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The Heart of Europe. An Anthology of European Writing from 1920 to 1940. Preface.

Mann, Klaus

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An Anthology of European Writing from 1920 to 1940PREFACE

The Fortress of Europe is doomed. The Heart of Europe is immortal. It may be wounded and weary - this proud and sensitive heart - , haunted by sinister memories and even more terrible forebodings. But it still throbs and lives, in the middle of darkness and disintegration. However woeful and fearful, it remains the focus, nay, the dynamic source of vast energies - both creative and devastating.

* * *

The European genius has often been prone to treachery and corruption. Given to adventures and experiments, the Homo Europaeus is always in danger to go astray, to lose his moral equilibrium. There were periods of confusion and decadence when Western Man forgot his mission and wantonly betrayed the sacred legacy of Hellenic Wisdom and Christian faith.

If Europe has been lovable and great, it is by virtue of this twofold heritage. Golgatha and the Acropolis are the tokens of her spiritual survival. She jeopardizes her glory when she distorts or disregards this double source of her substance. The diversity of Europe will inevitably fall into anarchy unless organized and illuminated from this innermost center. A Europe estranged from her own sublime traditions not only forfeits her universal rank but becomes indeed a public enemy - most dangerous to the very civilization that she helped create.

The crisis through which Europe passes now is perhaps the gravest of her history; it certainly involves more frightful perils to the

civilized world at large than did any of the previous upheavals and ordeals. This time, two of the most illustrious members of the continental family - the nation of Caesar and Dante and the country of Dürer and Hölderlin - have utterly abandoned whatever was inspiring and constructive in their past, and, moreover, challenge and attack all those who still adhere to the essential laws of Occidental culture.

Of course, it would be absurd to hold a few individuals - however wicked and however powerful - solely responsible for a calamity of such apocalyptic dimensions. The disaster called Fascism-Nazism has its roots not only in the problematic character of two particular nations; it is derived, not only from the blunders of one particular peace conference or from the social conditions of a chaotic post-War period, but also from the abysmal depth and complexity of European thought. Undeniably, the intellectual climate of the continent fostered for many years the bacillus that has now become so murderously virulent.

The European literature of the nineteenth century - one of the most fascinating developments of human culture - was charged with ominous, or ambiguous, potentialities. If the Philosophy of Enlightenment had sapped the authority of religion and feudalism, the pessimistic romanticism and extreme individualism of the following period questioned and undermined the validity of any hierarchic order - including all accepted categories of logic, ethics, and aesthetics. Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Emmanuel Kant inaugurated an intellectual revolution of staggering implications and consequences. Man conceived and communicated a new, daring vision of his own nature and destiny; the basic elements of the human drama - man's relation to God and society, his physical impulses and metaphysical aspirations -

had to be redefined and reevaluated.

The generous illusions of the eighteenth century were refuted, once and for all, by the psychological discoveries of the nineteenth. How was it possible to ignore the sinister qualities of modern man, after the bold and tragic revelations of Nietzsche and Dostoevski, ~~Stendhal~~ ^{Stendhal} and Schopenhauer, Freud and Marx, Tolstoi and Kierkegaard? It became difficult, indeed, impossible to indulge in euphemisms about man's intrinsic goodness and simplicity, in view of their cruel and admirable truthfulness.

The very concepts and traditions on which our civilization rests were affected by the grand intellectual assault. ~~How aspects and potentialities of human life were~~ ~~scrutinized~~, ~~obsolete idols~~ ~~were~~ ~~fearlessly discarded~~. While the material world was being ~~substantially~~ altered by the vast technical and scientific

