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Adresse: Maria-Theresia-Straße 23, 81675 München

E-Mail: monacensia.literaturarchiv@muenchen.de

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GERMANY

It pleases the Germans -- or rather, it did please them in times past -- to designate themselves as the people of poets and philosophers. And it is true that the German nation has since centuries and even today given the world many poets and some philosophers without whom Western culture would not be what it is. But in none of the other large civilized countries did literature, and the things of the spirit have so slight an influence on public life as in Germany.

The German people always knew more of their musicians and loved them better than their men of letters. The songs of Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms, the operas of Mozart, Weber, and Wagner, and even the great symphonies of Beethoven are immeasurably more popular, are far more typically the spiritual property of the nation than the works of Lessing, Goethe, Heine, and Nietzsche.

Literature was always something of a tragic phenomenon in Germany, and it led a problematic existence in something very like a vacuum. It was isolated. The nation did not quite trust it. The German people were not ever guided, influenced, or even advised by its great men of letters.

In France there exists today, as there has always existed, a confidential relation between the nation itself and its literature. In this fortunate country, literature is really the representative, the spokesman, the brains, and the alert moral conscience of society. In France during the last

two centuries the great men of letters have paved the way for every moral or political crisis and determined its ultimate course. Social crises through which France has gone since two centuries were spiritually prepared and their destination was determined by the great writers. Criticism of society was an essential central function of French literature, from Rousseau and Voltaire, through Balzac, Victor Hugo and Zola down to Romain Rolland and Andre Gide. It is against this very function of the spirit, that of social criticism, that the Germans are deeply distrustful. Everything having to do with social life, with inner or outer politics, as good "subjects" they leave to their "leaders" (whether the leader happens to be a Kaiser, a king, a prince, a general or a dictator). The unavoidable result of this is that perhaps nowhere else in the world is there so unbridgeable an abyss between ideas and power, as in my unfortunate country.

The Germans expect their artists to be "unpolitical" human beings, and perhaps for that very reason they expect them to worship power -- they are to indulge only in pure feeling. The artist must sing, as the lark sings in the field or as a tenor on the operatic stage, or an amiable soprano singing romantic songs on a concert-platform.

Unfortunately, however, for the man of letters in Germany, he is neither a tenor nor a nightingale. His passion,

his mission is not merely emotion but thought. His reaction to the world, to human society is not purely lyrical but it must also be critical, analytical, intellectual, political. It is indeed the specific honour of the man of letters that he is not only a human being of strong deep emotion, but also of clear independent reason -- or at least so he should be. Curiously enough the Germans always were of the opinion that it was beneath the dignity of a poet or philosopher to take critical part in matters concerning the public life of his country. Germany demands of its poets and philosophers that they should "float above the clouds." The only gesture permitted them in connection with public life is to bow low before power. If the artist cannot decide to perform this gesture, or if he even goes so far as to display

opposition to the ruling power, he rapidly falls into public disfavour and life is no longer pleasant for him at home. Many a good German man of letters, so extravagant as not to be in sympathy with the ruling power, has been banned from the country and has had to end his days in exile: this has always been the state of affairs in the past and it has remained so: the present situation is no exception.

An atmosphere of icy and majestic solitude surrounds German men of genius. "Like cranes they float over the land..." are the words with which one great German referred to German genius. He meant to express that they never so much as touched German earth, nor were they ever in any sort of contact with German reality. This tragic isolation is without doubt due to the fact that all truly great Germans have also been great Europeans; that is to say they felt German culture to be in close and necessary connection with the traditions of classical antiquity, of Christianity and of other contemporary Western civilizations, especially those of France and England.

Within the German people, however, this intellectually and politically so curiously uneducated people, there has always been a residue of untamed Germanism, of Wotan-cult, of deep and stavistic hatred toward those Western countries which have remained Democratic. It is no mere chance that the particular historic date which has always been the great German national symbol should be that of the "Hermann's Schlacht."¹

This was the decisive battle of germanic barbarians against European civilization, which was engulfing them from the Mediterranean northward.

All truly great Germans, all spiritually-minded Germans, were also great Europeans. This is an important sentence and must be borne in mind. They were Europeans even when they were conservative, like the group which included the "Romanticists," such as Schlegel, Tieck, Novalis, and Brentano, all of whom were in complete sympathy with Prince Metternich and the "Holy Alliance." They were conservative, it is true, but not nationalistic. One of Novalis' works bears the title: "Europe -- or Christianity." The Europe that he desired, and for which he was pleading, definitely resembled that of the Middle Ages. None the less this Europe was one homogenous continent: the white portion of humanity had become one great unity, under the sign of the cross...

Those great spirits who introduced the German classical period were good Europeans: such as Herder, Wieland, and Lessing; the last-named went so far in his drama "Nathan der Weise" as to preach tolerance toward all races and religions; his closest personal friend was the Jew, Moses Mendelssohn.

Goethe, too, in the strongest and most important sense of the word, was primarily a European. His comprehensive mind was at home in every zone of every country. Yet Goethe was lonely among the Germans, was a great exception to every rule, was an incomparable and isolated personality. When we consider

his life today it seems to us that of some lofty hermit, and this in spite of all the lavish entertainment that took place in his house in Weimar. He knew his compatriots only too well and uttered and wrote bitter truths about them. When the Napoleonic wars for freedom were being waged and with them a frenzy of patriotism spread over the land, Goethe's inimical and disgusted silence was regarded as a public offense, even as a scandal. At that time, the author of "Werther's Leiden" ("The Sorrows of Werther") and of "Faust" had, in all earnestness, to fear that some member of the nationally hyper-excited youth would actually make an attempt on his life...

As for Friedrich Schiller, whose popularity is incomparably greater than Goethe's, - is this very popularity perhaps not founded on a misunderstanding? Schiller won the sympathy of the German masses through his enchanting dramatic genius. But did his public truly grasp his spiritual purpose? Did his works have the particular moral and pedagogical affect which was his main object. In his youth, Schiller had been powerfully impressed by the great French Revolution; and in the focal point of his writings is the idea of FREEDOM. But the Germans of Schiller's time were not ripe for such an idea -- nor, apparently, are they ripe for it today...

To tell the story of German genius would mean writing a long tragedy in many acts.

Heinrich von Kleist, the famous author of "Prince of Homburg" and "Penthesilea," a Prussian "Junker," suffered from

being a Prussian as one suffers from a disease. He shot first his mistress and then himself on the shores of the "Waunsee," an inland lake of considerable size, near Berlin. Holderlin was a German with an insatiable longing for the Mediterranean and Greece, which he never even saw. He fell silent almost in his youth; he lived on for decades insane, and died insane. Georg Buchner was a German genius, who knew the world all too little. His tragedies, "Danton's Tod" (The Death of Danton) and "Woyzzeck" -- both of them written in his youth when he was barely over twenty -- belong to the greatest, aside from Schiller and Lessing, that German romantic literature has ever produced. He lived in Germany in an epoch of gloomy reaction, became a revolutionary, was forced to flee, died young, in despair, an exile in Switzerland.

"Traitor to the Fatherland!" This insulting designation was easily won by all who passionately desired a different, a better Germany than the one existing at the permission of some Prince or some General. "Traitor to the Fatherland!" patriotic journalists howled at Heinrich Heine, in the throes of unrequited love of the German Soul, who, from his sick-bed in Paris, wrote the eternally moving verses:

(Heine
find
English)

"Denk ich an Deutschland in der Nacht,
Bin ich um meinen Schlaf gebracht.
Ich kann nicht mehr die Augen schliessen
Und meine heissen Tränen fliessen."

Can we picture how deeply this German European, this German Jew must have loved his home, to suffer so acutely at the mere thought of it? In his particular case, of course, the

tragedy was not only that of the German man of letters but that of the German Jew as well. But these two separate tragedies are by no means unrelated or without similarity. For what the Germanic peoples hate in the Jew is in point of fact the intellectual spirit of criticism, the European, the man of letters...

Heinrich Heine, in spite of being hated, was at least famous in Germany. How long a period of time elapsed, though, before the spiritual activities of Karl Marx and of Erich Engels, (deeds which were destined to change the face of the world in the following century) until these so much as penetrated into the consciousness of "educated" Germans! How long it was before the German public even heard of them. True, the ruling class had the best of reasons for ignoring the discoveries of Marx and Engels and for passing them by in silence...

There was solitude surrounding Goethe, as well as Marx; about Holderlin as well as Heine. In the case of Friedrich Nietzsche, this phenomenon of solitude appeared in its most radical, most terrible and gruesome form. Perhaps for the reason that he himself was conscious of his own isolation with merciless insight and with all the resulting spiritual and human conclusions. The great Germans of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, at least, had the privilege of having comrades, on earth their brothers in suffering and in genius, with whom they could communicate. By Nietzsche's time -- which was late nineteenth century -- German literature had

become provincial. There were no great personalities. After Schopenhauer's death there was no one left who might have recognized the author of "Farastustra" as a man of his own stamp. He was completely alone. He called himself the hermit of Sils Maria, of Genoa, of Nice. An ailing prophet, he dwelt in small foreign towns, either high in the mountains or on the sea. He avoided Germany -- the new German Reich of his time, whose loud and vulgar manner tortured his sensitive nerves.

The great love of his youth was Richard Wagner, whose works he celebrated in his "Geburt der Tragödie aus dem Geist der Musik" ("Birth of Tragedy from the Spirit of Music.") But later he came to hate in Wagner all the qualities he hated in the Germans as well as that curious mixture of exaggerated sentimentality and aggressive brutality which makes of the German character an object of suspicion for the rest of the world. Nietzsche's immortal spiritual production is, beyond a doubt, his psychological unmasking of the "German Soul" (as represented to him by Richard Wagner in his Bayreuth period), as well as in his critical analysis of German romanticism, which he himself was subjected to and which he overcame in himself, just as he had, in order to be consequent, to overcome his passion for Wagner. Nothing could be more superficial or childish than for the German National Socialists to claim Nietzsche as their prophet, for having discovered the "Blonde Beast" (beast, meaning someone who looks harmless enough but of the super-man). These questionable "Conceptions" hold but a

secondary place in Nietzsche's works. It must be borne in mind that the philosopher who at times somewhat playfully permitted himself to praise the "Blonde Beast" mockingly and even wrathfully denied all racial theories; and that he always affirmed that his only readers in Germany were Jews. The "super-man" he desired was assuredly no marching soldier, no worshipper of brute force, no barbarian. Nietzsche desired a human being of principle. What he loved in the Hellenes was civilization. And the same is true of the French for whose culture he found so many enthusiastic words of praise. He despised everything narrow, provincial, nationalistic. He characterized himself a hundred times as a "good European." His prose: Nervous, tense, passionate, vibrating and pointed -- especially the prose of his last writings: "Aubichrist," "Fall Wagner" and "Ecce Homo," has all the earmarks of late, over-refined, European -- I could almost say Parisian -- artistry.

The greatest intellectual genius that Germany has ever produced lived in solitude and died demented. Nietzsche, though still alive at the time, was no longer consciously aware of the fulfillment of one of his dearest wishes: that German literature, at least in so far as it concerned his own works, once more become European.

The great change took place in the nineties. During the last decade of the nineteenth century and in the first third of the twentieth, German intellectual production stands as a correlated portion of world literature. And so it was at the

time of the German classicists and Romanticists. And so it must always be when German literature produces something that has permanent validity.

Of all the arts, German music alone remained a European art of the first magnitude. From Beethoven on, one great direct line leads to Wagner and Brahms; the "Moderns": Richard Strauss and Gustav Mahler when they were young men, had only to step into their lavish heritage and proceed to fit themselves to a still more rarefied taste. During the period from 1860 to 1890 France had gained precedence over Germany in the field of painting as well as of literature. Only when German painters permitted themselves to be influenced by the French impressionists was it possible for Germany once more to find a world-place in plastic art. The great German painter Max Liebermann never denied the decisive influence that the Parisian masters had exercised upon him.

The regeneration of German literature at the close of the last century began with the novel. Theodor Fontane wrote a Prose, that was not on a provincial German, but on a European plane. His novels, "Effie Briest," "Der Stechlin," "Unwiederlinglich" cannot be compared either to Balzac or Flaubert, but they very definitely can be compared to the Goncourts. When Fontane was an old gentleman he became a "well-wishing" protector of the "younger generation," above all of the young Gerhart Hauptmann.

The so-called "Naturalistic Revolution" which took

place in Germany in the nineties, was reflected simultaneously in the drama, novels, and lyric poetry of the time. It was from the stage that it caused the greatest sensation. In 1889 Gerhart Hauptmann made his debut with his drama "Vor Sonnen aufgang," "Before Sunrise;" and it was only a few years later that he reached the apex of his life-work in his revolutionary play "Die Weber," "The Weavers." With poignant hunger the literature of the time, plunged into a newly awakened activity into all problems of scientific, medical, sociological dogma or theory of the Epoch.

This was the time of Emile Zola, of Darwin and of Taine -- whose theory that "Milieu" is to be regarded as a "Hero" of any literary work of art, had a strong influence on the development of German naturalism. It was the time of Tolstoi, Turgenjew, and Dostojewsky; above all this was the time of Ibsen, the great Norwegian. He became the god of his literary generation. Everyone read Ibsen; everyone was under the spell of Ibsen. Every German lady of self-respect wore a "reformed dress," admitted absolute faith in "free love," and proclaimed herself a "misunderstood woman," like Hedda Gabler. The naturalists treated each and every problem which seemed of a timely nature: they wrote of alcoholism, of the living conditions of the proletariat, of hereditary syphilis, of divorce -- nor was that by any means all. A part of the bourgeoisie was shocked; another part was just as definitely enchanted. There was always a terrible tumult at the opening nights of plays

produced by Otto Brahm or Paul Schlentner in Berlin, of the dramas of Gerhart Hauptmann, Arno Holz, or Johann Schlaf.

The plays of Hermann Sudermann did better at the box office than the dramas of young Hauptmann; but the "avant garde" critics, the modern critics no longer took Sudermann seriously. The critic, Alfred Kerr, who began to gain influence at this period, mocked at Sudermann and glorified Hauptmann.

The whole epoch was comparatively peaceful. Germany was rich. Aesthetic and artistic problems still awakened general interest; and general interest still had room for social and political problems...

The fateful year, 1914, came -- and the Germans who for twenty years had been a civilized European people, were compelled to be converted into a people of soldiers at the demand of its Kaiser and the Generals Hindenburg and Ludendorff. Everyone ate turnips and spent his time reading the -- usually falsified -- reports of the General Staff. Everyone was looking forward to the "ultimate victory" which the newspapers kept promising as an inevitable event of the near future. Almost no one was left to pay any attention to a new work by Richard Strauss, Max Lieberman or Frank Wedekind.

Many -- probably most -- of German artists were taken off their feet during these terrible years of 1914-1918 by the general nationalistic fever. Only the very fewest succeeded in keeping a clear head. Many of these radical German Pacifists lived in neutral Switzerland during the World War. And it was

in Zurich that a group of German writers paved the way for certain artistic and spiritual movements which were destined, but a few years later, to govern cultural life in Germany for a short period, under the title of "Expressionism."

In the coffee houses of Zurich and Basle a few dozen German men of letters collected; and while their colleagues within the Reich produced hymns on War, these gave expression to their enthusiasm about "humanity" and its beautiful future. The man sitting at the next table, with an unusual high and round forehead, and the piercing glance, was perhaps Lenin. He was living in Zurich up to the time that General Ludendorff had him transported in a sealed car through Germany and into Russia, much as one carries pest-bacilli in a sealed test-tube, into the camp of the enemy. This was 1917, 1918. Time was marching on...

The life of the spirit, which had been switched off in Germany during the War, or, at any rate, pressed into a specific unfruitful line, revived in the first years after the catastrophe, with an almost hysterical and exaggerated vigour. A new generation cropped up and demanded to be heard. All these young talents had one thing in common: they hated War. Many of them blamed the past generation not only for the war, but for all the other misery on this earth. And so they despised "Fathers" almost as much as they despised war. One of the representative dramas of these first excited years after the war was entitled "Vater mord," ("Murder of the Father") and its

author was Arnold Bronnen. Walter Hasenclever called a play of his "The Son," which was to win for him the hearts of many thousands of young people. All these works had the identical pathos, the same tendency: "Our Fathers did everything wrong. They caused the great war. Away with our Fathers! We are young! We are going to begin all over again!" Everyone believed that a new and happier era was starting. Most of these young poets were revolutionary; a few of them have remained so...

