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Dream-America.

Mann, Klaus

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JOSEPH WHITT:

Inside the Arch of Bone

Inside the arch of bone are endless streets:
 grey empty flats where houses peer
 with scalloped eyes at those who fear
 to tremble in a fractured crowd.
 Won't someone merely walk across to break
 to fragmentize the shadowy precise
 or force these houses whisper-scream
 with clack of heel on silent ice.
 I wait — impatience long has patience found:
 a naked foot now soothes the bedroom floor
 upping nerves on tiptoe greet the sound
 till frigid bush can't stand the pain.
 The footsteps shuffle, turn, and then retreat
 to wander up another street.

DAVID J. PEACKER:

Spain

Warped forests, struck by decay
 Where God leered, and two taut Dragoons
 of the steel-suckled lance, flushed and putrid
 Marched through the pristine vines
 on to the banks of the unlit bog,
 and nails searching their gangrened goblets
 Plundered, their bones, for one last time, —
 Thus, God, pure and vastly sombre,
 knotted their hair, teathed them with wire
 hooked them on foaming mares, towards the mist,
 where plucked a red guitar.

KLAUS MANN:

Dream-America

"You are going to America?" a French poet once asked a friend.
 "You'll see New York? It's like visiting a fortune teller . . ." What
 he meant to say is that the super-city on the Hudson anticipates the
 style and rhythm, the horrors and splendors of a world to come.

Was that poet — Jean Cocteau of Paris — not curious to take a
 look at the future himself? Or was he afraid, perhaps, the face of the
 future might prove as terrifying as that of the wild-haired Gorgon
 whose stony eyes turn the beholder to stone? Also, it could be that,
 in Cocteau's opinion, it does not become a poet to be too interested
 in reality; instead of exploring a material world which has little to
 offer to him, he ought to concentrate on the realm of his dreams and
 visions, his own inalienable domain.

But whatever his reasons and considerations may have been, Poet
 Cocteau seemed reluctant to venture on a trans-Atlantic trip. When
 he came to New York at last, in 1936, it was just for a couple of days
 or so — a flying visit which took place under rather peculiar conditions.
 One can hardly say that he tainted his imagination by too close a
 contact with the reality of American life. In fact, the New York
 Cocteau saw and described is as much of a fantasy as the imaginary
 Mississippi River, depicted, about a century before, by the French
 romanticist and royalist, Chateaubriand.

Cocteau — not less romantic, in his own way, than Chateaubriand
 — made his first extensive journey in disguise, impersonating Mr.
 Phineas Fogg, hero of Jules Verne's utopian novel, *Round the World
 in Eighty Days*. The book had enthralled Jean as a young boy; now
 he wanted actually to realize Verne's dream, following in every detail
 the pattern of Mr. Fogg, keeping the same schedule and visiting all
 the places where his model had been. The odd enterprise was arranged
 and financed by the popular newspaper, *Paris Soir*, M. Cocteau travel-
 ling as its special correspondent.

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

Utterly impressionable, constantly in raptures, our childlike traveller took hasty, enchanting glimpses of Egypt and China, Japan and Honolulu. From San Francisco, he rushed on to Hollywood, where he saw nobody but King Vidor and Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin, and then intensely enjoyed the sensation of a night flight from Los Angeles to New York.

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

It is a curious experience to follow this *homme-enfant* through the familiar streets of Manhattan. Seen through his eyes, the city reveals unexpected secrets, surprises us with new vistas. The skyscrapers lose their bulk and become transparent like bewitched castles in fairy-tales. They are crisp and flimsy as tulle curtains; brisk airs traverse them and play around the towering facades . . . The poet told local reporters that New York was "a city of tulle," and its air free of "moral dust." They garbled his remark, translating it as follows: N. Y. WEARS WOMAN'S DRESS, JEAN COCTEAU SAYS. He enjoyed a hurried visit to Radio City and was fascinated by Times Square, particularly marvelous at dusk: "Its shops sell inspired rubbish, the automatic bars are gorged with treasures of Cathay, milk fountains, beer fountains, malt fountains, and ice-cream fountains gush from marble walls, while, high above, the sky-signs vie in aerial fantasy . . ."

