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Culture and Freedom.

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Freedom
Culture and ~~Liberty~~.

The object of human evolution is the absolute ~~liberty~~ *freedom* of the individual. This utopian condition is only then possible of accomplishment, if the individual has reached a stage of absolute perfection. Absolute ~~liberty~~ *freedom* for people as they are to-day would mean the end of all social order: chaos, anarchy.

Complete non-~~liberty~~ *freedom*, however, means the discontinuation of everything we designate as culture: and that has been designated thus since times immemorial: namely, the cessation of independent thought, the elimination of the creative individual.

At all times there have been tyrants who stole from the people that which they held dearest: their liberty. I am referring to the relative liberty that in all civilized society should be granted to people. In return for liberty the tyrants gave something which may have seemed costly, but which surely was not worth the great price of ~~liberty~~ *freedom*. One of the exchange gifts may have been "Glory of the Fatherland". Often, however, they gave nothing in return, but robbed people of their freedom as the thief robs for money.

Too, at all times there have been people who rebelled against the despotism, the arrogance, the greed and the cruelty of tyrants.

It does credit to our profession that writers have always been in the ranks of such rebels. Of course, by far not all writers risked their fame, their fortune or even their life, because they would not see eye to eye with the tyrants. Some capitulated readily: they betrayed truth and intellect for money, for a title,

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We do not admire these writers, naturally; they are not the ones for whom a just posterity has praise. The truly great intellectuals were always for all the oppressed as against the oppressors.

How many writers became homeless, because of all conceptions and ideals they treasured two the most: truth and liberty. How many men of genius have lived in exile - it is a long and glorious list: from Ovid to Dante; from the Frenchman Victor Hugo, who hated Napoléon The Third and ridiculed him by calling him "Napoléon le Petit", to the Spaniard Unamuno, who would not submit to the degradation of his country through fascism; from Heinrich Heine to Einstein; from Georg Buechner who died in exile in Switzerland, to Thomas Mann, who continues his work in his exile in Switzerland.

All these exiles long for their home. They did not leave this home because of want of love for their Fatherland, but because their love for their native soil was too great to be witnesses of its ^{an} outrage. In Paris Heine wrote: "Denk ich an Deutschland in der Nacht - Bin ich um meinen Schlaf gebracht. - Ich kann nicht mehr die Augen schliessen - Und meine heissen Traenen fliessen." And a contemporary German poet, Bert Brecht, begins his dirge to his homeland with the words: "Oh, Deutschland, bleiche Mutter..." (Oh, Germany, pale Mother ...).

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or at least a certain amount of liberty. The totalitarian state does not want culture, it has no use for culture. By no means does the totalitarian state consider it its ^{primary} ~~means~~ and function to serve culture. All the totalitarian state wants is the expansion of its own power. The totalitarian state does not consider that it exists for the people; according to its concepts and its dogma the people exist rather for the totalitarian state.

— We German emigrants are not the first to make the bitter acquaintance of tyranny and to-day we are ^{not} the only ones whom the tyrants have banished and made homeless.

The tyrants of former days were undoubtedly not better humans than the tyrants of our days: some of them were ^{probably} ~~presumably~~ at least as terrible as those we know to-day. Nevertheless there possibly never has been so complete a tyranny as that of our "totalitarian states", for the simple reason that the despots and autocrats of former centuries did not have the same ^K technical apparatus at their disposal that our dictators make use of in so masterly a fashion. The terror and the propaganda, censorship and control of each individual were ^{not any} ~~less~~ mild nor less shameless in former times, than to-day; but they were less well organized. The fact that it is possible for the dictators of this day and age to requisition every ^K technical medium and instrument, all the achievements of a progressive, highly civilized era for their atavistic, reactionary dogmas, dogmas that are hostile to progress and civilization, all this makes fascism worse and more oppressive, than any former ^{kind} ~~species~~ of despotism. It is just the glaring discrepancy between the modernism of its mediums and the dark antiquity of its dogmas, that gives it the character of something

unnatural, something to be thoroughly despised. The fanatic and the tyrant may have been fitted for former, undeveloped forms of society. The fanatical tyrant/who permits his demagogic shoutings to ~~be~~ broadcast/over the radio/and who rides through a triumphal arch in a super-modern Mercedes car, is simply an anachronism.

But/let us not talk so much about the tyrants- in spite of the fact/that we have ~~many~~ ^{ample} reasons for occupying ourselves with them-/rather let us speak of the natural opponents and ^{opponents} ~~adversaries~~ of these tyrants: of the intellectuals, and particularly of the writers. They have always suffered under the tyrants/and they have always had to leave their homes for fear of the tyrants, as I have said before. But/at no time have the tyrants succeeded in separating the writers ~~to~~ completely from their home, in isolating them so thoroughly from their real public, as is the case to-day. We should not lose sight of the fact/that the great literary emigrants of the nineteenth century/were read in their respective Fatherlands- at least by a select few. Heinrich Heine's works were read in Germany, at a time/when he preferred to remain safely in his Paris exile. Victor Hugo's flaming writings reached the capitol/Paris/ from the island in the ocean, that for so many years was his home,/and it is said/that Napoléon III. was in the habit of reading the poems of the master before retiring, in all secrecy of course. I should like to ~~wager~~ ^{bet} that Hitler does not read the verses of Alfred Kerr or Bert Brecht, nor the prose of Heinrich Mann or Lion Feuchtwanger; if he should be in the ^{for him} exceptional mood for reading, it is known/that he ~~reads~~ ^{writes} the popular stories of the German classic Karly May ...

