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A Family Against a Dictatorship.

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A Family Against a Dictatorship

The so called totalitarian state wants all of a man for itself. Dictatorship will not endure competition; neither the influence of the church or the family is admitted. Under the dictatorship there is no God but the State. And the state become God. This jealous God wants to put his hand on the young above all things; he cares more for children even than he does for adults.

When the ^{Nazi} National Socialists were not yet in power in Germany, but were fighting for this power, one of their propaganda tricks was to affirm; we will protect the life of the family. "Marxism threatens the life of the family", they said "Socialism destroys the family. We are coming to protect it!" Undoubtedly there were mothers, fathers, grandparents, uncles and aunts in Germany, who believed this.

When the Nazi dictatorship was established in Germany, it developed that family life did not exactly profit by it. Children are estranged from their families; the Hitler-Youth, the military organization and various other societies or unions lay claim to them completely. Aside from that, every member of a family begins to be afraid of every other member. ~~The father must fear, perhaps my son will denounce me to the Nazis tomorrow and tell them that I bought a shirt from a Jew. The poor mother has similar fears and she must tremble not only before her maid but also before her own daughter. The young girl, for her part, is very careful, what she says to her brother, for he might tell one of his comrades in the Hitler-Youth, that the young lady was lacking in national feeling and then all decent thinking people would boycott her and she would never find a husband.~~ The various members of a family see each other but rarely, because they are all much too much taken up with their public duties. If, however, they are together once in a while, they look at each other suspiciously and do not speak much. Who can trust his neighbor.

And this is exactly the state of affairs that the Nazi desired to establish. It is ~~this~~ their distinct intention, to take away the children from the parents so that these may belong entirely to the totalitarian state. At first there was a similar tendency in Soviet Russia; but this is already being overcome there - at least in theory. The result is a paradox, for while the

Nazis are practically destroying family life, the Soviets are beginning to make new propaganda for it. Stalin recommends Christmas trees - whereas Hitler agitates ^against them... No one will deny, that this situation is not without its grim humour.

Of course, in Germany those cases are especially complicated, where the parents belong to different races. Let us, for example, take a home, where the father is of Jewish, the mother of Christian descent. The children - for their part called mongrels, "Mischlinge" - are taught, to regard their father as a third class human being, a pariah, a danger to the nation - and to despise him. One can easily see, that this situation must be rather melancholy for the father - and a bit confusing for the children. - The Totalitarian State, however, ignores trifles of this sort...

So many horrible, unspeakable things happened in Germany - and are still happening there, every day - , that it seems ~~to~~ almost cynical to mention any special case. All of you know, that conditions for the religious or racial minorities in the Reich became ~~more and more~~ worse and worse; as a matter of fact: just now, they are becoming absolutely intolerable. The murder of a third rate German diplomat in Paris, Herr vom Rath, by a half crazy Polish young Jew, served as a cheap pretext to the Nazis for new outbursts of fanatical antisemitism - outbursts, which were, by the way, not "spontaneous" at all, but carefully prepared and organized, ^{ago.} since a long time. Not only the Jews and not only the political enemies of Nazi-Dictatorship are the victims of these un-human, un-Christian persecutions; faithful Catholics, pious Protestants have to suffer, ^{as with Nibelungen, etc.} cruelly, also. In Munich, the palace of the brave and distinguished Cardinal F a u l h a b e r - a real martyr ~~for his faith~~ - was destroyed, and the Archbishop of Vienna,

✓ By the way: we have positive knowledge of the fact, that the Nazis are not popular with the people. They are despised. Therefore: Goebbels, who arranged the program - because he wanted him in disgrace. Britain etc.!

Mr. I n n i t z e r , who tried actually everything to come to good terms with the Nazis, was insulted and even injured. - A new "suicide wave" is going through Germany; the tragedies are countless; many many families are destroyed; not even the very old people are spared. I know ^{personally} men of seventy, who were sent to Concentration Camps - without any actual reason; just because they ~~are~~ ^{were} Jews - , and who died there, after some horrible days or weeks...

If I am considering all these atrocities, all these horrors, it looks almost shameless to me, to lose too many words about my own family. But, this special case of a German family may serve as an example - : as one case which is standing for thousands and thousands of other cases.

In our family, there is much mixed blood. Beginning with my maternal grandfather, I should - were I a good Nazi - have to despise him completely, for he is of Jewish descent. It is questionable, whether I should be allowed even to shake hands with him. As a matter of fact, I always enjoyed very much being in his company - a thing, which the last years have made growingly difficult - : for he is a charming, even an important old gentleman. His full name is Geheimrat (Privy Councillor) Alfred Pringsheim. He is regarded as one of the most eminent mathematicians of his time - a quality, which only a few of the initiated can gauge and which remains a complete mystery to his grandchildren. His collections of majolicas and Renaissance carpets are famous throughout Europe; even

Quite a few days ago, this wonderful collection was "confiscated", which means, however, that it is now in the hands of the Nazis.
the Kaiser visited them and presented my grandfather with a decoration. - Finally, he is a musician; his arrangements of Richard Wagner's operas for the piano were much played in Germany; besides, he was a personal friend of the maestro and of Frau Cosima, and was among the very first to give money for Bayreuth - the same Bayreuth, which today is a fortress of anti-semitism. - So much for my grandfather Pringsheim - of whom there still remains to say, that he is very witty and makes the most delicious champagne cup. - He is 88 years old, today, and could not

not decide to ~~xxx~~ leave Germany - Munich to be more precise.] He is the only one of my four grandparents of ~~unmixed~~ Jewish blood, and so, from the Nazi point of view, he must undoubtedly be regarded as the blot on our scutcheon. It gives me all the more pleasure to emphasize the fact, that I am particularly proud of this ~~my~~ fine old grandfather, and I hope, that the whole family will celebrate his hundredth birthday together in Munich. 3 a.

My grandmother for her part - and I am still speaking of my mother's family has ~~approximately~~ ^{25 percent} 30% of Jewish blood. (It may seem odd to you that as soon as we speak of these fantastic racial problems, I begin to ~~count~~ reckon with this sort of percentage; but national Socialism has taught us this absurd form of "higher mathematics" which ought really to be reserved for such a specialist as my grandfather. My sisters and brothers and I then, count as Ayran, according to the newest German laws. This is a fact, that is indifferent to me, and it strikes me as somewhat beneath my dignity, even to ~~mention~~ mention it. If I do so just the same, it is in order to document the ~~fact~~ fact, that I am not speaking against the Nazi racial teachings for reasons of personal resentment. All positions and offices in Germany would have been ~~open~~ open to my ~~sisters~~ sisters and brothers and me, if we had only stated our adherence to the Nazi dictatorship. It would have been not only my right, but even my duty, to marry a so called Ayran girl. For I am, let me use the ridiculous word in German, "aufordnungspflichtig". That means, the national state demands of me, that my descendants should be purer Ayran than I am.

In my father's family there is no Jewish blood. He is descended from an old patrician family, from Lubeck; his ancestors were sea captains or merchants of the free Hansa city of Lubeck. "Lubeck where surely the greater part of you have never been is a little place near Hamburg with narrow streets, crooked houses and a lovely Gothic City Hall. The city was always very proud of not ~~xxx~~ belonging to Prussia but like Hamburg and Bremen - having its own government apart from the Reich. The family Mann belong to the oldest inhabitants of this free city. It was a dignified proud North German family, perhaps already a little

mom - as Nordic
grandmother
over cultivated. The only eccentric element in it was that my grandfather Mann brought his bride home from *Spain* Brazil; she was very beautiful, very musical, and had some exotic blood. Probably it is due to this *foreign* Brazilian grandmama, that an over cultivated patrician ~~family~~ family suddenly ~~burst~~ blossomed out into the phenomena of art., and that not only in the case of one of its descendants but with a *special* peculiar intensity. I mean not only in the person of my father but also that in his brother, Heinrich Mann and finally also in the more delicate person of a younger, very beautiful sister ~~is~~ who was an actress and died young.

The problem of mixed races - this productive meeting of north and south - occupied the minds not only of my father, but also Heinrich Mann for many years. They felt it, to be a most stimulating problem in their lives, and all their early works are full of it. My father has presented this idea first of all in his short story "Tonio Kroeger"; my uncle in his novel, "Between Races". In the case of Heinrich Mann, the southern, romantic note is stronger, than in that of my father. The latter felt himself as belonging rather to the sphere of Lubeck aristocracy, whereas Heinrich tended rather to Italy and later to France. And whereas the novels and short stories of the young Heinrich Mann almost all have their scene *in* on the Mediterranean, the background of my father's first great novel "Buddenbrooks" is the old city of Lubeck. This novel, which is counted among the most popular German books since Goethe's "Werther", - has the sub-title "*Decline* The Decay of a Family". His theme, then, was *of the close* what I may call the generation - a subject, entirely in keeping with the currents of thought and fashions of the nineteenth century.

The *atmosphere* of "Buddenbrooks" influenced by the pessimistic philosophy of Arthur Schopenhauer is as follows; a family of ancient lineage is reaching its end. It brings forth an artist as the final form of life it can produce; the decadent type. Schopenhauer's philosophy and Wagner's music are both the comfort and the most dangerous poison for the last of the Buddenbrooks. And in ~~modeling~~ the person of a delicate youth, Hanno, who refuses to endure the hardships of life, the family of Buddenbrooks dies out.