For four years Germany had been isolated from the rest of the world. The rising generation eagerly snatched up all the various streams of thought, all inspiration coming from without. Everything that was exotic or in any way new, but that did not remind of the war, was eagerly accepted. Jazz, newly imported from America, aroused enthusiasm; Buddhism, as represented by Rabindranath Tagore, who travelled through German cities in beautiful silken robes, aroused enthusiasm. The world was to be saved by Negro plastic art, by reproductions of Egyptian statues, by cubistic painting, by theosophic or anthroposophic secret teachings, by Mary Wigman's dancing -- (which were really more nearly sacred exercises than dancing in the old, light-hearted sense) -- by a tonal music by a new type of architecture, including flat roofs and steel furniture; by Dostojewsky, by the Dadaists, the Futurists, by Italian Primitives and by Chinese porcellans. Everything was terrifically exciting. And everyone was alternately in

exaggeratedly good spirits and in terrible despair. Oswald Spengler was successful in a sensational way with his gloomy prophesy that the occident was decaying. "Untergang der Abendlander." Count Hermann Keyserling, in his "Schule der Weisheit" (School of Wisdom) in Darmstadt, taught everyone who could afford to pay for his teaching, what "the new man" was supposed to think and how he was supposed to behave. That witty journalist, Kurt Tucholsky, when writing about Keyserling said: "When I have been reading the works of this philosopher, I always arrive at the conclusion: there is but one answer to the riddle of the universe --: a wealthy marriage..."

And so the first years after the War passed, and the years of the inflation. Theatrical scandals called forth by the plays of Georg Kaiser, Ernst Toller, Fritz von Unruh, and Bert Brecht passed by; gradually the horror at the demonstrative vices of the dancer Anita Berber and the actress Maria Orska passed, too; everyone was getting used to anything -- and was calming down.

In the subsequent years -- 1925-1931 Berlin was truly a European capita; German culture was holding its own against the other great occidental cultures.

During the "Expressionistic" period lyrical poetry and the drama had been the most important literary forms. Now the great novel again came into the foreground. Now German men of letters made an attempt to win that place and influence in public life that should beyond a doubt have been theirs. They formed an organization copying the French model, the representatives of literature founded the "Dichterakademie." Among the

founders were Gerhart Hauptmann and Thomas Mann. Among its most active members was Heinrich Mann, who was president of the academy the last year before Hitler. The German authors' academy was never really popular; nor did it ever enjoy important power or real possibilities for activity. Curiously enough everyone seemed to enjoy making jokes about it which may have something to do with the fact that Germany never wished to recognize literature as a social power. There was no occasion lost to make this academy, and its republican point of view, ridiculous. Walter von Molo, not a writer of first rank, was its president for one year. At this time the newspaper concern Ullstein started a new rather second rate periodical "Die Grüne Woche" ("The Green Week") which was primarily meant for distribution in rural districts (and did not enjoy particularly high rank). von Molo -- who had probably received an important cheque from Ullstein's -- fell upon the idea to declare openly the "Green Week" to be a literary deed of the first magnitude, and the periodical itself comparable only with Homer or Goethe. The only Homeric thing about the whole affair was the laughter which rang throughout the Reich and which was really directed against the Academy, whose President Mr. von Molo happened to be at the time.

As has been said, the nation had no real faith in its literature. True, one writer or the other enjoyed a great success. But literature was not a social power. The people of Germany went on their way -- uninfluenced by their great men

of letters, heedless of their warnings. All the world today knows into what abysses the German people were led by demagogues, and the path they chose in January 1933.

On January 30, 1933 Adolf Hitler became Chancellor of the German Reich.

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CULTURE IN EXILE

So, on January 30, 1933 Adolph Hitler became Chancellor of the German Reich. In the weeks that followed the great exodus of the representatives of German culture began. For German culture and National Socialism are two points of view that have nothing to do with each other.

There will never be any reconciliation between the spirits of Lessing, Goethe and Hölderlin and the dogmas of Hitler and Rosenberg. The difference between Goethe's prose and Hitler's is at least as great as the difference between German and Chinese. Goethe and Hitler: these are figures from two different worlds. There never could have existed a question in the mind of any German artist, of any German intellectual with dignity, decency and talent, to which of these two worlds he wished to belong: to the world of human civilization, thought, decent work -- or to that other world of hysterically exaggerated Nationalism, worship of power, brutality, stupidity and lies.

The question has often been raised: Was it not at least partly the fault of German intellectuals, of the representatives of German culture that brutality and stupidity could

gain such power in Germany? The great fault of German intellectuals was that for years they had refused to regard the approaching danger of National Socialism with seriousness. They said: After all, Germany is not Italy. They said: "It can't happen here," and meant that it was incredible that a man like Hitler, incapable of writing so much as one sentence in correct German should ever become lord over Germany. I am not referring to those who sympathize with extreme Nationalism and the racial theories of the Nazis, either out of opportunism or real conviction. There were very few Nazi adherents among German artists and intellectuals whose names counted for something and who commanded respect. The best brains in the Reich, during the fourteen years that elapsed between the close of the war and Hitler's entrance into power, were moderate Democrats. Some few of them stood more to the left politically, on the orthodox Marxistic side; others, again were more conservative but even so they were far removed from the Anti-Semitism and aggressive Imperialism of the Nazis.

It was not until the very last years before Hitler's entrance into power -- the years 1930, 1931 and 1932 -- that a very few progressively-minded German men of letters actually became conscious of the utter misfortune the nation was being cast into, through the intrigues of a reactionary clique and the tremendous propaganda made by a gang of political adventurers. A few of these writers lifted their voice in warning. Among the ranks of these clear-sighted exceptions were not only a

number of liberal political journalists as well as great men of letters such as Thomas and Heinrich Mann. During the years 1931 and 1932 Thomas Mann exposed himself to a degree which was beyond a doubt dangerous to his very life. A great speech in particular called "Deutsche Ausprache" ("Address to the German People") which he delivered in one of Berlin's largest concert halls. This caused a tremendous political demonstration not only a g a i n s t him, but also another f o r him. In urgent and fervent tones he exhorted German citizenry, to which he belonged, not to be made a fool of by the strident demagogy of the Nazis, but to make its peace with Social Democracy. The crowd assembled in the spacious Berlin concert hall, gave vent to furious exclamation. The disturbing noise was directed by a man, the upper half of whose face was concealed behind huge blue spectacles. Later it transpired that the masked gentleman was no other than the writer, Arnold Bronnen, who had begun his career as a wild revolutionary but who, now, for opportunistic reasons, had gone over to the Nazis. At least, he still had some vestige of a sense of shame and did not dare show his face while he interrupted the delivery of "Deutsche Ausprache," like an impertinent school-boy, with his shouts. An ordinary brawl took place between Mr. Bronnen and the ushers, who were trying to throw him out. Finally the ushers won. For several minutes Thomas Mann had been unable to continue with his speech. At the close of the address wild applause broke out...

During the last year he dwelt in Germany, Heinrich Mann was President of the "Dichter Akademie." The last important work of his published within the Reich bore the title: "Bekeuntnis Zum Mebernationalen" (Profession of Super-Nationalism). In this impressive essay he formulated his conviction that the concept of "Nationalism" had long since been worn out and had no possible future. This essay could be designated as the moving swan's song of the Republic. Heinrich Mann went on to prophesy, demand and praise the "United States of Europe." He stated the inevitable premiss was the permanent reconciliation between the Reich and France. A few weeks later he publicly called upon the two great "left" parties: the Social Democrats and the Communists, to unite into a common front against the danger, threatening from Hitler. That was going too far. Heinrich Mann was expelled from the "Dichter Akademie."

One of the first actions of the Nazis was, as is generally known, to cause huge piles of books to be burned in the public squares of all German cities and towns. Not only the works of Marxists or of Jews were cast into the flames to the howls of joy of a partly uniformed, partly civilian-clad mob. There were also the writings of liberal, pacifistic or Catholic authors. For thought as such is dangerous to the Nazis. Thought means criticism. But the Totalitarian State now in the process of establishment, could endure no criticism whatever. Worship was all that was demanded. Everyone who would

not worship was an enemy.

The best of the German artists and intellectuals emigrated. They did so in the first place to save their lives -- for many of them would have been put into concentration camps and murdered had they remained in the country -- and in the second place, and above all, to save their personal dignity, their independence of thought, from the clutches of the new Power. Those German artists and intellectuals who went into exile have the most varied ideas, the most varied spiritual provement, the most varied grades of talent. Among them are Jews and Catholics, faithful Democrats or faithful Marxists. Some are old, some are young, some famous, some unknown. But all of them have one thing in common: hatred of that stupid reaction, dubbing itself the "German Revolution"; of that aggressive, imperialistic Nationalism, of that absurd racial dogma, of barbarism, of -- the Nazis!

The best of the German artists and intellectuals, since more than half a decade, have been living in exile. Many of them have in the meanwhile produced works which will live long after the regime which drove the authors of these works out of their homeland shall have vanished. Let us first consider the manifold accomplishments and the personalities we have to thank for these. First of all to the men of letters:

One of the most important of these is no longer among the living.

The great novelist, Jakob Wassermann, was a sad and

broken man when he died. Deep furrows of sorrow had traced his face with its high forehead and the great, dark eyes. His features bore an expression of sorrow and disgust. His gloomy answer to friends, who asked him how he was feeling, was: "I've had enough of it." And one could see that he truly had "had enough," especially during the last weeks of his life. I saw him for the last time when he returned from a lecture tour through Holland, and stopped off at Zurich, on his way to his home in Altanssee (in Austria). I asked him how the lecture tour had gone off. "Like a funeral," was his answer, and the expression of bitterness and weariness in his dark eyes was frightening. That was in December 1934. Jakob Wassermann died in his beautiful house in Altaussee on New Years Eve, 1935. His last deed on this earth was to prophesy the future to his young children and a few friends out of the lead which in Germany it is customary to melt over the fire on New Year's Eve. He himself desired to know no more of the future. He did not wish to see the New Year break in...

A hard, complicated life lay behind Jakob Wassermann. He had risen from a lowly estate; he had been very poor. He had to wait very long for success. This man of letters had had to work with enormous industriousness. When he finally became famous he took the duties of representation very earnestly and more earnestly than his social duties, he took those of a spiritual and pedagogical nature. During the last decade of his life his pedagogical interest and ambition came increasingly

to take up the center of his spiritual existence; most of all in the great "Kerkhoven" trilogy in the novels "Der Fall Maurizius," "Etzel Audergast" and "Kerkhovens dritte Existenz," the pedagogical theme plays a dominating role. Young people were grateful for the deep, fervent interest that Jakob Wassermann showed toward the problems and development of their generation. They came to him for advice, full of confidence: young men and women made pilgrimages to his country house, or sought him out whenever he held lectures anywhere in the Reich or in Austria. But most of all they wrote him letters -- many, love letters confiding their own intellectual or material worries to him in detail. All these letters which seemed to him so many cries for help, Wassermann answered. I have frequently heard him say, that he spent at least as much time on his correspondence as he did on his literary work.

His position from 1920-1930 was one of tremendous fame. Beyond a doubt he belonged to the very first rank of German men of letters, and to the very few whose reputation was international. His books, "Christian Walinschaffe," "Das Gänse m"nnchen," "Der Fall Maurizius," and all the others were most popular in Germany. And when he travelled in foreign lands, above all in his lecture tour of America, he could ascertain that he was famous not only at home. He was a wealthy man by this time and he enjoyed living in princely style with his second wife, Marta Karlweiss Wassermann. Like almost all men who have known poverty, he enjoyed creature comforts with

almost naive pleasure. He showed a marked preference for elegant, even showy clothing. Once, when he was taking a stroll on the promenade of a fashionable winter resort in the Eugadine he looked down upon his own person and remarked in the sonorous voice of an Oriental teller of fairy-tales: "To think that there once was a time when I was not elegantly dressed..."

But the closing years of his life lay under dark clouds. His first wife was the principal cause of the complications which robbed him of peace. Julie Wassermann, out of a mixture of hatred and love, pursued him with dozens of lawyers, countless embarrassing demands, and endless lawsuits. It was all as dramatic and as confusing as one of his novels. The worry about money which he had suffered from in his youth, recommenced for him in his age and despite his fame. He even began to fear that he would be exmited from his beautiful house in the Austrian mountains. Everything that his first wife undertook against him, assumed gigantic proportions for him because formerly he had loved this woman passionately. He erected an impressive, terrible, but fascinating memorial to her in the novel he concluded but shortly before his death: "Kerhoveus dritte Existenz." She is the uncanny heroine of the central portion, "Gana oder die Walmwelt." This belongs among the greatest of that Jakob Wassermann ever wrote. Its bitterness and painful stridency remind one of August Strindberg.

Is it necessary to emphasize the fact that it was

not these private affairs alone that cast shadows over the close of the life of Wassermann? He suffered far more deeply from the indignities the German people heaped upon him than other members of his race and men of analagous convictions and more than he did from the confusions of his private life. It has always been a vital problem for him that he was a German and a Jew -- in short, a German Jew. ("Mein Weg als Deutscher und Jude") was the title of one of his autobiographical, confessional essays. He never attempted to deny the oriental element in his spiritual make-up, in his talent as a narrator. On the contrary, he had emphasized it with pride. On the other hand, however, he knew and every just critic had to admit this, -- he was in point of fact as much a German in his work as any "Germanic" man of letters. Not only was all the wealth of German culture at his disposal, but he also had all the charm and melancholy of German scenery -- especially that of central Germany -- rooted deeply in his being. His most beautiful, his purest works, "Das Gänse münchen," "Kaspar Hauser," "Der Aufruhr im Junker Ernst," have a distinctly German-Romantic character. And these are the books which will live the longest, wherever Jakob Wassermann's work is mentioned -- NOT the more sensational, such as "Christian Wahnschaffe" or "Der Fall Maurizius," which had the greatest immediate success, and betray the ambition of their author to combine the genius of Dostojewsky and that of Balzac in his own person...

The New Germany -- Hitler's and Goebbel's Germany

would have nothing to do with the man who had for decades furthered Germany's fame in the entire world. Wassermann was expelled from the German "Dichter Academie;" he was forbidden to set foot on German soil; his books were forbidden in the Reich. The life of this German who was also a Jew ended in sorrow and disappointment.

The various reactions of the different writers of Jewish descent towards the terrible injustice and ineradicable insult to which they were subjected at the hands of the German nation, differed widely. Some of them declared that they would no longer be Germans, but only Jews. Such a reaction, while psychologically comprehensible enough, and while it proved a certain personal pride was, on the other hand, a paradox and had the further disadvantage of admitting that the racial theories of the Nazis, to the effect that "a Jew can never be a German" were right. For example: that very gifted novelist, Alfred Döblin, published a pamphlet during the early years of the emigration, in which he stated that he considered himself only a Jew and no longer a German. He became a sort of super-Zionist; he demanded separate territory for the members of his race. But Palestine was too small for him, and he suggested some other locality, either in South America or in Australia. Now, as a matter of fact, Alfred Döblin had all his life been a German man of letters, by no means preponderantly a Jewish one. His books did not treat of Moses or of ghettos, but rather of the heroes of German history -- as,

for example, his great novel "Wallenstein" -- or else he wrote of the troubles of the German -- especially the Berlin proletariat, as in his famous novel "Berlin -- Alexanderplatz," or his social drama "Ehe" ("Marriage"). He had, then, won fame as a German, not as a Jewish writer. The style of his prose, whether in his narratives or in his essays, was so typically German, was so blessed with all the secret charm and laden with all the complications of the German language, that he was hardly understood outside of Germany itself. The only international success he ever enjoyed was his "Alexanderplatz" -- a sort of Berlin variation of John dos Passos' "Manhattan Transfer." His other works, important as some of them are, have remained all too unknown outside of Germany: for the very reason that they are all too German. Even the novels he has written in exile, failed to win the ear of the general public, despite the fact that they definitely count among the most interesting prose being produced in the German language today. The two novels in question, "Babylonische Wanderung" and "Pardon wird nicht gegeben!" were too barock and difficult to understand. The first-named treats of an imaginary, and melancholy journey through our modern cities of a Babylonian God, awakening from long slumber, while the second describes the development -- the rise and fall of a young proletarian. This last-named narrative, too, has its mysterious elements; the big city which is the scene of the whole is never mentioned by name. All the circumstances and

premises of the story remain somewhat hazy, vague and confused. It is interesting to note that even in Döblin's new novels the Jewish theme plays but an indirect and symbolic role, and this despite the fact that he had openly declared that the only problem which still concerned him, was the Jewish problem ... Döblin lives in Paris. His sons will serve in the French army. In his cramped little apartment in Paris he continues writing his fantastic, philosophical profound barock German novels, which the world at large fails completely to understand but which, at some future date in Germany, will one day enjoy the fame they deserve. But a long time may elapse before that happens. And I am much afraid that in the meantime Alfred Döblin is suffering from homesickness for the Alexanderplatz in Berlin...

There were a number of German-Jewish authors who simply were unable to write at all. Out of horror at what had happened in Germany, they fell into a sort of paralysis. Foremost among these was Kurt Tucholsky, one of the wittiest, wisest and at the same time most aggressive satyrists. Besides, he was a most gifted story-teller: his humorous little novel "Rheinsberg" for example, enjoyed the widest sort of popularity. Tucholsky had battled against the reactionary movement and extreme nationalism: movements which were steadily gaining ground in Germany, in countless pungent articles and poems.