At Coney Island, he recognized with horror and delight a nightmarish fun-fair he once had seen in an early motion picture. It seemed actually quite plausible for two young lovers to be swept apart and lose each other in this mad whirl of colors and noises, as it had happened in the ancient movie farce. Fascinated and thrilled, Mr. Fogg plunged into a maelstrom of lightning photographers, carousels, souvenir-peddlers, freaks, crying children, Russian courtesans spinning around garden cafés . . .

But even more enchanting than the great fair are Minsky's Burlesque Shows: *Homme-enfant* is spellbound by the frozen smiles and rank gestures of the strip-tease artists — among them the celebrated Miss Murray whom Mr. Fogg finds particularly admirable as "an exponent of the flamboyant style."

And then, of course, there is Harlem, *le quartier noir* — more attractive, more significant to our poet-reporter than any other district of New York. "I see Harlem as the power-plant of the city," he writes in his travel book, *Mon Premier Voyage*, "and its frolicsome black youth is the coal that feeds the furnaces and keeps the wheels turning."

In the Middle Ages many a population fell victim to St. Vitus' dance; its frenzied rhythms, spreading by contagion, set a whole city capering. And all New York, with its passion for cathedrals, organs, holy candles, gargoyles, minstrels and burlesques, for mystery and mysticism, is convulsed by the black rhythms."

What a bizarre view of New York they received, those hundreds of thousands of readers of the *Paris Soir*! Many of them may have wondered: "It sounds queer, almost incredible . . . But he has seen it, after all: it must be true! So New York is like that: a dream-city with fortresses of tulle; a pseudo-Gothic cathedral with electric fireworks; a staggering merry-go-round — gaudy, savage, dynamic; a colossal pagoda dominated by that fabulous personality, Miss Murray, exponent of the flamboyant style; a madhouse resounding with the noise of gigantic trumpets, saxophones and drums . . . Curious: but that's what the paper says . . ."

If Jean Cocteau had stayed in his Paris apartment — that magic cave filled with strange objects and even stranger dreams —, if he had abstained from making the fatiguing journey, his portrait of New York would have been equally inspired and equally absurd.

* * *

Other Continental authors — even more reckless and more imaginative than the roving reporter of the *Paris Soir* — described American sceneries without having ever set foot on American soil. If Frederic Prokosch, in his novel, *The Asiatics*, evoked with remarkable success the hues and perfumes of an Orient he had never seen in reality, certain Europeans conjured up a dream land they chose to christen "America."

Of particular interest in this context are the cases of two German-writing novelists — two authors, by the way, of incommensurable style and stature: one of them is a genius; the other, an unusually cheap and puerile story-teller. As for the former, Franz Kafka, his posthumous fame has assumed impressive proportions and continues to grow; the name of that tragic visionary and superb artist has been adopted as a kind of fetish or battle cry by the intellectual vanguard of five continents. The latter, on the contrary, is completely unknown — and rightly so — outside of the German-speaking world. But while Kafka's work, for all its international prestige, is read only by a small group of high-brows, the other writer in question — his name is Karl May — enjoys enormous popularity with the masses, especially the young.

Karl May, in Germany, is a myth, a national institution. For the past fifty years or so, millions of German boys (including many a so-called "adult") have been devouring his adventure stories — Wild-West thrillers of the most trashy, most distasteful sort. One of the most fervent Karl May fans was a certain good-for-nothing from Brunau, Austria, who was destined to play a fairly spectacular, if somewhat irritating, role in world history. Young Schicklgruber adored Karl May, whose works remained his favorite reading even in later years. His own imagination, his whole notion of life was impregnated by these crude and fantastic tales. The false conception of "heroism" presented by Karl May fascinated the future Fuehrer; he loved this primitive but effective shrewdness — the use of "secret weapons" and gruesome tricks, such as carrying prisoners as shields, the brutal cunning of wild animals in the jungle; he was delighted by the glorification of savagery.

