

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

"Misunderstood Woman", and Modern Girl.

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

"Misunderstood Women", and Modern Girl.

By Klaus Mann.

The literary ~~great~~ grandmama.

The dubious habit of writing books seems to be a hereditary vice ⁱⁿ ~~to~~ my family. The fact that, at this moment, five members of the Mann tribe, including myself, keep on writing and publishing ^{literary stuff} may be disturbing enough. But I am tainted with the "literary disease" not only from my father's side. My mother's family is responsible too, although she herself, being the most original personality among ~~all of~~ us, never has written a single line for public consumption. Her mother, ~~however, my grandmama, Frau Hedwig~~ ^{wife of the noted mathematician and art collector A. P. Pringsheim-Dohm,} was somewhat less restrained. She was not entirely satisfied with her reputation of being one of the most attractive ladies of the pre-war Munich "beau monde", and felt it was not quite enough to enjoy quietly her social position as the beloved wife of an important mathematician and art collector. She is eighty five years old today, and still very goodlooking, ~~with her fine white hair, and the intelligent face of a French~~ ^{ed} ~~marquis of the XVIII. century.~~ When she was around seventy years old, she suddenly ~~started~~ ^{ed} writing her memoirs for a dignified Berlin daily paper, the Vossische Zeitung. After a ~~period~~ ^{while}, however, ~~she got tired of recalling the charms of the "good old days" for a spoiled modern public,~~ she stopped writing articles. ^{is not} You see, ~~she is not really,~~ ^{is not} a professional author. ^{is not} Her true talent ~~always was, and still is,~~ the writing of long amusing or philosophical letters. She has addressed several thousands of such

epistles to her mother, my great-grandmother, Frau Hedwig Dohm.
~~And~~ ^{certainly} ~~she~~ was a professional author, and a pretty productive one too.

~~I hate the idea of being unfair toward my distinguished an-
cestress. But ~~it is~~ afraid I have to make the statement - not without
a certain amount of bitterness - that she, dear old Hedwig Dohm,
brought the dangerous germ of literary ambition into our clan.~~

I knew her slightly when I was a kid. She was imposing, ~~although~~
~~rather short~~, and had a definite resemblance with the composer
Friedrich Liszt, who used to be one of her friends. Somebody ob=
served ^{that} she looked like a very intelligent old man who ^{his} looks ^{like}
like a very intelligent old woman. ~~This sounds a bit confused and~~
paradoxical; but think over it, and you may find out, there are
people who do look that way - Miss Gertrude Stein, par exemple.
^{My} ~~great~~-grandmama, I must admit, was not quite as excitingly
gifted as Gertrude Stein. Yet she was not bad on the whole, and
certainly ~~she~~ had a very strong character, and a generous ~~heart~~
heart.

She belonged to that highly civilized "old Berlin" society
which so vividly is described in the fine novels by Theodor
Fontane - an excellent author, unfortunately almost unknown ab=
road. She knew ^(Alexander von Humboldt) Bismarck, and Richard Wagner, and ^{other} ~~all that kind of~~
"historical personalities". ~~Her husband, the journalist Ernst~~
~~Dohm, was among the founders and editors of the satirical paper~~
~~"Der Kladderadatsch" which was as popular and politically influ-~~
~~ential at these far-away days, as "Der Simplicissimus" became in~~
~~Munich, a decade later.~~

Marking
To make intimate confessions to professional writers is a dangerous thing to do. Authors, as everybody knows, are awfully indiscreet, and very cynical in a naïve and thoughtless manner. The countless letters my grandmother wrote to my ~~great~~-grandmother, actually represent^e a diary, the detailed chronicle of her daily life. Dear old Hedwig Dohm, however, although being a loving and beloved mother, above all was an author. Consequently, her daughter's interesting confessions meant to her a lot of stimulating literary material. ~~Authors are in the nasty habit of using every kind of material they can grasp.~~ So ^{she} my grand-grandmother carefully kept all the letters ~~she received from my grandmother,~~ and ~~eventually she~~ composed a novel of them, ~~and~~ My grandmother's friends were deeply shocked as they recognized their portraits in my grand-grandmother's story. Hedwig Dohm's book created a real scandal within the smart set of Munich; ~~and~~ everybody was very angry, and many women, who had nothing to do but gossiping, bitterly kept on asking: "How could Frau Dohm, far away at Berlin as she is, get knowledge of our private affairs?" The answer was simple enough. My grandmother, and nobody else, was the ~~traitress~~. Her position grew most embarrassing. People boycotted her house, being afraid that every word they would utter in Madame Fringsheim's salon may be reported, a few hours later, to Berlin, where Madame Dohm would use it as psychological material. One of the ladies, whose character was described in not too flattering terms by my ~~great~~-grandmother, went as far as to spit at my grandmother on the street. After having done so, she cried: "Pfui!" My grandmother, of course, was petrified. Still, she had to take it since she was

devoted to her mother, and admired her, and felt the scandalous novel was a highly significant piece of work. When I myself recently re-read the book in question, "Sibilla Dalmar", I was amused, and touched, and I laughed, and finally I became very reflective...

"la femme du monde"

The novel "Sibilla Dalmar" by Hedwig Dohm (published in 1895) tells the story of an elegant young woman, who is very cultured, fairly intelligent, and absolutely unsatisfied. ~~Apparently she is wealthy, although this essential fact does not play any important part in the composition. There is a definite lack of that cool, half ironical realism ~~clear~~ we find, for instance, in the brilliant tales of Jane Austen. ("Emma Woodhouse, handsome, clever, and rich, with a comfortable home and happy disposition...") In Sibilla Dalmar's life, however, that "interesting twilight" is reigning which seems so characteristic for the boudoirs, the psychological problems, and the artistic style of the Nineteenth.~~

What a strange, forgotten world - the world of that wealthy, problematic lady. ^(Her existence) ~~Everything~~ seems very complicated, and, at the same time, exceedingly cosy. There is no scare of the "totalitarian war", no cruel pressure of the "totalitarian state". Life is comfortably arranged - for the "upper classes". ~~The problems~~ It is a private life, people have private affairs, private problems. And still, they take their "private problems" very seriously. They are suffering. Sibilla Dalmar is suffering a great deal.

She doesn't love her husband, or, ~~in any case,~~ she does not love him enough. She is daringly playing with the idea of cheating him, but never does, for she wants to remain a "decent woman". She has

a sort of idealistic flirt with some handsome youth, who is active as a guide in the Bavarian mountains. She adores him for he ^{being} is so very strong, and "primitive", and quite different from everybody she ^{ever} knew. Nothing happens ^{between them.} She goes on reading Nietzsche, and Tolstoi, and Ibsen, and writing cleverly naïve letters to her mother about everything she read. She thinks her mother, although being the most wonderful woman on earth, has no adequate ~~idea~~ conception of the interesting confusion in her daughter's life. She writes to her:

"Mutti, Mutti, Du Kind, ich habe Dich im Verdacht, dass Du nichts weisst, nichts, ahnst. Du liebst noch immer in diesem naiven Schäferland, vor Erschaffung des fin de siècle, der Decadence, des Naturalismus, Nietzscheanismus u.s.w." -;

an outburst which sounds pretty childish to us. She is very proud of the morbid elements in her mixed character. She is posing in fantastic costumes for fashionable painters. She has mildly "socialistic" trends, and attends a smart party dressed up like a peasant girl, just in order to "épater les bourgeois". On the other hand, she is snobbish, and gets terribly angry about one of her friends, who dared to ask her to a "plebeian" party, instead of inviting her to the "aristocratic" gathering ~~she had had~~, a few days before. "Wenn ich mich amüsiere," writes Madame Damlmar, with justified indignation, "dann ^{bin} ich gar nicht so. Aber wenn ich mich obendrein noch langweile, nein, dann mache ich die sittliche Ent-rüstung mit!" For the "plebeian" party, over and above, was a bore. Almost everything is a bore to Sibilla. ~~Damlmar~~. She is boundlessly curious, and always disappointed. She is very attractive, utterly spoiled, fairly gifted, and occasionally pretty nasty. ~~She describes~~

her own character ⁱⁿ with these terms: "Dass ich nervös, capricios, bezaubernd, abstossend, Vampyr, Sphinx u.s.w. bin, versteht sich eigentlich bei einer Weltdame von selbst. Ich bin von einer feinen, heimlich lauernden, grausamen Neugierde, kapabel, das Herz eines Menschen zu martern..." ~~She is bored because nothing happens. She is depressed, for she has nothing to do, and~~ ^{she} feels her life to be empty, and that ^{is} she is wasting her fine gifts. In her ~~own~~ ^{opinion}, the world is not appreciating the real Sibilla Dalmar, ~~but misunderstands her.~~ She is the "misunderstood woman" par excellence. She should have a job, that is the trouble with her. ~~Her existence would be less dreary if it would be made less easy to her. She should work.~~ And that is exactly what the author herself, Hedwig Dohm, apparently thinks about her interesting heroine. *She is a little and a woman people like. ... (C. G.)*

"Equal Right"

She is a little and a woman people like. ... (C. G.)
Nothing to do...
For my great-grandmother had very serious pedagogical intention when she wrote down Sibilla Dalmar's glamorous and gloomy life story. She wanted to bring home to her audience, how hopeless conditions for females still were. ^{She is a little and a woman people like. ... (C. G.)} Sibilla Dalmar was doomed, because the reactionary society which was hers, did not give her a decent chance. She was not allowed to study, she could not become a doctor, or a newspaper correspondent, or the owner of a nice little book shop. All ~~this~~ ^{that} kind of thing just was "not done" in her circles. She was supposed to spend her days between her boudoir and the kitchen, and the only task she had, was to look charming while receiving guests. So she got nervous, everybody would. So she read Schopenhauer, and Dostojewsky, and didn't quite understand what ~~was~~ ^{was} all about, and finally she got the mania in her mind that she,

poor problematic ~~little~~ Sibilla, was "misunderstood". And she ruined her life. ~~Perhaps she would have been fairly happy as a screen writer, or as the President of a progressive girls' college.~~ My great-grandmother, ~~very angrily,~~ accuses society: "It's your fault! You have killed this precious human being!" *The old lady* ~~She~~ took it very very seriously, her fight for the "equal right" of women. ~~She wrote many pamphlets, and novels, and articles, some of them are dull, some of them are impressive, all of them are~~ thoroughly honest. ~~She kept on writing flamboyant and~~ polemic *She is mostly annoyed with people, certain men* against people whom she called "Antifeministen" - which means, men opposed to equal rights for womanhood. She attacked Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche, and Strindberg, and Guy de Maupassant, for their lukewarm or openly hostile attitudes ~~concerning~~ *toward* the question of female rights. She was an ardent suffragette, and preached girls should study, and have a profession, and ~~should~~ *must* be at least as cultured and experienced as her husbands pretend to be. ~~How could true comradeship, real friendship ever be possible between married people, as long as they are living on a different intellectual level?~~ This is one of her angry questions. She denied with indignation that females, by nature, were more inclined to intrigues or vanity, or were weaker, or less trustworthy, or less truthful than men. All these disagreeable qualities, my great-grandmother explained, were just the consequence of the oppression women had to endure through the centuries. Even physically, she said, women may become as strong and efficient as men ~~sometimes and~~ *(are supposed to be)* she attacked professors who had spread the erroneous doctrine of the female body being less tough than the male constitution. She scolded

men altogether for their considering women merely as lovely toys.
~~She ^{is} definitely disagreed with Jean Jacques Rousseau who wrote~~
~~this dubious sentence: "La femme est faite spécialement pour plaire~~
~~à l'homme." My grand-grandmother proved Rousseau was mistaken.~~
~~"Women are not ^{just} ~~just on~~ there to please men!" she exclaimed.~~ "They
 have their own lives, their own troubles, and their own inspirations!"
~~She was very brave, and utterly persistent, and sometimes a little~~
~~funny.~~

a person of her stamp

and silly.