The fate of complete isolation from home: we, the victims of the modern totalitarian state, have learned what that means. And I believe it is not saying too much, if I state that of all the modern totalitarian states, it is the German, Hitler's state, that hates the intellect most deeply and most mercilessly. Of course: in Russia also literature is strictly controlled and is subject to clearly defined laws. But no matter how strict and how despotic these laws may be, they are not dictated by an a He. duke spirit, that, as such, is inimical to the spirit and the idea of human progress. ~~The intellectuals are suffering,~~ ^{in Russia} but it must be more easy for them to bear their suffering.

Conditions in this respect are almost as bad in Fascist Italy, as in the Third Reich. And yet there is a difference. The first difference is this: there was much less cultural life to destroy and to suppress in modern Italy, than in modern Germany. Italy is rich in tremendous cultural treasures and memories but there is no question that it has contributed far less to the cultural development of the twentieth century than either Germany, France or England. Besides Mussolini does not hate the intellect from instinct or resentment, as Hitler does; he hates and persecutes the intellect only then, when it disturbs him politically. Il Duce, for all his brutality and vanity, is after all an intellectual himself. He began his career as a journalist, trained in the Marxist school and he writes a decent Italian style, while the " Fuehrer" has'nt yet succeeded in putting ^{one} correct German sentence together. In making the above statement, I do not in any way wish to minimize or embellish the ~~crimes~~ ^{crimes} of Italian fascism against the intellect and against culture. I

know full well: they are horrible enough. The Italian author ~~writer of tales~~ *novelist* -in exile- the great ~~razantam~~ Ignazio Silone, for instance, can tell a sad story of the persecutions to which an intellectual with liberal tendencies is subject to-day in the land of Dante and Manzoni. I hardly believe that the Italian philosopher Benedetto Croce, who to-day lives in his native city of Naples, lonely as an exile, if he were permitted to speak his mind, would speak of fascism with less hatred, than we speak of national-socialism. And when we contemplate the poets, who to-day enjoy Mussolini's special favor, we only realize fully, how low Italian culture has fallen. His Excellency, Marinetti, for instance, who only recently- on the occasion of the Abyssinian marauding venture- sang the praises of the charms of war in such an amusing manner: he is certainly no better than our own Hanns Johst, President of the German Writers' Academy, literary "Favorite" of the "Fuehrer."

An old German antipathy against the intellect triumphs through national-socialism. For- let us not forget: the national character of the Germans is a very strange composite- more strange/ perhaps/ than any other national character. The great creative Germans have given western culture, have given humanity, infinitely much. But, on the other hand, there is a deep, vicious distrust against the intellect and against all its creative manifestations in the German nature. The great German intellectuals have always known of this trait in their compatriots/ and have always hated it; of the classical ^{authors} Goethe and Nietzsche have described it most impressively.

The fact that the "Fuehrer" writes such a miserable German, certainly did not make him more unpopular with his compatriots at first; They would have been much more suspicious of a politician who writes in good style - a ^{offense} ~~misdemeanor~~ of which Walter Rathenau ^{was guilty} ~~could be accused~~. It is characteristic also, that writers and scientists could never gain any political influence in Germany - while in other European countries it was just this class of men, who were destined to have a decisive vote in the fate of their respective nations: Lenin and Masaryk, Benesch and Barthou, Poincaré and Painlevé, to mention only a few - they were - or are - not only great statesmen, but also great men of letters - of the intellect.

But there is a limit to everything, even in the case of the Germans. There is no doubt that the Nazis went too far in their persecution, their total ^{destruction} ~~annihilation~~ of culture. Life in Germany is becoming desolate; at first only a few thousand noticed it; now hundreds of thousands know it and gradually millions will comprehend it also. Comprehension of such a state of affairs is synonymous with suffering under it. And in the long run no one suffers, without rebelling against the wholly ^{unnecessary} ~~arbitrary~~ causes of such suffering. - ^{Not only} ~~Simultaneously~~ with butter and suiting, but also culture is becoming scarce in the Third Reich. Life becomes insipid, poor; it forfeits everything that makes life worth living. Hundreds of thousands feel that, millions already have misgivings. They begin to understand: the Nazis really do not want Germany's greatness at all, - as they are continually asserting; what they want is Germany's reversion to former barbaric conditions of life; they want to isolate Germany, they want to detach Germany from

civilized humanity. Their ^{animal}~~bestial~~ hatred of the jews is only a symptom, an expression of their hatred against civilization, against the intellect: to the Nazis the jew simply represents the intellectual human being. Besides ^{some} they are just as irreconcilable in their hatred of ~~the~~ christians as of the jews. To the worshippers of the "blond race" Rom- I mean the catholic, not the fascist Rom- is just as much the abode of evil, as Jerusalem or Paris or Moscow.