The literature of the 19th century ~~showed~~ ^{showed and defined} these sweeping increase in glorious and terrible features. How dynamic and colourful the Human Comedy appeared in Balzac's epic interpretation! How fierce and fascinating was the Human Beast, as presented by Emile Zola! What unprecedented problems and ~~unprecedented~~ solutions were anticipated in Heine's bitter-sweet irony, in Baudelaire's hazardous cult of ^{vital} ~~evil~~ and ugliness, in Rimbaud's rebellious adventure! The tragedy of human solitude - both the utter futility and inexplicable grandeur of our struggle were experienced and formed anew by men like Flaubert and Strindberg. Henrik Ibsen ventured to question such sacred institutions as marriage - one of the moral bases of bourgeois society - ; Oscar Wilde foolhardily challenged the sex prejudices of the middle class. Karl Marx - infinitely greater as an analyst than he is as a prophet - discovered the motive powers behind man's collective drama, while Sigmund Freud - equally inspired and equally one-sided - penetrated into the

~~lured~~ ^{human} maze of the unconscious, where he found the tokens and scars of early traumas and incestuous appetites.

Nietzsche-Zarathustra bewitched the ^{intellectual} ~~creative~~ elite with his equivocal catchwords. ~~As~~ Prometheus-like, he challenged the gods and defied the ^{moral conventions} ~~accepted ethics~~ of two-thousand years; whatever had ^{taught and} been believed, from Socrates to Pascal, from ^{St. Paul} ~~Aristotle~~ to ^{Bismarck} ~~Kaiser~~ was doubted or ^{attacked} ~~depreciated~~ by this terrific revolutionary.

How thrillingly adventurous life seemed, up there, in glacial height, immeasurably beyond good and evil! An anti-intellectual, anti-humanitarian vogue swept the continent. The commonplace faith in Science, Reason, and Progress provoked the new idolstry of Instinct and Intuition. The élan vital - the aimless energy of Life as such - was worshipped, no matter what its purpose and its direction.

But from Nietzsche's Power philosophy it is only one step to Sorel's terrible Defense of Violence and to Spengler's dreary Decline of the Western World.

II

With all accepted codes and concepts questioned or destroyed, the moment appeared propitious for the last, decisive blow against Christian, Occidental civilization - the Revolution of Nihilism.

But Nazism and Fascism - it seems almost needless to say - strikingly failed - or, in fact, ~~they have~~ never tried - to fulfil the prophecies of those they claim as their literary predecessors. The demagogues of Berlin and Rome just stole the most dubious ingredients of certain philosophies and mixed them to an obnoxious, indeed, deadly concoction. Is it Nietzsche's fault that his Superman becomes a revolting freak when represented by Hitler, Goering, and Goebbels? Can we blame Tolstoi and Dostoevski for the hackneyed

imitation of their ecstasies? Is Schopenhauer's tragic vision responsible for the vulgar nihilism of maniacs and criminals? It might be even unfair to reproach Richard Wagner with Hitler's weakness for Die Meistersinger...

All those European geniuses - being real Europeans and true geniuses - were not only bearers of the diabolic bacillus but also possessed and offered the remedy to render the poison wholesome and stimulating. The European drama proceeds according to complex dialectical rules. Its crucial developments have often, if not always, a twofold impact: they contain the double germ of progress and disaster, of liberation and catastrophe. Each time when the European genius challenges the established hierarchy of values and institutions, he threatens - deliberately or unwittingly - the basic structure of Christian civilization. This is true of the Renaissance, of Luther's Reformation, of the French Revolution, and of the more recent experiments - both scientific-technical and psychological-artistic. And it is ~~also~~ true also ^{of} for the more fragile literary generation - our contemporaries - succeeding the creative giants of the nineteenth century. Their very weakness is often the source of their potency and persuasion. If some of them appear flippant and cynical, they may be so out of their tonic aversion to bombastic words and beautiful illusions. Some are bitter, out of their relentless truthfulness. Others owe their particular insights to an almost morbid sensitivity of their nervous system. Is ~~there~~ there in modern writings a proclivity for the sterile and chaotic? Perhaps so; but there is also an authentic, passionate striving for new valid concepts and images, the earnest, inspired will to find and formulate a new morality, a new kind of beauty, a new law, a new vision.