The family of Mann, however, by no means, died out. We are six brothers and sisters. It amuses me sometimes to imagine what sort of people we would have

turned out to be, if, instead of marrying the woman who is fortunately our mother, my father had wed the daughter of an aristocratic Hamburg family, a pure Aryan. To be quite frank, I fear the result would not have been a happy one. We would probably have been rather boring, bloodless creatures. Naturally even as we have turned out, we all have our horrible faults. But at least we are not so dreadfully boring. . . .

There is nothing in my life for which I am more thankful than for the drop of Jewish blood we have in our veins. In our case the remarkable phenomenon occurred that two over cultivated families regenerated each other by mingling. My father - of this there can be no doubt - showed a far better instinct for racial matters than the Nazi theorists ~~had~~ when he took to wife a woman with whom he has been living happily for more than thirty years and who is our mother. - I ~~must~~ mention and emphasize this not at all, because I regard the instance of our family to be so particularly important or interesting; but simply, because it seems to me, purely from the biological standpoint, to speak strikingly against the racial theories of the Nazis. According to these theories, the old German family of Mann ~~must have been~~ should have been ruined through the mixture with the partly Jewish family of Pringsheim. As a matter of fact, it was this very mixture, which saved it from decadence, - and I mean decadence in the biological sense.

The marriage of my father and mother is probably the happiest marriage I have ever seen, and while marital tragedies of every sort were daily occurrences in intellectual German circles, and probably still are - there was never a shadow in the lives of my parents. I do not believe, it is false pride or a mistake, if I say; no foreigner, desiring to see a typically German bourgeois cultured home, could have found none more typical, than ours. My father had built his house in Munich, on Isar. He lived there many years with our mother, and all six of us grew up there. Since then - a robbery of the N. 1-20-10 - the lovely house has been stolen by the Nazi, and as far as I know, an S.A. man is quartered in my father's work room - the very room, where "Death in Venice" and "The Magic Mountain" were written - and the car, in which my father so much enjoyed being

driven about ~~in~~, is at the special disposal of the Brown House. ~~A well educated bourgeois German family: surely there were many like us; but it is my special pleasure and privilege, ladies and gentlemen, to speak to you today of our family.~~

The typical German family was never especially interested in politics, - today I think far too little. Music and the theatre and books were the general subject of conversation, rather than political daily events. During the World War, my father was a good deal of a Nationalist - quite in contrast to Heinrich Mann, who was a radical Pacifist, and with whom my father was not on good terms during this period. He turned his ~~own~~ sympathies toward the young German Republic during the Ebert-Stresemann epoch, and openly declared this new turn in his sympathies - to the furious ^{wrath} of strictly nationalistic circles, as can easily be imagined. Besides, he never stood distinctly to ~~the~~ the Left, politically.

A German family -: every one knows what that is: a little sentimental, everybody likes, to sit together of an evening, so long as no dictatorship deprives them of this pleasure. Our father used often to read to us of an evening, beautiful stories of Goethe or of Tolstoi; or we would play the gramophone, great pieces out of the symphonies, Beethoven or Brahms or Mahler or else Italian music or Wagner.

~~Sundays, the whole family went to our grandparents, the Fringsheims, where there would be a delicious dinner and more music. - Music played a leading role in all of our childhood, especially through the friendship of our parents with the ^{conductor} music director Bruno Walter and through an almost fraternal friendship ^{between us children and} with his musically very gifted daughters.~~

~~There was much reading aloud too in the Fringsheim house - which has today become a sort of dependence of Hitler's headquarters in Munich. Our grandmother Fringsheim, who, in her youth had been an actress and famous beauty, read to us Sunday afternoons out of Dickens novels; one after the other, those remarkable stories from David Copperfield to the Tale of Two Cities.~~

Of course, there was every day life with the difficulties of school. Then there were the lovely evenings in father's workroom, and Sundays in the home of our grandparents. Finally, there ~~was~~ ^{were} the great festivals: Christmas, with a huge tree, from which the candles beamed, and the presents, and sweet lebbkuchen, and nuts and fruits;

Easter, where it is the custom to hide colored eggs - and sometimes our mother hid them so well, that they were never found again. The birthdays of the many members of the family, celebrated with hot chocolate of an afternoon, and imposing cakes with burning candles. We grew up, and began to have our own interests. All six of us - and I might mention, that there is a great difference in age between the four "big ones" and the ~~two~~ "two" little ones, as we began to mature, were far more interested in aesthetic, than in social problems. My sister Erika wanted to become an actress, and my parents had no objection to that. In an amateur performance of Shakespeare's "As You Like It" she had been charming as ^{Or} Viola, and a few years later, she was engaged by Max Reinhardt at the Deutsches Theatre in Berlin. She has since then remained faithful to the stage, although she has been ~~productive~~ productive in literature as well. I, for my part, began writing at the age of 13, and at the age of 16 had already written at least 25 dramas and novels, which I cannot remember today ~~without~~ without shuddering.

My brother Golo - doctor of history and philosophy - is the most scientific of us, and ~~as~~ by nature the ~~most~~ most strictly methodical. As a very young man, in Heidelberg, he already wrote essays on Hegel and Marx, which were published by the ^{most} exacting German periodicals. The three youngest of us - two girls and a boy, the boy is only 18 today were ~~definitely predestined for musical careers~~ just as definitely predestined for musical careers, as we three elder ones, for various forms of literature. The young man - his name is Michael promises to become a really good violinist, while the two young girls, very earnestly play the piano.

So we grew up; we began to work, to accomplish something, and to have a little success. We made friends, had our first love affairs, as well as our first disappointments. We travelled and came to know the world, but it was in Munich, in the beautiful house on the Isar, that we always came together again. A personage like Mr. Adolf Hitler never seemed worthy of our serious consideration. Sometimes for fun, we went with friends to his Munich meetings; we laughed ~~at~~ ^{vulgar} at his shouting. In our circles, one thought: "after all, the Germans are not ^a ~~the~~ completely unintelligent people; they have had bitter experiences with their Kaiser, now sitting around in Holland, a half comic, half melancholy figure . . ." ~~The republic was never really popular and~~

never ~~tailor-made~~ had real confidence in itself: we all knew that, but we had no adequate conception of its actual weakness nor ^{of} the terrific activity of its enemies. It was not until the years 1931, 1932, that young people of our stamp began to get nervous. We began to understand, that there was no occasion to laugh at the Nazis, that ~~there~~ there were elements in the character of the German people (a strangely mixed character) which responded to the impertinent and untruthful propaganda of these people. A family like ours continued our daily tasks, either in a literary, musical or ~~theatrical~~ theatrical field. Meanwhile, millions of other Germans let themselves be persuaded that the treaty of Versailles should be torn into shreds by force, and that the Jews were the cause of all evil. As a matter of fact, after the Briand-Stresemann era, there was not much left of the Versailles treaty, and the reconciliation of republican Germany with France, with Europe, with the whole world, was well under way. As for the German Jew - 500,000 to 650,000 Germans, less than 1%, their influence has always been exaggerated: they held a number of positions, which were much in the public eye, but very few of major influence. We must not forget that Walther Rathenau, who was murdered by the Nationalists, was the only Jewish statesman, that the Reich ever produced.

Heinrich Mann was the first of our family, who wrote against the Nazis with deep and warning seriousness in great and important magazine articles, He called his country to reason - and reason meant for him, as it did for us all: democracy and reconciliation of Europe. - In the last years before Hitler's entering into power, my father too exposed himself in a way, that was ^{neally} ~~unquestionably~~ dangerous for his life. ^{the} In a number of excited essays and in ^{one} lecture, called "Deutsche Ansprache", (address to ^{the} ~~the~~ Germans), held in 1932 in Berlin, gave occasion to an enormous political demonstration against, as well as to another for him. Here, he took his stand against Hitler and extreme Nationalism. He advised the ^{national} ~~citizenry~~, to which he ^{belonged} ~~counted himself~~, to make peace with social democracy; he appealed to the intelligence of his compatriots, not to be made fools of by Nazi propaganda . . . At this time, I too gave expression to my ^{very definite} ~~unqualified~~ stand against Hitler in a series of speeches and essays ~~in various positions~~. My sister Erika was literally almost murdered, when, at a pacifist meeting, she recited a poem against war in general and against extreme nationalism.

As late as January 1933, she dared to open a literary cabaret - the Peppermill in Munich which was characterized by a strong satiric note directed against Nazidom. At that time, through the cunning arrangements of Mr. Von Papen, Hitler was already Reich Chancellor in Berlin; in Munich, however, the atmosphere was slightly different: liberal ~~sex~~ Catholicism seemed unable to reconcile itself to the Nazis. - The Peppermill was a sensational success. The Nazis raved and the Mann family was the most unpopular in all ~~these~~ circles who swore by the Swastika.