He had most emphatically warned the nation against the catastrophe which was threatening it. Once the worst had

happened, he felt: "What is there left for me to say? I've said everything already. So I'm the fellow who was right with all my irony, my prophecies and my warnings. But is that of the slightest comfort? How much rather I'd be the fellow who was always wrong..." And so he said that matters concerning Germany had ceased to interest him. "I don't even know the names of the puppets who are ruling the country," he wrote to a friend. As a matter of fact he suffered unendurably at everything these "puppets" -- whose names he pretended not even to know -- did in his Germany. He lived in Sweden, in the country. He would see no one. He hardly even answered letters. He fell ill, principally, surely, out of despair. He barely dared to go out: he feared the Nazis would have him murdered -- just as they had the German philosopher, Professor Theodor Lessing, murdered in Czechoslovakia. During the closing months of his life, Tucholsky believed himself to be going insane. Finally he took poison. The great German humourist who only lived forty-five years, is buried in Sweden.

The last thing he wrote was not intended for publication, it was a long letter to his friend and colleague, Arnold Zweig. In this letter -- a most moving and terrifying document -- he gave full expression to all his bitterness,

all his disappointment. Everything had proved to be a disappointment: beginning with democratic Europe that had permitted the Nazis to come into power or even go so far as to favour them; including the German leftist movement, which had failed; as well as the Soviet Union and the German Emigration: Tucholsky's last letter was one gigantic accusation. There were many true statements in it, but on the whole it was a defeatistic document, without the trace of a desire to continue the battle. It had been written by a man who had reached the end of his tether. Personally, I thought it a mistake ever to publish it.

Arnold Zweig published this letter in the Prague "Weltbühne," after Tucholsky's suicide had become publicly known; and he answered it. He held a speech over poor Tucholsky's grave, as it were, and said to him: You have erred; you were ill and despairing when you wrote this hopeless letter to me. The world is not quite so dreadful as you think it. And furthermore, it is not for us to complain about the evil in this world.

It is rather our duty to leave the world a little better than we found it....And this we can do only by continuing to fight for the cause...

Kurt Tuckolsky's letter to Arnold Zweig had travelled far, all the way from Sweden to Palestine. The famous author of the book about "Sergeant Geisha" was living on Mount Carmel near Haifa. He was always consciously a passionate German. In his book "Bilanz der deutschen Judenheit" ("Balance-sheet of German Jewry"), which he published at the very commencement of the emigration, he gives a resume and praises everything that the Jews have done for Germany in the various fields of culture, science and economics. His object is not to prove that German Jews were never Germans, but rather to show the Germans that the Jews were loyal, industrious, and frequently highly gifted citizens of your country -- of our country. You are thrusting tens of thousands of loyal, industrious, highly gifted German citizens into exile when you exile the Jews. And Arnold Zweig is speaking the Truth and nothing but the Truth when he makes this statement. Moreover, he does not by any means confine himself to theory or polemics; he builds up and continues to create. He is continuing his series of novels about the World War. A new volume: "Erziehung vor Verdun" ("Education Before Verdun") has but recently appeared. The manuscript of this novel was rejected by a number of German publishers, no one had expected the world fame of its author to begin with this very book. His essays of semi-scientific

character are often as important as his novels; for example, those dealing with the work of his great friend and master, Sigmund Freud.

Arnold Zweig, an intelligent, especially well-educated, energetic and progressive man-of-letters, is a Jew, a German and a citizen of the World. The same can be said of his friend Lion Feuchtwanger. This latter is in an enviable position, for his books are such that they can be understood by the whole world. His prose is perhaps slightly less delicately shaded, less subtly mysterious or sublimely surprising than that of other, less popular German authors. But it is clear, straight forward prose. Feuchtwanger's great international success is justified. Without doubt, this man of letters has much to offer the world -- not only his talent as a story teller, but his true humanism and the clearness of his mind, which is well trained and works with great exactitude.

His first world success was his novel "Gud Surs". There followed the books "Die Nassliche Herzogin" ("The Ugly Duchess") and "Erfolg" ("Success"). Everything he earned through these works was stolen from him by the Nazis -- and as one can easily imagine, it was no small sum. But today he has a house in Sanary-sur-Mer (in the South of France) that is at least as beautiful as was his former house in Berlin. For in the meantime he has published "Geschwister Oppenheim," "Der Judische Krieg," and "Der falsche Casar." Feuchtwanger has the special talent of making history come

alive as though it were the present and of looking at the present with composure and objectivity, as though it were already history. His novel: "Geschwister Oppenheim" for example was written in the first rage and pain of events in Germany. He tells the story of a cultivated, bourgeois Jewish family, torn asunder by the Nazis and destroyed. But how calm in his treatment of the theme, how full of epic justice his narration of these terrible and exciting events! On the other hand, those novels of Feuchtwanger which deal with historic themes are full of references to our troubles and problems. They show us that humanity has not changed so very much since the days of the Emperor Nero. The history of mankind -- as far as we know it -- is, to a far greater extent than we usually realize -- a closed and intimate whole. Feuchtwanger's historical novels as well as his other historical writings, serve to bring this fact into our consciousness vividly.

In the lovely little spot, on the Southern Coast of France, which he has chosen as his refuge, Lion Feuchtwanger leads a quiet, retired life and works a great deal. His secretary spends many hours of each day with him. He dictates his books, not once, but repeatedly; he experiments with various forms, different possibilities of treatment, until he decides on the one that seems most effective to him. In the evenings he often receives guests. Sanary-sur-Mer has become -- above

all during the summer months -- a little center for German writers -- indeed not only for German writers, since Aldous Huxley, too, has a house there and many Frenchmen of letters spend their holidays there. Count Sforza has his home near by: he who was formerly Italian Minister of the Exterior and is today a political essayist of the first rank.

Everyone meets in Feuchtwangers house, whose terrace overlooks the blue sea and the rocks. The host proudly shows off his library: many thousands of volumes were stolen from him by the Nazis, but he has succeeded in building up another stately collection of tomes....I have never seen Lion Feuchtwanger when he was not in a good humour. He is a cheerful little gentleman, he laughs a good deal. Aside from this he has something of an aversion to showing himself in public. He seldom travels. He usually refuses invitations to deliver lectures or to attend congresses. He even hesitated a long while before finally accepting the urgent and repeated invitation to visit Soviet Russia. Once there, he liked Moscow very much. He was tremendously dined and wined there and had a long and interesting conversation with Stalin. Many of his old friends resented the small book he published about his Russian impressions under the title "Moscow 1937." He was told: "You are against one dictator -- against Hitler -- yet you praise another." And here we are in the midst of a

most complex subject of discussion. I have often argued it out in detail with Feuchtwanger himself. He does criticize some things about the Soviet Union very definitely. But he is nonetheless of the opinion that the lack of freedom in the case of the subjects of the Russian dictatorship is easily balanced by all that the Regimes of Lenin and Stalin have done for the Russian people.

"And then, too," Feuchtwanger asked me, "what about actual personal freedom in the so-called democracies? Not even a famous writer is free so much as to mention a proletarian. Am I, for example, permitted to write in a great French or English newspaper what I really think of Hitler? Recently when I returned from Moscow, I stopped in Prague and was supposed to hold a lecture there -- a lecture which had been prepared and announced months earlier -- as a matter of fact a completely unpolitical, a literary lecture. At the very last moment, in fact, after my arrival in Prague, the democratic Chekoslovakian government forbade my lecture. Apparently one was afraid to put the German Embassy in Prague in a bad humour, if I were permitted to deliver a public address...."

So we see that Lion Feuchtwanger not only has great success but also much annoyance. He is attacked today not only from the reactionary and anti-Semitic sides but recently also from the liberal. But he does not permit his good humor to be spoiled. He is deeply convinced that he is on the right side and that the others are deceiving themselves. Besides,

he takes pleasure in his successes in an almost childish way and likes to talk of the large editions his books enjoy every where in the world. "But yesterday I sold my new novel in Brazil!" Often a visitor is received with joyous news of this kind in Lion Feuchtwanger's house.

Some years ago -- before Hitler's coming into power -- an American author came to Berlin. The publisher, Ernst Rowohlt, invited him to lunch, together with Lion Feuchtwanger, Emil Ludwig and Remarque. Another guest, who joined the illustrious company after lunch, found the American in a small side room, a bewildered look on his face, drinking a large whiskey. "The conversation at table made me dizzy," the stranger complained. "My German colleagues spoke of the magnitude of their editions and calculated that the four of us present in the room -- they were so kind as to include me -- have sold eight and a half million books. That's more than the strongest man can stand." He ordered another double whiskey.

Remarque and Emil Ludwig have settled in the Italian part of Switzerland, in Aäcona. Remarque lives a most retired life. He collects modern paintings, rare wines, gramophone records, and books. He has been a wealthy man ever since the unsurpassed success of his war book, "Nothing New on the Western Front." Before that he was a minor journalist in the publishing house of Scherl in Berlin. The only book he had

previously published was a collection of cocktail recipes. I remember meeting him at the home of friends in Berlin shortly before "Nothing New on the Western Front" appeared. The book had, by the way, been rejected by S. Fischer, one of the most important publishers in Germany. None the less, Remarque knew that his war book was bound to create a tremendous sensation. He was not even particularly happy about it. "Of course there'll be a tremendous row," he said rather sourly. He behaved exactly like a man who has won the first prize in a lottery, and is annoyed beforehand at all the publicity that such an adventure brings with it. He really did win the first prize, nor was he spared the publicity. The Nazis and all the other extreme nationalists honoured him with tumultuous hatred although his famous book was entirely lacking in political tendency but merely reported the truth about the war. The premiere of the picture "Nothing New on the Western Front" became a famous political scandal. The Nazis scattered white mice among the audience and threw stink bombs. Ladies grew hysterical and fainted, the police had to intervene, for days the newspapers wrote of nothing else. In a trice Remarque became, not only the most successful writer in Germany, but also a much disputed political personality. Of course he is entirely aware that he will never again attain a success equal his first fulminant one.

Perhaps this explains the atmosphere of gentle melancholy that his person exudes. His second book, "Der Weg Zuruck"

("The Way Back"), in some respects even more valuable than the first, was still a considerable success, but already a retrogression. He worked for years at his third novel, "Die Kameraden" ("Comrades"); he seemed to have inhibitions against presenting it to the public for fear it would cause disappointment. This new novel of Remarque's has up to this very day not been published in German.

Remarque's pleasant home in Ascona is cozy and perhaps a little exclusive in character. All the more convivial is his neighbor, Emil Ludwig. This latter has been living in Switzerland for many years -- long before Hitler came into power. He is a citizen of Switzerland. He likes to have many people about him in his hospitable villa; he likes to arrange what he calls "meetings of important people," as though it pleased him to enact scenes which later will appear as anecdotes in the works of the future biographer, Emil Ludwig.

Besides it is a real pleasure to be a guest in Emil Ludwig's home. Mrs. Ludwig sees to it that the kitchen is exquisite, and the host himself attends to the wine cellar. Ludwig lays great stress on the fact that the dinners in his house should be beyond reproach. In a little essay he once made the statement that cultivated people should speak only about food while dining. The more serious topics of conversation are to be kept for the time after the meal is over.

It is a mannerism of Ludwig's that he always affirms that he knows the writings of none of the famous novelists who enjoy his hospitality. He pretends to read only Memoirs or scientific books (just between you and me, I suspect him of now and then secretly glancing at a good novel...). "If I want recreation," he tells all his literary friends, "I listen to chamber music or go to a picture gallery."

Ascona is his pied a terre. He travels a great deal. He journeys to the sources of the Nile, or goes to see President Roosevelt in Washington. Sometimes I wonder when and where he actually writes all his many books. His productivity is astonishing. Only recently one of his most substantial and interesting works appeared, two fat tomes about the Nile, "The Biography of a River," and already the biography of Cleopatra is in print. If we mention merely those books which have appeared during the last years, we have: one very instructive book on Hindenburg; the "Leaders of Europe" containing portions of the lives of the most important Statesmen of the continent and descriptions of personal meetings with them; a book about Thomas Masaryk, the great "President and Liberator" of Cheko-Slovakia. He knows almost all great living politicians personally. Many liberals took it amiss that he went so far as to visit Mussolini in Rome. He made no further excuse than to say, "I am simply interested in this great personality. I approach it not as a judge of ethics, but as a dispassionate observer, as -- a historian. And the same impersonality with

which he interviewed the Italian Dictator was his when he was the guest of Stalin in the Kreml. Besides there can be no doubt whatever what type of man enjoys his sympathy. Not the great and aggressive autocrats but rather the great democrats. His manner of speech is affectionate when he is speaking of Massaryk; his statements are far more reserved when he is speaking of a dictator. Emil Ludwig is a democrat -- true, a democrat who is in love with "great men" (much as Heine was a democrat in love with Napoleon).

There are some German litterati who underestimate Emil Ludwig's talent. But it is generally noticeable that the colleagues of an author -- men writing in the same language -- become suspicious of him as soon as he attains international fame. These writers say: "What is Emil Ludwig? A journalist who writes in his journalistic manner, on historical themes..." A journalist? Perhaps. But then one gifted with especial verve, a peculiar dramatic instinct, a feeling for the effect of an anecdote, and for the decisive psychological moment in the case of every character he writes about. A journalist, besides, with such extraordinary historical knowledge and so unusual a justice in his attitude toward facts and persons that his writings seem to me more important for this time -- and surely there is good reason why the world at large gives his writings more attention -- than the works of many professional historians and long-winded professors.

When Emil Ludwig published his book on General Hindenburg, there was at least one other German author who was definitely disturbed thereby. That was the writer of political and historical essays, Rudolf Olden, who has been living in London since the advent of Hitler. He published his biography of Hindenburg at exactly the same time as Ludwig published his. Olden analyses his hero as a typical exponent of his class -- the Prussian Junker -- as representative of a great and mighty and dangerous tradition, the Tradition of Prussian militarism. The idea which flows through all of Olden's writings like a "Leit Motiv" is this: the Prussian Junker is responsible for everything! Behind all the misfortune that has befallen Europe and Germany stands the tenacious, cruel, cunning cliques of Prussian nobility and military officers. It cannot be denied that there is a certain degree of truth in Olden's conception. None the less, it directs his mode of thought with a sort of manic fixation. Everywhere in Germany's most unfortunate history, Olden sees only the ambitious intrigues of the Junker Caste, which his thoughts encircle with a blend of love and hatred. The curious thing is that Rudolf Olden looks much like the very type he attacks so mercilessly in his writings. He is a big, good-looking man, with clear-cut features. Sometimes he even goes to the extent of wearing a monocle.

The very interesting book which Olden wrote about Hitler bears out the sub-title "Der Agent der Macht" ("The

Agent of Power"). Olden, then, sees even the German dictator as a creature of Prussian militarism, the eternal enemy of European civilization. According to Olden, Hitler is no genius who has himself to thank for his fabulous rise; he has rather been shoved forward by force -- that of big industry and the upper officers' corps; Olden's book on Hitler created a considerable sensation, especially in England where it was taken up by the "Left-Book-of-the-Month" series by the radical, progressive and enterprising publisher, Victor Gollancz. Unfortunately Olden had the same sort of bad luck with his book on Hitler as he had had with his book on Hindenburg. In this latter case Emil Ludwig had been his competitor. In the former it was Konrad Heiden whose famous biography of Hitler appeared the same year as Olden's.

Konrad Heiden is rather a young man; he had not been very well-known in pre-Hitler Germany. The first of his works to attract general attention, at the very beginning of the emigration, was his "History of National Socialism." This young author mastered an astonishingly detailed knowledge of all facts that had to do with the development of National Socialism especially with the early beginnings of this movement. Konrad Heiden does, indeed, know more about the Nazis than perhaps any other Liberal writer. When he was very young, in the first years after the War, he had sympathized politically with the Hitlerites. True, he soon separated from them; but he

kept some contact and the possibility of observing them at close range. For years he was political correspondent of the Frankfurter Zeitung in Munich. This familiarity in the secrets of the Nazi party is what gives his books their value and their success. Heiden's book on Hitler undoubtedly had a greater international influence than any other literary portrait of this personality, and this despite the fact that Olden's interpretation of Hitler's character and career is from many aspects more original. Heiden is more of a scientist than polemist. He does not accuse. He makes statements. And it is because of the objectiveness and historic distance of his style that he wins the confidence of all the world. He is one of the few German writers who has become famous in exile. It is difficult enough to sustain a literary reputation as an emigrant. It is, of course, even more difficult to make a name for oneself in such abnormal and complicated circumstances. But the writer, Heiden, has succeeded in doing just that. He is a quiet, industrious man, who looks as though he might be a professor in some small German university town.

It is good that the German emigration has produced both an historically objective portrayal of the phenomena called "National Socialism" as well as a passionate moral accusation. There is one of the German men of letters in exile whose polemics against the hated regime equal in magnitude and in

enchanting style not only Zola's "J'Accuse" but Victor Hugo's powerful wrath against Napoleon III. ("Napoleon le Petit") Heinrich Mann, from a small flat in Nice, in the South of France, sends forth into the world his flaming protests, his angry and grieved and emotional manifestos that are none the less always optimistic.