But to laugh at ~~her~~ would be a very wrong ~~and wicked thing to~~
~~do.~~ For the things she said, and repeated again and again, certainly
 were daring things, at that time, and new and important things too.
 Certain notions which seem to be matters-of-course for our gene=
 ration, had to be discovered ~~by courageous men and women.~~

The problem of the "misunderstood woman" is the problem of the
 gifted woman who has nothing to do. The most fascinating represen=
 tative of this unhappy type is Hedda Gabler, the famous character
 created by Henrik Ibsen. As a matter of fact, Sibilla Dalmar is
 nothing but a minor sister of the mysterious northern lady, the
 cruel Norwegian sphinx, who is playing with men, and ~~with~~ guns, and
~~with hysterical~~ *pathological* ideas. Hedda, of course, is more charming, and, therefore
 much more dangerous than Sibilla. The latter just goes on writing
 letters - which comparatively is a harmless thing to do - , while
 Ibsen's "misunderstood lady" amuses herself by driving her poet
 friend into suicide; then she burns his thick manuscript - sitting
 on the open fire like a sinister modern witch - , and finally she
 kills herself, after having plaid "a wild dance tune" on the piano.
 Hedda Gabler, the bourgeois "vamp" who is afraid ~~to~~ of being bored
 "to death", is dominated by the idée fixe of what she calls

*She is not only different
 and has Sibilla's
 may be a very*

*She is
 fearful
 bored.*

Many of Ibsen's female characters are possessed with certain manias and idées fixes, and we may remember that those northern ladies used to influence the moral and esthetic attitude of women all over the world. While Hedda Gabler, the "bourgeois vamp", seems to be crazy for "dying in beauty", little Nora, the touching heroine of the "Doll's House", stubbornly keeps waiting for "the miracle". She amazes her husband, a decent lawyer, by telling him, all of a sudden, that he never understood her, and treated her like a little doll. After having cried out the awful truth, she rushes away, leaving her husband for good, running after the "miracle" like a hunter after the stag...



Why had ^{a sacrifice} Hedda Gabler to die "in beauty" and horror? Why had little Nora to give up her husband, child, and home? What was that "miracle" they expected - and missed? My clever great-grandmother would answer us this: "It is very simple! The desired miracle will turn out to be - the equal right for women!" She had the firm belief that women in our century will be perfectly happy. She watched with a touching enthusiasm the dawn of a new and better day. The old fighter enjoyed the consoling of a "midday sun that will shine to womanhood of the twentieth century."

Why had Hedda Gabler to die "in beauty" and horror? Why had little Nora to give up her husband, child, and home? What was that "miracle" they expected - and missed? My clever great-grandmother would answer us this: "It is very simple! The desired miracle will turn out to be - the equal right for women!" She had the firm belief that women in our century will be perfectly happy. She watched with a touching enthusiasm the dawn of a new and better day. The old fighter enjoyed the consoling of a "midday sun that will shine to womanhood of the twentieth century."

The Modern Girl.

There we are, the mighty midday sun is shining. Women are not misunderstood any longer, but thoroughly analysed, and they must not waste their talents anymore, but are invited to become professors, journalists, pilots, and even secretaries of labour. Very few husbands still would think of treating their wives like dolls; on the contrary, women are rather inclined to look at men with a blending of contempt and tenderness. Hedda Gabler has the chance to "work in beauty", and little Nora finally has found her "miracle". Is it quite as wonderful as she expected it to be? It is a hard miracle, to tell the truth, and it is not so very romantic. Is Nora able to face it? Does she have the strength to endure eight hours a day in an office, or in a laboratory? - There can't be any doubt, she is strong enough. As a matter of fact, she has become pretty tough, our little Nora... Finally she has got what she kept asking for. I would like to find out whether or not she is enjoying her triumph. She won't tell me, for she is very proud.

Gains - and losses.
Let us consider the gains,
you begin with.

Women ^{must} ~~should~~ not underrate what they actually gained. It is a lot, there are very precious achievements which should not only be enjoyed but defended. For this new "bill of equal rights" ^{people} ~~of womanhood~~ by no means is so safe a good as certain optimistic ^{must} ~~might~~ think ~~it to be~~. Every progress of civilization ~~should~~ be carefully guarded, and bravely defended. Prejudices which the intelligent élite kept fighting for centuries, may come back, and become powerful again, within years or months. We have to witness, these days, how in certain European countries women are being forced, once more, to "return to the kitchen", and to renounce their higher ambitions. Considering events and tendencies of that kind, women should appreciate the fair chances they still have in the still-democratic countries.

"Equal right", however, inevitably means equal responsibility. Probably it was more convenient to be a "misunderstood woman" than to lead the life of a modern girl. Hedda Gabler and Sibilla Dalmar ^(the twilight of) "suffered", dreaming in their boudoirs about the "free love", the banality of their busy husbands, the "superman", and Richard Wagner's stimulating ~~music~~. They were sophisticated, and very ignorant. They had not the slightest idea of what was really going on in the world. The modern girl, on the other hand, is not allowed to remain aloof any longer. There are very realistic problems she has to face, and very hard tasks ~~she is supposed~~ ^{perform} she is supposed to ~~perform~~. Since women were tired of being treated like dolls, and spoiled like babies; since they had the ambition of becoming "comrades" of men, they are bound to share now

hardships and boredom of male life. The newly conquered independence means fun and adventure, sometimes... But, more frequently, it means monotony, and a great deal of disappointment, ~~and a definite lack of romanticism.~~ ^{Have lost it, mainly, that was the dream - go} Women, since they developed to active, influential members of the community, got involved in the economical and political problems of modern life. They are concerned with any kind of troubles that bother men. They have to realize what a "crisis" means, and how it feels to be without a job. ~~There used to exist something like a "splendid isolation" for women.~~ ^{does not exist anymore.} They considered serious matters to be the men's business, and most of them thought the occupation with social problems ~~certainly~~ would ruin the character and the teint. Nowadays, however, many women are regarding private affairs as a disturbing deflexion from their public duties, and the career seems to them more important than anything else. Which modern girl would have the time to write amusing or philosophical letters, ^{day} after day, as Sibille Dalmar used to do? Who among our girl friends still is as entirely concerned with her sentiments as the "great passionate women" of passed centuries? Think of Anna Karenina, or Madame Bovary! Their life was love, and nothing else; nothing but the ecstasy, the tragedy, the divine madness of love. The life of modern girls seems to be richer and more complex, dominated by varied interests and ambitions. And still, sometimes the existence of movie stars, party leaders, sport girls, and business women strikes me as being somewhat dreary and empty, compared with the grand and generous frenzy of those splendid creatures, who sacrificed everything, forgot everything, ruined everything, for the sake of love. Is it true, then, that modern girls have become cool? Did they lose the ability to burn for men, to die and to kill for them, since they got the ambition of being the professional competitors of men?

Girls have lost
of their
own pick
an
a
light
and
mid
at
it
and
rom-

And, do women realize -13- that the have lost that wonderful
grace of love, which is

I am sure many girls secretly are longing for the "good old days" ^{didn't} of great passions and minor problems. They are not boasting any longer ^{much} of their wonderful independence which is becoming a matter of course to them, and occasionally even a nuisance. Young ladies ceased going around in men's clothes, à la Georges Sand - Marlene Dietrich; the post-war type of "la garçonnière", so impressively described by M. Victor Marguerite, lost its fascination. Big hats, fantastic evening gowns, fans and long gloves were re-discovered. There is a definite trend "back to the Nineties" - back to the "gay Nineties", the tragic Nineties, the colourful refined Nineties. In 1913 or in 1919 every "modern girl" was disgusted with everything that reminded of the "dull bourgeois XIX. century". Nowadays, however, la Dame aux Camélias triumphs ^{by} comes back, strangely transformed, more beautiful than ever, for she has the overwhelming beauty of Greta Garbo, who combines the tragic charm of la Duse with the mysterious dignity of Sarah Bernhard. ~~The~~ The little flapper seems to be passée; la grande tragédienne has a renaissance. The Duchess of Windsor tries to imitate the proud elegance of the late Empress Eugénie, and even Mr. Dali, who succeeded in making "surrealism" popular - and vulgar, gives his water-nymphs, in his pavillon at the World's Fair, the odd appearance of chorus girls in a Parisian music hall, at the period of Jacques Offenbach... The "sweet little girl" of the Viennese operetta, ^{and} "la femme fatale" of the French novels and plays, apparently are more up-to-date, ~~more~~ again than the modern woman...

This is obviously a mistake, and there is a great deal of reactionary snobism involved in the hectic cult of passed beauties. The XX. century certainly has horrid & elements, and the dangerous confusion of our present state, the alarming uncertainty of our future make it

Yes, indeed, she is the "modern ^{young} girl", and at certain moments she can laugh like a college girl; she is fresh XX, certainly, no other girl could have produced her face, her voice and her smile. But she also is the old spinster.

That mysterious phenomenon that was Cleopatra and
Aspasia and Mona Lisa; that ~~exactly~~ eternal
figure, lovely, motherly and dangerous, who seduced
Adam to eat the forbidden fruit in the Garden
of Eden, and whose name was Helen when she
smilingly sent the Youth of Greece into the
deadly struggle. +
~~Before any doubt~~ there are women and girls who
actually increased in combination the ~~new~~ ~~those~~
with the ~~most~~ ancient ~~one~~ ~~of~~ charms. attractive quality

intelligible that men and women get "homesick" for historical periods when life was quieter and safer. This century, however, happens to be ours. And it has its beauty, its own beauty, its surprising charms.

Girls of the Twentieth Century! Don't think you must renounce the "female mystery", by gaining independence and equal right! Don't fear you might become less "interesting" since you lost your naïveté and your hysteria! Surely, the ^{days} ~~times~~ are passed when you could create a sensation, merely by showing your legs up to the knees. But the new comradeship between boy and girl can be more thrilling, even more mysterious, than the classic flirt between the moustached gentleman and the misunderstood lady. Don't think you lost your sphinx-like qualities, so carefully built up by you, through the centuries! The relations between men and women, even between working men and working women, are bound to remain mysterious, as Life itself is a mystery, and a miracle, much greater and more profound than anything little Nora kept waiting for.

John Galsworthy
We want more clearness and sincerity in human relations than our grandparents would have dared to face. We openly discuss matters that used to be tabu for the bourgeois sinners, who felt certain things might be done but never should be mentioned. Sigmund Freud and his followers have taught us to understand even the hidden voices of our subconsciousness. All this, however, does not presume by any means that

human life is, as most of the relations between men and women - today are still very much a mystery.
mystery has to vanish. Women of the XX. century don't boast anymore of being misunderstood, as they are more understanding themselves than Nora or Sibilla used to be. They realize, therefore, that human beings

never can thoroughly understand ~~each other~~ ^{one} ~~another~~ ^{another} ~~any more or precisely things~~

One must not sacrifice ~~certain charms and values~~ while conquering new ones. The woman who is driving an airplane, or running a publishing house, or delivering a political speech, must not be less attractive,

John Galsworthy
One can combine many things, it is only a matter of degree.
This takes a certain kind of character.
6. 10. 1917.