The Wild West is still wild and wonderful and very far away — for the boys in Brunau and equally dreary places. The names of Arizona, Texas, New Mexico, Rio Grande, Sierra-de-los-Organos, Rianca and Guadalupe, are still charged with romantic attraction. Oh, the endless prairies, the glowing sands of the deserts! Magic nights in the open, under stars that seem to have a more violent, more dynamic lustre than those of European skies! Life in the wigwam is tremendous with danger, and fun. The wicked Ogellallah Indians are forever waiting in ambush for their innocent victims. Everyone is in the habit of spending a large part of his day in ambush — a cozy, if slightly unsafe, place to be. Winnetou, valiant chieftain of the Apaches, is always on the alert. Young braves are proud of their scalp collections, much as European lads are of their stamps or butterflies. The villains are wily and efficient, but definitely less so than Old Shatterhand, who always rushes into the picture, an experienced *deus ex machina*, just in the nick of time —, the ideal blend of Tom Mix and young Siegfried: at once ruthless and chivalrous, well-informed, even erudite, and pleasantly naive, frightening and attractive. He plans and carries out gigantic butcheries, and his hands still dripping with blood, makes instructive speeches about Indian life. A prolific writer, he describes his innumerable adventures with verve and eloquence. On many thousands of pages he cheerfully boasts of his amazing deeds. His vanity is disarming. Over and over he says: "I am great, I am marvellous . . ." — and the boys, from Brunau to Berlin, are only too willing to take his word for it.

Herr Karl May of Radebeul, near Dresden, and that fabulous character, Old Shatterhand, were allegedly the same person. He was admired, not merely as a great narrator, but also, and above all, as a kind of superman — as the hero who had actually faced all the dangers and performed the astounding deeds described in *Winnetou* and other best-selling yarns. There was hardly a reader who dared question the credibility of those breath-taking reports. Even some of the more serious critics considered May's fantastic tales a trustworthy representation of the American scene. A French writer, for instance, makes the following statements in his preface to Karl May's novel, *The Revenge of the Farmer*:

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

The French observer adds some remarks about the ghastly custom of lynching — severe words which are undeniably justified in themselves, but have little to do with Karl May's queer interpretation of American life —, and finally draws this conclusion: "A kind of mutilated Christianity such as we find in that country, is unable to maintain the divine law of Pardon . . . The thirst for both gold and revenge are the two most terrible passions of the Yankee."

These words were written about 1900 — the time of May's greatest prestige and popularity. Shortly afterwards, the embarrassing truth transpired: "Old Shatterhand" had never been in America at all; all his tales were sheer, brassy invention. What a shock to his many admirers! But poor Herr May's position grew even more precarious when the question arose: Where, then, was he during all those years he supposedly spent over there?

The idol of German boyhood turned out to be an ordinary ex-convict who had served many years in various Saxonian jails. His criminal record was impressive enough, if only on a comparatively modest scale. He had stolen everything from billiard balls and gold watches to baby carriages and horses; had cheated peasants and little shopkeepers by presenting himself as a famous physician or the agent of an insurance company; one of the fanciful pseudonyms he used on

those occasions was, curiously enough, *Dr Heilig* (Dr. Holy). He had been a pathological liar and a vulgar crook with a definite leaning toward delusions of grandeur. His petty crimes, his underhanded little tricks against society, reflect an obvious and rather pitiable inferiority complex. Born the son of a poor weaver, in a village near Chemnitz, Saxony — one of the most unattractive, most prosaic parts of Germany — he had had a miserable youth. He was exceedingly vain and very eager to impress a world which had treated him without kindness. In the beginning, he may have dreamed of becoming a great gangster — feared by the rich, envied and admired by the poor. But the only result of his amateurish attempts in this direction was even greater humiliation. So at last he became disgusted with his own shabby identity, his dull and glamourless lot, and decided to transform himself into Old Shatterhand — a dashing, self-assured adventurer lavishly gifted with all those virtues in which the real Karl May was so deplorably lacking. Endowed with this splendid new personality, he escaped from his Saxonian jail to a dream land — a magnificent wilderness alive with staunch-hearted Sioux, untamed mustangs, stamping buffaloes.

There is hardly a single detail in his "American" stories that is not a complete and ludicrous misrepresentation. Atmosphere and landscape, gestures, words and actions are altogether un-American. Un-American are the villains — who, for some mysterious reason, are usually presented as Mormons or Armenians —; un-American, the noble and at the same time slightly sadistic heroes; utterly un-American, above all, is the self-righteous narrator, Old Shatterhand-Karl May. His cold cruelty and complete absence of any sense of humor even make him a decidedly *anti-American* type, and the only thing that he does actually represent is the image of an American adventurer in the mind of a petty criminal in Saxony.

How surprised, indeed, how disappointed Herr May must have been to find the real America so very different from his glowing, distorted vision! For he did visit this country, after all — in 1908, four years before his death. The aging novelist and his wife inspected Niagara Falls, Yellowstone Park, the Grand Canyon, various Indian settlements, and the grave of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Karl May disliked the noisy American cities. The country, he felt, utterly failed in living up to his grand expectations. Where was the wigwam? Where was Winnetou?

