau noted: "Republicans and Democrats vie with each other in expressing their friendship for Mr. Johnson." Two years and some months afterwards, however, he gave a detailed report of "The President's Trial."

That rather sordid affair - the Impeachment of Mr. Johnson by the Senate of the United States - was, in the opinion of Georges Clemenceau, a crucial matter but also a thoroughly exciting spectacle. He enjoyed it tremendously, avidly snuffing up the odor of le grand scandal.

The black cloud has finally broken. The President called upon the lightning, and the lightning came. Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, has been impeached, and the Senate is preparing to pass judgment upon him.

So he opens his startling account for Le Temps. Most ingeniously, he built up and dramatized the "affair", already in something of the grand polemic style which he later developed as a participant and witness of the great French affairs, Dreyfus and Panama.

What had actually occurred in Washington, was rather dreary. In March 1867, Congress had passed a law called the Tenure of Office Act, which forbade the President to remove officers of the Government without consent of the Senate. The main purpose of the new law was to keep Mr. Stanton at the head of the War Department; for he was a devoted friend and follower of the radical leaders



of Congress. Mr. Johnson, however, removed the Secretary regardless of the Act.

The House impeached the President, on February 24, 1868, and in the following month, the Senate assembled under the presidency of Chief Justice Chase to try the sensational case. Clemenceau observed:

Mr. Johnson, like Medea, stands absolutely alone. He is his own sole remaining friend. Unhappily, he does not suffice.

Yet the Senate failed, by one vote of the two-thirds necessary to convict the President. The radical Republicans were disappointed, and so was the correspondent from Paris. Mr. Johnson finished out his term, constantly antagonized and heckled by Congress, openly despised by the Republican leaders.

Clemenceau, for all his passion for Justice, failed to recognize that a condemnation of the President would have been unfair, for the Act had been invented and passed mainly to set a trap for Johnson. Clemenceau's judgment in this entire matter was obviously influenced, if not determined, by his emotions of sympathy and hatred. He thoroughly disliked Johnson, and was wholly in sympathy with the radical Republicans.

He believed in General Grant, whom he had met and admired at the Army Headquarters, long before the 1868 elections. Immediately after his arrival in 1865 he had made a hasty trip to the South. He found the city of Richmond in ruins and General Grant in great form. Fifty-two years later, solemnly addressing the American troops in France, he was to recall that visit:

I have for long admired American institutions, and know them all. I was in your country during the last days of the Civil War, and was in Richmond five minutes before General Grant captured the town.



The first great speech in Congress which he reported for his newspaper, was that of Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, on December 18, 1865. The impetuous Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations was known as an ardent foe of the South and active leader of the radical Republicans, who had decided to punish the "rebels" severely. It was the same Thaddeus Stevens whom President Johnson had attacked, in a coarse speech from the balcony of the White House on Washington's birthday, 1865. Stevens, Sumner and Philipps were not only trying - according to Mr. Johnson - to rob the President of his legal powers, but were also encouraging those who planned his assassination.

Clemenceau, however, was emphatically on their side, and thought of them as carrying on the great French tradition of the "rights of man." He watched the Presidential Campaign of 1868, not merely as a keenly interested observer, but also as a passionate partisan. He wanted General Grant to win.

Yet judging by his amusing stories dealing with the Campaign, it appears that he managed nevertheless to remain the detached witness of this colorful battle - aloof, witty, malicious.

The American carnival takes place every four years, and lasts about two months. The pretext for the general universal dissoluteness of mind is the presidential election.

He described the gaudy open air meetings in Union Square, with platforms and stands decorated with Japanese lanterns. He watched, with sardonic amazement, a mass meeting in Tammany Hall, with 8000 people present: "When the speaker appeared on the platform he was welcomed with such cheers as only Irish throats can produce and which I can compare only to the roars of wild animals..."

The Frenchman was puzzled and a little put off by the exuberant rudeness of American political manners. But when Grant had won, he cried out, jubilantly:

The Republican victory is dazzling and decisive. It provides a sure guarantee that reaction will not rule, and that the blacks will not be left to the mercy of their former masters. Of her slaves America means to make, and will make, citizens and free men.

His conclusive article in Le Temps of May 7, 1870, commenting upon the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment, was written in Paris, after his return from the United States. He heartily approved of that new completion of American Democracy, guaranteeing that "The rights of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude."

He had come to America as a bachelor - and went home a married man.

He had met Miss Mary Plummer while teaching French at the Catherine Aiken School for Girls, in Stamford, Connecticut. His father, angry at his prolonged stay abroad, had cut off his allowance, and Georges had been obliged to accept this job. He proved an excellent pedagogue - though his Gallic charm and intriguing appearance turned out to be somewhat dangerous for the emotional equilibrium of his female students.

At the Commencement of 1868, "Dr. Clemenceau's grateful pupils" presented him with a fine copy of Washington Irving's Sketch Book. In the collective dedication "To our admired Teacher ..." appears, among others, the name of the orphan daughter of General Plummer, of Springfield.

She was of good old New England stock, and well guarded by a



little army of trustees, aunts and uncles. Her sudden idea of getting married to an unknown alien- a piratical young man of dubious convictions and eccentric manners - was regarded by the Plummer tribe as a scandalous whim. She was madly in love with her fascinating French teacher - that young tiger rashly admitted as guardian of the innocent sheep.

The young lady refused to listen to reason. She confronted her family with a fait accompli: "I am his fiancée!"

The situation grew still more precarious when Clemenceau bluntly refused to attend any religious ceremonies: he was a "free-thinker", and faithfully held to the axioms once formulated in his anti-clerical manifesto: 'Do as you think! Oppose sternly the presence of a priest at birth, marriage, or death!'

There was no representative of the Church present when Miss Mary Plummer became the bride of Monsieur Georges Clemenceau, on June 25, 1869, in the City Hall of New York.

He returned to France, where he had been once in the meantime, for a few months, to present the Plummer clan to the Clemenceau family. This time, however, he came home for good, and at a moment of crucial historical significance. It was the year 1870- fatal to the Second Empire, to Napoleon III, to France, to Clemenceau. It was the tragic hour of Sedan, of La Débâcle. Georges left his young American wife in Brittany, and hastened to Paris.

His old enemy was defeated: the glib and inscrutable despot with the smooth manners and the callous soul had lost his shrewd, adventurous game. Up went the star of the radical republican, the stern fighter for Liberty and Justice, the sober and inflexible

Here he was, burning with faith in himself and in the genius of France; eager for action, struggle and power - the future Mayor of Montmartre, future holder of innumerable offices and political functions; the future ruler of his country's destiny, in the hour of ultimate trial. Here he was, the coming master of la Grande Nation - offering to a conquered nation his lucid intelligence, his will-power, his ambition, his wit, his cruelty, his faith, his articulate inspiration, his truculent lust for revenge.

The young scholar and orator who returned from the United States, found a nation on the edge of collapse. The task of a true patriot was not to lament but to act, or to prepare action. The humiliation had to be avenged; the nation must be reconstructed.

Reconstruction - this had been the central theme of Clemenceau's letters from America. What he had watched and experienced in the United States had prepared him in many respects for the duties and dangers of his own career- his career for France. He had learned a great deal during those five eventful and wandering years, and was to put his knowledge to good use.

'Reconstruction....,' he thought. 'Over there they are reconstructing- bravely and efficiently. Why shouldn't we too?

La France est morte: Vive la France.'

\* \* \*



Liebster Klaus,

Vielleicht Sie alles  
besammen haben.

Bestenfalls Ihr

JK

10/27/41

The Timely Message of Kossuth.

DR. FRANZ J. HORCH  
AUTHORS' REPRESENTATIVE  
214 WEST 79th ST. NEW YORK, N. Y.

By Klaus Mann

When the Humboldt arrived in New York, on December 6, 1851, the newspaper men had a busy day. For there were two distinguished personalities among the passengers - both conspicuously handsome, both fugitives from minor European countries. One of them, Countess Landsfeld, alias Lola Montez, approached the other with the timid remark: "I am an exile like yourself, Excellency..." But Lajos Kossuth, the great fighter of Hungarian independence, responded coldly to these overtures. What naiveté and impudence on Lola's part! - to construct a parallel between his tragic lot and her own scandalous affair... He was no ordinary refugee, to begin with, but an honored guest of the American nation. The ex-mistress of the Bavarian King might stir up the vulgar curiosity of the mob; he, Kossuth, was to be the object of official respect. He was admitted here - according to a Senator's public and solemn announcement - "as the representative of the uprising liberties of Europe."

He had captivated the American imagination, even before he set foot on American soil. A wave of sympathy for the Hungarians



and their gallant leader had swept the country; there was general admiration for the fight which that little nation was putting up against the Austrian yoke. American newspapers carried furious articles against the tyrannous House of Habsburg, and when the Austrian chargé d'affaires in Washington protested, Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, wrote him a defiant letter, emphasizing "the right of the American people to sympathize with the efforts of any nation to acquire liberty." American public opinion had been profoundly shocked by the ruthless attitude of the Czar, who in 1848 had given military support to the House of Habsburg, thus frustrating the heroic efforts of the proud Magyars. Lajos Kossuth, former Minister of Finance in the Hungarian government, was at that time actual dictator of his country, with the title of Governor. He was forced to flee, and the only refuge which presented itself was a Turkish prison. His final liberation was due to the activities of his influential British and American friends.

His life story was on sale at every street corner, and hundreds of thousands of Americans were familiar with the details of his dramatic career. People knew that he was a champion, not only for national independence, but also for religious liberty. For he came from a Protestant family of noble rank, and the Protestant faith was persecuted by Metternich's agents.

He was tenacious, dashing, passionate - a martyr, a grand-seigneur, and an orator in the flamboyant style. His face with the well-kept beard and the wide, arched forehead had a virile beauty - intelligent, sensual, bold. He cut an impressive figure, beautifully dressed in a becoming Hungarian costume, the wide

jacket lavishly trimmed, the hat adorned with a huge, waving feather. In short, he fitted to perfection his role as a hero of liberty and political romanticist.

His sojourn in England, preceding his visit to the United States, had been one long triumph. Of all the exiles then gathered at the British capital, he was undoubtedly the most colorful. There were liberal German poets such as Freiligrath, and leaders of the Italian risorgimento such as the great Mazzini; and there was Karl Marx, pondering with Friedrich Engels his blueprint for revolution. But Louis Kossuth, just escaped from Austrian tyranny and a Turkish jail, easily stole the show. He was cheered by both working people and the aristocracy - although labor knew that he was no socialist in the Trade Union sense, and the conservative politicians were quite aware of his republicanism. His popularity was tremendous. When he embarked at Southampton, with his wife Therese and a group of friends, the Mayor and many officials appeared to bid him farewell. Yet the grandiose welcome prepared for him by the American people was the greatest climax of all.

How right he had been to sneer at poor Lola Montez, that ambitious adventuress in decline! Her little fame was the merest echo compared to his. Only Lafayette had been accorded such overwhelming ovations. The streets he passed through were lavishly decorated with the Hungarian tricolor, entwined with the Stars and Stripes; the general enthusiasm was indescribable. Thomas Nichols, in his instructive book Forty Years of American Life, mentions Kossuth's gaudy arrival among "Excitements and Sensations", together with the last visit of Henry Clay to New York, the solemn reception



of the first Japanese Ambassadors, and " that great and wonderful reception of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales," eldest son of Queen Victoria.

"The welcome of Kossuth was as enthusiastic as any revolutionary could desire. New York turned out its million of spectators, and its twenty regiments or so of citizen soldiery, to honor the illustrious Magyar. He had a triumphal progress, with brilliant processions, eloquent speeches, grand banquets. We had an immense dinner at the Astor House, with abundance of mutual glorification..."

The romantic hero entered the banquet hall at the side of Mayor Kingsland. Among the distinguished citizens there to greet him were the Governor of Connecticut and General Watson Webb. The Reverend Bethune said grace; cordial messages from Henry Clay and Daniel Webster were read aloud. The tables were charmingly decorated with little statues in sugar, showing Kossuth's entry under a triumphal arch, or the Statue of Liberty. There was an abundance of toasts and oratory, Kossuth's own speech being the high point. He opened with a coy apology for his poor English: " I have learned it in my prison cell in Buda, but never had an opportunity of speaking." The audience, of course, was charmed by his modesty-particularly as his flow of speech was not in the least hampered by his foreign accent: on the contrary, the slight Hungarian twist gave a delightful savour to his impetuous eloquence.

He spoke for hours, for days, weeks, and months - almost without interruption. He spoke in Brooklyn and Philadelphia, in Baltimore, Boston, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati. He spoke in every city of any size. He spoke from pulpits, platforms, theatre stages; at dinner tables, in club rooms, churches universities. He harangued military groups, religious organizations, mass meetings, and the Congress of the United States. He toured the entire coun-

try. He appeared in New Orleans, Charleston, Richmond, and Washington. He spoke on despotism, trade, balance of power, present day democracy. He always spoke about Hungary. He became a machine for words - sweet and flattering words, demanding, threatening, thundering ones. He used with experienced mastery the grand vocabulary of the romantic revolutionary, the suffering patriot, the noble victim of reactionary powers. He thrilled innumerable audiences with the rhapsodic style of 1848, spiced with a touch of Hungarian paprika - intensified by the savage rhythm of a Magyar rhapsody. He repeated, indefatigable, the gloomy epic of his country's struggle and martyrdom: how it had risen against its tyrants and virtually achieved independence - until a third power, Russia, interposed with an overwhelming military force, and, after shooting and gibbeting thousands of its best citizens, replaced the chains of the Hungarian people and consigned them to a still more terrible bondage. The inspired narrator was also very good at adding a few details concerning his own tragic fate. He brought home to his hearers the bitterness of exile, especially for an ardent patriot of his stamp.

"Before I stepped across the frontier I lay down on the soil of my native land; I pressed upon it a sobbing kiss of filial love: - I took a handful of earth; one step, and I was like the hull of a wrecked ship..."

There were many moist eyes in the audience.

Kossuth was a tremendous success.

Banquets and torchlight processions; speeches, receptions, meetings, parties, all sorts of ceremonies and festivities; at every railway station, people gathered to cheer him; it was a continual triumph - and a continual strain. Sometimes he thought



that he could not bear it much longer; especially during the first weeks of the journey he was often on the point of collapse. In Philadelphia, on Christmas Eve, he had to be carried to bed, with fever and all the symptoms of a nervous breakdown. Nevertheless he managed to attend a reception given in his honor, at Independence Hall, the next morning. Mayor Gilpin in his introductory speech praised the Hungarian guest as one of the greatest living men. The Commander of the Pennsylvania militia, Colonel Page, presented him with a gold Maltese cross and a handsome medallion with George Washington's portrait framed in pearls. On the back the following words were engraved: To Louis Kossuth, the Patriot of Hungary and Friend of Humanity - from an American Volunteer. There is difficulty to him who wills. Kossuth was moved, gave a speech - and promptly came down with a new attack of fever.

Opposite the hotel room where he lay ill, a gigantic poster was set up, showing the Goddess of Liberty, proudly erect, with her heel upon the prostrate Habsburg's neck. Lajos gazed at this encouraging allegory, as he struggled against the feverish nightmares, the weariness, the pain. Later he had to receive a delegation of teachers, presenting a thirteen year old boy - a sort of infant prodigy who had won the school prize for the best speech of welcome to Louis Kossuth. The youngster recited his speech, in a piping, drowsy little voice. The sick hero nodded politely. There was an embarrassing silence when the boy had finished. Finally Kossuth observed, with a faint, worn-out smile: "If this is your youth, your country will always preserve its freedom. I thank you, gentlemen."

The whole city was illuminated with Bengal lights in the

Hungarian colors. Kossuth was the hero of the day. His friends said to him: " You must be very proud, Lajos!" He did not answer. His face was numb and tired. After a silence he said: " I hope I shall be in good shape on New Year's Day - for the reception at the White House. In Washington I may find out, at last, whether this journey is a success - or a failure..."

It was a failure. He did not let himself be fooled by the exquisite courtesy of President Fillmore nor by the cordial reception in Congress. He was invited to attend a session in the Capitol, on January 7, 1852, the highest honor ever granted to a foreigner since the days of Lafayette. The Congressman from Ohio, Mr. Carter, greeted him as " Governor Louis Kossuth" - whereupon all the gentlemen present rose. The celebrated visitor expressed his firm conviction that the New World would bring about the final victory of liberty.

He was overwhelmed with lavish marks of sympathy and respect; he received an abundance of great words and little gifts. Kossuth Committees were established wherever he appeared. He seemed hopeful, optimistic, entirely satisfied with the results of his rhetorical efforts. When he left Massachusetts, in May, he addressed the Kossuth Committee at Boston with these confident words:

Gentlemen: Departing from the State of Massachusetts, I leave the interests of the cause which I plead - the cause of civil and religious liberty in Europe - in the hands of you, who possess my full confidence. ...I hope that your committee will, to this end, become the centre of action for New England, and, if possible, for the Union. A cause advocated by such men as you, gentlemen, cannot fail to be successful.

But he already knew that his cause was lost: that his American mission had failed.

Thomas Nicholas, witty and conscientious chronicler of



American life, gives this explanation for Kossuth's ultimate failure:

Kossuth wanted money. The Americans were ready to spend a million - they did spend millions in a popular manifestation, of which he was the center and occasion; but they did not believe in or care enough for him or his cause to give him a tenth part of the money they were ready to expend in dinners and processions. Besides, Kossuth travelled en prince. He had a suite of nearly a hundred persons, who drank costly wines, smoked the best of cigars, and lived like fighting-cocks. The hotel bills were enormous; people got tired of paying them; the Hungarian stock fell flat, and Kossuth left very quietly the country that had a few weeks before received him in a frenzy of excitement.

This is a crude over-simplification - although probably based on a grain of truth. It seems safe to assume that Kossuth, lavish as he was with words and dollars, did become something of a burden to his American hosts. But the decisive reasons for his final lack of success are more serious and more complex. For he was not mainly interested in expensive wines and cigars; the purpose of his glamorous journey was very much more far-reaching. He came, in fact, on a highly political mission - and it was for political reasons that he failed. His idea was nothing less than to persuade the United States to engage in armed intervention against Austria and Russia.

He declared: The international law not to interfere with the domestic affairs of other nations had been first recognized, then betrayed by Russia. - "Therefore, I claim the aid of the United States - : so that Hungary may have an opportunity to organize her strength against Russian despotism. This is the reason that I ask the United States to become the executive power to recognize the right of every nation to dispose of itself. This is the only glory which is yet wanting to the list of your glorious stars .... The people of the United States, having successfully asserted their

own independence, have scarcely any other calling than to become the asserters of freedom equally for other lands."

He fully realized the tremendous implications of his moral and political postulate. He did not try to conceal or to belittle the dangerous consequences involved in the policy that he so strongly urged. He said - in his address to the New York Bar -:

Yes, gentlemen, I confess, should Russia not respect such a declaration of your country, then you are obliged, literally obliged, to go to war, or else be prepared to be degraded before mankind from your dignity. Yes, I confess that would be the case. But you are powerful enough to defy any power on earth in a just cause, as your Washington said.

It was, however, just this highest authority whom he had mentioned - the very authority of George Washington that was quoted against him and his "New Doctrine of Intervention." He was blamed in Congress, shortly after his personal appearance there, for not having paid sufficient homage to that great American. Senator Jeremiah Clemens of Alabama delivered a violent speech against Kossuth, on February 12, 1852:

If Kossuth had been the ardent republican which he is represented, there is one spot in this vicinity no difficulty would have deterred him from visiting. Neither storm nor tempest - the summer's heat nor winter's snow should have prevented him from making a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, and kneeling at the tomb of the wisest, the noblest, the purest of all those who have done battle in the cause of mankind... But the spot where the remains of Washington are interred, has been undisturbed by Hungarian feet ...

Kossuth or Washington? was the catching title of a lengthy address delivered in the Tenth Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, by H.A. Boardman, D.D. It is a remarkable document, rich both in feeling and in logical argument. The speaker was obviously an honest friend of Kossuth and Kossuth's cause - and at the same time gravely disturbed by "various indications which show that



a concerted effort is about to be made to break down the principle of non-intervention, which has hitherto been fundamental to our foreign policy, and to involve us actively in the conflicts of Europe."

He put the question bluntly: "Are we to send fleets and armies to Europe ( for this is the English of it), or are we to take care of this Union?" He then analyses and refutes all the reasons offered by Kossuth concerning the necessity of American intervention. America must intervene- according to the Hungarian agitator -, not merely out of idealistic motives, but also, or chiefly, for the purpose of self-preservation.

The despots of Europe will not be satisfied with surpressing the free nationalities contiguous to them. Having effected this end, they will turn their attention against the United States. And if you do not take the position I humbly claim, you will have to fight a war single-handed, within less than five years, against Russia and all Europe.

This was in Pittsburgh. In Cincinnati he said:

Remember - you will have to fight, surrounded by enemies, weakened by discord, standing forsaken, single-handed, alone, against the whole world.

Mr. Boardman, however- the speaker in Philadelphia-, after having praised Kossuth's personality and the Hungarian people, that " gallant race, which, after repeatedly rolling back the devastating torrent of Mohammedanism, was now compelled to see its own ancient and beloved church made the football of Jesuit intolerance and Austrian tyranny," drew the conclusion that the " Utopian doctrine of intervention to prevent intervention" must be flatly condemned:

Because it would throw the influence of this nation, hitherto the beneficent guardian of peace and happiness among the nations, into the scale of merciless and insatiable war.

It would be absurd - in Mr. Boardman's opinion- to accuse the American government or people of ever having been indifferent to the progress and liberty of other lands: " Whenever a nation has revolted against its taskmaster, we have cheered them by our sympathy and instructed them by our example." Yet Americans should never forget the principle formulated by Washington in his Farewell Address: " The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have as little political connection with them as possible." Americans must not forget - Mr. Boardman insisted - the sound tenets of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson: " keeping out of the vortex of European politics; avoiding all entangling alliances; abstaining from any intervention in the affairs of other governments, as contrary to our principles of national policy."

The crucial problem discussed by Lajos Kossuth and his ideological opponents, is the issue of Isolationism and Intervention. Kossuth said: The United States will be able to maintain her own independence and liberty, only if she guarantees and defends the independence and liberty of other nations as well. The United States will inevitably ruin herself if she tries to make compromises with the boundless aggressiveness of European autocrats. William H. Seward agreed with Kossuth when he said to the Senate: "This Republic is, and forever must be, a living offense to Russia and to Austria, and to despotic powers everywhere." He predicted that the Czar might attempt to make the whole of Europe his own sphere of influence. " If the Russian Autocrat prevails in that contest, we shall be left without friends or allies in the Eastern world."



The isolationist, on the other hand, gives a different interpretation of "America's mission."

The great thing we have done for the world, has been, under Providence, to establish and maintain a just, wise, and well-ordered government - in all essential particulars, a 'model' of what a government should be. ...We may look forward without presumption to a future as brilliant as our past career has been illustrious. We shall consummate with honor the sublime mission confided to us for mankind, and achieve a still more signal fulfillment of the prophecy: "All Nations shall call you blessed."

The whole debate, carried on with zeal and candor and on a remarkably high intellectual level, is most revealing - and at the same time confusing. The parallels to the contemporary situation are obvious. Yet the basic differences between the political realities of Kossuth's period and ours are as drastic as the resemblances. Kossuth's warning of the dreadful war which America might have to fight, "single-handed, within less than five years", unless she promptly fulfilled her moral and political obligations - his urgent appeal to American generosity and sense of self-preservation, sounds today partly like an unscrupulous trick, partly like an inspired prophecy. He was mistaken as far as the immediate menace of the Russian Czar was concerned. He was mistaken in relation to the standards of technique and the political tactics of that time. His warning was exaggerated, premature, and obviously influenced by his own interests. But was he mistaken in principle? Was his "new scheme" really quite erroneous? Was he actually wrong when he claimed that the universal solidarity of Democracy was the only means of preserving Democracy from ultimate collapse? He anticipated the fundamental conception of the indivisibility of Civilization. He believed in Collective Security.

His immediate political program - to persuade the United

States to take military action against the Czar and the House of Habsburg - was obviously absurd. The moral impact of his desperate appeal, however, was significant - much more so than he himself may have realized.

The arguments used against him, proved infinitely stronger and more convincing than anything he had to say. It was inevitable that his immoderate hopes should be frustrated. It was not only, nor primarily, American complacency and national selfishness that caused his disappointments: American Common Sense denied his frantic demands. Yet we cannot help looking at him with profound sympathy, even with admiration. He makes a pathetic figure, but with a grandeur all his own: the indefatigable traveller, carrying his message through the continents, always dynamic, charming, proudly concealing his hopelessness and despair; always picturesque and attractive, in his theatrical costume, with his exuberant gestures. He still smiles and thunders, pours out words, continues his grandiose performance. But his face is beginning to be tracked with bitterness. He had failed in the United States of America. He will also fail in his attempt to win Napoleon III, Emperor of France, and Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy. Nobody will help him to liberate his subjugated nation. He will write, as an ageing man:

A Hungarian question may exist, I believe it does exist hidden in hearts, but not before the world....There are no longer Hungarian refugees.- I, with my sons and a few faithful friends, stand alone, - forsaken, solitary wanderers in the desert.

This atmosphere of hopelessness was already about him - though not yet obviously, - when he left the United States, on



July 14, 1852, after a glamorous and senseless stay of more than seven months. He hastened his departure because he had received news from his mother that she was being bothered by Austrian agents in her refuge at Brussels. An unnoticed couple, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, embarked on the vessel Africa. Lajos Kossuth had chosen this modest disguise for himself and his wife, as if ashamed of his own identity. What a dreary transformation! He resembles an actor or opera singer who has put off his fancy clothes and removed his make-up. No spectacular gestures, no great words any more. He has sung his beautiful aria of liberty, solidarity, independence. People liked his voice and his appearance. He was welcomed and cheered. Now the show is over - or at least his big solo scene. But the great drama goes on: is going on today. Walt Whitman meant him, too - Lajos Kossuth of Hungary - when he called out "To a foil'd European Revolutionaire":

Then courage! European revolter! revoltress!  
For, till all ceases, neither must you cease.

Revolt! and the bullet for tyrants!  
Did we think victory great?

So it is - But now it seems to me, when it cannot be help'd, that  
defeat is great,

And that death and dismay are great.

\* \* \*

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Trotsky in New York

By Klaus Mann



Leon Trotsky, a successful writer and unsuccessful statesman, had a haughty contempt for those who are too much concerned with the "private" problems of life. He was scornful of what he used to call "fictitious values", such as human love and generosity, patriotism, freedom, or the solace of religion. All these notions and aspirations are, in his opinion, not only chimerical but also objectively harmful, as they distract the mind from the sole task and purpose of any ultimate value - Revolution.

His confidence was based entirely upon the idea of universal, total, permanent Revolution - which will not only bring about the final solution of all earthly problems, but also is, in itself, a purifying process, embracing "everything that leads humanity from out the dark night of the circumscribed I."

What withering despise of the individual human drama! And yet, what breath-taking drama was ~~the drama of~~ his own biography! No poet would dare to invent the inexorable tragedy that was Leon Trotsky's life. Between two endless periods of exile he bore the huge responsibilities of actual rulership, the outrages, accomplishments, joys and horrors of almost unlimited power. What a savage contrast there is between those years of sinister splendor, and all the others before and after them - that constant martyrdom in squalid hotel rooms, dreary flats, rented villas, somewhere in France, Austria or Switzerland, then in Turkey, then in Mexico. What a figure! - this harassed pilgrim and Eternal Jew, burdened with exorbitant ~~memories~~ intelligence <sup>and</sup> his tremendous hatred; surrounded by docile disciples, his enormous memories, a little army of bodyguards, and the sinister attendance of his murderers.

It is, indeed, a strange experience to follow him for a little while into the bleak dignity of his errant existence: to imagine his daily life at one period or another, at one or another station of his wandering.

It is the harbour of New York, on January 13, 1917 - a Sunday. Through a chilly mist the famous skyline rises dimly - a wet moun=

tain faintly profiled against the vague horizon.

The boat stopped at three o'clock in the morning. Everybody woke up. Leon Trotsky paces the deck - a heavy and gloomy figure, in his long, heavy overcoat. His wife follows him like a docile shadow. The two young boys chatter excitedly. "Is this the New World, papa?" They ask in several languages, French and German and Russian, having grown up in many different countries. They have spoken elegant slang with the children of the concierge, in Paris; understood the jokes of the coachman and soldiers in Vienna, and even learned to speak German with that awkward and trust-inspiring Swiss accent. Now, they are supposed to learn English. They have practised it already with the stewards and sailors.

"Est-ce que c'est le Nouveau Monde, papa?"

He has a dreary, almost angry way of nodding. He does not seem very happy.

The boys, however, go on with their cruel questions: "Shall we stay here a long time, papa?"

He shrugs. "It all depends on the developments in Europe ... I have reasons to believe that the Revolution..."

The Revolution...The youngsters repeat the magic word with wide eyes as other children might say: Christmas.

Madame Trotsky interferes: "The boys will catch a cold - they should go to the dining room. It's terribly cold out here. What an icy wind! You know, Seryosha really does need a new coat...."

Here I was in New York, city of prose and fantasy, of capitalist automatism, its streets a triumph of cubism, its moral philosophy that of the dollar. New York impressed me tremendously because more than any other city in the world, it is the fullest expression of our modern age.



These remarks, distinguished by neither originality nor enthusiasm, are almost the entire sum of Trotsky's observations in his thick volume My Life, concerning the character of the world's greatest city. A judgment made later and in another connection is even more damning:

"New York - with its automatic unconcern for the man without a checkbook, technically perfected to suck the marrow from human bones..."

This was in a rather remarkable essay on Céline's novel Journey to the End of the Night. That desperate French nihilist, however - Louis-Ferdinand Céline - had actually seen New York - if only its nightmarish aspects, the abjectness and filth and revolting cruelty of the city. One wonders if Trotsky saw anything of it at all. He was deaf and blind, for all his psychological and social insight - : blinded by his fixed idea, his idol and obsession - the Revolution.

Paradoxical as it may seem, it is undeniable that most reformers, possessed as they are by the abstraction of the cause, have little interest in men. It is hard to read without a shudder what Trotsky had to say, or had not to say, about his impression of Paris. He admits, with a rather horrifying sincerity, that he tried to "ignore" the most charming city on earth: "I was disposed against it, fearing that it might distract me from my one basic task, the preparation of Revolution."

When he left New York, after a stormy stay of two months, he confessed:

It would be a gross exaggeration to say that I learned much about New York. I plunged into the affairs of American Socialism too quickly, and I was straightway up to my neck in work for it. The Russian Revolution came so soon that I only managed to catch

the general life- rhythm of the monster known as New York. I was leaving for Europe with the feeling of a man who has had only a peep into the foundry in which the fate of man is forged.

Only too clearly he recognized the paramount importance of the United States for all future international developments - political, cultural, social. He kept asking himself: 'Will Europe be able to stand it? Will it not be reduced to a graveyard? And will the economic and cultural centers of gravity not shift to America?' Yet he could not afford even superficially to acquaint himself with the expressions and tendencies of American life. He saw no one but his close political comrades, many of them Russians - ; he attended no public gatherings but political meetings at which he appeared as speaker. We must search his memoirs in vain for allusions to any special beauty or distinguishing features of New York; there is no reference, hostile or otherwise, to any names connected with cultural life, in America. His ascetic attitude excluded all social, intellectual or friendly contacts with people other than a small group of active socialists.

There are many stories, inspired by gossip or political malice, concerning his sordid and adventurous doings in the United States. He was a drunkard and regular visitor of an evil dive situated near his home; he cheated his landlord and even went so far as to steal carpets, furniture and pictures; expert in all varieties of vice, he explored the lowest quarters of San Francisco. All this is the most obvious and slanderous nonsense, yet in a way these stories compare almost favorably with the rather dreary facts: For the habits and vices so lavishly attributed to Trotsky would humanize as well as debase his personality. The Prophet of



Communism had neither time nor energy to waste on puerile debauches. We have no reason to question the accuracy of his own statement: "My only profession in New York was that of a revolutionary socialist."

He settled down in the Bronx, modestly, among working people. His life was that of a busy journalist or minor politician: gregarious, though in an austere, utilitarian way; devoid of glamour and frivolity; overburdened with work, meetings, discussions. The day after his arrival he started writing for the Russian paper, Novy Mir ("The New World"), the editorial staff of which he later joined. He collaborated and argued by turns with his Russian fellow-refugees, such as Bucharin whom he did not dislike but thought "too impressionable", always influenced, dominated by somebody"; or Madame Kolontay, whose "ultra-left" attitude of that period he ridiculed in his memoirs, especially in view of her later capitulation to Stalin, the "Traitor of Revolution".