I have spoken about youth and love.
But the fact is that modern girls
should be able to ~~able~~ keep what
they have ~~be~~ gained, and to
re-gain what they have lost. I admit
that this is not an easy task for
modern women with a new technique of
life, or a new style of living.

I certainly it is somewhat ^{rather} difficult to combine
romanticism with love; ambition with
female charm; the woman with ~~immense~~
efficiency with beauty; ~~it is~~ the ghost,
business with pleasure.

It is not quite easy to be a modern
girl" (the word "modern" ^{emphasized} ~~used and~~ ^{at the very time} ~~from~~ ^{and}
in a certain ^{appreciate} ~~appreciate~~ — and, no
doubt — just a girl...

Women and girls of every ^{historical} period have their own
~~technique of life~~ style of living. In the XVIII.
century, for instance, women had an ^{excellent} ~~perfect~~
style of living: the grande dame of the
18th century was absolutely perfect, her ways
of dressing, living, eating, reading and
writing couldn't have been any better.

The generation of our
Hedda Gabler and Sibilla B., the generation of
our grandmothers, portrayed and analysed
by my great-great-grandmother, was unhappy
and problematic but had a great deal of
charm. ~~They~~ ^{They} are our ^{modern} girl friend and sister,
doomed to lose the ~~charm~~ ^{charm}, only because they
got rid of the ~~troubles~~ ^{bardens} and fixed ideas
that ~~made~~ ^{drove} ~~our~~ ^{our} grandmothers,
like ~~melancholic~~ ^{melancholic}.

nor less "mysterious", than the sweet lazy bar^on^oesses in Maupassant's story, ^{see} or Balzac's girl "with the golden eyes". I know influential women-journalistes who have the fascination of certain proud and clever ~~intrigant~~ political intriguers on the courts of the XVI. or the XVIII. century. The girl selling stockings in a big department store, or working in a factory, can be as strikingly sweet as Arthur Schnitzler's dreamy little seamstresses, although the latter ~~hardly~~ could write or read, while the modern type has her own ideas as to whether or not Mr. Roosevelt should have his Third Term. But why should a certain amount of knowledge and experience not be compatible with nice oldfashioned sentimentality? A modern college girl can be delighted with moon-light and lovely Viennese waltzes, in spite of her definite opinions about the New Deal and the style of James Joyce. An active women can take love very seriously, and she may be a wonderful mother; it might be difficult, but it can be done. Life grows richer and more exciting, while it is growing more complicated.

Look at the beauty of our century! Recognize and enjoy it! There is something hard and soberly bright, even something cruel about this new sort of beauty. Look at buildings of steel and glass, at the Washington Bridge and Rockefeller Center, at streamlined cars, and airplanes, and pictures of Picasso. Read certain verses modern poets have written! Listen to modern music! There is a new charm; it may be a brutal charm, but it is new. There is a new splendor. And young men and girl², also, possess it, this new splendor.

Girls, looking like amazons and very efficient young ~~am~~ goddesses; girls, not heavy, lazy and soft, as ~~to~~ les grandes amoureuses of other centuries used to be; but slender, and alert, and well trained: they are seductive in a new manner. Aspasia, the philosophical mistress of Pericles, and Marie Antoinette, and Zola's magnificent Nana - I am

~~No~~ ~~At~~ ~~of course not~~! They
Not at all! All they have to do is to
perfect the new style of ^{husband} ^{while} ^{already} ^{is} ^{becoming} ^{reality};
it's quite accustomed to it.
At a matter fact, not only a few famous
have succeeded, already by now ^{the} ^{combining}
the sacred characteristics which ^{at the} ^{look} ^{look}
seem to exclude each other; rather obvious
girls in positions down to in the big
cities have reached or almost reached
the same goal. They did not think they
would have to do so; by given they were
didn't think a grade of their own
back since most of them had plenty
of other things to ~~not~~ think about.
~~They are at quite~~ Quite naturally and
without any effort, they have found what
they may call the "new style", the complex
style of the XX century. For they go
fast without getting under like a taxi
with rails; indignant but not popular -
like; "good spot" but sensitive; without
any indices but not cynical;
with capriciousness and just modest
enough. They are good comedians who
become more than a new comedian -
one day, to somebody. One day, they
really are O.K.

afraid all of them were a little flabby. They boasted of their white, voluptuous flesh, while modern girls rather are proud of their having muscles. They adore every kind of sport. They realize what a precious good youth is, and they know how to keep it. They know how to avoid becoming old spinsters or matrons. To remain young is their supreme ambition. The conception of beauty our century has created, is almost identical with the notion of youth.

The type of the American sports' girl - one says - has become the international pattern. But there are so many different elements intermingled in this so-called "American type". There are very ancient elements, beside the modern ones. There is Hollywood, but there is Athens as well - a transformed Athens, where the girls are admitted in the Stadium with the boys.

Women in this century enjoy a new glory they never had before. The "glamour girl" of the season is more popular than a prize fighter; the girl who broke some sport record is cheered by millions, and the faces of the movie stars dominate the dreams of men in five continents. A man whose instinct for the charms of our century is especially refined - the French poet Jean Cocteau called Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich "les monstres sacrés"; the holy monsters and legendary figures of this time. It must be admitted that this hectic kind of popularity - which is publicity rather than authentic fame - does not last. ~~Les monstres sacrés do not possess the eternal life; the "twilight of the goddesses" may~~ ~~come quickly~~ ~~as Marlene's sudden decline makes it obvious.~~ However, there are more solid forms of ^{modern} glory, and, besides, it is not the phenomenon of individual success we are concerned with; but the crucial fact that the function of women in our public

at 1900s
Nora of Sibylla
and her
complicated
life
! They are
complicated
new
inhibitions
since
they finally
have
overcome
the old ones.

I can figure one ^{of} them: she has a chance
as she is pretty and bright. The action
and attractive manner — there she is
walking barefoot through the garden,
They ~~are~~ make a walk through the garden,
there is moon light, and some far away
music. But why does she keep on
disobeying? — How can I kill her?
get married. "If she gives the drawing
he thinks, if she gives the drawing
at the time in that particular way?
Still I would like to kill her...
I ~~am~~ had the idea of ~~attacking~~ ^{killing} her
something tonight — something very
very in postcard ...

life has changed, on the whole, and has become more important.

No, there is no reason to cry and lament for the good old days, when women were misunderstood and not supposed to drink cocktails. On the other hand, there is no sound reason to look down ~~x~~ at Nora, Hedda, and Sibilla with contempt. We are witnessing "sweeping changes"; but, perhaps, they are not really quite as sweeping as they seem to be. There are fears and hopes, confusions and satisfactions, there is sadness and fun, quite independent of any fashions. There are sentiments and impulsions which we may call "eternal", or simply "human". The modern girl has so many little habits, and great feelings, and clever tricks in common with Nora. The active "Amazon", when she meets the one male "comrade" she really cares for, is smiling, and casting down her eyes, exactly as Nora used to do. What is she thinking of, while she keeps on discussing, very comrade-like, Mussolini's last speech, or the new novel by Steinbeck? What does she want to find out?

Will he guess what she ^{is} so eager to pronounce? Why does he hesitate such a long time, before uttering the decisive word? Is he really so timid? Does she frighten him with her fresh attitude, her clever talk?

Her impatience is growing, and she thinks: 'What is wrong with him? He doesn't understand! Who does he think I am, anyhow? Just some girl for discussing politics with? This is most humiliating! A little more of this, and I will burst out crying. This is intolerable!

I am entirely misunderstood...

The type of the "g." - the type of the 19th. was imperiously decided by the French author Victor Tassynski - I am a bit departing to me. I can think it is a somewhat embarrassing type. I hope the present world catastrophe won't make girls to fall back into those habits of the flimsy gals of New York. Rubiously extravagant New York July 1939.

KLAUS MANN

There is many ways... which can be found and used by modern women as a modern girl who is perfectly balanced, perfectly charming. I am a bit of a misanthrope and, therefore, perfectly charming. I am a bit of a misanthrope and, therefore, perfectly charming.

Other girls I know think behave in a manner
that I must call slightly clumsy.
They rather are a little too proud of
themselves being "quite different", "not that
modern flapper type, you know." They
are very eager to bring it home to
every body, from the very beginning.

That they ~~truly~~ ^{really} belong did not seem to
explain ideal and principles, which
~~may be~~ ^{may be} be old-fashioned, but I stick to
them; you probably know I am inclined to
fancy "My mother" I am inclined to
find a little noisy too. I ~~wouldn't~~
couldn't now with laughter when much
a ~~would be~~ she tells me, with a half
dignified, sad and offended look in her
eyes: "No, thank you very much,
but On the other hand, I am not
a so ~~available~~ ^{available} amused ~~with~~, when another
girl is ~~wallowing~~ ^{wallowing} a water glass full
of plain whiskey. For she is quite
obviously didn't find the right style
with. She also is kind of clumsy, in
her own way.

She over-implies a her independence, ~~likes~~
around in pants, and ~~improving~~ ^{likes} ~~thinks~~ it
is ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~many~~ ^{many} ~~hard~~ ^{hard} ~~plant~~ ^{plant}
repetitions as possible. She may ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~night~~ ^{night},
and a lot of fun, for a certain ~~her~~ ^{her}.
Sometimes I can't help feeling how how noisy,
how low, in spite of her being so very
self-conscious and gaily sophisticated.

"Misunderstood Women", and Modern Girl.

By Klaus Mann.

The literary ~~great~~-grandmama.

The dubious habit of writing books seems to be a hereditary vice ⁱⁿ of my family. The fact that, at this moment, five members of the Mann tribe, including myself, keep on writing and publishing may be disturbing enough. But I am tainted with the "literary disease" not only from my father's side. My mother's family is responsible too, although she herself, being the most original personality among ~~all of~~ us, never has written a single line for public consumption. Her mother, however, my grandmama, Frau Hedwig Pringsheim-Dohm, was somewhat less restrained. She was not entirely satisfied with her reputation of being one of the most attractive ladies of the pre-war Munich "beau monde", and felt it was not quite enough to enjoy quietly her social position as the beloved wife of an important mathematician and art collector. She is eighty five years old today, and still very goodlooking, ~~with her fine white hair, and the intelligent face of a French marquise of the XVIII. century.~~ When she was around seventy years old, she suddenly ~~would~~ started writing her memoirs for a dignified Berlin daily paper, the Vossische Zeitung. After a ~~short~~ while, however, ~~she got tired of recalling the charms of the "good old days" for a spoiled modern public.~~ She stopped writing articles. You see, she is not really a professional author. Her true talent always was, and still is, the writing of long amusing or philosophical letters. She has addressed several thousands of such

epistles to her mother, my ^{great} ~~grand~~-grandmother, Frau Hedwig Dohm.
~~that~~ ^{certainly} She was a professional author, and a pretty productive one too.

