

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

[Autobiographisches. Entwürfe u. Fragmente zu Interviews u. Autobiographien.]

Mann, Klaus

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Monacensia im Hildebrandhaus

Literaturarchiv

Adresse: Maria-Theresia-Straße 23, 81675 München

E-Mail: monacensia.literaturarchiv@muenchen.de

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1) Frage: Die unvermeidliche erste Frage, die jeder Interviewer jedem Schriftsteller stellt: Woran arbeiten Sie? Was sind Ihre literarischen Pläne?

Antwort: Aber Schriftsteller sind abergläubische Leute! Wir haben fixe Ideen - zum Beispiel die: dass es unserer Arbeit schädlich ist, wenn wir öffentlich über sie sprechen, so lange sie sich noch in einem frühen Stadium der Entwicklung befindet.

Frage: Aber Sie können doch wenigstens eine Andeutung machen...

3) Antwort: Es ist etwas Historisches - eine Serie von Essays, oder eigentlich von Portraits, ~~conzipiert und zusammengestellt in einem ganz bestimmten Zusammenhang, unter einem ganz besonderen Gesichtspunkt...~~

Die Arbeit ist diesmal noch abenteuerlicher und strapaziöser für mich, als irgendeines meiner früheren Unternehmen. Ich schreibe nämlich auf englisch, ohne einen deutschen Text vorher aufzusetzen.

Frage: Ist es Ihre erste Arbeit, die Sie gleich auf englisch machen?

Antwort: Meine erste grössere Arbeit. Mit Artikeln und den Notizen zu meinen Vorträgen habe ich schon früher angefangen. Es ging ganz leidlich. Ich habe mehrere Vortrags-Tournéen durch die Staaten hinter mir, und habe allerlei in amerikanischen Revuen veröffentlicht. Aber mit einem Buch ist es eine andre Sache. Man ist anspruchsvoller gegen sich selber. Man meint doch immer - ganz blöder und unbelehrbarer Weise - , dass ein Buch "etwas Bleibendes" ist, oder sein sollte... ~~auf deutsch ist es schwer genug. Und nun dieses immer-noch-halb-fremde Idiom...~~ Im Deutschen stehen mir die Worte zur Verfügung, ~~im genauen Sinn des Wortes~~. Sie warten gleichsam nur darauf, dass ich mich ihrer bediene. Ich kann aus dem Vollen schöpfen. Nach den englischen Worten aber muss ich immer noch suchen. Sie machen sich rar, Sie entschlüpfen. Umso grösser dann freilich die Befriedigung, wenn man das richtige, treffende, klingende endlich gepackt und festgehalten hat.

4.)

Frage Was hat Sie zu Ihrem Entschluss, englisch zu schreiben, veranlasst?

Antwort Bittere Notwendigkeit - aus Spass tut man so was nicht. Deutsche Bücher haben jetzt keinen Markt: wir sollten uns darüber nichts vor machen. Von meinem letzten Roman, den ich auf deutsch habe erscheinen lassen - beim Querido-Verlag in Amsterdam - sind, den Abrechnungen zufolge, knapp tausend Exemplare verkauft worden. ~~Se etwas ist doch beschämend.~~ Dabei halte ^{n/ viele meine Freunde} ich den "Vulkan" - das ist der Titel des Buches - für das Beste, was ich gemacht habe. ~~Mit den Büchern, die während der letzten Jahre von mir hier erschienen sind, habe ich entschieden mehr Glück gehabt. Es sind zwei essayistische Bücher, ich habe sie beide mit meiner Schwester Erika zusammen geschrieben - (übrigens noch auf deutsch. "Escape to Life" handelt von deutschen Intellektuellen im Exil. Boshafte Freunde haben es ein "Who is Who" der deutschen Emigration genannt. Das andere Buch, "The Other Germany", handelt von dem Problem, das uns heute mehr als alles andere beschäftigt und alarmiert: vom abgründigen Problem des deutschen Charakters...~~

Frage: Sie haben vorhin festgestellt, dass das nicht-gleichgeschaltete deutsche Buch im Augenblick so gut wie keinen Markt hat. War es während der ersten Jahre des Exils, von 1933 bis 36 etwa, viel besser?