The energy of this man of sixty-seven is as surprising as his steady capacity for great indignation and great enthusiasm. His fury and pain at injustice, stupidity and barbarism could not be so violent if he were not so deeply convinced of the eternal worth of the ideals for which he has been battling since thirty years. In spite of all the bitter experiences he went through in Germany, in spite of his knowledge of all the weaknesses and malice of human nature, in spite of all skepticism, Heinrich Mann is fundamentally an optimist. "I am convinced that some time, somewhere, human beings still may become decent," he once wrote. That sentence is both very skeptical and very hopeful. "Sometime -- somewhere --" In this careful phraseology there lies much resignation as far as the immediate present is concerned. I once heard Heinrich Mann say: "Of course I do not so much as imagine that my political manifestos will have any immediate effect." I asked him, "Then why do you write them?" He answered, at once resigned and cheerfully, "For future generations." I, for my part, am convinced that at the moment we held this

conversation in Nice on the Promenade des Anglais, he was underestimating the immediate effectiveness of his political essays and speeches. The essays and manifestos he writes on the main issues of the day make a great and encouraging impression: not only in the circles of German emigrants but also within the Reich -- where it is dangerous to smuggle them in and read them; in France, as well, where they appear in the great dailies and weeklies; and in the form of books. Heinrich Mann is one of the very few German writers who masters the French language as though it were his own mother tongue. His volume of political essays, "La Haine" ("Hatred") was published in its French version by Gallenard in Paris before the German version appeared in Querido in Amsterdam.

Heinrich Mann is the German man of letters who of all the great German men of letters feels himself most bound to French culture. His ideals have always been the great ideals of the French Revolution. His literary masters were Flaubert, Maupassant, and Zola. The hero of the great novel on which he has been working for years is a French King, a humane ruler, in fact a humanist on a throne, a wise and cheerful European, Henry of Navarre and France. The first volume of his great work, "Die Jugend des Königs, Henri IV" ("The Young King") justifiedly roused attention in Europe and in the United States of America. Perhaps even in a stronger measure than Lion Feuchtwanger's books, this historical

novel is also timely. The references to the present are frequent and not to be overlooked. Heinrich Mann's "Henri IV" combines the moral seriousness of his political manifestos with the glowing brightness of his early narrations and novels, practically all of which were set in southern landscapes as well as with the bizarre, often grotesque humour to be found in his books "Prof. Nurat" ("The Blue Angel") and "Der Untertan" ("The Subject"), a heritage from his northern home, the Gothic, narrow-streeted Lubeck. "Henri IV" this fascinating product of Heinrich Mann's old age is perhaps his most important work as well: it combines all the possibilities of its author, and is the final product of everything he has to offer.

Beside the Nordic blood of their father, both Heinrich and Thomas Mann have Latin blood, through their mother, who was born in Brazil. In Heinrich this Latin element has come through with especial intensity. He always loved the South. As a young man he lived in Italy for a long time where the scene of many of his stories is set -- such as "Die Kleine Stadt" and the three novels "Die Herzogin von Assy" ("The Duchess of Assy"), "Diana," "Minerva," "Venus." Later France and especially the "Cote L'Azur" won his favor. He felt at home in Nice long before circumstances compelled him to make his home there. With his second wife, he lives there in a tiny apartment on a narrow street named after an Italian composer and which leads to the Promenade des Anglais. He

passes his days quietly working, in the evenings he reads first the newspapers and magazines, then something of the good old masters, as he told me recently in Paris, usually he reads French. From time to time he has to take a trip to Paris in order to lecture before some anti-Fascist meeting or on some literary occasion, or else to take part in a consultation over the affairs of the German opposition. He is very active in all matters having to do with the Emigration. He is President of many organizations. Recently he has been particularly active in favor of the movement called "Volksfront" ("People's Front") that is, the union of all German anti-fascistic parties. He does not like to travel. Sometimes he visits his friend Feuchtwanger in Sanary -- which is only a few hours from Nice, or his first wife and his daughter in Prague. But that happens only rarely. He has an almost superstitious fear of leaving France, in spite of the fact that he has not become a French citizen but a Chekoslovakian. Above all, he no longer feels at home in countries where German is spoken. This comprehensible aversion of his against the German border makes meetings with his brother, Thomas Mann, who is domiciled in the German part of Switzerland, in Kusnacht near Zurich, rather difficult. In spite of this, the two brothers manage to spend at least several consecutive weeks together each year. Either Thomas Mann travels to the South of France with his wife, or else Heinrich Mann overcomes his

inhibitions and journeys to the Lake of Zurich. True, it is not an easy matter to induce him to leave the house. A motor drive into Zurich, where there are so many German citizens, seems something of an adventure to him, and a drive to the neighboring city of Basle is a thing he will on no account undertake. "That's altogether too near the dangerous border," says Heinrich Mann, and refers to the anti-fascistic journalist, Berthold Jacob, who was kidnapped by agents of the German secret police (Gestapp) from Basle into the adjoining Reich territory.

Both brothers, Heinrich and Thomas Mann, are so constituted that it is difficult for them to make personal friends and that they succeed in this only after a long time. The relation of the two brothers to each other is a hearty one.

Not only have they common hopes and ideals, they also have common memoirs. For years they shared the same bedroom in the home of their parents in Lubeck. "Sometimes of an evening, either in the living-room or at table, my father will tell reminiscences of his childhood or school days. And I can remember how, once, on such an occasion, he referred to a comic person -- I believe it was some old servant who had played a humorous role in his early youth, and added in a half melancholy, half tender way 'Strange -- in all the world there are only two people who remember this extraordinary person -- Heinrich and I...'"

The two brothers were not always on such good terms.

There were years during which they barely exchanged a word. Those were the dreadful years of the World War. Heinrich Mann was at that time a radical pacifist; Thomas Mann, however, was a Nationalist -- in a higher and more complex sense than is usual today. That voluminous tome "Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen" at which he worked during the four bitter years of the War and that was published in 1918, which was at the very worst possible moment, was a sublime justification, a "clever but melancholy" Apology for German Imperialism. Yes a melancholy Apology, for its author was far too clever a European not to be aware that the cause for which he was taking sides with tremendous wittiness, dialectic and art, was truly a hopeless and perhaps not even a good cause. He knew, too, that he was fighting a retreat which was taking up four years of his valuable time. And he knew that all of this was the deed of a melancholy and stubborn Don Quixote. The dialectic opponent of this German "Protestant," this German unpolitical man, this anti-Democrat, as Thomas Mann at the time designated himself, was the literary man of civilization, the follower of occidental ideals, the pupil of France, was, in short, Heinrich Mann, his own brother. The whole voluminous work culminated in tremendous polemics against this forceful fraternal enemy, this inimical brother.

They were reconciled soon after the War, at a moment when Heinrich Mann lay dangerously ill in a hospital in Munich. The reconciliation deepened in the course of the following

years, and blossomed into a great friendship in the years spent in common exile. After he had written the "Betrachtung Eines Unpolibischer" a new chapter of his life began for Thomas Mann. He was not disloyal to himself, as the German Nationalists accused him of being, he merely developed. He did not even cease being a conservative: he is conservative by instinct and by temperament. But is it not possible to be conservative -- which means to be in favor of preserving great human traditions -- and still to desire human progress and to serve its cause? For fifteen years Thomas Mann has been proving that this is possible. His new ideal of "Humanism" influenced by a deep and lengthy study of Goethe, but by no means dictated by Goethe alone, is the synthesis of Conservatism, and a decisive, active will toward progress. This ideal -- this great hope -- contains far more than a will to preserve what already exists or a will to hand it on to posterity. It also unites within itself, for example, a courageous and active love of life with a melancholy knowledge of the sweet attraction of Death. This "sympathy with Death," which is the melancholy "Leit motiv of Buddenbrooks' 'Death in Venice' the Betrschtiger" has been morally overcome in "The Magic Mountain." This great and intellectually complicated novel is above all a dialectic discussion, is a fascinating epic presentation of the new, great, unendingly important theme of Humanism.

This change of philosophy had, of course, to have its

natural, logical and inevitable political consequences. These consequences began to show as far back as 1923, when Thomas Mann first expressed his adherence to the young German Republic ("Von Deutscher Republike") held as a speech at a Goethe festival in Frankfort and published as a pamphlet. His manifestos grew progressively distinct and grew increasingly radical, the more aggressive, more demagogic and more hostile to the Spirit German Nationalism developed. From the speech about the Republic, in which not only German personalities, like Novalis, were called upon as witnesses and helpers, but above all the great American, Walt Whitman -- from here a straight line leads to the "Deutsche Ansprache" this last great cry of warning against the Nazis, whose sensational effect have already been mentioned above. When his warning remained unheeded, and died away, when in spite of everything the Nazis came into power, there could be no hesitation possible for Thomas Mann. Emigration was a matter of course.

This by no means implies that this essentially German poet emigrated without deep suffering. It was no easy matter for him to lose overnight -- literally overnight -- everything that he had built up in decades of tenacious hard work. He lost everything, beginning with his beautiful house in Munich and ending with the faithful community of his readers in Germany. The mere idea that he had lost his German readers was for many years a concept of such bitterness to him that he was unable to become accustomed to the idea or even to

accept it. That is why, during the early years of Hitler's regime, he avoided political manifestations which might have angered the new rulers of Germany too much and caused them to forbid the publication of his books in the Reich. Everyone in Europe, or elsewhere for that matter, who was at all interested in Thomas Mann knew, of course, as far back as 1933, 1934 and 1935 how he stood mentally toward the German Dictatorship, and that he was living as an Emigrant in Switzerland. As far back as that, the Nazis had stolen from him everything he owned in Germany. Still he maintained silence. It was possible for S. Fischer, Berlin, the publisher of "Buddenbrooks" and all of his other works, to publish the first two volumes of the great epic on which he has been working for decades "Joseph and His Brethren" ("Die Geschichten Jacobs" and "Der Junge Joseph"). True, their publication was utterly ignored by the critics of the German Reich.

This state of affairs could not last. The crash was bound to come. The immediate reasons for this crash were half literary, half political polemics between a German emigrant periodical "Das Neue Tage-Buch" (Paris) and a great conservative Swiss newspaper, "Die Neue Zürcher Zeitung". Thomas Mann was torn into the fray. And now he openly declared what he had known for many years and had said repeatedly in the closer circle of his friends: That there was no possibility of

reconciliation between him and the barbarism of Nazidom and now Berlin had to take a stand. The step was decided upon, which, out of consideration for general public opinion, had been so long and so reluctantly delayed. All books by Thomas Mann were forbidden in Germany, and a decree was issued stating that the author of "Buddenbrooks," of "The Magic Mountain," the author of the *Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen* was from now on no longer a German. A few weeks later the Dean of the University of Bonn informed him, in a curt and impolite letter that he had also lost the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws that had previously been bestowed upon him by this institution. Thomas Mann's answer to the Dean became a great political confession, and, indeed, as a matter of fact, not only a political one. Under the title "Exchange of Letters", the letter from the Dean and Thomas Mann's answer, was published as a pamphlet by a Swiss publisher. It called up significant attraction. Within a few weeks this pamphlet was translated into all civilized languages. A fact that seems to me even more important, is that countless thousands within Germany know this confession.

Many were thrust into concentration camps for bringing the outlawed booklet across the German boundary. The newest trick -- as we have been informed -- is that German enemies of the Hitler Regime learn the "Exchange of Letters" by heart in foreign countries, only to be able to recite it to friends and comrades on their return home.

The highly conservative author of the "Betrachtungen" has been converted into a spiritual leader of the anti-fascistic movement, a fearless battler for the Democratic idea. The international, spiritual influence of Thomas Mann has, without doubt, increased since his exile. Today he belongs to those upon whom the eyes of the world are focussed: the eyes of all those who still treasure the idea of freedom and who still hope for a different future for mankind than tyranny and horrible wars. The tokens of warm sympathy that reach Thomas Mann from all the world, especially during his lecture tours through Europe and the United States of America have done much to comfort him and help him bear the trials of exile. His daily life in Kusnacht near Zurich is not so very different from what his daily life was in Munich. Work was always the center of this sober life; that and the flowing and heartfelt intimacy between him and his wife: my dear mother. His modest recreations are: long walks, which are even more beautiful on the shores of Lake Zurich than they were in the landscape about Munich. Of an evening music or a visit to the theatre, or dinner with a few friends. Thomas Mann is sociable in a reserved and somewhat ceremonious way. In the case of larger family festivities, it is apparent that in spite of the fact that he is easily tired and of a very sensitive physical as well as psychic constitution, he has retained the easy pleasure of his nordic ancestors and their healthy love of good food. On such occasions he enjoys reading aloud from his writings to

his family and friends. In this manner we became familiar chapter by chapter with the great epics "The Magic Mountain" and "The Young Joseph." This year it was my privilege to follow chapter by chapter -- full of gratitude and of admiration -- the birth of the novel "Lotte in Weimar" ("Carlotta"). The meeting of the ageing Goethe with the woman he had loved so ardently in his youth, and whom he had glorified in his "Werther" was originally planned by the author as a slight recreation between the third and fourth volumes of the "Joseph" But what was planned as a short story is growing into a deeply moving spiritual and poignant psychology of genius: to an interpretation of that magical, uncanny, phenomenon which genius is among human beings. It is full of magic for us and somewhat uncanny to find repeated in the portrait of the ageing Goethe, several features and characteristics which we are only too familiar....There can be no doubt about it. The story of which Goethe is the hero, "Lotte in Weimar," has definite autobiographical traits; and it can easily happen to me that in an hour of dreaming I confuse the features of my father with those of the great convivial secluded man of Weimar who had every reason to fear that some fellow, gone mad over the idea of Nationalism would permit himself to be drawn into the crime of raising his fist against the most illustrious head of the nation.

The deeds expressing true German spirit are done to-day in some narrow flats in Nice, some Villa on the Lake of Zurich, some Studio in Paris, some hotel room in London or in New York. In various cities those activities of the German spirit, which had perforce to be interrupted at home, are today being carried on.

At first Paris seemed the logical center for the German literary emigration. But it is expensive to live in that much-loved and amiable city. Besides it is too full of exiles from other countries to be particularly hospitable or glad to welcome new emigres. Just the same, it is still possible to meet one or the other friend or colleague from Berlin, Munich or Frankfort in the cafes of Montparnasse, the Boulevard St. Germain, or the Champs Elysees. That hasty little gentleman, for example, with so many papers tucked under his arm, and the bunch of pencils sticking out of his breast pocket, so sharp that they look dangerously like pointed little lances, is my old friend, the novelest Hermann Kesten. He has the peculiar characteristic of being able to work only in a cafe, preferably a noisy and crowded one. Everything which would drive anyone else to distraction -- the loud voices of the waiters, the tumult of the music -- these things calm him and even stimulate him. He is undoubtedly one of the most gifted among the younger German story tellers. Those of his novels which appeared in Germany: "Joseph Sucht die Freiheit," ("Joseph Seeks Happiness"), "Gluckliche Menschen"

("Fortunate People"), "Der Charlatan" are original, amusing, witty, and exceedingly clever, full of shimmering malice but full of kindness as well. He learned much from Heinrich Mann, but he also learned much from the good old masters, such as Voltaire. Just as in the satirical, social novels of Heinrich Mann, Vesten's valorous style wavers between the phantastic and the realistic. He hates the society of Hitler's Germany too much to write about it. That is why he has retired into history, and Spanish history at that. His novel "Ferdinand and Isabella" which was published in England and in the United States of America is filled with forceful, colorful portraits and a beautiful, true passion for human progress. In the fall of 1937 another novel of his was published, "Philip II of Spain". Hermann Kester is a Liberal from the bottom of his heart. He despises Dictators of any sort. Aside from this, he is a writer with all his heart, one of the few really impassioned Literati that I know. It is regarded as fashionable among men of letters today not to be interested in Literature: which is just as though some officers of the General Staff of an army suddenly had the idea to converse about nothing but Beethoven symphonies or the latest fashions, instead of technical military problems. When Hermann Kesten is neither writing nor reading he is being enthusiastic about books or roundly condemning them.

Another charming and original personage whom one

can run into in the more quiet Paris coffee-houses not far from the Champs Elysees is Annette Kolb. Her mother is French and her father Bavarian. She speaks a delightful mixture of South German dialect and Parisian argot. In her charming books, too, there is a pleasant mingling of South German and French elements. Her most successful work was her novel "Das Exemplar" which is a portrait of herself, with all her attractive if somewhat singular characteristics: her absent-mindedness, famous among all her friends, her wit, her nervousness. Not long ago she published an excellent biography of Mozart. Like Kesten she works in coffee-houses. However, she prefers the less noisy ones. She is very much a great lady and her narrow, long bony face is aristocratic. She spends her life visiting her friends in their castles or else in small hotel rooms. She always forgets her gloves and her umbrellas, never knows what time it is, and usually has financial troubles. Her books never reach very large editions. She is in the habit of saying, "Possibly other writers live on their royalties. I live on my advances." There are, however, a few thousand people who love Annette Kolb's books. She takes political matters very seriously. The remarks she formerly published on current events, in the Frankfurter Zeitung and her great newspapers had an impetuous, vigorous note. They sounded like a miniature flourish of trumpets. And that was the title of a volume in which she collected them. She originated the accurate saying: "If

I meet someone who says, 'Of course I'm not a Nazi, but...' then I know immediately that he is one." No one ever this suspicious "But" from the lips of Annette Kolb.

