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Genius of Patience: Hero of Endurance.

Mann, Klaus

November

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Genius of Patience: Hero of Endurance

by Klaus Mann

THE only effective way of establishing lasting peace in 1918 would have been 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 Czechoslovakia. 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 Czechoslovakia, 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 when he was 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 résumé 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 represented 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 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 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 (Continued on page 106)

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Patterns illustrated, from left to right: Dolly Madison, Orchid, Chalice; lower right corner: Envy.

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Sally Sears made her Boston debut at one of the season's first and biggest parties. Bowered in blossoms, she received with her sister Elizabeth, who came out last year, and her mother, Mrs. Francis P. Sears

GENIUS OF PATIENCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

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 Yasnaya Polyana 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 traveling 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 it was there, some years after Tolstoy's death, that 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 Hapsburg government. Czech soldiers deserted the Austrian army, while in Prague and other Czech cities an organized underground movement, the nationalistic *Mafia*, 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. Eduard Beneš 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 Beneš. . . ."

PEOPLE knew little 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. It was only after the downfall of the Czar that Masaryk was able to carry out his intention. Fifty thousand 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 territories occupied by Austrians and Germans. Their scholarly generalissimo came to a swift decision: to travel around the world.

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 birth pangs of total revolution, a

(Continued on page 110)

AN ACRE OF FRANCE THAT ESCAPED



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GENIUS OF PATIENCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

chaotic Russia—vast, hostile, full of unknown dangers. The Revolutionary government regarded Masaryk's troops as a tool of "Western Imperialism," whose 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 they 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. During his journey to Japan, he drafted a lengthy program—bold, detailed, comprehensive—outlining the future structure of Europe, with an independent Czechoslovakia 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 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 in 1878, to fetch his fiancée, Charlotte Garrigue, an American girl of Danish-Huguenot 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. 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. Her 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 Hapsburg 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 Kosuth—except that the popular enthusiasm stirred up by Masaryk was based on more solid feelings and was favored by political circumstances. The epic story of his homeless army increased his romantic attraction.

He had many friends in the United

States, but he met the most important in Washington a month 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, and liked each other from the first.

The situation was amazing, almost legendary: those two professors discussing in cozy yet solemn intimacy the future of millions of people, of a continent. Their gestures were as soft and moderate and pedantic as their voices. Both looked dignified, immaculately dressed. They listened to each other with polite attention. They seemed keenly but not unduly interested in the topic of their lengthy conversation, but they were busy over-throwing one of the oldest, most powerful monarchies in Europe. Wilson remarked, with a kind of casual gravity, "You are right, Austria-Hungary must be divided."

On June 30, 1918, Masaryk came to an agreement with the American Slovaks in the Treaty of Pittsburgh, which later was to play an important rôle in the disputes between Slovaks and Czechs. On October 18, the solemn Declaration of Independence of Czechoslovakia was signed by Masaryk, Benes, 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.

MEN like 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 Citizen of the World. They anticipate—not in theory but as living examples—the coming type of man, the *super-national type*, the 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 one 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 de-

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THE DIRECT LOW ALTITUDE WAY

spised 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 was virtually on the brink of collapse.

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

It is useless to lament 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, but it cannot depreciate his teaching or his deeds.

MASARYK, returning 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 what Masaryk knew: it is not enough to conquer the masses, they must also be satisfied, and 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.

The author, Klaus Mann, founder and editor of the literary monthly "Decision," is the oldest son of Thomas Mann. During the five years he has lived in this country, he has also been active as a lecturer and writer—having about 20 books to his credit, novels, short stories, plays, essays, and travel books, plus several magazine articles. "Journey into Freedom" is one of his more recent novels, and he is the co-author, with his sister, Erika Mann, of "Escape to Life" and "The Other Germany."