III

The pivotal experience of the first World War intensified and deepened both elements in European letters - on the one hand, the suicidal moods and feverish distortions, and, on the other, ~~and, on the other~~, the constructive will to find new solutions for the vital social and moral issues of our time. European literature emerged from the ordeal richer than ever in colours and contradictions, sublime beauties and dangerous tendencies.

The period from 1920 to 1940 in Europe was maybe less dynamic and less significant, ~~as~~^{so} far as creative writing is concerned, than were the first two decades of this century. Yet it would be erroneous to believe that literature in Europe stagnated, during the years preceding the present disaster. There is a profusion of new, youthful voices - some of them shrill or weak or cheaply sensational, but others candid and powerful, ~~movingly original and authentic~~. True, this polyphone concert echoes the anguish of past tribulations and often anticipates the screams and spasms of coming calamities. But at the same time we are struck by unmistakeable signs foreshadowing the present fight against evil and even the future epoch of reconstruction and recovery.

* * *

It is not the purpose of this anthology to introduce or publicize any particular literary movement. In fact, there are no literary movements in the war-torn, war-weary Europe of 1943; there are only the brave, if secret, opponents, the tragic victims and the venal flunkies of a totalitarian dictatorship.

The last great boom of literary schools and coteries in Europe was during the years immediately after the World War. It was then that Expressionism, Futurism, Dadaism, and the like - all started shortly before or shortly after 1914 - became popular and dominated the artistic scene. Their hectic glory, however, utterly failed to last.

Yet,

influence of those anti-realistic - or surrealist - tendencies is still noticeable and still stimulating, while the products and patterns of the original schools have long become stale and meaningless.

During the following years - from 1925 to 1940 - no literary formula was generally accepted by the continental vanguard. Of course, there were groups and cliques - Marxists, neo-Catholics, neo-Conservatives, and so forth; but their slogans and styles were determined by non-literary motives and interests. The leading figures of the European literary scene - men like Rilke and Valéry, Gide and Ortega y Gasset, Thomas Mann and Croce - may have had the authority to launch their own literary programs, but did not choose to do so.

There were no "movements" but there was a rich variety of trends and tastes, promising efforts and ^{superb} ~~future~~ accomplishments. Drama, novel, criticism, even poetry, continued to flourish - almost incredibly - while the continent was drifting towards disaster. No doubt, Europe's social and political élites failed signally in their task of leading and enlightening the muddled, malcontent peoples. But the record of the literary men is, on the whole, more impressive and more honorable than is the one of politicians and industrialists. The majority of European writers were not unaware of the dangers confronting them, nor were they frightened or paralyzed by their sinister insights. It would be indeed unfair to condemn the creative minds of Europe en bloc as "irresponsible" or even as treacherous. Naturally, there are sad exceptions. But in general the representatives of European letters did their utmost to warn their continent against ~~the~~ ^{the} imminent ~~disaster~~ ^{catastrophe} and, at the same time, to increase its glory by contributing new works and testimonies - some of them of sound and lasting value.

(then)
It is the purpose of this anthology to present as comprehensive and as unbiased a survey as possible of what is soundly alive and lastingly valid in the European literary production of the past two decades.

IV

Of course, it was impossible to omit in this selection all symptoms of decadence and confusion: they are inherent in the works of the very authors who may turn out to be the heralds of a coming European renaissance. But we made it our policy to exclude from this book all those writers in whose style and ideology Fascist elements predominate.

First we thought - somewhat apprehensively - such a political discrimination might complicate and corrupt our choice. But the omission of Hitler's and Mussolini's literary champions proved only a minor loss. Nobody will miss Hanns Johst and Marinetti - those ludicrous poetæ laureati of the Berlin-Rome axis. And as for those "unpolitical" conservatives who made their peace with the devil - as did Hans Carossa in Germany, Gracia Deledda in Italy - , most of them are rather on the boring side. It is indeed possible to present a fairly complete panorama of contemporary European letters, without admitting anybody who stained or forfeited his prestige by too intimate a contact with the powers of barbarism.