Antwort: Ganz entschieden. Diese Jahre - long time ago! - kommen uns jetzt, vergleichsweise, paradiesisch vor. Die freiheitlichen deutschen Verlage in Amsterdam, Zürich, Paris und Prag hatten ^{noch} imposante Auflagen ziffern aufzuweisen. Es gab noch literarische deutsche Zeitschriften: ich hatte selber eine, "Die Sammlung", in Amsterdam. Es gab auch noch literarische Cabarets, für die wir arbeiten konnten. Meine Schwester hatte überall Erfolg mit ihrer "Pfeffermühle."

Frage: Haben Sie viel für die "Pfeffermühle" geschrieben?

Antwort: Nicht sehr viel, aber doch ein paar Dinge, die mir Freude gemacht haben. Wenn Sie erlauben, lese ich noch, zum Schluss, eine Probe vor. Es ist ein Gedicht, ^{von mir} das meine Schwester sehr oft und mit sehr viel Erfolg rezitiert hat. Es heisst "Brief" - der Brief an eine Freundin, deren Bruder sich das Leben genommen hat.

New York, abund.

Burlesque - Show. Die Amsterdamer - Damen. Das
Präblikation.

Rodeo. (Die Cow-Boys. St. Lawrence. Meinen
die wilden Kette sind.)

" Wien Rönt. "

" And Stars Remain. "

Yoon - Drama. ("The Big City.")

" The Laughing Woman. " (Helen Parker,
Tomio.)

Federal Theatre:

" Help Yourself! " (Ross.)

" Living Newspaper. "

--- Das Radio in den Taxen. Musik
und politische Propaganda --- Im Kino,
Apparate für Roosevelt und London:
für welche Staats-? Wenn diese
Zeiten im Dunkel sein, ist das
grosse Kampf noch immer ungelöst ---

10
Am Abend leuchtet der Broadway wie
ein Feuer. ~~Stadt~~ Stadt der
Stärken und dem blauen Mond, stehen
über den Dächern der Stadt New
York die Leuchttürme und die
Wunderwerke der Wissenschaften.
Die Gebäude der Dächer auf dem M.
sind grünlich, von den roten,
gelben und gelben Flammen der
Lichter und spielen sich auf den
Licht. Diese ringweise, beispiellose
Aufwand an Licht, die Leuchten, die Leuchten,
grünen, leuchten, wie Leuchten
Licht, von den Dächern auf dem
Broadway daher, wie Leuchten, 90 Leuchten,
für ^{den Bereich} Kino und auch "Theater-
Show" anzuzeigen.

Vor den Theatern, in denen "Theater-
Show's" gibt, stehen die Leuchten: ein
von allen jungen Mädchen die vor der Kamera,
die mit Leuchten auf die Bühne, Solange
stehen.

I remember: the long evenings, in ~~the~~ Munich, or at the country when he
^{at home} read the beautiful stories by Goethe, ^{by} Dickens, ^{or} Tolstoi, ^{or} Dostojewski
^{wonderful story of Tom Sawyer} ... Or, when he would play the grammophon, great pieces out of the

symphonies of Beethoven, Mozart, Brahms, or Wagner, or else Italian
music... Especially extiting it was, when he started improvising on ~~t~~
the piano, himself. We always recogniced, then, the same sad and intense
melodie; later, we learned, it was a motive out of "Tristan and Isolde"
his favorite opera, ^{which} he enjoied to play so much...

Then, there were the dayly walks with the parents - pretty long
walks, as a matter of fact - we ^{large} children thaught, sometimes: too
long. Since I remember, there was hardly one day, that my father
missed his dayly promenade. With him is always a dog. He loves dogs.
Two of these beasts who were for a long time with him, he portrayed
in his books. The first one was really called "Motz", and got in the
novel "Royal Highness" the smarter name "Percy"; the other one kept
in the story "The Dog and his Master" his real name "Bauschan".

^{Continued: Dime. Com.} Since I can remember, my father had always the same - almost
pedandic - schedule. He rises rather ~~early~~, around eight o'clock.
After the breakfast, ^{he} has his working hours, from nine to twelve.
He never ~~writes~~ ^{writes} anything - besides letters - after noon. From twelve
o'clock ^{at} until the time of luncheon - half past one - he walks - some
times ^{of just} with his dog ~~only~~; sometimes with members of the family or
with friends -; after the meel, he rests, and after the five o'clock
tea, he is reading / or writing letters or notes. He doesn't care very
much for big parties but he enjois it, to have a few friends for
dinner. He likes the theater very much, too. In spite of not being
scutally a playwright, for his own part, his interest in the stage
is very keen. In Munich - where he lived so many yaers - he never

missed an opening night, in the Schauspielhaus - and in Zürich, Switz=
erland - where he is settled now - one can see him in the theater
almost every week ~~once~~ once. - - His interest in the movies is less
serious. They mean for him more something like a recreation. But some=
times he is very enthusiastic, especially about American films.
I remember how thrilled he was, for example, when he saw the picture
"Mr. Deeds goes to town". He repeated, during the dinner, many details
details, and laughed, and was in a especially good ~~temper~~ ^{mood} for the
whole evening...