He participated in the political activities and keen discussions of the international labor circles of New York, establishing or renewing contacts with American, German, Finnish, or Jewish socialists. Promptly and passionately, he launched out into a movement to divide the Party, separating the "left" wing from the "right". For he was dissatisfied with the lukewarm attitude of the Social Democrats and attacked their caution, their purely emotional pacifism and servile respect for national institutions: "Woodrow Wilson meant to them much more than Karl Marx..."

America was busily getting ready for war - a war which he called with sardonic mockery "the war for liberty and democracy."

He noticed that the new wave of noisy nationalism was having its effect even on experienced socialists, such as Hillquit, leader of the American Party. He argued with Gompers, a Dutch Jew and former cigar maker, then leader of the American Federation of Labor, who for all his long record of proletarian struggle maintained that labor organizations should be kept aloof from politics. Trotsky disliked certain anarcho-syndicalistic elements in Gompers's conception of an anti-political labor movement. His violent temperament was also bound to clash with such respectable veterans of socialism as old Schlueter, editor of the Volkszeitung.

Among the younger editors of that German organ, however, was a man whose talent and integrity the revolutionary psychologist promptly recognized: Ludwig Lore, than in the beginning of his journalistic career, became one of his few intimate friends in that period. In Lore's Brooklyn home - where Trotsky had stayed for some days after his arrival - a group of younger radicals gathered, usually once a week - on Thursdays - to exchange opinions and observations. They drank tea and cursed capitalism. The air was filled with their cigarette smoke and their common indignation, their inflexible confidence. They discussed plans for a new Socialist weekly that would really represent Marxian spirit. They were enthusiastic and bright, and meant to be utterly "realistic." They despised illusions, especially illusions concerning Democracy. Trotsky, in his first contribution to the Novy Mir, had announced:

I left a Europe wallowing in blood, but I left with a profound faith in a coming revolution. And it was with no democratic illusions that I stepped on the soil of this old-enough New World...

But the faith in revolution: was that not an illusion too?



Trotsky and his friends were firmly convinced that the World War would necessarily, inevitably bring forth the World Revolution. They did not know yet in which country the great process would start; but they had no doubt that the long anticipated event, once started, would spread over the globe - swiftly and triumphantly -, and that a sounder and better world would emerge from the slaughter and destruction.

Trotsky, in that fatal year of 1917, had little time for detached observation. As he was not yet in a position to harangue the Russian masses, in Moscow's Red Square, he had to content himself with addressing Socialist meetings in Brooklyn and Newark, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. He told American workers of the involved situation in Europe, and that all problems would be solved by the irresistible revolution. His lucid interpretations and glowing prophecies made a strong impression on his listeners, although he usually needed a translator to make himself understood. For his English was still poor: he was familiar with all the "big" words, but rather helpless when it came to words of less than four syllables. Publicly, he spoke only in Russian or German.

But even he who understood the language of this country neither literally nor figuratively, managed to glean a few little personal impressions of the American mind: rather fortuitous impressions, to be sure, but amusing and perhaps significant. He was sincerely touched, for instance, by the queer "generosity" of a colored doorman who collected rent in the Trotsky's apartment house, and disappeared with the money. The only person, however, whom the doorman really wanted to cheat, was the landlord himself.

He therefore stole the money exclusively from those to whom the landlord had already given a formal receipt, so that the " capitalist" had no legal possibility of collecting again. In the case of the new Russian tenants, however, he made a mistake, which would have obliged Trotsky to pay twice, and on discovering this he made a special trip to return the money, secretly and at night.

Trotsky recalls this story with grim satisfaction, and adds ironically: " This, then, was my first impression of the Negro problem in the United States."

There were two lively go-betweens who did establish a certain indirect intimacy between the Russian genius and ordinary American life. The bright Trotsky boys, already experienced in so many different idioms and national peculiarities, had adapted themselves, within a few weeks, to the tempo, the wit and slang of New York youth, and were on the point of grasping the mysteries of ice-cream sodas, baseball, and the funny papers. The boys felt at home in New York, being too innocent to realize the foulness of capitalism and impressionable enough to enjoy the turbulent charm of the city.

One wonders whether the two youngsters were as pleased as they should have been when the great news arrived: Revolution in Petrograd...

It had come about at last, the tremendous event, long expected, often prophesied, and yet mysterious, pregnant with sweeping and unforeseeable consequences. Nobody knew what, precisely, was going on. Authentic information from Russia was rarer than authentic caviar. Editors and columnists raced; the phone rang incessantly



in the Trotsky home. Public interest was suddenly brought to focus on the Russian radicals. Dozens of reporters besieged Mr. Trotsky: What is going to happen? He declared: We shall rule in Russia. From there, the revolution will encroach on Europe and finally conquer the world. The World War is over. The World Revolution has begun.

The two boys were almost forgotten in all this exorbitant turmoil. The younger, Serjosha, was in a hospital with diphtheria, while his father, winged with happiness and determination, was hastily preparing the departure for Russia. Serjosha's first day at home again was to be the family's last in New York. The father was intensely occupied with visitors, telephone calls, last messages to newspapers and organizations - while Madame Trotsky busied herself with packing, dissolving the household, bidding goodbye to friends. Nobody looked after the youngster. Even his brother was away, probably doing an errand for father, or having a last fling at base-ball or the funnies.

Serjosha grew tired of hanging around, all by himself, in the messy apartment. He decided to go for a little walk, quite alone, through the familiar streets of the Bronx.

But the streets were not as familiar as he had thought. Perhaps he walked a little further than he had done before, or else he had forgotten the topography of the neighborhood while he was in the hospital. In any case, he lost his way, and in the panic that came over him could not even remember his address. Suddenly he felt helpless, forsaken and very lonely. The people, even the buildings looked hostile and forbidding. He was struck by fear

and an overwhelming self-pity. Why was he left so alone? His parents did not like him any more. He began to sob; he wept bitterly.

A huge policeman stooped down to him: "What's the matter, kid?" His voice sounded comforting - the deep, cordial bass of a well-meaning giant.

His voice still choked with tears Serjosha said: "I've lost my daddy..."

"Just take it easy," suggested the friendly giant.

A few hours later, Trotsky appeared at the police station to rescue his little boy. He found the youngster playing cards with the cops, laughing, perfectly happy.

The father embraced him, with vehement, almost frightening tenderness. "Where have you been?" His voice sounded strangely pressed. "Serjosha darling - I was so afraid..."

"So was your kid, mister", remarked the gigantic policeman. "I found him all alone in the street and he was whimpering like a puppy."

Another cop added harshly: "In this country, we don't let children wander around the streets like tramps."

Trotsky smiled in faint apology: "I beg your pardon, gentleman. I was exceedingly busy ..." He always felt a trifle uneasy in the presence of uniformed officials.

They stared at him with unconcealed suspicion. They disliked his soft, heavy accent, his nervous gestures. He looked to them like a pretty dubious fellow: probably one of those "subversive elements" who really should be locked up.



The boy was silent as he left with his father.

One of the policemen murmured: "A cute kid, all right. Much too good for the old man. Exceedingly busy..." He spat angrily across the room, aiming at the spittoon with remarkable skill. "Silly old son of a bitch," he added.

Father and son, meanwhile, marched hand in hand toward the Trotsky home- which was not really home any more, as Madame Trotsky, in the midst of appalling chaos, was just closing the trunks.

"I am very sorry this happened." Trotsky had an odd manner of talking to the boy with a certain gravity as though addressing a man of considerable age and distinction. "Did they beat you up?"

The boy shook his head, very seriously. "No", he said. "They were very kind. I played cards with them. They wanted me to recite a Russian poem. But I only remembered a few German verses, and some French."

There was a silence. The boy tried very hard to keep up with his father's long steps. At last, Trotsky noticed that Serjosha was gazing at him with a musing sideways look.

"What are you thinking about?"

"I just wonder ..."

"What are you wondering about?"

"Why do we go to Russia?"

"Russia is our home, Serjpscha."

"But the uncles in the uniforms say dreadful things are happening there. They're killing all the nice people..."

"All the nice people!" Trotsky gave a bitter laugh, nasal and short. He seemed rather angry. "I knew they would tell you a lot of nonsense..." Then he added, solemnly: "There is revolution, in Russia."

"Must we go there, because of the revolution?"

The father nodded gravely. "Yes. We must go there- because it is our revolution."

"And when the revolution is finished," Serjosha asked, "can we come back to America?"

His father explained: "The revolution will never be finished. The revolution is permanent."

Serjosha did not understand the words, but he guessed their meaning. "So we must stay there for ever?"

"I hope so," his father said.

The child whispered: "I am scared..."

"Scared -of what?" He seemed painfully surprised.

"I don't know..." Serjosha bent his face, blushing.

"Don't be afraid!" The father had a strong, fervent voice.

"There is no reason to be afraid. You will be very happy, at home, in Russia."

He touched the crown of Serjosha's head, with solemn tenderness, as if giving his blessing.

"You will work for the proletarian State. You will serve the Cause. You must be faithful and realistic. You must not believe what those policemen told you. They don't understand. They don't know what the Revolution means. But you, Serjosha - you will understand it, one day. You will realize that the Revolution is



no horrible thing: but necessary and beautiful and great. The Revolution is very great. There is nothing greater than Revolution. You must believe this, Serjosha!"

His voice was low and hoarse with urgency. Serjosha still felt his father's hand on his head; it was heavy, and cold. For some reason he was suddenly overcome by a great, aching pity; perhaps it was the slightly disturbing touch of this icy hand that made him feel so profoundly sorry for his father. How sad he looked- even when he tried to be happy! 'Dear God', Serjosha prayed, ' do let him have a good time, over there, in Russia. And try to make the people over there like him. I don't think the cops liked him so very much - I really don't think they did. But I want people to like my daddy.'

Sometimes he made up a secret and hasty little prayer, though he had learned that there was no such thing as God.

While he was still talking to God - in whom his father did not believe - he heard again the paternal whisper: "Don't you trust your father, my little Serjosha?"

"Of course I do." It sounded a trifle forced. "Of course I believe in you, dad. We're going to have a lovely time- at home, in Russia." After a pause, he added, dreamily: "And later - I mean, much later, when the revolution is over - we'll come back to America: I promised the cops we would. And I must get wodka for them, in Moscow. They say wodka is fine. The Czar drinks wodka - lots of it, every day, they say. They showed me how the Czar jumps around when he is drunk with wodka. They are very funny, you know."

He laughed happily. He became very animated, remembering all

the antics of his uniformed playmates.

"Do you like funny people, dad? I do like them. Are there many funny people - in Russia? Is it true that wodka is even better than ice-cream? Does the Czar wear a uniform? Does he have a hammer and a sickle on his crown? What is Russia like? I wonder ... Is it really so very big? The uncles say it's even bigger than America, and there are a lot of bears, and people travel around in sleighs, and the country is all covered with snow. Can you play base-ball, with all that snow? When will I be old enough to understand the revolution? Do you think thirteen is old enough, or do I have to wait till I'm fifty, or a hundred? Could I be the Czar if I tried very hard? Are there policemen, in a revolution? Do the Russians lie? How do you know if people lie or not? Do policemen lie more often than other people? Did you ever lie, dad?- a long time ago, I mean, when you were still a little boy? Did you used to laugh then? When did you stop laughing? When did you start to understand the revolution? Was it before I was born? Do you think you'll laugh when you see Russia again? Uncles have such funny faces- when they laugh - nice faces, I think: even if they lie a little bit at the same time..."

\* \* \*



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The Young Tiger

Georges Clemenceau in New York)

by

Klaus Mann.

The French colony of New York, in the second half of the 19th. Century, was very gay and fairly influential, especially in matters of taste and culture. There was still something like a French

themselves. They formed an independent part of the very civilization that had discovered and exploited them. There was no paradise but a great country, 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 bear the same suffering.

Yet on the other side of the Atlantic - over there where they had invented and overcome the Greek gods, had found and ~~and~~ <sup>often</sup> betrayed Christianity - , over there, in those ancient cities of Europe, 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 remained connected with the great promises and Utopian hopes. It remained the New World, the Land of Unlimited Possibilities, the encouraging chance for the down-trodden, the poor, the rebels, the adventurers; the <sup>fabulous</sup> land where to ~~live~~ hunt in the forests, to dig gold, to kill Indians, to become a millionaire, to make a career as a <sup>prize fighter</sup> ~~boxer~~, 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 grand, absurd and full of a savage attraction.

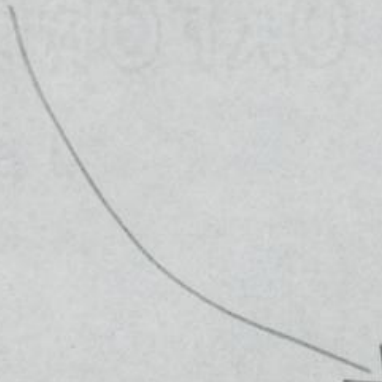
In America, men are huge, and somehow clumsy but terribly strong. When they laugh you can see their golden teeth, flashing in their grinning mouths. All of them are wealthy, most of them are gangsters, gold diggers or reporters; they wear colourful suits of chequered stuff. They drive oldfashioned little Ford cars - very 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 lot of gin and whiskey. All women are extremely pretty, and <sup>glorious</sup> ~~utterly~~ cold. If you say "Hello," to one of them, you get either lynched, or are bound to marry her promptly. Everything is <sup>in America</sup> ~~so~~ <sup>enormous</sup> ~~enormously~~ big -: the buildings, the income of comedians, gossip writers,



bootleggers and politicians, the headlines in the papers, the turkeys, <sup>(the income taxes)</sup> the apples, the strawberries, the lobsters and the mountains, 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 XVI th. Century. It is not so very "new" any more. But it still offers miracles, 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 with romantic spell. Oh, the endless prairies, the glowing sand of the deserts! Oh, those magic nights spent in the open air, under a purple moon and amazing stars that have a stronger shine than they have on European skies! Oh, the martial and yet idyllic life in the wigwam, the stamping buffalos, the untamed mustangs, the brave Sioux Indians! Oh, Winnetou, noble chieftain of the Apaches tribe! Life in those ~~remote and splendid~~ regions must be full of tremendous fun and tremendous danger. It is permanent game, <sup>constant</sup> ~~permanent~~ struggle, <sup>and</sup> ~~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 warriors are proud of their collection of scalps as European boys 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 little bit sadistic. He arranges and successfully accomplishes gigantic butcheries, and while his hands are still dripping with blood, he tells us instructive details about Indian life. For he happens to be a highly gifted writer, who describes with eloquence and verve his innumerable adventures. On many thousand pages he cheerfully boasts of his amazing deeds. His vanity is disarming. He goes on



repeating, "I am great, I am marvellous" - and the boys believe him. Millions of young readers in all German-speaking countries were enchanted and thrilled, for decades, by Old Shatterhand. He was much more than merely their favourite author: he actually was their idol. All those youngsters were possessed by one ardent desire - to become as heroic, daring and ingenious as this magnificent warrior.

His real name was Karl May, and he <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ one of the most popular authors Germany ~~has~~ ever produced. His books have an enormous circulation, still today. There exists <sup>2</sup> 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-hero had ostensibly collected during his adventurous journeys through America and various Oriental countries.

To read Karl May, to imitate and to worship him, used to be a sort of contagious disease with boys in all parts of Germany and the neighbouring countries. <sup>First,</sup> ~~In the beginning,~~ parents and teachers mildly or firmly objected to the ~~Karl~~ May-mania of their pupils and sons. Their sound instinct told them that the literary production of this dubious adventurer was sheer trash, <sup>(and even not hardly any one.)</sup> ~~and nonsense.~~ They wanted to be sure, however, and therefore started reading Karl May themselves. And they <sup>were</sup> ~~became~~ bewitched, transported, thrilled <sup>themselves</sup> ~~on their own turn~~. Old Shatterhand's ebullient 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 to make an impressive career himself. Young Adolf was absolutely taken by Karl May, whose works used to be 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~~ <sup>(presented)</sup> by Karl May, fascinated



the future Führer; he admired this primitive and yet effective shrewdness - the brutal cunning of wild animals in the jungle; he was delighted by the glorification of <sup>savagery</sup> ~~cruelty~~ / the cruelty for its own sake, or for the sake of personal revenge. That lazy youth, Adolf, ~~from~~ <sup>perfectly</sup> ~~understood~~ the bloody and fantastic world that was Karl May's; he felt himself at home in this dubious labyrinth created by a morbid and infantile <sup>brain</sup> ~~imagination~~. What the unsuccessful Austrian painter and potential dictator mostly liked about Old Shatterhand, was the <sup>mixture</sup> ~~blend~~ of brutality and hypocrisy in his character: he managed to quote the Bible while he amused himself with murder, and he committed abominable atrocities with a 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 destruct the evil and to promote the good. Since Old Shatterhand obviously was the militant incarnation of all good and noble principles, anything he did necessarily was good and noble: his cruelty was praised as heroism, his lack of morals interpreted as admirable smartness. The <sup>depraved, ambitious youth</sup> ~~Munich student~~ from 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 successfully 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 indirectly - influenced the history of the world.

He was admired not merely as a great narrator, but also, or mainly, as a powerful ~~figure and~~ personality - as the hero who had actually faced all these dangers, and had ~~really~~ performed ~~all~~ these astounding <sup>(which he described in his books.</sup> deeds). Hardly a single one among his many readers dared to question the credibility of his dramatic reports. He had been in the Orient



and had gone through ~~his~~ adventures à la Thousand-and-One-Nights. In Bagdad and Cairo ~~the author~~ - who told all his stories in the first person singular - <sup>he</sup> chose an Arabian disguise and called himself Kara Ben Nemsi, while in the American wilderness he appeared as Old Shatterhand. But he always remained the same - Karl May who earned a considerable fortune and a lot of glory <sup>by</sup> ~~with~~ his brassy inventions. The boys were spellbound, and even some naive critics considered May's fantastic tales a trustworthy representation of American 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 extensively in the United States, and merely describes what he had 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...

Whereupon the French admirer of Karl May adds a few remarks concerning the ghastly habit of lynching - severe words 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 Christianity, mutilated as the one 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 enlightened critic whose words we just quoted, may have felt slightly embarrassed when the ridiculous truth at last transpired; that <sup>Herr</sup> ~~Mrs~~ Karl May in Radebeul near Dresden had fooled and cheated the millions of his credulous followers: he had never been in America at all. ~~Old Shatterhand's heroic~~ ~~mad~~ ~~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.



The sudden revelation of Karl May's dubious past endangered and for a certain while actually ruined his literary career. Strangely enough, it was he himself who had foolhardily <sup>provoked</sup> ~~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, trashy stuff with a definitely pornographic flavour. The author hidden behind a romantic pseudonym was nobody else but Karl May. Since he had meanwhile gained a considerable popularity, Münchmeyer's heirs ~~at~~ thought it opportune to arrange new editions of those greasy romances - which appeared, 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 the <sup>compromising</sup> ~~publications~~ were forgeries, changing and falsifying the original text in essential parts. Winnetou's Great White Brother, however, made a fatal blunder ~~when he~~ <sup>by</sup> ~~provoking~~ <sup>challenging</sup> 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.

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

(apparently as a fixable form of)



*an*  
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, 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 was more humiliation, more shame. So he finally grew disgusted with his own identity, his dull and glamourless fate - and ~~he~~ decided to transform himself into Old Shatterhand and Kara Ben Nemsí, the heroic adventurer of the Orient. Both were lavishly gifted with all those qualities and virtues <sup>in</sup> which the real Karl May was ~~lacking~~ so deplorably lacking. Since he himself was miserable, mendacious, stingy, <sup>or</sup> sick and neurasthenic, his exotic "doubles" had to be generous, truthful, ~~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 had to see the wide world, wandering across American plains and Arabian deserts, romantically dressed up as <sup>a</sup> cow boy or an Oriental sheikh.

Once he managed to escape his guards, 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 two imprisonments in the South of France, Italy and Egypt. <sup>As</sup> ~~an~~ odd witness for May's visit to Marseille appeared the French poet Comte de Lautréamont, eccentric and intensely gifted forerunner of the modern surrealists. Lautréamont - whose real name was Isidore Ducasse - occasionally mentioned a depraved German <sup>of</sup> whom he had met at Marseille, and who obviously <sup>was</sup> ~~resembled~~ 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 from Texas and Arizona. Yet the author seems a trifle more familiar with the French-African background than he is with American con-

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ditions of life. In his American" stories, such as Winnetou, Old Surehand, The Black Mustang, Christmas, Winnetou's Heirs, ~~etc.~~, every detail is wrong, and the whole picture could hardly be more absurd. Atmosphere and landscape, gestures, words and actions of the ~~leading figures~~ <sup>varied characters</sup> 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~~ <sup>utterly</sup> un-American, above all, <sup>is</sup> the self-pleased narrator, Old Shatterhand-Karl May. His pedantic cruelty and <sup>the complete</sup> ~~his abhorrent~~ absence of any sense of humour in his character, make him to a definitely ~~an~~ anti-American type. Old Shatterhand is exactly what a Saxonian petty criminal may fancy an American cow boy and adventurer to be like. ~~It has good reasons that no English version exists of Karl May's writings.~~

... German teachers and parents had mildly grumbled about Karl May ~~excessively~~ <sup>appalling</sup> immoderately exciting their boys. But when the ~~facts~~ <sup>facts</sup> of his past were revealed, a scream ~~and outcry~~ of moral indignation was going through the conservative and liberal papers. An ex-convict and arch-crook had dared to fool the public! The ominous outcry Corruptor of the youth! was hurled against him from platforms, pulpits and lecturing desks. The milder ones among his judges declared he was half-mad. Did he not portray, in his famous Winnetou, an insane poet ~~who was~~, constantly struggling against inward voices and dreadful hallucinations? And Karl May, in all his shameful misery, almost believed himself that he was turning ~~mad~~ crazy, and perhaps had never been quite normal... ~~It was unbearable how they tortured him.~~ He was <sup>abused</sup> ~~abused~~ not only as a thief, an impostor and forger, but also as a voluptuary and erotoman. Journalists discovered and ruthlessly publicized compromising stories concerning his first marriage: he had not only described but also done many unspeakable things.

He suffered a severe nervous breakdown, and it hardly comforted him that some sporadic voices bravely came out in his defense. A professor by the name of Gurlitt published a pamphlet Justice for Karl May! There



even were a few well-meaning critics who carefully expressed their opinion that the author of Winnetou might <sup>once</sup> have been in the United States, after all. The main argument for their theory was the fact that Karl May occasionally used, in the German text of his stories, certain American ~~express~~ words, which - according to those observers - nobody could possibly know unless he had actually lived among cow boys. The "American" vocabulary that impressed those critics so deeply, mostly consists of short exclamations such as He, greenhorn... Ah, devils... <sup>^</sup> Damned..., or an occasional Well..., ~~an~~ Old Boy..., and Good Night. It is conceivable that even a weaver's son from Chemnitz may have had enough linguistic intuition to grasp the sense of those words, <sup>even</sup> without having crossed the Atlantic.

The problem of whether or not Old Shatterhand had really seen the scenery of all his pretended adventures, played a crucial role in the keen discussion of Karl May's work and character. As to himself, he retired to a purely defensive position. His own statements concerning his American experiences grew ~~in~~ more and more ambiguous and blurred. He restricted himself to rather general declarations: that an author, after all, has the natural right to make up stories; that he had never pretended every word in his novels to be literally true; that ~~there was, of course, a~~ symbolic element, <sup>certain</sup> ~~in his art, even a~~ <sup>(was prevailing in his artistic style)</sup> fairy-tale flavour, .. and so on. But all this evasive talk hardly convinced the boys who had simply believed in the alleged reality of his reports. And how about the collection of "trophies" in his villa Old Shatterhand? And all those personal interviews he had given, confirming again and again the <sup>h</sup> authenticity of his tales? Was it, then, the natural right of an author to swindle, to forge, and to cheat his naive admirers?

Karl May, harassed by disturbing questions and insulting letters, ~~mean-~~ <sup>while</sup> had decided to assume the attitude of a martyr, a noble victim of narrow-minded bigotry and petty prejudices. He cleverly appealed to the sympathy, the tolerance and <sup>h</sup> psychological understanding of his fellow-citi-



zens. He turned Catholic, and wrote books of a mystic character. Public indignation gradually calmed down. Karl May ~~had his second wife, Frau Klara May,~~ <sup>with his second wife,</sup> made several extensive voyages ~~as though they wanted to prove~~ <sup>about his cowardice and falsehood by venturing on a trip</sup> ~~about his cowardice and falsehood by venturing on a trip~~ <sup>to Egypt.</sup> ~~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 Niagara Falls, various Indian settlements, and the grave of Miss Beecher-Stowe. Karl May disliked the noisy American cities. He felt that America did not live up to the grand vision he had conceived in his prison cells.~~ <sup>really</sup> ~~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 Niagara Falls, various Indian settlements, and the grave of Miss Beecher-Stowe. Karl May disliked the noisy American cities. He felt that America did not live up to the grand vision he had conceived in his prison cells.~~ <sup>Saxonian long ago.</sup>

Frau Klara wrote a book entitled With Karl May through America. It also <sup>in</sup>cludes the story of a second trip to the United States she undertook after her husband's death. The devoted widow then faithfully followed what she calls "the traces of Karl May" - probably referring to the fantastic zigzag as outlined in Old Shatterhand's poetical reports. Besides she had a glance <sup>in the Denver Zoo,</sup> 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 <sup>the German lady</sup> ~~she~~ was allowed to shake hands with President Hoover. ~~to whom she was presented by the German Ambassador.~~ She resumes 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."

The fact that the German Ambassador introduced May's widow to the White House, obviously proves that Old Shatterhand when he died, in 1912, had re-gained <sup>popular</sup> ~~more or less~~ his respected position. For the German faith in authority is not easily to shake. And the author of Winnetou had established himself as the <sup>jungle</sup> ~~German~~ authority in everything concerning Indians and Arabs, desert, and prairies. Karl May had become something <sup>(indeed,)</sup>



had been

like a national institution. Merely for a short while his work ~~has~~ compromised by the scandalous facts of his life. New generations of German boys found back to the dubious genius who had thrilled their fathers.

Much enthusiasm was wasted, ~~and~~ youthful imagination was ~~taunted~~ and ~~confused~~. A whole generation in Germany grew brutish and ran wild - partly through the evil influence of Karl May.

~~use youthful faith~~ Karl May was indeed an evil man and a dangerous corrupter of the young. For he had deliberately falsified their picture of foreign countries, ~~and~~ above all, ~~the~~ <sup>poisoned</sup> conception of American people, morals and sceneries. ~~He had~~ <sup>poisoned</sup> their hearts and souls with a hypocritical moral and the ~~poisoned~~ <sup>lurid</sup> glorification of cruelty. He had ~~entangled~~ the simple notions of truth and falsehood. ~~As he own~~ <sup>own</sup> ideas of ethics were confused and he was a liar. He anticipated, in a quasi-literary sphere, a catastrophic reality that we witness ~~today~~ <sup>now</sup> with shuddering. ~~and disgust~~ He turned out to be the grotesque prophet of a sham-Messiah.

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

+++

~~All kinds of "Breezy Americans" 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;~~

There ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> promises and hopes  
age-old, ~~glad~~ through the centuries  
cherished by mankind. It is the  
mysterious character of human  
wish-dreams and an Utopian education  
that they point to the same  
fact and at the same time to  
the distant future. They are both  
metaphorical remembrance and a  
promise; the romantic tale of a  
paradise we have lost — and the  
guarantee of a new paradise we  
shall conquer, one day ...

an identical  
are connected, indeed, are identical.  
Time is a delusion, the Golden  
Age was a magnificent and  
will be another end.

The high new sun America  
The New World offers different  
not of miseries to those  
who visit it and to both  
it, visit it. It is not so very new  
and more; but it still offers miseries,  
to those who visit it. The actual  
visitors as well as those who  
who visit it in their dreams.



The American spell, always strongly alive in the popular imagination, during certain periods also wields its magic power upon the more exclusive sphere of serious literature and poetical 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-contented than any other cultural sphere ~~in the world~~, except <sup>maybe</sup> ~~perhaps~~ the Chinese. The creative impact of ~~the~~ French spirit has often influenced and even dominated the ideological and aesthetic <sup>(development)</sup> ~~attitude~~ of other nations. But the French genius remained inaccessible, mysteriously holding <sup>at</sup> a 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. What a breath-taking leap! - from the delicate, silvery twilight of the boulevards and boudoirs <sup>in</sup> to the glowing wilderness of exotic landscapes - deserts, jungles, the blooming underwood of unwholesome South Sea ~~paradises~~.

Arthur Rimbaud, the ecstatic captain of La 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 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. There was an enticing call from the jungles, 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 overcharged with odd souvenirs - tiny Buddhas, exotic perfums, <sup>opium pipes</sup> ~~pieces of ivory~~, and obscene pictures. French literature became interested in travelling: but mostly within the boundaries of the vast French empire.

After the first World War, however, in 1919, there was a more thorough, more far-reaching change of the creative French mind. Novelists and critics who had formerly 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, ~~Madrid~~. 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~~ Argentina, and the social developments in Mexico or Japan. ~~At the same time, then the~~ French poets, novelists and reporters re-discovered the United States.

Some of them <sup>had</sup> ~~came~~ during the war, in 1916, 1917 - inspired propagandists of a noble cause; full of patriotism and curiosity; talking, demanding, begging, and persuading - the winged and moving voices of their suffering mother, la douce France. Henri Bergson came, the great of the élan vital philosopher - and, on the same boat, Jean Giraudoux, a young officer at that time. He had been educated partly in this country, and his feelings toward America never were those of a European for ~~his~~ a younger cousin, but rather <sup>had the character of</sup> son-like gratitude - des sentiments filiaux. In his passionate and touching little book, Amica America, he described the ebullient, the overwhelming reception offered to him and his com-



(It was a few weeks before<sup>16</sup> America's declaration of war, read by American men and women.) At Harvard University some one <sup>(the French visitor)</sup> told him: "I wish ... I wish that the German planes may 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, <sup>and as</sup> ~~again~~ <sup>these two words</sup> when he had pronounced: "La France..." There was a frenzy of enthusiasm, whistling, cheering and crying, "La France...", the commander repeated <sup>- and</sup> ~~the~~ the ecstatic <sup>tempest</sup> ~~noise~~ started all over again. "La France, chaque jour..." he tried to continue; but in vain. Finally he cried out: "Friends! - don't you see how the face of France ~~grows paler~~ turns paler, every day?".....

<sup>(After the victory,</sup>  
Paul Claudel, ~~came, represented~~ <sup>both</sup> the Third French Republic as <sup>the French</sup> its official Ambassador to Washington, ~~and, besides, represented the~~ <sup>the Third Republic and the</sup> secret kingdom of French poetry. <sup>in that time - the last period</sup> ~~And, while resided at the capital -~~ <sup>of French might and glamour - many</sup> ~~or preceding or following his memorable stay~~ <sup>in Paris</sup> literary observers, experienced emissaries of the intellectual French elite, travelled throughout the country, <sup>the American</sup> interviewing people, watching details of their daily life, examining economic, social, cultural conditions. Some thousands of students of international <sup>affairs</sup> ~~politics~~, in Paris or the provincial centers of spiritual French life, became familiar with the basic facts <sup>life</sup> ~~and many details~~ of American ~~life~~, thanks to the elaborate essays <sup>by authors such as</sup> ~~of~~ André Siegfried, Bernard Fay, and <sup>some more</sup> ~~a few other~~ French experts on everything concerning America.

The majority of the French people, however, <sup>obstinately cherished,</sup> ~~kept~~ another vision of the United States - a vision, as naive and fantastic as had been, <sup>a century before,</sup> ~~the one~~ Chateaubriand, <sup>grandiose and captivating interpretation.</sup> ~~had given to his impressionable readers, a~~ ~~century before.~~ And, this time again, the poets, ~~were mostly responsible,~~ those innocent counterfactors, were mostly responsible for ~~that~~ an amazing distortion of reality in the public mind. Even those who had actually seen the New World, described it in a way that strangely corresponded with the <sup>exagger</sup> ~~up~~ 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, fancied an America that looked like Plessure 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 champions. There were plenty of books on America, bearing titles such as New York, la Nuit... or Hot Jazz..., and all of them were eagerly read. Cheap movie magazines stimulated the popular fantasy, and a third-rate German actress, Marlene Dietrich, became the effulgent symbol of American beauty, in the muddled mind of provincial newspaper men and their petty-bourgeois readers. The more sophisticated people <sup>obtained their wisdom from</sup> ~~loved~~ Paul Morand. This rhapsodic snob and clairvoyant globe-trotter really knows the United States - 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 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 <sup>constantly</sup> spell-bound by American vitality, American enthusiasm - by what he calls the American élan sportif. He desires, therefore, to be an American himself - for some minutes, at least. For - "who does not adore victory?" He <sup>pretends to be</sup> ~~is~~ the French expert on Harlem, le Quartier Noir, la patrie du jazz, and is also the inspired bard of ~~the~~ prize fighters, the <sup>eloquent admirer</sup> ~~elegant comrade~~ of les Champions du Monde. Yet Morand's sparkling <sup>sketches</sup> ~~interpretation~~ of American life <sup>contain</sup> ~~has~~ a fantastic, dream-like element as well, despite its richness in realistic details.