Yet, there are cases that caused us a little headache - Gerhart Hauptmann, for instance, Knut Hamsun, and Gabriele D'Annunzio. Their literary rank is beyond any question. Should we do without them - because of their political misbehaviour? Undeniably, Hauptmann's early dramas are still powerful, regardless of his shortsighted servility toward Hitlerism. But, then, how long is it ago that he wrote The Weavers and Hannele's Ascension? The truth is

that he produced nothing of real interest since 1918. This anthology, however, covers only the period between the two world wars.

That is why D'Annunzio hardly fits our scheme, quite apart from all political considerations. His poses and vagaries, accents and adventures are impregnated with the unmistakable ^lfavour of the fin de siècle; ~~his~~ his theatrical fascination is a phenomenon of the past. It seemed more pertinent to include G. A. Borgese's brilliant analysis of D'Annunzio's character and career, rather than to present a sample from the poet's somewhat overaged work.

And what about Knut Hamsun - that unique old wizard of Norwegian solitudes? True, he lost his genius with his political integrity: the more ardent his panegyrics of Nazism, the more boring become his novels. Yet, some of the things he produced between 1919 and 1939 are of compelling beauty and originality. Nevertheless we decided to renounce his contribution. The influence Knut Hamsun exercised on European literature in general, and on German writers in particular, was exceedingly unfortunate. His fierce, irrational hatred of Western civilization incited the Vandalic instincts of many a callow scribbler between Oslo and Rome; his personal style served as a model to the cheapest "Blood and Soil" romanticists. Definitely, his place - intellectually and even artistically - is on the other side of the fence.

But - a critical reader might object at this point, - if you are so strict in matters of political ethics, how could you admit such equivocal contributors as Stefan George and Paul Claudel, Jean Cocteau and Luigi Pirandello?

It is undeniable that there are suggestions of an anti-democratic, authoritarian philosophy in the work of the great German poet, Stefan George, and of the illustrious French bard and dramatist, Paul Claudel. But in both cases those inimical elements are counterbalanced, or indeed outweighed, by other tendencies of more approvable nature. If it

is true that Claudel - the fervent Catholic and implacable enemy of Enlightenment and Progress - paid embarrassing homage to General Franco and Marshal Pétain, it is also true that his religious pathos is profound and authentic enough to guarantee the innermost purity of his ideas and intentions - far beyond, and quite apart from, his occasional tactical slips. The great European traditions are unquestionably alive in Paul Claudel's prayers and suguries, just as they live in Stefan George's aristocratic ethos. Idolized by German nationalistic youth; wooed by Goebbels and his puny agents, the sacerdotal renovator of German poetry might have become the "Führer" of Nazi literature. But he spurned - proud and incorruptible - all flattering offers coming to him from Berlin and died in exile - disgusted with the blatant vulgarity of the Teutonic "revolution" which he had, in part, prepared and prophesied. It was his last wish not to be buried in German soil.

As for Pirandello and Cocteau, the substance of their messages is, of course, less forceful and less inspiring. But both have to contribute original and somehow indispensable shades to the rich pallet we try to present in this volume. Besides there is no touch of the Fascist bacillus to be traced in their dream worlds. If Pirandello's psychological fantasies have any relation to Mussolini's pseudo-Caesarian régime, ~~then~~ it can only be a critical, even hostile one. Deeply versed in the paradoxical ^{entanglements} ~~critical games~~ of split personalities, the Italian skeptic and romanticist was certainly not inclined to glorify, or even to recognize, the hollow greatness of any neurotic Duce. If Pirandello, during the last years of his life, yielded to the temptations and to the pressure of the Fascist Government - what has such lack of firmness and fortitude to do with the charm and value of his artistic creation? And if Cocteau - sick and half-irresponsible - proved unable to resist the massive persuasion of the German invaders - does such human weakness depreciate

the enthralling qualities of his feats and confessions?