Life, from which intellect has been removed, is stale. Only now, and only gradually are the Germans beginning to understand, that culture is actually something that is essential to life. Now they are groaning not only under the burden of living conditions which are growing steadily worse, ^{not only} ~~but also~~ under the loss of their civilian liberties, under the continual fear of war, which their regime is preparing; they groan ^{also} ~~too~~ under the narrowness, the unattractiveness, the hollowness of the intellectual life. Even those Germans ^{daring} who formerly showed little interest in anything that was ~~risque~~, modern, new in things cultural, now are greedy for a change from the eternal dreary monotony that a Goebels and a Rosenberg prescribe for them. Let me cite just one instance-: Hitler, who, as everyone knows, is interested in painting, extends his "cleansing" ^e process to the German museums also: in other words, everything of a modern trend of style or everything by a "non-aryan" artist is banished. He has these banished pictures-among them master pieces by Nolde or Georges Grosz, Otto Dix, Lovis Corinth or Kaethe Kollwitz- placed in ^{example} a special museum in Munich, to serve as a warning, ^{so} he thinks; to show the German citizens what horrible paintings came into ^{being}

being during the years of "outrage"^{an} - the years of the Republic. The amusing part of it all is that the "warning" exhibition becomes a tremendous success. The public crowds this exhibit, while the other in the beautiful new "House of Art" is empty after a few days and it is here that Hitler shows all that, which conforms to his own taste. Not even a magnificent portrait, that shows the "Fuehrer" in armour of silver, mounted on a black horse, half Lohengrin, half Siegfried can lure the public for any length of time.

Cultural life becomes torpid. The theatres manage by producing old farces, since the plays by the new Nazi authors are for the most part too wretched and since even many of the dramas by German classical authors seem doubtful to the censor: in "Don Carlos" "freedom of thought" is demanded; Lessing's "Nathan der Weise" preaches tolerance and Goethe's dramas contain nothing patriotic at all. It is significant that a theatrical man, such as my old friend Gustaf Gruendgens, formerly a communist, and ^{surely} unquestionably gifted ~~is~~, now the intimate friend of Hermann Goering and in charge of the Staatstheater-state theatre- at Berlin, had his greatest success ^{with an old} in a French farce "A glass of water" by Scribe. The case of Gruendgens is characteristic of all those among the German intellectuals and artists, who betrayed their convictions and everything, that was worth while about them, for the sake of their career. ~~I went into this particular case exhaustively, because I had an especially intimate knowledge of it. But unfortunately this is not an isolated case.~~ Many, whom we knew as liberals, ^{primarily} to-day swear by the swastika- because the gentlemen of the swastika pay them. I was witness right here in Hollywood,

when the actor Emil Jannings banged the table with his fist, if some one made a remark that did not seem republican enough to him. To-day he has people placed in concentration camps who claim that he had one jewish Grandmother-: let us hope that is actually not the case, ^{if} ~~for~~ it were proven that Jannings had jewish blood, there might possibly be s t i l l more antisemitism...

Those artists, who betrayed the intellect for the sake of a career will suffer for their sins- some of them are already suffering. This is most ^{obvious} ~~conspicuous~~ in the case of writers. In the foul air of the Third Reich ^{an} they lose their talent; they become unproductive. I should like to give you a few examples: a most promising young author, who formerly wrote books that spoke an eloquent language to young people, to-day writes stupid sentimental stuff. He also writes stories for Ufa and earns a pretty penny. In one of the films, the shooting script of which he wrote- the name of the film is "Traumulus"- the "Fuehrer" is said to have wept; the young author boasted of this fact; his degradation has reached such depths. He used to be my friend. Just recently he spent his vacation in Switzerland- even the Ufa-authors prefer Switzerland to German resorts for purposes of recreation- and there he read one of the books which I have written in exile. From the Engadin he wrote me a postal card full of sweet compliments." With envy one feels the atmosphere of liberty, in which you could write that!" he wrote me. I could'nt help but think that after all he had the same possibility of emigrating, as I had done. On the other hand the somewhat dejected tone of his card was brought home to me, when I saw his latest film in a small theatre in Yorkville, New York, It was "Madame Bovary" with Pola Negri. How utterly hopeless that was! What had they

done with this immortal material / and what had they made of an interesting actress! Then I only understood the slight depression of my former friend. He owns a beautiful Horch car, but he must write for Ufa. A severe punishment ...

EVIDENCE BOOK

The young talents perish, they wither. Just one illustration: the young author Manfred Hausmann, whose pleasing book "Small love for America" (Kleine Liebe zu Amerika) created a mild sensation, has hardly produced anything since the fatal year of 1933. One no longer hears anything about Mr. Arnold Bronnen, who started with so much bluster, since he publicly declared that his Mother deceived his Father: his Father's name was Bronnen and he was what is called a "Non-Aryan"; but the writer Bronnen preferred to be illegitimate rather than non-aryan.....Matters become increasingly quiet in the case of such promising young talents as W.E. Sueskind, Heinrich Hauser. By and by silence surrounds ~~the~~ even the literary star of the regime, Hanns Johst. Erich Kaestner, whose melancholy and malicious lyrics were formerly often so charming, now writes "humorous" novels, that are so harmless as to be almost dull... What has become of them all?

Do not let us speak even of the most important and at the same time saddest case: that of Gerhart Hauptmann. The great Hauptmann, the author of such immortal German works, as "Weber", "Michael Kramer" or Hanneles Himmelfahrt"- died long ago. The man who to-day bears the name of Gerhart Hauptmann has not written a line since 1914, that touches our heart. But from the day he hoisted the swastika flag on the roof of his home, we have learned to despise him. Incidentally even Gerhart Hauptmann notwithstanding his advanced years- seems to be inwardly prepared to again change his conviction, to come to an understanding with another regime. Recently something very comical and at the same time characteristic occurred.