I hate the idea of being unfair toward my distinguished ancestress. But ~~I am afraid~~ I have to make the statement - not without a certain amount of bitterness - that she, dear old Hedwig Dohm, brought the dangerous germ of literary ambition into our clan.

I knew her slightly when I was a kid. She was imposing, ~~much~~ ~~rather than~~ and had a definite resemblance with the composer Friedrich Liszt, who used to be one of her friends. Somebody observed ^{that} she looked like a very intelligent old man who ^{is} looking like a very intelligent old woman. This sounds a bit confused and paradoxical; but think over it, and you may find out, there are people who do look that way - Miss Gertrude Stein, par exemple.
My great-grandmama, I must admit, was not quite as excitingly gifted as Gertrude Stein. Yet she was not bad on the whole, and certainly ~~she~~ had a very strong character, and a generous ~~heart~~ heart.

She belonged to that highly civilized "old Berlin" society which so vividly is described in the fine novels by Theodor Fontane - an excellent author, unfortunately almost unknown abroad. She knew Alexander von Humboldt, otler, ~~all that kind of~~ "historical personalities". Her husband, the journalist Ernst Dohm, was among the founders and editors of the satirical paper "Der Kladderadatsch" which was as popular and politically influential at those far-away days, as "Der Simplicissimus" became in Munich, a decade later.

To make intimate confessions to professional writers is a dangerous thing to do. Authors, as everybody knows, are awfully indiscreet, and very cynical in a naïve and thoughtless manner. The countless letters my grandmother wrote to my great-grandmother, actually represent ^{e/} ~~a~~ a diary, the detailed chronicle of her daily life. Dear old Hedwig Dohm, however, although being a loving and beloved mother, above all was an author. Consequently, her daughter's interesting confessions meant to her a lot of stimulating literary material. ~~Authors are in the nasty habit of using every kind of material they can grasp/~~ So ^{she} ~~my grand-grandmother~~ carefully kept all the letters ~~she received from my grandmother~~, and ~~eventually~~ ~~she~~ composed a novel of them, ~~and~~ My grandmother's friends were deeply shocked as they recognized their portraits in my grand-grandmother's story. Hedwig Dohm's book created a real scandal within the smart set of Munich; ~~and~~ everybody was very angry, and many women, who had nothing to do but gossiping, bitterly kept on asking: "How could Frau Dohm, far away at Berlin as she is, get knowledge of our private affairs?" The answer was simple enough. My grandmother, and nobody else, was the traitress. Her position grew most embarrassing. People boycotted her house, being afraid that every word they would utter in Madame Pringsheim's salon may be reported, a few hours later, to Berlin, where Madame Dohm would use it as psychological material. One of the ladies, whose character was described in not too flattering terms by my great-grandmother, went as far as to spit at my grandmother on the street. After having done so, she cried: "Pfui!" My grandmother, of course, was petrified. Still, she had to take it since she was

devoted to her mother, and admired her, and felt the scandalous novel was a highly significant piece of work. When I myself recently re-read the book in question, "~~Sibilla~~ Sibilla Dalmar", I was amused, and touched, and I laughed, and finally I became very reflective...

"La femme du monde"

The novel "Sibilla Dalmar" by Hedwig Dohm (published in 1895) tells the story of an elegant young woman, who is very cultured, fairly intelligent, and absolutely unsatisfied. ~~Apparently she is wealthy, although this essential fact does not play any important part in the composition. There is a definite lack of that cool, half ironical realism ~~she~~ we find, for instance, in the brilliant tales of Jane Austen. ("Emma Woodhouse, handsome, clever, and rich, with a comfortable home and happy disposition...") In Sibilla Dalmar's life, however, that "interesting twilight" is reigning which seems so characteristic for the boudoirs, the psychological problems, and the artistic style of the Nineties.~~

What a strange, forgotten world - the world of that wealthy, problematic lady! ^{Her existence} ~~Everything~~ seems very complicated, and, at the same time, exceedingly cosy. There is no scare of the "totalitarian war", no cruel pressure of the "totalitarian state". Life is comfortably arranged - for the "upper classes". ~~Problems~~ It is a private life, people have private affairs, private problems. And still, they take their "private problems" very seriously. They are suffering. Sibilla Dalmar is suffering a great deal.

She doesn't love her husband, or ~~in any case~~ she does not love him enough. She is daringly playing with the idea of cheating him, but never does, for she wants to remain a "decent woman". She has

a sort of idealistic flirt with some handsome youth, who is ^{being} active as a guide in the Bavarian mountains. She adores him for his ~~is~~ so very strong, and "primitive", and quite different from everybody she ^{ever} knew. Nothing happens ^{between them} ~~she~~ goes on reading Nietzsche, and Tolstoi, and Ibsen, and writing cleverly naïve letters to her mother about everything she read. She thinks her mother, although being the most wonderful woman on earth, has no adequate ~~idea~~ conception of the interesting confusion in her daughter's life. She writes to her:

"Mutti, Mutti, Du Kind, ich habe Dich im Verdacht, dass Du nichts weisst, nichts ahnst. Du ~~liebst~~ noch immer in diesem naiven Schäferland, vor Erschaffung des fin de siècle, der Decadence, des Naturalismus, Nietzscheanismus u.s.w." -:

an outburst which sounds pretty childish to us. She is very proud of the morbid elements in her mixed character. She is posing in fantastic costumes for fashionable painters. She has mildly "socialistic" trends, and attends a smart party dressed up like a peasant girl, just in order to "épater les bourgeois". On the other hand, she is snobbish, and gets terribly angry about one of her friends, who dared to ask her to a "plebeian" party, instead of inviting her to the "aristocratic" gathering, ~~she had had~~ a few days before. "Wenn ich mich amüsiere," writes Madame Damlmar, with justified indignation, "^{bin} dann ich gar nicht so. Aber wenn ich mich obendrein noch langweile, nein, dann mache ich die sittliche Entrüstung mit!" For the "plebeian" party, over and above, was a bore. Almost everything is a bore to Sibilla, ~~Balmar~~. She is boundlessly curious, and always disappointed. She is very attractive, utterly spoiled, fairly gifted, and occasionally pretty nasty. ~~She describes~~

her own character ⁱⁿ with these terms: "Dass ich nervös, capriciös, bezaubernd, abstossend, Vampyr, Sphinx u.s.w. bin, versteht sich eigentlich bei einer Weltdame von selbst. Ich bin von einer feinen, heimlich lauernden, grausamen Neugierde, kapabel, das Herz eines Menschen zu ~~zerstören...~~" ^{and} She is bored ~~because nothing happens.~~ She is depressed for she has nothing to do. ^{She} feels her life to be empty, and that ⁽ⁱ⁾ she is wasting her fine gifts. In her ~~own~~ opinion, the world is not appreciating the real Sibilla Dalmar, ~~but misunderstands her.~~ She is the "misunderstood woman" par excellence. She should have a job, that is the trouble with her. ~~Her existence would be less dreary if it would be made less easy to her. She should work.~~ And that is exactly what the author herself, Hedwig Dohm, apparently thinks about her interesting heroine.

"Equal Right"

For my ~~great~~ grandmother had very serious pedagogical intentions when she wrote down ⁱ Sibilla Dalmar's glamorous and gloomy life story. She wanted to bring home to her audience, how hopeless conditions for females still were. Sibilla Dalmar was doomed, because the reactionary society which was hers, did not give her a decent chance. She was not allowed to study, she could not become a doctor, or a newspaper correspondent, or the owner of a nice little book shop. All ~~this~~ kind of thing just was "not done" in her circles. She was supposed to spend her days between her boudoir and the kitchen, and the only task she had, was to look charming while receiving guests. So she got nervous, everybody would. So she read Schopenhauer, and Dostojewsky, and didn't quite understand what ~~it~~ was all about, and finally she got the mania in her mind that she,

poor problematic ~~little~~ Sibilla, was "misunderstood". And she ruined her life. ~~Perhaps she would have been fairly happy as a screen writer, or as the President of a progressive girls' college.~~ My great-grandmother ~~very angrily~~, accuses society: "It's your fault! You have killed this precious human being!"

The old lady

~~She~~ took it very very seriously, her fight for the "equal right" of women. She wrote many pamphlets, and novels, and articles, ~~some of them are dull, some of them are impressive, all of them are~~ ^{and} thoroughly honest. She kept on writing flamboyant ~~and~~ polemic against people whom she called "Antifeministen" - which means, men opposed to equal rights for womanhood. She attacked Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche, and Strindberg, and Guy de Maupassant, for their lukewarm or openly hostile attitude ^{toward} ~~concerning~~ the question of female rights. She was an ardent suffragette, and preached girls should study, and have a profession, and ^{must} ~~should~~ be at least as cultured and experienced as her husbands pretend to be. ~~How could true comradeship, real friendship ever be possible between married people, as long as they are living on a different intellectual level?~~ This is one of her angry questions. She denied with indignation that females, by nature, were more inclined to intrigues or vanity, or were weaker, or less trustworthy, or less truthful than men. All these disagreeable qualities, my great-grandmother explained, were just the consequence of the oppression women had to endure through the centuries. Even physically, she said, women may become as strong and efficient as men ^{are supposed to be} ~~as men sometimes are~~. She attacked professors who had spread the erroneous doctrine of the female body being less tough than the male constitution. She scolded

men altogether for their considering women merely as lovely toys.

~~She ~~did~~ definitely disagreed with Jean-Jacques Rousseau who wrote this dubious sentence: "La femme est faite spécialement pour plaire à l'homme."~~ My grand-grandmother proved Rousseau was mistaken.

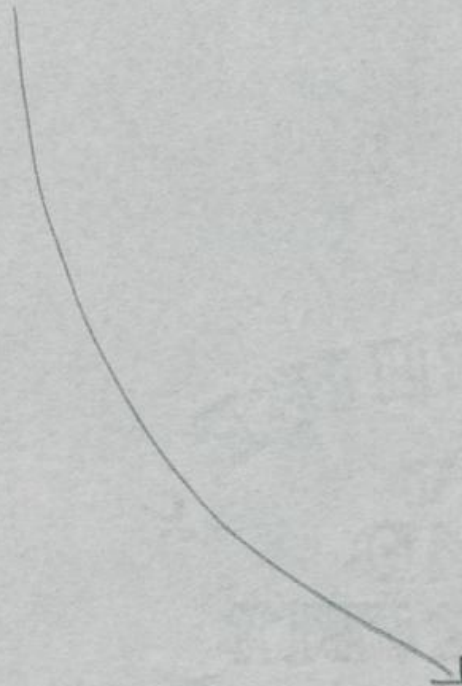
"Women are not ^{just} ~~on~~ there to please men!" she exclaimed. "They have their own lives, their own troubles, and their own inspirations!"

~~She was very brave, and utterly persistent, and sometimes a little funny.~~

~~(a person of her stamp and silly.~~
But to laugh at ~~her~~ would be ~~be~~ very wrong ~~and wicked thing to do.~~
For the things she said, and repeated again and again, certainly were daring things, at that time, and new and important things too. Certain notions which seem to be matters-of-course for our generation, had to be discovered by courageous men and women.