V

There were other problems and difficulties intriguing the editors of this book. Could we hope to bring about a fairly representative selection - with only six- or seven-hundred pages at our disposal? It ^{was} a vast profusion of literature from which we had to pick the most striking, most typical samples. Every anthology is arbitrary and inadequate, to a certain extent. Fully aware of this danger, we tried hard not to neglect anything of real significance - not to admit the mediocre. We excluded - consciously and deliberately - some of the European names most familiar to the American literary public - not necessarily because we deemed those authors second-rate, but because we believe that their works - however popular, clever and entertaining - are not essential in ~~our~~ the particular context of this book.

Another delicate issue was, to find an appropriate scheme according to which the material could be organized. Would the language be an adequate criterion? But it appeared somehow dubious, if not outright wrong, to present, say, Ramuz and Maeterlinck as Frenchmen, just because French happens to be their idiom - Hofmannsthal and Werfel, as Germans, because the German language is their medium of expression. Was it permissible to neglect, or even to deny, the specific qualities of the smaller countries - Switzerland, Belgium, Austria, Czechoslovakia? To claim Franz Kafka and Rainer Maria Rilke as Germans would be almost tantamount to accepting Hitlerian views. Kafka - one of the most extraordinary masters of German prose - is not really a German writer. His incomparable visions are deeply imbued with the mysterious twilight of Prague - a city which is a complex and independent cultural entity,

by no means a mere particle of the Greater Reich. As for Rilke, it is particularly difficult to define his nationality: Slavic, French and Nordic elements are fused - intimately and enchantingly - in the iridescent texture of his work and being. Should we present him simply as "a European"? That would have been premature...

The European map, as shaped in 1919, may be imperfect in many ways; but there is no better scheme available as yet. We decided, therefore, to classify our authors according to their respective lands of origin, and to stick to the Versailles Treaty as regards the various national sovereignties.

A point requiring special explanation is the absence of England's voice in our symphony. It may seem paradoxical, if not provocative, to exclude from a selection of this type the very nation to which Europe is most profoundly indebted, at this historical moment. There were, however, numerous cogent reasons speaking against the admission of English ^{and} ~~any~~ Irish authors.

First, English literature is much more widely and more intimately known to the American reading public than are the European continental writers; consequently, the selection of English material would have had to be made according to principles very different from those applicable to the other national departments. Secondly, it appeared inadvisable - from an artistic, or stylistic, point of view - to include one group of original texts in a book consisting of translations. Thirdly - and this last argument is perhaps the one that brought the final decision - the publishers of this volume are planning a special anthology of writings from the British Commonwealth - conceived as a kind of sequel to "The Heart of Europe", just as the latter might not have come into being without the encouraging example of a preceding volume, "American Harvest."

XVI

It was our ambition to show the vast variety of European lands= capes, moods, and rhythms. What stirring contrasts! What delicate transitions and suggestive blends! From the gaudy Balkans - so enchantingly described by Penait Istrati - to the Nordic idyl of Sigrid Undset; ^{the almost Arabian colour of Spanish sunning} from the solitude of the Volga valley - impressively evoked in Romanoff's tragic sketch - to the mellow loveliness of Paris resounding through the prose of ^{Madrel Proust and} Jules Romain and Valéry Larbaud; from the bleak grandeur of Finland's lakes and forests to the festival Baroque of Salzburg's architecture - solemn and winged as the style of Austria's great poet, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, - : what abundance of splendors and memories! ^{from the rich history of Polish villages to the...}

("From richly nourished, old and blood-soaked soil grows all that moves us," as Richard Beer-Hoffmann says, in ^a his remarkable ^{essay} ~~piece~~ on Mozart. From this ground - the tragic, fertile, sacred soil of Europe - rose the spiritual heroes ^{Some of whose} whose names we find invoked in certain pages of this anthology: Martin Luther and Jacob Boehme, ^{Beethoven and} Goethe and Schubert - those inspired sons, or creators, of a better Germany, now silenced or distorted; Don Quixot, - pathetic and grotesque, yet infinitely moving: an authentic myth, as conceived and analyzed by Don Miguel de Unamuno; the great masters, from Giotto to Picasso, of whom Julian Green speaks to us with so much ^{knowing} ~~feeling~~ sensitivity; Dostoevski, the soul and prophet of "Fiery Russia," to quote Remizov's formula; Ibsen and ~~Proust~~ Freud, Masaryk and Lenin.)