Frau Klara May wrote a book, *With Karl May Across America*,

which also includes the story of a second trip to the United States she made after her husband's death. The devoted widow then faithfully followed in what she calls "Karl May's footsteps" — probably referring to the fantastic zigzag as outlined in Old Shatterhand's imaginary reports. In the Denver zoo she took a look at *Leo, the Lion* — "model of the famous trade mark of the Mayer-Goldway films," as Frau Klara puts it. The proud animal was just celebrating its sixteenth birthday, which made the encounter all the more festive and significant. Another climax of the German lady's trip was her meeting with President Herbert Hoover, about whom he has the following to say:

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

That the German Ambassador introduced May's widow to the White House, seems to indicate that at the time of his death, in 1912, Old Shatterhand had more or less regained his respected position. The revelation of his shady past had caused considerable scandal, years before: a howl of indignation had arisen throughout the German press, from platforms and pulpits the author of *Winnetou* had been denounced as a "corrupter of youth." But German faith in authority is not so easily shaken. And Karl May had established himself as the supreme authority in everything concerning Red-Skins, deserts, prairies, mustangs, scalp-hunters, cannibalism, and the delights of primitive, cruel warfare. Compromised for a short while, the old wizard was again to assert his problematical sway over new generations of German boys.

The Third Reich marked Karl May's ultimate triumph, the ghastly realization of his puerile and immoral dreams. It is according to his ethical and aesthetic standards that the Austrian house-painter, nourished in his youth by Old Shatterhand, attempted to re-build the world. He and his henchmen were desperadoes in the good old Karl May tradition — perverted romanticists, infantile, criminal, irresponsible. Hopelessly estranged from both reality and art, those reckless fantasists and murderous adventurers were ready to sacrifice all civilization and common sense on the altar of "heroism" — the evil, atavistic kind of "heroism" preached and dramatized by their literary master and predecessor, Karl May of Saxony.

Is another German generation to be confused and corrupted by

such poisonous trash? Will American authorities in the occupied Reich continue to tolerate the traditional Karl May cult? Thirty-five years after his death, an irresponsible swindler goes on slandering the United States. The Dream-America he presents is not only a gross falsification but also a vicious insult.

Franz Kafka, too, tried to escape from imprisonment when embarking on his imaginary trip to the United States. His bondage, however, was not of physical nature. The author of *The Trial* and *The Castle* was a prisoner of his obsessions and hallucinations, his metaphysical anguish, his insight, his fears, his genius. He also was a prisoner of Prague where he spent most of his life — Prague, the ancient capital with its glorious and sinister memories, its complex tradition, its age-old feuds; Prague, the city of narrow streets and magnificent vistas, of violence and nostalgia, of music and alchemy; the city of the Golem — that weird archetype of all robots, Frankenstein's model and predecessor —, the city of Smetana, the city of esoteric sects and literary coteries. Franz Kafka — the German-speaking Jew born in Hapsburg-dominated Bohemia, later a citizen of the young republic of Czecho-Slovakia — belonged to Prague as a monk belongs to his monastery, a madman to his cell, a wingless bird to his cage. Prague was his chain, his curse, his love, his destiny. But once — in 1913, just before the outbreak of World War I — he made a bold and desperate attempt to break jail, to fly to the shores of a freer and happier country.

The novel *Amerika* — a fragment, like Kafka's two other novels, and, like those, published after his death — opens with the following paragraph:

"As Karl Rossman, a poor boy of sixteen who had been packed off to America by his parents because a servant girl had seduced him and got herself a child by him, stood on the liner slowly entering the harbour of New York, a sudden burst of sunshine seemed to illumine the Statue of Liberty, so that he saw it in a new light, although he had sighted it long before. The arm with the sword rose up as if newly stretched aloft, and round the figure blew the free winds of heaven."*

It is a masterly beginning — giving in a few concentrated sentences not only the main facts of the hero's past, but also the atmosphere of the haven he is now approaching. The single phrase, *the free winds of heaven*, characterizes the mood and flavor of the entire story.

* Quoted from the admirable translation by Edwin Muir (*New Directions*).