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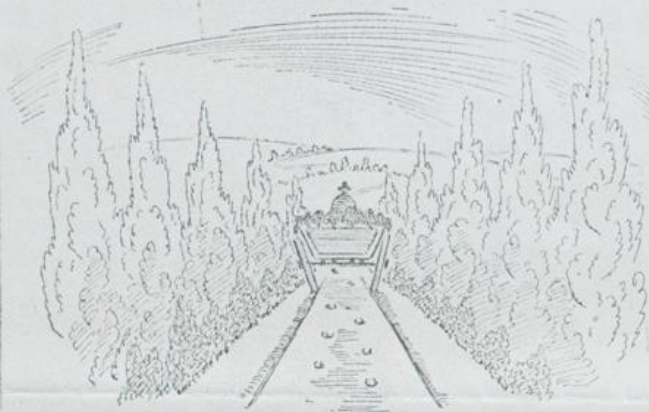
Masaryk's original intention had been to form a Czech army of refugees scattered in England, France, Russia, the United States. The Czar, however, declined this proposal out of understandable distrust for soldiers who were willing to fight their Imperial ruler, even if that monarch happened to be his own enemy. It was only after the downfall of the Czar that Masaryk was able to carry out his intention. Fifty thousand 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 territories occupied by Austrians and Germans. Their scholarly generalissimo came to a swift decision: to travel around the world.

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 birth pangs of total revolution.

(Continued on page 110)

AN ACRE OF FRANCE THAT ESCAPED



THOUSANDS OF MILES from the war zone, the sister plant of a famous French distillery has continued for nearly 8 years to make the same kind of liqueurs which, for over a century, were produced in Bordeaux.

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GENIUS OF PATIENCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

chaotic Russia—vast, hostile, full of unknown dangers. The Revolutionary government regarded Masaryk's troops as a tool of "Western Imperialism," whose 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 they 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. During his journey to Japan, he drafted a lengthy program—bold, detailed, comprehensive—outlining the future structure of Europe, with an independent Czechoslovakia 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 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 in 1878, to fetch his fiancée, Charlotte Garrigue, an American girl of Danish-Huguenot 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. 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. Her 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 Hapsburg 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 Kosuth—except that the popular enthusiasm stirred up by Masaryk was based on more solid feelings and was favored by political circumstances. The epic story of his homeless army increased his romantic attraction.

He had many friends in the United

States, but he met the most important in Washington a month 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, and liked each other from the first.

The situation was amazing, almost legendary: those two professors discussing in cozy yet solemn intimacy the future of millions of people, of a continent. Their gestures were as soft and moderate and pedantic as their voices. Both looked dignified, immaculately dressed. They listened to each other with polite attention. They seemed keenly but not unduly interested in the topic of their lengthy conversation, but they were busy over-throwing one of the oldest, most powerful monarchies in Europe. Wilson remarked, with a kind of casual gravity, "You are right, Austria-Hungary must be divided."

On June 30, 1918, Masaryk came to an agreement with the American Slovaks in the Treaty of Pittsburgh, which later was to play an important rôle in the disputes between Slovaks and Czechs. On October 18, the solemn Declaration of Independence of Czechoslovakia was signed by Masaryk, Benes, 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.

MEN like 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 Citizen of the World. They anticipate—not in theory but as living examples—the coming type of man, the *super-national type*, the 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 one 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 de-

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THE DIRECT LOW ALTITUDE WAY

spised 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 was virtually on the brink of collapse.

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

It is useless to lament 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, but it cannot depreciate his teaching or his deeds.

MASARYK, returning 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 what Masaryk knew: it is not enough to conquer the masses, they must also be satisfied, and 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.

The author, Klaus Mann, founder and editor of the literary monthly "Decision," is the oldest son of Thomas Mann. During the five years he has lived in this country, he has also been active as a lecturer and writer—having about 20 books to his credit, novels, short stories, plays, essays, and travel books, plus several magazine articles. "Journey into Freedom" is one of his more recent novels, and he is the co-author, with his sister, Erika Mann, of "Escape to Life" and "The Other Germany."

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