The problem of the "misunderstood woman" is the problem of the gifted woman who has nothing to do. The most fascinating representative of this unhappy type is Hedda Gabler, the famous character created by Henrik Ibsen. As a matter of fact, Sibilla Dalmar is nothing but a minor sister of the mysterious northern lady, the cruel Norwegian sphinx, who is playing with men, and ~~with~~ guns, and ^{pathological} ~~with hysterical~~ ideas. ~~Hedda, of course, is more charming, and, therefore, much more dangerous than Sibilla. The latter just goes on writing letters - which comparatively is a harmless thing to do - , while Ibsen's "misunderstood lady" amuses herself by driving her poet friend into suicide; then she burns his thick manuscript - sitting on the open fire like a sinister modern witch - , and finally she kills herself, after having played "a wild dance tune" on the piano.~~
~~Hedda Gabler, the bourgeois "vamp" who is afraid of being bored "to death", is dominated by the idée fixe of what she calls~~

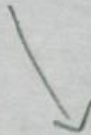
Many of Ibsen's female characters are possessed with certain manias and idées fixes, and we may remember that those northern ladies used to influence the moral and esthetic attitude of women all over the world. While Hedda Gabler, the "bourgeois vamp", seems to be crazy for "dying in beauty", little Nora, the touching heroine of the "Doll's House", stubbornly keeps waiting for "the miracle". She amazes her husband, a decent lawyer, by telling him, all of a sudden, that he never understood her, and treated her like a little doll. After having cried out the awful truth, she rushes away, leaving her husband for good, running after the "miracle" like a hunter after the stag...



Why had Hedda Gabler to die "in beauty" and horror? Why had little Nora to give up her husband, child, and home? What was that "miracle" they expected - and missed? My clever great-grandmother would answer us this: "It is very simple! The desired miracle will turn out to be - the equal right for women!" She had the firm belief that women in our century will be perfectly happy. She watched with a touching enthusiasm the dawn of a new and better day. The old fighter enjoyed the consoling of a "midday sun that will shine to womanhood of the twentieth century." *vision*

The Modern Girl.

There we are, the mighty midday sun is shining. Women are not misunderstood any longer, but thoroughly analysed, and they must not waste their talents anymore, but are invited to become professors, journalists, pilots, and even secretaries of labour. Very few husbands still would think of treating their wives like dolls; on the contrary, women are rather inclined to look at men with a blending of contempt and tenderness. Hedda Gabler has the chance to "work in beauty", and little Nora finally has found her "miracle". Is it quite as wonderful as she expected it to be? It is a hard miracle, to tell the truth, and it is not so very romantic. Is Nora able to face it? Does she have the strenght to endure eight hours a day in an office, or in a laboratory? - There can't be any doubt, she is strong enough. As a matter of fact, she has become pretty tough, our little Nora... Finally she has got what she kept asking for. I would like to find out whether or not she is enjoying her triumph. She won't tell me, for she is very proud.



Women ~~should~~ ^{must} not underrate what they actually gained. It is a lot, there are very precious achievements which should not only be enjoyed but defended. For this new "bill of equal rights" ~~of womanhood~~ ^{people} by no means is so safe a good as certain optimistic ~~might~~ ^{must} think. ~~It is to be~~ Every progress of civilization ~~should~~ be carefully guarded, and bravely defended. Prejudices which the intelligent élite kept fighting for centuries, may come back, and become powerful again, within years or months. We have to witness, these days, how in certain European countries women are being forced, once more, to "return to the kitchen", and to renounce their higher ambitions. Considering events and tendencies of that kind, women should appreciate the fair chances they still have in the still-democratic countries.

"Equal right", however, inevitably means equal responsibility. Probably it was more convenient to be a "misunderstood woman" than to lead the life of a modern girl. Hedda Gabler and Sibilla Dalmar "suffered", ^{(the twilight of} dreaming in their boudoirs about the "free love", the banality of their busy husbands, the "superman", and Richard Wagner's stimulating ~~music~~. They were sophisticated, and very ignorant. They had not the slightest idea of what was really going on in the world. The modern girl, on the other hand, is not allowed to remain aloof any longer. There are very realistic problems she has to face, and very hard tasks ~~she is supposed~~ ^{perform} she is supposed to ~~perform~~. Since women were tired of being treated like dolls, and spoiled like babies; since they had the ambition of becoming "comrades" of men, they are bound to share now

hardships and boredom of male life. The newly conquered independence means fun and adventure, sometimes... But, more frequently, it means monotony, and a great deal of disappointment, and a definite lack of romanticism. Women, since they developed to active, influential members of the community, got involved in the economical and political problems of modern life. They are concerned with any kind of troubles that bother men. They have to realize what a "crisis" means, and how it feels to be without a job. ~~There used to exist something like a "splendid isolation"~~ ^{of} ~~women~~ ^{does not exist anymore.} They considered serious matters to be ~~the~~ men's business, and most of them thought the occupation with social problems certainly would ruin the character and the teint. Nowadays, however, many women are regarding private affairs as a disturbing deflexion from their public duties, and the career seems to them more important than anything else. Which modern girl would have the time to write amusing or philosophical letters ^{day} after day, as Sibilla Dalmar used to do? Who among our girl friends still is as entirely concerned with her sentiments as the "great passionate women" of passed centuries? Think of Anna Karenina, or Madame Bovary! Their life was love, and nothing else; nothing but the ecstasy, the tragedy, the divine madness of love. The life of modern girls seems to be richer and more complex, dominated by varied interests and ambitions. And still, sometimes the existence of movie stars, party leaders, sport girls, and business women strikes me as being somewhat dreary and empty, compared with the grand and generous frenzy of those splendid creatures, who sacrificed everything, forgot everything, ruined everything, for the sake of love. /

Is it true, then, that modern girls have become cool? Did they lose the ability to burn for men, to die and to kill for them, since they got the ambition of being the professional competitors of men?

I am sure many girls secretly are longing for the "good old days" of great passions and minor problems. They are not boasting any longer of their wonderful independence which is becoming a matter of course to them, and occasionally even a nuisance. Young ladies ceased going around in men's clothes, à la Georges Sand - Marlene Dietrich; the post-war type of "la garçonnière", so impressively described by M. Victor Marguerite, lost its fascination. Big hats, fantastic evening gowns, fans and long gloves were re-discovered. There is a definite trend "back to the Nineties" - back to the "gay Nineties", the tragic Nineties, the colourful refined Nineties. In 1913 or in 1919 every "modern girl" was disgusted with everything that reminded of the "dull bourgeois XIX. century". Nowadays, however, la Dame aux Camélias triumph^{ly} comes back, strangely transformed, more beautiful than ever, for she has the overwhelming beauty of Greta Garbo, who combines the tragic charm of la Duse with the mysterious dignity of Sarah Bernhard. ~~The~~ The little flapper seems to be passée; la grande tragédienne has a renaissance. The Duchess of Windsor tries to imitate the proud elegance of the late Empress Eugénie, and even Mr. Dali, who succeeded in making "surrealism" popular - and vulgar, gives his water-nymphs, in his pavillon at the World's Fair, the odd appearance of chorus girls in a Parisian music hall, at the period of Jacques Offenbach... The "sweet little girl" of the Viennese operetta, ^{and} "la femme fatale" of the French novels and plays, apparently are more up-to-date, ~~—~~ again than the modern woman...

This is obviously a mistake, and there is a great deal of reactionary snobism involved in the hectic cult of passed beauties. The XX. century certainly has horrid / elements, and the dangerous confusion of our present state, the alarming uncertainty of our future make it

intelligible that men and women get "homesick" for historical periods when life was quieter and safer. This century, however, happens to be ours. And it has its beauty, its own beauty, its surprising charms.

Girls of the Twentieth Century! Don't think you must renounce the "female mystery", by gaining independance and equal right! Don't fear you might become less "interesting" since you lost your naiveté and your hysteria! Surely, the ~~times~~ ^{days} are passed when you could create a sensation, merely by showing your legs up to the knees. But the new comradeship between boy and girl can be more thrilling, even more mysterious, than the classic flirt between the moustached gentleman and the misunderstood lady. Don't think you lost your sphinx-like qualities, so carefully built up by you, through the centuries! The relations between men and women, even between working men and working women, are bound to remain mysterious, as Life itself is a mystery, and a miracle, much greater and more profound than anything little Nora kept waiting for.

We want more clearness and sincerety in human relations than our grandparents would have dared to face. We openly discuss matters that used to be tabu for the bourgeois sinners, who felt certain things might be done but never should be mentioned. Siegmund Freud and his followers have taught us to understand even the hidden voices of our subconsciousness. All this, however, does not presume by any means that mystery has to vanish. Women of the XX. century don't boast anymore of being misunderstood, as they are more understanding themselves than Nora or Sibilla used to be. They realize, therefore, that human beings never can thoroughly understand ~~each other~~ *one another*.

One must not sacrifice certain charms and values while conquering new ones. The woman who is driving an airplane, or running a publishing house, or delivering a political speech, must not be less attractive,

nor less "mysterious", than the sweet lazy baronesses in Maupassant's story, ^{ier} or Balzac's girl "with the golden eyes". I know influential women-journalistes who have the fascination of certain proud and clever, ~~intrigant~~ political intriguers on the courts of the XVI. or the XVIII. century. The girl selling stockings in a big department store, or working in a factory, can be as strikingly sweet as Arthur Schnitzler's dreamy little seamstresses, although the latter ~~hardly~~ could write or read, while the modern type has her own ideas as to whether or not Mr. Roosevelt should have his Third Term. But why should a certain amount of knowledge and experience not be compatible with nice oldfashioned sentimentality? A modern college girl can be delighted with moon-light and lovely Viennese waltzes, in spite of her definite opinions about the New Deal and the style of James Joyce. An active women can take love very seriously, and she may be a wonderful mother; it might be difficult, but it can be done. Life grows richer and more exciting, while it is growing more complicated.

Look at the beauty of our century! Recognize and enjoy it! There is something hard and soberly bright, even something cruel about this new sort of beauty. Look at buildings of steel and glass, at the Washington Bridge and Rockefeller Center, at streamlined cars, and airplanes, and pictures of Picasso. Read certain verses modern poets have written! Listen to modern music! There is a new charm; it may be a brutal charm, but it is new. There is a new splendor. And young men and girl^s, also, possess it, this new splendor.

Girls, looking like amazons and very efficient young ~~de~~ goddesses; girls, not heavy, lazy and soft, as ~~les~~ les grandes amoureuses of other centuries used to be; but slender, and alert, and well trained: they are seductive in a new manner. Aspasia, the philosophical mistress of Pericles, and Marie Antoinette, and Zola's magnificent Nana - I am

afraid all of them were a little flabby. They boasted of their white, voluptuous flesh, while modern girls rather are proud of their having muscles. They adore every kind of sport. They realize what a precious good youth is, and they know how to keep it. They know how to avoid becoming old spinsters or matrons. To remain young is their supreme ambition. The conception of beauty our century has created, is almost identical with the notion of youth.

The type of the American sports' girl - one says - has become the international pattern. But there are so many different elements ⁿintegrated in this so-called "American type". There are very ancient elements, beside the modern ones. There is Hollywood, but there is Athens as well - a transformed Athens, where the girls are admitted in the Stadium with the boys.