When in March 1933, the Nazis took over the dictatorship in Germany, it was not even a problem for our family, and I mean for each ~~separate~~ separate member of it, "Shall we or shall we not emigrate?" There was no doubt, whatever. It was clear as day, that people of our sort could not breathe in a Germany, ruled by Hitler, and I literally mean: Breathe. . . It would be senseless, to try to explain the separate reasons that made exile a matter of course for us. There are a thousand reasons, ~~countless~~ innumerable reasons. There is nothing, whatever, in common between us and the Nazis: we do not share one of their thoughts or one of their feelings. How could we endure life in a country, where - even if only for a time - they dictated every thought and every feeling. Probably, we would have been ~~imprisoned~~ imprisoned or executed, had we remained in Germany in 1933; but, frankly, the main reason ~~that~~ ~~we~~ we left the country, was not fear of persecution.

In the spring of 1933 my parents happened to be abroad: my father had just completed a lecture tour through Europe and was spending his vacation with his ~~if~~ wife in Arosa, Switzerland. The day, that the so called Nazi governor established himself in Bavaria, Erika and I called him up by phone from Munich in Arosa, and said to him

"It is better for you both to stay in Switzerland. ~~The whole house here is being searched and everything is in a horrible disorder.~~ ~~My father answered, "If the house is really being searched, it would indeed be better ~~for~~ to remain in Switzerland".~~

Besides, the situation was even more dangerous than Erika and I knew: Our chauffeur, whom we had always taken to be a nice enough fellow, ~~was~~ had been a member of the SA for months or maybe years. He was a spy and reported everything, that happened in our house, to the Brown House. - I left on the 13 of March 1933 for Paris - immediately after the

telephone conversation with my parents, about the terrible disorder in our villa - I have never set foot in ~~Germany~~ Germany, since. Erika was in Munich once, a few weeks later, under rather adventurous circumstances. She travelled in an extraordinary dress with a pair of huge spectacles on her nose. In Munich she hid in the house of friends and only entered our house at night and secretly. The real purpose of her dangerous journey was to rescue the tremendous handwritten manuscript of "Joseph", the novel, on which our father had been working for so many years. She was successful. She found the manuscript, managed to escape being found by our SA chauffeur Hans, who was still living in our house, and brought the precious papers across the boundary.

The next reunion of the family took place in the south of France, in a little place, called Sanary S.M. where, by the way, a number of other men of letters lived, such as Aldous Huxley and Leon Feuchtwanger. I could not remain long in the south, in Amsterdam but had to go to Holland. At this time the Querido-Verlag started its publication of German books, forbidden in the third Reich. This took up the summer and fall of 1933. In September, I started editing a literary monthly with the Querido-Verlag called "Die Sammlung" (the collection). The three protectors of the magazine, which appeared for two years - up to the autumn of 1935 were ~~was~~ André Gide, Aldous Huxley and Heinrich Mann. In the very first issue, Heinrich Mann published an incendiary essay against national socialism. Others, who wrote for my magazine, were Emil Ludwig and ~~Arnold Zweig~~ *Leon Feuchtwanger*, Alfred Kerr and Joseph Roth, Alfred Neumann and Bruno Frank, Huxley and Gide, *Simone Lewis and 20 forth* ~~André Maurois and Ernest Hemingway~~ *Ernest Toller and Stefan Zweig*. Heinrich Mann published one great political article after the other; these essays appeared in German and in French, both of which languages my uncle masters, and have since been collected in two volumes, called "Der Hass (hatred) and, Es Kommt Der Tag (the day of reckoning will come)". Heinrich Mann too, was the first of us to lose his German citizenship. His name was on the first list of those who were "decitizenised" (By the way, this is legally a completely absurd concept). My own name was in the second list: as editor of the Sammlung and author of a number of political essays, as well as a semi-political novel. I had earned the honor of being officially recognized by the Nazis as an enemy. I

V Activity of exiled literature. The only German lit. existing in translation. Publisher - Emerson N.Y.

remember, that Emil Ludwig telegraphed to me upon this occasion "Congratulations for joining the legion of honor of the third Reich". My sister Erika appeared on the third list, for she had not been inactive in the interim - quite the ~~contrary~~ ^{even} contrary. Her political cabaret, the Peppermill, had been reopened in Zurich, with greater success, than it had originally had in Munich and the Peppermill, whose words - spoken and sung, were written by Erika and myself, enjoyed real triumphs in Amsterdam and Prague, Zurich and the Hague, in Basle and Brussels. The Peppermill was performed more than a thousand times, between the years 1933 to 1936.

At that time Erika married the English lyrical poet Wyston Auden, and so became a British subject. I travelled about with a ^{Dutch} ~~Heutech~~ special passport, which the government in the Hague, very generously, put at my disposal. ^{for foreign use} Heinrich Mann took an apartment in Nice, in the south of France, and travelled ^{ed} on some French document.

There ~~was~~ ^{away} was one thing, that the German government did not dare to do for a certain period and that was to take his citizenship ^{German} from my father. His German passport had expired in 1933 and no ~~foreign~~ ^{German} consulate would extend it for him. They hoped, to force him, to return to Germany, by refusing him his passport. He settled near Zurich in Switzerland and was given Swiss papers. His position at that time was rather remarkable. Fearing public opinion outside of Germany, the Nazis had not yet officially forbidden his works in Germany - just the same as far back as 1933 to 1935, it was a ~~danger~~ dangerous thing to do, to ask for a book by Thomas Mann, and his last novel was ignored by the press. For his part, he was desirous of not losing his contact with his German public - and he still had a large public within Germany. That is why, during the first years of the Hitler regime, he avoided public declarations, which might have angered the Nazis too much. He maintained absolute silence. Every one, whether in Germany or elsewhere in the ~~world~~ world, who was interested in him, knew his opinion on the German dictatorship. His fortune, his house in Germany had already been stolen (~~I believe this is called expropriated~~ ^{confiscated}). The Nazi press insulted him like any other exile, but he continued to remain silent, ~~and was not yet decitizenised.~~ But this state of affairs could not last. The crash had to come. The immediate cause for the crash were polemics, half literary and half political in nature, carried on

between the biggest Swiss newspaper and a periodical, published by German emigrants in Paris. And in this connection, he publicly declared, what he had been feeling for years: that no reconciliation, no understanding could ever be possible between him and the Nazis. - Thomas Mann was declared not to be a German citizen, and all his works were forbidden in Germany. A few weeks later - this was in the fall of 1936 - the University of Bonn informed my father curtly, that the title of Honorary Doctor, which he held from this institute, had been taken from him. My father's answer to the Dean of the German university, which appeared in the form of a pamphlet, made a great political sensation. In Germany itself, the slim booklet became a sort of bible for the anti-fascists. Great numbers were thrown into Concentration Camps, for having secretly brought the Bonn letter across the German boundary. The latest trick - as we are being informed - is, that enthusiasts learned the "letter" by heart in foreign countries, so as to be able to repeat it at home, to their friends.

The famous Bonn-letter was just the beginning of a long series of political declarations and manifestations my father started, ~~how~~ He is warning Europe and the world now, as he used to warn his own country. But he still believes in the final triumph of his ideals. The most important political essay he wrote has the promising and significant title: "The Coming Victory of Democracy". ----

...The Nazis have done everything to make us homeless. Other countries have received us. Two years ago, all of us, including Heinrich Mann, have become citizens of Czechoslovakia. We were very thankful, at this moment, to be citizens of this democratic land. We admired its founder and leader, Thomas Masaryk, who was ~~more than~~ a great statesman, ~~as he was~~ a brilliant ^{thinker} philosopher and a wonderful ^{human being, all} ~~man~~ ^{to go}. We are sincerely devoted to the friend and successor of Masaryk, President Eduard Benesch. I had the privilege of spending a full hour with him, in Prague, some time ago. I was deeply impressed by his fine intelligence, his simplicity, his honest faith in the moral values of Democracy and human Progress. He was optimistic, then - too optimistic, as it turned out later - , and he believed that time would work for his cause - for the cause of Democracy. He trusted his allies, France and Britain; he never thought they would betray him - as they really did.

The tragedy of Czechoslovakia is the tragedy of Europe. The brave little country was sacrificed by its own allies - not because the Conservative British and French statesmen were afraid of war - they knew perfectly well that Hitler was absolutely unable to risk war, at this moment - ; but because they wanted to save Hitler, to save Fascism. This is a long and quite depressing story; it is not my intention to go into its details. Its end, however, is known. Czechoslovakia has become dependent on ^{her} ~~its~~ strong neighbour, the Third Reich; as a matter of fact: she became ^a ~~something like~~ a vassal of Germany... We - who have loved this courageous and highly gifted nation, and still love it - were sad, and are still depressed, as ^{along} ~~if~~ we would have lost a dear personal friend.

At the

Nay. -

✓ They really believe the Gobbels - dogma: "What a misfortune! At what a loss you pronounce... And that is exactly what Napoleon means..."