My Father was having a suit made in Zuerich. He came to his tailor for a fitting. While he was in the fitting room and a fitter was bustling about, the Manager of the concern came up in great excitement. "Just think, Professor!" he cried almost breathless with delight: "Now we have a second star, another 'lion' under our roof! In the store downstairs Gerhart Hauptmann is selecting a neck-tie.- Dont you want to greet him?" the Manager added, not entirely without cunning. My Father's reply was: "Well ...". Whereupon the Manager said, ^a vastly amused: "You see, Mr .Hauptmann said exactly the same! Only he added: 'I think it would be wise to wait until times have again changed!'"

It is plain to see from the foregoing that even Gerhart Hauptmann counts on a change of the times. Why should we be more pessimistic than he?

Let us be confident! Let us consider this emigration as an ⁹⁻¹²⁻¹¹ apprenticeship - a ⁹⁻¹²⁻¹¹ hard apprenticeship - at times. But one day, when this time ~~of apprenticeship~~ is past, we will have much to be grateful for. Our task is significant and ^{even} ~~honorable~~ glorious. Our task consists of preserving and cultivating the highest values and conceptions of German and Western culture, that to-day are being dishonored in Germany, ^{to the end} that ultimately we may return them to our homeland, ^a homeland that, at last, has been set free.

By no means are all those in exile people of genius, nor are they all heros and whatever courage we have shown is insignificant in comparison with all the true heroism that the "legal ^{il} opposition" in Germany is demonstrating daily.

However, I believe we may say without exaggeration and without lack of modesty that the best representatives of German culture are to-day no longer to be found in the Reich, but in exile. Compare the list of books that appear in Germany to-day with that list of books suppressed in the Third Reich and being printed in Amsterdam and Zuerich, in Paris, Vienna and Prague, — and truly the comparison is in our favor, in favor of the emigration.

The German emigration contains many, varied elements, forces and talents. Among the writers that represent our emigration, there are conservatives, such as Joseph Roth; liberals, such as Bruno Frank and René Schickele; liberals, who stress the socialistic note more strongly, such as Lion Feuchtwanger and Heinrich Mann; revolutionaries of emotion, of love of mankind, such as Ernst Toller; ~~stern~~ ^{strict} marxists, such as Bert Brecht, Gustav Regler, Anna Seghers. Some of the authors have given their best during their exile. Permit me to give a few instances: Mrs. Irmgard Keun, known and successful as the author of a more entertaining than important book, has written a book entitled "Nach Mitternacht" (After midnight) which describes everyday life in the Third Reich, a book that is highly instructive and is to be taken very seriously. — Oedoen Horwath, who up to the time of exile demonstrated his great talent only as a dramatist, now surprises us with a highly intensive, impressive novel "Youth without God" (Jugend ohne Gott). The book deals with the degeneracy of the very young under fascism and the author presents his material in an indirect, almost legendary, but unforgettable form.

The political writer Konrad Heiden, whose book on Hitler met with world wide success, has only become famous during exile. The ^{Mouth} ~~extraordinarily~~ interesting novelist Hermann Kesten has shown us the extent and the brilliancy of his talent through his two great historical novels "Ferdinand und Isabella" and "Koenig Philipp II. von Spanien (King Philipp II of Spain). — From his exile Bruno Frank has given us his two most beautiful novels : "Cervantes" and "Reisepass" (Lost Heritage). In exile Ernst Toller wrote his most mature and attractive book of prose "Eine Jugend in Deutschland" (^{Or, I was a German} Learn from my youth). Heinrich Mann has undergone a new ascent, a sort of fascinating second youth; his political essays combine the aroused passion of the youth with the wisdom and the beautiful dignity of the true masterhood. His novel "The Youth of Henry of Navarre" can stand comparison with his most beautiful works ^{such as} " Die Kleine Stadt" (The small city) and "Der Untertan" (the subject). Thomas Mann continues with his great work: the Joseph trilogy — a great, daring epic of humanity, kindred to Faust- grows; at the same time he is at work on a new novel "Charlotte in Weimar", with Goethe as the hero; besides there are the essays on Freud, Wagner, on many masters, many subjects in the process of creation. The following continue their work: Alfred Doeblin, whose odd, difficult and intellectually rich novels are hardly sufficiently appreciated in foreign countries, principally because of the style in which they are written; Alfred Neumann, who published his two great novels on the Third Napoléon ~~from~~ ^{France}; Lion Feuchtwanger, Remarque, Emil Ludwig, Leonhard Frank, Arnold Zweig, Vicki Baum, who just now has given her world wide public the great novel " Liebe und Tod auf Bali" (^{A Tale from Bali} ~~Life and death~~

on ~~Bali~~); incidentally, it has been Vicki Baum's dream for twenty years to write just this novel. Critics/too/are progressing with their work, the most outstanding figure among these is Alfred Kerr, whose seventieth birthday we have just celebrated; the political writers, one of them such a brilliant talent as that of Leopold Schwarzschild, the publisher of the "Neue Tage-Buch" in Paris; the lyric poets, as the strange, highly gifted Elsa Lasker-Schueler, the touching Max Hermann Neisse, - the dramatists Ferdinand Bruckner, Bert Brecht, Friedrich Wolff.

We need not be ashamed. The climate of exile is not without danger for us, but it has the tendency to strengthen those /who are of strong, reliable substance/ instead of destroying them.

The work continues. There are discussions. There is much ~~meditation~~ (reflection/. Ideas are being suffered for, disputed, fought for. The intellectual life of Germany has not stopped; it goes on - secretly, suppressed in the Reich proper; and, under the most difficult circumstances - but free - but public - in exile. In almost all centers of international culture / German emigrants are active and /do honor to the ~~conception of~~ ^{name} German culture; many of them are right here in Hollywood, some in this very room; composers and conductors, painters and architects, ^Kexplorers and teachers, directors and actors.