In one of the cafes not far from the Madeleine -- perhaps "Chez Weber" -- you can often see a small gentleman with a stiff black hat on his head and a heavy package of newspapers under one arm. The small man has a big nose and unusually clever, lively eyes. This is Leopold Schwarzschild, editor of the weekly "Das Neue Tage-Buch". Thousands of people in Zurich or in Rio de Janeiro, in London, in Stockholm, or in Jerusalem, eagerly await this white-bound periodical each week. In each of these issues they find analyses and clear-cut clever interpretations of all the complicated political and economical events of our era. Schwarzschild himself writes the main editorial article for each issue. Beyond a doubt, since the great German journalists, such as Maximilian Harden, Alfred Kerr, Karl Kraus, have left the stage, Schwarzschild is the greatest journalist who writes in the language. His style is brilliant; his knowledge, especially in the field of economics, is comprehensive. His articles are read in all great cities by diplomats, secretaries of state, Lords of industry; they are quoted in the editorials of the great newspapers of the French and English press. The Nazis hate him. For some time past the Communists, too, hate him. He is a passionate Liberal, Stalin's regime seems to him to resemble Hitler's regime far too much and his polemic writings against Moscow have the same penetrancy as his polemic writings

against Berlin. Against Lion Feuchtwanger's pro-Soviet pamphlet "Moscow 1937" alone, Schwarzschild wrote as many as three articles. Before that he and Feuchtwanger had been intimate friends.

The man with the big, intelligent head and the huge blond mane, now sitting down at Schwarzschild's table is Ludwig Marcuse, an important collaborator of his on the "Neues Tagebuch." In pre-Hitler Germany he was one of the most promising and interesting of the younger journalists, and his books on Heine and Börne had already endowed him with a good literary name. But he belongs to those authors who have grown stronger not weaker or more weary since the emigration. A classical German quotation says: "What does not kill me, makes me strong!" Marcuse's very substantial book about Ignaz von Loyola, the founder of the Jesuit order, has been translated into several languages, and it is with real tension that his work on Richard Wagner and his Epoch on which he is now working is being awaited. This work will give us not only the history of the development of that most problematic genius, Wagner, and its analysis but also an objective, critical exposition of the present anti-Semitic, Nationalistic Bayreuth milieu.

Other collaborators and friends come and join the group at the coffee-house table, where Schwarzschild is esconsed with his many newspapers. The slim little man with the witty but melancholy face is the satyric writer Walter Mehring, whose amusing but profound verses were formerly sung

and recited in many German cabarets and whose lucid, spirited, malicious and charming prose has its place today among the best that the periodicals of the German emigration have to offer. The noticeably handsome grey-haired man, with the earnest, rather immobile face and the big light-coloured eyes is Leonhard Frank. Just wait a moment -- in a moment he will speak of Berlin. "Homesick?" says the poet, Leonhard Frank, "I don't know whether I am homesick ... but I should so much like to spend just one day in Berlin..." then he adds hastily as though he were afraid of being misunderstood even in this circle -- "Of course I don't mean Berlin, as it is today, but Berlin as it was..." Leonhard Frank, who was one of the most successful and prominent German dramatists and narrators. Some of his best known works are "Die Rauberbande," ("The Gang"), "Karl and Anna," "Das Ochsenfurter Männer Quartett" and can be counted among the most precious and lasting products of our literature -- now wanders about the streets of Paris or Zurich or Ascona or Amsterdam. No one compelled him to leave Germany: he is neither a Jew nor does he belong to a political party.

But it seemed to him a matter of course that he should emigrate. The only book that he has published within the last five years, the novel "Traumzefabuten" "Dream Comrades" bears the earmarks of the author's suffering. It is a remarkable, sad, strange, most fascinating poem in prose. The theme of the story is the oldest theme of all, the relation between man and woman. The variation is made in a most daring, novel manner, in the garden of a lunatic asylum there are meetings and partings between a man and a woman, a youth and a maiden -- moments of happiness so intense as to be almost unendurable, and moments of an all but incredible sadness. There are elements of beauty in this most daring, dispairing, lyrical novel, which find their place in ones heart like the sound of unusual but sweet and bitter music which finds and keeps its place in ones heart.

There exists a "Union for the protection of German men of letters" which takes care of the interests of German writers in Paris. One of the most active of its members is the socialist writer Anna Segliers who, in Germany, once won the "Kleist-prize"¹ Anna Segliers, who usually places her characters in a proletarian setting, is very talented. The fame which she enjoys, especially among Leftist youth, has increased since the publication, during the current year when her novel "Die Rettung" ("Salvation") was published. She is

1. For her book: "Die Fischer von Sankt Barbara (Subsequently Erwin Piscator made a picture based on this prize-crowned Story.

a peaceable, simple woman, the mother of several children.

There is even a German daily newspaper in Paris called "Pariser Tageszeitung." It is edited by a man, no longer young, but most active, Georg Bernhard, who for a long time was chief editor of the famous Berlin Voissische Zeitung.

Differing from the "Neues Tage-Buch" the daily paper is in the service of the united anti-fascistic front called "Front Commun." This paper fosters friendly relations with Communists, without, for its part being communistic. Professor Bernhard is a man with a great past and is still an excellent journalist. Unfortunately there have recently been complicated affairs and somewhat opaque rumours centering about this sheet. They have led to public trials which undermined the confidence of many a German anti-fascist in the editorial staff of the "Tageszeitung" These regrettable occurrences have, however, absolutely nothing to do with the political integrity or journalistic talent of Professor Bernhard and his collaborators.

"In Many Cities"everywhere that there is a free culture there are German authors in exile. Many of them have found new homes in the great Anglo-Saxon countries. The dramatist and novelist, Bruno Frank, who lived in London for years, has just recently moved to the United States. He

scored successes in the British Capital which very nearly surpassed his great German successes of the past. His plays won him the heart of the English public; his comedy, "Nina"; his historical drama, "Zwölf tausend"; his psychological drama "Das Weib Auf dem Tier"; but most of all his amiable farce "Strum un Wasserglas" ("Storm in A Teacup") technically a masterpiece of pleasant and hearty humor, which played for more than a year at one of the important theatres in London. As a dramatist, Bruno Frank enjoys a quality usually monopolized by the French, an elegance of form, a lucid, witty precise dialogue, an unerring instinct for theatrical effects. None the less, he is right when he regards his successful plays merely as a sideline. His novels are of more importance than his charming comedies. There are those which formerly appeared in Germany: his youthful novel "Die Fürstin ("The Princess"), the short stories centering about Frederick the Great, "Die Tage des Königs" ("The Days of a King"), his "Politische Novelle" whose heroes are Stresemann and Briand and his narrative "The Magician" which is built up around a figure resembling Max Reinhardt. Since his emigration two novels by Bruno Frank have been published, "Cervantes" whose epic subject is the adventurous and moving life of the author of "Don Quixote" and the political novel "Lost Heritage" which tells the story of a young German aristocrat who becomes an emigrant and a courageous active, anti-fascist. All the works of Bruno Frank share a beautiful and noble purity of style,

learned from such masters as Turgenev, Fontaine, and Thomas Mann, but which today has a definitely personal rhythm, a universally recognizable individual stamp. Frank has a warm, true, human feeling which finds lovely expression in his lyrical poems as well, a great capacity for sympathy.

One of Frank's spiritual models and educators was Arthur Schopenhauer, who perhaps knew more of human sufferings and the weakness of human creatures than any other philosopher. Frank has great power of indignation, and a certain brute force. This legitimate moral pathos, this passionate and suffering analysis of the phenomenon of evil in man which can already be sensed in many of his earlier works -- for example, in that narrative of almost classical perfection, "Der Goldene" -- we find again in "Cervantes"; but perhaps most effectively in "Lost Heritage." Bruno Frank possesses that happy mixture of deep skepticism and hope for the future in spite of everything, which seems to me the only admissible attitude of every man with a mind and a heart toward life -- and toward human society.

Gay and with a friendly spirit toward life in spite of some melancholy reservations and some vulnerability, and in spite of over-sensitive delicacy of character, the man Bruno Frank is one of the most amiable and loveable human beings I know. He was born under a lucky star, and yet is by no means a child of good fortune in the vulgar sense. He is rather one of Life's children requiring great care. Yet

life has been generous to him. He has won fame, he possesses the love of friends, the love of women, and the most fundamentally intelligent and comrade in his wife, Liesel Frank, who has inherited more than the usual portion of charm from her mother, the famous, popular German actress, Fritzi Massary. Frank faces the civilized world -- to which he so thoroughly belongs with gay good will. He is thankful to the world and offers it in the precise and well-rounded products of his cultivated and mature talent.

Another German writer who enjoyed a marked literary and personal success in London, but who now lives in the United States is Ernst Toller. He was most famous in his early youth. When his first revolutionary dramas roused the attention of the world during the period of the German Republic, which was very young, too, at this time, Toller had already been made a martyr of revolution. He was an active member of the Munich "Rate Regierung"¹ which was but very short lived and was soon overthrown by reactionary Bavarian generals. The young writer spent five years in a fortress....perhaps it was Toller's fate to produce his best most original and strongest work in those early years after the war -- when he wrote "Wandlung" and "Masse Mensch" (Man and the Masses). His book, written since the emigration, "I was a German" bears witness to the fact that his talent is still sufficiently fresh and forceful to produce important and valuable work. Besides, Ernst Toller has more than just literary talent. He has, above

all, true enthusiasm of the sort that fascinates people: he is filled with a definite, stormy will bound up with faith in a better future. The effect he has on everyone does not emanate from the writing so much as from his personality. He is a gifted speaker. His manner of looking at people and of speaking, have the power of giving one new faith -- even if it lasts only for a few hours -- toward the great ideas in which he himself so passionately believes. I have repeatedly had the opportunity of observing his immediate and direct effect on people. When he stands before an attentive audience, he seems to be in a trance-like condition of impassioned concentration -- similar to that of a great actor -- he has the generous quality of being able to give himself in public, a thing rare among writers, and for which he has to pay afterwards in long embittered hours of depression and despair.

A man who lived in London more quietly than either Bruno Frank or Ernst Toller is the lyric poet Max Herrmann Neisse who sings of the Fate of the exile, of his hopes and sorrows, in simple and moving verse. Recently his poems on the theme "Emigration" have been collected in a volume with a preface by Thomas Mann and published by a Swiss publisher.

The melancholy of Emigration: all of them tell this same tale whether they have moved to the North or to the South of the globe, whether they are dwelling in large cities or

In Brussels where he was already domiciled during the World War, Carl Sternheim has settled. This man who formerly wrote the wittiest, most pointed, satirical comedies in the German Language is today weary and all but broken down. He always had a tendency to exaggerated scurrilousness, and to pick a quarrel on the slightest provocation. His exaggerated feeling of his own importance was common knowledge. All theatrical producers and publishers tremble before him, his insulting letters, and the legal suits it was his pleasure to carry on against everyone. His sense of his own importance was always of the sort that must be termed megalomania. He was in the habit of saying: "Not only do we have the great 'B's' in music: Bad, Beethoven and Brahms -- but also the three great 'S's' in literature: Shakespeare, Schuler and Sternheim -- a constellation which is perhaps flattering to Shakespeare and Schiller." He really did have some cause for his high opinion of himself. His comedies "Burger Schippel," "Der Snob," "Die Hose," "Die Schule von Uznach", clear-sighted original, unusually amusing satires, directed against the Bourgeois of the epoch of Wilhelm II and of the Republic. These are true masterpieces, pearls of German dramatic literature. Carl Sternheim celebrated triumphs, carried on law-suits, collected pictures by Van Gogh, and believed himself to be the only genius alive -- until he suffered a collapse. He was compelled to spend a number of years behind the

sheltering walls of an institution. But his constitution proved hardy enough to overcome even that -- and the cure to which he was subjected proved effective. He regained his health but only to a given point. His latest book, an autobiographical study "Europe before the War," shows signs of his illness only too clearly. Some of the pages, too, still show unmistakable signs of genius.

Somewhere in Denmark the poet Bert Brecht owns a bit of land and a little house. In Germany many held him for the most important poet of the epoch; so much is true: he was the last word among orthodox Marxist writers. He made catch words out of the phrases of materialistic ideology. He wrote: "First man must eat -- after that he can have morals," and put in that manner, no one who had heard it forgot it easily. His so-called "Instructive Plays" written to be performed before workingmen, above all before young workingmen, were quite novel and entirely fascinating for the German public. His play "Mahogony" for which Kurt Weill wrote the music, had a definite influence on the style of the modern opera.

Brecht's remarkable adaptation of the old English "Beggars' Opera" was one of the greatest theatrical events in Germany. Alfred Kerr, the critic -- today in exile, just as Bert Brecht is -- proved at the time by his performance, that most of the songs included in the "new" version of "The Beggars' Opera" had been written by Francois Villon, Arthur Rimbaud, Kipling and other good old masters.

Brecht laughed mockingly and retorted that being a Communist he was against private property. Besides, it is true that there was more originality in his version of the verses of former poets than in the poetry of many another who made his verses all alone. Brecht felt himself utterly secure. He went about in a leather jacket caked with dirt, which gave him the appearance of a chauffeur out of a job. He was aggressive toward everyone. But he had so much talent and wit that he was forgiven anything. He was regarded as the enfant terrible of German literature. His last drama: "St Joan of Schlachthausern," was in rehearsal when Hitler came into power. It was never performed. Since the emigration, Brecht has used the plot of the Beggars' Opera and has converted it into a great, satirical, interesting social novel. His latest work, a play, has as its theme the heroic battle for freedom of the Spanish people.

"The heroic battle for freedom of the Spanish people;" it is clear, or so it seems to me, that this means more to young anti-fascistic German writers than merely a literary theme. "Tua res agitur": it is your problem which is treated of here, so all of us feel. A number of young German writers have taken the consequences of their insight and of this feeling: they took sides with the Spanish Democrats not only in word but also in deed, at the risk of their life.

The anti-fascistic author and German officer, Ludwig Reim, holds an important position on the general staff of the

Loyalists. His novels "Krieg" and "Nachkrieg," have brought him international fame, despite the powerful competition of Remarque's books. The Nazis brought suit against him. He impressed even these merciless enemies of his through the courage, nobility and energy of his behaviour. Whereupon they sent him into a concentration camp. When he was released, he enjoyed his freedom in Zurich only for a few weeks -- here he wrote his novel "Vor grossen Wandlungen," then he put his military experience and fearlessness at the disposal of the Spanish government, raided by the fascists.

In the international brigade which defends Madrid another young German author has proved his mettle as a soldier. Some day I expect that he will produce a truly important, essential work of art, I refer to Gustav Regler. One of the books he has already written has great charm and literary value. It is called "Der verloreine Sohn" ("The Lost Son"). The scene is laid in the south of France, and among young Catholic priests. His relation to Catholicism plays a dominating part in Regler's life and thought. He was educated at a Jesuit school. He hates the church -- but this hatred is so deep, profound and full of knowledge, that I might term it an intimate hatred. It is almost the same as a great love. Regler has the appearance and eloquence of a fanatical monk. The Holy Church puts its stamp on everyone it educates -- even if they later become its enemies. It seems to me that Gustav Regler has learned much from the Jesuits, for example, his

discipline and his capacity for submission. Without the influence of the monastic school through which he went, he might not have become so good a writer -- nor so good a soldier.

The backgrounds of the emigration vary: sometimes it is a coffee house, sometimes a trench. The backgrounds are as different as the types of men out of which the emigration is composed.... The shrunken and muffled little figure whom one meets on the Bahnhofstrasse in Zurich is the poetess Else Lasker-Schüler. She constantly moves her lips -- but with whom is she speaking? Is she speaking to herself? Or is she conversing with angels or with demons? If one reads the verses of this strange and most gifted woman one might easily happen on the thought that she is in closer relation to angels and demons than to other mortals. Two great sorrows have led her spirit not into confusion but into a merciful dream-like semi-darkness: the deep mourning at the death of her only son, whom she loved immeasurably -- and the burning sorrow at the fate of the German Jews. The German poetess, Else Lasker-Schüler, is a Jewess. She loves the Orient, and it pleases her to indulge in Eastern masquerades. To her friends she refers to herself as "A Prince from the Orient." Perhaps her most happily successful work is "Hebraic Melodies" in which figures out of the Old Testament magically live anew. In the course of recent years she has been in Palestine twice. Her book about the Holy Land, which has just been published, is, in parts, as beautiful as a poem; but people who know Palestine say the book contains

too much enthusiasm and too many factual errors.

There are other exiled German writers in Zurich, for example, the novelists Ernst Gläser and Bernhard von Brentano, both of whom are pleased to keep a certain distance between themselves and the other exiles. Both these gentlemen emphasize their patriotism demonstratively, whereas, for the taste of many an exile, far too much has been spoken about "Love of the Fatherland" in the Third Reich, so that out of a sense of shame they rarely utter these words.