~~Since~~ ^{For} more than a year, the United States of America has become a permanent home for our family. My parents, who immigrated already last spring and took their first papers, are settled, ~~since several months~~, in Princeton N.J. They found a nice house there, and they enjoy the quiet, agreeable place. My father accepted a Honorary Professorship from the Princeton University. This winter, he is delivering some lectures there, on subjects like Goethes Faust, Wagners Ring, Sigmund Freud, ect. My younger brother and sister immigrated, ~~together~~ with my ~~parents~~ parents. And my sister Erika, is active in this country, ^{for} ~~since~~ several years, as actress, author, ~~and lecturer~~. - I myself hope to become ~~shortly~~ an American

citizen ^{in the near future...}
~~What, Erika...~~ ^{in collaboration with E...}
.... "A Family against a Dictorship" - :Yes, a family, which used

to be very much more interested in cultural matters than in political affairs, has turned into something very like a political group. - We hate the Hitler regime. We still love Germany - the "better Germany", the "other Germany". However thankful we may be any country whose hospitality we enjoyed - and, above all, to the United States of America - , we will always remain Germans with certain elements of our being. To belong to a given nation, is a destiny. To be a German is a destiny of a specially complex and not always cheerful kind. Such a destiny cannot be altered by the fact, that an authoritarian state takes away one's citizenship.

It happens, from time to time, that friends or foreigners ask us the simple question: "Would you return to Germany, if the regime there would change?" It is not very ~~easy~~ easy to answer... Would we go back? Maybe not.... But even if we should return, we will then

no longer be quite the same/as when we left. In the meantime, we have lived in too many different countries and have gone through too many experiences. We have become citizens of the world. But ^{is} that exactly, what we always desired to be? Wasn't that our ambition? - to be citizens of the world, although Germans. The difficulties of our exile will, perhaps, have taught us something toward this end...

However, if we wish, with all the forces of our heart, the end of the Nazi regime in Germany, we don't do so just as Germans and not only for the sake of Germany. We hope and wish it for Europe, for the world.

There won't be any peace - no "Peace in Honour", no "Peace in our Time" - as long as organized brutality is ruling in the centre of the Continent. The aggressiveness of the Totalitarian Fascist States is boundless. It is absolutely impossible to satisfy their horrible greediness. It is useless to make any concessions to them: they want more... The Nazis have got Austria, they have got Czechoslovakia - is Germany great enough? They want it still greater... They will ask for Switzerland, the Alsace, ^{of Prussia} parts of Holland, parts of Denmark, and what not else. At the same time, Mussolini is threatening France with his impertinent demands: ~~he wants nothing but Nice and Corsica and parts of North Africa and Savoy~~. He is "ready to march" - once more, and just a few ^{months} weeks after the Munich agreement. They are always "ready to march" - or, to be more precise, they always pretend to be ready... The really grotesque thing about it is, that they are much less ready than anybody else... What is the difference? They keep shouting: "We are prepared!" - and the world believes it...

Don't forget the one basic point: Nazism and Fascism are not threatening just certain races/certain political or religious doctrines. They are, and always will remain, the deadly enemies of our whole civilisation. They pretend to be the "defense mechanism against Bolshevism" - and some people seem to believe this, even in this country. ^{When you go to the source, of what} But if you say "Bolshevism", you mean: the brutal destruction of our entire civilisation. And this is exactly what they Nazis are going to bring us, if one does not stop their dreadful march.

One could ~~still~~ stop it. The Democracies, if they ^{stick} ~~stand close~~ together, ^{which are} ~~are still~~ stronger than the Totalitarian States - ~~who~~ actually much weaker than most people would expect. Don't overrate this horrible power/ of which they are boasting! They are weak, because they are not really loved by their own people.

The Democracies have to understand, that the best ally they have ^{is} ~~is~~ the German Opposition against Hitler - the opposition within the Reich or in Exile. This opposition doesn't want war - : we are pacifists. The German people don't want war - : the definite lack of ^{any} enthusiasm during the mobilisation-days, ⁱⁿ September 1938, proved it. The opposition in the Reich against ^{Nazism} ~~Hitler~~ is growing, because people begin to realize, that Hitler, in the long run, means war. ~~There are certain limits, even for the almost boundless patience of Engl British and French Prime Ministers...~~

..... Please, do not believe, that the story of our family is an exception! Thousands, millions of ~~millions~~ German families at home or in exile - feel and think as we do.

The collapse of the present regime must come. May the God - in whom I believe - so direct things, that this infernal regime may fall in time of peace, and not by means of war.

The fear of war is still oppressing the world, in spite of any false agreement, in spite of any worthless pact. It will vanish only, when the Dictator has vanished - and only then will it again be possible for a decent German family, to live in Germany, without fear and without shame.

A Family against a Dictorship.

Der sogenannte Totale Staat will den ganzen Menschen. Die Diktatur duldet keine Konkurrenz: weder den Einfluss der Kirche noch den der Familie kann sie gelten lassen. Es darf unter der Diktatur keinen Gott geben neben dem Staat. Der Staat wird zum Gott. Dieser eifersüchtige Gott will vor allem die Jugend: an den Kindern liegt ihm noch mehr als an den Erwachsenen.

Als die Nationalsozialisten in Deutschland noch nicht an der Macht waren, sondern erst um sie kämpften, gehörte zu ihren Propaganda-Tricks, dass sie behaupteten: Wir wollen das Familienleben schützen. "Der Marxismus bedroht das Familienleben", behaupteten sie. "Der Sozialismus zersetzt die Familie. Wir kommen, sie zu beschützen!" Sicher gab es in Deutschland Mütter, Väter, Grosseltern, Onkel und Tanten, die das ernst genommen haben.

Als es dann zur Nazi-Diktatur in Deutschland kam, stellte sich heraus, dass das Familienleben nicht eben von ihr profitierte. Die Kinder entfremden sich der Familie: die Hitler-Jugend, die militärischen Organisationen, die Vereine nehmen sie ganz in Anspruch. Uebrigens beginnt einer in der Familie sich vorm andern zu fürchten. Der Vater muss fürchten: Vielleicht wird mein Junge mich morgen bei den Nazis anzeigen und ihnen erzählen, dass ich mir bei einem Juden ein Hemd gekauft habe. Ähnliche Angstvorstellungen hat die arme Mutter, die nicht nur vor den Dienstmädchen, sondern auch vor ihren Töchtern bebt. Das junge Mädchen seinerseits ist sehr vorsichtig mit dem Bruder. Dieser könnte seinen Roman Kameraden von der Hitler-Jugend erzählen, dass die junge Dame nicht genug nationales Gefühl hat, und dann würde sie von allen anständig Denkenden boykottiert und fände nie einen Bräutigam. Die Familien-Mitglieder sehen einander selten, weil sie

alle sehr durch öffentliche Pflichten in Anspruch genommen sind. Wenn sie aber einmal beieinander sind, sehen sie sich scheu an und sprechen nicht viel. Wer kann dem Nächsten trauen? Genau dieses ist der Zustand, den die Nazis erreichen wollten. Ihre ausgesprochene Absicht ist es, die Kinder von den Eltern zu entfernen, damit sie ganz und gar dem totalen Staat gehören. Ganz ähnlich war die Tendenz zunächst in Sowjet-Russland; dort fängt man aber schon an, sie zu überwinden - wenigstens theoretisch. Das Paradox ergibt sich, dass, während die Nazis das deutsche Familienleben praktisch zerstören, die Sowjets das russische neu zu propagieren beginnen. Stalin empfiehlt Weihnachtsbäume, während Hitler gegen sie agitieren lässt. Niemand wird leugnen, dass diese Situation ihre groteske Nuance hat...

Besonders kompliziert liegt natürlich in Deutschland der Fall bei solchen Familien, wo die Eltern von verschiedener Rasse sind. Nehmen wir einmal an, in einem Hause ist der Vater von jüdischer, die Mutter aber von christlicher Abkunft. Die Kinder - ihrerseits sogenannte Mischlinge - werden in einem solchen Falle angehalten, den Vater als einen Menschen dritter Klasse, als einen Paria, einen "Schädling an der Nation" zu verachten. Man mag sich vorstellen, dass eine solche Situation für den Vater melancholisch und für die Kinder verwirrend ist. Der totale Staat aber setzt sich über Bagatellen dieser Art leicht hinweg.

In unserer Familie - wenn Sie mir denn erlauben, von meiner eigenen Herkunft zu sprechen - gibt es vielfach gemischtes Blut. Um damit zu beginnen: Meinen Grossvater mütterlicherseits müsste ich, wenn ich ein braver Nazi wäre, in Grund und Boden verachten, denn er ist jüdischer Descendenz. Es ist sehr die Frage, ob ich ihm eigentlich überhaupt noch die Hand geben darf. In Wahrheit bin ich sehr

gerne mit ihm zusammen - wozu sich in den letzten Jahren die Gelegenheit leider kaum noch ergibt - ;denn er ist ein charmanter und sogar bedeutender alter Herr.Sein voller Name ist Geheimrat Alfred Pringsheim.Er gilt für einen der ~~ersten~~ vorzüglichsten Mathematiker seiner Zeit - eine Qualität, die nur ein paar hundert Eingeweihte zu beurteilen vermögen und die für uns völlig mysteriös bleibt -;er war 40 Jahre lang an der Münchener Universität tätig, ist ausserdem ein Kunstsammler von starkem Instinkt - seine Kollektion von Majoliken und Reannaissssance-Teppichen hatte europäischen Ruf;der Kaiser besichtigte sie und verlieh meinem Grossvater einen Orden - ;schliesslich ein Musiker:seine Bearbeitungen der Opern von Richard Wagner für das Klavier wurden in Deutschland viel gespielt,und übrigens war er ein persönlicher Freund des Meisters und der Frau Cosima und gehörte zu den Allerersten,die für Bayreuth Geld gaben - für das gleiche Bayreuth,welches heute eine Hochburg des Antisemmitismus ist.So viel über meinen Grossvater Pringsheim,von dem sich ausserdem noch sagen liesse,dass er sehr witzig ist und eine vorzügliche Champagner-Bowle zu bereiten versteht.Er ist heute 87 Jahre alt und konnte sich nicht dazu entschliessen,Deutschland - genauer gesagt:München - zu verlassen. - Von meinen vier Grosseltern ist er der Einzige,der rein jüdischen Blutes ist.Insofern muss er wohl,vom Nazi-Gesichtspunkt,als der Schandfleck der Familie gelten.Umso mehr Vergnügen macht es mir,zu betonen,dass ich ganz besonders stolz auf diesen prächtigen alten Grossvater bin,dessen hundertsten Geburtstag hoffentlich die ganze Familie gemeinsam in München feierlich begehen wird.