Another French poet - and a greater one - <sup>once</sup> 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 ~~the~~ 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. Experiences in many disguises, he ventured on a new ~~metamorphosis~~ playful metamorphoses and transformed himself into Mr. Phileas Fogg, leading character of Jules Verne's celebrated utopian novel, Round the World in Eighty Days. Cocteau had been captivated by that masterpiece when he was a boy. Now he amused himself by assuming the identity of his childhood's hero and to accomplish in reality what Jules Verne had ~~dreamingly~~ anticipated. He wanted to follow ~~the~~ in every detail the pattern of Phileas Fogg; wanted to keep Fogg's schedule and visit all those 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", 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 travelled as its special correspondent. He turned out to be the most unreliable, most capricious and most spiritual reporter ever appointed by any editorial staff.



~~This poet himself, undertook/~~  
~~A few years later, Jean Cocteau, himself ventured on his the first ex-~~  
~~tensive voyage of his life: He had confessed, in 1923: "Je voyage bien~~  
~~peu. J'ai vu Londres, Venise, Bruxelles, Rome, Alger..." But now/ he left~~  
~~his refined hermitage, near the Madeleine at Paris, / his seclusion~~  
~~from all sorts of artificial paradises/ transformed himself into a~~  
~~"special correspondent" of the popular newspaper Paris Soir, and Jean~~  
~~Cocteau - one of the exquisit symbols of modern Paris, just as la Mistir-~~  
~~guette 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, since 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 Marcel Khill - adopted the name of Passepartout, accor-~~  
~~ding 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 him familiarity has  
robbed of its brilliance no single aspect of our common life."

Utterly impressionable, constantly intoxicated <sup>like</sup> as a child, the lyrical  
traveller watched the miracles of Egypt and China, Japan and Honolulu.  
He arrived at San Francisco, still exhausted and <sup>still</sup> inspired by the scene-  
ries, smells and <sup>tones</sup> ~~noises~~ of the Far East; he speeded to Hollywood where  
he saw nobody but King Vidor and Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin, <sup>and then</sup> ~~thereupon~~  
~~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  
<sup>his</sup> mind Venice with its Grand Canal bordered by palaces. "The rare  
cars of a Sunday morning glided by like gondolas..."



The Prophet of Revolution:

TROTSKY.

Leon Trotsky, a successful writer and unsuccessful statesman, has a haughty contempt of those who are concerned too seriously with the "private" problems of life. He ~~despises grimly~~ *flouts at* what he calls "fictitious values", such as human love and generosity, patriotism, freedom, or the solace of religion. All these notions and aspirations are, in his opinion, not only chimerical but also objectively noxious, as they distract human mind from the sole task and purpose that *really* matters - ~~which is, and always must remain,~~ *Revolution.*

~~He is by no means a nihilist, notwithstanding all his iconoclastic criticism of hollow, hypocritical ideals. Aimless nihilism seems to him as absurd, if not as abominable, as lying hypocrisy.~~

~~His ravenous hatred is directed against those who are responsible for the rotten state of human civilization as they selfishly exploit human labor. He has neither respect nor pity for the victims of exploitations who lament instead of fighting. He is equally opposed to shallow optimism and sterile despair. He believed in an~~

*His confidence is entirely based upon the idea of*  
~~and his hope is the~~ *universal, total, permanent*  
Revolution, - which will not only bring about the ultimate solution of all earthly problems, but already is, in itself, a purifying process, embracing "everything that lead humanity from out the dark night of the circumscribed *world*."

The movement is no doubt irregular and crooked, but the tendency is constant. What every government does in turn in favor of revolution becomes inviolable; what is attempted against it passes over like a cloud: I enjoy watching this spectacle, in which I understand every single sign; I observe these changes in the life of the world as if I had received their explanation from above; what op=

presses others, elevates me more and more, inspires and fortifies me; how can you want me to accuse destiny, to complain about people and curse them? Destiny - a laugh at it; and as for men, they are too ignorant, too enslaved for me to feel annoyed at them.

Trotsky quotes, on the last page of his Autobiography, these words written by the French socialist Proudhon in a prison cell, and adds expressly that he subscribes them, "despite their slight savor of ecclesiastical eloquence."

The High Priest of Revolution - detached and haughty; blessed with the possession of absolute Truth - has nothing but icy contempt for any one who might try to interpret his life from a private, sentimental angle. His withering glance banishes the approach of maudlin curiosity. Yet we cannot help being moved, in a simple and human fashion, by the size and intensity of his pains and efforts.

What a weird character! - autocratic in the realm of his theories, but homeless, powerless in reality; pushed from one country into another - an harassed pilgrim, the Eternal Jew, burdened with his exorbitant intelligence, his tremendous hatred; surrounded by docile disciples, visible and invisible foes, and the abundance of his grand and bloody memories.

No poet would dare to invent the breath-taking drama that is Leon Trotsky's life - with its spectacular climax, that short and violent interlude of fulfilment and realization. Between two endless periods of exile he bore the enormous responsibilities of actual rulership, the outrages, respases, joys and horrors of an almost unlimited power. How strikingly contrast those years of full of sinister splendor with those other decades following and preceding and following them - that constant martyrdom in squalid hotel rooms, dreary flats, rented villas - somewhere in France, Austria or Switzerland, then in Turkey, then in Mexico. Oh, the monotony, the ever-lasting tension, the proudly concealed despair of those long murky evenings, torrid summer days, rainy afternoons in the fall! Oh, those countless hours, empty and restless, spent with gigantic plans, far-reaching calculations; pondering on the world



~~the world~~ situation; cursing his enemies, <sup>mercilessly</sup> analysing their mistakes and crimes; constantly prepared to return to Russia, to snatch power, once <sup>again</sup> ~~more~~.

How great - how pathetic he is, in all the bleak dignity of his errant existence! What an odd experience, indeed - to follow him for a while: to <sup>imagine</sup> ~~know~~ his daily life, in one or another period, at one or another station of his wandering.

~~This is the thirteenth of January, 1917. Sunday.~~ This is the harbour of New York, <sup>on January 13, 1914 - a Sunday.</sup> in the chilly mist of a rainy morning one can recognize the famous sky line of the tall buildings, dim and grey, a wet mountain faintly profiled against the cloudy horizon.

The boat has stopped at three o'clock in the morning. Everybody waked up. Leon Trotsky paces the deck - a heavy and gloomy figure, in his long, heavy overcoat. His wife follows him as a docile shadow. The two young boys <sup>chatter, excitedly</sup> ~~are excited~~. "Is this the New World, papa?" They ask it in several languages, in French and German and Russian. They grew up in so many different countries. They used to <sup>talk</sup> ~~live~~ in an elegant ~~Russian~~ <sup>Parisian</sup> argot with the children <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ the concierge, in Paris; they understood the jokes of the coachmen and soldiers in Vienna, and ~~they~~ even learned how to speak German with that awkward and trust-inspiring Swiss accent. Now, they are supposed to learn English. They already practised it, with the ~~wise~~ stewards and sailors. ~~but the father does not like the English language.~~

"Est-ce que c'est le Nouveau Monde, papa?"

He has a dreary, almost angry way of nodding. He <sup>does not</sup> ~~express~~ seems to be very happy.

<sup>however, go on smilingly asking questions:</sup>  
The boys, ~~want to know~~: "Shall we stay here a long time, papa?"

He shrugs his shoulders. ~~He thinks: 'It all depends'~~ "It all

depends on the developments in Europe... I have reasons to believe that the Revolution..."

*with widened eyes*  
The Revolution... The youngsters repeat the magic word as other children may repeat the word Christmas.

*interview*  
Madame Trotsky ~~says~~: "The boys will catch a cold - they should go to the dining room. It's terribly cold out here. What an icy wind! By the way, Serosha really needs a new coat..."

Here I was in New York, city of prose and fantasy, of capitalist automatism, its streets a triumph of cubism, its moral philosophy that of the dollar. New York impressed me tremendously because more than any other city in the world, it is the fullest expression of our modern age.

These words which are neither very original nor very enthusiastic, represent almost the sole remark Trotsky had to make, in his thick volume My Life, concerning the character of the world's greatest city. In another connection and on a later date, his judgement of the American metropolis sounds even less favourable:

"New York - with its automatic unconcern for the man without a check book, technically perfected to suck the marrow from human bones..."

Thus he observed in a rather remarkable essay on Céline's novel Journey to the End of the Night. That desperate French nihilist, however - Louis-Ferdinand Céline - had actually seen New York - ~~though~~ if only its nightmarish *aspects*, the abjectness and filth and revolting cruelty of the city. The question is if Trotsky *did see anything* ~~actually saw~~ New York. *at all.* He was deaf and blind, for all his psychological and social clairvoyance - :blinded by his fixed idea, his idol and obsession - the Revolution.

Those who want to reform mankind are ~~mainly~~ interested in men.

*(Oranally)*



This may sound paradoxical; for - why should one bother oneself about the conditions of human life, unless one really cares for human beings? Yet the fact remains that the fanatic reformer, possessed the abstractum of his "Cause", neglects or dislikes most manifestations of human nature and spirit.

We cannot read without shuddering what Trotsky had to say, or had not to say, about his impression of Paris. He admits, with a rather ~~homo~~ horrifying sincerity, that he tried to "ignore" the most charming city on earth: "I was disposed against it, fearing that it might distract me from my one basic task, the preparation of Revolution."

When he left New York, after a stormy stay of two months, he confessed:

It would be a gross exaggeration to say that I learned much about New York. I plunged into the affairs of American Socialism too quickly, and I was straightway up to my neck in work for it. The Russian Revolution came so soon that I only managed to catch the general life-rhythm of the monster known as New York. I was leaving for Europe with the feeling of a man who has had only a peep into the foundry in which the fate of man is forged.

He recognized, clearly and strongly, the paramount importance of the United States for all future international developments - political, cultural, social. He kept asking himself: 'Will Europe be able to stand it? Will it not sink into nothing but a cemetery? And will the economic and cultural centres of gravity not shift to America?' Yet he could afford to make himself acquainted, at least superficially, with the varied expressions and tendencies of American life. He saw no people but his next political comrades - many of them were Russians -; he attended no public gatherings but political meetings in which he appeared as the speaker. In vain we peruse his memoirs for any allusion to any curiosity of New York or its vicinity; there is no reference to <sup>(or beauty)</sup> ~~any~~ name <sup>S/</sup> ~~connected with~~ <sup>any</sup> ~~any representative of American~~ cultural life. His ascetic attitude excluded all social, intellectual or affectional contacts with <sup>in America.</sup>

American people except a group of active socialists.

There are plenty of stories concerning his sordid and adventurous doings in the United States - absurd anecdotes, invented by his political foes - eagerly believed and repeated by idle gossip-mongers. He was an abominable drunkard and regular visitor of an evil dive, neighbouring his home; he cheated unscrupulously the owner of his apartment, and even went as far as stealing carpets, furnitures, and pictures; he explored, an active expert <sup>on</sup> all kinds of vices, the wicked quarters of San Francisco. All this is the most obvious nonsense, maliciously made up. Yet, in a way, those fantastic slanders are almost flattering, compared with a reality that is rather dreary. For the <sup>slavently</sup> ~~party~~ ~~habits~~ habits and vices so lavishly attributed to Trotsky's character, would make appear his personality, ~~more human~~, not only more dubious, but also more human than he actually is. The Prophet of Communism had no time nor energy to waste on puerile debauches. ~~His life was devoted, thoroughly, to a severe and pretentious Goddess - the Revolution.~~ We have no reason to question the accuracy of his own statement: "My only profession in New York was that of a revolutionary socialist."

He settled down in the Bronx, modestly, among working people. His life was that of a busy journalist or minor politician; - gregarious, though in an austere, utilitarian way; devoid of ~~any~~ glamour and frivolity; ~~every hour of the day~~ overcharged with work, meetings, discussions. The day after his arrival he started writing for the Russian paper, Novy Mir ("The New World"), the editorial staff ~~he~~ of which he <sup>joined</sup> later. He collaborated and argued by turns with his Russian fellow-refugees, such as Bucharin whom he did not dislike but thought "too impressionable, always influenced, dominated by somebody"; or Madame Kolontay, whose "ultra-left" attitude of that period he ridiculed in his memoirs, particularly since ~~that gifted author and diplomat~~ <sup>she</sup> later yielded to



dictator Stalin, the "Traitor of Revolution." Most of those who used to be his friends, joined his enemies since, or were <sup>murdered</sup> ~~murdered~~ by them. ~~Polodarski,~~ <sup>Polodarski,</sup> ~~later murdered near Petrograd; Tschudnowski, later murdered in the Ukraine..~~

He participated in the political activities and keen discussions of the international labor milieu of New York, establishing or renewing contacts with ~~the~~ American, German, Finnish, or Jewish <sup>socialists</sup> leaders. Promptly and passionately, he launched out into a movement to divide the ~~Socialist~~ Party, ~~thus creating~~ separating the "left" wing from the "right". For he was dissatisfied with the lukewarm attitude of the Social Democrats; ~~he ardently~~ <sup>and</sup> disapproved ardently of their caution, their purely emotional pacifism, <sup>and</sup> their servile respect for national institutions: "Woodrow Wilson meant to them much more than Karl Marx..."

America was busily getting ready for war - a war which he called with sardonic mockery "the war for liberty and democracy." He noticed that the new wave of noisy nationalism even touched experienced socialists, such as Hillquit, leader of the American Party. He argued with Gompers, a Dutch Jew and former cigar maker, then leader of the American Federation of Labor; for that old fighter for proletarian rights proclaimed that <sup>Labor</sup> ~~the~~ organizations ~~of working men~~ should be kept aloof from politics. Trotsky disliked certain anarchistic, Syndicalistic elements in Gompers's conception of an anti-political labor movement. Also his ~~own~~ violent temperament reacted <sup>disrespectable</sup> ~~sharply~~ against such ~~corrupt~~ veterans of socialism as old Schlüter, editor of the ~~German~~ Volkszeitung.

Among the younger editors of that German organ, however, ~~there~~ was a man whose talent and integrity the revolutionary psychologist promptly recognized: Ludwig Lore, then in the beginning of his journalistic career, was one of ~~Lore's~~ <sup>his few</sup> most intimate friends in that period. In Lore's Brooklyn home - where, by the way, ~~the Russian visitor~~ <sup>Trotsky</sup> had stopped, for some days, after his arrival - a group of younger radicals gathered, usually once



a week - on Thursdays - to exchange their opinions and observations, ~~and~~  
~~and hopes~~. They drank tea and cursed capitalism. The air was filled with  
the smoke of their cigarettes and the ardent exclamations of their <sup>common</sup> indig=  
nation, their inflexible confidence. They weighed the plan of launching  
a new Socialist weekly that would really represent ~~the~~ Marxian spirit.  
They were enthusiastic and <sup>gagacious</sup> ~~eloquent~~, and meant to be utterly "realistic."  
They despised illusions, especially illusions on Democracy. Trotsky, in his  
first contribution to the Novy Mir, had announced:

I left a Europe wallowing in blood, but I left with a profound faith  
in a coming revolution. And it was with no democratic illusions that  
I stepped on the soil of this old-enough New World...

But the faith in revolution - was it not an illusion, too? Trotsky and  
his friends were firmly convinced that the World War would bring forth  
the World Revolution - necessarily, inevitably. They yet ignored in which  
country the great process would start; but they had no doubt that the  
long expected, keenly wished-for event, once it had started, would spread  
over the globe - <sup>swiftly and</sup> ~~rapidly~~, triumphantly - , and that a sounder and better  
world would ultimately emerge from infamous destruction and ghastly  
slaughter.

~~While one kept waiting, however, for that glorious change of universale~~  
~~life, one must remain active and alert, not only watching but also pro-~~  
~~moting actively the historical development.~~ Trotsky, in that <sup>fatal</sup> ~~crucial~~ year  
of 1917, was so <sup>thoroughly intent on</sup> ~~busy with acting and preparing~~ <sup>(the revolution)</sup> that not ~~much~~ time was left  
for detached observing. As he had not yet the possibility of haranguing  
the Russian masses, in the Red Square of Moscow, he had to content himself  
with addressing Socialist meetings in Brooklyn and Newark, Baltimore,  
Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. He informed American workers of the involved  
situation in Europe, and that all problems would be overwhelmingly  
solved by the irresistible revolution. His lucid interpretations and



and inspired prophecies made a strong impression to his listeners, although he usually needed a translator to make himself understood. For his English was still pretty poor: he was familiar with all "big" words, ~~of the English language~~ <sup>rather</sup> but ~~was~~ helpless when it came to words with less than four syllables. Publicly, he spoke only in Russian or German.

~~He enjoyed these direct contacts with the proletarian crowds, and~~  
~~hardly~~ <sup>or</sup> could be ~~persuaded~~ <sup>ten or fifteen dollars</sup> to accept ~~a modest fee~~ <sup>workers</sup> for his rhetoric efforts.  
"How could I take money from exploited ~~working men~~?" - ~~He took ten or fifteen dollars, reluctantly.~~ He was eager to win people - not dollars. He was avid for power but not greedy for money.

Political mass meetings were about the only opportunity he had to meet from face to face - though in a certain distance - representatives of that idolized class, the Proletariate. In daily life he was remote from them, through his intellectual fanaticism, his pretentious vocabulary, ~~his irritable temper.~~

But even he who did not understand the language of this country - neither in a literal nor in <sup>an indirect</sup> ~~a spiritual~~ sense - , had his personal little impressions of the American mentality: rather <sup>arbitrary</sup> ~~fortuitous~~ impressions, to be sure, but amusing and, maybe, significant. He was sincerely touched, for instance, by the queer "generosity" of a colored doorman who was to collect the earnest ~~money~~ in the apartment house where the Trotskys lived, and disappeared with the money. The only person, however, whom the doorman really wanted to cheat, was the landlord himself. He, therefore, stole the money exclusively of those to whom the landlord had already given a formal receipt, so that the "capitalist" had no legal chance <sup>requiring</sup> ~~of demand~~ the <sup>rent</sup> ~~earnest~~ once more. In the case of Trotsky, however, the noble robber had made a mistake as he presumed that the new Russian lodger already was in the possession of the receipt, ~~necessary to protect him against the landlord.~~ But Trotsky, not yet furnished with that valuable document, would have been forced, indeed, to pay ~~for his rent again~~ - which induced

*the amount for the second time*



the honest thief to return the money, secretly and at night.

Trotsky recalls this story with a grim satisfaction, and adds smirkingly: "This, then, was my first impression of the negro problem in the United States."

There were two young go-betweens, sprightly and alert - establishing a certain indirect intimacy between the Russian genius and ordinary American life. The bright Trotsky boys, already experienced in so many different idioms and national peculiarities, had adapted themselves, within a few weeks, to the ~~New York slang, the passion for base-ball games and the funnies in daily papers~~ tempo, the wit and slang of New York youth, and were on the point of grasping the mysteries of base-ball games, the funnies in daily papers, and the various flavours of ice cream sodas. The boys felt at home in New York - too innocent to realize the foulness of capitalism: impressionable enough to enjoy naively the savage charm of the incomparable city.

It seems questionable whether the two youngsters <sup>may have been</sup> ~~were~~ really pleased when the great news arrived: Revolution in Petrograd...

There it was, the tremendous event - long-expected, often-propheesied, and yet mysterious, startling, puzzling, pregnant with sweeping consequences not-to-be-foreseen. Nobody knew what, precisely, was going on. Authentic informations from Russia were more precious and scarce than authentic kaviar. Editors and columnists raved; the phone was ringing incessantly in the Trotskys's home. ~~The~~ Public interest, all of a sudden, focussed on the Russian radicals, ~~who had been considered, before, as rather cumber=~~ some bores. Now dozens of eager reporters wanted to find out from Mr. Trotsky: What is going to happen? He declared: We shall rule in Russia. From there, the revolution will encroach on Europe and finally conquer the world. The World War is over. The World Revolution begins.

The two boys were almost forgotten, in the midst of this inspiring



turmoil. The younger one, Serjosha, was in a hospital, sick with diptheria, while his father, winged <sup>with</sup> ~~by~~ happiness and determination, prepared hastily the departure for Russia. The first day ~~which~~ <sup>to be</sup> Serjosha spent at home again, after the disease, was the family's last day in New York. The father was intensely occupied with visitors, telephon calls, dictating last messages to newspapers and organizations - while Madame Trotsky busied herself with packing ~~things~~ things, dissolving the household, bidding goodbye to ~~Russian~~ <sup>to be</sup> friends. Nobody looked after the youngster. Even his brother was not around - probably running some place for father, or discussing with a <sup>schoolmate</sup> friend, for the last time, base-ball news and funnies.

Serjosha grew tired of loitering, all by himself, in this messy apartment. He decided to venture on a little walk - quite alone, through the familiar streets of the Bronx.

But the streets were not as familiar as he had believed them to be. Perhaps he ~~went~~ walked somewhat further than he had done before, or else he had forgotten the topography of the neighbourhood while he was in the hospital. In any case, he lost his way, went astray, and, panicky, even could not recall <sup>his</sup> address. <sup>for taken</sup> He suddenly felt helpless, and very lonely. The people, even the buildings showed <sup>hostile</sup> ~~unpleasant~~ forbidding faces. He was struck by fear and an overwhelming self-pity. Why was he left so alone? His parents did not like him any more. He began to sob, <sup>he</sup> ~~we~~ <sup>wept</sup> bitterly.

A huge policeman stooped down to him: "What's the matter, <sup>Kid?</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>boy</sup> ~~boy~~?" His voice sounded comforting - the deep, cordial ~~voice~~ <sup>voice</sup> of a wellmeaning giant.

Serjosha declared, his voice still choked with tears: "I have lost my daddy..." "Just take it easy," suggested the friendly giant.

A few hours later, Trotsky appeared at the police station to rescue his little boy. He found the youngster playing cards with the cops - laughing,



perfectly happy. ~~Where he~~

The father embraced him, with a vehement, almost frightening tenderness. "Where have you been?" His voice sounded strangely pressed. "Serjosha darling - I was so afraid..."

"So was your kid, mister," remarked the gigantic policeman. "In fact, he cried like a little dog when I found him in the street, quite alone."

Another cop added harshly: "In this country, we don't let the children stroll through the streets like vagabonds."

Trotsky had a faint, apologetic smile. "I beg your pardon, gentlemen. I was exceedingly busy, indeed..." He always felt a trifle uneasy in the presence of uniformed officials.

They stared at him with unconcealed suspicion. They disliked his soft, heavy accent, his nervous gestures. He looked to them like a pretty dubious fellow: probably one of those "subversive elements" who really should be ~~anyone~~ *locked up*.

The boy was silent as he left with his father.

One of the policemen murmured: "A cute kid, all right. Much too good for the old man. Exceedingly busy..." He spit angrily across ~~half~~ the room, aiming at the spittoon with remarkable skill. "Silly old son of a bitch," he added.

Father and son, meanwhile, marched, hand in hand, toward the Trotsky home - which was not <sup>*really*</sup> their home any more, as Madame Trotsky, in the midst of an appalling chaos, was just closing the trunks.

"I am very sorry ~~that~~ <sup>*ed*</sup> this ~~had to~~ happen." Trotsky had an odd manner *with a certain gravity toward to a man of his age and distinction* of talking to the boy ~~as if he was a grown-up person~~. "Did they beat you up?"

The boy shook his head, very seriously. "No," he said. "They were very kind. I played cards with them. They wanted me to recite a Russian



poem. But I remembered only a <sup>few</sup> German <sup>verses</sup> ~~poem~~, and some French."

There was a silence. The boy tried very hard to keep with his father who made ~~extremely~~ long ~~steps~~ paces. At last, Trotsky noticed that Serjosha gazed at him, askance and musingly.

"What are you thinking about?"

"I just wonder..."

"What are you wondering about?"

"Why do we go to Russia?"

"Russia is our home, Serjosha."

<sup>now</sup> "But the uncles in the uniforms <sup>say</sup> ~~tell me~~ that dreadful things <sup>are</sup> happen<sup>ing</sup> there. They ~~will~~ kill all the nice people..."

"All the nice people!" Trotsky had a bitter laugh, nasal and short. He seemed rather angry. "I knew they would tell you a lot of nonsense..." Then he added, solemnly: "There is ~~a~~ revolution, in Russia."

"Must we go there, because of the revolution?"

The father nodded gravely. "Yes. We must go there - because <sup>it is our</sup> ~~of the~~ revolution."

"And when the revolution is finished," Serjosha asked, "can we return then to America?"

His father explained: "The revolution ~~now~~ will be never finished. The revolution is permanent."

Serjosha did not understand the words, but he guessed their meaning. "So we must stay there, for ever?"

"I hope so," his father said.

<sup>child</sup> The ~~boy~~ whispered: "I am scared..."

"Scared - of what?" <sup>He</sup> ~~His father~~ seemed painfully surprised.

"I don't know..." Serjosha bent his face, blushing. <sup>ly</sup> ~~I am always~~ scared when I see hammer and sickle, on that red flag we have... they

"Don't be afraid!" The father had a strong, fervent voice. "There is no reason to be afraid. You will be very happy, at home, in Russia."

He touched the crown of Serjosha's head, with a solemn tenderness, as if he wanted to bless him.

"You will work for the proletarian State. You will serve the Cause. You must be faithful and realistic. You must not believe what those policemen told you. They don't understand. They don't know what the Revolution means. But you, Serjosha - you will understand it, one day. You will realize that the Revolution is no horrible thing: but necessary and beautiful and great. The Revolution is very great. There is nothing greater but ~~the~~ Revolution. You must believe this, Serjosha!"

<sup>voice</sup> His <sup>voice</sup> was low and ~~rough~~ raucous with urgency. ~~He implored his son to believe in his - the father's solemn - word, and not in the talk of stupid policemen.~~

✓ Serjosha still felt on his head his father's hand; it was heavy, and cold, and constantly trembled a little. For some reason he was suddenly <sup>overcome</sup> ~~overcome~~ by a great, aching pity; perhaps it was the slightly disturbing touch of this <sup>icy</sup> ~~heavy~~ hand that made feel him so profoundly sorry for his father. How sad he looked - even when he tried to be happy! 'Dear God,' Serjosha prayed, 'do let him have a good time, over there, in Russia. And try to persuade the people over there that they like him. I think <sup>the</sup> ~~these~~ cops didn't like him so very much - I really don't think they did. But I want people to like my daddy.'

Sometimes he secretly ventured on a ~~hasty~~ little prayer, though he was instructed that there was no such thing as God.

While he still talked to God - in whom his father did not believe - he heard again the paternal whisper: ~~Do you father, my little Serjosha?~~

"Don't you trust your father, my little Serjosha?"

"Sure I do." ~~He said it with a guilty that~~ sounded a ~~little~~ forced.

*twifke*



"Sure I believe you, dad. We are going to have a grand time - at home, in Russia." After a pause, he added, dreamingly: "And later - I mean, much later, when the revolution is over - we come back to America: ~~I~~ I've promised it to the uncles of the police. And I must get wodka for them, in Moscow. They say wodka is swell. The Czar drinks wodka - lots of it, every day, they say. They showed me how the Czar jumps around when he is drunk with wodka. They are very funny, you know."

He laughed happily. He grew very animated as he remembered all the jokes of his unformed ~~amman~~ *playmates*.

"Do you like funny people, dad? I do like them. Are there many funny people - in Russia? Is it true that wodka is even better than a chocolate Sunday? Has the Czar a uniforme? Does he have a hammer and a sickle on his crown? What is Russia like? I wonder... Is it really so very big? The uncles say it's ~~just~~ <sup>even</sup> bigger than America, and there are many bears, and people travel around in sleighs, and the whole country is white with snow. Can you play base-ball, with all that snow? When shall I be old enough to understand the revolution? Do you think thirteen is old enough, or must I wait till I'm fifty, or hundred? Could I become Czar if I try very hard? Are there policemen, in a revolution? Do the Russians lie? How do you know if people lie or not? Do policemen lie more often than other people? ~~As the revolution against people who lie~~ Did you ever lie, dad? - a long time ago, I mean, when you still where a little boy<sup>?</sup> Did you laugh a great deal, at the time? When did you stop laughing? When did you start to understand the revolution? Was it before I was born? Do you think you'll laugh when you see Russia again? Uncles who know how to laugh, have such funny faces - nice faces, I think: even if they lie a little ~~bit~~ bit at the same time..."

+++

The Founder of a State:

MASARYK.

Wilson's Fourteen Points as they were offered to and refused by the respective governments of the Central Powers, contained no specific demand concerning the partition of the Habsburg Empire, Austria-Hungary. Wilson as well as the leading men in Paris and London were rather inclined, at that time, to maintain <sup>somehow</sup> the construction of that great Monarchy, ~~at least as a Federation of partly independent states~~, under certain guarantees which the Emperor Karl of Austria would have gladly given. The calculation of the Allied statesmen was, of course, that the Enemy Number One was, and would remain, the Reich rather than Austria. It hardly seemed wise, therefore, to destroy the Habsburg Empire while leaving the Reich virtually untouched. Such a policy was likely ~~in the opinion of Poincaré, Wilson and Lloyd George~~ to strengthen, in the long run, Germany's potential power. We have to admit, today, that this original plan of the Allies was more far-sighted and, in many respects, more promising than the scheme that was actually carried out according to the Treaty of Versailles.

~~There are mistakes, however, which seem essentially inevitable, fatal as they may be. It is an easy, if not a cheap satisfaction to recognize and analyse them, later, when their tragic consequences long became obvious. At certain historical moments only one solution appears possible and, therefore, necessary - despite of all qualms and objections, and even if the initiated already discern the germ of future disasters in the seeming triumph of justice. Those who are unwilling or incapable of choosing the one way that is truly the right and good one, though unknown and even daring - those whose political vision is crippled by cowardice and convention, may be forced, by the impact of psychological conditions, to accept a scheme even more erroneous than the one they considered original.~~

ly.



The only sound solution - the one pertinent way of establishing lasting peace, would have been, in 1918, the immediate organization, or at least the gradual preparation, of the United States of Europe. ~~The responsible ones, however, failed to grasp and to accomplish their tremendous task. An historical opportunity, unprecedented and not to be repeated under the same auspices, thus was fatally missed.~~

Since the unification of ~~Europe~~ <sup>the continent</sup> had to remain what it had been for centuries - a utopian hope and inspiring dream - , another moral and political ~~task~~ <sup>program</sup> - also essential, though of comparatively minor significance - was bound to be fulfilled. The smaller nations, ~~traditional victims of Austrian and Russian oppression,~~ claimed their independence. Their urgent aspirations were justified by the very principles that formed the moral basis of the Fourteen Points. Thomas G. Masaryk, exiled leader of the Czech people, had poignant arguments to convince Woodrow Wilson, who then considered himself, and actually seemed to be the omnipotent arbiter mundi. ~~the historical constellation and personal im-~~ <sup>condwahlen</sup>

~~all~~ <sup>Many</sup> circumstances, worked ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> favour of the Czech patriot and potential founder of Czecho-Slovakia. He said himself, with an almost Napoleon-like confidence: "I am fearless as I believe in my Star." ~~He knew, with pride and gratitude, that he had to win; that, the historical constellation and many personal impendables were for him~~

The way had been long and tedious: Masaryk was an old man - sixty-eight - when his hour, the hour of Czecho-Slovakie, finally ~~came~~ <sup>arrived</sup>. His Star, too, was ~~gleaming~~ <sup>first</sup> over an humble stall; for his father was a coachman, somewhere in Bohemia - a so-called "freedman", which is a rather paradoxical designation for a servant who could make no decision of his own with regard to changing his residence or his occupation.

One has to work ~~very hard~~ <sup>very hard</sup>, must be tenacious, faithful and strong to follow the ~~exacting~~ <sup>improbable</sup> shine of the star, from such ~~humble~~ <sup>humble</sup> beginnings

*Squad*



to dizzy heights never dreamed-of. How many years of solid preparation, of thinking, learning, gradual maturing! The penniless lad, son of a maid and a choachman, was distinguished by judicious teachers for his unusual gifts. He was enabled to study - philosophy, in Vienna, and Leipzig ~~he was keenly interested in the history of religion~~ <sup>and</sup> obtained the doctor's degree for an essay on the Immortality of the Soul. ~~He was keenly interested in the history of religion and psychological problems then in matters political.~~ The first article he published - when he was twenty-six - dealt with Plato. His <sup>elaborate</sup> ~~thorough~~ study on Suicide "as a mass phenomenon in present days" still represents, according to his own judgment, his "basic confession", the very resumé of his wisdom. He who understood, if not forgave, all kinds of human weaknesses, ~~his and errors,~~ abominated, with an almost puritan severity, the dark fascination of death. The love of death is, in his opinion, the most alarming symptom of mental <sup>corruption</sup> ~~degeneration~~; for it isolates the human soul, estranging it from its productive tasks, making it selfish and sterile. We may, by the way, well remember that it ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> the German people ~~about~~ <sup>of</sup> whom a great psychologist observed that they were, as the only people on earth, madly "in love with death."