Women in this century enjoy a new glory they never had before. The "glamour girl" of the season is more popular than a prize fighter; the girl who broke some sport record is cheered by millions, and the faces of the movie stars dominate the dreams of men in five continents. A man whose instinct for the charms of our century is especially refined - the French poet Jean Cocteau called Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich "les monstres sacrés"; the holy monsters and legendary figures of this time. It must be admitted that this hectic kind of popularity - which is publicity rather than authentic fame - does not last. ~~monstres sacrés do not possess the eternal life, the "brilliant of the goddesses" may easily quickly come - as Marlene's sudden decline makes it obvious.~~ However, there are more solid forms of ^{modern} glory, and, besides, it is not the phenomenon of individual success we are concerned with; but the crucial fact that the function of women in our public

life has changed, on the whole, and has become more important.

No, there is no reason to cry and lament for the good old days, when women were misunderstood and not supposed to drink cocktails. On the other hand, there is no sound reason to look down at Nora, Hedda, and Sibille with contempt. We are witnessing "sweeping changes"; but, perhaps, they are not really quite as sweeping as they seem to be. There are fears and hopes, confusions and satisfactions, there is sadness and fun, quite independent of any fashions. There are sentiments and impulses which we may call "eternal", or simply "human". The modern girl has so many little habits, and great feelings, and clever tricks in common with Nora. The active "Amazon", when she meets the one male "comrade" she really cares for, is smiling, and casting down her eyes, exactly as Nora used to do. What is she thinking of, while she keeps on discussing, very comrade-like, Mussolini's last speech, or the new novel by Steinbeck? What does she want to find out?

Will he guess what she ^{is} so eager to pronounce? Why does he hesitate such a long time, before uttering the decisive word? Is he really so timid? Does she frighten him with her fresh attitude, her clever talk?

Her impatience is growing, and she thinks: 'What is wrong with him? He doesn't understand! Who does he think I am, anyhow? Just some girl for discussing politics with? This is most humiliating! A little more of this, and I will burst out crying. This is intolerable! I am entirely misunderstood...'

"Misunderstood Woman", an Thodwa Gist."

The literary grand-grandmother.

~~My mother~~ The dubious habit of writing books runs in a hereditary vein in my family. The fact that, at this moment, ~~my~~ ^{my} ~~members~~ ^{members} of the Mann ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~troubled~~ ^{troubled} by writing and publishing ~~is~~ ^{is} may be disturbing enough. But I am tainted with the "literary disease" not only from my father's side. My mother's family is responsible too — although she herself, being the most original personality among all of us, never had within a single line for public consumption. Her mother, however, my grandmother, Fanny Hedwig Pringheim-Rohm, and sister Hedwig, however, my grandmother, somewhat less restrained. She was not entirely satisfied with her reputation of being one of the most "Munich" ^{literary} ~~literary~~ ^{literary} ladies of the pre-war period, and she felt it was not quite enough to enjoy her social position as the beloved wife of an important mathematician and art collector. My grandmother is 85 years old today, and still very good looking, with her fine white hair, and ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~intelligent~~ ^{intelligent} face of a French ~~marquis~~ ^{marquis} of the XVIII. cent. When she was

was around 70 years old, she suddenly
would start writing her memoirs for a distinguished
Provincetown daily paper, the "V. Z." And really,
she had something to talk about, having
known all the celebrities of the XIX. cent.
After a certain while, however, she got
tired of writing for newspapers about the
"good old days". You see, she is not really
a professional writer; her true ambition
and her really talent always was, and
still is, to write ~~amusing~~ long
amusing or philosophical letters. She
had addressed several thousands of such
epistles to her mother, my grand-grand
mother, who lived in Provincetown while her
daughter was resident at Tisbury. The
name of my grand-grandmother was H. D.
And she was a professional writer, ~~and~~
~~was~~ a ^{very} ~~pretty~~ productive one too. ~~Having~~
~~It was the first~~ I hate the idea of being
unfair toward my distinguished ancestors.
But I am afraid I have to make
the statement, not without a certain amount
of bitterness, is guilty for everything
that happened later - I mean, for the
~~whole~~ alarming literary activity of
my folks.

That she, dear old H. D., brought the
dangerous germ of literary ambition
into our clan.

3)

My mother, she was a most charming woman
and an interesting personality. I knew
her slightly when I was a ~~kind~~ little child.
She ~~looked like~~ ^{had a definite resemblance to} a ~~kind~~ ^{kind} ~~little~~ ^{little} child.
who used to be one of her friends. Some-
body observed she looked like a very intelligent
old man, who looks like a very intelligent
old woman. This sounds a bit ^{and paradoxical} confused;
but think over it, and you will find
out there are really people who look that
way. I Miss G. St., ~~does~~ ^{for} example. I am
afraid my grand-grandmother was somewhat
less gifted than G. St. But she was not
bad on the ^{whole} ~~whole~~ ^{strong character} and certainly she
had a very ~~clean~~ ^{and a generous} heart.

..... She belonged to that old Berlin
society which is so vividly described
in the fine novel by Th. F. - authentic
material, ~~made~~ unfortunately almost
unknown abroad. ~~She~~ ^{He} knew ~~M. Masch~~,
and R. W., and ~~there~~ ^{was} a that kind
of "historical personalities". Her husband,
the "journalist" and writer E. D., was
among the founders and editors of
the national paper "Der Kledwader",
which was as popular and politically
important at those far-away days,
as "Der Simplicius" became in Munich,
some decades later.

5) She had 13 brothers and sisters - a fact which impressed me deeply when it was a kid; it sounded so much like an odd detail of a fairy tale. She, on her part, had several daughters; all of them adored her. But as all the other daughters were settled in Berlin, like the one, her left, my grandmother, Frau R., was the only one to write her so many letters.

To make private confessions to professional writers, is a dangerous thing to do. Those people ~~have~~ are in the nasty habit of misquoting everything - I could quote to you various ~~cases~~ incidents which occurred to members of ~~my~~ my clan. Dear old H. D., however, did not have the slightest inhibitions. She used all of the letters her daughter had written to her in a novel.

The romantic letter my g. wrote to my g. actually was a diary, the detailed chronicle of her daily life. Dear old H. D., however, although being a loving mother, above all was an author. Consequently, her daughter's intertwining confessions meant to her a lot of stimulating literary material. And so as in the case of my grand-grandmother ~~and father~~ kept easy-going at the time, my grand. had written to her, and ~~sent~~ then she wrote a

and the only thing she had was to look
dashing when she received people. So she
got women, every body would. So she
read Solomon's and Doro, and didn't
quite understand what it was all about,
and finally. My grandmother, very to

For the thing she ~~rather~~ said, and re-
peated again and again, certainly
through it.

Certain notions which she runs to be
masters of some for one generation,
had to be discovered by consanguinity
men and women. H. D. was really
not so, when she pronounced her
conviction that man is not the
master of this world.

A. a master of her, Sylvia De la Cruz

is nothing, who is playing with men,
and with guns, and with hysterical ideas.

H. D. is more dashing, and much
more intolerable than Sylvia. She is ~~terrified~~
by the ~~it~~ "afraid to be loved, to death"
— and she means it in the literally sense.

She had several daughters; all of them adored her. My grandmother was the only one among them who lived in a different city; therefore she had to write those countless letters I mentioned.

To make private confessions to professional writers is a dangerous thing to do, even

~~The conditions of the Dalmas' existence are complicated~~
What a strange, forgotten world —
the world of that wealthy and problematic lady! Everything seems very complicated, and, at the same time, exceedingly easy.
"The rights of women"

For my grandmother had very serious pedagogical intentions when she wrote Sibilla Dalmas' story. She wanted to bring home to her audience how horrible conditions for women really were. Women, my ancestors felt,



Sibilla Dalmas was doomed because she had to live in a reactionary world that did not give a decent chance to a woman. She was not allowed to study.

So b. la Dalman. [Vorgründliche. Naive Minkheit
 der Minkheit über Thierkunde. Die thöne Gormmheit
 Lumbard, Kankbach Dame, sprach auf der
 Stamm so als wäre: "Ph...! Social boycott..."
 Verständlich - : dmn: "Broschüren über die 'Gartener'"
 [Snobismus; Lasko; Oberflächlichkeit.] [Gormmheit
 Die Brief - Form. (Technik so lösen gegangen)
 " Mutter, Mutter, Die Kind, ich habe Dich
 im Verdacht, daß Du nicht, nicht, nicht,
 ahnst. Du bist noch immer in diesem
 meinen Schöpfungsland, so Erschaffung der
 für die Dichtung, der Decadence, der "
 Naturalismus, Nüchternheit, ... Komposition ...]
 Spiel mit der Unterwelt. Es kommt gar
 nicht, ... hoch allem. Nüchternheit, ... "Für die Liebe"
 Du edle Flüst in den Bergen. " ...
 Neugierde ... [Wagner, Tolstoi, Gersen,
 Spiritualismus ... glaubt an nicht, - , (was
 Sozialismus: flücht mit Bergpredigt; gar
 im Lodenrocken mit aristokratischen
 Wohlthätigkeit - Tre; anderwärts Snobismus.
 "Franz Chasling, die elegante, komische.
 "wiewohl Parisien, was nicht eingeladen worden.
 Danke die Mutter, die Ch, die wir nach
 längere Handlung von nicht acceptiert worden
 ist, nimmt sich heraus, mit uns zusammen
 wüßte Park-Gesellschaft - wo der nicht wird
 zu hören - ... geben, und 2 Tage später
 ... Aristokraten Gesellschaft."
 ... keine ... Justified indignation.

"Wenn ich mich anwisse, dann bin ich
das nicht so. Aber, wenn ich mich überdauern
noch lang will, mein, dann mache ich
die kleine Entzweiung mit" (Cynical...)

Klein Kind. — Depressionen. — Selbstmord —
"Fast mit dem Zehn eingeleitet bringen wir
"Geben die Arbeit der holden und reinen
glücklichen aller Frauen." [Feminine an
die Tugend]

"Dann ich merke, capricious, begierig,
abstoßend, Vampyr, Sphinx, wie bin,
weicht ich ungutlich bei und Willen
von, Will. Ich bin von wie fein,
himmlisch färbend, ganzamen Neugierde,
Kabal, das Herz von Tücheln zu
mantern, an Neugierde, was dabei bewirkt,
kommen wird ..."

influence very strongly the aesthetic and moral
attitude of women at that ^{historical} period.

... some like my ^{firmly} ~~the~~ beloved,
the "equal right" would be, the
misery.

Well, they have got it. (Not speaking about
... the many parts of Europe. It would
nearly be a "resurrection", once more.)

The Bedford
118 EAST 40TH STREET
NEW YORK

This is the miracle. The Nora escaped
the dolls' house. She became independent.
What a ~~simple~~ transformation!
~~And~~ She must be perfectly happy
for she got what she kept asking
for. Does she enjoy her triumph?
I would like to find out whether
or not she is really happy. She
won't tell me, for she is very
proud.

She should not underestimate what she
gained. By the way, it is not the
safe ... She may lose it, once
more ... On the other hand, she
has no stable what she has
grown up ... a way, it was
very convenient to be "misunderstood".

... cannot remain a loaf any longer ...
The prejudices which the intelligent elite
kept fighting for century, may come
back, and become powerful again,
within years ^{or} months. ~~Then~~ We
have to witness that in certain
European countries women women have
forward ^{once again} to women their high ambitions,
and to a return to the kitchen ...

Why has Hudda Gable to die in beauty and
honors? Why had little Nora to lose her
husband? What was that "misadventure" which
both of them wanted - and missed?