Meine Grossmutter ihrerseits - ich spreche noch immer von der Familie meiner Mutter - hat etwa 30 Prozent jüdischen Blutes.

(Es mag Ihnen sehr drollig vorkommen, dass ich, was diese phantastischen Rasse-Probleme betrifft, solcher Art in Prozenten rechne; aber zu dieser absurden Form der "höheren Mathematik" - die eigentlich einem Spezialisten wie meinem Grossvater vorbehalten sein sollte - hat uns der Nationalsozialismus erzogen...) - Meine Geschwister und ich, wir würden also, nach neuen deutschen Gesetzen, als "Arier" gelten. Das ist zwar ein gleichgültiges Factum, und es erscheint mir sogar etwas unter meiner Würde, es auszusprechen. Ich tue es aber doch, um zu betonen, dass ich nicht aus persönlichem Ressentiment gegen die Rassen-Lehren der Nazis spreche. Meinen Geschwistern und mir wären in Deutschland alle Stellungen offengewesen, wenn wir uns nur zur Nazi-Diktatur bekannt hätten. Ich hätte ~~sogar die Pflicht~~ nicht nur das Recht, sondern sogar die Pflicht gehabt, meinerseits ein sogenanntes "arisches" Mädchen zu heiraten. Denn ich bin - lassen Sie mich das lächerliche Wort auf deutsch gebrauchen - "aufnordungspflichtig". Das bedeutet: ~~Ich habe~~ Der nationale Staat verlangt von mir, dass ich meine Nachkommen zu noch reineren Ariern mache, als ich selbst einer bin.

In der Familie meines Vaters gibt es kein jüdisches Blut. Er stammt aus einer alten Lübeckischen Patrizier-Familie; Seine Vorfahren waren Capitäne oder Handelsleute der Freien Hansa-Stadt Lübeck. (Lübeck, wo die Meisten von Ihnen wahrscheinlich nie gewesen sind, ist ein kleiner Platz in der Nähe von Hamburg mit engen Gassen, schiefen Häusern und einem schönen gotischen Rathaus. Es war immer sehr stolz darauf, dass es nicht zu Preussen gehörte, sondern - wie Hamburg und Bremen - "reichsunmittelbar" war.) - Die Familie Mann gehörte zu den alteingesessenen der Freien Stadt. Es war eine würdige, stolze und vielleicht schon ein wenig degenerierte

norddeutsche Familie. Etwas exzentrisch wurde sie erst dadurch, dass mein Grossvater Mann sich seine Braut aus Brasilien mitbrachte: sie war sehr schön, sehr musikalisch und hatte etwas exotisches Blut. Wahrscheinlich ist es eben dieser brasilianischen Grossmama zu verdanken, dass in dem etwas degenerierten Patrizier-Geschlecht plötzlich das Phänomen des Künstlertums sich manifestierte, und zwar gleich mehrfach und mit einer besonderen Intensität: In der Person meines Vaters nicht nur, sondern auch in der seines Bruders Heinrich Mann und übrigens auch noch in der zarteren Figur einer jüngeren, sehr schönen Schwester, die Schauspielerin war und jung gestorben ist.

Das Problem der Rassen-Mischung - dieser produktiven Begegnung zwischen Norden und Süden - hat sowohl meinen Vater als auch Heinrich Mann durch viele Jahre geistig beschäftigt. Sie empfanden es als das eigentlich stimulierende Problem ihres Lebens, und alle ihre frühen Bücher sind erfüllt von ihm: Mein Vater hat es vor allem in seiner Novelle "Tonio Krüger" gestaltet, mein Onkel in seinem Roman "Zwischen den Rassen". - Bei Heinrich Mann ist der südlich-romanische Einschlag stärker als bei meinem Vater. Dieser fühlte sich der Lübecker Patrizier-Sphäre immer viel mehr zugehörig, als Heinrich, der mehr nach Italien, später nach Frankreich tendierte. Während die Romane und Novellen des jungen Heinrich Mann fast alle am Mittelmeer spielen, ist die alte Stadt Lübeck der Hintergrund des ersten grossen Romans meines Vaters, der "Buddenbrooks". Dieser Roman - der zu den populärsten deutschen Büchern seit Goethes "Werther" rechnet - hat den Untertitel: "Der Verfall einer Familie." Sein Thema war also die Degeneration - wie es übrigens damals, am Ende des Neunzehnten Jahrhunderts, der literarischen Strömung

und Mode durchaus entsprach. Die Grundstimmung der "Buddenbrooks" - die beeinflusst sind von der pessimistischen Philosophie Arthur Schopenhauers - ist: Ein altes Geschlecht ist am Ende. Es kreiert den Künstler als die späte Lebensform, als den decadenten Typus. Die Philosophie Schopenhauers und die Musik Richard Wagners sind zugleich der Trost und das gefährliche Gift des letzten Buddenbrooks. Mit einem zarten Knaben, Hanno - der die Härten des Lebens nicht mehr ertragen will - stirbt die Familie Buddenbrook aus.

Die Familie Mann aber ist keineswegs ausgestorben - wir sind sechs Geschwister. - Manchmal amüsiert es mich, mir vorzustellen, was für Menschen wir geworden wären, wenn mein Vater, anstatt der Frau die glücklicherweise unsere Mutter ist, eine Hamburger Patriziers-Tochter, eine "reine Arierin" geheiratet hätte. Um es nur offen zu sagen: Die Vorstellung ist mir keine recht erfreuliche. Ich fürchte, wir wären recht langweilige, dünnblütige Dinger geworden. Natürlich haben wir auch so, wie wir tatsächlich ausgefallen sind, unsere garstigen Fehler. Nur so entsetzlich langweilig sind wir nicht...

Für nichts in meinem Leben bin ich dankbarer, als für den Tropfen jüdischen Blutes, den wir in den Adern haben. Es ergab sich in unsrem Fall das merkwürdige Phänomen, dass zwei recht überzüchtete, recht reife Familien sich regenerierten, indem sie sich vermischten. Mein Vater - es kann gar keine Frage sein - bewies einen sehr viel besseren Instinkt für Rasse-Dinge, als alle Nazi-Theoretiker, als er sich die Frau nahm, ~~die~~ mit der er seit über 30 Jahren glücklich lebt und die unsere Mutter ist. - Ich erwähne und akzentuiere das - keineswegs weil ich den Fall unserer Familie für so besonders wichtig oder interessant halte; sondern einfach weil er

mir, rein vom biologischen Standpunkt aus, schlagend gegen die Rasse-Theorien der Nazis zu sprechen scheint. Diesen Theorien zufolge müsste die alte deutsche Familie Mann durch die Vermischung mit der teilweise jüdischen Familie Pringsheim verdorben worden sein. In Wahrheit wurde sie durch eben diese Vermischung gerettet und vorm Abstieg bewahrt - ich meine: vorm Abstieg im biologischen Sinn.

Die Ehe meines Vaters mit meiner Mutter ist wahrscheinlich die glücklichste Ehe, die ich überhaupt jemals gesehen habe. Während gerade in den intellektuellen deutschen Zirkeln Ehe Tragödien jeder Art an der Tagesordnung waren - und es wohl auch noch sind -, gab es im Zusammenleben meiner Eltern nie einen Schatten. Ich glaube, es ist keine Eitelkeit und kein Irrtum, wenn ich sage: Ein Ausländer, der ein typisches deutsches, bürgerlich gebildetes Haus sehen wollte, konnte kein typischeres finden, als das unsere. Mein Vater hatte sich sein Haus an der Isar, in München, gebaut. Dort lebte er durch viele Jahre mit unserer Mutter, und dort sind wir alle Sechs aufgewachsen. Inzwischen ist das schöne Haus längst von den Nazis gestohlen worden; so viel ich weiss, ist ein S.A.-Mann im Arbeitszimmer meines Vaters einquartiert - im gleichen Raum, wo der "Tod in Venedig" und der "Zauberberg" geschrieben wurden -, und der Wagen, in dem mein Vater sich so gerne spazieren fahren liess, steht zur besonderen Verfügung des Braunen Hauses. Eine gebildete, bürgerliche deutsche Familie: sicherlich gab es viele wie unsere eine war; aber ich habe ja heute abend die besondere Freude und das Vorrecht, Ihnen, meine Damen und Herren, gerade von unserer zu erzählen.