The best among the German intellectuals have recognized clearly: without the atmosphere of freedom /they cannot be creative, cannot work, cannot live. They know: That it is not only their moral duty /but that it is in their own i n t e r e s t /to be on the side of freedom, in other words: actively on the side of antifascism. The atmosphere of fascism

is fatal to the intellect and its work; it is fatal to culture. Fascism is ^{their} sworn enemy. The representatives of culture are, therefore, forced to be determined antifascists. They should not be antifascists by word of mouth only but through deeds. With all their power, with every medium at their disposal they should pledge themselves to the fighting cause of antifascism - to the cause of freedom.

Hitler's regime began with two fires. With the fire in the Reichstag, in which the Nazis burnt the rights of our nation, and with the flames of the funeral pile ^{si} into which the works of the best German writers were thrown. - The Hitler regime will end in a fire ^{cond} also. It will be the bonfire of a new freedom. Its reflection is the ^{light} dawn of the day for which we are waiting, for which we are fighting.

VUW

EVIDENCE BOND

Culture and Liberty.

The object of human evolution is the absolute liberty (freedom) of the individual. This utopian condition is only then possible of accomplishment, if the individual has reached a stage of absolute perfection. Absolute liberty for people as they are to-day would mean the end of all social order: chaos, anarchy.

Complete non-liberty, however, means the discontinuation of everything we designate as culture: and that has been designated thus since times immemorial: namely the cessation of independent thought, the elimination of the creative individual.

At all times there have been tyrants who stole from the people that which they held dearest: their liberty. I am referring to the relative liberty that in all civilized society should be granted to people. In return for liberty the tyrants gave something which may have seemed costly, but which surely was not worth the great price of liberty. One of the exchange gifts may have been "Glory of the Fatherland". Often, however, they gave nothing in return, but robbed people of their freedom as the thief robs for money.

Too at all times there have been people who rebelled against the despotism, the arrogance, the greed and the cruelty of tyrants. It does credit to our profession that writers have always been in the ranks of such rebels. Of course, by far not all writers risked their fame, their fortune or even their life, because they would not see eye to eye with the tyrants. Some capitulated readily: they betrayed truth and intellect for money, for a title,

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The tyrants of former days were undoubtedly not better humans than the tyrants of our days: some of them were ^{probably} ~~presumably~~ at least as terrible as those we know to-day. Nevertheless there possibly never has been so complete a tyranny as that of our "totalitarian states", for the simple reason that the despots and autocrats of former centuries did not have the same technical apparatus at their disposal that our dictators make use of in so masterly a fashion. The terror and the propaganda, censorship and control of not any each individual were ~~less~~ mild nor less shameless in former times, than to-day; but they were less well organized. The fact that it is possible for the dictators of this day and age to requisition every technical medium and instrument, all the achievements of a progressive highly civilized era for their atavistic reactionary dogmas, dogmas that are hostile to progress and civilization, all this makes fascism worse and more oppressive, than any former ^{kind} ~~species~~ of despotism. It is just the glaring discrepancy between the modernism of its mediums and the dark antiquity of its dogmas, that gives it the character of something

unnatural, something to be thoroughly despised. The fanatic and the tyrant may have been fitted for former, undeveloped forms of society. The fanatical tyrant who permits his demagogic shoutings to be broadcast over the radio and who rides through a triumphal arch in a super-modern Mercedes car, is simply an anachronism.

But let us not talk so much about the tyrants- in spite of the fact that we have sundry reasons for occupying ourselves with them- rather let us speak of the natural opponents and ^{enemies} adversaries of these tyrants: of the intellectuals, and particularly of the writers. They have always suffered under the tyrants and they have always had to leave their homes for fear of the tyrants, as I have said before. But at no time have the tyrants succeeded in separating the writers ~~to~~ completely from their home, in isolating them so thoroughly from their real public, as is the case to-day. We should not lose sight of the fact that the great literary emigrants of the nineteenth century were read in their respective Fatherlands- at least by a select few. Heinrich Heine's works were read in Germany, at a time when he preferred to remain safely in his Paris exile. Victor Hugo's flaming writings reached the capitol Paris from the island in the ocean, that for so many years was his home, and it is said that Napoléon III. was in the habit of reading the poems of the master before retiring, in all secrecy of course. I should like to wager that Hitler does not read the verses of Alfred Kerr or Bert Brecht, nor the prose of Heinrich Mann or Lion Feuchtwanger; if he should be in the for him exceptional mood for reading, it is known that he reads the popular stories of the German classic Karl May ...