A woman like H. D. would answer us:
"The misadventure ~~of course~~ which has
too come, is the equal right for
women." She had the firm belief that
the women of our country would be
perfectly happy, as they be allowed
to "lose their own fish." She ~~had~~
~~with~~ not watched with a longing
anticipation the dawn of a new era
before him; ~~she~~ the old ~~and~~ ~~perhaps~~

There we are, the mighty mid-day sun
is shining, women are not "misadventured."
My thoughts, but thoroughly analysed,
and they much not have doubts anymore,
but are accepted as proposals, conclusions,
personalities, and resolutions of labor.

Hudda Gable has the possibility to work
"in beauty", ~~instead of dying~~, and
little Nora has her misadventure. It
quite as wonderful as she expected it
to be. It is a very difficult misadventure,
too full the death; a hard one, and
not so very romantic.

My Nora able to face it? Will she be strong
enough to spend night hours a day in an
office, or in a shop, or a hospital?

The Bedford
118 EAST 40TH STREET
NEW YORK

Considering work and freedom of
that kind, women should appreciate
the chance they still have in the
semi-democratic country.

"Equal right" ~~of course~~, inevitably
means "equal responsibility."
It was more common to be a
"misunderstood" than to lead the
active life of a modern girl. H. G.
and S. D. "influenced", dreaming in
their ponds about the "free love",
the banality of their empty husbands,
and the "superman", ~~these coming~~
~~into~~ and R. W. "marriage" ~~the~~
It was fun, ~~in a sense~~ although
fun of a ~~problematic~~ sort. The modern
girl, however, has to face more
realistic problems, to fulfill more

At the time women were tired of ~~being~~
treated like and spoiled like babies;
since they had the ambition of becoming
"comrades" of men, they have to
share now hardships and down
~~adventures~~ of life with their male
colleagues. This ~~may~~ means fun and
adventures — sometimes. But, more
often, it means ~~too~~ monotony
and hard work,
and a great
deal of that.

a great deal of
disappointment, and a definite lack of
romanticism. Which modern girl & woman
has the time to write the daily
journal as the letter like J. D.
and to do it. Which modern woman
still would be idle enough to spend
days and nights with shadowing about
"dying in beauty". Who are any one
girl friends that is still as intensely
concerned with ~~anti~~ how the fashion
movement is the "great passion"
women. Not think of Anna Karenina,
or of Madame Bovary! These ladies
are lost, the reality, the beauty,
of the madness of love, and nothing
else.

I am afraid many ~~women~~ girls really
for those "good old days" of the grand
fashions and minor ~~these~~ problems. Girls
are not boasting any longer of their
being "independent". They stand
going around in men's clothes, while
old Madame George Sand ~~repeated~~ the
good doing so. The folk-lore type
of "la gas" whom Mr. V. M.
described, seems to be somehow fairly.
There is a certain trend back to the
Nineteenth & noticeable even in the
for clothes fashions - back to the
"gay Nineties" to the tragic Nineties
to the easy, glowing atmosphere
of the old boudoirs.

3) Nein von Ländern die Rade, wo der
Fortschritt noch nicht geklopft ...
Viel gewonnen. [Kannwadhaförderung den Ge-
schichtswissenschaften; Sport; Arbeit am öffentlichen
Leben; Mitwirkung ...; Bildung; Gleichberechtigung;
es ist nicht; Fortschritt nicht mitunterläßt
... Lohnt das Gewinnen mit wünschiger wenn
zu lösen ... Aber das Windwase " ...

Die Unwissenlande - verstanden ...
Die Sphinx ... entzogen ... Jüngstmal, ist
verloren gegangen ... The mystery of the "Boudoir"
doesn't exist any longer ... and the "glamour
girl" of the ancient, reason is, popular as
a prize fight or a movie star, but there
is her mystery ^{around} ~~about~~ her ...

... In it accounts that women did every-
thing to build up their "Sphinx" reputation,
and then destroyed with a few decades ...
... Not quite ... There is a remnant of
mystery ... even in the modern "romance-
plot" between male and female ...
Many things change - they improve, or become
worse ... things are gained or lost ...
But certain things remain. Should we call
the "eternal" ... We call them "human"
- which is simpler and more precise ... "The
modern girl looks at Nora, the misunderstood
woman". First of all, she laughs a little about

"Sweeping changes..." "had robbed" "nevertheless" "few of..."

situation
grows
worse

modern scheme of
things"

new hopes, new dreams;
new tragedy, new pain -
and old..."

... day-to-day uncertainty ...
Nana, heavy ... girls, slender and cool like Diana ...

"This century has its splendors ... something
new which never existed before ... something
hard and cruel and bright ... the beauty of
Rockefeller Center ... the beauty of
buildings of steel and glass; the beauty of
displays, stream-lined cars, pictures of Picasso,
sky scrapers, ... A new beauty of young men and
young women - why shouldn't we be proud of it?
A new charm, half-
Greek half American,
exciting blending of

"The Gay Nineties"

"The good old days..." The fashion, strangely
going back ... a certain modernism ... In 1919
everything reminding of the XIX ... was
considered as already gone ... The
avant-garde re-discovered the charms ...
Mr. Dali's water-nymphs, danced like
chorus girls at a Russian Music hall of
1885 ...

why shouldn't we enjoy it?

Hedda Gabler. Tesman, der gutmütige Gatte - "denk doch mal!" -
"Ich denke ja schon..."

Hedda - "eine Dame von 29 Jahren. Gesicht und Gestalt von vornehmer Bildung. Die Hautfarbe ist von einer matten Bleichheit. Die Augen sind stahlgrau und haben den Ausdruck einer kalten, klaren Ruhe. Das Haar hat eine schöne mittelbraune Farbe, ist aber nicht sonderlich stark. Sie trägt ein geschmackvolles, etwas lose sitzendes Morgenkleid."

Der hässliche Streich mit Fräulein Tesman's = Tante Julles - neuem Hut...

Piquiert, weil sie keine Reitpferde bekommt. Das Spiel mit "General Gablers Pistolen"; gleich im ersten Akt; schaurig bedeutungsvoll...

..."manchmal glaube ich, ich habe Anlage zu einer Sache auf der Welt. - - Und das ist, wenn ich fragen darf? - - Mich zu Tode zu langweilen!"

Der Dichter Lövborg - "sitzt mit Weinlaub im Haar, und liest vor."

(Die Hysterischen...)

Gibt ihm eine der Pistolen... "Machen Sie Gebrauch davon!" (als hätte hätte er es missverstehen können...) - "Und in Schönheit, Ejlert

/ Lövborg. Versprechen Sie mir das vor allem!"

Verbrennt mit kaltem Blick sein Manuskript... Er schießt sich in den Unterleib statt ins Herz, und im Salon einer losen Dame...

"Ach, das Lächerliche, das Gemeine, es legt sich wie ein Fluch auf alles was ich nur anrühre..."

Spielt "eine wilde Tanzmelodie" im Nebenzimmer, während der gutmütige Gatte mit den Freunden... Sie beteiligt sich mit finsterner Munter-

keit an der Konversation. Dann krachen die Schüsse. Der bürgerliche Aufschrei: "Aber, barmherziger Gott - so was tut man doch nicht!" -

als habe sie einen geschmacklosen Hut...

Hedda - ziemlich unausstehlich. Aergert ihr Umgebung.

Die unausgenutzten Gaben.

Hysterie und Qual des verschwendeten Lebens...

Hedda - würde heute ... Journalismus sein
(wie Ash Dorothy Th.)

Nona - sozial work, in a serious style.

Das Wunderbare - haben sie gewonnen?

"In Schönheit sterben."

"Das Wunderbare." [Skandinavische Namen
als Übergang ...
(Christa Rutland.)]

Die bürgerliche Form - Nicht alles
Neu ist besser

Don't be afraid, girls of the XX. cent.,
that you have to renounce the
~~life~~ "female mystery", by gaining
independence and the equal right!
The new "comradship" between boy
and girl can be more thrilling,
even more mysterious than the
flirt between the mounted gentleman
and the "misunderstood" lady.

Don't think you lost your sphinx-
like qualities, which you so
easily bright up, dear. Through
the ~~enjoying~~ ^{the relations betw.}
~~man and woman~~ ^{the relations w. m. and w. b.} as bound
to remain mysterious, more life
itself is mystery, and a much
more greater than the one little
Nora expected. ~~There~~ There is, and will
remain, a remnant of dark elements
unavoidable questions, in spite of
maxims and fixed analysis. ^{clearer}
does not mean that mystery ^{has} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~is~~
That ^{today} ~~men~~ know more about women, and
women more about men, than at H.G.'s
days, does not presume that the

We want more charm and intimacy in
human relations than our grandfathers would
have ~~had~~ dared to have. This does not mean,
however, that mystery has to
~~vanish~~ ^{vanish}.

The Bedford
118 EAST 40TH STREET
NEW YORK

In 1914 or in 1915, my "modern girl"
was disgusted ~~about~~ ^{with} ~~every~~ ^{thing} that
reminded of the "dull XXX." Nowadays,
however, Greta Garbo ~~shows up~~ ^{is} the
re-discovering the charms of ~~Paris~~
"D. Ant C." and the Dresden of
Windsor twice to ~~imitate~~ ^{the refined}
elegance of the ~~European~~ ^{English}
and "la femme fatale" of the French
novels and plays, apparently is more
up-to-date than the modern girl.
This is a mistake, and the whole
newest admiration to the beauties
of the faded days shows us a
somewhat better — although
This century has better qualities, and
~~many things~~ the dangerous comparison
of one person's place ~~and~~ the alarming
uncertainty of our future make it
intelligible that men and women
get bored for a few weeks, when
And the girls of the XX. century, too,
have their splendor. It is the splendor
of the XX. century. It is a new
splendor.

Nothing to do... Madame Broosy;
Anna Kamenina; nothing to do...

What a sorry world! How well conceived
everything was — for the "upper classes!"
There was no trace of the "bushidokorian"
was, no pretence of the bushidokorian
ideal... Pissake life, pissake
life, pissake affairs... And then,
people were suffering...

The novel "S. D." by M. D. K. K. the story....
She wants to do something, to achieve
something. She feels her life is empty in
spite of... she feels her talents are wasted...
She is misunderstood...

Strangely enough, there is a certain
tendency back to the gay nineteenth
century dancing... the fashion...
The modern girl does not over-
emphasize any more... The post-war
type, la gasconnade is farie...
Greta Garbo, mysterious like la Danse
... like Sarah Bernhardt, plays
la Dame aux Camélias, and A. K.,
Many the charms can be combined,
perhaps our century is the century
of youth it never tried, never dared
before...

The Bedford
 118 EAST 40TH STREET
 BOSTON, MASS.

And young girls, looking like
Amazons; not heavy and lacy,
and soft, like Nana used to be,
but slender, and well trained, and
alike — they have it too, that
new glimmer. The type of the
American girl has influenced the
international type. But is that it
fully "American"? On days —
has become the international pattern.
But if there are so many
different elements intermingled,
in that so-called "A. type";
there are very ancient elements;
beside the modern ones. ~~The~~
~~re-discovered Greek style~~ ^{The} ~~not by~~
restoring it, like the XIX. cent.
it once more. Watch the young
people in a mod. stadium!
My ~~that~~ guess the boys of
No, there is no reason to cry & and
lament for the good old days, when women
were misunderstood and not supported
down cocktail. On the other hand, how
no reason either to look down
at the Nova and Hilda.