Eine solche typische deutsche Familie war nie besonders leiden-

schaftlich politisch interessiert - eher zu wenig, will mir heute scheinen. Man sprach mehr von Büchern oder von Musik oder vom Theater, als von den politischen Tagesereignissen. - Während des Weltkrieges war mein Vater ziemlich nationalistisch gewesen - sehr im Gegensatz zu Heinrich Mann, der radikaler Pazifist war und mit dem er damals nicht stand. In Der Ära Ebert-Stresemann wandte er seine Sympathien der jungen deutschen Republik zu und erklärte diese neue Wendung seiner Gesinnung öffentlich - zur tobsüchtigen Wut der streng nationalistischen Kreise, wie sich denken lässt. Uebrigens stand er niemals scharf links.

Eine deutsche Familie - :man weiss ja, wie sie ist: ein wenig sentimental, und sie sitzt gerne abends beisammen, so lange keine Diktatur ihr den Spass verdirbt. Abends las uns der Vater oft vor - schöne Geschichten von Goethe oder von Tolstoi -; oder es wurde Grammophon gespielt, grosse Stücke aus den Symphonien von Beethoven oder Brahms oder Mahler, oder italienische Musik, oder Wagner. Sonntags ging die ganze Familie zu den Grossältern Pringsheim, wo es ein gutes Mittagessen gab und auch wieder Musik - die Musik hat überhaupt eine grosse Rolle in unserer Kindheit gespielt, auch durch die Freundschaft unserer Eltern mit dem Dirigenten Bruno Walter und durch unsere fast geschwisterliche Freundschaft mit seinen musikalisch sehr begabten Töchtern - ;übrigens wurde uns auch im Hause Pringsheim - welches heute eine Art Dépendence des Hitler-Hauptquartiers in München geworden ist - vorgelesen. Unsere Grossmutter Pringsheim, die in ihrer Jugend eine Schauspielerin und eine berühmte Schönheit gewesen war, las uns Sonntag nachmittags aus den Romanen von Dickens vor: hintereinander all die grossen, wunderbaren Geschichten, vom "David Coperfield" bis zu den "Zwei Städten"...

Es gab den Alltag, mit den Sorgen der Schule. Es gab die schönen Abende, im Arbeitszimmer des Vaters, und die Sonntage im Hause der Grosseltern. Schliesslich gab es die grossen Feste: Weihnachten, mit dem grossen Christbaum, an dem die Kerzen strahlten, und den Geschenken, den süssen Lebkuchen und Nüssen; Ostern, wenn die bunten Eier versteckt wurden - manchmal versteckte unsere Mutter sie derartig gut, dass sie überhaupt nie wieder gefunden wurden - ; die Geburtstage der vielen Familien-Mitglieder, mit heisser Chokolade am Nachmittag und einer Torte mit brennenden Kerzen. Wir wuchsen heran, wir begannen, unsere eigenen Interessen zu haben. Wir alle Sechs - übrigens gibt es einen erheblichen Altersunterschied zwischen den vier "Grossen" und den zwei "Kleinen" - waren, als wir anfangen, reifer zu werden, mehr in ästhetische Probleme interessiert, als in soziale. Meine Schwester Erika wollte Schauspieler werden, und meine Eltern fanden nichts dagegen einzuwenden. In einer Liebhaber-Vorstellung von Shakespeares "Was Ihr wollt" war sie reizend als Viola gewesen; wenige Jahre später war sie bei Max Reinhardt, am Deutschen Theater zu Berlin engagiert. Sie ist der Bühne seitdem treu geblieben, obwohl sie auch literarisch produktiv ist. - Ich meinerseits fing schon mit 13 Jahren zu schreiben an und hatte ~~mit 15~~ im Alter von 16 mindestens 25 Dramen und Romane geschrieben, an die ich heute nicht ohne Entsetzen denke. ^T - Mein Bruder Golo - Doktor der Historie und der Philosophie - ist unter uns die am meisten wissenschaftliche, am strengsten methodische Natur. Er schrieb schon als sehr junger Mensch, in Heidelberg, Essays über Hegel oder über Marx, die von den anspruchsvollsten deutschen Revuen publiziert wurden. - Die drei jüngeren Geschwister - zwei Mädchen und ein Junge, der heute erst 18 Jahre alt ist - waren ebenso entschieden fürs Musikalische

prädestiniert, wie wir drei Aelteren fürs ~~Liets~~ Literarische in seinen verschiedenen Formen: Der junge Mann - sein Name ist Michael - verspricht ein wirklich guter Geiger zu werden; die beiden jungen Mädchen spielen sehr ernsthaft Klavier.

Man wuchs heran; man arbeitete. Man fing an etwas zu leisten, ein wenig Erfolg zu haben. Man schloss Freundschaften, die ersten Lieben kamen, auch die ersten Enttäuschungen; man reiste, man lernte die Welt kennen; aber in München, in dem schönen Haus an der Isar, fand man sich immer wieder zusammen. Mit einer Figur wie Herrn Adolf Hitler beschäftigte man sich nicht ernsthaft. Wir waren manchmal zum Spass mit Freunden in seinen Münchner Versammlungen; wir lachten über sein Geschrei. Immerhin - so dachte man in unseren Kreisen - ,immerhin, die Deutschen sind kein ganz unintelligentes Volk. Mit ihrem Kaiser haben sie bittere Erfahrungen gemacht, und nun sitzt er als halb komische halb melancholische Figur in Holland... Die Republik war niemals wirklich populär und hatte niemals ein echtes Selbstvertrauen; das wussten wir. Aber wir hatten doch keinen Begriff von ihrer Schwäche und von der furchtbaren Aktivität ihrer Feinde. Erst in den Jahren 1931, 1932 fingen junge Leute von der Art, wie wir welche waren, an, nervös zu werden. Wir verstanden, dass durchaus kein Anlass bestand, über die Nazis zu lachen; dass es im Charakter des deutschen Volkes . einem sehr merkwürdig gemischten Charakter - Elemente gibt, die auf die frech lügnerische Propaganda dieser Leute sehr positiv reagierten. - Eine Familie wie die unsre ging ihren Beschäftigungen nach - Beschäftigungen literarischer oder musikalischer oder theatralischer Art - , und inzwischen liessen Millionen von anderen Deutschen sich einreden, dass der Vertrag von Versailles mit Gewalt zerrissen werden müsse und dass die Juden an allem

Schuld seien. In Wahrheit war, im Jahre 1929, nach der Aera Briand-Stresemann, vom Versailler Vertrag nicht mehr viel übrig und die Versöhnung des republikanischen Deutschland mit Frankreich, mit Europa, mit der Welt war in vollem Gang, und was die deutschen Juden betraf - 500 000 auf 65 Millionen Deutsche! - , so ist ihr Einfluss immer überschätzt worden; sie hatten zwar einige sehr sichtbare, aber wenig wirklich einflussreiche Stellungen. Man vergesse nicht, dass Walther Rathenau, der von den Nationalisten ermordet worden ist, der einzige jüdische Staatsmann war, den das Reich jemals hatte...

Heinrich Mann war der Erste von unserer Familie, der mit grossem, warnenden Ernst gegen die Nazis schrieb. Er rief in grossen, bedeutenden Artikeln seine Nation zur Vernunft - und die Vernunft, das bedeutete für ihn, wie für uns alle: die Demokratie und die Versöhnung mit Europa. - In den letzten Jahren vor Hitlers Machtantritt exponierte sich auch mein Vater auf eine Art, die ohne Fragen Gefahren für sein Leben mit sich brachte. In mehreren erregten Aufsätzen und in einem Vortrag "Deutsche Ansprache", den er 1932 in Berlin hielt und der Anlass zu einer enormen politischen Demonstration gegen - und zu einer andern für ihn - wurde, nahm er Stellung gegen Hitler und den extremen Nationalismus. Er riet dem Bürgertum, dem er sich zugehörig fühlte, mit der Sozialdemokratie ihren Frieden zu machen; er rief die Intelligenz seiner Compatrioten an, sich von der Nazi-Propaganda nicht dumm machen zu lassen... Gleichzeitig liess auch ich, durch eine Reihe von publizistischen Aeusserungen, keinen Zweifel über meine unbedingte Stellung gegen Hitler. Meine Schwester Erika wurde buchstäblich fast erschlagen, als sie auf einem pazifistischen Meeting ein Gedicht gegen den Krieg und gegen den Nationalismus rezitierte. Noch im Januar des Jahres 1933 wagte sie es,

in München ein literarisches Cabaret, "Die Pfeffermühle", zu eröffnen, das eine stark satirische Note gegen das Nazitum hatte. Damals war Hitler, durch das schlaue Arrangement des Herren von Papen, schon Reichskanzler in Berlin; in München aber wehte noch eine etwas ~~andere~~ andre Luft: der liberale Katholizismus schien sich mit den Nazis nicht abfinden zu wollen. - Die "Pfeffermühle" wurde ein sensationeller Erfolg. Die Nazis rasten. Die Familie Mann war die unbeliebteste in allen jenen Kreisen, die auf das Hakenkreuz schworen.

