

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

...The colourful literary scene of the United States...

Mann, Klaus

Nutzungsbedingungen

Bei zahlreichen Dokumenten auf monacensia-digital.de sind die Urheberrechte bereits abgelaufen. Sie sind gemeinfrei und dürfen ohne weitere Rücksprache mit der Monacensia weiterverwendet werden.

Bei den Dokumenten, bei denen noch Urheberrechte bestehen, müssen für eine Weiterverwendung stets die Rechteinhaber*innen angefragt werden sowie eine Publikationsgenehmigung der Monacensia eingeholt werden. Das Zitatrecht bleibt hiervon unberührt.

Zur Erteilung einer Publikationserlaubnis wenden Sie sich bitte an:

Monacensia im Hildebrandhaus

Literaturarchiv

Adresse: Maria-Theresia-Straße 23, 81675 München

E-Mail: monacensia.literaturarchiv@muenchen.de

Terms of use

The copyrights for numerous documents on monacensia-digital.de have already expired. They are in the public domain and may be reused without further consultation with Monacensia. In the case of documents for which copyrights still exist, the copyright holders must always be contacted for further use and publication permission must be obtained from the Monacensia. The right to quote under copyright law remains unaffected by this. To obtain permission for publication, please contact:

Monacensia im Hildebrandhaus:

Literaturarchiv

Address: Maria-Theresia-Straße 23, 81675 München

E-Mail: monacensia.literaturarchiv@muenchen.de

look like death in any domain of public American life -- including the sphere of creative writing!

New promise - new
rejuvenation

The colourful literary scene of the United States is always teeming with promising juveniles, but there are not many mature, fully developed authors, and there are hardly any figures who would deserve to be called "grand old men of American letters."

H.L. Mencken might have become a "grand old man," but utterly failed to do so. The leading critic of the post-war period, author of The American Language and editor of The American Mercury, he has had, for a while, a decisive and most stimulating influence on American writing. But long since, this provocative and daring individualist has become a cranky reactionary -- sitting isolated in Baltimore and making angry cracks against democracy and progress in general, and against Mr. Roosevelt in particular. His autobiography -- of which a new volume, Heathen Days, has recently appeared -- shows still traces of the old, full-blooded, hard-striking Mencken, but is deplorably lacking in vision and novelty.

Even more melancholy is the case of Theodore Dreiser -- one of Mencken's most important literary discoveries. He, too, has turned "political," in a sterile and tiresome manner, and has established himself as a kind of quarrelsome "fellow traveller" of the Communist Party. His literary talent has withered. For years the author of An American Tragedy has not written anything of any interest.

Another American novelist who once enjoyed a considerable prestige -- Joseph Hergesheimer (now 64 years of age) -- came recently out with the following statement:

"Writing is a phony way to make a living. Words are used to put people into categories and then dismiss them, and another writer can

~~Room~~

What the writer forgot to
mention was that Sawoyan
himself - for all his
~~Sawoyan~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~an~~ ~~original~~
and the original reason of
his talent - is ~~undoubtedly~~
a ~~brave~~ ~~man~~ ~~talented~~ by
the Hollywood poison
has undoubtedly
been by no means
to the Hollywood poison
has already been ~~afflicted~~
by the ~~did not~~

His successful ~~novel~~ ~~A~~
Human Comedy, ~~novel~~
transformed into a ~~first~~ ~~pleasant~~
but by no means ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~very~~
fine, as almost without
change a ~~new~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~dialogue~~
or any ~~about~~ ~~the~~ ~~plot~~

use the same words to put the same people in different categories. If I were a young man, I'd rather spend my time piloting a bomber, becoming an engineer or a reporter. They are all more exciting professions. Let women write novels."

This is, in my opinion, one of the most stupid and most undignified cracks ever made by an aging craftsman about, or against, the craft that happens to be his own.

Sinclair Lewis is another important American novelist -- a much more important one than Hergesheimer, for that matter -- who seemed occasionally bored by his own profession. Writing, he said to friends and interviewers, was too solitary an occupation to suit his gregarious nature. He tried his luck as an actor, appearing in a dramatic version of his anti-Fascist novel, It Can't Happen Here, and was fairly successful; yet most critics seemed to agree that he was more gifted as a narrator than he was as a mime. Some of his recent books, even though they fall short of such American classics as Babbitt, Main Street, and Arrowsmith, testify to the freshness and vitality of his talent.

But the only one of the older generation of American novelists who has actually grown and developed during the past decade, and who still has something new and exciting to say, is that indestructible crusader and story-teller, Upton Sinclair. His new novel, Presidential Agent, has kept me ~~thrilled~~ and ~~amused~~ during many an evening in my cold, lonesome tent.

Presidential Agent, published in 1944, was ~~pre~~ preceded by four other volumes belonging to the same epic series -- World's End, Between Two Worlds, Dragon's Teeth (which won the important Pulitzer Prize, in 1943), and Wide is the Gate. The leading character of all those novels is ~~a~~ a young man by the name of Lanny Budd -- something an ideal hero: wealthy, brilliant, dynamic, idealistic. Lanny, son of

U.S. , that & ... , has
it has just passed,
and is still in the air
a

: a broad and
a kind of ramp. End of
history in form of a
admission point, or new
a series of ; or such,
the work in question is a

— from
the "Lange, book"
series, of which a
new installment, T.A.,
has recently been published.