Europe is a continent of nightmares and murderers - ~~the land of~~ ^{devils} the Hangmen, the deadly region where the Age of the Fish begins; it is the realm of antics and masquerades, follies and romances, the land of inspired jesters; (who could be funnier - who wiser than Hasek's

Many of you readers may have a interest in Europe, to enter it in a...
 chance to go to Europe, to enter it in a...
 to take an action part in...
 10-11-47

Brave Soldier Shveyk?) Europe - the sphere of sweet, nostalgic dreams and melodies; (~~what wistful ~~magic~~ magic in Franz Werfel's verses!~~) (how hopeless and yet enchanting! - the euphoric weariness of Joseph Roth's reckless and pious drunkard.) Europe - the land of crusaders and athletes; (think of Gustav Regler, Saint-Exupéry, Henry de Montherlant!) There is a Europe of martyrs and refugees, a Europe of madness and disintegration - a continent in ruins.

Europe is the land of terrific changes, sweeping transformations. We must not visualize Europe as something finished and settled - a monument of its own glorious past - but, on the contrary, as a dynamic organism - striving, struggling, sinning and stoning; still pregnant with terrific dangers, ample promises.

Europe is a continent in the making.

The most illustrious European minds are ardently, primarily concerned with the future - even when scrutinizing the past, as does the eminent Dutch scholar, Huizinga. Read Ortega y Gasset's shrewd and humane reflections! Be moved by André Gide's fervent appeal for Joy and Progress, for a wider and bolder concept of human life! Respond to the ^{spirited} ~~eloquent~~ eloquence of Heinrich Mann's Cosmopolitan Manifesto! What is at stake in all those programs, warnings and discussions? The future of Europe, of our civilization; the future of man himself.

Liberated from its present tyrants and demagogues, Europe may establish herself at last as a political and spiritual unity. Europe is tenacious: she survived many failures, many horrors, many agonies. It could be that she will rise, once again, from the ashes - Phoenix-like, more deeply experienced than ever, not altered but purified, and inspired enough, perhaps, to conceive and realize a new humanistic ideal - revolutionary, yet conserving what is imperishable in European

traditions; sober and realistic, yet with religious perspectives and implications; international - or rather, inter-continental - but proudly maintaining and developing its own specific European character and the individual qualities of the various European nations.

Europe may perish - it was indeed on the point of perishing, during the past ten years - ,but it will never stagnate. It will not become a Russian province or a museum for American tourists.

"Méfiez-vous de l'Europe!" Thus a great European - Georges Bernanos admonishes his American friends, from his Brazilian exile. "No doubt, most of you take it for granted that old Europe will emerge depleted ~~of~~ of all constructive forces from this ghastly nightmare. But Europe is not old, to begin with; only its institutions are obsolete. The peoples of Europe are by no means overaged; only the European élites have to be rejuvenated. The present crisis does not resemble a crisis of senility.... Europe has been an incomparable intellectual center; she will never renounce the privilege she assumes - rightly or wrongly so - : namely, to stimulate and lead the spiritual life of the world."

And, again, with ominous emphasis: "If Europe proves unable to save our civilization, she will surely destroy it."

THE HEART OF EUROPE

An Anthology of Creative Writing on the European Continent
between Two World Wars

Edited by K l a u s M a n n

PREFACE by

INTRODUCTION by Klaus Mann

+ + +

(** indicates: "for the first time in English"
* indicates: "for the first time in the U. S."