For this enterprising lad, Karl Rossman, whom we see arriving in New York, is indeed almost free, almost happy — less tormented at least than his unfortunate brothers, the heroes of Kafka's two other novels. For them, there will be no "free winds," no Statue of Liberty: they must remain in Europe, in Prague, in jail, to endure the merciless decisions of the inscrutable judges.

But even if Karl, in contrast to his doomed relatives at home, managed to run away, and even if the fugitive is free, or comparatively free, of guilt — the problem of guilt *as such*, the mystic curse of the Original Sin follows him over the ocean. The emigrant will be haunted by old moral conflicts and dilemmas, even in his new country, the land of his hopes and dreams, his Dream-America.

During the last hours of his journey, Karl has made friends with the stoker of the boat — a gloomy and obstinate fellow, who for some reason believes that he has been unfairly treated by the officers. He complains bitterly, and there are lengthy examinations of the stoker's case — a sort of solemn but half-grotesque trial in the Captain's stateroom. Karl tries his best to convince the officers of the stoker's right, but we somehow feel from the beginning that his cause is hopeless: all the authorities are prejudiced against him. This comical and painful scene reaches its climax with a sudden announcement coming from one of the examiners. The gentleman in question, a certain Senator Jacob, turns out to be Karl's wealthy uncle. "Kiss me!" the Senator demands, while the Captain adds: "This is one of the miracles that can still happen sometimes — especially here in America." — Wealthy Uncle Jacob presently takes young Karl to his sumptuous home. As for the stoker, we leave him to his fate which is presumably dark.

Most details of Kafka's description of the American scene are quite inaccurate — as fantastic, indeed, as the sword in the hand of the Statue of Liberty —; yet the picture as a whole has poetical truth. The balcony of Uncle Jacob's house where young Rossman spends many hours staring at the streets of New York, has more to do with a Parisian studio than with anything American. The country house of a millionaire resembles an ancient European castle — a typical Kafka castle, in fact —, confusing, frightening, with countless corridors and galleries, huge empty rooms, tremendous staircases, an unfinished chapel. At night most of the vast, baroque structure is shrouded in complete darkness as there is no electricity. It is an extraordinary place, and its inhabitants are equally amazing — notably Mr. Pollunder — a rather evil gentleman —, his well-meaning friend, Mr. Green, and an ag-

gressive girl by the name of Clara. Karl naïvely expresses his surprise: "So you have actually old houses in America too." She sneers at him: "You have some queer ideas about America!" — "You shouldn't laugh at me," he says in vexation, and the author adds, judiciously: "After all, he knew both Europe and America, while she knew only America."

She is hard to cope with, this pugnacious Miss Clara! When young Rossman does not want to kiss her, she loses her temper, strikes him, and throws him on the bed. The European boy notices, not without horror, that she has muscles of steel. "Of course," he comforts himself, "she is much stronger than I am, since she has spent most of her life practicing the feats of a professional wrestler."

There was certainly nothing lascivious about Karl's little row with Clara; yet the young man is severely punished for it. His uncle Jacob sends him, through Mr. Pollunder, a farewell letter, telling him in stern and solemn words that the Senator's house will be closed from now on to the unfaithful nephew, and our young adventurer finds himself friendless and penniless on the highways. The terrifying streets of American cities spread before him, with the Gothic lines of steel-constructed skyscrapers profiled against a pallid and hostile sky, like cathedrals from another planet where people are praying to another God.

The helpless wanderer first intends to go to San Francisco, having been told that there, *in the East* (as Kafka puts it), there may still be a chance to discover gold mines. He changes his plans, however, when he makes the acquaintance of two tramps — Delamarche, a Frenchman, and Robinson, an Irishman. Karl distrusts Robinson because he remembers having read somewhere that one should beware of all Irishmen in America. But the Frenchman turns out to be even more dangerous — a selfish and unscrupulous creature, filthy, cruel, and altogether objectionable.

The two vagabonds want to take him to a big city named Ramses; but it is a long journey and on the way they stop at another large settlement called Butterford. There Karl has the good luck to find a job as elevator boy at the Hotel Occidental, thanks to a benign and influential woman, the Supreme Cook (*Oberköchin*). This kind and powerful personality, however, is by no means the highest authority in the complicated hierarchy of the huge hotel. The *Supercine Doorman* — a brute who enjoys beating up the elevator boys — and the nasty headwaiter are both, perhaps, more important than she. In any case, the motherly

kitchen-queen seems quite unable to help her protégé when he finds himself in a fix brought about by Robinson, the erratic Irishman, who visits him at the hotel in a state of utter intoxication, presumably with the express purpose of compromising Karl's position.