Not so Gläser and Brentano. Both of them were Communists in the past. Today they hate Stalin even more than they hate Hitler. Without difficulty Ernst Gläser, in any case, was able to so tame his hatred of Hitler that he was permitted to remain in Germany for years under the Hitler regime, and to publish various articles and even books under different pseudonyms. And he became an emigrant only when his situation in Berlin was quite untenable.

"Outside," he wrote the very adroit and effective novel, "Der letzte Zivilist" definitely increasing the international fame which his first book "Jahrgang 1902" had brought him. Gläser is a gifted story-teller. He has a sure instinct for what will be popularly effective. At the end of his novel, "The Last Civilian," a man leaves Germany taking a little bag full of German earth with him, which he wears like a talisman above his heart. This sentimental finishing touch, of course, impressed broad circles of readers.

Bernhard von Brentano, who was known in Germany only as the author of orthodox Marxist essays, has developed into an interesting story-teller. He is very talented, rather intelligent, very well educated, somewhat confused and tremendously ambitious. This immeasurable ambition can be sensed in his books. His first great novel, "Leopold Chindler" -- the story of a Catholic South German family during the World War -- proves that the author was energetically determined to create a sort of grandiose synthesis of "Buddenbrooks" and Tolstoi's "War and Peace." It didn't turn out quite as gigantic as the author wished. But it is a readable, substantial, partially stimulating and exciting book.

In Zurich, too, the progressive and very active publisher, Emil Oprecht, publishes the *Zweimonatsschrift für freie Deutsche Kultur* (Bi-monthly for free German culture), "Mass und Wrt" edited by Thomas Mann and the Swiss author, Konrad Falke. The editor in charge is that very sensitive critic and essayist, Ferdinand Lion. Besides, Zurich is not the only Swiss city where German emigrant authors live. Some of them prefer Basle, whose atmosphere is somewhat more French. For years the critic, historian, and dramatist Wilhelm Herzog has been living in Basle. He is a man of talent, a fact proved to a large public by the success of his Dreyfuss drama -- written in collaboration with Hans Rehfisch. Herzog has dedicated another publication to the Dreyfus affair -- a voluble, illustrated, historical work, containing much new and interesting material.

The hero of his latest book is the French Minister of the Exterior, Louis Barthou, who was murdered in Marseille by Jugo-slavian fanatics. This much is known: before their misdeed they stopped off in Berlin; also that the misdeed itself was of incalculable use to the Lords in Berlin.... However, that may be: to write of the life and sufferings of the great French statesmen -- perhaps the last European statesman who possessed a true, courageous, and positive conception of world politics, is a task that cannot but prove alluring to an anti-fascistic German man of letters. The precision with which this task is accomplished, is an honour to literature.

"In many cities..." the German poets dwell in Diaspora. About them many tongues are spoken. Some German writers live in Italy. The novelist, Alfred Neumann, for example, has settled in Florence. He is a quiet, dignified, reserved gentleman. He neither writes articles nor does he hold speeches; he uses few words even in conversation. Everything he has to say he says in his novels. He knows that the whole civilized world listens to his words. The author of the famous novel, "Der Teufel" (The Devil) belongs to the most respected of German story-tellers. Alfred Neumann's own face, always earnest, always polite, always mysterious, with its drooping eyes and a stereotyped smile that is perhaps mocking, perhaps kindly, sometimes reminds me of the face of that extraordinary man on whom Neumann has spent his time since a number of years. Napoleon III of France. The two fat tomes "Another Caesar" and the

volume "Das Kaiserreich" (The Empire) all deal with him. Neumann has succeeded most suggestively in analyzing and narrating of the charm and problems of this dictator with democratic ideas, this tyrannical prophet of progress.

Fritz von Unruh lives in Rapallo on the Italian Riviera. During the first five or eight years after the War he was counted among the most famous of German writers -- one can go so far as to say that to the French he alone represented German literature. Recently he has been more silent. He has written but little. None the less he counts among those upon whom many pin their faith and hopes. Perhaps he is indeed but making a pause -- a "creative pause," as it was the fashion to say in Germany -- only to come back with something important and surprising. Although the son of a family of aristocratic officers, he has long since developed into an active and dependable Democrat. The determining event of his youth was his change from a professional warrior to a passionate opponent of war. And it was out of this experience that he wrote his dramas: "Das Geschlecht" and "Louis Ferdinand." It is quite possible that the Prussian aristocrat whose destiny it was to be the first literary envoy from the first German Republic to Paris, will be called upon to play a role in a second German Republic.

There are good and sufficient reasons why most of the German exiles prefer the French coast to the Italian. Not far from Nice, upon the mountains, the novelist and essayist Rene

Schickele has his little house. He was born in Alsatia and became a French citizen by choice. But he writes in German, his books were all published in Germany, and before the Nazi catastrophe, he lived in the Reich, near Baden-Baden. Today, a French citizen, he is a German emigre in his own country, which is a paradoxical and rather melancholy situation, made worse for him by the fact that his works are barely known in France, barely at all outside of German-speaking countries, far less known, at any rate, than they deserve to be, for their rare style and intellectual charm stand Rene Schickele the man "on the border," the author between French and German culture, is not one of the most powerful but one of the finest civilized writers of prose. His essays rank highly. This was but recently proved again by his profound and charming study of the English novelist, Lawrence, ("Liebe und Aergernis des D. H. Lawrence"), ("Love and Worries of D. H. Lawrence"). He excels in the description of landscapes. His "specialty" is the landscape of Provence (the South of France) -- and Alsatia. Provence was the lovely background, not to say the actual hero of his two latest novels: "Die Witwe Bosca," ("Widow Bosca") and "Flaschenpost" ("Bottle-post"). The book representative of Alsatia he created when he wrote "Maria Capponi." It was to this book that he owed much of his literary reputation in pre-Hitler Germany. Schickele was always a pacifist and a democrat. During the World War he was editor of "Die Weissen Blatter," that famous periodical which was the spiritual centre of all circles that

were against the war and friendly to the entente. (This magazine published Heinrich Mann's important works of this period.) Nationalistic circles never forgot these things nor did they ever forgive Schickele that he had dared to say: "On the ninth of November, 1918 -- the day of the German Revolution -- I felt as though I were in Heaven." Today Schickele is no longer politically active. He has become an extreme individualist, is a sworn enemy of "groups," of all collective movements, of all political slogans.

Among his literary friends in Nice is the historical man of letters, Valeriu Marcu, a born Roumanian, but a brilliant writer of German prose. He started his career as a militant communist and personal friend of Lenin; he grew progressively more conservative, wrote a biography of the German General, Scharnhorst, and was no longer the friend of revolutionaries, but of high officers or Catholic politicians. He enjoyed among other things, the confidence of Brüning while the latter was German Chancellor, as well as intimate relationship with the Bavarian General von Epp, before the latter became Nazi "Stathalter" in Munich. During the Emigration -- for in spite of all his good contacts he went into exile -- Valeriu Marcu wrote a rather weak book on "die Vertreibung der Juden aus Spanien," ("The Exile of Jews from Spain") and one very interesting study on Machiavelli. It seems but natural that Marcu had to be especially fascinated by the character of the Italian statesman and philosopher, whose theories recently have come so very much up to date. It

might be said that this gifted Roumanian Jew himself had Machiavellian characteristics...

In Nice Theodor Wolff also lives quietly and in retirement. For a long time he was the most famous and influential political journalist in Germany. He was Editor in Chief of the "Berliner Tageblatt". Since his emigration he has renounced all political activity. He explains this resignation -- which came as a surprise to many and was held against him by many -- of his age -- and his unqualified pacifism in his memoirs, which were recently published in Zurich, "Marsch durch drei Jahlzehute" ("March through three decades"). There is much interesting material. Last year Theodor Wolff made his debut as a novelist: his first narrative book is called: "Die Schwimmerin," ("The Swimmer") and one might say it was written by a "promising" author, had it not been written by a world famous old gentleman.

If one happens to mention the name of any European city, either in the North, the South, the East or the West of the continent, one can always add: here lives a German exiled man of letters. The charming city of Salzburg, which for two months each summer becomes one of the greatest international tourist centres, now harbours in the spring, fall and winter as well, several guests who were formerly more at home in Berlin or Munich than in the Austrian Province. Wilhelm Speyer lives and works in a modern little hotel on the outskirts of the town -- Speyer who used formerly to receive fabulous remunera-

tions from all great Berlin magazines. His amusing novel, "Charlotte etwas verrückt" ("Charlotte, a bit mad") had already proved him to be one of the rare German authors, who can write amusingly, in a light society vein, without becoming vulgar. Similar in quality and equally delightful as the successful novel about Charlotte is a book of his that was published but recently since he has been an emigrant: "Zweite Liebe" ("Second Love") which tells the story of a series of gay, complicated, exciting adventures, taking place in an elegant Berlin apartment house, involving a good-looking young American girl. The strictly literary public admired Speyer less for his books dealing with elegant women, but for his storytelling where the heroes were always either very young people or even children. When he was himself still almost a child he had made his literary debut with an enchanting short story called: "Schwermut der Jahreszeiten" ("Melancholy of the Seasons").

Later he became famous through a book about boys called "Der Kampf der Tertia" ("Battle of the Third Day") from which a good movie was made. When Speyer gives his attention to boys, girls and dogs he is more delicate, more poetic, more pensive, more serious than when he tells us of pretty ladies, who are just a bit too smart. But both sides of Speyer seem to have found their way to each other in a charming manner in a novel, "Der Hof der Schönen Mädchen" ("The Court of Pretty Girls") published in 1934. The scene of this story is placed in Napoleonic time, the characters are imaginary. But the whole

might accurately be drawn from historical models, at a small German court.

A neighbor of Speyer's in Salzburg is A. M. Frey of Munich, who excels especially in the field of the short story. During the autumn and winter a great solitude engulfs the two friends. In July and August, however, they meet countless old acquaintances on the Promenade, in the "Cafe Bazar," in the Casino, the Hotel "Oesterreichischer Hof" and can perhaps for a few short weeks indulge in the illusion that they are on the Kurfurstendamm or in Munich in the Cafe Luitpold.

Not far from Salzburg, Karl Zuckmayer owns a pleasant house. Zuckmayer, whom his friends are in the habit of calling by the nickname "Zuck" is a buoyant man, full of the joy of life, who enjoys eating and drinking and who has a great gift for making successful business deals. The things he writes are sometimes of the very first rank, especially his plays. His "Der fröhliche Weinberg" ("Joyous Vine Yard"), "Zurkus Knie" ("Circus Knee"), "Der Hauptmann von Kopernick" ("Captain Kopernick") reveal a true and pleasing vitality and an innate sense for possible stage effects.

Let us travel eastward from Salzburg. In Budapest we will meet Otto Zarek, who started as an Expressionist after the War with his interesting stories, "Die Flucht" ("Flight") and the dramas "Kaiser Karl V" and "David," and whose first great success, toward the end of the twenties, was his novel "Begurde" ("Lust") which was written neither with any particular

delicacy or particularly well, but was most effective; (out of this book the German bourgeois was wont to inform himself about vice in Berlin). Since emigrating he has published an excellent serious book on the Jewish philosopher, Moses Mendelsohn, Lessing's friend, and an excellent biography of the hero of the Hungarian wars for freedom, Koschut.

Even in the little town of Brunn, in Chekoslovakia, in Chek called "Brno" -- a well-known German author is living, Oskar Maria Graf, son of a Bavarian workman. He says Brunn is the loveliest city in all the world with the exception of Munich. This for the particular reason that the best beer is to be had there (except, of course, in Munich). He knows the Bavarian people as well as they can be known, far better in any case than the Nazi writers who do nothing but express sentimental enthusiasm about the people without so much as being one of them. Graf is familiar with the jargon, the character and the destinies of his compatriots: small peasants, workmen and artisans. He wrote an autobiographic narrative, "Wir sind Gefaugene," (we are prisoners), wherein he tells in a very simple but most suggestive manner, how he became a pacifist during the World War and how cunningly he succeeded in avoiding being shot as a "conscientious objector" but merely being confined to an asylum as a harmless lunatic. This book created a great stir. Thomas Mann wrote an enthusiastic article about Graf at the time. Graf has remained a passionate pacifist ever since and has become a convinced socialist to boot. I saw him in Moscow in

1934, at the great writers' congress. Immediately he was a popular figure in the Russian capital. Graf is a big, heavy, jovial man. He looked quite picturesque in bavarian leather shorts. In the "Culture Park" little Moscow boys attempted to pierce the thick leather of his shorts with small pins -- an experiment bound to failure. At the banquet in the house of Maxim Gorki, Graf drank a bit too much and could not be prevented from embracing the governmental representatives, Molotov and Woroshilev. Some of Stalin's friends were amused, some of them were frightened. One of them addressed the fat Graf as "Comrade Sea Monster" ... As a matter of fact, there was nothing to force him into so sharp and final an opposition to the Nazi regime as he took. In the year 1933 Berlin was still courting him. The "back-to-the-soil" element in him commanded respect, and "honourable" offers were made him. His books were not cast on the funeral pyre. But Oskar Maria objected just to that. He published a famous letter to Doctor Goebbels: "I wish to burn...!"

After Paris and London, Prague is the most important center of German literary emigration. The "Neue Weltbuhne" is published there, following in the tradition of the famous "Weltbuhne," whose last editor in Germany was Carl von Ossietzki. In Prague the editor is a clever political journalist called Hermann Budzislowski. One of his regular contributors is Heinrich Mann. Other authors who write for the "Weltbuhne" live in Prague, for example, that very interesting philosopher and

essayist, Ernst Bloch -- one of the cleverest men I have ever met. As far back as ten years I greatly admired him when he had published his first and great work, "Der Geist der Utopie" ("The Spirit of Utopia"). All the hopes then awakened by his intellectual genius have since been realized. He writes with a most sane will toward social progress, an almost mystic fervour of thought, an almost poetic intensity of intellectual vision. In his latest book "Erbschaft dieser Zeit," ("Heritage of the Present Time") he has created the most comprehensive picture of all that occidental culture has to offer today -- after which he examines what of all these gems can be saved and taken over into another future.

"You must know all the details of the household of that aunt whose heir you desire to become." With these words Bloch begins his book, for he is not only possessed of stupendous knowledge and an almost frightening insight, but also of a sense of humour.

Another prominent mind among German literary emigres in Prague is Kurt Hiller, who had a definite role in the old days in Germany, where, during the era of "Expressionism" he was editor of several periodicals and anthologies and later a political and critical journalist. Toward the end, in Berlin, he was leader of a group of "radical pacifists," standing left of the Social Democrats but right of the Communists. He always preferred to stand "by himself" -- outside the big parties. He is very intelligent, very obstinate and very quarrelsome.

His style combines the inexorable logical precision of the Talmud with the elegance of a Parisian feuilleton.

He is gifted and has good ideas, such as for example, "The spiritual regeneration of the Leftists," which is a philosophical and practical innovation, having to do with Marxism. Regrettably he usually utters his suggestions in so pointed and aggressive a manner that the very people who ought to take them to heart, refuse so much as to listen to the end.

...German periodicals appear not only in Paris, Zurich and Prague but in Moscow as well. The lyric poet, Johannes R. Becher, who but recently composed a cycle of sonnets, remarkable for the beauty of their speech and the purity of their feeling, - is the editor of a periodical called "International Literature," which publishes, above all, great theoretical essays of a very high niveau. More colourful and varied is another German magazine, appearing in Moscow: "Das Wort," ("The Word").

The signing editors are Lion Feuchtwanger, Bert Brecht, and Willi Bredel. Bredel is a German proletarian, long confined in a concentration camp near Hamburg and who became known through his novel: "Die Prufung," ("Investigation"). "Das Wort" by no means publishes only the contributions of communistically-minded writers. Its editors desire to collect the production of all anti-fascistic German writers. The tendency of this periodical is -- to use the professional phrase of the day -- the "Einheitsfront," or united front.

Theodor Plivier also lives in Moscow. It is his ambition to be a German Jack London. He was a sailor and looks like a Captain. His fame in the ranks of the German leftists is due above all to his novel, "Des Kaiser's Kuli" ("The Emperor's Kuli"). The position he lost in Germany he has regained in the Soviet Union where his books are much read.

The same is true of the dramatist and physician, Friedrich Wolff, whose social drama "Zyankali" was formerly a great success in Berlin. One of his latest plays, "Professor Mannheim," dealing with the tragedy of a German Jewish philosopher, was played in many cities in Europe. In Zurich this play so annoyed the young gentlemen of the university that they were unable to refrain from throwing stink bombs, probably with the idea of presenting the public with a sort of visiting card and informing it: "Be careful: we stink!" ... The latest rumours have it that Wolff has fallen into disfavour among the Soviets and has been sent to prison...