A u s t r i a

(Introduction by Franz Horch)

Richard Beer-Hofmann, "Mozart" **

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, "The Salzburg Festivals" **

Arthur Schnitzler, "The Mask Lender" (from "Dream story") **

Alfred Polgar, "Decay: Vienna, 1922" (article) **

Joseph Roth, "The Legend of the Holy Drunkard" (a long short story)**

Stefan Zweig, "Toscanini"

Franz Werfel, "The Crooked Cross" (short story)

Franz Werfel, Three Poems **

Hermann Broch, "Vergil" (fragment) **

Sigmund Freud, "Why War?" (an open letter to Albert Einstein) *

B e l g i u m

(Introduction by Françoise Dony)

Maurice Maeterlinck, "Notes about God and Death" **

Henri Michaux, "My Possessions" (prose sketches) **

Eric de Haulleville, Poems **

C z e c h o s l o v a k i a

(Introduction by Christopher Lazare)

Karel Cepek, "Politics" (conversation with Thomas G. Masaryk)

Garoslav Hasek, "The Brave Soldier Shveyk" (fragment)

Vitezlav Nezral, "Prague" (poem) *

Egon Hostovski, "Letters from Exile" *

F. C. Weiskopf, "The Little People" (a short story) **

Rainer Maria Rilke, Late Letters and Poems

Franz Kafka, "Josephine, the Songstress" (a story) and Four short
parables

D e n m a r k

(Introduction by Baron Jost Dalerup)

Karin Michaelis, "Pantopidan" (portrait of a Danish writer) **

Johannes V. Jensen, "The Great Journey" (Darwin in South Africa)

Anderson-Nexo, "Pelle, the Conqueror" (fragment)

Finland

(Introduction by Hans Aminoff)

V. E. Sillanpää, "A Story" **

Jarl Hemmer, "The Secret" (a short story) **

France

(Introduction by Ivan Goll)

Paul Valéry, "Homo Europaeus" (essay)

André Gide, "Of Joy and Progress" (poetic prose) **

Marcel Proust, "About the Art of the Novel" (from "Le Temps Retrouvé")

Roger Martin du Gard, "A Story"

Paul Claudel, "Once Again..." (poem)

François Mauriac, "Crucifixion" (from "Life of Jesus")

Poems by Jean Cocteau, Paul Eluard, Max Jacob, Ivan Goll, etc.

(translated by William C. Williams, Clark Mills, Clement Greenberg) **

Romain Rolland, "Gandhi" "Beethoven"

Eustace Saint-Exupéry, "Southern Mail" (fragment)

André Malraux, "William Faulkner" (essay) **

Henri de Montherlant, "The Race" (story) **

Annette Kolb, "Hector Berlioz" (essay) **

Jules Romains, "Paris" (fragment)

Jean Paul Sartre, "Herostratus" (a story)

Julien Green, "Notes on Art"

Jean Giraudoux, "Speech in Massachusetts" (from "Amica America") **

Jean Cocteau, "The Ruins of Paris" (prose fantasy: transl. by E. Boyd)

Georges Bernanos, "Return to Humanity" (manifesto)

Germany:

(Introduction by Hermann Kesten)

Stefan George, "To a Young Leader of the First World War" (poem) **

Thomas Mann, "Goethe's Career as a Writer" (essay)

"Lotte in Weimar" (fragment)

René Schickele, "Love Story" (from "Die Flaschenpost") **

Alfred Döblin, "Berlin, Alexanderplatz" (fragment) **

Bruno Frank, "The Suitcase" (short story)

Carl Zuckmayer, "The Captain of Köpenick" (dramatic fragment) **

Alfred Neumann, "Drums" (fragment) **

Leonhard Frank, "Breathing" (short story) **

Martin Gumpert, "Death" (a story) **

Hermann Kesten, "Colonel Kock" (a story) **

Ernst Toller, "Prison" (from "I was a German")