Jobless again, our young runaway has trouble with the police ("And you were dismissed without your jacket?" asked the policeman. — "Why, yes," said Karl; so in America too it was the habit of authorities to ask questions about what they could see for themselves."); finally, however he finds a dubious kind of refuge in an apartment occupied by the two crooks, Robinson and Delamarche, and their mistress, a prodigious female by the name of Brunelda. This is the most painful of Karl's ordeals: we see him enslaved, humiliated by the macabre trio. Whatever his past crimes may be (his romance with the servant maid? His fight with Miss Clara of the castle? Or just the Original Sin?), he pays dearly for them. His bondage in Brunelda's sloppy and shady household is more abject, more degrading, than any punishment imposed on him by his parents, back in Prague, could have possibly been. If only there were any other job available! But the information he gets from the young man next door does not sound encouraging. That ambitious youth studies at night, keeping awake with the help of black coffee, while during the day he is "a salesman, a miserable counter-jumper, not much more than an errand-boy, in Montly's big store." When poor Karl asks him: "Perhaps I could get a job in the store too?", the hard-working student laughs at such naïveté. "Why, what do you think?" he says. "It's easier to be appointed district judge here than a door-opener at Montly's."

In the end, however, Rossman does get himself a promising position with a fabulous institution called "The Great Nature Theatre of Oklahoma." It appears to be a kind of gigantic *W.P.A.* project (in 1931), organized and financed by unknown but extremely powerful benefactors. The unemployed are at first somewhat suspicious and join reluctantly; but Karl has nothing to lose and accepts with enthusiasm. An official inquires as to his former occupation in Europe, and he replies, rather vaguely: "I wanted to become an engineer." The official makes a casual gesture as though to express the remoteness of Europe and the insignificance of all plans and hopes one might have cherished in that other world. Karl obtains a job as a machinist and is very pleased — all the more so as the first meal offered to the new employees turns out to be unexpectedly opulent. This splendid dinner party, preceding the departure to Oklahoma, is the last scene we are

allowed to witness it. Karl Rosenman's wonderful performance in America. Kafka was particularly kind of this commanding character. He told us that he used to feel a desire to do it himself. With an enormous grace and ease, he performed the role of the professor, his energy and freedom, and perhaps even his homosexual and parents — "as by a divine spell."

Kafka himself was not in a position to describe these happy developments. The novel had to remain a fragment, and all of his major compositions, including his great work, *The Trial*, remained unfinished. He died in 1924, leaving behind him a vast and unexplored world of his own creation, and the unforgettable image of a man who had lived and died in the midst of a vast, unexplored world.

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MARGARET WEBSTER:

The Last of Shaw?

ERIC BENTLEY: *Reverend Shaw: New Directions.*

Mr. Shaw has lived another century. He has composed Mr. Bentley. In his mind, for Mr. Bentley is the first time in modern literature that a writer has been able to do this. He has composed Mr. Bentley. In his mind, for Mr. Bentley is the first time in modern literature that a writer has been able to do this. He has composed Mr. Bentley. In his mind, for Mr. Bentley is the first time in modern literature that a writer has been able to do this.

visions of our history. The Shaw was born over — which is in itself a whole new vision of our history.

It is extremely characteristic and clearly evident in the reading of the many books of Mr. Bentley. It is a vision which is not only a vision of the past, but a vision of the future. It is a vision which is not only a vision of the past, but a vision of the future. It is a vision which is not only a vision of the past, but a vision of the future.

Mr. Bentley's vision is not only a vision of the past, but a vision of the future. It is a vision which is not only a vision of the past, but a vision of the future. It is a vision which is not only a vision of the past, but a vision of the future. It is a vision which is not only a vision of the past, but a vision of the future.

This is the only way in which, in the history of the world, a person has been able to do this. It is a vision which is not only a vision of the past, but a vision of the future. It is a vision which is not only a vision of the past, but a vision of the future.

Mr. Bentley's vision is not only a vision of the past, but a vision of the future. It is a vision which is not only a vision of the past, but a vision of the future. It is a vision which is not only a vision of the past, but a vision of the future. It is a vision which is not only a vision of the past, but a vision of the future.