The fate of c o m p l e t e isolation from home: we, the victims of the modern totalitarian state have learned what that means. And I believe it is not saying toomuch, if I state that of all the modern totalitarian states, it is the G e r m a n, Hitler's state, that hates the intellect most deeply and most mercilessly. Of course: in Russia also literature is strictly controlled and is subject to clearly defined laws. But no matter how strict and how despotic these laws may be, they are not dictated by a spirit, that, as such, is inimical to the spirit and the idea of human progress. ^{in Russia} ~~The intellectuals are suffering, but it must be more easy for them to bear their suffering.~~

Conditions in this respect are almost as bad in Fascist Italy, as in the Third Reich. And yet there is a difference. The first difference is this: there was much less cultural life to destroy and to suppress in modern Italy, than in modern Germany. Italy is rich in tremendous cultural treasures and memories but there is not question that it has contributed far less to the cultural development of the twentieth century than either Germany, France or England. Besides Mussolini does not hate the intellect from instinct or resentment, as Hitler does; he hates and persecutes the intellect only then, when it disturbs him politically. Il Duce, for all his brutality and vanity, is after all an intellectual himself. He began his career as a journalist, trained in the Marxist school and he writes a decent Italian style, while the " Fuehrer" has'nt yet succeeded in putting ^{one} a correct German sentence together. In making the above statement, I do not in any way wish to minimize or embellish the ^{crimes} ~~misdeameanors~~ of Italian fascism against the intellect and against culture. I

know full well: they are horrible enough. The Italian author ^{writer of tales} ~~in exile~~ the great ~~romantic~~ Ignazio Silone, for instance, can tell a sad story of the persecutions to which an intellectual with liberal tendencies is subject to-day in the land of Dante and Manzoni. I hardly believe that the Italian philosopher Benedetto Croce, who to-day lives in his native city of Naples, lonely as an exile, if he were permitted to speak his mind, would speak of fascism with less hatred, than we speak of national-socialism. And when we contemplate the poets, who to-day enjoy Mussolini's special favor, we only realize fully, how low Italian culture has fallen. His Excellency, Marinetti, for instance, who only recently- on the occasion of the Abyssinian marauding venture- sang the praises of the charms of war in such an amusing manner: he is certainly no better than our own Hanns Johst, President of the German Writers' Academy, literary "Favorite" of the "Fuehrer."

An old German antipathy against the intellect triumphs through national-socialism. For- let us not forget-: the national character of the Germans is a very strange composite- more strange perhaps than any other national character. The great creative Germans have given western culture, have given humanity, infinitely much. But, on the other hand, there is a deep vicious distrust against the intellect and against all its creative manifestations in the German nature. The great German intellectuals have always known of this trait in their compatriots and have always hated it; of the classical ^{authors} Goethe and Nietzsche have described it most impressively.

The fact that the "Fuehrer" writes such a miserable German certainly did not make him more unpopular with his compatriots at first; They would have been much more suspicious of a politician who writes in good style- a ^{misdeed} ~~misdemeanour~~ of which Walter Rathenau could ^{not possibly} ~~be~~ accused. It is characteristic also, that writers and scientists could never gain any political influence in Germany- while in other European countries it was just this class of men, who were destined to have a decisive vote in the fate of their respective nations: Lenin and Masaryk, Benesch and Barthou, Poincaré and Painlevé, to mention only a few- they were- or are- not only great statesmen, but also great men of letters- of the intellect.

But there is a limit to everything, even in the case of the Germans. There is no doubt that the Nazis went too far in their persecution, their total annihilation of culture. Life in Germany is becoming desolate; at first only a few thousand noticed it; now hundreds of thousands know it and gradually millions will comprehend it also. Comprehension of such a state of affairs is synonymous with suffering under it. And in the long run no one suffers, without rebelling against the wholly ^{unreasonable} ~~arbitrary~~ causes of such suffering. - ^{not only} ~~Simultaneously~~ with butter and suiting, ^{Intellect} ~~Intelligence~~ culture is becoming scarce in the Third Reich. Life becomes insipid, poor; it forfeits everything that makes life worth living. Hundreds of thousands feel that, millions already have misgivings. They begin to understand: the Nazis really do not want Germany's greatness at all,- as they are continually asserting, what they want is Germany's reversion to former barbaric conditions of life; they want to isolate Germany, they want to detach Germany from

civilized humanity. Their animal hatred of the jews is only a symptom, an expression of their hatred against civilization, against the intellect: to the Nazis the jew simply represents the intellectual human being. Besides they are just as irreconcilable in their hatred of ^{some} the jewistians as of the jews. To the worshippers of the " blond race" Rom^e I mean the catholic, not the fascist Rom^e is just as much the abode of evil, as Jerusalem or Paris or Moscow.

Life, from which intellect has been removed, is stale. Only now, and only gradually are the Germans beginning to understand, that culture is actually something that is essential to life. Now they are groaning not only under the burden of living conditions which are growing steadily worse, ^{not only} but also under the loss of their civilian liberties, under the continual fear of war, ^{also} which their regime is preparing; they groan ~~too~~ under the narrowness, the unattractiveness, the hollowness of the intellectual life. Even those Germans who formerly showed little interest in anything that was ^{daring} ~~risky~~, modern, new in things cultural, now are greedy for a change from the eternal dreary monotony that a Goebbels and a Rosenberg prescribe for them. Let me cite just one instance-: Hitler, who, as everyone knows, is interested in painting, extends his " cleansing" process to the German museums also: in other words, everything of a modern trend of style or everything by a " non-aryan" artist is banished. He has these banished pictures-among them master pieces by Nolde or Georges Grosz, Otto Dix, Lovis Corinth or Kaethe Kollwitz- placed in a special museum in Munich, to serve as a warning, ^{example} so he thinks; to show the German citizens what horrible paintings came into

being during the years of "outrage"- the years of the Republic. The amusing part of it all is that the "warning" exhibition becomes a tremendous success. The public crowds this exhibit, while the other in the beautiful new "House of Art" is empty after a few days and it is here that Hitler shows all that, which conforms to his own taste. Not even a magnificent portrait, that shows the "Fuehrer" in armour of silver, mounted on a black horse, half Lohengrin, half Siegfried can lure the public for any length of time.