Gustav Regler, "The Great Crusade" (Spain)

Anna Seghers, "The Rescue" (fragment) *

Joschim Maass, "The Testament at the Kitchen Table" (fragment) **

Berthold Brecht, "Three Poems" (transl. by John T. Latouche & C. Greenberg) **

Heinrich Mann, "The Cosmopolitan Manifesto" **

Greece

(Introduction by Demetrios Capetanakis)

Lilika Nakos, "Meternity" (short story)

C. P. Cavafy, "Awaiting the Barbarians" and other poems (transl. by W. H. Auden)

Pentelis Prevelakis, "Two Poems" *

H u n g a r y

(Introduction by Thomas Quinn Curtiss)
Ferenc Molnar, "The Green Hussar" (a story) **
Jenő Heltai, "Death and the Physician" (short story) *
Oedön von Horvath, "The Age of the Fish" (fragment)

I t a l y

(Introduction by Renato Poggioli)
Benedetto Croce, "The Revival of Humanism" (essay)
Luigi Pirandello, A Story
G. A. Borgese, "D'Annunzio" (a portrait)
Ignazio Silone, "Mr. Aristotle" (a story)
Gaetano Salvemini, An Essay "Rosselli"
Italo Svevo, "The Hoax" (fragment)

N e t h e r l a n d s

(Introduction by Alexander Gresshof)
Jean Huizinga, "Fundamentals of Culture"
Arthur van Schendel, A Story **
Menno ter Braak, "Martin Luther and his Devil" (essay) **
H. Maarsman, Poems **

N o r w a y (Introduction by Eugenie Soederberg)

Sigrid Undset, "Spring Day in Norway"
Helger Krog, "A Toast to Agnete" (a one-act play) * "Agnete"

P o l a n d

(Introduction by Manfred Kindl)
Joseph Wittlin, A Story **
Poems by

P o r t u g a l

(Introduction by
Teixeira de Pascoale, "Columbus" (fragment) x x
R o m a n i a
(Introduction by Saul Colin)
Penit Istrati, "The Inn of Kir Leonida" (a story) **
Valeriu Marcu, "Lenin" (a portrait) **

R u s s i a

(Introduction by Thomas Quinn Curtiss)
Alexei Remizov, "Fiery Russia" (Dostoevski) (essay) *
Pantelaimon Romanoff, "On the Volga" (short story) *
Alexei Tolstoi, "Vesivy Suchov" (story) *
V. Katshev, "Speed up, Time!" (story) *
Isaac Babel, "Gedali" (short story) *
Mikhail Zoshchenko, "The Trap" (short story)
Ilya Ehrenburg, "New Short Stories" *
Maxim Gorki, "Soviet Intellectuals" (article)
Poems by Boris Pasternak, Andrey Bely, Mayakovsky, etc *

S p a i n

X (Introduction by

Don Miguel de Unamuno, "The Religion of Quixotism" (essay)

Ortega Y Gasset, "The Primitive and the Technical" (essay)

Ramon I. Sender, "Loudspeakers Sabotage a Meeting"

Rafael Alberti, "Words for Federico Garcia Lorca"

F. Garcia Lorca, "Ode to Walt Whitman", and other poems (transl. by
Steven Spender & Lloyd Mallen)

S w e d e n

(Introduction by Eugenie Soederberg)

Selma Lagerloef, A Fairy Tale

Paer Lagerkvist, "The Hangman" (a story) **

Harry Martinson, A Story **

S w i t z e r l a n d

(Introduction by Golo Mann)

Hermann Hesse, "Jacob Böhme's Calling" (A historical sketch) **

Annemarie Schwarzenbach, "The Congo River" (poems) (transl. by
Carson McCullers) **

C. F. Ramuz, "The Need of Greatness" (essay) **

Denis de Rougemont, "The Heart of Europe: Switzerland"

Y u g o s l a v i a

X (Introduction and Selection by Prof. Nicolo Mirkovich)