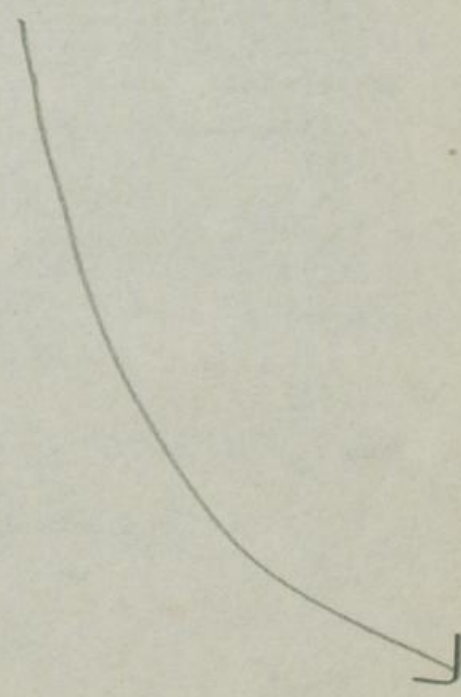
Masaryk, who was to become the liberator of his country from the <sup>Germanic</sup> ~~Austrian~~ yoke, was opposed as a philosopher to the German spirit in many of its typical manifestations. He admired Goethe and Beethoven, the greatest Germans and at the same time great citizens of the world; but he deeply distrusted a certain floating German romanticism with its gloomy sympathy for death; also he recognized the hostile impact and potential danger <sup>(the Prussian idolatry of the State)</sup> in the German cult of Organization, detestable to Masaryk in both its versions - as reactionary nationalism and as revolutionary materialism. There are elements of an apodictic brutality - anti-humanistic elements prevailing in the German philosophy, from Kant to Hegel, from Nietzsche



incompatible with Masaryk's vast and limpid conception of Humanism.

He was, by nature and conviction, anti-radical, anti-hysterical - a moderate, reconcilatory spirit rather than a philosophic extremist. His mellow, well-balanced mind represents, indeed, a rare compound of mildness and determination, pugnacious courage and tolerance. Perhaps he was no "genius" as he lacked in the sinister greatness, the frantic egotism characteristic for that intricate phenomenon. But he certainly was a "great man" as he combined will power with kindness, passion with reason, an extraordinary sensibility with perfect health, both intellectual and somatic.

He did not consider the great man beyond the laws of ethics, nor did he believe that great aims justify dirty means. He was convinced no accomplishment could be lasting unless it is based on Truth. The application of force was, in his opinion, excusable or, under certain circumstances, even necessary; but never the use of lies.



It seems superfluous, if not unsuitable, to emphasize his genuine love of peace - his natural horror of war. How could he feel otherwise, being ~~what~~ who he was? - a religious socialist, <sup>and</sup> humanitarian thinker. The pacifism, however, he adhered to, was no inflexible abstraction but a reasonable postulate connected with life itself. It was to be abandoned, for certain periods, under certain conditions. <sup>It</sup> was a realistic or conditional pacifism, - in contrast to the integral, unconditional pacifism as ~~it was~~ preached and propagated by Tolstoy.

Masaryk visited the great Russian novelist several times, and among the topics they discussed most zealously, the problem of Pacifism played a predominant role. Tolstoy, <sup>was</sup> at that time, ~~was~~ no more who he used to be, in the creative prime of his youth and manhood - the powerful narrator, ~~the~~ <sup>passionate and yet</sup> ~~impassioned~~ <sup>eloquent</sup> objective, almost God-like, the realistic and ~~impassioned~~ <sup>eloquent</sup> bard of both War and Peace. The ageing master and counterfeit peasant whom Masaryk met at Jasnaja Poljana, <sup>Tolstoy's country seat</sup> had long become ~~the~~ <sup>an</sup> ardent moralist, obsessed with fixed ideas, almost maniacal - degrading deliberately his own natural greatness, <sup>reducing</sup> the vast complexity of his genius to the stubborn eloquence of a travelling preacher. It was this half-senile Tolstoy - still great, still mysteriously moving, even in his decline - who had proclaimed that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was more significant than "Hamlet" ~~/ it was he, the creator of Anna Karenina who had grown virtuous, and who kept repeating; to his~~ <sup>any</sup> ~~Czech visitor~~ "Peace! peace! peace! - under all circumstances, <sup>any</sup> ~~whatsoever~~ happen, and at any price! There is no cultural value, no political or national aim worth ~~while~~ sacrificing human lives for it ~~sake~~." Masaryk tried to parry the obstinate pathos of his <sup>illustration</sup> ~~insistent~~ host with swift and reasonable arguments: That the <sup>recourse to</sup> ~~application of~~ force <sup>may</sup> ~~might~~ be inevitable, ~~indeed, necessary~~ <sup>vital</sup> for defense purposes, to prevent the victory of aggression, or <sup>in order</sup> to accelerate certain ~~paramount~~ developments that otherwise could not be

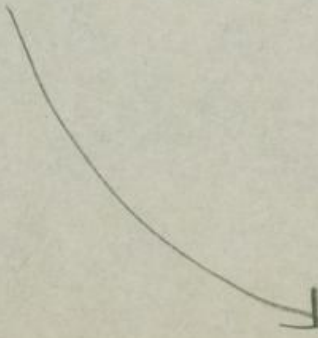


accomplished.

Thus they argued - two stern idealists and mighty creators - ,and then seperated - the one to finish his epic life work: the other to continue the epic of his life.

It was in Russia where Masaryk had admired and refuted Tolstoy's ethical radicalism - and where, some years after Tolstoy's death, he had to prove that his own moral philosophy was compatible with the hard necessities of political life. Paradoxically enough, it was the World War that appears as the turning point in the career of this active humanist: he owed the decisive chance of his life to the most gigantic slaughter in history. He realized this, and stated with a rather terrifying objectivity: "A war of four years was better for our cause than a short war would have been."

It was only after the final collapse of the Central Powers that the Czech people could hope to obtain what they desired so passionately - their national independence. They did, therefore, everything in their power to sabotage all actions of the Habsburg government. Czech soldiers deserted the Austrian army, while in Prague and other Czech cities an organized underground movement, the nationalistic Maffis, undermined and disturbed the authority, of Austrian officials Masaryk and his exiled friends, meanwhile, tried to influence public opinion in the Western countries and to obtain from the Allies ~~national~~ recognition of the Czech National Committee as a legal government. Edward Benesh was untiringly active in Paris, collaborating with General Milan Stefanik, a Slovak, who had joined the French Air Force.





"I doubt very much," <sup>Masaryk</sup> the President later said, "if I could have managed the whole thing without Benesh..." <sup>in Paris, London and the capitals of various neutral countries</sup>  
The work they had to do was rather tedious and <sup>delicate</sup> monotonous. Benesh, in using his suasion to win over French politicians for the Czech cause; Masaryk, in trying to influence public opinion in London. "It was a question of mathematical calculation, all those four years... How many articles I had to write and to repeat! Because the people knew so little about Austria-Hungary..."

People knew still less about the Czechs - until the world was suddenly startled by dramatic reports concerning a Czech army being formed in Russia: 50,000 men, well-trained, well-equipped - ready to join the Allies. ~~In a fight which, to them, meant a struggle of liberation. This was sensational news, even in a period so over-rich in surprising and bloody events.~~

Masaryk's ~~an~~ intention had originally been to form a Czech army out of refugees, scattered in England, France, Russia, the United States. The Czar, however, declined this project as he distrusted refugees who were <sup>willing</sup> ~~ready~~ to fight their Imperial ruler (even if that monarch happened to be <sup>his own</sup> ~~Russia's~~ enemy...) The plan, therefore, had to be renounced, for the time being, as the bulk of Czech refugees had found haven in Russia. It was only after the downfall of the Czar that Masaryk was ~~able~~ able to carry out his intention: he rushed from London to St. Petersburg, furnished with a false passport and the firm confidence in his Star. ~~A National Czech Committee was organized promptly, with Masaryk as its leader. 50,000 men who had lived in Russia as prisoners of war, with their legal fatherland, Austria-Hungary, fighting Russia, were to see active service again: their new chief, a professor with a soft black hat and a soft, expressive voice, <sup>challenged</sup> ~~urged~~ them: "You will have the honor to fight for the Independence of our nation. Our aim is to join the army of our powerful allies, in France. The question is only how to reach that country..."~~



They could hardly hope to fight their way through the territories occupied by Austrians and Germans. Their scholarly generalissimus made a swift decision: We must travel around the world. Our ~~next must be~~ Star will lead us through the plains of Siberia, to the shores of Japan and across the Pacific; from San Francisco to New York, over the Atlantic, and to the battlefields <sup>of France.</sup> ~~on the Marne, on the Somme, near Verdun, near Paris.~~ From there, at last, the Star <sup>will</sup> ~~may~~ guide us homewards: ~~Prague is~~ the beautiful city of Prague is awaiting us, the nation of the Czechs keeps praying for our glorious return. Forward! Long live Czecho-Slovakia, ~~our unborn country!~~

The mild voice of his unassuming authority proved more inspiring than the harsh ~~commands~~ of any professional officer. The army-without-a-country performed the tremendous task - marching through a Russia convulsing in the painful birth of total revolution, a chaotic Russia - vast, hostile, full of unknown dangers. The Democratic government that had succeeded the Czar, collapsed: to power came Lenin and Trotsky. The Bolsheviks, under German pressure, began to molest the Czechs. Trotsky, supreme chief of the Soviet military forces, attempted to stop, to intern the exiled army. Collisions occurred; actual struggles took place. The Revolutionary Government regarded Masaryk's troupes as a tool of "Western Imperialism": the Czech officers received orders directly from the Allied General Staff. They meant a potential menace to the fighting Bolsheviks, despite their small number and alleged indifference to domestic Russian affairs. Yet they represented the only ~~well-equipped~~ well-organized military formation, in the midst of a general dissolution. Already the Czechs controlled partly the Transsiberian Railway.

At that time, the generalissimus with the soft hat and the inspiring voice, already was on his way to the United States - an eloquent herald of his globe-circling army. He had caught a train, on <sup>March 4, 1918,</sup> ~~his 28th birthday~~ <sup>(after a stay of ten months in Russia.)</sup> During the seventeen days of the journey to Japan, he drafted a lengthy



program - bold, detailed, comprehensive: outlining the future structure of Europe, with an independent Czecho-Slovakia as a nucleus of the coming ~~federation~~ formation of peaceful Democratic states, ~~first in the east, then all over Europe.~~

From Japan he mailed a long letter to President Wilson, announcing his arrival and explaining his immediate intentions. He had no reason to doubt that this document ~~would~~ <sup>was to</sup> be studied with intelligent understanding, and that he, the errant emissary of a subjugated people, would be received with genuine sympathy on American soil. Yet he had no adequate conception of the ~~spontaneous enthusiasm with which the people of the United States were to welcome this modest hero.~~ <sup>effusient welcome in store for him.</sup>

He had been in this country twice before - : in 1904, when he delivered a series of lectures on American universities and for Czech organizations; and, for the first time, in 1878, to fetch his fiancée, ~~an~~ Charlotte Garrigue, an American girl of Danish-Huguenot descent. He had met her in Leipzig when he ~~was~~ <sup>studied</sup> ~~there~~ <sup>philosophy - the music.</sup> She was spiritual, attractive, understanding. They read aloud to each other - Hume, and Plato, and Goethe - , went to concerts; he fell in love, followed her to America, she became his bride. Their first child, Alice, was born in Vienna, in 1879.

It was an ideal marriage. They had much in common - interests and ~~be-~~ <sup>lives.</sup> She participated in his intellectual endeavours and political ~~activities.~~ <sup>fight.</sup> She had learned the Czech language, and believed passionately in the ~~historic~~ mission of the Czech people. On the other hand, she influenced his thinking, his moral and religious attitude. They were perfectly attuned as two fine violins. He once stated: "I may have taught her varied things, but she formed my character."

The four years of the war were the first long period of their married life they had to spend separated from each other. Madame Masaryk had been imprisoned in Prague; American women organization finally obtained



her release. The husband, however, was informed of her deplorable state: she was sickly, alarmingly undernourished. Their daughter Alice was taken in custody, at Vienna, along with Benesh's wife - while Jan Masaryk, ~~the~~ son of <sup>an</sup> "exiled traitor", had to wear Austrian uniform as an officer in the Habsburg army. Another son had died during the war. Those gloomy conditions of his family life darkened the effulgent happiness of his American days.

His entrance in Chicago, on May 18, 1918, almost matched the triumphant receptions Kossuth had once experienced - only that the popular enthusiasm stirred up by Masaryk was based on more solid feelings and favoured by political circumstances. Now, with America <sup>(actually)</sup> being ~~at~~ war, Masaryk's claim for help provoked no delicate discussion about intervention or non-intervention. He appeared as a confederate of America's allies - as a representative of that future world that was going to be made safe for Democracy. The epic story of his homeless army increased his romantic <sup>(attraction)</sup> ~~attraction~~. ~~He had led those valient lads, 50,000 of them, through the endless solitude of Russia; they were prepared, or actually on the point, to follow him, from Vladivostoc, around the globe - an unparalleled event unparalleled in history.~~

He had friends in the United States, - many of them. There was the family of his wife, and the people who had liked and admired him when he had lectured here, years <sup>before</sup> ~~ago~~; ~~and the Jews who had not forgotten what he had done for their race, in the Hilsner affair~~ and there wer hundreds of thousand of Czechs. ~~They hailed him as their national champion.~~ His most important friend, however, ~~his decisive helper,~~ he was going to meet, in Washington, a month and one day after the glorious reception in Chicago.

He was introduced to President Wilson <sup>by</sup> ~~through~~ mutual friends in a cordial, personal way. The two men met as colleagues, as a pair of thinkers, scholars and humanitarians. They liked each other from the very beginning.



Masaryk was impressed by Wilson's personality, and later declared that he did not notice "that streak of vanity of which so much has been said." Yet the visitor was not without criticism towards the political tactics of the President. On European affairs he found the President "unsufficiently informed as to details." He suggested Wilson ought to select some men for his staff of advisers from the ranks of his political opponents and bring them over with him to Europe. The President, however, explained his refusal by admitting: "I am stubborn because I came from a Scotch family." - "And so he brought no Republican with him to Europe, a mistake."

Masaryk, however, could be stubborn as well. Finally he succeeded in convincing his powerful partner that the Czech people neither would nor should accept any guarantees from the House of Habsburg; - "We had been betrayed more than once by Austria-Hungary;" - that the partition of the Monarchy was inevitable; that Czecho-Slovakia must be independent for reasons both political and moral. Masaryk later recalled, with gratitude and emotion, the moment when the President, at last, gave his ~~firm~~ decisive consent: "He reminded me of a king who with a nod seals a sentence of death..."

What an amazing situation! - unequalled, almost fairy-tale-like! Those two professors - discussing in a cosy and yet solemn intimacy the future of millions of people, of a continent. A naive observer would be inclined to take them for two historians, philosophically detached from wordly and timely strife. Their gestures are as soft and moderate and slightly pedantic as their voices. Both look dignified - immaculately dressed. They listen to each other with polite attention. They seem keenly but not passionately interested in the topic of their lengthy conversation. What might it be they discuss? The Trial of Socrates? The architecture of Egyptian Temples? - No. They are busy overthrowing one <sup>of</sup> the oldest, most powerful monarchies in Europe. Wilson just remarks, with a sort of casual gravity: "You are right, ~~Professor,~~ Austria-Hungary must be divided."



This was the great, the decisive moment: the actual events, following swiftly, <sup>(more)</sup> ~~are~~ nothing but the spectacular consequences of this intimate historcial drama - the urban conversation of two scholars in the twilight of a studio. On June 30, 1918, Masaryk came to an agreement with the American Slovaks - the Treaty of Pittsburgh which <sup>(later)</sup> ~~was~~ to play an important role in the disputes between Slovaks and Czechs. On October 18, the solemn Declaration of Independence of Czecho-Slovakia was signed by Masaryk, Benesh, and Stefanik - and on November 14, Masaryk, then still sojourning in America, was elected by the National Assembly in Prague First President of the Republic. He received the news at a banquet in the Independence Hall in Philadelphia. In the same room that had once witnessed the birth of the United States, Thomas G. Masaryk, Liberator Patriae, now hailed the final independence of his own country.

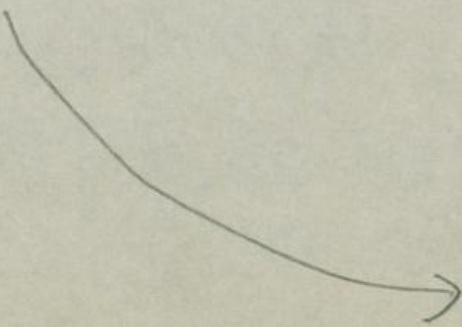
Un~~o~~deniably, these were memorable hours, singular in the biography of an individual as well as of a nation. Yet the platonic discussion between the two learned gentlemen in the White House is even more memorable, and singular in a more thorough sense of the word. Platonic it was indeed, that discussion~~s~~ - in various respects. Not only that the philosophic detachment of their conversation - strangely contrasting with the enormous reality of the topics involved - exhaled that serene dignity familiar to all admirers of Plato's limpid and sagacious dialogues: the scene itself, the very group of those two talking men, seems to follow a Platonic pattern - to fulfil a postulate of the wise Athenian. For it was Plato who had claimed, in his book on the State, that the community should be ruled by philosophers; that the wisest, most cultured men should wield the power. The traditional antithesis between Jesus and Cesar - one of the central problems in Masaryk's intellectual life - disappears, or loses its harshness, in the sublime formula of the philosophic ruler, the ruling philosopher<sup>National</sup> ~~Urban~~ contrasts, too, seem ~~alleviated~~ <sup>smoothed down</sup> under the urban sceptre of philosophy.



Culture, though the strongest and purest form of national self-expression, works as a connecting force rather than as a separating one.

Men such as Wilson and Masaryk truly represent the character of their respective nations; and yet they seem akin to each other, notwithstanding the basic ~~and~~ differences of their individual and national physiognomies. For they are connected through something higher, more valid and more essential than blood and race. ~~nor~~ Both are thoroughly impregnated by Christian ethics and the great traditions of Occidental civilization. Both deserve the honorable designation of Citizens of the World. They anticipate - not in theory but through their lively example - the coming type of man: the super-national type, - only conceivable representative of a future civilization which will be doomed unless it overcomes the disastrous folly of nationalism.

"The New Man... will be the result not merely of external politics, but principally of internal." Woodrow Wilson was likely to subscribe this axiom of Thomas Masaryk. Both firmly believed in the pedagogic mission of Democracy, which is entirely based - according to a definition by Masaryk - "upon the faith in Man, his sublime value, the immortality of his soul." He was not blind for the dangers inherent in the Democratic system. Also, he regarded none of the existing Democracies as perfect or really satisfactory, as the form of state he wanted was to be Socialistic. Yet he was opposed to any form of tyranny, including Communism, and thought Democracy "ethically justified, being the political realization of the Christian principle of brotherly love." Both, he and Wilson, were more keenly concerned with the





the ethical basis of state and politics than with political tactics. Neither of them despised or neglected power; ~~in contrast with Tolstoy's more radical point of view~~ but both agreed upon the tenet that "Right makes Might", sharply disapproving of any idoltry of brutal force. Both cherished and actively promoted a new, inspiring vision of a truly civilized world where tolerance and helpful understanding, practical Christianity and justice would wield their mild, productive authority. Both were ~~truly~~ <sup>over full of hope</sup> convinced that the end of that horrid tribulation, the First World War, may prove the beginning of a happier era - and that they, Woodrow Wilson and Thomas Masaryk, were chosen by Providence to organize this universale peace.

Their noble plans, after a short period of seeming realization, were abominably spoiled: two decades later the world looked more chaotic than it even did in 1918: the civilization which they wanted to save and improve, is virtually on the verge of collapse.

Does such gigantic failure refute the ultimate truth of their principles?

It is is senseless to lament about the meanness of a world in which the diabolic elements, the tendencies toward destructive barbarism, will always remain powerful, openly or underneath. It is unfair and silly to laugh at the utopian idealism of two intellectuals who overrated the ~~pedagogic influence~~ <sup>actual effect</sup> of higher spiritual forces. The ~~triumph~~ <sup>victory</sup> of mechanized armies ~~may~~ can destroy, for a certain while, the life work of a great fighter and well-meaning thinker such as Thomas G. Masaryk, but it cannot depreciate ~~the~~ <sup>taught</sup> what he ~~brought~~ and performed. ~~His life remained an example - comforting and inspiring~~

<sup>triumphantly</sup> Masaryk, as he returned from America to his homeland, in 1918, ~~triumphant-~~ ly, did not foresee the tragedy of 1938. But who would dare to foretell the ~~transformations~~ <sup>of</sup> great changes and developments Destiny has in store for us and for generations to come? Masaryk - genius of patience; hero of

endurance - had to wait for half a century before his ideas materialized, <sup>ultimate</sup> and his hopes were fulfilled! Shall we ~~witness~~ live to witness ~~the~~ resur=  
rection of his bold and <sup>constructive</sup> ~~ambitious~~ dream? But then the dream will have grown  
even bolder - hardened and amplified through the very forces that now try  
to <sup>frustrate</sup> ~~betray~~ it. The future Masaryk will have to liberate and unify, not  
<sup>only a country, but a continent. And may he find, then, a friend and helper</sup>  
on the other side of the Atlantic,  
as human and faithful as Wilson was, but even stronger, ~~more daring~~ and  
more inspired, and more favoured by Fate. Then the great scene may repeat  
itself, under even more promising auspices. A white house; two men, talking  
softly, politely; discussing the fruitful collaboration of two mighty  
Unions - European and American -; seeking, honestly and intently, the one  
solution that will guarantee a safe and decent life for those unknown  
millions outside, on both sides of the ocean. For the coming rulers, <sup>ought to have to</sup> ~~must~~  
realize what Masaryk had grasped - that it is not enough to conquer the  
masses, but <sup>that</sup> they must be satisfied - and that no solution can ever be  
lasting, unless it is conceived and accomplished in helpful sympathy for  
those who also serve as they stand and wait - and wait...

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<sup>that is not</sup> ~~lasting, unless it is~~ <sup>carried out</sup> ~~accomplished~~ in helpful sympathy for  
those who also serve as they stand and wait - and wait...

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The Prophet of Revolution:

TROTSKY.

Leon Trotsky, a successful writer and unsuccessful statesman, has a haughty contempt <sup>for</sup> those who are <sup>too much</sup> concerned ~~too seriously~~ <sup>is scornful of</sup> with the "private" problems of life. He ~~despises~~ <sup>is scornful of</sup> grimly what he calls "fictitious values", such as human love and generosity, patriotism, freedom, or the solace of religion. All these notions and aspirations are, in his opinion, not only chimerical but also objectively <sup>harmful</sup> ~~poisonous~~, as they distract <sup>the</sup> ~~human~~ mind from the sole task and purpose <sup>of any</sup> ~~that really~~ ultimate value - ~~matters - which is, and always must remain, Revolution.~~

~~For he is by no means a nihilist, notwithstanding all his iconoclastic criticism of hollow, hypocritical ideals. Aimless nihilism seems to him as absurd, if not as abominable, as lying hypocrisy.~~

~~His pugnacious hatred is directed against those who are responsible for the rotten state of human civilization as they selfishly exploit human labor. But he has neither respect nor pity for the victims of exploitations who lament instead of fighting. He is equally opposed to shallow optimism and sterile despair. He believed in an active indignation that is linked up with hope.~~

His confidence is entirely based upon the idio of  
~~the sacred formula of his hope is the universal, total, permanent~~  
Revolution, - which will not only bring about the ultimate solution of all earthly problems, but already is, in itself, a purifying process, embracing "everything that leads humanity from out the dark night of the circumscribed <sup>3</sup> ~~night~~."

The movement is no doubt irregular and crooked, but the tendency is constant. What every government does in turn in favor of revolution becomes inviolable; what is attempted against it passes over like a cloud: I enjoy watching this spectacle, in which I understand every single sign; I observe these changes in the life of the world as if I had received their explanation from above; what op=



presses others, elevates me more and more, inspires and fortifies me; how

can you want me to accuse destiny, to complain about people and curse them? Destiny - a laugh at it; and as for men, they are too ignorant, too enslaved for me to feel annoyed at them.

~~Trotsky~~ <sup>Trotsky quotes</sup> on the last page of his Autobiography, these words written by the French socialist Proudhon in a prison cell, and adds ~~expressly that~~ <sup>his approval,</sup> ~~he subscribes them,~~ "despite their slight savor of ecclesiastical eloquence."

The High Priest of Revolution - detached and haughty; blessed with the possession of absolute Truth - has nothing but icy contempt for any ~~one~~ <sup>private, sentimental interpretation of life.</sup> who might try to interpret his life from a private, sentimental angle. His

withering glance ~~repels the approach of~~ <sup>defies</sup> maudlin curiosity. Yet we cannot ~~help being~~ <sup>but be</sup> moved, in a simple and human fashion, by the ~~size and intensity~~ <sup>immensity of his</sup> of his pains and efforts. <sup>efforts and his suffering.</sup>

<sup>What pathos there is in this story & personality! -</sup> ~~What a weird character!~~ - autocratic in the realm of ~~his theories,~~ <sup>theory</sup> but homeless, powerless in reality; pushed from one country ~~into~~ another - an harassed pilgrim, the Eternal Jew, burdened with his exorbitant intelligence, his tremendous hatred; surrounded by docile disciples, visible and invisible foes, and ~~the abundance of his grand and bloody~~ <sup>his enormous & violent</sup> memories.

No poet would dare to invent the breath-taking drama that is Leon Trotsky's life - with its spectacular climax, that short and violent interlude of fulfilment and realization. Between two endless periods of exile he bore the ~~enormous~~ <sup>huge</sup> responsibilities of actual rulership, the outrages, ~~accomplishments,~~ <sup>accomplishments,</sup> joys and horrors of ~~an~~ almost unlimited power. ~~How strikingly~~ <sup>What a savage</sup> contrast there is between ~~contrast~~ those years ~~of full~~ of sinister splendor, ~~with those other decades~~ <sup>and all the others before</sup> following and preceding and following them - that constant martyrdom in squalid hotel rooms, dreary flats, rented villas - somewhere in France, Austria or Switzerland, then in Turkey, then in Mexico. ~~But~~ <sup>the</sup> monotony, the ever-lasting tension, the proudly concealed despair of those long murky evenings, torrid summer days, rainy afternoons in the fall! ~~at~~ <sup>Those</sup> countless hours, empty and restless, ~~spent~~ <sup>seething</sup> with gigantic plans, ~~far-reaching~~ <sup>reaching</sup> and calculations; pondering on the world



the world situation; cursing his enemies, <sup>mercilessly</sup> analysing their mistakes and crimes; <sup>always in readiness to</sup> constantly prepared to return to Russia ~~to~~ snatch power, <sup>again</sup> and to take over again.

It is a strange experience to follow him for a little. How great - how pathetic he is, in all the bleak dignity of his errant existence. While into the bleak dignity of his errant existence: What an odd experience, indeed - to follow him for a while; to <sup>imagine</sup> ~~know~~ his daily life, <sup>at one period or another</sup> in one or another period, at one or another station of his wandering.

<sup>It</sup> This is the thirteenth of January, 1917 - a Sunday. ~~This is the~~ <sup>on January 13, 1914 - a Sunday.</sup> harbour of New York; in the chilly mist of a rainy morning one can recognize the famous skyline <sup>Through a chilly mist the famous skyline rises dimly,</sup> of the tall buildings, dim and grey, a wet mountain faintly profiled against the <sup>vague</sup> ~~cloudy~~ horizon.

The boat ~~has~~ stopped at three o'clock in the morning. Everybody <sup>woke</sup> ~~was~~ up. Leon Trotsky paces the deck - a heavy and gloomy figure, in his long, heavy overcoat. His wife follows him <sup>like</sup> ~~as~~ a docile shadow. The two young boys <sup>chatter excitedly.</sup> ~~are excited.~~ "Is this the New World, papa?" They ask ~~it~~ in several languages, <sup>grown</sup> ~~in~~ French and German and Russian, <sup>having</sup> ~~they~~ <sup>have spoken</sup> ~~used to~~ <sup>long</sup> ~~in an~~ elegant <sup>Parisian</sup> ~~Parisian~~ <sup>clang</sup> ~~clang~~ with the children <sup>or</sup> ~~with~~ the concierge, in Paris; ~~they~~ understood the jokes of the coachmen and soldiers in Vienna, and ~~they~~ even learned ~~how~~ to speak German with that awkward and trust-inspiring Swiss accent. Now, they are supposed to learn English. They <sup>have</sup> ~~never~~ <sup>already</sup> practised it, with the ~~white~~ stewards and sailors. ~~But~~ the father does not like the English language.

"Est-ce que c'est le Nouveau Monde, papa?"

He has a dreary, almost angry way of nodding. He <sup>does not</sup> ~~hardly~~ seem ~~to~~ be very happy. <sup>howww, go on with their cruel</sup> ~~howww, go on~~ <sup>directly asking</sup> ~~asking~~ questions: The boys, ~~want to know~~ "Shall we stay here a long time, papa?" He <sup>shrugs.</sup> ~~shrugs~~ his shoulders. He thinks: "It all depends" "It all



depends on the developments in Europe... I have reasons to believe that the Revolution..."

The Revolution... The youngsters repeat the magic word as other children <sup>might say:</sup> ~~may repeat~~ the word Christmas.

<sup>interviewer:</sup> Madame Trotsky ~~says:~~ "The boys will catch a cold - they should go to the dining room. It's terribly cold out here. What an icy wind! <sup>You know, if really does</sup> ~~By the way,~~ Serosha ~~really~~ needs a new coat..."

Here I was in New York, city of prose and fantasy, of capitalist automatism, its streets a triumph of cubism, its moral philosophy that of the dollar. New York impressed me tremendously because more than any other city in the world, it is the fullest expression of our modern age.

<sup>These remarks, distinguished by neither originality nor</sup> These words which are neither very original nor very enthusiastic, <sup>enthusiasm, are almost the statement entire sum of Trotsky's observations,</sup> represent almost the sole ~~remark~~ Trotsky had to make, in his thick

volume My Life, concerning the character of the world's greatest city.

<sup>later and</sup> ~~in another connection and on a later date, his judgement of the~~ <sup>A judgment made later and in another connection</sup> is even more damning: American metropolis sounds even less favourable:

"New York - with its automatic unconcern for the man without a check book, technically perfected to suck the marrow from human bones..."

<sup>This was</sup> ~~That he observed~~ in a rather remarkable essay on Céline's novel Journey to the End of the Night. That desperate French nihilist, how-

ever - Louis-Ferdinand Céline - had actually seen New York - <sup>aspects</sup> ~~though~~ if only its nightmarish ~~vision~~, the abjectness and filth and revolting

cruelty of the city. The question is if Trotsky <sup>did it see</sup> ~~actually saw~~ New

York. He was deaf and blind, for all his psychological and social <sup>insight</sup> ~~clairvoyance~~ - :blinded by his fixed idea, his idol and obsession -

the Revolution.

<sup>Most reformers have little interest in men.</sup> Those who want to reform mankind are ~~hardly~~ interested in men.

(One wonders if Trotsky saw anything of it at all!)

(scarcely)



This may sound paradoxical; for - why should one bother oneself about the conditions of human life, unless one really cares for human beings? Yet the fact remains that the fanatic reformer, possessed the abstractum of his "Cause", neglects or dislikes most manifestations of human nature and spirit.

*It is hard to read without a shudder.*  
We cannot read without shuddering what Trotsky had to say, or had not to say, about his impression of Paris. He admits, with a rather ~~homo~~ horrifying sincerity, that he tried to "ignore" the most charming city on earth: "I was disposed against it, fearing that it might distract me from my one basic task, the preparation of Revolution."

When he left New York, after a stormy stay of two months, he confessed:

It would be a gross exaggeration to say that I learned much about New York. I plunged into the affairs of American Socialism too quickly, and I was straightway up to my neck in work for it. The Russian Revolution came so soon that I only managed to catch the general life-rhythm of the monster known as New York. I was leaving for Europe with the feeling of a man who has had only a peep into the foundry in which the fate of man is forged.