Women of the XX. century don't boast
any more of being "m.", as they
are more understanding than we than
Nora or Sibilla used to be, and
as they realize that human beings
need quite understand each other.
~~All of us are living and getting away~~

It is not inevitable by any means,
to go through certain phases
and values while conquering
new ~~to~~ social virtues. The woman
who is doing an airplane, or
running a public house, or de-
veloping a pol. spirit, must not
be less a realistic nor less "myth."
than ~~Hedda Gabler~~ Zola's Nana,
or ~~the~~ Flaubert's Madame B. The
active woman has lost ~~to~~ wisdom,
and can be a wonderful mother.
It may be ~~so~~ difficult, but
it can be done. Life grows richer,
and more exciting, while it is
growing more complicated.

~~The brave woman who was fighting~~
The beauty of our century — I mean
~~Recognize~~ Look at the beauty of our
century! Recognize and enjoy it! There
is something hard and robust bright and
new something even about this beauty.
(new kind of beauty)

one of "old Mel-" cultural and some
to be ~~one of the~~ a center.

... how a 24 hour week
 contentment ends of "Old Bullen"
 However, she got certain vague ideas about life.
 as it could or should be like. Life could
 and should be exciting like in a shocking
 novel by Emile Zola, whom she adored.
 That unfortunately, her own life was a bore.
 She ~~got~~ more and more unbalanced. Finally,
 the sinister conviction grew in her slightly
 confused and perturbed mind: had mixed
 the authentic man and purpose of her existence.
 At the same time, while she kept asking
 for "equal rights", she allowed her
 husband to spoil her, and accepted the
 right ~~comfortable~~ life for the successful
 business man could offer her. She despised
 the bourgeois luxury; yet she needed it,
 and, up to a certain degree, she even
 enjoyed it.

MA certainly would be unfair to laugh
at her Assembly, although they seemingly
are Assembly of a few women and all
realistic kind than those come from
women have the face in everyday
society. They are very commonly in

However, Sibila Dalmas says recently is
concerned with the problem and women
Dalmas, all

— Madame Rakusow, Alt

The phibian party was a bore; but it seems doubtful if the aristocratic party would have been much more amusing.

would have been much more
After Wagner's music played after a rather while;
and so does he himself, and Hermann
Sunderman; new play, and the latest
much better: it is a poor affair.
away, is somewhat bored, he

In domestic
 As Sibilla always is somewhat bored, her
 character gradually changes, and
 becomes pretty nearly. She enjoys bustling
 about men and women who are fond of
 her. A boss all the while, she enjoys
 her housekeeping, her husband, who

~~Girls~~ as ~~Today~~ girls take it as a matter of course
that they can choose the man they like. The
tragedy of the wealthy girl who wants to
marry the poor handsome fellow but is not allowed
to do so, has become almost as old-fashioned
as the "conflict" of the ~~romantic~~ aspirant
young gentleman who falls in love with
the pretty maid who doesn't have any title.
Today, the wealthy banker whose daughter insists on marrying
the wealthy banker whose daughter insists on marrying
a pretty girl as a good looking rascally player, may
get a little upset. But there won't be any more
of a tragedy. ~~Either~~ Daddy finally ~~will~~ with mamma
say: "Yes my darling daughter" or else the young lady
will take her fancy boy without father's permission.
The young couple probably will proceed in making
some kind of love, provided that they have any
sense enough --

The whole business of flirt, love, and marriage
has apparently become somewhat less romantic.
They hunt for a cocktail party, in a
collar and business, as in the department
store where both of them are have a
job. There is not a great deal of blushing,
whispering and silly giggling. ~~But they~~ There
since boy and girl have almost ~~the same~~
every thing in common — education and taste,
the polo stick, the walkman for cigarettes, and
the not very carefully selected vocabulary — which
does not ^{necessarily} diminish when friendship begins to transform
itself into love. Yet this is ~~some~~ ~~at least~~ remains
a ~~very~~ ~~flirting~~ ~~and~~ ~~poor~~, and is somewhat
faint, ~~today~~ and quite mysterious, today as
now before.

There have been many & minor sisters of
H. G.'s famous female characters, Nora and
the Gals, the Norwegian & English.

~~Without~~ ^{Beyond} any doubt, women have gained a lot
since Hedda's and Sibilla's gloomy and
glamorous days. On the other hand, it would
be sensible to say that they also have
lost certain things. Optimism and militancy
for these fellow females
which ~~was~~ ^{is} ~~has~~ ^{has} ~~been~~ ^{been} ~~commented~~ ^{commented} with those
new gains.

I think in general the girls of our century
are definitely more happy - or less unhappy -
than the young ladies of former periods.
The last more from ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~more~~ ^{more} ~~lively~~ ^{lively}
is more colorful and more lively.

Young Sibilla, Hedda and Nora were doomed to
spend their day by making absolutely useless
brooches, playing badly the piano, and
helping their mother watering the flowers. I must
have been rather busy. They were obliged to
wear corsets like a woman; occasionally
they fainted, partly because of the corsets,
partly ~~but~~ ^{and} in order to ~~be~~ ^{impress} their
relatives and to make life a little more
dramatic. - Nowadays, however, girls have
lots of pleasure and duties. There are all kinds
of sport and studies, among them the sport-like
recreation of fishing with a nice young man.
For flirtations are not regarded any longer as
being a serious thing. On the contrary, a girl
that refuses to flirt at all, is now alarming
her parents. "One poor E. is a little
stupid, mother"

One generation has discovered, as it is
just discovering, the new ~~romantic~~
romance, the new mystery of genuine
comradship that transforms itself
into love.

The Bedford
118 EAST 40TH STREET
NEW YORK

There are many new themes, new
adventures, and beauties this modern
generation of ones has discovered as
it just discovering. When I am looking
... of negation the ...
the busy girls, the active girls,
the sophisticated, rich, ambitious
girls of our days - they are reduction
in a style. They
if necessary they lead an active life
for the sake of their lives. Like decided
men they are able to renounce
a lot of worldly fun as they are
~~knowingly~~ decided to remain single.
You, indeed, women of this century have
gained new pleasures and new dance
and a kind of glory they never had before.

New C. and the "v. n." Only destroyed
the ^{hom}improvements little lies and secrets
between the two sexes. But nothing was
could succeed in destroying the profound
and essential mystery that is love, ~~and~~
~~the secret, almost fatal and at times with~~
~~it is impossible to explain, is the~~
national lie the violent and almost
painful attraction one human being can
have for another one.

no psychoanalysis was with explain
Since the old little romance - mystery
was out of fashion, the authentic
mystery, ~~of human relations, was~~
~~that - as could be seen - which forms~~
~~the center of every~~ in the living
center of every vision love!
shows itself - as could show itself -
clear and more powerful than ever before
Since man and woman now really know
each other; since both of them are fond and
active independent human beings to each other
this honest love and passionate devotion
must not be less profound nor even
less "romantic" than
the classic first

life plan
I have said that women have only gained but also
have lost certain things and a lot when they
conquered independence and i. v. They have lost, f. i. e.,
that ^{intel-} like ^{manly} ~~about~~ ~~which~~ that used to protect
poor women and

don't have as much time to spend for

Many women don't have ~~as~~ much time to spend as
this wise feeling. ~~and~~
than Emma Rosset's heavy physical distance, or
than the ~~dark~~ luxury Anna Karmina threw away
when she followed ^{respectable} the man she loved. Yet, ~~it is~~
sometimes I catch myself with this thought in my mind:

62.) Schlechte Eigenschaften der Frau (Verlogenheit usw.)
- als Konsequenz langer Untwürdigkeit.
Gleiche Rechte ^{weiblich} Die Temperaments haben kein
Geisteslicht "...." Das Patriarchat...

"Befreiung der niedrigen Individualität aus
der Verwaltung der Jahrtausende"....
(Vorwort zu "Schicksal und Seele")
Alten Berlin... "Brüderliche Begegnung" ... Viel
Plündermöbel, viele Probleme, und guten Einn.
Die (Chaiselongue) "XXX" Jahre. Not so bad...
gute alte...

Schön der Absterben: ".... bei einem hellen,
verklärten großen Frühlingslicht, das den Glanz
der Mittagssonne abnimmt, das erst
über dem Frauen der 20. Jahrhundert,
aufgehen wird."

Gibt ihm positive Arbeit!
Anfang: "Emil", V. Teil:
Roman: "La femme et l'homme" ... Sie ist dapper...
Ergänzung... Dignity, Independence.

Übergang: "Sonad' über Frauen der 20. Jahrh.".
... Did it really rise?
Sprechen was nicht von reinen Rhetorik
III. Reich - "Frau gehört ins Haus"; Ständem
aufbau... -; aber wieder da...

Unverständliche Färbung ... moderner Töchter.

The litwasy grand-grand mama.

Wunder, wie man sie "mag" fand ...
Lieder und Witzanekdoten.

Was es schon - was gewonnen wird ...
..... Das Bronzende. Der Salon. [Vom
Rokoko über Rokoko bis zum späten XIX.]
Reste im Pariser. Zwischen altmodisch ...
Mensch. Annahmen. Fast monothem. Madam.
Eure. " Gegen die Zeit. " Politik ... Kasikatis.
Reformkult.
Die Problematik der Unberühmten ...

Mhm. — Die Mosay. — Anna Kasenina.
Liebe: somit nicht.

Ziel: das Neue halten,
dabei vom Alten — gewinnend gewinnen.

Der Kampf um Unabhängigkeit, Wahrheit,
Standards ... (Ernst.)
Abw. im Pariser — die " Dramat. " (Der
die unberühmte. Siegfried Dramat. (Der
modisch klingende Namen: (Appl.)
Kunst der Brief-Tagebuch-Schreibung. (neu lesen)
Titel: " Aus guter Familie. " (Ausb. ...
" Die kaisergeliebte Mosay. " Mäde Suchen. (Die
" Thematik mit " diecadence " und Kleinigkeiten.)

Etwas später begeisterten wir uns für die dämonische Prosa Edgar Allan Poe's und für die gewaltig strömende Lyrik Walt Whitman's. Und das war viel, aber es war ~~noch~~ nicht genug. Dann lernten wir die Main Street und den Babbitt kennen, aus den Beschreibungen des Sinclair Lewis, und den Fall Sacco-Vancetti nebst mehreren anderen "Fällen", aus den Darstellungen von Upton Sinclair. Und wir schwärmten für ~~Jazz~~ Jazz-Musik und die Ziegfeld Girls, und für Charly Chaplin and Lillian Gish, und für ein paar Stücke von Eugen O'Neill, die in deutscher Uebersetzung aufgeführt wurden. Und all das war viel, aber es war noch nicht genug.

Als wir im Jahre 1928 zum ersten Mal in die Staaten kamen, waren wir immer noch halbe Kinder. Und wir waren entzückt von der harten, strengen, durchaus neuartigen Schönheit der Stadt New York, und von der Schönheit des Gran Canyon, und von den Universitäten, wo wir Vorträge halten durften, und von der Schönheit der Greta Garbo - die wir in Hollywood trafen - , und von der Konversation des Mr. Mencken, mit dem wir im Hotel Algonquin Rotwein tranken.