Als dann im März 1933 die Nazis die Diktatur in Deutschland bekamen, war es für unsere Familie - und zwar für ihre sämtlichen Mitglieder - gar kein Problem: Sollten wir emigrieren oder nicht? Es gab gar keinen Zweifel; es stand völlig fest, dass Leute von unserer Art in einem von Hitler regierten Deutschland nicht atmen konnten. Ich meine buchstäblich: nicht a t m e n ... Sinnlos, sich auf die einzelnen Gründe einzulassen, die das Exil für uns zur Selbstverständlichkeit machten. Es sind tausend Gründe, unzählige Gründe. Zwischen uns und den Nazis gibt es überhaupt nichts gemeinsames: wir teilen mit ihnen nicht einen Gedanken, nicht ein Gefühl. Wir sollten wir es in einem Lande aushalten, wo sie nun - für eine Zeit - jeden Gedanken, jedes Gefühl diktierten? - Wahrscheinlich hätte man uns eingesperrt oder totgeschlagen, wenn wir 1933 in Deutschland geblieben wären. Aber, aufrichtig gesagt: Nicht die Angst vor diesen Verfolgungen war der Hauptgrund, der uns zur Abreise, zum Verlassen des Landes zwang.

Meine Eltern befanden sich im Frühling 1933 zufällig im Ausland: Mein Vater hatte eine Vortrags-Tournée durch Europa hinter sich und war, mit seiner Frau, zur Erholung in Arosa, in der Schweiz.

Am Tage, als der sogenannte Nazi-"Statthalter" sich in Bayern etablierte, riefen Erika und ich ihn aus München in Arosa an und erklärten ihm:

"Es ist besser, Ihr bleibt in der Schweiz. Hier wird das Haus gestöbert und alles ist in einer abscheulichen Unordnung." Mein Vater meinte, wenn das Haus gestöbert werde, sei es wohl wirklich besser in der Schweiz zu bleiben... Uebrigens war die Situation noch gefährlicher, als Erika und ich wussten: Unser Chauffeur, den wir immer für einen netten Kerl gehalten hatten, gehörte schon seit Monaten oder Jahren zu den S.A.-Leuten. Er war ein Spitzel und hinterbrachte, was bei uns geschah, im Braunen Haus. - Ich reiste am 13. März 1933 nach Paris ab - unmittelbar nach dem Telefongespräch mit den Eltern über die schreckliche Unordnung in der Villa - und habe Deutschland seitdem nie wieder gesehen. Erika war, einige Wochen später, noch einmal in München - unter recht abenteuerlichen Umständen. Sie reiste ^{in einem Braunen Kleid} ~~mit falschem Pass~~ und einer grossen blauen Brille auf der Nase. In München versteckte sie sich bei Freunden und betrat unser Haus nur nachts und heimlich: Der eigentliche Sinn ihrer gefährlichen Reise war, das grosse, handgeschriebene Manuskript des "Joseph" zu retten - des Romans, an dem unser Vater seit so vielen Jahren arbeitete. Es gelang ihr: sie fand das Manuskript, wurde ihrerseits von unserem S.A.-Chauffeur Hans - der noch in unsrem Haus wohnte - nicht entdeckt, und brachte die kostbaren Papiere über die Grenze.

Das nächste Zusammentreffen der Familie fand in Südfrankreich statt, in einem kleinen Ort namens Sanary s.m., wo übrigens auch Aldous Huxley, Lion Feuchtwanger und andere Schriftsteller leben. Ich konnte nicht lange im Süden bleiben, sondern musste nach Holland: In Amsterdam startete der Querido-Verlag damals seine Produktion von deutschen Büchern, die im Dritten Reich verboten sind. Das war im Sommer und Herbst 1933. Ich gab, ab September beim Querido-Verlag eine literarische Monatsschrift heraus, mit Namen "Die Samm-

lung". Die drei Protektoren der Revue, die zwei Jahre lang - bis Herbst 1935 - erschienen, waren: André Gide, Aldous Huxley und Heinrich Mann. Gleich in meinem ersten Heft hatte Heinrich Mann einen flammenden Aufsatz gegen den Nationalsozialismus. Mit ihm gemeinsam erschienen in meiner Revue: Emil Ludwig und Arnold Zweig, Alfred Kerr und Joseph Roth, Alfred Neumann und Bruno Frank, Huxley und Gide, André Maurois und Ernest Hemingway. Heinrich Mann wurde bald zu einer Art von Wortführer der deutschen antifascistischen Schriftsteller geworden. Er publizierte einen grossen politischen Artikel nach dem anderen; diese Aufsätze erschienen deutsch und französisch - ~~denn~~ mein Onkel schreibt beide Sprachen - und sind in zwei bedeutenden Bänden politischer Prosa, "Der Hass" und "Es kommt der Tag", zusammengefasst. Heinrich Mann war auch der Erste von uns, der seine deutsche Staatsbürgerschaft verlor: Sein Name stand auf der ersten Liste derer, die "ausgebürgert" wurden; (nebenbei: ein juristisch völlig absurder Begriff.) Auf der zweiten Liste stand mein eigener Name: als Herausgeber der "Sammlung", als Autor einer Anzahl von politischen Aufsätzen und von einem halb politischen Roman, der inzwischen von mir bei Querido erschienen war, hatte auch ich die Ehre verdient, von den Nazis als ihr Feind offiziell anerkannt zu werden. Ich erinnere mich, dass Emil Ludwig mir damals telegraphierte: "Ich gratuliere zur Aufnahme in die Ehrenlegion des Dritten Reiches." - Auf der dritten Liste figurierte meine Schwester Erika. Denn auch sie war inzwischen nicht unaktiv gewesen - sehr im Gegenteil. Ihr politisches Cabaret "Die Pfeffermühle" war in Zürich, wieder eröffnet worden. Der Erfolg war noch grösser, als damals in München. Die "Pfeffermühle", für die Erika und ich die Texte schrieben, feierte wahre Triumphe in Amsterdam und in Prag, in Zürich und im Haag, in

Zusammengefasst

Basel und in Brüssel. Ueber 1000 Vorstellungen gab die "Pfeffermühle" in Europa, in den Jahren 1933 bis 1936.

Erika heiratete damals den englischen Lyriker Wyston Auden und wurde Britische Untertanin. Ich reiste mit einem holländischen Fremdenpass, den die Regierung im Haag mir sehr freundlicher Weise zur Verfügung stellte. Heinrich Mann nahm sich eine Wohnung in Nice, Südfrankreich, und reiste mit einem französischen Papier.

Was die neue deutsche Regierung noch eine Zeit lang nicht wagte, das war, meinen Vater auszubürgern. Sein deutscher Pass war schon 1933 abgelaufen und wurde ihm von keinem deutschen Consulat im Ausland verlängert. Man hoffte ihm zur Rückkehr nach Deutschland zwingen zu können, indem man ihm den Pass verweigerte. Er liess sich in der Nähe von Zürich, Switzerland, nieder und bekam ein Schweizer Papier. Seine Situation war damals eine recht merkwürdige. Aus Angst vor der öffentlichen Meinung des Auslands hatten die Nazis seine Werke noch nicht offiziell verboten - aber es war schon in den Jahren 1933 bis 1935 nicht ungefährlich, ein Buch von Th.M. zu verlangen und sein neuer Roman wurde von der Presse nicht besprochen. Immerhin ihm war daran gelegen, den Kontakt zu seinem deutschen Publikum - und er hatte immer noch ein grosses Publikum in Deutschland - nicht zu verlieren. Deshalb vermied er während der ersten Jahre des Hitler-Regimes eine öffentliche Aeusserung, die die Nazis gar zu sehr gereizt hätte. Er ~~schweig~~ schwieg. Jeder, der sich in Deutschland oder irgendwo in der Welt für ihn interessierte, wusste, was seine Meinung über die deutsche Diktatur war. ~~Aber er wartete noch damit, seine Meinung öffentlich auszudrücken.~~ Man hatte ihm schon sein Vermögen, sein Haus in Deutschland gestohlen; die Nazi-Presse beschimpfte ihn, wie nur irgendeinen Emigranten. Aber er schwieg immer noch, und er wurde immer noch nicht ausgebürgert.

Dieser Zustand konnte nicht von Dauer sein. Es musste zum Eclat kommen. Der Anlass zum Eclat wurde eine Polemik, die halb literarischer halb ~~u~~ politischer Natur war und zwischen der grössten Schweizer Zeitung und einer Revue der deutschen Emigration ausgefochten wurde. Mein Vater wurde in diese Polemik hineingezogen. In diesem Zusammenhang sprach er öffentlich aus, was er seit Jahren empfunden hatte: Dass es keine Möglichkeit der Versöhnung, der Verständigung zwischen ihm und den Nazis gibt oder jemals geben könnte. Nun musste man in Berlin reagieren. Es kam zur Ausbürgerung Th.M.'s und zum Verbot seiner sämtlichen Werke in Deutschland. Wenige Wochen später - es war im Herbst des Jahres 1936 - teilte die Universität Bonn meinem Vater kurz mit, dass er auch des Ehrendoktorats dieses Instituts verlustig sei. Die Antwort meines Vaters an den "Dean" der deutschen Universität, die in Form einer Broschüre erschien, machte eine grosse politische Sensation. In Deutschland wurde das dünne Heft zu einer Art von Bibel der Antifascisten. Unzählige kamen ins Konzentrationslager, weil sie den "Bonner Brief" heimlich über die deutsche Grenze brachten. Ein neuer Trick soll - wie wir unterrichtet sind - sein, dass Enthusiasten den "Brief" im Ausland auswendig lernen, um ihn dann ~~in Ausland~~ zu Hause ihren Freunden mitzuteilen.