Besides literature and philosophy, without any doubt, music is
the main interest, the great passion of his life. I ~~think~~ think, there
(i) not one book, and hardly one greater essay, of my father, where
he does not ~~mention music and~~ emphasize his deep love for music.
Richard Wagner's art, ^{above all} ~~especially~~, plays a dominating role in his life
... He is, indeed, more a man of the ears than of the eyes; a person
more auric than visual. He is less interested in painting than in
music. - I should say, that, after literature, philosophy and music,
his main interest is medicine. The problem of the disease
we find in almost all his works. His knowledge in medical questions
is sometimes astonishing. Many people thought, that the "Magic Mountain"
, for instance, was written by a professional doctor.
If somebody would meet my father, without knowing who he really
is, he would guess, maybe, that he was a doctor. He doesn't look at all
like an "artist" - in the popular sense of the word. He looks, as a
matter of fact, very dignified and civilized - somehow like a German
professor who is living in Oxford, ^{for} England, since several years.
In his character, there is a strange mixture of shyness and affection
, of modesty and pride. He has the habit, to be very friendly with

almost everybody; but it is pretty hard, to become really his friend. There are very few people he actually dislikes; and there ^{are} extremely few persons he is really devoted to.... It may seem strange, that a man, who has an international pedagogical influence in the world at large - is not actively so, in his own home. Concerning his own children, he is more observant than teaching. He is - as a matter of fact - ^{an} ideal father - I must emphasize this - : because he likes his children ^{begin to be} independent, and he gives ~~us~~ every freedom to them. This was especially obvious, when we - I mean: my sister Erika and myself - had our excentric period, our wild years. He was, then, maybe, sometimes, a bit sorrowful; but very rarely he became really angry. He just observed us - with a smile, and sometimes, ^{no} probably, a little astonished - , and then he described, what he saw, in an excellent short story, called "Early sorrow". (Unordnung....)

- When I started writing myself - and I did so in the age of ^{nine} ~~thirteen~~ - I showed him my first novelette - a rather childish little piece of work, dealing with the problems which ~~it~~ excite a young boy. I always will remember his gentle criticism. He said to me, with a smiling - which was a little ironic, but not ^{at} ~~in~~ a ^{all} in a cruel way -: "I read it without displeasure."
.... It always was ^{a sort of a festival} ~~an outstanding pleasure~~ for us youngsters, when our father spoke to us about his own childhood. The conditions and circumstances of his youth are familiar to every cultured German, since my father himself described them in the many stories, and, ^{above all} ~~especially~~, in his most famous novel, "Die Buddenbrooks". There, he gives the most intense and impressiv picture of the house of a patrician North German family, in Lubeck, where he was born. His

very beautiful and very musical mother was a foreigner: she came from the south. His father was the type of the dignified North German merchant. The problem of the blending of race - North and South - is treated by my father in several of his works - especially in his story "Tonio Kroeger" - , and by his brother Heinrich Mann, in his novel "Between Races."

In "Buddenbrooks" he describes his whole family. ~~Other~~ Other Lubeck families he portrayed in this novel / went even to court about it, against him. He defended himself in a great article, called "Bilse and I". ("Bilse" was the "nom de plume" of a German officer, who portrayed the conditions in a small garrison, in a rather scandalous manner. His book made, at its time, a sort of a cheap sensation.) - My father won the case - because he could prove to the court, that mention of these Lubeck people was not made for the purpose of insulting them, or of creating sensation - but ^{that} it fitted into the general picture of his work, and that it was even necessary for it.

