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Appell an die Freunde.

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Freunde.
Appell an die Phantasie.
Von Klaus Mann

Die menschliche Phantasie ist ~~beschränkt~~ ^{gering}. Wem ist es möglich, sich Zustände vorzustellen, die er aus eigener Erfahrung nicht kennt? Vielleicht dem Dichter, der dazu begabt und darin geübt sein sollte, sich in fremdes Leben zu versetzen, es mitleidvoll zu verstehen, um es dann zu gestalten. Der Durchschnittsmensch - auch der gescheite, auch der psychologisch geschulte - versagt vor so zarter und schwieriger Aufgabe. Er bleibt eingesperrt in die eigene Erlebniswelt. Seine Phantasie ist matt.

Wenn die Phantasie matt ist, wird das Wohlwollen für fremdes Schicksal immer nur oberflächlich und nicht haltbar sein. Der nicht-phantasiebegabte Mensch kann, auf die Dauer, keine echte, aktive, hilfsbereite Sympathie aufbringen für Schicksale, in die er sich zu versetzen er nicht fähig ist. Diese Tatsache erfahren vor allem jene, die auf die aktive Sympathie der Fremden in ganz besonderem Grade angewiesen sind. Wer - zum Beispiel - seine eigene Heimat, vorübergehend oder für sein ganzes Leben, verloren hat, kann gar nicht auskommen ohne das verständnisvolle Wohlwollen der Fremden. Der Emigrant braucht die aktive Sympathie seiner Gesinnungsgenossen in den anderen Ländern.

Unsere Emigration - die deutsche - hatte sich über einen Mangel an Sympathie und Verständnis in der Welt ~~zunächst~~ nicht zu beklagen. Der Nationalsozialismus verstand es, alle ~~Menschen~~ in Schrecken zu versetzen durch die Ungeheuerlichkeiten, die er in unserem Lande anrichtet ~~und~~, mit denen er alle übrigen Länder bedroht - und, seiner Natur und seiner ^{in Dogma} ~~Besessenheit~~ nach, bedrohen wird, so lange er existiert. Dieser allgemeine, zunächst beinahe panische Schrecken kam uns, den unversöhnlichen Feinden des Hitler-Regimes, zugute. Man begriff es, dass Menschen, deren ideale fortschrittliche, huma-

nistische oder sozialistische sind, nicht leben wollen und können unter der brutalen und totalen Diktatur von Halbgebildeten, Besessenen oder gemeinen Opportunisten. Um das nackte Leben und um die Würde unserer geistigen Existenz zu retten, mussten wir, die wir uns nicht "gleichschalten" lassen wollten, eine Heimat verlassen, da gegen deren Erniedrigung und kulturelle Verödung unser Herz sich empörte. Andere wieder ~~wurden~~ waren gezwungen zu fliehen, obwohl sie sich vielleicht abgefunden hätten mit jeder Infamie der Diktatur, um nur im Lande, in der Heimat bleiben zu dürfen. Man liess sie jedoch nicht bleiben. Man raubte ihnen die Existenzmöglichkeit in eben dem Lande, für das sie gearbeitet, auch gekämpft hatten; man machte Menschen dritter Klasse - ja, man machte Parias aus ihnen; all dies, weil sie einer bestimmten Rasse angehörten.

Wer seine Gesinnung nicht verraten wollte - wer sich nicht, um seiner Rasse willen, zum Paria degradiert sehen wollte, musste Deutschland verlassen. Etwa hunderttausend deutsche Bürger wanderten aus und kamen in andere Länder, wo die Würde des Geistes noch nicht zynisch geschändet wird und wo der Unsinn des "Rassismus" noch nicht erhoben ist zum Staatsdogma. Wie wurden wir empfangen in diesen anderen Ländern?

Wir haben viel Freundschaft, viel Gutes erfahren; daran vor allem werden wir uns später erinnern. Zuweilen sind wir auch dem Misstrauen begegnet - nämlich bei denen, ~~die mit der~~ ^{wurde ich die} deutschen Diktatur des extremen Militarismus, des Rassismus und der ausschweifenden Geistesfeindlichkeit, heimlich oder zugegebenermassen, bewundern und ~~die~~ von Herzen wünschen, dass bei ihnen zu Hause möglichst schnell ähnliche Zustände möchten hergestellt werden. Mit dieser Art von Misstrauen hatten wir zu rechnen - ~~davon~~ ^{von ihm} rede ich nicht. ~~Sonst~~ Ebenso wenig will ich sprechen von der - vielleicht notwendigen, vielleicht

übertriebenen - Pedanterie und Strenge der Aemter, die mit Arbeits- oder Aufenthaltserlaubnissen geizig sind, ein Durchreisevisum, oder gar den Fremdenpass "für den ~~Ausbe~~ Ausgebürgerten" rar machen wie eine Kostbarkeit. Dergleichen müssen wir hinnehmen, ohne uns zu beklagen. Denn wir haben das Pech, dass der Termin unserer Auswanderung zusammenfällt mit der ökonomischen Krise überall; mit der jammervollen Arbeitslosigkeit überall, und überall mit einem höchst gesteigerten Nationalismus, der in dem bedenklichen und wahrhaft zukunftsfeindlichen Begriff der "Autarkie" seine Hoffnungen und Tendenzen zusammenfasst. - Ich rede also weder von der Feindschaft, noch von den technischen Unannehmlichkeiten, denen wir begegnen - so bedrückend sie sein mögen. Ich frage vielmehr: Wie tief geht die Sympathie, die uns jene entgegenbringen, mit denen wir Gesinnung und Gesittung, Ziel und Sehnsucht gemeinsam haben? - Ich wende mich an die Freunde.