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IN MANY CITIES

But the continent of Europe has grown narrow for one thing, and then many German men of letters have left the continent and decided in favour of the great voyage across the ocean -- or else they have been forced to this decision. The lyric poet, Paul Zech, who played an important part in Germany, especially during the expressionistic period, sends his melancholy verses and clever essays from Buenos Aires. He

tries to take the part of true and free German culture -- exiled culture in the Argentine Capital.

A number of German talented authors of reputation live in New York City -- that gigantic "Super-city," the babylonic "City of cities."

A German physician, who is also a gifted German writer, Doctor Martin Gumpert, has opened his office on an avenue in the heart of the city. His clever, instructive, well-written works on Hahnemann, the discoverer of Homeopathy, and his collection of short biographies of great doctors or scientists -- "Das Leben fur die Idee" ("Life for an Idea") have given him a name respected in wide circles. His new book -- the dramatic and moving story of the Red Cross and its initiator, the Genevese banker and philanthropist, Henri Dunant, is to appear in so important a publishing house as the Oxford University Press. But this busy physician and successful historical writer has not forgotten that he began his literary career fifteen years ago, as a lyrical poet. From time to time, in one of the periodicals of the emigration there appears one of his lovely poems. In verse, whose broad and almost epic rhythm, reminds one of the immortal strophes of Walt Whitman, this German poet-doctor, this German Jew, sings of his new-found home -- the United States, and of that tremendous city, New York -- and also of his unappeasable yearning for old times, gone for an undeterminable period.

Another German physician and poet who has found a

second home in New York City is Richard Hülsenbeck, who in the year 1917 -- then already almost an emigrant -- founded, together with a number of others, that half phantastic, half radical movement called "Dadaism." Later Hülsenbeck became a ship's physician and he has seen much of the world. It is easy to understand that he could not endure life within the hermetically sealed circle of the Third Reich...

Dividing his time between London and New York is the gifted story-teller and definite anti-fascist, Heinz Liepmann. He is known in the States as lecturer as well. He was subjected to bad experiences in Hitler's Germany and is able to tell about these drastically and impressively. Curiously enough he is familiar not only with German prisons but also with Dutch ones. In his novel "Das Vaterland," which appeared in Holland in the German language and which has been translated into many tongues, there appeared a reference to Field Marshall von Hindenburg, to which the German legation at the Hague took objection. The Germans succeeded in suing Liepmann because of "insulting the head of a friendly nation." Liepmann had to spend several weeks in prison in Amsterdam...

A public speaker of talent, well-known to the American public, is that interesting, courageous and charming personage, Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein, now professor of sociology at one of the big American colleges. His most readable autobiography appeared in English. Prince Loewenstein is the initiator of the "Guild for German Cultural Freedom," which

many important Americans and almost all prominent German emigrants have supported, and which might develop into a representative organization for exiled German intelligence. Loewenstein, who is a member of one of the oldest families of Europe and is related to the Habsburgs, is a Liberal Catholic. In Germany he was the leader of a prominent, republican youth group.

The young proletarian author, Walter Schönstedt, does much for the organization of "otherwise-minded" German literary life in New York. He is a true Berliner, speaking the unconcealable dialect of his home city. His political novel: "Auf der Flucht erschossen," ("Shote While Escaping") bears witness to a definite talent as story-teller and to an immutable political conviction.

Curt Riess has made an almost fabulous journalistic career. In Berlin he was "Sport editor" of a mid-day newspaper. Today he is the New York correspondent of "Paris Soir." He is the author of great series of articles on American life, bearing such exciting titles as "I Was A G-Man," which appear not only in his Paris paper, but in at least twenty other European newspapers as well. Besides this he is the author of a sensational book about Hollywood which appeared in a tremendous edition in French and is lapped up by the Parisian Boulevard public. Riess has discovered a new form of reporting, or at least he has made this form popular in Europe: the man who is telling the story appears as a character in his writings and the report of events is transformed into exciting drama. In his hotel room in New

York Riess has a telegraph of his own, with which he can communicate directly with Paris. So Riess -- the typical newspaper man, always full of new ideas -- sends his despatches, his reports, gossip and all sorts of stories out into the world each day...

A more thorough but no less brilliant study of American conditions than Riess' series of articles, is the book of his friend and colleague Rolf Nurnberg about the Lindbergh-Hauptmann case. Nurnberg does not only report the exciting criminal case, but also its psychological and above all its sociological background. ...The real name of the dramatist, famous as Ferdinand Bruckner, is Tehodor Tagger. It is not so very long ago that every newspaper and salon in Berlin was trying to guess the answer to the riddle: Who is Ferdinand Bruckner? The exciting and cleverly built plays of this mysterious author: "Krankheit der Jugend" ("Youth's Disease"), "Verbrecher" ("Criminals"), "Elizabeth" and others were sensational successes. No one knew who Bruckner was. Most people guessed: it must be someone living entirely outside of literary circles. Some thought: a nerve specialist; perhaps a young nerve specialist, studying in Spain. To make the whole affair still more mysterious, Bruckner was transported into distant Spain... When it became known that this author was none other than the theatrical manager, Theodor Tagger, whom everybody knew personally and with whom many had quarrelled, everybody was a little disappointed. His plays, however, were good enough to continue to be performed even after the piquant pseudonym was done away with.

His plays were banished from the stage only when Dr. Goebbels determined what was healthy for the German public and what might be harmful to it. During the Emigration Bruckner-Tagger wrote a play against the Nazis called "Rassen" ("Races") and which made a profound impression on many a European stage. He was in Hollywood, but since a while he is living in New York and his drama on Napoleon is soon to appear.

Hollywood -- one need but mention the name to feel certain that a number of exiled German authors have tried their luck there, and some of them have met with success. One of the centers of the Germany colony in Hollywood -- and of course I am referring to the group which will not have anything to do with the Nazis -- is the house of Vicky Baum. She had left Germany even before Hitler came into power. Her sons are enjoying a happy youth in California. Every once in a while the boys have to do without their mother for a few weeks or sometimes even for a few months. Miss Baum is taking a hasty trip to Paris, London and Amsterdam, or even a journey around the world. Recently she spent some time on the Island of Bali. The literary result of these weeks of vacation is her new novel "Liebe und Tod auf Bali" ("Love and Death on Bali"). She writes one novel after the other and always pleases the taste of the general public. She offers more, too, than merely her triumphal routine, her clever and tried technique. This clever, forthright woman, wins the sympathy of people because she knows much about people. Not only is she

versed in great emotions, she is also experienced in all practical things. I know hardly another writer so well versed in actual knowledge of the world. When she describes any given milieu then she knows all about it; she never relies on her imagination but only on her factual knowledge. Before she wrote her famous book "Grand Hotel" she worked as a maid in a big hotel. In one of her recent novels, called "Das Grosse Einmaleius," one character is an American who desires to close a big deal in Paris involving the import of oranges. Most authors would treat this orange business with a few vague and cursory phrases. Vicky Baum seems suddenly to have become an expert in trading oranges. She goes into great detail... And her descriptions of great human emotions have the same reliability and exactitude. Miss Baum belongs to that pleasing literary group who seem to be less than they are. She pretended to be a great poetess. But she is often more than merely a brilliant and amusing writer. She is a warm-hearted reliable connoisseur and narrator of human relationships, and although she would never venture to portray complex or deep characters, she is all the more at home in the secrets of a simple heart.

It is especially noticeable that the great general public respond particularly to the feminine representatives of the German Emigration. The men often use a pretentious, complicated, literary form of speech, which can hardly be under-

stood outside the boundaries of the Reich. The women, on the other hand, express what they have to say more simply and what they present is especially a healthy power of observation, feeling for reality and a certain -- I should almost like to say 'motherly' -- warmth of feeling. That this feeling sometimes tends somewhat to sentimentality or even superficiality, does not disturb the general public. It rather wins sympathy. A particularly fortunate example for this type of writer is Irmgard Keun. Her very successful debut in Berlin took place some years ago with a novel entitled "Das Kunstseidene Madchen" ("The Rayon Girl"). Her latest book "Nach Mitternacht" ("After Midnight"), published in the English version by Alfred Knopf, is truly much more than merely entertaining: it is the first picture, a truly plastic, truly living picture, not of the horrors of the Third Reich but of everyday life in the Third Reich. And it is of more importance to know about the drabness of everyday life than to be informed of the horrors, which one always tends to excuse as "exceptions" or as "excesses." Miss Keun remained in Hitler's Germany for a long time before she emigrated. She knows exactly how things look in a medium-size German city when "The Fuhrer" comes to visit it. And she knows what is spoken of and what is suffered in a middle-class setting or in a setting of successful intellectuals. She knows the type of conversation, the fusty atmosphere; she is conscious of the fear of one person before all the others; she knows the petty

worries, small hopes of these German people, intimidated, educated to lies and hopeless. And she knows how to portray all this so that it has the effect of a nightmare and can never again be forgotten.

Other women who have stood the test of exile are Adrienne Thomas, who has written a sequel to her earlier novel "Die Katrin wird Soldat," (Katrin Becomes a Soldier) called "Katrin die Welt brennt" (Katrin, the World's afire); Gina Kaus, whose biography of Katherine the Great of Russia has appeared in several languages; Baroness Hermynia zur Mühlen, to whom much court was paid in Berlin but in a letter worthy of her Bavarian colleague, Graf, she energetically demanded the honor of "being burnt." This distinction would soon have been hers in any case and without her active entreaty, for the next book published by this radical aristocrat was a novel called "Misere Tochter, die Naziden" was the most bitter satire directed against a young feminine generation, seduced by the Nazis.

Christa Winsloe is another German Baroness who today publishes her books outside the Reich. She began her career as a society beauty in Budapest, Vienna, Munich and Berlin. Then she became a sculptress and enjoyed world success with her play "Mädchen in Uniform" ("Girls in Uniform"), which was further the basis for one of the most famous German pictures ever put on. The novel "Mädchen in Uniform" where Christa Winsloe describes the Potsdam institution for young ladies

of rank -- where she herself was educated -- not as idealists would like to see it, but as it really was, could not appear in Germany but had to be published in Amsterdam.

For what the Gentlemen in Germany hate above all else is TRUTH -- truth in a psychological or in political, in erotic or in social, matters. This will to speak the truth is the one thing all authors of the German emigration have in common, however greatly they may differ as to their points of view on life, their origin, their faith, the structure of their talents. They refuse to lie -- whether they are describing a love scene, or a historic battle, or a revolution. They refuse to have a Minister of Propaganda dictate to them what they are to write. They are determined that no Goebbels shall convince them that black is white and white is red.

And so, since they have a desire for truth in common, they also have a common, unconditional, passionate will for FREEDOM, whether they are socialists or Catholics, "Semites" or "Aryans," Conservatives or Revolutionaries.

C u l t u r e i n e x i l e : --

that by no means designates only the men of letters in exile. Together with writers, musicians and painters, actors and theatrical directors, architects and publishers left the land in which there was no more freedom.

The courage and adroitness of a few young German publishers are to be thanked for the important fact that German

authors whose works are forbidden within the Third Reich, could be published outside in the German language. Two young men, Fritz Landshoff and Walter Landaner were together managing the Kiepenheuer Verlag in Berlin, which had published most of the works of the literary Avantgarde. Both moved to Amsterdam in 1933 and the two friends and partners became "competitors" -- who none the less remained very good friends. Landshoff entered the respected Holland publishing firm of "Querido" and Landaner joined the no less respected firm of Albert de Lange. Up to that time both Dutch firms had only published Dutch literature. Now the heads of the firms remembered a tradition of their country: great writers whose works were forbidden in their homeland had in the past published them in the Netherlands, for example Descartes, Rousseau and Voltaire. Hereupon the Dutch publishers offered their hospitality to German writers. By far the greater number of the authors to whom I have referred above, are published either by Querido or by Albert de Lange. The Querido Verlag published for two years a literary German monthly, "Die Sammlung" ("Collection") whose editor I was. Its "protectors" were no less than Andre Gide, Aldous Huxley, and Heinrich Mann. "Die Sammlung" harbored the ambition to be a forum not only for free German writers, but also for an international elite.

A German publisher in Paris specializes more in political literature: "Editions de Carrefour" as well as the

Malik publishing house in Prague. The "Editions de Carrefour" which published that most worthy "Braunbuch" ("The Brown Book") are managed by Willi Munzenberg. Formerly he was owner and editor-in-chief of several important leftist periodicals in Berlin, and altogether one of the most adroit leftist journalists. The head of the Malik-Verlag, Wieland Herzfelde, is himself a lyrical poet and essayist.

Many of the actors and regisseurs who had to leave Germany or who desired so to do have found engagements in German-speaking countries. Others have turned to other languages, mostly English. How many of those whom the German public cheered for years are now in exile! The "uncrowned king" of the German stage, the most distinguished and famous German actor, Albert Bassermann, this "grand seigneur" with a curiously broken, hoarse but irresistible voice and deep, melancholy and penetrating eyes, is an emigrant. He has not one drop of Jewish blood and is barely interested in politics. But his wife, Else Bassermann, whom he loves and admires beyond measure, is a Jewess. She was not permitted to act in the Third Reich. That was a sufficient reason for Albert Bassermann to leave the country. The public of Vienna, Prague, Zurich and Amsterdam are enthusiastic in their reception of his art, the enjoyment of which has been taken from the German public because of the diseased madness of the "Dogma of Race."

The prince of German Regisseurs, Max Reinhardt, is an emigrant, too, and -- together with his second wife, Helene

Thinig -- continues his fame-pave vagabondage between Hollywood and Salzburg, Vienna, London and New York. The magic of the old "sorcerer" still continues its efficacy. True, it has become a rather routined, slightly stiffened magic. But every now and then a spark of genius--surprising and pleasing -- gleams through the gigantic and pretentious apparatus with which Max Reinhardt likes to work today, in his Festival performances in Salzburg, or his great New York productions or his experiments in pictures. And every time one meets him one is moved anew by the personal charm of this man. A thousand minor actors and directors' assistants have tried to copy how he slowly speaks through his nose and how he pensively moves his tongue in his cheek. But when he himself does these things and when he looks seriously at one meditatively with his very intelligent eyes that are a bit too close together, the look becomes a fascinating adventure. Yes, it is as fascinating as an adventure to watch him, as he behaves at a great rehearsal. (While he was directing Werfel's "The Eternal Road" in New York and wandered about in the background of the Synagogue scenery among the costumed actors, he was like some wise rabbi, a pious and a learned man....) And it is fascinating, too, to watch him when he receives guests in his castle in Salzburg, "Leopoldskron." This singular, genial lord of the castle seems to be mocking a little at all the surrounding pomp. And it looks as though he did not know, or did not recognize, many of the society

people who come there to pay him their respects. But he looks at them all, seriously, pensively and in a friendly way out of his eyes which are a bit too close together. Near him stands Helene Thimig, somewhat embarrassed, smiling brittly, holding her sensitive face that is both delicate and hard a little to one side. The lady of the castle "Leopoldskron," life comrade of the "great magician" has the features and posture of a gothic madonna of carved wood.

Eric Charell is an emigrant. His specialty is the big review, his special genius lies in his grouping of colors and of masses of people moving rhythmically. Color and rhythm: those are the two things about which he knows the most. Originally he was himself a dancer and is a passionate lover of beautiful pictures. He is, also, a talented dilettante in the field of painting. His tremendous "Revues" in the "Grosses Schanspielhaus" in Berlin were orgies of color and rhythm. His greatest success, the last he had in Germany, was his new and brilliant adaptation of the old farce "The White Horse Inn." He has to live long on this world triumph, as one would do with tremendous wealth. After "White Horse Inn" filled the biggest theatres of all the capitals of Europe, it became the sensation of a theatrical season in New York. Charell understands how to please the masses, whose taste seems to be much the same in New York, or Berlin, or Paris, or Moscow. Charell himself is a remarkable contrast to his highly developed sense for mass effects, as his work proves.

He is a sensitive, almost over-cultivated man, often witty and sparkling but also with a tendency toward solitude and melancholy. For his part he prefers refined beauty -- while he presents to the world at large shows of less delicate, firmer beauty -- and does this with marked success.

Max Reinhardt, Erik Charell and Elisabeth Bergner: that was a dominating trio of stars in the heavens of the Berlin theatre. True, Bergner is originally Austrian, just as Max Reinhardt was originally Austrian. But both of them indubitably count to German artists. There is no doubt that for years Elisabeth Bergner was the most famous woman in Germany. While she was playing in Shaw's "Saint Joan" or Rosalind in "As You Like It" there was not a street urchin who did not know her name. A few years later she had become one of the greatest actresses in England: the Prince of Wales sent her roses, and when there was a Bergner opening in London the Queen sat in the royal box. When Bergner went to the Savoy after a performance, everyone in that restaurant stood up and applauded her....It is almost incredible how much tenacity and energy there is in the small and childishly delicate body of this woman, how tremendous the intelligence working behind her high and curiously bulging forehead. Elisabeth Bergner is very clever and very ambitious. Each gesture she makes on the stage, no matter how improvised it may seem, is the result of long and precise deliberation. She always demands the most of herself. She entices and enchants -- but

not with the magic of naivete (which she sometimes succeeds in making one believe) but through the refinement of her art. She is probably the most interesting of all living actresses. If Garbo has the remarkable innate -- not attained and not willed -- charm of Duse, then Bergner has the skill, the intelligent energy, the unerring theatrical instinct and the heroic ambition of Sarah Bernhard.