Cultural life becomes torpid. The theatres manage by producing old farces, since the plays by the new Nazi authors are for the most part too wretched and since even many of the dramas by German classical authors seem doubtful to the censor: in "Don Carlos" "freedom of thought" is demanded; Lessing's "Nathan der Weise" preaches tolerance and Goethe's dramas contain nothing patriotic at all. It is significant that a theatrical man, such as my old friend Gustaf Gruendgens, formerly a communist, and ^{surely} unquestionably gifted ~~is~~, now the intimate friend of Hermann Goering and in charge of the Staatstheater-state theatre- at Berlin, had his greatest success ^{with} in a French farce "A glass of water" by Scribe. The case of Gruendgens is characteristic of all those among the German intellectuals and artists, who betrayed their convictions and everything, that was worth while about them, for the sake of their career. ~~I went into this particular case exhaustively, because I had an especially intimate knowledge of it. But unfortunately this is not an isolated case. Many, whom we knew as liberals to-day swear by the swastika- because the gentlemen of the swastika pay them. I was witness right here in Hollywood,~~

when the actor Emil Jannings banged the table with his fist, if some one made a remark that did not seem republican enough to him. To-day he has people placed in concentration camps who claim that he had one Jewish Grandmother-: let us hope that is actually not the case, for ^{if} it were proven that Jannings had Jewish blood, there might possibly be s t i l l more antisemitism...

Those artists, who betrayed the intellect for the sake of a career will suffer for their sins- some of them are already suffering. This is most conspicuous in the case of writers. In the foul air of the Third Reich they lose their talent; they become unproductive. I should like to give you a few examples: a most promising young author, who formerly wrote books that spoke an eloquent language to young people, to-day writes stupid sentimental stuff. He also writes stories for Ufa and earns a pretty penny. In one of the films, the shooting script of which he wrote- the name of the film is "Traumulus"- the "Fuehrer" is said to have wept; the young author boasted of this fact, his degradation has reached such depths. He used to be my friend. Just recently he spent his vacation in Switzerland- even the Ufa-authors prefer Switzerland to German resorts for purposes of recreation- and there he read one of the books which I have written in exile. From the Engadin he wrote me a postal card full of sweet compliments." With envy one feels the atmosphere of l i b e r t y , in which you could write that!" he wrote me. I could'nt help but think that after all he had the same possibility of emigrating, as I had done. On the other hand the somewhat dejected tone of his card was brought home to me, when I saw his latest film in a small theatre in Yorkville, New York, It was "Madame Bovary" with Pola Negri. How utterly hopeless that was! What had they

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done with this immortal material and what had they made of an interesting actress! Then I only understood the slight depression of my former friend. He owns a beautiful Horch car, but he must write for Ufa. A severe punishment ...

The young talents perish, they wither. Just one illustration- the young author Manfred Hausmann, whose pleasing book " Small love for America" (Kleine Liebe zu Amerika) created a mild sensation, has hardly produced anything since the fatal year of 1933. One no longer hears anything about Mr. Arnold Bronnen, who started with so much bluster, since he publicly declared that his Mother deceived his Father: his Father's name was Bronnen and he was what is called a "Non-Aryan"; but the writer Bronnen preferred to be illegitimate rather than non-aryan.....Matters become increasingly quiet in the case of such promising young talents as W.E. Sueskind, Heinrich Hauser. By and by silence surrounds ~~and~~ even the literary star of the regime, Hanns Johst. Erich Kaestner, whose melancholy and malicious lyrics were formerly often so charming, now writes "humorous" novels, that are so harmless as to be almost dull... What has become of them all?

Do not let us speak even of the most important and at the same time saddest case: that of Gerhart Hauptmann. The great Hauptmann, the author of such immortal German works, as "Weber", "Michael Kramer" or Hanneles Himmelfahrt"- died long ago. The man who to-day bears the name of Gerhart Hauptmann has not written a line since 1914, that touches our heart. But from the day he hoisted the swastika flag on the roof of his home, we have learned to despise him. Incidentally even Gerhart Hauptmann-notwithstanding his advanced years- seems to be inwardly prepared to again change his conviction, to come to an understanding with another regime. Recently something very comical and at the same time characteristic occurred.

My Father was having a suit made in Zuerich. He came to his tailor for a fitting. While he was in the fitting room and a fitter was bustling about, the Manager of the concern came up in great excitement. "Just think, Professor!" he cried almost breathless with delight: "Now we have a second star, another 'lion' under our roof! In the store downstairs Gerhart Hauptmann is selecting a neck-tie.- Dont you want to greet him?" the Manager added, not entirely without cunning. My Father's reply was: "Well ...". Whereupon the Manager said, vastly amused: "You see, Mr .Hauptmann said exactly the same! Only he added: 'I think it would be wise to wait until times have again changed!'"

It is plain to see from the foregoing that even Gerhart Hauptmann counts on a change of the times. Why should we be more pessimistic than he?

Let us be confident! Let us consider this emigration as an apprenticeship - a h a r d apprenticeship- at times. But one day when this time of apprenticeship is past, we will have much to be grateful for. Our task is significant and ^{valuable} ~~honorable~~. ~~glorious~~. Our task consists of preserving and cultivating the highest values and conceptions of German and Western culture, that to-day are being dishonored in Germany, to the end that ultimately we may return them to our homeland, a homeland that at last has been set free.