*Only too clearly he recognized*  
He recognized, clearly and strongly, the paramount importance of the United States for all future international developments - political, cultural, social. He kept asking himself: 'Will Europe be able to stand it? Will it not be reduced to a graveyard? And will the economic and cultural centres of gravity not shift to America?' Yet he could not afford even superficially to acquaint himself with the varied expressions and tendencies of American life. He saw no ~~people~~ <sup>one</sup> but his ~~close~~ <sup>close</sup> political comrades, many of them ~~were~~ Russians -; he attended no public gatherings but political meetings ~~in~~ <sup>at</sup> which he appeared as ~~the~~ <sup>an</sup> speaker. In vain we peruse his memoirs for any allusion to any curiosity of New York or its vicinity; there is no reference <sup>hostile on occasion otherwise</sup> to any names ~~at~~ <sup>connected with</sup> American ~~any~~ representative of American cultural life. His ascetic attitude excluded all social, intellectual or affectional contacts with <sup>in America,</sup> <sup>friendly</sup>

Paradoxical as it may seem, it is undeniable that most reformers, possessed as they are by the abstraction of the cause, have little interest in men.

He must search his memoirs in vain for allusions to any special beauty or distinguishing features of New York;



people other than a small group

American people except a group of active socialists.

There are <sup>many</sup> plenty of stories, <sup>inspired by gossip or political malice,</sup> concerning his sordid and adventurous doings in the United States - ~~absurd anecdotes, invented by his political foes - eagerly believed and repeated by idle gossip-mongers.~~ He was a ~~drunkard~~ <sup>situated near</sup> and regular visitor of an evil dive, ~~neighbouring~~ his home; he cheated <sup>his landlord</sup> ~~unscrupulously~~ the owner of his apartment, and even went <sup>so</sup> as far as <sup>to</sup> ~~stealing~~ <sup>varieties</sup> carpets, furnitures, and pictures; he explored, an active expert in all <sup>he explored the lowest</sup> ~~kinds~~ of vices, ~~the wicked~~ quarters of San Francisco. All this is the most obvious ~~nonsense, maliciously made up.~~ <sup>+ slanderous nonsense, yet in a way these</sup> ~~fantastic~~ <sup>stories compare almost favorably with the rather dreary facts.</sup> ~~ganders~~ are almost flattering, compared with a reality that is rather dreary. For the ~~dirty~~ <sup>would humanize as well as debase</sup> habits and vices so lavishly attributed to Trotsky's character, ~~would make appear his personality, none human,~~ not only more dubious, but also more human than he actually is. The Prophet of Communism had <sup>neither</sup> ~~no~~ time nor energy to waste on puerile debauches. ~~His life was devoted, thoroughly, to a severe and pretentious Goddess - the Revolution.~~ We have no reason to question the accuracy of his own statement: "My only profession in New York was that of a revolutionary socialist."

He settled down in the Bronx, modestly, among working people. His life was that of a busy journalist or minor politician; - gregarious, though in an austere, utilitarian way; devoid of ~~any~~ glamour and frivolity; ~~every hour of the day~~ <sup>overburdened</sup> ~~overcharged~~ with work, meetings, discussions. The day after his arrival he started writing for the Russian paper, Novy Mir ("The New World"), the editorial staff ~~he~~ of which he <sup>joined</sup> ~~later~~. He collaborated and argued by turns with his Russian fellow-refugees, such as Bucharin whom he did not dislike but thought "too impressionable, always influenced, dominated by somebody"; or Madame Kolontay, whose "ultra-left" attitude of that period he ridiculed in his memoirs, ~~particularly since that gifted author and diplomat later yielded to~~ <sup>especially in view of her later capitulation to</sup>



~~deserted~~ Stalin, the "Traitor of Revolution." Most of those who used to be his friends, joined his enemies since, or were ~~murdered~~ <sup>murdered</sup> by them. "Wolodarski, later murdered near Petrograd; Tschudnowski, later murdered in the Ukraine..."

He participated in the political activities and keen discussions of the international labor ~~union~~ <sup>circles</sup> of New York, establishing or renewing contacts with ~~the~~ American, German, Finnish, or Jewish ~~leaders~~ <sup>Socialists</sup>. Promptly and passionately, he launched out into a movement to divide the ~~Socialist~~ Party, thus ~~creating~~ separating the "left" wing from the "right". For he was dissatisfied with the lukewarm attitude of the Social Democrats; ~~he~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~disapproved~~ <sup>attacked</sup> ~~ardently~~ <sup>and</sup> of their caution, their purely emotional pacifism, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~their~~ servile respect for national institutions: "Woodrow Wilson meant to them much more than Karl Marx..."

America was busily getting ready for war - a war which he called with sardonic ~~mockery~~ "the war for liberty and democracy." He noticed that the new wave of noisy nationalism <sup>was having its effect even on</sup> ~~even~~ <sup>even</sup> ~~experienced~~ <sup>experienced</sup> socialists, such as Hillquit, leader of the American Party. He argued with Gompers, a Dutch Jew and former cigar maker, then leader of the American Federation of Labor; <sup>who for all his long record of proletarian struggle maintained</sup> ~~for that old fighter for proletarian rights~~ <sup>Labor</sup> proclaimed that ~~the~~ organizations ~~of working men~~ should be kept aloof from politics. Trotsky disliked certain ~~anarchistic~~ <sup>anarcho-</sup> syndicalistic elements in Gompers's conception of an anti-political labor movement. <sup>As for</sup> ~~his own~~ <sup>his own</sup> violent temperament <sup>was also bound</sup> ~~reacted~~ <sup>to clash with</sup> ~~sharply against~~ <sup>respectable</sup> such ~~careful~~ veterans of socialism as old Schlüter, editor of the ~~German~~ Volkszeitung.

Among the younger editors of that German organ, however, ~~there~~ was a man whose talent and integrity the revolutionary psychologist promptly recognized: Ludwig Lore, then in the beginning of his journalistic career, <sup>became</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>his few</sup> ~~one of~~ <sup>one of</sup> ~~Trotsky's~~ <sup>Trotsky</sup> ~~most~~ <sup>most</sup> intimate friends in that period. In Lore's Brooklyn home - where ~~on the way~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~the Russian visitor~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~stopped~~ <sup>stayed</sup> for some days, after his arrival - a group of younger radicals gathered, usually once



a week - on Thursdays - to exchange ~~their~~ opinions and observations, ~~fears~~  
~~and hopes.~~ They drank tea and cursed capitalism. The air was filled with  
~~the smoke of their cigarettes and the ardent exclamations of their~~ <sup>their cigarette smoke and their</sup> ~~indig-~~ <sup>Common</sup>  
nation, their inflexible confidence. They ~~weighed the plan of launching~~ <sup>discussed plans for</sup>  
a new Socialist weekly that would really represent ~~the~~ Marxian spirit.  
They were enthusiastic and ~~brave~~ <sup>aggressive</sup>, and meant to be utterly "realistic."  
They despised illusions, especially illusions <sup>concerning</sup> ~~on~~ Democracy. Trotsky, in his  
first contribution to the Novy Mir, had announced:

I left a Europe wallowing in blood, but I left with a profound faith  
in a coming revolution. And it was with no democratic illusions that  
I stepped on the soil of this old-enough New World...

But the faith in revolution <sup>that</sup> was ~~it~~ not an illusion, too? Trotsky and  
his friends were firmly convinced that the World War would bring forth  
the World Revolution, <sup>that</sup> ~~necessarily, inevitably.~~ They yet ignored in which  
<sup>They did not know yet in which</sup> country the great process would start; but they had no doubt that the  
long <sup>anticipated</sup> ~~expected~~, keenly wished-for event, once it had started, would spread  
over the globe - <sup>swiftly and</sup> ~~rapidly~~, triumphantly - , and that a sounder and better  
world would ~~ultimately~~ emerge from <sup>the slaughter and</sup> ~~infamous destruction, and~~ ~~hastily~~  
~~slaughter.~~

While one kept waiting, however, for that glorious change of universale  
life, one must remain active and alert, not only watching but also pro=  
moting actively the historical development. Trotsky, in that <sup>fatal</sup> ~~crucial~~ year  
of 1917, was so busy with acting and preparing <sup>thoroughly intention</sup> ~~that not much time was left~~  
for detached <sup>observation.</sup> ~~observing.~~ As he <sup>was not yet in a position to harangue</sup> ~~had not yet the possibility of haranguing~~  
the Russian masses, <sup>in Moscow's Red Square,</sup> ~~in the Red Square of Moscow,~~ he had to content himself  
with addressing Socialist meetings in Brooklyn and Newark, Baltimore,  
Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. He <sup>told</sup> ~~informed~~ American workers of the involved  
situation in Europe, and that all problems would be ~~overwhelmingly~~  
solved by the irresistible revolution. His lucid interpretations and



<sup>glowing</sup> and ~~inspired~~ prophecies made a strong impression <sup>on</sup> his listeners, although he usually needed a translator to make himself understood. For his English was still ~~very~~ poor: he was familiar with all <sup>the</sup> "big" words, ~~of the English language~~, but <sup>rather</sup> helpless when it came to words <sup>often</sup> less than four syllables. Publicly, he spoke only in Russian or German.

~~He enjoyed these direct contacts with the proletarian crowds, and~~  
~~hardly~~ could be <sup>or</sup> persuaded to accept a modest fee <sup>of ten or fifteen dollars</sup> for his rhetoric efforts.  
"How could I take money from exploited <sup>workers</sup>?" - ~~He took ten or fifteen dollars, reluctantly.~~ He was eager to win people - not dollars. He was avid for power but not greedy for money.

Political mass meetings were about the only opportunity he had to meet from face to face - though in a certain distance - representatives of that idolized class, the Proletariate. In daily life he was remote from them, through his intellectual fanaticism, his pretentious vocabulary, ~~his irritable temper.~~

But even he who ~~did not~~ understand the language of this country, ~~neither literally nor figuratively, and~~ <sup>an indistinct</sup> managed to glean a few ~~neither in a literal nor in a spiritual sense of his personal~~ little personal impressions of the American <sup>mind:</sup> rather fortuitous impressions, to be sure, but amusing and <sup>perhaps</sup> significant. He was sincerely touched,

for instance, by the queer "generosity" of a colored doorman who ~~was~~ collected rent <sup>in the Trotsky's apartment house,</sup> to collect the earnest money in the apartment house where the Trotskys ~~lived~~, and disappeared with the money. The only person, however, whom the doorman really wanted to cheat, was the landlord himself. He ~~therefore~~ stole the money exclusively <sup>from</sup> those to whom the landlord had already given a formal receipt, so that the "capitalist" had no legal chance <sup>of getting</sup> the ~~earnest money~~ <sup>rent</sup> possibility of collecting again. ~~In the case of Trotsky, however, the noble robber had made a mistake as he presumed that the new Russian ledger already was in the possession of the receipt. Necessary to protect him against the landlord.~~ But Trotsky, not yet furnished with that valuable document, would have been forced, indeed, to pay ~~for his rent~~ again - which induced

the amount for the second time

In the case of the new Russian tenants, however, he made a mistake, which would have obliged Trotsky to pay twice, and on discovering this he made a special trip



~~the honest effort~~ to return the money, secretly and at night.

Trotsky recalls this story with ~~a~~ grim satisfaction, and adds ~~and~~  
*ironically:*  
~~And~~ "This, then, was my first impression of the Negro problem in the United States."

There were two <sup>*early*</sup> young go-betweens, <sup>*who did establish*</sup> ~~sprightly and alert~~ - establishing a certain indirect intimacy between the Russian genius and ordinary American life. The bright Trotsky boys, already experienced in so many different idioms and national peculiarities, had adapted themselves, within a few weeks, to the ~~New York slang, the passion for base-ball games and the funnies in daily papers~~ tempo, the wit and slang of New York youth, and were on the point of grasping the mysteries <sup>*of ice-cream sodas*</sup> ~~of base-ball games~~, the <sup>*baseball, and the funny papers.*</sup> ~~funnies in daily papers~~, and the various flavours of ice cream sodas. The boys felt at home in New York <sup>*being*</sup> too innocent to realize the foulness of capitalism; <sup>*and*</sup> impressionable enough to enjoy ~~naively~~ the <sup>*turbulent*</sup> ~~savage~~ charm of the ~~incomparable~~ city.

It seems ~~questionable~~ whether the two youngsters ~~were~~ <sup>*may have been*</sup> really pleased when the great news arrived: Revolution in Petrograd...

<sup>*It had come about at last.*</sup>  
There it was, the tremendous event, ~~a~~ long expected, often prophesied, and yet mysterious, startling, puzzling, pregnant with sweeping <sup>*and unforeseeable*</sup> consequences, ~~not-to-be-foreseen~~. Nobody knew what, precisely, was going on. Authentic information from Russia <sup>*was rarer*</sup> ~~were more precious and scarce~~ than authentic kaviar. Editors and columnists raved; the phone <sup>*rang*</sup> ~~was ringing~~ incessantly in the Trotskys' home. ~~The~~ Public interest, <sup>*was suddenly brought to focus*</sup> ~~all of a sudden, focussed~~ on the Russian radicals, ~~who had been considered, before, as rather cumbersome bores~~. Now, <sup>*besieged*</sup> dozens of ~~eager~~ reporters ~~wanted to find out from Mr. Trotsky: What is going to happen? He declared: We shall rule in Russia. From there, the revolution will encroach on Europe and finally conquer the world. The World War is over. The World Revolution~~ <sup>*has begun.*</sup>

The two boys were almost forgotten, ~~in the midst of this inspiring~~  
*in all this exorbitant turmoil.*

One wonders whether the two youngsters were as pleased as they should have been



turmoil. The younger ~~one~~, Serjosha, was in a hospital ~~now~~ with diphtheria, while his father, winged <sup>with</sup> happiness and determination, <sup>was</sup> ~~prepared~~ <sup>preparing</sup> hastily the departure for Russia. <sup>Serjosha's first day at home again</sup> The first day which Serjosha spent at home <sup>to be</sup> again, after the disease, was the family's last day in New York. The father was intensely occupied with visitors, telephone calls, ~~dictating~~ last messages to newspapers and organizations - while Madame Trotsky busied herself with packing ~~clothes things~~, dissolving the household, bidding goodbye to ~~Russian~~ lady friends. Nobody looked after the youngster. Even his brother was not around - <sup>away, probably doing an errand</sup> probably running some place for father, or ~~discussing~~ <sup>schoolmate having a last fling at</sup> with a friend, for the last time, <sup>on the</sup> base-ball news and funnies.

Serjosha grew tired of <sup>hanging around,</sup> ~~loitering~~, all by himself, in this messy apartment. He decided to <sup>go for</sup> ~~venture on~~ a little walk, quite alone, through the familiar streets of the Bronx.

But the streets were not as familiar as he had <sup>thought</sup> ~~believed~~ them to be. Perhaps he ~~went~~ walked <sup>a little</sup> ~~somewhat~~ further than he had done before, or else he had forgotten the topography of the neighbourhood while he was in the hospital. In any case, he lost his way, <sup>and in the panic that came over him</sup> ~~went astray~~, and, ~~panicky~~, even could <sup>not even remember his</sup> ~~not recall the~~ address. <sup>he</sup> ~~he~~ suddenly felt helpless, <sup>forlorn</sup> and very lonely. The people, even the buildings <sup>looked hostile and</sup> ~~showed signs~~, forbidding ~~faces~~. He was struck by fear and an overwhelming self-pity. Why was he left so alone? His parents did not like him any more. He began to sob; <sup>he</sup> ~~to weep~~ bitterly.

A huge policeman stooped down to him: "What's the matter, <sup>kid?</sup> ~~with~~ you, kid?" His voice sounded comforting - the deep, cordial <sup>low</sup> ~~voice~~ of a well-meaning giant.

Serjosha <sup>said</sup> ~~dehened~~ his voice still choked with tears: "I <sup>have</sup> ~~have~~ lost my daddy." "Just take it easy," suggested the friendly giant.

A few hours later, Trotsky appeared at the police station to rescue his little boy. He found the youngster playing cards with the cops, laughing,



perfectly happy. ~~He was~~

The father embraced him, with ~~the~~ vehement, almost frightening tenderness. "Where have you been?" His voice sounded strangely pressed. "Serjosha darling - I was so afraid..."

"So was your kid, mister," remarked the gigantic policeman. ~~"In fact, I found him all alone in the street & he was whimpering like a puppy. He cried like a little dog when I found him in the street, quite alone."~~

Another cop added harshly: "In this country, we don't let ~~the~~ children ~~wander around~~ ~~stroll through~~ the streets like ~~tramps~~ <sup>Tramps</sup>." ~~Tramps~~

Trotsky ~~had a faint, apologetic smile.~~ <sup>smiled in faint apology:</sup> "I beg your pardon, gentlemen. I was exceedingly busy ~~was~~..." He always felt a trifle uneasy in the presence of uniformed officials.

They stared at him with unconcealed suspicion. They disliked his soft, heavy accent, his nervous gestures. He looked to them like a pretty dubious fellow: probably one of those "subversive elements" who really should be ~~unpleasantly~~ <sup>unpleasantly</sup> locked up.

The boy was silent as he left with his father.

One of the policemen murmured: "A cute kid, all right. Much too good for the old man. Exceedingly busy..." He ~~spat~~ <sup>spat</sup> angrily across ~~the~~ the room, aiming at the spittoon with remarkable skill. "Silly old son of a bitch," he added.

Father and son, meanwhile, marched ~~hand in hand~~ <sup>hand</sup> toward the Trotsky home - which was not <sup>really</sup> their home any more, as Madame Trotsky, in the midst of ~~an~~ appalling chaos, was just closing the trunks.

"I am very sorry ~~that~~ <sup>ed</sup> this ~~happened~~ <sup>happened</sup>." Trotsky had an odd manner ~~with a certain gravity~~ <sup>with a certain gravity</sup> of talking to the boy ~~as if he was a grown-up person.~~ <sup>thout to addressing a man of considerable</sup> "Did they beat you up?" <sup>age and distinction.</sup>

The boy shook his head, very seriously. "No," he said. "They were very kind. I played cards with them. They wanted me to recite a Russian



poem. But I remembered only a <sup>few</sup> German <sup>version</sup> poem, and some French."

There was a silence. The boy tried very hard to keep <sup>up</sup> with his father's <sup>long steps.</sup> ~~who made extremely long steps, paces.~~ At last, Trotsky noticed that Serjosha ~~gazed at him, askance and musingly.~~ <sup>was gazing at him with a musing sideways look.</sup>

"What are you thinking about?"

"I just wonder..."

"What are you wondering about?"

"Why do we go to Russia?"

"Russia is our home, Serjosha."

~~But~~ "But the uncles in the uniforms <sup>say</sup> ~~told me that~~ dreadful things <sup>are</sup> happening there. They <sup>are</sup> ~~are~~ kill<sup>ing</sup> all the nice people..."

"All the nice people!" Trotsky <sup>gave</sup> ~~had~~ a bitter laugh, nasal and short. He seemed rather angry. "I knew they would tell you a lot of nonsense..." Then he added, solemnly: "There is ~~a~~ revolution, in Russia."

"Must we go there, because of the revolution?"

The father nodded gravely. "Yes. We must go there - because <sup>it is our</sup> ~~of the~~ revolution."

<sup>Come back</sup> ~~then~~ "And when the revolution is finished," Serjosha asked, "can we ~~return~~ to America?"

His father explained: "The revolution ~~now~~ will be never finished. The revolution is permanent."

Serjosha did not understand the words, but he guessed their meaning.

"So we must stay there, for ever?"

"I hope so," his father said.

<sup>child</sup> The ~~boy~~ whispered: "I am scared..."

"Scared - of what?" <sup>He</sup> ~~His father~~ seemed painfully surprised.

"I don't know..." Serjosha bent his face, blushing. ~~"I am always scared when I see hammer and sickle, on that red flag we have... They~~



"Don't be afraid!" The father had a strong, fervent voice. "There is no reason to be afraid. You will be very happy, at home, in Russia."

He touched the crown of Serjosha's head, with ~~a~~ solemn tenderness, as if ~~he wanted to bless him,~~ giving his blessing.

"You will work for the proletarian State. You will serve the Cause. You must be faithful and realistic. You must not believe what those policemen told you. They don't understand. They don't know what the Revolution means. But you, Serjosha - you will understand it, one day. You will realize that the Revolution is no horrible thing; but necessary and beautiful and great. The Revolution is very great. There is nothing greater <sup>than</sup> ~~but~~ the Revolution. You must believe this, Serjosha!"

His <sup>voice</sup> was low and ~~somewhat~~ <sup>hoarse</sup> ~~raucous~~ with urgency. ~~He implored his son to believe in his - the father's solemn - word, and not in the talk of stupid policemen.~~

✓ Serjosha still felt <sup>✓</sup> on his head his father's hand; it was heavy, and cold, ~~and constantly trembled a little.~~ For some reason he was suddenly <sup>overcome</sup> ~~overwhelmed~~ by a great, aching pity; perhaps it was the slightly disturbing touch of this <sup>icy</sup> ~~hand~~ hand that made feel him so profoundly sorry for his father. How sad he looked - even when he tried to be happy! 'Dear God,' Serjosha prayed, 'do let him have a good time, over there, in Russia. And try to make the people over there like him. <sup>don't</sup> ~~And try to persuade the people over there that they like him.~~ I think ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> cops ~~don't~~ like him so very much - I really don't think they did. But I want people to like my daddy.'

Sometimes <sup>he made up a secret and</sup> ~~he secretly ventured on~~ a hastily little prayer, though he <sup>had learned</sup> ~~was instructed~~ that there was no such thing as God.

While he <sup>was</sup> still <sup>talking</sup> ~~talked~~ to God - in whom his father did not believe - he heard again the paternal whisper: <sup>not</sup> ~~"Do you father, my little Serjosha?"~~

"Don't you trust your father, my little Serjosha?"

"Of course I do." <sup>yet</sup> ~~He said it with a gaily that~~ sounded a ~~little~~ forced.

*tw: flr*



"<sup>Of course</sup> ~~Sure~~ I believe <sup>in</sup> you, dad. We <sup>'re</sup> ~~are~~ going to have a <sup>lovely</sup> ~~great~~ time - at home, in Russia." After a pause, he added, <sup>lying</sup> ~~dreaming~~: "And later - I mean, much later, when the revolution is over - we come back to America: ~~I~~ <sup>I</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>promised</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>the cops we would</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>uncles of the police</sup>. And I must get wodka for them, in Moscow. They say wodka is <sup>fine</sup> ~~good~~. The Czar drinks wodka - lots of it, every day, they say. They showed me how the Czar jumps around when he is drunk with wodka. They are very funny, you know."

He laughed happily. He <sup>became</sup> ~~was~~ very animated, <sup>as he remembered</sup> ~~as he~~ all the <sup>antics</sup> ~~jokes~~ of his unformed <sup>playmates</sup> ~~friends~~.

"Do you like funny people, dad? I do like them. Are there many funny people - in Russia? Is it true that wodka is even better than <sup>ice-cream?</sup> ~~chocolate~~, ~~Sunday~~ <sup>Does</sup> ~~has~~ the Czar <sup>was</sup> ~~a~~ uniform? Does he have a hammer and a sickle on his crown? What is Russia like? I wonder... Is it really so very big? The uncles say it's <sup>even</sup> ~~much~~ bigger than America, and there are <sup>a lot of</sup> ~~many~~ bears, and people travel around in sleighs, and the ~~whole~~ <sup>whole</sup> country is <sup>all covered with</sup> ~~white~~ with snow. Can you play base-ball, with all that snow? When <sup>will</sup> ~~shall~~ I be old enough to understand the revolution? Do you think thirteen is old enough, or <sup>do I have to</sup> ~~must I~~ wait till I'm fifty, or <sup>a</sup> ~~hundred~~? Could I <sup>be the</sup> ~~become~~ Czar if I <sup>tried</sup> ~~try~~ very hard? Are there policemen, in a revolution? Do the Russians lie? How do you know if people lie or not? Do policemen lie more often than other people? ~~is the revolution against people who lie?~~ Did you ever lie, dad? - a long time ago, I mean, when you <sup>were</sup> ~~was~~ a little boy? Did <sup>you used to laugh then?</sup> ~~you~~ ~~laugh~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~time~~ When did you stop laughing? When did you start to understand the revolution? Was it before I was born? Do you think you'll laugh when you see Russia again? Uncles ~~do~~ <sup>when they laugh -</sup> ~~know~~ <sup>how</sup> ~~to~~ ~~laugh~~, have such funny faces (nice faces, I think: even if they lie a little ~~bit~~ bit at the same time..."



The Founder of a State:

MASARYK.

Wilson's Fourteen Points as they were offered to and refused by the respective governments of the Central Powers, contained no specific demand concerning the partition of the Habsburg Empire, Austria-Hungary. Wilson, <sup>like</sup> ~~as well as~~ the leading men in Paris and London, <sup>was</sup> ~~were~~ rather inclined, at that time, <sup>(somehow)</sup> to maintain the <sup>structure</sup> ~~construction~~ of that great Monarchy, ~~at least as a Federation of partly independent states~~, under certain guarantees which the Emperor Karl of Austria would have gladly given. The calculation of the Allied statesmen was, of course, that the Enemy Number One was, and would remain, the Reich rather than Austria. It ~~hardly~~ <sup>inappropriate</sup> seemed ~~wise~~, therefore, to destroy the Habsburg Empire while leaving the Reich virtually untouched. Such a policy was likely ~~in the opinion~~ of Poincaré, Wilson and Lloyd George to strengthen, in the long run, Germany's potential power. <sup>We are forced</sup> ~~We have~~ to admit, today, that this original plan of the Allies was more far-sighted and in many respects, ~~were proving~~ <sup>more</sup> ~~proving~~ than the scheme that was actually carried out according to the Treaty of Versailles.

~~There are mistakes, however, which seem essentially inevitable, fatal as they may be. It is an easy, if not a cheap satisfaction to recognize and analyse them, later, when their tragic consequences long became obvious. At certain historical moments only one solution appears possible and, therefore, necessary - despite of all qualms and objections, and even if the initiated already discern the germ of future disasters in the seeming triumph of justice. Those who are unwilling or incapable <sup>of</sup> ~~of~~ choosing the one way that is truly the right and good one, though unknown and even daring - those whose political vision is crippled by cowardice and convention, may be forced, by the impact of psychological conditions, to accept a scheme even more erroneous than the one they considered original.~~

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The only sound solution, the one <sup>effective</sup> ~~perpetual~~ way of establishing lasting peace, would have been, in 1918, the immediate organization, or at least the gradual preparation, of the United States of Europe. ~~The responsible ones, however, failed to grasp and to accomplish their tremendous task. An historical opportunity, unprecedented and not to be repeated under the same auspices, thus was fatally missed.~~

Since the unification of <sup>(the continent)</sup> ~~Europe~~ had to remain what it had been for centuries - a utopian ~~hope and inspiring~~ dream - , another moral and political <sup>program</sup> ~~task~~, also essential, though of comparatively minor significance, ~~it~~ was bound to be fulfilled. The smaller nations, ~~traditional victims of Austrian and Russian oppression,~~ claimed their independence. Their urgent aspirations were justified by the very principles that formed the moral basis of the Fourteen Points. Thomas G. Masaryk, exiled leader of the ~~Czech~~ Czech people, <sup>was armed with telling</sup> ~~had not only~~ arguments to convince Woodrow Wilson, who then considered himself, and actually seemed to be, the omnipotent arbiter mundi. <sup>(the historical constellation and personal aim =</sup> ~~the historical constellation and personal aim =~~

<sup>Many</sup> ~~All~~ circumstances, <sup>(the historical constellation and personal aim =</sup> ~~worked together~~ in favour of the Czech patriot and potential founder of Czecho-Slovakia. He said himself, with ~~an~~ almost Napoleon <sup>is like</sup> confidence: "I am fearless <sup>because</sup> as I believe in my Star." ~~He knew, with pride and~~ <sup>(fierce)</sup> ~~gratitude, that he had to win; that, the~~ <sup>(both)</sup> ~~historical constellation and many personal imponderables were for him.~~

The way had been long and tedious: Masaryk was an old man - sixty-eight - when his hour, the hour of Czecho-Slovakie, finally <sup>(came)</sup> ~~came~~. <sup>(his star had not always shone so brightly.)</sup> ~~His star, too, was gleaming over an humble stall; for his father was a coachman, somewhere in Bohemia - a so-called "freedman", which is a rather paradoxical designation for a servant who could make no decision of his own with regard to changing his residence or his occupation.~~

One has to work <sup>very hard</sup> ~~in great deed~~, must be tenacious, faithful and strong to follow the <sup>(imperial)</sup> ~~leading~~ shine of the star, from such ~~humble~~ beginnings

It takes great courage, tenacity and strength <sup>(squalid)</sup> ~~to follow the imperial star from such beginnings to undreamed-of heights.~~



<sup>There had been</sup>  
~~to dizzy heights never dreamed of.~~ How many years of solid preparation,  
of thinking, learning, gradual maturing. The penniless lad, son of a maid  
and a coachman, was distinguished by judicious teachers for his unusual  
gifts. He was enabled to study philosophy, in Vienna, and Leipzig. ~~he was~~  
~~keenly interested in the history of religion~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~obtained the~~ <sup>his</sup> doctor's degree  
for an essay on the Immortality of the Soul. ~~the future statesman was more~~  
~~keenly interested in the history of religion and psychological problems~~  
~~than in matters political.~~ <sup>His</sup> first article, ~~he~~ published <sup>at the age of</sup>  
twenty-six, dealt with Plato. His <sup>elaborate</sup> ~~thorough~~ study on Suicide "as a mass  
phenomenon in present days" still represents, according to his own judge-  
ment, his "basic confession", the very resumé of his wisdom. ~~he who~~ <sup>under-</sup>  
~~standing~~ <sup>standing</sup> ~~stood~~, if not <sup>forgiving</sup> ~~forgave~~, all <sup>varieties</sup> ~~kind~~ of human weakness, ~~sins and errors~~, <sup>he</sup>  
abominated, with ~~an~~ almost puritan severity, the dark fascination of death.  
The love of death is, in his opinion, the most alarming symptom of mental  
~~degeneration~~ <sup>corruption</sup>; for it isolates the human soul, <sup>in</sup> estranging it from its pro-  
ductive tasks, making it selfish and sterile. We may, <sup>incidentally recall here</sup> ~~by the way, well rec-~~  
member that it <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ the German people <sup>of</sup> ~~about~~ whom a great psychologist  
observed that they were, <sup>like no other</sup> ~~as the only~~ people on earth, madly "in love with  
death."

<sup>Germanic</sup>  
Masaryk, who was to become the liberator of his country from the ~~Prussian~~  
yoke, was opposed as a philosopher to the German spirit in many of its  
typical manifestations. He admired Goethe and Beethoven, the greatest of  
Germans <sup>as well as</sup> ~~and at the same time~~ great citizens of the world; but he ~~deeply~~  
<sup>had a deep</sup> ~~distrusted~~ <sup>hazy</sup> ~~floating~~ German romanticism with its gloomy sympathy  
for death; <sup>also</sup> he recognized the ~~hostile impact and~~ potential danger  
<sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the Prussian idolatry of the State</sup> German cult of Organization, detestable to Masaryk in both its  
versions - as reactionary nationalism and as revolutionary materialism.  
~~There are elements of an apodictic brutality - anti-humanistic elements~~  
~~prevailing in the German philosophy.~~ From Kant to Hegel, from Nietzsche  
<sup>to the present time, there has been prevalent in German philosophy</sup>  
a streak of glorified brutality, anti-humanistic elements



incompatible with Masaryk's vast and limpid conception of Humanism.

He was, by nature and conviction, anti-radical, anti-hysterical - a moderate, reconcilatory spirit rather than a philosophic extremist. His mellow, well-balanced mind represents, ~~indeed~~, a rare compound of mildness and determination, pugnacious courage and tolerance. ~~Perhaps he was no~~ "genius" as he lacked, <sup>to be sure,</sup> the sinister greatness, the frantic egotism characteristic <sup>of the</sup> ~~for that~~ intricate phenomenon. <sup>of genius.</sup> But ~~he~~ <sup>there is no doubt but that he</sup> certainly was a "great man", ~~as he~~ <sup>his</sup> combined will power with kindness, passion with reason, an extraordinary sensibility with perfect health, both <sup>bodily and</sup> intellectual and somatic.

He did not consider the great man beyond the laws of ethics, nor did he believe that great aims justify <sup>petty</sup> ~~any~~ means. He was convinced <sup>that</sup> ~~no~~ accomplishment could be lasting unless ~~it is~~ based on Truth. The application of force was, in his opinion, excusable or, under certain circumstances, even necessary; but never the use of lies.



It seems superfluous, if not <sup>un</sup>desirable, to emphasize his genuine love of peace - his natural horror of war. How, <sup>could he feel otherwise, being what</sup> ~~could he feel otherwise, being what~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~who he was?~~ <sup>as</sup> a religious socialist, <sup>and</sup> a humanitarian thinker, <sup>could he have felt otherwise?</sup> The pacifism, <sup>to which</sup> ~~however~~, he adhered <sup>however</sup> was no inflexible abstraction but a reasonable postulate <sup>related to</sup> ~~connected with~~ life itself. <sup>it might be abandoned,</sup> ~~it was to be abandoned,~~ for certain periods, under certain conditions. It was a realistic or conditional pacifism, - in contrast to the integral, unconditional pacifism as ~~it was preached and~~ propagated by Tolstoy.