Other German actors and actresses have won themselves a good name in London: the forceful character-actor Oskar Homolke, for example, and the beautiful and intelligent Lucie Mannheim. In England, too, the renewed fame of Conrad Veidt began -- who had distinguished himself first in Germany in silent pictures, and later in Hollywood before the "talkies." Veidt, who is neither a Jew nor politically interested could have had "Heaven or earth" in Germany today, but to his credit it must be said that he is so constituted that this sort of unfree paradise would seem like hell to him.

One of the most interesting and intelligent Berlin actors was Fritz Kortner. His artistic development sprang out of Expressionism and even later he preserved the radical style of the first post-War years in his presentation of classic roles. Outside of Germany, especially in England and the United States, he has become famous not only as an actor, but also as a playwright: he is writing for pictures and his drama about Emigration, on which he is now working, is already being advertised. His greatest time in Berlin was

while his friend, Professor Leopold Yessner, was Director of the State Theatre and Kortner was his first actor. Yessner, whose style of production mingled elements of Expressionism with a sort of Neo-Classicism, has found new possibilities in Hollywood, too.

Hollywood -- that great magnet for people; Hollywood which uses up so many people. Our list would be long if I were to name all the German film and stage stars, now living and working there. Even if we count Marlene Dietrich as an American and are willing to leave the city of Vienna the honor of having produced Luise Rainer, the contingency that Germany -- anti-fascistic Germany be it understood -- holds in the film metropolis is still sufficiently important.

One of the most original and impressive figures among German actors in Hollywood is without doubt Peter Lorre, who specializes in pathological and criminal types, plays murderers, leaders of spy organizations, strange physicians or madmen, a knavish lot who when portrayed in Lorre's fascinating manner all of them show melancholy traits beside the criminal ones. The loveliest spot in every picture of Peter Lorre's is the moment when the "public enemy" opens his eyes accusingly, and with a glance whose abysmal sorrow almost has the effect of innocence seems to ask the world: Why did I have to be so wicked? Why did God permit me to do all these terrible things? Have pity with me! My hands are soiled with blood and that hurts me as though I myself were wounded...

One Berlin actor and comedian was Paul Graetz -- a real, authentic loveable bit of the best of Berlin. He was just starting his second career in Hollywood. He died perhaps simply because he could not live far from Berlin. When Max Reinhardt spoke at his grave, he wept -- and the obituaries dedicated by the poets of the German emigration, such as Ernst Toller, to the Berlin actor, to their "Paule" showed how deeply all felt his loss. With Paul Greetz -- whose jokes Berliners had been telling each other for years -- each had again lost another bit of home.

Another Berlin comedian with intensity and personality -- a true talent of the clown type, who will probably make his way in Hollywood and who has already played in the theatre in New York is Curt Bois.

A long list, glittering with famous names. Directors such as Wilhelm Dieterle and Fritz Lang, musicians such as Friedrich Hollander and Wachsmann, writers of scripts such as Herald, who worked on the Zola picture, or Hans Rameau, whose last great success in Germany was the film "Mazurka" which he wrote for Pola Negri -- all these are talents of which Berlin will have none today and that are taken up by Hollywood.

The situation is very difficult for those German actors or actresses who either did not try or did not succeed in changing over into the English language. Some of these, but not too many, have found a place in the big theatres of Vienna

or Prague, or on the smaller stages of Austrian or Chekoslovakian provinces. A center for emigrated German theatrical artists -- today perhaps the best and most exacting German-speaking stage -- is the Schanspielhaus in Zurich. "Youthful heroes" are played there by a young man who has also become known, or rather who has especially become known as a writer: Wolfgang Langhoff, whose book "Die Moorsoldaten" ("Mud Soldiers") is one of the most impressive and frank accounts of martyrdom of the German concentration camps. Langhoff leads a strange double life. In the evening, behind the footlights he is Prince Hamlet, or an English officer, or Egmont, the Knight, and all the young ladies of Zurich are wild about him. At the same time, however, he has another sort of fame, and this second type of fame is weightier: it is the fame of one who has suffered for the sake of his convictions and who has the gift to show the world clearly and movingly what has been done to him and his comrades.

Another important member of the Zurich ensemble is Therese Giehse, an actress of elemental force of talent, equally strong and thrilling in comic or tragic effectiveness. For years she was a favorite of the theatre-going public of Munich, even the Nazi press did her honor as "the German woman" without knowing or even noticing that "the German woman" happened to have Jewish blood. So astonishing is the lack of instinct of these race fanatics in matters pertaining

to race. When Therese Giehse then emigrated, she was the star actress of the literary Cabaret "The Peppermill" in whose opening in Munich she had already taken part. The founder, manager, principal author and conferencier as well as one of the actresses in "The Peppermill" was Erika Mann. For years this literary Cabaret enjoyed extraordinary success all over Europe. The satiric songs, grotesque dances, sketches which it offered were applauded more than a thousand times in Zurich and Basle, in Prague, Brussels and Amsterdam, in Berne and in the Hague. The political, anti-fascistic note was clear enough in the program of the "Peppermill" -- so clear, in fact, that the fascist young bloods of Zurich felt called upon to make rows, throw stink-bombs and to threaten the actors with revolvers. There is no telling what might have happened if the police of the city of Zurich had not protected Erika Mann and her collaborators. Among these collaborators was the young composer, Magnus Hening -- and the Nazis were especially infuriated because he was such a good-looking, tall, blond fellow and they would so have liked to have him in one of their orchestras. There was also the very highly talented and original dancer, Lotte Goslar, who is on the best road to making a name for herself in the United States. In the meantime, the directress of the "Peppermill" has settled in the United States, too. Mrs. Erika Mann-Auden is her full name. For she is married to the young English poet Wyston Auden. She is busy here

as actress, lecturer and writer. Her book on the child in the Third Reich, treating the superlatively important subject of the education of youth according to fascistic-anti-semitic principles ("Hate Thy Neighbor!") is being published by the great New York publisher "Modern Age." The Nazis repeatedly have occasion to be furious at the activities of this many-sided and gifted woman. When, together with Mayor LaGuardia, she appeared in Madison Square Garden in New York to speak about "Woman in the Third Reich" a howl of rage went up from members of Goebbels press. The daughter of Thomas Mann, the niece of Heinrich Mann, my sister, without a doubt belongs to these people who will never be forgotten at home -- the home she loves and for whose better future she is battling.

An instinct against everything of artistic value; an aversion toward everything highly developed and of fine quality: these are fundamental traits in the Nazi character, which we must never forget. These "Fuehrers" hardly one of whom is capable of writing one correct German sentence, perhaps they do not even know whom they have driven out of their country?! But without a doubt there are many thousands or hundreds of thousands in that unfortunate country who do know and realize it and who long for what has been stolen from them. How many musical Germans may not from time to time feel a covert desire to hear a concert conducted by Bruno Walter. He was the most beloved of German conductors. World fame may make

up to the great artist for what he has lost in Germany. But who can make up to Germany for the loss of Bruno Walter? The public of Vienna and Amsterdam, of Salzburg and Florence, of Rome and Paris, Prague and London, now enjoy his performances of Mozart operas and the symphonies of Mahler, Brahms and Beethoven, as well as his truly inspired interpretation of German and French romantic music. The great cross of the Legion of Honor is sent him from Paris and Chancellor Schuschnigg, who belongs to Walter's most fervent admirers, rarely misses a performance in the Vienna opera whenever HE conducts.....Walter, the musician, excels in the conducting of Mozart delicacy and romantically impassioned music. And that is how he is as a human being: at once passionate and tender. He is a man of feeling -- strong, true, lively, impassioned, and he is a man of spirit, always honestly occupied with the solution of the great philosophical and sociological problems of life. His character, his whole inner life is determined and stamped through the paedagogical influence of the great mentor of his young years, through the influence of Gustav Mahler.

Bruno Walter has done honor to the memory of Gustav Mahler in a beautiful affectionate book. Like Mahler, Walter is by no means a one-sided musician, but interested in everything. He likes to associate with men of letters. Men like Emil Ludwig and Stephan Zweig are his friends. One of his closest friends is Thomas Mann. For years my parents and the

Walters were neighbors in Munich. I know and admire Bruno Walter since my childhood.

I also know and admire another German conductor who has done much for musical life in Germany and today lives in California: Otto Klemperer. If Walter is incomparable when conducting Mozart or the Romantics, then Klemperer is at his best when he is conducting Bach, or the masters before Bach, or else the moderns: Stravinsky or Hindemith. His special note is the almost mathematical precision behind which one can sense a sort of cold glow, of mastered passion. He is the man for daring experiments. His productions at the Kroll Opera in Berlin were sensational for the classicism of their style -- and this was true whether they were classical or modern. He was, and still is, in close personal and intellectual contact with the musical and literary Avantgarde. A similar type of artist is the conductor Hermann Scherchen, to whom many young composers owe the first performances of their work.

Musicians who are no longer permitted to work in Germany carry the fame of German music as far as into the Far East. For years the conductor and composer Klaus Pringsheim has been director of the Imperial Meno Academy in Tokyo. He "discovers" the masterpieces of western music for an oriental public. Little yellow ladies and gentlemen sing the choruses out of the "Matthaus Passion" and the Ninth

Symphony under his direction. In the meantime the Berlin musician has himself almost been converted into an Oriental: he permits himself to be photographed in his garden dressed in a kimona; his eyes have grown narrower and there is a Buddhistic expression on his face.

For many years Fritz Busch was musical director of the Opera in Dresden; his brother, Adolf Busch, is the most famous German violinist. Both of them are huge blond Germanic men. They would have been accepted by the Third Reich with highest honor. Both of them emigrated. Adolf Busch has made his home in Basle. His protege and friend, his accompanist, and son-in-law, the pianist Rudolf Serkin, lives with him. When recently Berlin suggested to Adolf Busch that he "return to his senses" he replied with a letter that can hardly have delighted Doctor Goebbels.

Just as distinct and effective was a letter addressed to Germany by another great violinist, Bronislaw Huberman, whom we may be permitted to count among German artists although he was born in Poland. He attempted in an open letter to call to reason the German intellectuals -- the representatives of German culture who had remained within the Reich -- and solemnly to invite them no longer to permit themselves to be degraded! No longer to stand for this! No answer came from Berlin; no answer could come from there. Perhaps the call of that great man and great artist was not altogether in vain, but may have been heard by one or the

other and understood.

Our epoch boasts more reproductive musical talents than productive ones. Kurt Weill was one of the very few earnest fastidious young German composers, whose work was destined to become popular. His melodies to Bert Brecht's version of the "Beggars Opera" were for a time whistled by every student and hummed by every other shop-girl in Germany. In his "Dreigroschenoper" and "Mahagony" he had produced a dozen songs that really became popular. And, strange to say, he had not ceased to be a musician to be taken seriously, which he proved in his great opera, produced in Berlin, entitled "Die Burgschaft" (The Pledge).

The element of jazz and popularity in Kurt Weill's music is certainly his great chance as far as Broadway and Hollywood are concerned. It is through his pleasing musical ideas and their special adaptability that he has made a great name for himself in so short a time in America. This very adaptability may, on the other hand, be dangerous for him. He might be induced to accept easy and not quite serious triumphs instead of taking more pains for his really new style, so that his talent would be lost -- much as the strong, fascinating talent of Gershwin was lost to his art.

The Nazis have a childish slogan with which they try to express contempt toward all artists who do not fit into the Third Reich. They call them "Cultural bolshevists."

What is "Culture Bolshevism"? Every artistic or intellectual product that goes beyond the horizon of Adolf Hitler. The modern composers Ernst Toch, Carol Rathans, Hanns Eisler, are "Cultural Bolshebists." Ernst Toch, whose symphonic works have been taken very seriously by experts, lives in California. Carol Rathans, who has created an entirely new and impressive style of illustrative music -- he composed the accompanying music to the best Avantgarde films -- is in London. Eisler is the musical collaborator of Bert Brecht, after the latter had separated from Kurt Weill.

All these living German painters are "cultural Bolshevists" who are talented and daring. One of the most interesting of them Georg Grozz, with sure instinct, left Germany before Hitler came into power. He lives in New York City and swears that he never feels the slightest homesickness; that he finds everything in America much better than in Europe. He played a leading role in the artistic life of Germany, principally during the first years after the War. He caused a tremendous sensation with his bitter, terrible, accusing and cruel caricatures. His famous pages -- by many regarded as ill-famed -- mercilessly showed the inferno of modern war, misery and poverty, on the one side, and on the other the overfed provoking grimace of the "ruling class." His most famous pictures "Ecce Homo" were confiscated by the public prosecutor, during the period of the Republic. You spoke in

Germany of a "George Grosz type" if you meant a brutal, fat fellow with a roll of fat in the nape of his neck, the hair clipped close to his skull and a thick cigar in his mouth. Today George Grosz is no longer interested in his youthful work; he does not like to hear it praised. He has become rather melancholy and resigned. "Bother it all," he says, "There was no sense to it! The Germans have proved that they loved the very type. I was making fun of and they have made him their ruler." "We were wrong, else we would not have been beaten," says Grosz, and he is referring to himself and the entire German leftist movement. He is rather an owlish man, whom it pleases to utter krass paradoxes. One is permitted to doubt whether he means everything he says.

"Cultural Bolsheviks" the genial caricaturist Heine -- confounder and graphic star of the famous Munich comic sheet "Simplicissimus". Heine, who is a most talented man, sits in a small Chekoslovakian town today; he writes grotesque, witty, rather sad little fairy tales and illustrates them. At first the important painter, Beckmann, would not believe that he, too, counted in the eyes of the Nazis as a "cultural Bolshevik." I met him in Paris in the summer of 1933 -- that is, soon after Hitler's advent to power. When I asked him whether he would return to Germany, he laughed almost mockingly and said, "Why, of course! Why shouldn't I? I am no politician and I am no Jew. I am only a painter. Nothing interests me but colors! Why, then, should I not

continue to live in Frankfort-on-Main, paint my pictures there and exhibit them?" A few years later I met him on the street in Amsterdam. He said with some embarrassment, "Well I've joined the Emigration. You simply couldn't stand things in Germany any more....You were regarded as a sort of traitor if you happened to choose those colors on your palette which did not please the Fuhrer!...." I can easily see why the colors on Beckmann's paintings failed to please the Dictator from Bremen. They are strong, passionate, daring colors -- moving colors; the artistic radicalism of the drawing, the composition, the whole idea cannot help but offend the tender nerves of the Dictator.

It is traitorous to choose colors for a portrait or a landscape that happen not to please the "Fuhrer." It is also treachery to build houses in modern style: a flat roof is cultural Bolshevism. Steel furniture, windows that are too large, cubic forms -- all this is cultural Bolshevism. The great German architects can tell a tale on that subject. The most important among them are emigrants. Gropius and Moholynagy founders of that interesting German institute for art and architecture "The Bauhaus" originally in Dessau, have moved to New York. Erich Mendelsohn, who is responsible for some of the most beautiful modern buildings in the city of Berlin lives and works in London and in Palestine.

Hand in hand with the "cultural bolshevistic" painters graphic artists and architects, the best critics of modern

art fell into disfavor of the new German Lords. The most important of these, Meier-Grafe, the author of great works on van Gogh, Cezanne, Greco, and many others -- died recently in Switzerland. He had spent the last years of his life in a small town on the southern coast of France. He understood more about pictures and knew more of the painters than anyone I have ever known. His conversation was of that brilliant style which is becoming more and more rare and can only be found here and there among the French. It was a profound pleasure to listen to him telling anecdotes. He had known all of artistic Paris at the turn of the century and the decade preceding the War. He was a witty man of the world and although he himself wrote "only" about artists and works of art, he was himself something of a great artist.

Another member of the spiritual family of Meier-Grafe is another German art-critic who has been living in Paris for decades: Wilhelm Uhde. The one deed in his life of which he declares himself most proud is that he was the first person ever to buy a picture from Picasso. But Picasso is not the only artist he "discovered," or assisted. There are many of these, several with famous names. He has just written the varied, moving and interesting story of his life in an autobiographic book entitled "From Bismarck to Picasso." This man who became one of the most influential battlers for cubism and expressionism was descended from one of the most conservative families of Prussian officials.

To serve Truth and to love freedom: is that not a point of view common to the best painters and musicians, as well as to the most valuable among actors and also to the best men of letters? In any case, the most important scientists are filled with the same conviction. They too had to -- for the time being -- leave the Reich conquered by the Nazis. There are many of them. Albert Einstein only happens to be the greatest, his name is almost a legend. But these pages cannot deal with him or with scientists and their work. They, too, have continued their labors outside of Germany, just as the artists do. Neither the work of the artists nor that of the scientists will be in vain. It is done in the service of civilized world -- and the day must come where this work again can serve a homeland where today civilization is suspicious and unloved.