By no means are all those in exile people of genius, nor are they all heroes and whatever courage we have shown is insignificant in comparison with all the true heroism that the "legal opposition" in Germany is demonstrating daily.

However, I believe we may say without exaggeration and without lack of modesty that the best representatives of German culture are to-day no longer to be found in the Reich, but in exile. Compare the list of books that appear in Germany to-day with that list of books suppressed in the Third Reich and being printed in Amsterdam and Zuerich, in Paris, Vienna and Prague, and truly the comparison is in our favor, in favor of the emigration.

The German emigration contains many, varied elements, forces and talents. Among the writers that represent our emigration, there are conservatives, such as Joseph Roth; liberals, such as Bruno Frank and René Schickele; liberals, who stress the socialistic note more strongly, such as Lion Feuchtwanger and Heinrich Mann; revolutionaries of emotions, of love of mankind, such as Ernst Toller; ~~stern~~ ^{which} marxists, such as Bert Brecht, Gustav Regler, Anna Seghers. Some of the authors have given their best during their exile. Permit me to give a few instances: Mrs. Irmgard Keun, known and successful as the author of a more entertaining than important book, has written a book entitled "Nach Mitternacht" (After midnight) which describes everyday life in the Third Reich, a book that is highly instructive and is to be taken very seriously. Oedoen Horwath, who up to the time of exile demonstrated his great talent only as a dramatist, now surprises us with a highly intensive, impressive novel "Youth without God" (Jugend ohne Gott). The book deals with the degeneracy of the very young under fascism and the author presents his material in an indirect, almost legendary, but unforgettable form.

The political writer Konrad Heiden, whose book on Hitler met with world wide success, has only become famous during exile. The ^{most}extraordinarily interesting novelist Hermann Kesten has shown us the extent and the brilliancy of his talent through his two great historical novels "Ferdinand und Isabella" and "Koenig Philipp II. von Spanien (King Philipp II of Spain). From his exile Bruno Frank has given us his two most beautiful novels : "Cervantes" and "Reisepass" (Lost Heritage). In exile Ernst Toller wrote his most mature and attractive book of prose "Eine Jugend in Deutschland" ^(Learn from my youth). Heinrich Mann has undergone a new ascent, a sort of fascinating second youth; his political essays combine the aroused passion of the youth with the wisdom and the beautiful dignity of his true masterhood. His novel "The Youth of Henry of Navarre" can stand comparison with his most beautiful works ^{such as} "Die Kleine Stadt" (The small city) and "Der Untertan" (the subject).

Thomas Mann continues with his great work: the Joseph trilogy- a great, daring epic of humanity, kindred to Faust- grows; at the same time he is at work on a new novel "Charlotte in Weimar", with Goethe as the hero; besides there are the essays on Freud, Wagner, on many masters, many subjects in the process of creation. The following continue their work: Alfred Doeblin, whose odd, difficult and intellectually rich novels are hardly sufficiently appreciated in foreign countries, principally because of the style in which they are written; Alfred Neumann, who published his two great novels on the Third Napoléon ~~from France~~; Lion Feuchtwanger, Remarque, Emil Ludwig, Leonhard Frank, Arnold Zweig, Vicki Baum, who just now has given her world wide public the great novel " Liebe und Tod auf Bali" (Life and death

on Bali); incidentally it has been Vicki Baum's dream for twenty years to write just this novel. Critics too are progressing with their work, the ~~most~~ outstanding figure among these is Alfred Kerr, whose seventieth birthday we have just celebrated; the political writers, one of them such a brilliant talent as that of Leopold Schwarzschild, the publisher of the "Neue Tage-Buch" in Paris; the lyric poets, as the strange, highly gifted Elsa Lasker-Schueler, the touching Max Hermann Neisse,- the dramatists Ferdinand Bruckner, Bert Brecht, Friedrich Wolff.

We need not be ashamed. The climate of exile is not without danger for us, but it has the tendency to strengthen those who are of strong reliable substance instead of destroying them.

The work continues. There are discussions. There is much ~~meditation~~ (reflection). Ideas are being suffered for, disputed, fought for. The intellectual life of Germany has not stopped; it goes on- secretly, suppressed in the Reich proper; and, under the most difficult circumstances- but free- but public- in exile. In almost all centers of international culture German emigrants are active and undoubtedly ^{name} do honor to the ~~conception~~ of German culture; many of them are right here in Hollywood, some in this very room; composers and conductors, painters and architects, explorers and teachers, directors and actors.

The best among the German intellectuals have recognized clearly: without the atmosphere of freedom they cannot be creative, cannot work, cannot live. They know: That it is not only their moral duty but that it is in their own interest to be on the side of freedom, in other words actively on the side of antifascism. The atmosphere of fascism

is fatal to the intellect and its work; it is fatal to culture. Fascism is ^{their} ~~their~~ sworn enemy. The representatives of culture are therefore f o r c e d to be determined antifascists. They should not be antifascists by word of mouth only but through deeds. With all their power, with every medium at their disposal they should pledge themselves to the fighting cause of antifascism- to the cause of freedom.

Hitler's regime began with two fires. With the fire in the Reichstag, in which the Nazis burnt the rights of our nation, and with the flames of the funeral pile into which the works of the best German writers were thrown.- The Hitler regime will end in a fire also. It will be the bonfire of a new freedom. Its reflection is the ^{light} ~~dawn~~ of the day for which we are waiting, for which we are fighting.