Im August ist die erste Nummer einer Revue für Literatur, Philosophie und Politik erschienen, deren Namen "Mass und Wert" ist und als deren Herausgeber mein Vater zeichnet. Ein Bruder Golo ~~gehört~~, der Philosoph, gehört zu den Mitarbeitern, wie übrigens auch ich.

.... Die Nazis haben alles dazu getan, um uns heimatlos zu machen. Andere Länder haben sich unserer Familie angenommen. Seit einem halben Jahr sind wir alle, auch Heinrich Mann - mit der Ausnahme Eriks - Bürger der Tschechoslovakei. Wir freuen uns und sind dank-

bar dafür, Bürger dieses demokratischen Landes zu sein. Sein grosser Führer und Begründer, Masaryk - dessen Tod unlängst das demokratische Europa in Trauer versetzte - ist ein Intellektueller gewesen. Vielleicht fühlen sich gerade deshalb Intellektuelle so wohl in seinem Lande. - Ich hatte den Vorzug, mich eine Stunde lang mit dem Freunde und Nachfolger Masaryks, dem Präsidenten Benesch, zu unterhalten. Es kann gar keine Frage sein, dass er heute zu den klügsten, humansten, bedeutendsten Staatsmännern Europas gehört.

Eine zweite Heimat für unsere Familie ^{ist} ~~ist~~, neben den europäischen Ländern, in denen wir Gastfreundschaft geniessen, die U.S.A. geworden. Meine Schwester Erika, die in New York lebt, ist in this country als Schauspielerin und "lecturer" tätig. Meine Eltern sind schon drei Mal im Lauf der letzten Jahre hier gewesen, und mein Vater hat die Absicht, im Frühling des nächsten Jahres wieder die Staaten zu bereisen; ich selber verbringe hier einen Teil des Jahres....

.... "A Family against a Dictatorship" - :Ja, aus einer Familie, die zunächst an den kulturellen Angelegenheiten sehr viel mehr interessiert war, als an den politischen, ist beinah etwas wie eine politische Gruppe geworden. Wir hassen das Hitler-Regime. Wir lieben Deutschland. So dankbar wir auch der Tschechoslovakei oder den U.S.A. verbunden sein mögen, wir werden niemals aufhören, Deutsche zu sein. Zu einer bestimmten Nation gehören, ist ein Schicksal - und der deutschen anzugehören, ist ein Schicksal von besonders komplizierter, nicht immer heiterer Art. Ein solches Schicksal wird nicht dadurch von einem genommen, dass ein "autoritärer Staat" einen "ausbürgert".

Wir werden nach Deutschland zurückkehren, ich weiss es. Freilich, wir werden dann nicht mehr ganz die sein, die wir waren, als wir es verliessen. Inzwischen haben wir in zu vielen Ländern gelebt und zu viele Erfahrungen gesammelt. Wir sind Weltbürger geworden. Genau das übrigens wollten wir immer sein, und dahin ging unser Ehrgeiz: Deutsche Weltbürger. Die harte Schule der Emigration hat uns vielleicht ein wenig dazu erzogen.

Der politische Himmel hängt voll dunkler Wolken - Sie wissen es alle, meine Damen und Herren. Niemand weiss, was in den nächsten Monaten geschehen wird. Eines aber wissen wir sicher - und alle Nachrichten aus der Heimat bestätigen es uns - : Dass der Zustand in Deutschland auf die Dauer unhaltbar ist. Der Zusammenbruch dieses Regimes m u s s kommen. Möge der Gott, an den ich glaube, es so fügen, dass dieses infernalische Regime im Frieden stürzt, nicht im Kriege.

Glauben Sie bitte nicht, dass unsere Familie ein Ausnahmefall ist! So wie wir empfinden, so denken Tausende, Millionen von Familien - draussen in der Emigration, oder drinnen in Deutschland. Der Zauber, den Hitler auf unsre Nation geübt hat, beginnt, nachzulassen. Jeder weiss, dass Hitler, à la longue, bedeutet: Krieg... Wer will den Krieg? Sicherlich nicht die Völker.

Die Angst vorm Kriege, die die Welt bedrückt, wird erst verschwinden, wenn der Diktator verschwunden ist. Und erst dann wieder wird eine anständige deutsche Familie in Deutschland leben können, ohne sich fürchten und ohne sich schämen zu müssen.

New York. Den 11. X. 37.

M

In my father's family, there is no Jewish blood. He is descended from an old patrician family, from Lübeck; his ancestors were sea captains or merchants of the free Hansa city of Lübeck. - Lübeck - where surely the greater part of you have never been - is a little town near Hamburg, with narrow streets, crooked houses and a lovely Gothic City Hall. The family of Mann belongs to the oldest inhabitants of this free city. It was a dignified, proud, North German family - perhaps already a little over cultivated. The only non-nordic element in it was, that my grandfather Mann brought his bride home from Spain. She was very beautiful and very musical. Probably, it is due to this foreign grandmama, that an over cultivated patrician family suddenly blossomed out into the phenomenon of art - and that not only in the case of one of its descendants, but with a special intensity. I mean, not only in the person of my father, but also in that of his brother, Heinrich Mann, and finally in the more delicate person of a younger, very beautiful sister, who was an actress and died young.

My mother is ~~from~~ ^{of} partly Jewish descent. According to the Nazi racial theories, the old German family of Mann should have been ruined through the mixture with the partly Jewish family of Pringsheim - which is my mother's maid name. As a matter of fact, it was this very mixture, which saved it from decadence - and I mean "decadence" in the biological sense.

The marriage of my father and mother is, probably, the happiest marriage I have ever seen. I do not believe, it is false pride or a mistake, if I say: No foreigner, desiring to see a typically German bourgeois cultured home, could have found one more typical, than ours. - We are six brothers and sisters. My father had built his house in Munich, on the Isar. He lived there many years, with our mother, and all six of us grew up there. Since then, the lovely house

42 has been stolen by the Nazi, and, as far as I know, a S.A. man -
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so much enjoyed being driven about, is at the special disposal of Hitler's
head quarter in Munich. ----

The typical German family was never especially interested in politics
- today I think: far too little. Music and the theatre and books
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the Ebert-Stresemann epoch, and openly declared this new turn in his
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... We six children - my sister Erika, and myself, and the four younger
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with their Kaiser, now sitting around in Holland, a half comic, half me-
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It was not until the years 1931, 1932, that young people of our stamp
began to get nervous. We began to understand, that there was really no
occasion to laugh at the Nazis; that there were elements in the cha-
racter of the German people which responded to the impertinent and un-
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Schwin

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to travel through the states again. I myself spend a part of every year here...

A family, which used to be very much more interested in cultural matters than in political affairs, has turned into something very like a political group. We hate the Hitler regime. We love Germany. However thankful we may be to Czechoslovakia or the United States, we will always remain Germans. To belong to a given nation, is a destiny; to be a German is a destiny of a especially complex and not always cheerful kind. Such a destiny cannot be altered by the fact, that an authoritarian state takes away one's citizenship.

We shall return to Germany, I know it. True, we will then no longer be quite the same, as when we left it. In the meantime, we have lived in too many different countries, and have gone through too many experiences. We have become citizens of the world. And that is exactly, what we always desired to be; that was our ambition: to be citizens of the world, although Germans. The difficulties of our exile will, perhaps, have taught us something toward this end.

The political heavens are covered with dark clouds - you all know that, ladies and gentlemen. Nobody knows, what will happen in the course of the next months. But one thing we know with certainty - everything that we hear from our homeland confirms this -: conditions in Germany are untenable. The collapse of the present regime must come. May the God - in whom I believe - so direct things, that this infernal regime may fall in time of peace, and not by means of war.

.... Please, do not believe, that the story of our family is an exception! Thousands, millions of families - in exile or within the Reich - feel and think, as we do. The spell, that Hitler cast over our nation, is beginning to weaken. Everyone knows, that Hitler, in the long run, means war - and who wants war? Surely not the people...

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Sch 6-19

~~A family~~

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Schluss

Yes, the German Reich ^{can} ~~will~~ once more become a good, industrious, reliable member of the Family of Nations. All decent Germans wish and hope for this. ~~/and there still exist millions of decent Germans, please believe me when I assert this.~~ The reconciliation of Germany with the entire world will be possible only when these Germans who are today persecuted by Hitler, - the German friends of peace, freedom, and justice - will once more be able to live in their own country, without fear and without shame.

o-----o