As a very young man he left Lubeck. Then, ^{that} came in his life a period, he spent with his brother Heinrich in Italy, in a little place near Rome. His mother, in the meantime, settled in Munich. There, ^{they} my father lived, too - in a furnished room, like a student. He published his first short stories, in the famous Munich funny weekly, "Simplicissimus" - whose editor, at this time, was Jakob Wassermann. - By the way: in this period of his life, my father was not only active as a literary man, but on other fields of art, as well. He enjoyed it, for instance, a great deal, to make caricatures. There exists a most amusing ~~picture~~ illustrated little book, whose ~~words~~ verses and pictures my father created, together with his brother Heinrich, for their young, attractive sister, Carla. The caricatures

in this booklet, have a very personal and impressiv style; they are witty, very grotesc, and rather melancoly... He showed his talent as an actor, as well. Ibsens "The Wild Duck" was produced by a group of students and young writers, for the first time in Munich, and my father was pretty successful playing an important role in this play.

But, life has its serious and desagreable sides, too. The young author had to serve his one obligatory year, in the army. After a few weeks, he was taken ill - because his feet could not stand the goose-stepping. While he was in the military hospital, he sent the huge hand-written manuscript of "Buddenbrooks" to the Berlin publisher, Samuel Fischer.

Fischer accepted the manuscript/ but wanted to condense it/ to half its length. From the military hospital ^{my father} he wrote a touching letter to Fischer: " From the very depths of my heart/ I beseech/you to publish the manuscript in its entirety! " The " Buddenbrocks" were published in two volumes. Success came slowly but steadily. ^{- 1933 -} At the time my Father left Germany more than a million copies of the book had been sold. ^{San Marino} He was a frequent guest in the home of the Pringsheim family ~~in Munich~~, who dispensed hospitality on a large scale. The painters Lenbach, Kaulbach, etc. met/ at the Pringsheim home/ with musical celebrities, such as Gustav Mahler and the famous Munich conductors Levy and Mettl, and the aristocracy of the Royal court. ^{The young author} He met the daughter of the house/ and became engaged to her; the story of their romance, he tells, in somewhat disguised form in his novel " Koenigliche Hoheit" (Royal Highness).

Since then he lives with our Mother a very quiet life, replete with concentrated work.

In his various novels you will find impressions/ he received jointly with my Mother, during their travels. For instance my Mother had to spend several months at a sanatorium in ^{Switzerland} Daves, because of a slight illness and it was there my Father received the first impressions for the "Magic Mountain", Or, during their several trips to Italy/ he got the ideas for his story " Death in Venice" or "Mario and the Magician".



Immediately before the outbreak of the war in 1914, my parents moved into a home in Munich, where they lived ~~in~~ until 1933, when the Nazis took it away from them.

Their summer home, in Bad Teelz, in the Bavarian Alps, they sold in 1918 and invested the proceeds in war loan, which a few months later was absolutely worthless.

They also lost another small summer home situated on the Baltic Sea, in ^{now} Lithuania (Nidden), inaccessible to them now because it can only be reached through Germany.

Through all these years my Father's work grew and received an ever increasing resonance throughout the world, which culminated in the Nobel prize.

If I have to speak about
my father as a writer,
you must allow me to
become a little more
abstract.

Had secret pedagogical intentions possibly prompted him to speak to us of his own youth, his development, his life? It happened only rarely, only exceptionnally; maybe that is why we were so deeply impressed by what he told us. Incidentally the anecdotes from his childhood were by no means "moralizing"; not at all "pedagogical" in the usual sense of the word. Nevertheless in some way, that is not easily explicable, they had the power to enlighten us and to stimulate our ambition.

Our Father confessed: as a boy he had been very lazy - ; not thoroughly lazy, of course - for he had been an avid reader, had played the violin and written poetry - ; he had, however, been a lazy pupil, received poor marks and besides he had been refractory toward his teachers. He told us many tales about the teachers in his native town, Luebeck - to us one story seemed more humorous than the other.- And he also told us about the fine old patrician home in which he grew up - to this day it is shown to visitors as the Buddenbrook-House, although the man, who was born there has been living in exile for some time, as a traitor to his country - ; he told us about the room which he shared with his brother Heinrich for many years, of his grave, very correct father, of his beautiful mother, who hailed from Brazil. - "And then?" we inquired, "After you left Luebeck and were no longer a school-boy, what happened?" - It might