Masaryk visited the great Russian novelist several times, and among the topics they discussed most zealously <sup>was</sup> the problem of Pacifism. <sup>played a</sup> ~~predominant role.~~ Tolstoy, <sup>was</sup> at that time, <sup>no longer the man of creation that he</sup> ~~was no more who he used to be,~~ in the <sup>had seen in his</sup> ~~creative prime~~ of his youth and manhood - the powerful narrator, <sup>young</sup> ~~passionate and yet~~ <sup>the mighty</sup> ~~eloquent~~ <sup>poet</sup> ~~the realistic and~~ <sup>eloquent</sup> ~~the realistic and~~ of both War and Peace. The ageing master and counterfeit peasant whom Masaryk met at Jasnaja Poljana, <sup>Since</sup> ~~had long become~~ the ardent moralist, obsessed with fixed ideas, almost maniacal - <sup>reducing</sup> ~~degrading~~ deliberately his own natural greatness, the vast complexity of his genius to the stubborn eloquence of a travelling preacher. It was this half-senile Tolstoy - still great, still mysteriously moving, even in his decline - who had proclaimed that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was more significant than "Hamlet", ~~it was he, the creator of~~ <sup>whose one tune was:</sup> ~~Anna Karenina who had grown virtuous,~~ and ~~who kept repeating:~~ to his <sup>many</sup> ~~Czech visitors~~ "Peace! peace! peace! - under all circumstances, ~~what~~ <sup>may</sup> ~~happen~~, and at any price! There is no cultural value, no political or national aim worth <sup>The sacrifice of</sup> ~~while sacrificing~~ human lives. <sup>for it.</sup> ~~for its sake.~~" Masaryk tried to parry the obstinate pathos of his <sup>illustration</sup> ~~eminent~~ host with swift and reasonable arguments: That <sup>recourse to</sup> ~~the application of~~ force <sup>may</sup> ~~might~~ be inevitable, ~~indeed, ne-~~ <sup>vital</sup> ~~cessary~~ for defense <sup>ine</sup> purposes, to prevent the victory of aggression, or <sup>in order</sup> ~~in order~~ to accelerate certain ~~important~~ <sup>vital</sup> developments that otherwise could not be <sup>achieved.</sup>

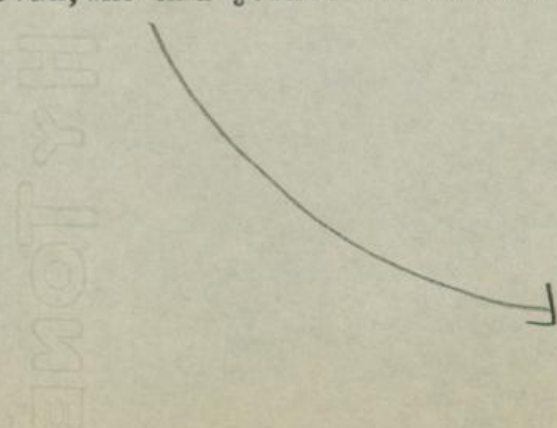


accomplished.

<sup>So</sup> ~~Thus~~ they argued - two stern idealists and <sup>great</sup> ~~mighty~~ creators - , and then separated - ~~the~~ one to finish his epic life work: the other to continue the epic of his life.

It was in Russia <sup>that</sup> ~~where~~ Masaryk had admired and refuted Tolstoy's ethical radicalism - and where, some years after Tolstoy's death, he had to prove ~~that~~ his own moral philosophy ~~was~~ compatible with the <sup>grueling</sup> ~~hard~~ necessities of political life. Paradoxically, ~~enough~~, it was the World War that <sup>brought about</sup> ~~represented~~ the turning point in the career of this active humanist: he owed the decisive <sup>opportunity</sup> ~~chance~~ of his life to the most gigantic slaughter in history. He realized this, and stated with <sup>almost</sup> ~~a rather~~ terrifying objectivity: "A war of four years was better for our cause than a short war would have been."

It was only after the final collapse of the Central Powers that the Czech people could hope to obtain what they desired so passionately - their national independence. They did, therefore, everything in their power to sabotage all actions of the Habsburg government. Czech soldiers deserted the Austrian army, while in Prague and other Czech cities an organized underground movement, the nationalistic Maffia, undermined and disturbed <sup>(of Austrian officials)</sup> the authority, Masaryk and his exiled friends, meanwhile, tried to influence public opinion in the Western countries and to obtain from the Allies ~~official~~ recognition of the Czech National Committee as a legal government. Edward Benes ~~A~~ was untiringly active in Paris, collaborating with General Milan Stefanik, a Slovak, who had joined the French Air Force.





Masaryk

"I doubt very much," the President later said, "if I could have managed the whole thing without Benesh."

*in Paris, London, and the capitals of various neutral countries,*

The work ~~they had to do~~ <sup>cut out for them</sup> was ~~rather~~ <sup>both</sup> tedious and ~~monotonous~~ <sup>delicate</sup>. Benesh, in using his suasion to win over French politicians for the Czech cause; Masaryk, in trying to influence public opinion in London, "It was a question of mathematical calculation, all those four years... How many articles I had to write and to repeat! Because the people knew so little about Austria-Hungary..."

People knew still less about the Czechs - until the world was suddenly startled by dramatic reports <sup>of</sup> concerning a Czech army <sup>that was</sup> being formed in Russia: 50,000 men, well-trained, well-equipped - ready to join the Allies. in a fight which, to them, meant a struggle of liberation, ~~this was sensational news, even in a period so ever-rich in surprising and bloody events,~~

Masaryk's <sup>original</sup> intention had ~~originally~~ been to form a Czech army ~~out~~ of refugees scattered in England, France, Russia, the United States. The Czar, however, declined this <sup>proposal out of understandable distrust for soldiers,</sup> ~~because as he distrusted refugees who were~~ <sup>willing</sup> to fight their Imperial ruler (even if that monarch happened to be <sup>his own</sup> ~~his own~~ enemy...) The plan, therefore, had to be renounced, for the time being, as the bulk of Czech refugees had found haven in Russia. It was only after the downfall of the Czar that Masaryk was ~~able~~ able to carry out his intention: he rushed from London to St. Petersburg, furnished with a false passport and <sup>unshakeable</sup> ~~their~~ confidence in his Star. A National Czech Committee was organized promptly, with Masaryk as its leader, 50,000 men who had lived in Russia as prisoners of war, ~~with their legal~~ <sup>had arranged</sup> ~~fatherland, Austria-Hungary, fighting Russia -~~ <sup>addressed</sup> were to see active service again: their new chief, a professor with a soft black hat and a soft, expressive voice, ~~informed~~ them: "You will have the honor to fight for the Independence of our nation. Our aim is to join the army of our powerful allies, in France. The question is only how to reach that country..."



They could hardly hope to fight their way through the territories occupied by Austrians and Germans. Their scholarly generalissimos <sup>came to</sup> ~~made~~ a swift decision: We must travel around the world. Our ~~route must be~~ Star will lead us through the plains of Siberia, to the shores of Japan and across the Pacific; from San Francisco to New York, over the Atlantic, and to the battlefields <sup>of France.</sup> ~~on the Marne, on the Somme, near Verdun, near Paris.~~ From there, at last, the Star <sup>will</sup> ~~may~~ guide us homewards: ~~Prague is~~ the beautiful city of Prague is awaiting us, the <sup>Czech</sup> nation <sup>is</sup> ~~on the~~ Czechs ~~are~~ praying for our glorious return. Forward! Long live Czecho-Slovakia, ~~our unborn country!~~

The mild voice <sup>with its</sup> ~~of his~~ unassuming authority proved more inspiring than the harsh commands <sup>a</sup> ~~of~~ of any professional officer. The army-without-a-country performed the tremendous task - marching through a Russia convulsed <sup>ed by</sup> ~~in~~ the <sup>birth pangs</sup> ~~painful birth~~ of total revolution, a chaotic Russia - vast, hostile, full of unknown dangers. The Democratic government that had succeeded the Czar, collapsed: <sup>scame</sup> ~~(to power, came~~ Lenin and Trotsky). The Bolsheviks, under German pressure, began to molest the Czechs. Trotsky, supreme chief of the Soviet military forces, attempted to stop <sup>and</sup> ~~to~~ intern the exiled army. Collisions occurred; <sup>even</sup> ~~actual~~ <sup>combat.</sup> ~~struggles took place.~~ The Revolutionary Government regarded Masaryk's troupes as a tool of "Western Imperialism"; the Czech officers received orders directly from the Allied General Staff. They <sup>were</sup> ~~meant~~ a potential menace to the fighting Bolsheviks, <sup>as</sup> ~~despite~~ their small number and <sup>then</sup> ~~alleged~~ indifference to domestic Russian affairs. Yet they <sup>were</sup> ~~represented~~ the only ~~well-equipped, well-organized~~ military formation <sup>left</sup> in the midst of a general dissolution. Already the Czechs controlled partly the Transsib<sup>erian</sup> Railway.

At that time, the generalissimos <sup>o</sup> with the soft hat and the inspiring voice, already was on his way to the United States, <sup>as the</sup> ~~an eloquent~~ herald of his globe-circling army. He had <sup>taken</sup> ~~caught~~ a train, on <sup>March 4, 1918,</sup> ~~his 68 th. birthday~~ <sup>(after a stay of two or ten months in Russia.)</sup> During the seventeen days of the journey to Japan, he drafted a lengthy



program - bold, detailed, comprehensive: outlining the future structure of Europe, with an independent Czecho-Slovakia as a nucleus of the coming <sup>federation</sup> formation of peaceful Democratic states, ~~first in the east, then all over Europe.~~

From Japan he mailed a long letter to President Wilson, announcing his arrival and explaining his immediate intentions. He had no reason to doubt that this document ~~was to~~ <sup>would</sup> be studied with intelligent understanding, and that he, the errant emissary of a subjugated people, would be received with genuine sympathy on American soil. Yet he had no adequate conception of the ~~overwhelmingly abundant welcome in store for him.~~ <sup>overwhelmingly abundant welcome in store for him.</sup> of the ~~spontaneous enthusiasm~~ with which the people of the United States were to welcome this modest hero.

He had been in this country twice before - : in 1904, when he delivered a series of lectures ~~to~~ American universities and ~~for~~ Czech organizations; and, for the first time, in 1878, to fetch his fiancée, ~~and~~ Charlotte Garrigue, an American girl of Danish-Huguenot descent. He had met her in Leipzig ~~when he was studying there.~~ <sup>philosophy - she married.</sup> She was ~~spiritual~~ <sup>witty</sup>, attractive, understanding. They read aloud to each other - Hume, and Plato, and Goethe - , went to concerts; he fell in love, followed her to America, <sup>and</sup> she became his bride. Their first child, Alice, was born in Vienna, in 1879.

It was an ideal marriage. They had ~~much~~ <sup>many interests & beliefs</sup> in common. ~~interests and be-~~ <sup>activities</sup> ~~lief~~. She participated in his intellectual endeavours and political ~~fighting~~. She had learned the Czech language, and believed passionately in the ~~mission~~ <sup>And she in turn had great</sup> mission of the Czech people. ~~On the other hand, she influen-~~ <sup>greatly influenced his thinking,</sup> ed his thinking, his moral and religious attitude. They were perfectly attuned <sup>like</sup> as two fine violins. He once <sup>said:</sup> ~~stated:~~ "I may have taught her <sup>various</sup> ~~various~~ things, but she formed my character."

The four years of the war were the first long period of <sup>separation in</sup> their married life; ~~they had to spend separated from each other.~~ Madame Masaryk had been imprisoned in Prague; American women's organization finally obtained

They had met in Leipzig as students, he of philosophy, she of music.



her release. The husband, however, was informed of her deplorable state: <sup>that her condition was alarming;</sup>  
she was <sup>ill and drastically</sup> ~~sickly, alarmingly~~ undernourished. Their daughter Alice was taken  
in custody <sup>in</sup> ~~at~~ Vienna, <sup>along</sup> ~~with~~ Benes's wife - while Jan Masaryk, <sup>the</sup> ~~son~~  
son of <sup>an</sup> ~~one~~ "exiled traitor", <sup>had</sup> ~~had~~ to wear <sup>the</sup> ~~Austrian~~ uniform <sup>of</sup> ~~as~~ an officer  
in the Hapsburg army. Another son had died during the war. These ~~facts~~  
<sup>facts</sup> ~~conditions~~ of his family life <sup>cast a shadow over the</sup> ~~darkened the effulgent~~ happiness of his  
American days.

His entrance <sup>into</sup> ~~in~~ Chicago, on May 18, 1918, almost matched the triumphant  
receptions <sup>formerly tendered to</sup> ~~he had once experienced~~ - <sup>except</sup> ~~only~~ that the popular enthusiasm  
stirred up by Masaryk was based on more solid feelings and <sup>was</sup> ~~favoured~~ by  
political circumstances. Now, with America <sup>actually</sup> ~~being~~ at war, Masaryk's claim for  
help provoked no delicate discussion <sup>of</sup> ~~about~~ intervention or non-intervention.  
He appeared as a confederate of America's allies - as a representative of  
that future world that was ~~going~~ to be made safe for Democracy. The epic  
story of his homeless army increased his romantic <sup>attraction</sup> ~~attraction~~. <sup>He</sup> ~~had~~ led  
those valiant lads, 50,000 of them, through the endless solitude of Russia;  
they were prepared, or actually on the point, to follow him, from Wladivostok,  
around the globe - an unparalleled event unparalleled in history.

He had <sup>many</sup> ~~many~~ friends in the United States, ~~many of them~~. There <sup>were</sup> ~~was~~ the  
~~family~~ <sup>family</sup> of his wife, <sup>is family,</sup> and the people who had liked and admired him when he  
had lectured here <sup>years</sup> ~~before~~ and the Jews who had not forgotten what he  
had done for their <sup>cause</sup> ~~race~~, in the Hilsner affair, and there were hundreds of  
thousands of Czechs. They hailed him as their national champion. <sup>He was to meet</sup> ~~His most~~  
important friend, however, ~~his decisive helper~~ he was going to meet,  
in Washington, a month and one day after the <sup>ovation</sup> ~~glorious reception~~ in Chicago.  
<sup>His introduction</sup> ~~He was introduced~~ to President Wilson, <sup>brought about by</sup> ~~through~~ mutual friends, ~~in a~~ <sup>was</sup>  
~~cordial, personal way~~ <sup>& informal</sup>. The two men met as colleagues, as <sup>two</sup> ~~a pair~~ of thinkers,  
scholars and humanitarians. They liked each other from the <sup>first</sup> ~~very~~ beginning.



Masaryk was impressed by Wilson's personality, and later declared that he did not notice "that streak of vanity of which so much has been said." Yet the visitor was not without criticism <sup>of the President's</sup> ~~towards the~~ political tactics, ~~of the President.~~ On European affairs he found <sup>him</sup> the President "insufficiently informed as to details." He suggested <sup>That</sup> Wilson ~~ought to~~ select <sup>as members of</sup> ~~some men~~ <sup>his advisory</sup> ~~for his staff of advisers~~ <sup>a few men</sup> from the ranks of his political opponents and <sup>take them</sup> ~~bring them over~~ with him to Europe. The President, however, explained his refusal <sup>with the admission:</sup> ~~by admitting:~~ "I am stubborn because I came from a Scotch family."

- "And so he brought no Republican with him to Europe, a mistake."

Masaryk, however, could be stubborn as well. Finally he succeeded in convincing his powerful partner that the Czech people neither would nor should accept any guarantees from the House of Habsburg; - "We had been betrayed more than once by Austria-Hungary;" - that the partition of the Monarchy was inevitable: that Czecho-Slovakia must be independent for reasons both political and moral. Masaryk later recalled, with gratitude and emotion, the moment when the President, at last, gave his ~~firm~~ decisive consent: "He reminded me of a king who with a nod seals a sentence of death..."

*The situation was amazing, almost legendary.*  
~~What an amazing situation! - unequalled, almost fairy-tale-like!~~

Those two professors - discussing in ~~a~~ cosy ~~and~~ yet solemn intimacy the future of millions of people, of a continent. A naive observer <sup>might well</sup> ~~would be~~ <sup>have taken</sup> ~~inclined to take~~ them for two historians, philosophically detached from wordly and timely strife. Their gestures are as soft and moderate and slightly pedantic as their voices. Both look dignified - immaculately dressed. They listen to each other with polite attention. They seem keenly but not <sup>unduly</sup> ~~passionately~~ interested in the topic of their lengthy conversation. What <sup>can they be discussing?</sup> ~~might it be they discuss?~~ The Trial of Socrates? The architecture of Egyptian Temples? - No. They are busy overthrowing one <sup>of</sup> the oldest, most powerful monarchies in Europe. Wilson ~~just~~ remarks, with a <sup>kind</sup> ~~sort~~ of casual gravity: "You are right, Professor. Austria-Hungary must be divided."



This was the ~~great, the decisive~~ moment: the actual events, following swiftly, <sup>were</sup> ~~and~~ nothing but the spectacular consequences of this intimate historical drama - the urban conversation of two scholars in the <sup>dusk</sup> ~~twilight~~ of a studio. On June 30, 1918, Masaryk came to an agreement with the American Slovaks, ~~and~~ <sup>later</sup> the Treaty of Pittsburgh which was to play an important role in the disputes between Slovaks and Czechs. On October 18, the solemn Declaration of Independence of Czecho-Slovakia was signed by Masaryk, Benesh, and Stefanik - and on November 14, Masaryk, then still ~~sojourning~~ in America, was elected by the National Assembly in Prague First President of the Republic. He received the news at a banquet in ~~the~~ Independence Hall in Philadelphia. In the same room that had once witnessed the birth of the United States, Thomas G. Masaryk, Liberator Patriae, now hailed the final independence of his own country.

~~Undoubtedly~~, <sup>unique</sup> These were memorable hours, ~~singular~~ in the biography of an individual as well as of a nation. Yet the platonic discussion between the two learned gentlemen in the White House is even more memorable, and <sup>unique</sup> ~~singular~~ in a more <sup>profound</sup> ~~thorough~~ sense of the word. Platonic it was indeed, that discussions, <sup>many</sup> in ~~various~~ respects. Not only that the philosophic detachment of their conversation - strangely contrasting with the enormous reality of the topics involved - exhaled that serene dignity familiar to all admirers of Plato's limpid and sagacious dialogues: the scene itself, the very group of those two talking men, seems to follow a Platonic pattern - to fulfil a postulate of the wise Athenian. For it was Plato who had claimed, in his book on the State, that the community should be ruled by philosophers; <sup>power should be wielded by</sup> that ~~the wisest, most cultured men, should wield the power.~~ The traditional antithesis between Jesus and Cesar - one of the central problems in Masaryk's intellectual life - disappears, or loses its harshness, in the ~~sublime~~ formula of the philosophic ruler, the ruling philosopher. <sup>National</sup> ~~Other~~ contrasts, too, seem <sup>to lose their edge</sup> ~~alleviated~~ under the urban sceptre of philosophy. ~~smoothed down~~



Culture, though the strongest and purest form of national self-expression, works as a connecting force rather than as a <sup>dividing</sup> ~~separating~~ one.

Men such as Wilson and Masaryk <sup>are true representatives</sup> ~~truly represent~~ the character of their respective nations; and yet they seem akin to each other, notwithstanding the basic ~~and~~ differences of their individual and national physiognomies. For they are connected through something higher, more valid and more essential than blood and race. ~~For~~ Both are thoroughly impregnated by Christian ethics and the great traditions of <sup>Western</sup> ~~occidental~~ civilization. Both deserve the honorable designation of Citizens of the World. They anticipate - not in theory but <sup>as living</sup> ~~through their lively~~ example - the coming type of man: the super-national type, - only conceivable representative of a future civilization which will be doomed unless it overcomes the disastrous folly of nationalism.

"The New Man... will be the result not merely of external politics, but principally of internal." Woodrow Wilson <sup>would certainly have</sup> ~~was likely to~~ subscribed to this axiom of Thomas Masaryk. Both firmly believed in the pedagogic mission of Democracy, which is entirely based - according to <sup>Masaryk's</sup> ~~a~~ definition by Masaryk - "upon the faith in Man, his sublime value, the immortality of his soul." He was <sup>far from</sup> ~~not~~ blind <sup>to</sup> ~~for~~ the dangers inherent in the Democratic system. <sup>In fact</sup> ~~also~~, he regarded <sup>all</sup> ~~none of the~~ existing Democracies <sup>as no more</sup> ~~as perfect~~ than a <sup>partial & temporary solution, & believed that a truly adequate must be Socialist in form.</sup> ~~really satisfactory, as the form of state he wanted was to be Socialistic~~. Yet he was opposed to any form of tyranny, including Communism, and thought Democracy "ethically justified, being the political realization of the Christian principle of brotherly love." Both, he and Wilson, were more keenly concerned with the





For it is Culture - supreme expression of any national character - which, at the same time, connects the nations, softening the <sup>tensions</sup> differences between ~~countries, races and continents.~~ ~~them, depriving the differences of their threatening character, making them stimulating, creatively~~

The two men, Masaryk and Wilson, seem to resemble each other as they are pondering, side on side, on problems involved and far-reaching. Yet Wilson's face was described as the American face par excellence; while Masaryk has been praised as the representative of a new European type, ~~as~~ the Homo Europaeus. And still - notwithstanding the basic differences of their individual and national physiognomies - they seem akin to each other

- related <sup>through</sup> ~~to~~ something higher, more valid and more essential than blood, race and tradition. The American ~~has also features of a European intellectual~~ <sup>is thoroughly impregnated by Christian ethics</sup> ~~and the final traditions of European culture~~ - and Masaryk, for all the Slavic elements of his character and the Germanic influences noticeable in his cultural structure, reminds us ~~rather~~ of certain American leaders rather than of any great European.

It seems absurd to compare him to Frederick of Prussia, Henri IV of France, Richelieu, Bismarck or Disraeli. One has called him, however, the "Czech Washington", and one of his biographers, Emil Ludwig, has made this statement:

The one person to whom compare him is Abraham Lincoln. Both come from the people and both rise to presidency; both early enter politics but only later as their chief business in life; .... both are friends of mankind and full of tolerant humor; both are gaunt and bony, strong-faring men, with the breath of the great out-of-doors ~~among~~ upon them.

Masaryk was, in fact, closer to Lincoln as a personal and intellectual type than he was to any European hero - and more intimately akin to that great American than Wilson was to any of his outstanding predecessors. This proves that the national differences fade away, deprived of their separating significance, in the view of those connecting elements of which the New Man will be formed.

"The New Man... will be the result not merely of external politics, but principally of internal." Woodrow Wilson was likely to subscribe to this axiom of Thomas G. Masaryk. Both were more keenly concerned with the



the ethical basis of <sup>The</sup> state and <sup>of</sup> politics than with political tactics. Neither of them despised or ~~neglected~~ <sup>ignored</sup> power, ~~in contrast with Tolstoy's more radical point of view~~ but both agreed upon the tenet that "Right makes Might", ~~sharply disapproving of~~ <sup>wholly rejecting</sup> any idolry of brutal force. Both cherished and actively promoted a new, ~~inspiring~~ vision of a ~~brave~~ civilized world <sup>in which</sup> where tolerance and helpful understanding, practical Christianity and justice would wield their mild, productive authority. Both were ~~firmly convinced~~ <sup>believed full of hope</sup> that the end of that ~~horrid~~ <sup>long</sup> tribulation, the First World War, ~~may~~ <sup>might would</sup> prove the beginning of a happier era - and that they, Woodrow Wilson and Thomas Masaryk, were chosen by Providence to organize ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> universal peace ~~That would ensue.~~

to come to an appalling end: Their noble plans, after a short period of seeming realization, were ~~abominably spoiled~~: two decades later the world looked more chaotic <sup>even</sup> than it ~~even did~~ in 1918: the civilization which they ~~wanted~~ <sup>strove</sup> to save and ~~im-~~ <sup>to</sup> prove, is virtually on the ~~verge~~ <sup>brink</sup> of collapse.

Does ~~such~~ <sup>this</sup> gigantic failure refute the ultimate truth of their principles?

It is ~~useless~~ <sup>useless</sup> to lament ~~about~~ <sup>about</sup> the meanness of a world in which the ~~diabolic~~ <sup>barbaric</sup> elements, the tendencies toward destructive barbarism, will always remain powerful, ~~openly or underneath~~ <sup>whether concealed or in the open</sup>. It is ~~unfair~~ <sup>both</sup> and ~~foolish~~ <sup>foolish</sup> to ~~laugh~~ <sup>scuff</sup> at the utopian idealism of two intellectuals who overrated the ~~actual effect~~ <sup>actual effect</sup> of higher spiritual forces. The ~~triumph~~ <sup>victory</sup> of mechanized armies ~~may~~ can destroy, for a certain ~~while~~ <sup>time</sup>, the life work of a great ~~fighter~~ <sup>thinker & fighter</sup> and well-meaning ~~thinker~~ <sup>fighter for human betterment</sup> such as Thomas G. Masaryk, but it cannot depreciate ~~the what he thought and performed~~ <sup>taught</sup> - his life remained an example - comforting and inspiring <sup>his teaching nor his deeds.</sup>

Masaryk, ~~as~~ <sup>when</sup> he returned <sup>triumphantly</sup> from America to his homeland, in 1918, ~~triumphantly~~ <sup>triumphantly</sup> did not foresee the tragedy of 1938. But who would dare to foretell the ~~transformations or great changes and developments~~ <sup>transformations</sup> Destiny has in store for us and for generations to come? Masaryk - genius of patience: hero of

VII.

F i g h t e r s .

(Kossuth. Clemenceau. Trotsky. Masaryk.)



F i g h t e r s .

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(Kossuth. Clemeanceau. Trotsky. Masaryk.)

The Romantic Hero:

KOSSUTH.

When the Humboldt arrived in New York, on December 6, 1851, the newspaper men had a busy day. For there were two distinguished personalities among the passengers - both handsome, both fugitives from minor European countries. One of them, Countess Landsfeld, alias Lola Montez, tried to start a conversation: "I am an exile like yourself..." But Lajos Kossuth, the great fighter for Hungarian independence, responded coldly to these overtures, regarding it as a gross impudence on Lola's part for her to try to construct a parallel between his tragic lot and her own scandalous affair. He was no ordinary refugee, to begin with, but an honored guest of the American nation. The ex-mistress of the Bavarian King might stir up the vulgar curiosity of the mob; he, Kossuth, was to be the object of official respect. A Joint Resolution in Honor of Louis Kossuth had been discussed and solemnly accepted by the Senate of the United States. The main speech had been delivered by William H. Seward, a Whig senator from New York, who proposed - " that the Congress of the United States, in the name and behalf of the People of the United States, give to Louis Kossuth a cordial welcome to the capital and to the country; and that a copy of this Resolution be transmitted to him by the President of the United States." There had been various objections, one gentleman even suggesting insidiously that since Kossuth, granting all his merits, had done nothing for America, this homage was somewhat out of place. Mr. Seward, however, had eloquently insisted that Kossuth should be " admitted here as the representative of the uprising liberties of Europe."

He had captivated the American imagination, even before he set foot on American soil. A wave of sympathy for the Hungarians



and their gallant leader had swept the country; there was general admiration for the fight which that little nation was putting up against the Austrian yoke. American newspapers carried furious articles against the tyrannous House of Habsburg, and when the Austrian chargé d'affaires in Washington protested, Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, wrote him a defiant letter, emphasizing " the right of the American people to sympathize with the efforts of any nation to acquire liberty." American public opinion had been profoundly shocked by the ruthless attitude of the Czar, who in 1848 had given military support to the House of Habsburg, thus frustrating the heroic efforts of the proud Magyars. Lajos Kossuth, former Minister of Finance in the Hungarian government, was at that time actual dictator of his country, with the title of Governor. He was forced to flee, and the only refuge which presented itself was a Turkish prison. His final liberation was due to the activities of his influential British and American friends.

His life story was on sale at every street corner, and hundreds of thousands of Americans were familiar with the details of his dramatic career. People knew that he was a champion, not only for national independence, but also for religious liberty. For he came from a Protestant family of noble rank, and the Protestant faith was persecuted by Metternich's agents.

He was tenacious, dashing, passionate - a martyr, a grand-seigneur, and an orator in the flamboyant style. His face with the well-kept beard and the wide, arched forehead had a virile beauty - intelligent, sensual, bold. He cut an impressive figure, beautifully dressed in a becoming Hungarian costume, the wide

jacket lavishly trimmed, the hat adorned with a huge, waving feather. In short, he fitted to perfection his role as a hero of liberty and political romanticist.

His sojourn in England, preceding his visit to the United States, had been one long triumph. Of all the exiles then gathered at the British capital, he was undoubtedly the most colorful. There were liberal German poets, such as Freiligrath, and leaders of the Italian risorgimento such as the great Mazzini; and there was Karl Marx, pondering with Friedrich Engels his blueprint for revolution. But Louis Kossuth, just escaped from Austrian tyranny and a Turkish jail, easily stole the show. He was cheered by both working people and the aristocracy - although labor knew that he was no socialist in the Trade Union sense, and the conservative politicians were quite aware of his republicanism. His popularity was tremendous. When he embarked at Southampton, with his wife Therese and a group of friends, the Mayor and many officials appeared to bid him farewell. Yet the grandiose welcome prepared for him by the American people was the greatest climax of all.

How right he had been to sneer at poor Lola Montez, that ambitious adventuress in decline! Her little fame was the merest echo compared to his. Only Lafayette had been accorded such overwhelming ovations. The streets he passed through were lavishly decorated with the Hungarian tricolor, entwined with the Stars and Stripes; the general enthusiasm was indescribable. Thomas Nichols, in his instructive book Forty Years of American Life, mentions Kossuth's gaudy arrival among "Excitements and Sensations", together with the last visit of Henry Clay to New York, the solemn reception



of the first Japanese Ambassadors, and " that great and wonderful reception of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales," eldest son of Queen Victoria.

"The welcome of Kossuth was as enthusiastic as any revolutionary could desire. New York turned out its million of spectators, and its twenty regiments or so of citizen soldiery, to honor the illustrious Magyar. He had a triumphal progress, with brilliant processions, eloquent speeches, grand banquets. We had an immense dinner at the Astor House, with abundance of mutual glorification..."

The romantic hero entered the banquet hall at the side of Mayor Kingsland. Among the distinguished citizens there to greet him were the Governor of Connecticut and General Watson Webb. The Reverend Bethune said grace; cordial messages from Henry Clay and Daniel Webster were read aloud. The tables were charmingly decorated with little statues in sugar, showing Kossuth's entry under a triumphal arch, or the Statue of Liberty. There was an abundance of toasts and oratory, Kossuth's own speech being the high point. He opened with a coy apology for his poor English: " I have learned it in my prison cell in Buda, but never had an opportunity of speaking." The audience, of course, was charmed by his modesty-particularly as his flow of speech was not in the least hampered by his foreign accent: on the contrary, the slight Hungarian twist gave a delightful savour to his impetuous eloquence.

He spoke for hours, for days, weeks, and months - almost without interruption. He spoke in Brooklyn and Philadelphia, in Baltimore, Boston, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati. He spoke in every city of any size. He spoke from pulpits, platforms, theatre stages; at dinner tables, in club rooms, churches universities. He harangued military groups, religious organizations, mass meetings, and the Congress of the United States. He toured the entire coun-

try. He appeared in New Orleans, Charleston, Richmond, and Washington. He spoke on despotism, trade, balance of power, present day democracy. He always spoke about Hungary. He became a machine for words - sweet and flattering words, demanding, threatening, thundering ones. He used with experienced mastery the grand vocabulary of the romantic revolutionary, the suffering patriot, the noble victim of reactionary powers. He thrilled innumerable audiences with the rhapsodic style of 1848, spiced with a touch of Hungarian paprika - intensified by the savage rhythm of a Magyar rhapsody. He repeated, indefatigable, the gloomy epic of his country's struggle and martyrdom: how it had risen against its tyrants and virtually achieved independence - until a third power, Russia, interposed with an overwhelming military force, and, after shooting and gibbeting thousands of its best citizens, replaced the chains of the Hungarian people and consigned them to a still more terrible bondage. The inspired narrator was also very good at adding a few details concerning his own tragic fate. He brought home to his hearers the bitterness of exile, especially for an ardent patriot of his stamp.

"Before I stepped across the frontier I lay down on the soil of my native land; I pressed upon it a sobbing kiss of filial love:- I took a handful of earth; one step, and I was like the hull of a wrecked ship..."

There were many moist eyes in the audience.

Kossuth was a tremendous success.

Banquets and torchlight processions; speeches, receptions, meetings, parties, all sorts of ceremonies and festivities; at every railway station, people gathered to cheer him; it was a continual triumph - and a continual strain. Sometimes he thought



that he could not bear it much longer; especially during the first weeks of the journey he was often on the point of collapse. In Philadelphia, on Christmas Eve, he had to be carried to bed, with fever and all the symptoms of a nervous breakdown. Nevertheless he managed to attend a reception given in his honor, at Independence Hall, the next morning. Mayor Gilpin in his introductory speech praised the Hungarian guest as one of the greatest living men. The Commander of the Pennsylvania militia, Colonel Page, presented him with a gold Maltese cross and a handsome medallion with George Washington's portrait framed in pearls. On the back the following words were engraved: To Louis Kossuth, the Patriot of Hungary and Friend of Humanity - from an American Volunteer. There is difficulty to him who wills. Kossuth was moved, gave a speech - and promptly came down with a new attack of fever.

Opposite the hotel room where he lay ill, a gigantic poster was set up, showing the Goddess of Liberty, proudly erect, with her heel upon the prostrate Habsburg's neck. Lajos gazed at this encouraging allegory, as he struggled against the feverish nightmares, the weariness, the pain. Later he had to receive a delegation of teachers, presenting a thirteen year old boy - a sort of infant prodigy who had won the school prize for the best speech of welcome to Louis Kossuth. The youngster recited his speech, in a piping, drowsy little voice. The sick hero nodded politely. There was an embarrassing silence when the boy had finished. Finally Kossuth observed, with a faint, worn-out smile: "If this is your youth, your country will always preserve its freedom. I thank you, gentlemen."

The whole city was illuminated with Bengal lights in the

Hungarian colors. Kossuth was the hero of the day. His friends said to him: " You must be very proud, Lajos!" He did not answer. His face was numb and tired. After a silence he said: " I hope I shall be in good shape on New Year's Day - for the reception at the White House. In Washington I may find out, at last, whether this journey is a success - or a failure..."

It was a failure. He did not let himself be fooled by the exquisite courtesy of President Fillmore nor by the cordial reception in Congress. He was invited to attend a session in the Capitol, on January 7, 1852, the highest honor ever granted to a foreigner since the days of Lafayette. The Congressman from Ohio, Mr. Carter, greeted him as " Governor Louis Kossuth" - whereupon all the gentlemen present rose. The celebrated visitor expressed his firm conviction that the New World would bring about the final victory of liberty.

He was overwhelmed with lavish marks of sympathy and respect; he received an abundance of great words and little gifts. Kossuth Committees were established wherever he appeared. He seemed hopeful, optimistic, entirely satisfied with the results of his rhetorical efforts. When he left Massachusetts, in May, he addressed the Kossuth Committee at Boston with these confident words:

Gentlemen: Departing from the State of Massachusetts, I leave the interests of the cause which I plead - the cause of civil and religious liberty in Europe - in the hands of you, who possess my full confidence. ...I hope that your committee will, to this end, become the centre of action for New England, and, if possible, for the Union. A cause advocated by such men as you, gentlemen, cannot fail to be successful.

But he already knew that his cause was lost: that his American mission had failed.

Thomas Nicholas, witty and conscientious chronicler of



American life, gives this explanation for Kossuth's ultimate failure:

Kossuth wanted money. The Americans were ready to spend a million - they did spend millions in a popular manifestation, of which he was the center and occasion; but they did not believe in or care enough for him or his cause to give him a tenth part of the money they were ready to expend in dinners and processions. Besides, Kossuth travelled en prince. He had a suite of nearly a hundred persons, who drank costly wines, smoked the best of cigars, and lived like fighting-cocks. The hotel bills were enormous; people got tired of paying them; the Hungarian stock fell flat, and Kossuth left very quietly the country that had a few weeks before received him in a frenzy of excitement.

This is a crude over-simplification - although probably based on a grain of truth. It seems safe to assume that Kossuth, lavish as he was with words and dollars, did become something of a burden to his American hosts. But the decisive reasons for his final lack of success are more serious and more complex. For he was not mainly interested in expensive wines and cigars; the purpose of his glamorous journey was very much more far-reaching. He came, in fact, on a highly political mission - and it was for political reasons that he failed. His idea was nothing less than to persuade the United States to engage in armed intervention against Austria and Russia.

He declared: The international law not to interfere with the domestic affairs of other nations had been first recognized, then betrayed by Russia. - " Therefore, I claim the aid of the United States - : so that Hungary may have an opportunity to organize her strength against Russian despotism. This is the reason that I ask the United States to become the executive power to recognize the right of every nation to dispose of itself. This is the only glory which is yet wanting to the list of your glorious stars .... The people of the United States, having successfully asserted their



own independence, have scarcely any other calling than to become the asserters of freedom equally for other lands."

He fully realized the tremendous implications of his moral and political postulate. He did not try to conceal or to belittle the dangerous consequences involved in the policy that he so strongly urged. He said - in his address to the New York Bar -:

Yes, gentlemen, I confess, should Russia not respect such a declaration of your country, then you are obliged, literally obliged, to go to war, or else be prepared to be degraded before mankind from your dignity. Yes, I confess that would be the case. But you are powerful enough to defy any power on earth in a just cause, as your Washington said.

It was, however, just this highest authority whom he had mentioned - the very authority of George Washington that was quoted against him and his "New Doctrine of Intervention." He was blamed in Congress, shortly after his personal appearance there, for not having paid sufficient homage to that great American. Senator Jeremiah Clemens of Alabama delivered a violent speech against Kossuth, on February 12, 1852:

If Kossuth had been the ardent republican which he is represented, there is one spot in this vicinity no difficulty would have deterred him from visiting. Neither storm nor tempest - the summer's heat nor winter's snow should have prevented him from making a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, and kneeling at the tomb of the wisest, the noblest, the purest of all those who have done battle in the cause of mankind... But the spot where the remains of Washington are interred, has been undisturbed by Hungarian feet ...

Kossuth or Washington? was the catching title of a lengthy address delivered in the Tenth Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, by H.A. Boardman, D.D. It is a remarkable document, rich both in feeling and in logical argument. The speaker was obviously an honest friend of Kossuth and Kossuth's cause - and at the same time gravely disturbed by "various indications which show that



a concerted effort is about to be made to break down the principle of non-intervention, which has hitherto been fundamental to our foreign policy, and to involve us actively in the conflicts of Europe."

He put the question bluntly: "Are we to send fleets and armies to Europe ( for this is the English of it), or are we to take care of this Union?" He then analyses and refutes all the reasons offered by Kossuth concerning the necessity of American intervention. America must intervene- according to the Hungarian agitator -, not merely out of idealistic motives, but also, or chiefly, for the purpose of self-preservation.

The despots of Europe will not be satisfied with surpressing the free nationalities contiguous to them. Having effected this end, they will turn their attention against the United States. And if you do not take the position I humbly claim, you will have to fight a war single-handed, within less than give years, against Russia and all Europe.

This was in Pittsburgh. In Cincinnati he said:

Remember - you will have to fight, surrounded by enemies, weakened by discord, standing forsaken, single-handed, alone, against the whole world.

Mr. Boardman, however- the speaker in Philadelphia-, after having praised Kossuth's personality and the Hungarian people, that " gallant race, which, after repeatedly rolling back the devastating torrent of Mohammedanism, was now compelled to see its own ancient and beloved church made the football of Jesuit intolerance and Austrian tyranny," drew the conclusion that the " Utopian doctrine of intervention to prevent intervention" must be flatly condemned:

Because it would throw the influence of this nation, hitherto the beneficent guardian of peace and happiness among the nations, into the scale of merciless and insatiable war.



It would be absurd - in Mr. Boardman's opinion- to accuse the American government or people of ever having been indifferent to the progress and liberty of other lands: " Whenever a nation has revolted against its taskmaster, we have cheered them by our sympathy and instructed them by our example." Yet Americans should never forget the principle formulated by Washington in his Farewell Address: " The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have as little political connection with them as possible." Americans must not forget - Mr. Boardman insisted - the sound tenets of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson: " keeping out of the vortex of European politics; avoiding all entangling alliances; abstaining from any intervention in the affairs of other governments, as contrary to our principles of national policy."

The crucial problem discussed by Lajos Kossuth and his ideological opponents, is the issue of Isolationism and Intervention. Kossuth said: The United States will be able to maintain her own independence and liberty, only if she guarantees and defends the independence and liberty of other nations as well. The United States will inevitably ruin herself if she tries to make compromises with the boundless aggressiveness of European autocrats. William H. Seward agreed with Kossuth when he said to the Senate: "This Republic is, and forever must be, a living offense to Russia and to Austria, and to despotic powers everywhere." He predicted that the Czar might attempt to make the whole of Europe his own sphere of influence. " If the Russian Autocrat prevails in that contest, we shall be left without friends or allies in the Eastern world."



The isolationist, on the other hand, gives a different interpretation of "America's mission."

The great thing we have done for the world, has been, under Providence, to establish and maintain a just, wise, and well-ordered government - in all essential particulars, a 'model' of what a government should be. ...We may look forward without presumption to a future as brilliant as our past career has been illustrious. We shall consummate with honor the sublime mission confided to us for mankind, and achieve a still more signal fulfillment of the prophecy: "All Nations shall call you blessed."

The whole debate, carried on with zeal and candor and on a remarkably high intellectual level, is most revealing - and at the same time confusing. The parallels to the contemporary situation are obvious. Yet the basic differences between the political realities of Kossuth's period and ours are as drastic as the resemblances. Kossuth's warning of the dreadful war which America might have to fight, "single-handed, within less than five years", unless she promptly fulfilled her moral and political obligations - his urgent appeal to American generosity and sense of self-preservation, sounds today partly like an unscrupulous trick, partly like an inspired prophecy. He was mistaken as far as the immediate menace of the Russian Czar was concerned. He was mistaken in relation to the standards of technique and the political tactics of that time. His warning was exaggerated, premature, and obviously influenced by his own interests. But was he mistaken in principle? Was his "new scheme" really quite erroneous? Was he actually wrong when he claimed that the universal solidarity of Democracy was the only means of preserving Democracy from ultimate collapse? He anticipated the fundamental conception of the indivisibility of Civilization. He believed in Collective Security.

His immediate political program - to persuade the United



States to take military action against the Czar and the House of Habsburg - was obviously absurd. The moral impact of his desperate appeal, however, was significant - much more so than he himself may have realized.

The arguments used against him, proved infinitely stronger and more convincing than anything he had to say. It was inevitable that his immoderate hopes should be frustrated. It was not only, nor primarily, American complacency and national selfishness that caused his disappointments: American Common Sense denied his frantic demands. Yet we cannot help looking at him with profound sympathy, even with admiration. He makes a pathetic figure, but with a grandeur all his own: the indefatigable traveller, carrying his message through the continents, always dynamic, charming, proudly concealing his hopelessness and despair; always picturesque and attractive, in his theatrical costume, with his exuberant gestures. He still smiles and thunders, pours out words, continues his grandiose performance. But his face is beginning to be tracked with bitterness. He had failed in the United States of America. He will also fail in his attempt to win Napoleon III, Emperor of France, and Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy. Nobody will help him to liberate his subjugated nation. He will write, as an ageing man:

A Hungarian question may exist, I believe it does exist hidden in hearts, but not before the world....There are no longer Hungarian refugees.- I, with my sons and a few faithful friends, stand alone, - forsaken, solitary wanderers in the desert.

This atmosphere of hopelessness was already about him - though not yet obviously, - when he left the United States, on



July 14, 1852, after a glamorous and senseless stay of more than seven months. He hastened his departure because he had received news from his mother that she was being bothered by Austrian agents in her refuge at Brussels. An unnoticed couple, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, embarked on the vessel Africa. Lajos Kossuth had chosen this modest disguise for himself and his wife, as if ashamed of his own identity. What a dreary transformation! He resembles an actor or opera singer who has put off his fancy clothes and removed his make-up. No spectacular gestures, no great words any more. He has sung his beautiful aria of liberty, solidarity, independence. People liked his voice and his appearance. He was welcomed and cheered. Now the show is over - or at least his big solo scene. But the great drama goes on: is going on today. Walt Whitman meant him, too - Lajos Kossuth of Hungary - when he called out "To a foil'd European Revolutionaire":

Then courage! European revolter! revoltress!  
For, till all ceases, neither must you cease.

Revolt! and the bullet for tyrants!

Did we think victory great?

So it is - But now it seems to me, when it cannot be help'd, that  
defeat is great,

And that death and dismay are great.

\* \* \*

The Young Tiger:

CLEMENCEAU.

The French colony of New York, in the second half of the 19th. Century, gay and fairly influential, especially in matters of taste and culture. There was still something like a French

Quarter, in the vicinity of Liberty Street and around Washington Square, with French theatres, restaurants, and stores. A new-comer from Paris found many social centers where his language was spoken and there even was a French paper, the Courrier des Etats - Unis.

The young doctor, however, who landed in New York from the steamer Etna of the Imman Line, in the autumn of 1865, lost little sympathy on that periodical; he thought the Courrier too closely connected with Napoleon III, " the Tyrant of the Tuileries." The young man was bitterly opposed to the Emperor, as to many other things - such as the Catholic Church, German romanticism, the costly head-dresses of the Empress Eugénie, French Royalists, and all kinds of reactionary, obtuse or mystical ideas. He believed in Freedom, Reason, and Justice; in Greek philosophy, Roman strategy, Latin lucidity; in the dignity of a man as a result of incessant intellectual endeavor and of the French Revolution. He was gifted with a sardonic wit, enormous vitality, and a total absence of sense of humour. He was a fair scholar, as well as a sparkling causeur, an elegant horseman, and a moderately good fencer. He soon became a popular figure in the journalistic and artistic circles of New York City. His name was Eugène Franklin Georges Clemenceau.

He had just completed his medical studies in Paris, when the idea came to him of travelling to England and the United States - definitely against the will of his father. Yet old Monsieur Clemenceau should have had more understanding for his son's wayward character; for it was from his father that Georges had inherited



his obstinacy and recklessness. Benjamin Clemenceau, also a doctor, was a philosophical Jacobin of the old, inflexible order. He was known among his friends for loathing only one thing more than Louis-Philippe, and that was Napoleon III. He had the honorable reputation of spending more time in cursing both Bourbons and Bonapartes than in curing patients. His son, consequently, was brought up on the stern doctrines of "idealistic materialism" - embracing both a grim scepticism and a militant belief in Democracy as the ultimate mission of man. No wonder that the first political activity of the young scholar in Paris was the composition of a violent manifesto, bristling with attacks against the clergy and inviting a group of friends to "bind themselves to oppose the presence of a priest at birth, marriage, or death." They solemnly established a 'Do-as-you-think association', with 'Science as its law, and Justice as its aim.'

Those were the distant, romantic days of the Latin Quarter, when the French spirit was at its most flamboyant. The young artists, already anticipating the coming outburst of Impressionism - that impetuous invasion of glowing life into art- still flocked respectfully around the masters, Courbet and Corot. Clemenceau made friends with Emile Zola and the brothers Goncourt. A group of inspired youngsters launched a progressive newspaper, Le Travail; they had to camouflage their refractory ideas because of the rigid control wielded by the Emperor's political censorship. Zola was the poet, Clemenceau the literary and dramatic critic of the sheet. Sometimes they grew tired of caution and diplomacy. Clemenceau challenged the Imperial dictator: "They can silence us, but they cannot make us lie!" He was sent to prison- only for

seventy -three days, but they seemed like as many years. He left France in order to avoid a repetition of this annoying episode.

His stay in England was short, with a visit to John Stuart Mill as its climax. Clemenceau was planning to translate Mill's work on Auguste Comte into French. He also had a glimpse of social conditions in Britain, and was struck by the contrast between upper-class wealth and the squalid plight of the poor.

He arrived in America seething with curiosity, hankering for knowledge and activity. At that time - when even France, homeland of Revolution, lay under the heel of a shrewd despot- alarmed Democrats all over the world were turning hopeful and anxious eyes to the United States - watching the aftermath of the Civil War, the delicate and vital process of Reconstruction. Lincoln's assassination had profoundly shocked all faithful adherents of progress. Everywhere the question was being asked: Will the Union be able to rehabilitate itself without having recourse to dictatorship?

Clemenceau was commissioned to discuss this crucial question for the readers of the Paris newspaper Le Temps-at that time an organ of Democratic radicalism. Most of his articles appeared anonymously as his name was anathema to French censors. His fixed salary was 150 francs a month- which was a modest payment for his services, but enabled him, together with the allowance he received from his father, to live in relative comfort.

He liked New York, although he remarked that it was weak in ideas and good coffee. Yet he enjoyed strolling through the streets of Manhattan, and he soon felt at home in his little flat on



12th. Street. He had a reserved table at Pfaff's, on Broadway - then a meeting ground of the literati.

Among his more intimate friends in New York were William E. Marshall - an American artist whom he had met at Paris -, the enterprising Bostonian Edward Howard House, then dramatic critic of the New York Tribune, and Horace Greeley, whom he later praised as " the perfect type of a political journalist, struggling for the enlightenment of the masses."

It is characteristic that he sought, almost exclusively, the society of journalists and politicians and showed little interest in his " colleagues", the physicians. It is easy, in fact, to forget that he was a doctor, a profession obviously unsuited to his real gifts and tendencies. He did not possess that patient love for man in all his weakness and misery, that conscientious pity that makes the great physician. He was obsessed with a cold passion for Justice - the dry ecstasy of a rationalistic preacher. His eloquence and moral determination would seem rather to have destined him for the law. But his pugnacious temper and drive led him to politics.

He loved politics. He not only believed in the parliamentary system, but actually needed, and could not exist without, that lively sordid atmosphere of scandal and intrigue, of violent debate and perpetual struggle- all those devious efforts in the cause of career, party, fatherland, and general human progress. He was firmly convinced of the educational function of Democracy. He believed that any political problem should be discussed in public until the correct solution was found. He believed in correct solutions of involved affairs. He said: " A question is never settled until it is settled right."

The man who was to become one of the great leaders of the French nation, was a fairly good journalist and reliable correspondent, though rather limited in his interests. For he was so completely concerned with political happenings that he neglected cultural and artistic matters. Though he reported, with meticulous care, the most insignificant details of current political events, he had almost nothing to say of the fascinating coming-of-age of American culture. He let pass unnoticed even the most festive events of literary life- such as the banquet given to Charles Dickens by the New York press, on April 18, 1868, at Delmonico's. Clemenceau's name did not appear in the list of participants, although his great friend, Horace Greeley, presided as toastmaster.

As a political observer, however, the young doctor was of penetrating intelligence,- witty, far-seeing and very wide awake. His criticism of American life was not devoid of sympathy and real respect; his prophecies concerning the future of America were highly optimistic, despite his realistic sense of the dangers and difficulties then confronting this country. These threats to peaceful development were a source of genuine concern to him. He told his readers of the alarming size of the Federal Debt, which amounted, in 1868, to the fabulous sum of more than two-and-a-half billion. He discussed, frankly and earnestly, the various problems of American policy, both foreign and domestic; the crisis in trade and industry following the war boom; the continuing resentment of the Southern States after their defeat; the outrages of the Ku-Klux Klan, the violent protests against what Southerners called the "Crime of Reconstruction" - including " the unbearable burden of negro rule



supported by the bayonets of the North."

He also analyzed the events and tensions complicating America's relations with foreign countries - dealing in detail with the Irish problem and the propaganda of the Fenian Society as a menace to Anglo-American friendship. He was especially concerned, however, with the ruthless intervention of Napoleon III in Mexico and the ominous situation of that country, which reached its climax in the death of Maximilian during Clemenceau's stay in the United States. In the five years of his visit there was an abundance of material for the young correspondent.

There was the affair of the Alabama Claims - that serious quarrel between the United States and Britain over some warships built for the Confederacy and slipped away from English ports, during the Civil War, to prey on the commerce of the Union. The damage done by the Alabama was considerable - directly as well as indirectly: in the destruction of merchant ships and cargoes, and - which was graver still - in encouragement of the Confederate cause. Charles Sumner, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, demanded that the British should pay \$ 200,000,000, besides giving up Canada, Honduras and Guiana. Feeling ran high, until in 1871 a compromise was found.

There was the Purchase of Alaska, in 1867 - that tremendous bargain between Czar Alexander II of Russia and the Government of the United States: 577,390 square miles for \$ 7,200,000 - ; and there were the astounding accomplishments and still more astounding intrigues of big Railway Building, with communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific Coasts finally completed, in May 1869.

Clemenceau was ardently interested in all manifestations, great or petty, of Democratic life. Eagerly he watched the smooth or refractory working of the vast political machinery, the ever-changing moods and tendencies within the parties and factions, the increasing unpopularity of the President, Andrew Johnson. In his first dispatch from Washington, in 1865, Clemenceau noted: "Republicans and Democrats vie with each other in expressing their friendship for Mr. Johnson." Two years and some months afterwards, however, he gave a detailed report of "The President's Trial."

That rather sordid affair - the Impeachment of Mr. Johnson by the Senate of the United States - was, in the opinion of Georges Clemenceau, a crucial matter but also a thoroughly exciting spectacle. He enjoyed it tremendously, avidly snuffing up the odor of le grand scandal.

The black cloud has finally broken. The President called upon the lightning, and the lightning came. Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, has been impeached, and the Senate is preparing to pass judgment upon him.

So he opens his startling account for Le Temps. Most ingeniously, he built up and dramatized the "affair", already in something of the grand polemic style which he later developed as a participant and witness of the great French affairs, Dreyfus and Panama.

What had actually occurred in Washington, was rather dreary. In March 1867, Congress had passed a law called the Tenure of Office Act, which forbade the President to remove officers of the Government without consent of the Senate. The main purpose of the new law was to keep Mr. Stanton at the head of the War Department; for he was a devoted friend and follower of the radical leaders



of Congress. Mr. Johnson, however, removed the Secretary regardless of the Act.

The House impeached the President, on February 24, 1868, and in the following month, the Senate assembled under the presidency of Chief Justice Chase to try the sensational case. Clemenceau observed:

Mr. Johnson, like Medea, stands absolutely alone. He is his own sole remaining friend. Unhappily, he does not suffice.

Yet the Senate failed, by one vote of the two-thirds necessary to convict the President. The radical Republicans were disappointed, and so was the correspondent from Paris. Mr. Johnson finished out his term, constantly antagonized and heckled by Congress, openly despised by the Republican leaders.

Clemenceau, for all his passion for Justice, failed to recognize that a condemnation of the President would have been unfair, for the Act had been invented and passed mainly to set a trap for Johnson. Clemenceau's judgment in this entire matter was obviously influenced, if not determined, by his emotions of sympathy and hatred. He thoroughly disliked Johnson, and was wholly in sympathy with the radical Republicans.

He believed in General Grant, whom he had met and admired at the Army Headquarters, long before the 1868 elections. Immediately after his arrival in 1865 he had made a hasty trip to the South. He found the city of Richmond in ruins and General Grant in great form. Fifty-two years later, solemnly addressing the American troops in France, he was to recall that visit:

I have for long admired American institutions, and know them all. I was in your country during the last days of the Civil War, and was in Richmond five minutes before General Grant captured the town.

The first great speech in Congress which he reported for his newspaper, was that of Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, on December 18, 1865. The impetuous Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations was known as an ardent foe of the South and active leader of the radical Republicans, who had decided to punish the "rebels" severely. It was the same Thaddeus Stevens whom President Johnson had attacked, in a coarse speech from the balcony of the White House on Washington's birthday, 1866. Stevens, Sumner and Philipps were not only trying - according to Mr. Johnson- to rob the President of his legal powers, but were also encouraging those who planned his assassination.

Clemenceau, however, was emphatically on their side, and thought of them as carrying on the great French tradition of the "rights of man." He watched the Presidential Campaign of 1868, not merely as a keenly interested observer, but also as a passionate partisan. He wanted General Grant to win.

Yet judging by his amusing stories dealing with the Campaign, it appears that he managed nevertheless to remain the detached witness of this colorful battle - aloof, witty, malicious.

The American carnival takes place every four years, and lasts about two months. The pretext for the general universal dissoluteness of mind is the presidential election.

He described the gaudy open air meetings in Union Square, with platforms and stands decorated with Japanese lanterns. He watched, with sardonic amazement, a mass meeting in Tammany Hall, with 8000 people present: "When the speaker appeared on the platform he was welcomed with such cheers as only Irish throats can produce and which I can compare only to the roars of wild animals..."



The Frenchman was puzzled and a little put off by the exuberant rudeness of American political manners. But when Grant had won, he cried out, jubilantly:

The Republican victory is dazzling and decisive. It provides a sure guarantee that reaction will not rule, and that the blacks will not be left to the mercy of their former masters. Of her slaves America means to make, and will make, citizens and free men.

His conclusive article in Le Temps of May 7, 1870, commenting upon the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment, was written in Paris, after his return from the United States. He heartily approved of that new completion of American Democracy, guaranteeing that "The rights of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude."

He had come to America as a bachelor - and went home a married man.

He had met Miss Mary Plummer while teaching French at the Catherine Aiken School for Girls, in Stamford, Connecticut. His father, angry at his prolonged stay abroad, had cut off his allowance, and Georges had been obliged to accept this job. He proved an excellent pedagogue - though his Gallic charm and intriguing appearance turned out to be somewhat dangerous for the emotional equilibrium of his female students.

At the Commencement of 1868, "Dr. Clemenceau's grateful pupils" presented him with a fine copy of Washington Irving's Sketch Book. In the collective dedication "To our admired Teacher ..." appears, among others, the name of the orphan daughter of General Plummer, of Springfield.

She was of good old New England stock, and well guarded by a

little army of trustees, aunts and uncles. Her sudden idea of getting married to an unknown alien- a piratical young man of dubious convictions and eccentric manners - was regarded by the Plummer tribe as a scandalous whim. She was madly in love with her fascinating French teacher - that young tiger rashly admitted as guardian of the innocent sheep.

The young lady refused to listen to reason. She confronted her family with a fait accompli: "I am his fiancée!"

The situation grew still more precarious when Clemenceau bluntly refused to attend any religious ceremonies: he was a "free-thinker", and faithfully held to the axioms once formulated in his anti-clerical manifesto: 'Do as you think! Oppose sternly the presence of a priest at birth, marriage, or death!'

There was no representative of the Church present when Miss Mary Plummer became the bride of Monsieur Georges Clemenceau, on June 25, 1869, in the City Hall of New York.

He returned to France, where he had been once in the meantime, for a few months, to present the ~~Plummer~~ Plummer clan to the Clemenceau family. This time, however, he came home for good, and at a moment of crucial historical significance. It was the year 1870- fatal to the Second Empire, to Napoleon III, to France, to Clemenceau. It was the tragic hour of Sedan, of La Débâcle. Georges left his young American wife in Brittany, and hastened to Paris.

His old enemy was defeated: the glib and inscrutable despot with the smooth manners and the callous soul had lost his shrewd, adventurous game. Up went the star of the radical republican, the stern fighter for Liberty and Justice, the sober and inflexible



patriot. Here he was, burning with faith in himself and in the genius of France; eager for action, struggle and power - the future Mayor of Montmartre, future holder of innumerable offices and political functions; the future ruler of his country's destiny, in the hour of ultimate trial. Here he was, the coming master of la Grande Nation - offering to a conquered nation his lucid intelligence, his will-power, his ambition, his wit, his cruelty, his faith, his articulate inspiration, his truculent lust for revenge.

The young scholar and orator who returned from the United States, found a nation on the edge of collapse. The task of a true patriot was not to lament but to act, or to prepare action. The humiliation had to be avenged; the nation must be reconstructed.

Reconstruction - this had been the central theme of Clemenceau's letters from America. What he had watched and experienced in the United States had prepared him in many respects for the duties and dangers of his own career- his career for France. He had learned a great deal during those five eventful and wandering years, and was to put his knowledge to good use.

'Reconstruction....,' he thought. 'Over there they are reconstructing- bravely and efficiently. Why shouldn't we too?

La France est morte: Vive la France.'

\* \* \*

The Prophet of Revolution:

TROTSKY.

Leon Trotsky, a successful writer and unsuccessful statesmen, has a haughty contempt for those who are too much concerned with the

"private" problems of life. He is scornful of what he calls "fictitious values", such as human love and generosity, patriotism, freedom, or the solace of religion. All these notions and aspirations are, in his opinion, not only chimerical but also objectively harmful, as they distract the mind from the sole task and purpose of any ultimate value - Revolution.

His confidence is based entirely upon the idea of universal, total, permanent Revolution - which will not only bring about the ultimate solution of all earthly problems, but already is, in itself, a purifying process, embracing "everything that leads humanity from out the dark night of the circumscribed I."

The movement is no doubt irregular and crooked, but the tendency is constant. What every government does in turn in favor of revolution becomes inviolable; what is attempted against it passes over like a cloud: I enjoy watching this spectacle, in which I understand every single sign; I observe these changes in the life of the world as if I had received their explanation from above; what oppresses others, elevates me more and more, inspires and fortifies me; how can you want me to accuse destiny, to complain about people and curse them? Destiny - a laugh at it; and as for men, they are too ignorant, too enslaved for me to feel annoyed at them.

On the past page of his Autobiography Trotsky quotes these words written by the French socialist Proudhon in a prison cell, and adds his approval, "despite their slight savor of ecclesiastical eloquence."

The High Priest of Revolution - detached and haughty: blessed with the possession of absolute Truth - has nothing but icy contempt for any private, sentimental interpretation of life. His withering glance defies maudlin curiosity. Yet we cannot but be moved, in a simple and human fashion, by the immensity of his efforts and his suffering.

What pathos there is in this story and personality! - autocra-



tic in the realm of theory, but homeless, powerless in reality; pushed from one country to another - an harassed pilgrim, the Eternal Jew, burdened with his exorbitant intelligence, his tremendous hatred; surrounded by docile disciples, visible and invisible foes, and his enormous and violent memories.

No poet would dare to invent the breath-taking drama that is Leon Trotsky's life - with its spectacular climax, that short and violent interlude of fulfillment and realization. Between two endless periods of exile he bore the huge responsibilities of actual rulership, the outrages, accomplishments, joys and horrors of almost unlimited power. What a savage contrast there is between those years of sinister splendor, and all the others before and after them - that constant martyrdom in squalid hotel rooms, dreary flats, rented villas - somewhere in France, Austria or Switzerland, then in Turkey, then in Mexico. The monotony, the ever-lasting tension, the proudly concealed despair of those long murky evenings, torrid summer days, rainy afternoons in the fall! Those countless hours, empty and restless, seething with gigantic plans and calculations; pondering on the world situation; cursing his enemies, mercilessly analyzing their mistakes and crimes; always in readiness to return to Russia and to take over again.

It is a strange experience to follow him for a little while into the bleak dignity of his errant existence: to imagine his daily life at one period or another, at one or another station of his wandering.

It is the harbour of New York on January 13, 1917 - a Sunday. Through a chilly mist the famous skyline rises dimly, a wet moun-

tain faintly profiled against the vague horizon.

The boat stopped at three o'clock in the morning. Everybody woke up. Leon Trotsky paces the deck - a heavy and gloomy figure, in his long, heavy overcoat. His wife follows him like a docile shadow. The two young boys chatter excitedly. "Is this the New World, papa?" They ask in several languages, French and German and Russian, having grown up in many different countries. They have spoken elegant slang with the children of the concierge, in Paris; understood the jokes of the coachman and soldiers in Vienna, and even learned to speak German with that awkward and trust-inspiring Swiss accent. Now, they are supposed to learn English. They have practised it already with the stewards and sailors.

"Est-ce que c'est le Nouveau Monde, papa?"

He has a dreary, almost angry way of nodding. He does not seem very happy.

The boys, however, go on with their cruel questions: "Shall we stay here a long time, papa?"

He shrugs. "It all depends on the developments in Europe ... I have reasons to believe that the Revolution..."

The Revolution...The youngsters repeat the magic word with wide eyes as other children might say: Christmas.

Madame Trotsky interferes: "The boys will catch a cold - they should go to the dining room. It's terribly cold out here. What an icy wind! You know, Seryosha really does need a new coat...."

Here I was in New York, city of prose and fantasy, of capitalist automatism, its streets a triumph of cubism, its moral philosophy that of the dollar. New York impressed me tremendously because more than any other city in the world, it is the fullest expression of our modern age.



These remarks, distinguished by neither originality nor enthusiasm, are almost the entire sum of Trotsky's observations in his thick volume My Life, concerning the character of the world's greatest city. A judgment made later and in another connection is even more damning:

"New York - with its automatic unconcern for the man without a checkbook, technically perfected to suck the marrow from human bones..."

This was in a rather remarkable essay on Céline's novel Journey to the End of the Night. That desperate French nihilist, however - Louis-Ferdinand Céline - had actually seen New York - if only its nightmarish aspects, the abjectness and filth and revolting cruelty of the city. One wonders if Trotsky saw anything of it at all. He was deaf and blind, for all his psychological and social insight - : blinded by his fixed idea, his idol and obsession - the Revolution.