occur that on such occasions he wasn't inclined to talk and answered only briefly: "Well - then I had grown up, of course." Sometimes, however, he was more talkative. He sat in his arm-chair - a particularly nice old arm-chair, which he uses to this day - , his legs crossed, a cigar in his mouth, and said: "Yes, then the years in Munich followed - we left Luebeck soon after the death of my father, your grandfather. At that time I had already begun to write -or, to be more exact: I had never stopped...But the family was of the opinion that I should have a 'regular profession'. For a while I worked for an insurance company - but only for a short time; I knew that wasn't the right thing for me; I had other plans..." Then he would smile mysteriously, almost gayly, as though the thought of those "other plans" then already shyly enshrined in his heart, amused him. "Military service was definitely n o t the right thing for me", he continued, "my feet could not get used to the ideal German gait, commonly known as 'march past'; I became quite ill, was taken to the hospital and had to be released from military service after a few weeks.- I was more fortunate in another position, which I accepted about that time: I was made editor of 'Simplicissimus'- you know that magazine with the funny pictures, a copy of which you will always find on my desk. The first money I ever earned was paid by this magazine. They had accepted one of my short stories and the publisher remunerated me with three shining gold pieces - : to this day I can feel them as they lay in my hand then. The man who presented these first gold

pieces to me was Jakob Wassermann!" - "The real, dear old Jakob Wassermann?" we asked. "Have you known him that long?" - "Yes", he said, " I have known him that long. And we were always good friends." -

Beautiful evening hours under the lamp, the air filled with heavy blue cigar smoke - : that was almost better, than being read to. - Our Father spoke to us: of Italy, where he had spent several years, together with our Uncle Heinrich. "It was there I began my work on 'Buddenbrooks'. At first I wasn't at all serious about it. I thought to myself: why not tell a little about Luebeck? I have so many memories ...that will amuse my friends in Munich ...And then the book increased in volume - I was terrified at such a growth ... but I soon realized that was the only way; not one bit of it must be eliminated. That is the reason why I was so very much upset by the cruel suggestion of my publisher in Berlin, dear old S. Fischer- then quite a young man - to curtail the material to half its size, so that it could be published in one volume. I was quite unwilling to do this. While it was really meant only as sort of a jest for my friends, yet it was to be a very e x h a u s t i v e jest. I wrote Fischer: 'I cannot permit deletions! I would rather abandon the publication!' I was taking a great risk; but I was fortunate - and Fischer listened to reason ... The novel appeared in two volumes and gave pleasure not only to my Munich friends. Success came gradually - not with exaggerated speed, but steadily. And now the 'Buddenbrooks' have become so famous..."

(sent to Mr. Brooks), *separately beside*
the other pages indicated
by you.

It sounded almost melancholy, just as though fame meant a kind of degradation. ("Fame is the sum total of all misunderstandings circulated about a person", Rainer Maria Rilke says in one of his works).

"And then? And then?" - We wanted to hear still more; it was so fine and exciting to learn a great deal of our Father's life; to determine that he, too, - our Father!- had been young once, had played silly pranks, that he, too, had to struggle for his first success.- "And then?" - Now , however, he adopted the manner of the teller of tales. He took our Mother's hand and caressed it a little, while slowly he said: "And then one day I was invited to a beautiful home in Munich. I went there often - as often as possible and there **were** special reasons why I did. For the daughter of the house was so pretty and so clever and quite unusual in every respect - like a little Princess." - Possibly he would have told us more, - and we would have given anything to just be permitted to go on listening- ; but our Mother suddenly said: "Now it's high time to go to bed, children!"

(Continue with: Our Mother was often troubled, etc.)

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The life of our Mother is not at all like that of a Princess, we know that, - although we, too, think she almost looks like a real princess, - with her heavy dark crown of hair, her wise expressive eyes and her many embroidered frocks, we call "the Bulgarian frocks", because they strike us as vaguely exoticallly oriental. Princesses are genteel but

inactive, while our Mother is activity personified. But whether Princess or not,- we believe she's quite an exceptional person. But perhaps everybody thinks that of their Mother. All the same,- what she does is really exceptional. Six children in times like these,- and she is not strong either. After the war she was rather ill; she weighed less than seven stones and had to be sent to a sanatorium. A number of the graphic letters she wrote to our Father from Davos he used in the "Magic Mountain". -- She is the best thing in life for all of us. And each of us is her "favorite in their own way",- that's one of her comforting jokes. She finds time to look after all of us and to be our Father's secretary, impresario, and assistant at the same time. She writes his letters, types his MS., negotiates with his publishers and it is to her that he reads aloud in the evening what he has written during the day. She is his courier and chauffeur too. We really believe it right to say that she is exceptional. Of course she was often troubled because we were so naughty.