Paradoxical as it may seem, it is undeniable that most reformers, possessed as they are by the abstraction of the cause, have little interest in men. It is hard to read without a shudder what Trotsky had to say, or had not to say, about his impression of Paris. He admits, with a rather horrifying sincerity, that he tried to "ignore" the most charming city on earth: "I was disposed against it, fearing that it might distract me from my one basic task, the preparation of Revolution."

When he left New York, after a stormy stay of two months, he confessed:

It would be a gross exaggeration to say that I learned much about New York. I plunged into the affairs of American Socialism too quickly, and I was straightway up to my neck in work for it. The Russian Revolution came so soon that I only managed to catch

the general life- rhythm of the monster known as New York. I was leaving for Europe with the feeling of a man who has had only a peep into the foundry in which the fate of man is forged.

Only too clearly he recognized the paramount importance of the United States for all future international developments - political, cultural, social. He kept asking himself: 'Will Europe be able to stand it? Will it not be reduced to a graveyard? And will the economic and cultural centers of gravity not shift to America?' Yet he could not afford even superficially to acquaint himself with the expressions and tendencies of American life. He saw no one but his close political comrades, many of them Russians - ; he attended no public gatherings but political meetings at which he appeared as speaker. We must search his memoirs in vain for allusions to any special beauty or distinguishing features of New York; there is no reference, hostile or otherwise, to any names connected with cultural life, in America. His ascetic attitude excluded all social, intellectual or friendly contacts with people other than a small group of active socialists.

There are many stories, inspired by gossip or political malice, concerning his sordid and adventurous doings in the United States. He was a drunkard and regular visitor of an evil dive situated near his home; he cheated his landlord and even went so far as to steal carpets, furniture and pictures; expert in all varieties of vice, he explored the lowest quarters of San Francisco. All this is the most obvious and slanderous nonsense, yet in a way these stories compare almost favorably with the rather dreary facts: For the habits and vices so lavishly attributed to Trotsky would humanize as well as debase his personality. The Prophet of



Communism had neither time nor energy to waste on puerile debauches. We have no reason to question the accuracy of his own statement: "My only profession in New York was that of a revolutionary socialist."

He settled down in the Bronx, modestly, among working people. His life was that of a busy journalist or minor politician-: gregarious, though in an austere, utilitarian way; devoid of glamour and frivolity; overburdened with work, meetings, discussions. The day after his arrival he started writing for the Russian paper, Novy Mir ("The New World"), the editorial staff of which he later joined. He collaborated and argued by turns with his Russian fellow-refugees, such as Bucharin whom he did not dislike but thought "too impressionable", always influenced, dominated by somebody"; or Madame Kolontay, whose "ultra-left" attitude of that period he ridiculed in his memoirs, especially in view of her later capitulation to Stalin, the "Traitor of Revolution".

He participated in the political activities and keen discussions of the international labor circles of New York, establishing or renewing contacts with American, German, Finnish, or Jewish socialists. Promptly and passionately, he launched out into a movement to divide the Party, separating the "left" wing from the "right". For he was dissatisfied with the lukewarm attitude of the Social Democrats and attacked their caution, their purely emotional pacifism and servile respect for national institutions: "Woodrow Wilson meant to them much more than Karl Mark..."

America was busily getting ready for war - a war which he called with sardonic mockery "the war for liberty and democracy."

He noticed that the new wave of noisy nationalism was having its effect even on experienced socialists, such as Hillquit, leader of the American Party. He argued with Gompers, a Dutch Jew and former cigar maker, then leader of the American Federation of Labor, who for all his long record of proletarian struggle maintained that labor organizations should be kept aloof from politics. Trotsky disliked certain anarcho-syndicalistic elements in Gompers's conception of an anti-political labor movement. His violent temperament was also bound to clash with such respectable veterans of socialism as old Schlueter, editor of the Volkszeitung.

Among the younger editors of that German organ, however, was a man whose talent and integrity the revolutionary psychologist promptly recognized: Ludwig Lore, than in the beginning of his journalistic career, became one of his few intimate friends in that period. In Lore's Brooklyn home - where Trotsky had stayed for some days after his arrival - a group of younger radicals gathered, usually once a week - on Thursdays - to exchange opinions and observations. They drank tea and cursed capitalism. The air was filled with their cigarette smoke and their common indignation, their inflexible confidence. They discussed plans for a new Socialist weekly that would really represent Marxian spirit. They were enthusiastic and bright, and meant to be utterly "realistic." They despised illusions, especially illusions concerning Democracy. Trotsky, in his first contribution to the Novy Mir, had announced:

I left a Europe wallowing in blood, but I left with a profound faith in a coming revolution. And it was with no democratic illusions that I stepped on the soil of this old-enough New World...

But the faith in revolution: was that not an illusion too?



Trotsky and his friends were firmly convinced that the World War would necessarily, inevitably bring forth the World Revolution. They did not know yet in which country the great process would start; but they had no doubt that the long anticipated event, once started, would spread over the globe - swiftly and triumphantly -, and that a sounder and better world would emerge from the slaughter and destruction.

Trotsky, in that fatal year of 1917, had little time for detached observation. As he was not yet in a position to harangue the Russian masses, in Moscow's Red Square, he had to content himself with addressing Socialist meetings in Brooklyn and Newark, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. He told American workers of the involved situation in Europe, and that all problems would be solved by the irresistible revolution. His lucid interpretations and glowing prophecies made a strong impression on his listeners, although he usually needed a translator to make himself understood. For his English was still poor: he was familiar with all the "big" words, but rather helpless when it came to words of less than four syllables. Publicly, he spoke only in Russian or German.

But even he who understood the language of this country neither literally nor figuratively, managed to glean a few little personal impressions of the American mind: rather fortuitous impressions, to be sure, but amusing and perhaps significant. He was sincerely touched, for instance, by the queer "generosity" of a colored doorman who collected rent in the Trotsky's apartment house, and disappeared with the money. The only person, however, whom the doorman really wanted to cheat, was the landlord himself.

He therefore stole the money exclusively from those to whom the landlord had already given a formal receipt, so that the " capitalist" had no legal possibility of collecting again. In the case of the new Russian tenants, however, he made a mistake, which would have obliged Trotsky to pay twice, and on discovering this he made a special trip to return the money, secretly and at night.

Trotsky recalls this story with grim satisfaction, and adds ironically: " This, then, was my first impression of the Negro problem in the United States."

There were two lively go-betweens who did establish a certain indirect intimacy between the Russian genius and ordinary American life. The bright Trotsky boys, already experienced in so many different idioms and national peculiarities, had adapted themselves, within a few weeks, to the tempo, the wit and slang of New York youth, and were on the point of grasping the mysteries of ice-cream sodas, baseball, and the funny papers. The boys felt at home in New York, being too innocent to realize the foulness of capitalism and impressionable enough to enjoy the turbulent charm of the city.

One wanders whether the two youngsters were as pleased as they should have been when the great news arrived: Revolution in Petrograd...

It had come about at last, the tremendous event, long expected, often prophesied, and yet mysterious, pregnant with sweeping and unforeseeable consequences. Nobody knew what, precisely, was going on. Authentic information from Russia was rarer than authentic caviar. Editors and columnists raced; the phone rang incessantly



in the Trotsky home. Public interest was suddenly brought to focus on the Russian radicals. Dozens of reporters besieged Mr. Trotsky: What is going to happen? He declared: We shall rule in Russia. From there, the revolution will encroach on Europe and finally conquer the world. The World War is over. The World Revolution has begun.

The two boys were almost forgotten in all this exorbitant turmoil. The younger, Serjosha, was in a hospital with diphtheria, while his father, winged with happiness and determination, was hastily preparing the departure for Russia. Serjosha's first day at home again was to be the family's last in New York. The father was intensely occupied with visitors, telephone calls, last messages to newspapers and organizations - while Madame Trotsky busied herself with packing, dissolving the household, bidding goodbye to friends. Nobody looked after the youngster. Even his brother was away, probably doing an errand for father, or having a last fling at base-ball or the funnies.

Serjosha grew tired of hanging around, all by himself, in the messy apartment. He decided to go for a little walk, quite alone, through the familiar streets of the Bronx.

But the streets were not as familiar as he had thought. Perhaps he walked a little further than he had done before, or else he had forgotten the topography of the neighborhood while he was in the hospital. In any case, he lost his way, and in the panic that came over him could not even remember his address. Suddenly he felt helpless, forsaken and very lonely. The people, even the buildings looked hostile and forbidding. He was struck by fear

and an overwhelming self-pity. Why was he left so alone? His parents did not like him any more. He began to sob; he wept bitterly.

A huge policeman stooped down to him: "What's the matter, kid?" His voice sounded comforting - the deep, cordial bass of a well-meaning giant.

His voice still choked with tears Serjosha said: " I've lost my daddy..."

"Just take it easy," suggested the friendly giant.

A few hours later, Trotsky appeared at the police station to rescue his little boy. He found the youngster playing cards with the cops, laughing, perfectly happy.

The father embraced him, with vehement, almost frightening tenderness. "Where have you been?" His voice sounded strangely pressed. "Serjosha darling - I was so afraid..."

"So was your kid, mister", remarked the gigantic policeman. " I found him all alone in the street and he was whimpering like a puppy."

Another cop added harshly: " In this country, we don't let children wander around the streets like tramps."

Trotsky smiled in faint apology: " I beg your pardon, gentlemen. I was exceedingly busy ..." He always felt a trifle uneasy in the presence of uniformed officials.

They stared at him with unconcealed suspicion. They disliked his soft, heavy accent, his nervous gestures. He looked to them like a pretty dubious fellow: probably one of those " subversive elements" who really should be locked up.



The boy was silent as he left with his father.

One of the policemen murmured: " A cute kid, all right. Much too good for the old man. Exceedingly busy..." He spat angrily across the room, aiming at the spittoon with remarkable skill. "Silly old son of a bitch," he added.

Father and son, meanwhile, marched hand in hand toward the Trotsky home- which was not really home any more, as Madame Trotsky, in the midst of appalling chaos, was just closing the trunks.

"I am very sorry this happened." Trotsky had an odd manner of talking to the boy with a certain gravity as though addressing a man of considerable age and distinction. "Did they beat you up?"

The boy shook his head, very seriously. "No", he said. " They were very kind. I played cards with them. They wanted me to recite a Russian poem. But I only remembered a few German verses, and some French."

There was a silence. The boy tried very hard to keep up with his father's long steps. At last, Trotsky noticed that Serjosha was gazing at him with a musing sideways look.

"What are you thinking about?"

"I just wonder ..."

"What are you wondering about?"

"Why do we go to Russia?"

"Russia is our home, Serjpsha."

"But the uncles in the uniforms say dreadful things are happening there. They're killing all the nice people..."

"All the nice people!" Trotsky gave a bitter laugh, nasal and short. He seemed rather angry. " I knew they would tell you a lot of nonsense..." Then he added, solemnly: "There is revolution, in Russia."

"Must we go there, because of the revolution?"

The father nodded gravely. " Yes. We must go there- because it is our revolution."

"And when the revolution is finished," Serjosha asked, " can we come back to America?"

His father explained: " The revolution will never be finished. The revolution is permanent."

Serjosha did not understand the words, but he guessed their meaning. "So we must stay there for ever?"

" I hope so," his father said.

The child whispered: " I am scared..."

"Scared -of what?" He seemed painfully surprised.

" I don't know..." Serjosha bent his face, blushing.

"Don't be afraid!" The father had a strong, fervent voice. "There is no reason to be afraid. You will be very happy, at home, in Russia."

He touched the crown of Serjosha's head, with solemn tenderness, as if giving his blessing.

"You will work for the proletarian State. You will serve the Cause. You must be faithful and realistic. You must not believe what those policemen told you. They don't understand. They don't know what the Revolution means. But you, Serjosha - you will understand it, one day. You will realize that the Revolution is



no horrible thing: but necessary and beautiful and great. The Revolution is very great. There is nothing greater than Revolution. You must believe this, Serjosha!"

His voice was low and hoarse with urgency. Serjosha still felt his father's hand on his head; it was heavy, and cold. For some reason he was suddenly overcome by a great, aching pity; perhaps it was the slightly disturbing touch of this icy hand that made him feel so profoundly sorry for his father. How sad he looked- even when he tried to be happy! 'Dear God', Serjosha prayed, ' do let him have a good time, over there, in Russia. And try to make the people over there like him. I don't think the cops liked him so very much - I really don't think they did. But I want people to like my daddy.'

Sometimes he made up a secret and hasty little prayer, though he had learned that there was no such thing as God.

While he was still talking to God - in whom his father did not believe - he heard again the paternal whisper: "Don't you trust your father, my little Serjosha?"

"Of course I do." It sounded a trifle forced. " Of course I believe in you, dad. We're going to have a lovely time- at home, in Russia." After a pause, he added, dreamily: " And later - I mean, much later, when the revolution is over - we'll come back to America: I promised the cops we would. And I must get wodka for them, in Moscow. They say wodka is fine. The Czar drinks wodka - lots of it, every day, they say. They showed me how the Czar jumps around when he is drunk with wodka. They are very funny, you know."

He laughed happily. He became very animated, remembering all

the antics of his uniformed playmates.

"Do you like funny people, dad? I do like them. Are there many funny people - in Russia? Is it true that wodka is even better than ice-cream? Does the Czar wear a uniform? Does he have a hammer and a sickle on his crown? What is Russia like? I wonder ... Is it really so very big? The uncles say it's even bigger than America, and there are a lot of bears, and people travel around in sleighs, and the country is all covered with snow. Can you play base-ball, with all that snow? When will I be old enough to understand the revolution? Do you think thirteen is old enough, or do I have to wait till I'm fifty, or a hundred? Could I be the Czar if I tried very hard? Are there policemen, in a revolution? Do the Russians lie? How do you know if people lie or not? Do policemen lie more often than other people? Did you ever lie, dad? - a long time ago, I mean, when you were still a little boy? Did you used to laugh then? When did you stop laughing? When did you start to understand the revolution? Was it before I was born? Do you think you'll laugh when you see Russia again? Uncles have such funny faces- when they laugh - nice faces, I think: even if they lie a little bit at the same time..."

\* \* \*

The Founder of a State:

MASARYK.

Wilson's Fourteen Points as they were offered to and refused by the respective governments of the Central Powers, contained no specific demand concerning the partition of the Habsburg Empire,



Austria-Hungary. Wilson, like the leading men in Paris and London, was rather inclined, at that time, somehow to maintain the structure of that great Monarchy, under certain guarantees which the Emperor Karl of Austria would gladly have given. The calculation of the Allied statesmen was, of course, that the Enemy Number One was, and would remain, the Reich rather than Austria. It seemed inappropriate, therefore, to destroy the Habsburg Empire while leaving the Reich virtually untouched. Such a policy was likely to strengthen, in the long run, Germany's potential power. We are forced to admit, today, that this original plan of the Allies was in many respects more far-sighted than the scheme that was actually carried out according to the Treaty of Versailles.

The only sound solution, the one effective way of establishing lasting peace, would have been, in 1918, the immediate organization, or at least the gradual preparation, of the United States of Europe.

Since the unification of the continent had to remain what it had been for centuries - a utopian dream -, another moral and political program, also essential though of comparatively minor significance, was bound to be fulfilled. The smaller nations claimed their independence. Their urgent aspirations were justified by the very principles that formed the moral basis of the Fourteen Points. Thomas G. Masaryk, exiled leader of the Czech people, was armed with telling arguments to convince Woodrow Wilson, who then considered himself, and actually seemed to be, the omnipotent arbiter mundi.

Many circumstances, the historical constellation and personal

imponderables worked in favor of the Czech patriot and potential founder of Czecho-Slovakia. He said himself, with almost Napoleonic confidence: " I am fearless because I believe in my Star."

The way had been long and tedious: Masaryk was an old man - sixty-eight - when his hour, the hour of Czecho-Slovakia, finally came. His star had not always shone so brightly. His father was a coachman, somewhere in Bohemia - a so-called "freedman", which is a rather paradoxical designation for a servant who could make no decision of his own with regard to changing his residence or his occupation.

It takes great courage, tenacity and strength to follow the imperious star from such beginnings to undreamed-of heights. There had been many years of solid preparation, of thinking, learning, gradual maturing. The penniless lad, son of a maid and a coachman, was distinguished by judicious teachers for his unusual gifts. He was enabled to study philosophy, in Vienna and Leipzig and obtained his doctor's degree for an essay on the Immortality of the Soul. His first article, published at the age of twenty-six, dealt with Plato. His elaborate study on Suicide "as a mass phenomenon in present days" still represents, according to his own judgment, his "basic confession", the very resumé of his wisdom. Understanding, if not forgiving, all varieties of human weakness, he abominated, with almost puritan severity, the dark fascination of death. The love of death is, in his opinion, the most alarming symptom of mental corruption, for it isolates the human soul, estranging it from its productive tasks, making it selfish and sterile. We may incidentally recall here that it was the German people of whom a great psychologist observed that they were, like



no other people on earth, madly " in love with death."

Masaryk, who was to become the liberator of his country from the Germanic yoke, was opposed as a philosopher to the German spirit in many of its typical manifestations. He admired Goethe and Beethoven, the greatest of Germans as well as great citizens of the world; but he had a deep distrust of hazy German romanticism with its gloomy sympathy for death; he also recognized the potential danger of the German cult of Organization, the Prussian idolatry of the State - detestable to Masaryk in both its versions - as reactionary nationalism and as revolutionary materialism. From Kant to Hegel, from Nietzsche to the present time, there has been prevalent in German philosophy a streak of glorified brutality, anti-humanistic elements incompatible with Masaryk's vast and limpid conception of Humanism.

He was, by nature and conviction, anti-radical, anti-hysterical - a moderate, reconciliatory spirit rather than a philosophic extremist. His mellow, well-balanced mind represents a rare compound of mildness and determination, pugnacious courage and tolerance. He lacked, to be sure, the sinister greatness, the frantic egotism characteristic of the intricate phenomenon of genius. But there is no doubt but that he was a " great man", combining will power with kindness, passion with reason, an extraordinary sensibility with perfect health, both bodily and intellectual.

He did not consider the great man beyond the laws of ethics, nor did he believe that great aims justify petty means. He was convinced that no accomplishment could be lasting unless based on Truth. The application of force was, in his opinion, excusable or, under certain circumstances, even necessary; but the use of lies never.

It seems superfluous, if not unsuitable, to emphasize his genuine love of peace - his natural horror of war. How, as a religious socialist and humanitarian thinker, could he have felt otherwise? The pacifism to which he adhered was however no inflexible abstraction but a reasonable postulate related to life itself. For certain periods, under certain conditions, it might be abandoned. It was a realistic or conditional pacifism - in contrast to the integral, unconditional pacifism as propagated by Tolstoy.

Masaryk visited the great Russian novelist several times, and among the topics they discussed most zealously was the problem of Pacifism. Tolstoy was, at that time, no longer the man of creation that he had been in his youth and young manhood- the powerful narrator, passionate and yet objective, the mighty poet of both War and Peace. The aging master and counterfeit peasant whom Masaryk met at Jasnaja Poljana had long since become an ardent moralist, obsessed with fixed ideas, almost maniacal- deliberately degrading his own natural greatness, reducing the vast complexity of his genius to the stubborn eloquence of a travelling preacher. It was this half-senile Tolstoy- still great, still mysteriously moving, even in his decline - who had proclaimed that " Uncle Tom's Cabin" was more significant than " Hamlet", and whose one tune was: "Peace! peace! peace! - under all circumstances, and at any price! There is no cultural value, no political or national aim worth the sacrifice of human lives." Masaryk tried to parry the obstinate pathos of his illustrious host with swift and reasonable arguments: That recourse to force may be inevitable for defensive purposes, to prevent the victory of aggression, or in order to accelerate certain vital



developments that otherwise could not be achieved.

So they argued - two stern idealists and great creators-, and then separated - one to finish his epic life work: the other to continue the epic of his life.

It was in Russia that Masaryk had admired and refuted Tolstoy's ethical radicalism - and where, some years after Tolstoy's death, he had to prove his own moral philosophy compatible with the grueling necessities of political life. Paradoxically, it was the World War that brought about the turning point in the career of this active humanist: he owed the decisive opportunity of his life to the most gigantic slaughter in history. He realized this, and stated with almost terrifying objectivity: " A war of four years was better for our cause than a short war would have been."

It was only after the final collapse of the Central Powers that the Czech people could hope to obtain what they so passionately desired - their national independence. They did, therefore, everything in their power to sabotage all actions of the Habsburg government. Czech soldiers deserted the Austrian army, while in Prague and other Czech cities an organized underground movement, the nationalistic Maffia, undermined and disturbed the authority of Austrian officials. Masaryk and his exiled friends, meanwhile, tried to influence public opinion in the Western countries and to obtain from the Allies recognition of the Czech National Committee as a legal government. Edward Benes was untiringly active in Paris, collaborating with General Milan Stefanik, a Slovak, who had joined the French Air Force.

"I doubt very much", Masaryk later said, " if I could have

managed the whole thing without Benes..."

The work cut out for them, in Paris, London, and the capitals of various neutral countries was both tedious and delicate. " It was a question of mathematical calculation, all those four years ...How many articles I had to write and to repeat! Because the people knew so little about Austria-Hungary..."

People knew still less about the Czechs - until the world was suddenly startled by dramatic reports of a Czech army that was being formed in Russia: 50,000 men, well-trained, well-equipped - ready to join the Allies.

Masaryk's original intention had been to form a Czech army of refugees scattered in England, France, Russia, the United States. The Czar, however, declined this proposal out of understandable distrust for soldiers who were willing to fight their Imperial ruler ( even if that monarch happened to be his own enemy ...) The plan, therefore, had to be renounced for the time being, as the bulk of Czech refugees had found haven in Russia. It was only after the downfall of the Czar that Masaryk was able to carry out his intention: he rushed from London to St.Petersburg, furnished with a false passport and unshakeable confidence in his Star. 50,000 men who had lived in Russia as prisoners of war were to see active service again: their new chief, a professor with a soft black hat and a soft, expressive voice, addressed them: " You will have the honor to fight for the independence of our nation. Our aim is to join the army of our powerful allies, in France. The question is only how to reach that country..."

They could hardly hope to fight their way through the terri-



tories occupied by Austrians and Germans. Their scholarly generalissimo came to a swift decision: We must travel around the world. Our Star will lead us through the plains of Siberia, to the shores of Japan and across the Pacific; from San Francisco to New York, over the Atlantic, and to the battlefields of France. From there, at last, the Star will guide us homewards: the beautiful city of Prague is awaiting us, the Czech nation is praying for our glorious return. Forward! Long live Czecho-Slovakia!"

The mild voice with its unassuming authority proved more inspiring than the harsh commands of any professional officer. The army-without-a-country performed the tremendous task - marching through a Russia convulsed by the birthpangs of total revolution, a chaotic Russia- vast, hostile, full of unknown dangers. The Democratic government that had succeeded the Czar, collapsed: Lenin and Trotsky came to power. The Bolsheviks, under German pressure, began to molest the Czechs. Trotsky, supreme chief of the Soviet military forces, attempted to stop and intern the exiled army. Collissions occurred; even actual combat. The Revolutionary government regarded Masaryk's troupes as a tool of "Western Imperialism": the Czech officers received orders directly from the Allied General Staff. They were a potential menace to the fighting Bolsheviks, despite their small number and their alleged indifference to domestic Russian affairs. Yet they were the only well-organized military formation left in the midst of general dissolution. Already the Czechs partly controlled the Transsiberian Railway.

At that time, the generalissimo with the soft hat and the inspiring voice, was already on his way to the United States, as the

herald of his globe-circling army. He had taken a train, on March 7, 1918, after a stay of ten months in Russia. During the seventeen days of the journey to Japan, he drafted a lengthy program- bold, detailed, comprehensive: outlining the future structure of Europe, with an independent Czecho-Slovakia as a nucleus of the coming federation of peaceful Democratic states.

From Japan he mailed a long letter to President Wilson, announcing his arrival and explaining his immediate intentions. He had no reason to doubt that this document would be studied with intelligent understanding, and that he, the errant emissary of a subjugated people, would be received with genuine sympathy on American soil. Yet he had no adequate conception of the overwhelming welcome in store for him.

He had been in this country twice before - : in 1904, when he delivered a series of lectures to American universities and Czech organizations; and, for the first time, in 1878, to fetch his fiancée, Charlotte Garrigue, an American girl of Danish-Hugunot descent. They had met in Leipzig as students, he of philosophy, she of music. She was attractive, witty, understanding. They read aloud to each other - Hume, and Plato, and Goethe -, went to concerts; he fell in love, followed her to America, and she became his bride. Their first child, Alice, was born in Vienna, in 1879.

It was an ideal marriage. They had many interests and beliefs in common. She participated in his intellectual endeavors and political activities. She had learned the Czech language, and believed passionately in the mission of the Czech people. And she



in turn greatly influenced his thinking, his moral and religious attitude. They were perfectly attuned like two fine violins. He once said: " I may have taught her various things, but she formed my character.

The four years of the war were the first long period of separation in their married life. Madame Masaryk had been imprisoned in Prague; American women's organizations finally obtained her release. The husband, however, was informed that her condition was alarming: she was ill and drastically undernourished. Their daughter Alice was taken into custody in Vienna with Benes' wife - while Jan Masaryk, son of an " exiled traitor", had to wear the uniform of an officer of the Habsburg army. Another son had died during the war. These facts of his family life cast a shadow over the happiness of his American days.

His entry into Chicago, on May 18, 1918, almost matched the triumphant receptions formerly tendered to Kossuth - except that the popular enthusiasm stirred up by Masaryk was based on more solid feelings and was favored by political circumstances. Now, with America actually at war, Masaryk's claim for help provoked no delicate discussion of intervention or non-intervention. He appeared as a confederate of America's allies - as a representative of that future world that was to be made safe for Democracy. The epic story of his homeless army increased his romantic attraction.

He had many friends in the United States. There were his wife's family, and the people who had liked and admired him when he lectured here years before, and there were hundreds of thousands of Czechs. He was to meet his most important friend, however, in Washington,

a month and one day after the ovation in Chicago.

His introduction to President Wilson, brought about by mutual friends, was cordial and informal. The two men met as colleagues, as two thinkers, scholars and humanitarians. They liked each other from the first.

Masaryk was impressed by Wilson's personality, and later declared that he did not notice "that streak of vanity of which so much has been said." Yet the visitor was not without criticism of the President's political tactics. On European affairs he found him "insufficiently informed as to details". He suggested that Wilson select as members of his advisory staff a few men from the ranks of his political opponents and take them with him to Europe. The President, however, explained his refusal with the admission: "I am stubborn because I came from a Scotch family." - "And so brought no Republican with him to Europe, a mistake."

Masaryk, however, could be stubborn as well. Finally he succeeded in convincing his powerful partner that the Czech people neither would nor should accept any guarantees from the House of Habsburg; - "We had been betrayed more than once by Austria-Hungary;" - that the partition of the Monarchy was inevitable; that Czecho-Slovakia must be independent for reasons both political and moral. Masaryk later recalled, with gratitude and emotion, the moment when the President, at last, gave his decisive consent: "He reminded me of a king who with a nod seals a sentence of death..."

The situation was amazing, almost legendary. Those two professors - discussing in cozy yet solemn intimacy the future of



millions of people, of a continent. A naive observer might well have taken them for two historians, philosophically detached from worldly and timely strife. Their gestures are as soft and moderate and slightly pedantic as their voices. Both look dignified - immaculately dressed. They listen to each other with polite attention. They seem keenly but not unduly interested in the topic of their lengthy conversation. What can they be discussing? The Trial of Socrates? The architecture of Egyptian Temples? - No. They are busy overthrowing one of the oldest, most powerful monarchies in Europe. Wilson remarks, with a kind of casual gravity: "You are right, Austria-Hungary must be divided."

This was the moment: the actual events, following swiftly, were nothing but the spectacular consequences of this intimate historical drama- the urban conversation of two scholars in the dusk of a studio. On June 30, 1918, Masaryk came to an agreement with the American Slovaks and - the Treaty of Pittsburgh which later was to play an important role in the disputes between Slovaks and Czechs. On October 18, the solemn Declaration of Independence of Czecho-Slovakia was signed by Masaryk, Beneš, and Stefanik - and on November 14, Masaryk, then still in America, was elected by the National Assembly in Prague First President of the Republic. He received the news at a banquet in Independence Hall in Philadelphia. In the same room that had once witnessed the birth of the United States, Thomas G. Masaryk, Liberator Patriae, now hailed the final independence of his own country.

These were memorable hours, unique in the biography of an individual as well as of a nation. Yet the platonic discussion

between the two learned gentlemen in the White House is even more memorable, and unique in a more profound sense of the word.

Platonic it was indeed, that discussion, in many respects. Not only that the philosophic detachment of their conversation- strangely contrasting with the enormous reality of the topics involved - exhaled that serene dignity familiar to all admirers of Plato's limpid and sagacious dialogues: the scene itself, the very group of those two talking men, seems to follow a Platonic pattern- to fulfill a postulate of the wise Athenian. For it was Plato who had claimed, in his book on the State, that the community should be ruled by philosophers; that power should be wielded by the wisest, most cultured men. The traditional antithesis between Jesus and Ceasar- one of the central problems of Masaryk's intellectual life- disappears, or loses its harshness, in the formula of the philosophic ruler, the ruling philosopher.

National contrasts, too, seem to lose their edge, under the urban sceptre of philosophy. Culture, though the strongest and purest form of national self-expression, works as a connecting force rather than as a dividing one.

Men such as Wilson and Masaryk are true representatives of their respective nations; and yet they seem akin to each other, notwithstanding the basic differences of their individual and national physiognomies. For they are connected through something higher, more valid and more essential than blood and race. Both are thoroughly impregnated by Christian ethics and the great traditions of Western civilization. Both deserve the honorable designation of Citizens of the World. They anticipate - not in theory but



as living examples - the coming type of man: the super-national type, - only conceivable representative of a future civilization which will be doomed unless it overcomes the disastrous folly of nationalism.

"The New Man... will be the result not merely of external politics, but principally of internal." Woodrow Wilson would certainly have subscribed to this axiom of Thomas Masaryk's. Both firmly believed in the pedagogic mission of Democracy, which is entirely based - according to Masaryk's definition - "upon the faith in Man, his sublime value, the immortality of his soul." He was far from blind to the dangers inherent in the Democratic system. In fact, he regarded all existing Democracies as no more than a partial and temporary solution, and believed that a truly adequate must be Socialist in form: Yet he was opposed to any form of tyranny, including Communism, and thought Democracy "ethically justified, being the political realization of the Christian principle of brotherly love." Both, he and Wilson, were more keenly concerned with the ethical basis of the state and of politics than with political tactics. Neither of them despised or ignored power, but both agreed upon the tenet that "Right makes Might", wholly rejecting any idolatry of brute force. Both cherished and actively promoted a new vision of a civilized world in which tolerance and helpful understanding, practical Christianity and justice would wield their mild, productive authority. Both believed that the end of that long tribulation, the First World War, would prove the beginning of a happier era - and that they, Woodrow Wilson and Thomas Masaryk, were chosen by Providence to organize the universal peace that would ensue.

Their noble plans, after a short period of seeming realization, were to come to an appalling end: two decades later the world looked more chaotic even than in 1918: the civilization which they strove to save and to improve, is virtually on the brink of collapse.

Does this gigantic failure refute the ultimate truth of their principles?

It is useless to lament about a world in which the barbaric elements, the tendencies toward destruction, will always remain powerful, whether concealed or in the open. It is both unfair and foolish to scoff at the utopian idealism of two intellectuals who overrated the actual effect of higher spiritual forces. The victory of mechanized armies can destroy, for a certain time, the life work of a great thinker and fighter for human betterment such as Thomas G. Masaryk, but it cannot depreciate his teaching nor his deeds.

Masaryk, when he returned triumphantly from America to his homeland, in 1918, did not foresee the tragedy of 1938. But who would dare to foretell the great transformations in store for us and for generations to come? Masaryk - genius of patience: hero of endurance - had to wait half a century for his ideas to materialize. Shall we live to witness the ultimate resurrection of his bold and constructive dream? But then the dream will have grown even bolder - hardened and amplified through the very forces that are now trying to frustrate it. The future Masaryk will have to liberate and unify, not only a country, but a continent. And may he find, then, a friend and helper on the other side of the Atlantic, as human and as faithful as Wilson was, but even stronger, with greater vision, and more favored by Fate. Then the great scene may repeat itself, under even more promising auspices. A



white house; two men, talking softly, politely; discussing the fruitful collaboration of two mighty Unions - European and American-; seeking, honestly and intently, the one solution that will guarantee a safe and decent life for those unknown millions outside, on both sides of the ocean. For the coming rulers will have to realize that Masaryk knew -: that it is not enough to conquer the masses, but that they must be satisfied - and that no solution can ever last that is not conceived and carried out in helpful sympathy for those who also serve as they stand and wait - and wait...

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