(Continue with: we were, for instance, great liars, etc.)

In spite of the troubled times, life in our home for the ten years following the end of the World War was comparatively tranquil until 1929. Only after the first decisive election successes of the Nazis in September 1929 did politics have a disturbing influence on our home life.

(continue with: Politics, that calamity of the grown-ups etc.)

Of course, - now we were poor. And our Mother must often have been more disturbed than she permitted us to see, because she didn't know how things could continue this way. Everything our Father had achieved and earned, - yes, even the honor bestowed upon him by the Swedish Academy, the Nobel Prize, had been taken from us. There must be a new beginning, - in foreign countries and languages.

(Continue with: We went down, etc.).

Erika was the only one who returned to Munich. Our Father had left the MS. of his Joseph novel at our home on the Isar, when he went to France and Switzerland, for what he then thought was a few weeks' vacation. Now the house was confiscated and watched,- but we would and could not leave the MS. to the Nazis. Erika went to Munich. She donned dark glasses,- so as to be unrecognizable,- as a matter of fact they only made her more conspicuous. It was all very uncomfortable. And two moments will always be indelibly engraved in her memory, one when she opened the door with her trusty old house-key, without attracting the attention of the Nazi guards,- the other when she crept up the stairs, where so many scenes of our childhood had taken place, picked up the voluminous MS. and like a thief ran into her own room with her treasure. At that time there wasn't the dreadful order at the border, that would cost her her life, were she to appear there today. MS. and Erika reached Sanary, where we were spending the summer, safe and sound.

(Continue with: some big new chapters, etc.).

In our lives - the lives of his children -this work has played at least as decisive a part, as the person of its creator, the person of our Father. The fame of a Father may have a manifold significance for his children, who also have artistic ambitions and believe that they, too, possess some creative power. As far as their own development is concerned the Father's fame on the one hand will be a most dangerous handicap, on the other hand the greatest stimulus, the force that drives them on; that urges them again and again to give their best. When the son of a great writer writes books of his own, many people shrug their shoulders. In France it quite often happens that whole families write; in Germany it was rare, and was regarded as almost unseemly. Even in the rest of the world, the mixture of condescending patronage and hyper-criticism with which people usually approach the son of a great writer rather hinders than helps him. But he has to come to terms with it. Everyone has to come to terms with his own fate, and every fate has its complications...When we were very young our verdict on our Father's work was a combination of boundless admiration and a rebellious spirit of contradiction. One became more composed, more quiet; one tried to be "objective".

(Continue with: It is difficult, etc.)/

A FAMILY AGAINST A DICTATORSHIP

(Lecture, delivered in Carthage, Mo., for the Episcopalian Men's Club, on October ; and in Joplin, Mo., for the Association of University Women, on November 13, 1943.)

Contrast between my present status as an American soldier and my past as a European writer, globetrotter, etc.
Didn't have to undergo transformation as an isolated individual:
f a m i l y traveled and changed with me...

Survey of present whereabouts and activities of my parents, brothers, sisters, -- all of them trying, in one way or another, to contribute to Allied war effort.

Looking back.... Childhood memories. A typical German cultured middle class family -- hardly interested in politics. Description of our life in Munich, Germany; theatrical, literary, musical interests... German culture at the time of Weimar Republic... My father's work... Beginning of my own literary career... Travels; trip around the world, etc.

Meanwhile, Nazi danger increasing. We realize at last seriousness of situation; begin to fight Hitler (1930)

1933: Hitler comes to power; we go into exile.
Literary and political activities in exile (Zuerich, Amsterdam, Prague, etc.) We consider it our main task to warn the world against Nazis, to reveal Hitler's scheme of world conquest, etc.

Our warnings ignored -- considered "exaggerated," colored by resentment...
APPEASEMENT policy.....: climaxing in the surrender of MUNICH
(Sept., 1938)

Family moves to U.S.A. We continue our work in this country.
(Princeton; Hollywood; lecture tours, etc.)

1939....: our hope for German revolution frustrated...
Global war: U.S. inevitably involved. (Arguments with Isolationists...)

My eagerness to join Army (as a matter of course...)

Certainty of victory.
Prospects of post-War world. (Significance of Moscow parley)
Length of War in Europe depends on German morale...
Symptoms of crumbling morale in the Reich. Significance of Allied propaganda (in addition to military successes).



F/200000