Ihrer besitzen wir viele, ich weiss es. Aber sind unter ^{denen wollen} ~~ihnen~~ nicht ^{manche} ~~solche~~, die sich ^{etwas} sonderbare Vorstellungen machen von dem Schicksal, das uns betroffen hat, von dem Leben das wir führen müssen? Ich höre sie reden: "Gewiss, diese Menschen haben ihre Heimat verloren, weil sie ihrer Gesinnung treu bleiben wollten. Diese Menschen tun uns leid, und übrigens billigen wir ihre Gesinnung. Aber ist ihr Schicksal denn wirklich so katastrophal? Hat es nicht auch seine Reize, plötzlich von Leipzig oder Hannover nach Nizza oder Stambul versetzt zu werden? Ist diese Emigration nicht auch ein Abenteuer? - Verhungern lassen wir die Emigranten nicht. Ein Teil von ihnen hat selbst noch Geld, oder verdient welches; die Übrigen können sich an die Comités wenden, von denen es verschiedene in Paris und anderswo geben soll, und für die wir alle, wir Sympathisierenden, reichlich Geld gespendet haben. Wenn man aber nicht hungern muss, bedeutet

die Emigration ~~noch~~ ^{doch wohl} praktisch einfach: Reisen; die Welt kennen lernen; ein bunteres, abwechslungsreicheres Leben, als man es zu Hause gewöhnt war."

Reden und sprechen nicht Viele so, die sich für Sympathisierende, gar für Freunde halten? Sie täten es nicht, wenn nur ihre Phantasie lebhafter wäre. Ich schreibe diese Zeilen, um an die Phantasie der Freunde zu appellieren.

In diesem Zusammenhang lasse ich die wirtschaftliche, finanzielle Seite des Problems bei Seite, so wesentlich, so zentral sie auch sein mag. Ich schweige also von der bitteren Not, in der sich Viele von uns schon heute befinden, trotz den Comités, die niemals allen helfen konnten und der ^{an} Mittel wohl beinahe erschöpft sind. Ich ~~verwende~~ wende mich an die Freunde - an die also, welche die Gründe verstehen und billigen, die uns den Aufenthalt in Deutschland unmöglich machen - , um sie zu bitten, um sie dringlich aufzufordern, das Wort "Emigration" in seiner ganzen Schicksalshaftigkeit und Schwere zu Ende zu denken. Was bedeutet denn das: keine Heimat mehr haben? - Freunde unserer grossen Sache - der Humanität und des Fortschritts - , Ihr, die Ihr noch nicht vertrieben seid aus euren Ländern um eurer Gesinnung willen! Ihr Mitkämpfer in Paris oder London, in Prag, Kopenhagen oder New York! Nehmt eure Phantasie zusammen! Strengt euch doch bitte an, damit ihr es Euch vorstellen könnt, was das ist: E m i g r a t i o n. Vielleicht haben Manche von Euch viele Jahre lang im Ausland gelebt; auch von uns haben es Viele getan - damals, als wir noch nach Hause reisen k o n n t e n. Nun aber haben wir uns den Rückweg abgeschnitten, indem wir draussen, in der Welt, gegen das un-

recht protestierten, das in Deutschland geschieht. Wir haben uns
losgelöst. Das Wort "Vaterland" ist für uns ein utopischer Begriff
geworden - keine Tatsache, nichts Existierendes, sondern nur etwas
Wünschbares, etwas Ersehntes - :erst ein verändertes, ein gereinigtes
Deutschland wird unser Vaterland wieder sein. Solange es nicht
verändert und gereinigt ist, müssen wir es bekämpfen - nicht das
Volk, aber die prahlerische Clique, die es tyrannisiert. Diese Clique
identifiziert sich mit dem Volke - zu Unrecht, wie wir wissen. Nach
aussen hin aber und für den oberflächlich Urteilenden stellt sich
wirklich eine gewisse Identität her zwischen dem "totalen Staat" -
der totalen Tyrannis - und der Nation, die tyrannisiert und ent-
würdigt wird. Wir scheinen uns also gegen die Nation zu wenden,
wenn wir gegen die Unterdrücker ^{kämpfen} ~~wenden~~. Solche Verdächtigung müssen
wir hinnehmen, eben um unserer empfindlichen Liebe willen für die
Nation, deren Schicksal einen so zentralen, so entscheidenden ^d Be-
standteil des europäischen Schicksals bedeutet.

Immer in Angst, den Kontakt zu dem Lande zu verlieren, dessen Sprache
wir reden und an dessen Kultur wir erzogen sind; leidend an dem,
was in der verlorenen Heimat täglich an Unsäglichem geschieht;
zitternd vor der Gefahr, die diese entwürdigte und verwirrte Nation
für ganz Europa bedeutet: so reisen wir durch den Erdteil, den wir
uns einig, friedlich und gerecht verwaltet wünschen; werden dort
für eine Zeitlang ansässig - hier wieder ausgewiesen; sind nirgends
zu Hause, überall nur geduldet. Weltberühmtheiten, die für das Ansehen
Deutschlands Jahrzehnte lang Entscheidendes geleistet, werden von
Polizeibeamten oder von den Uniformierten an den Grenzen behandelt
wie Strolche, - und lässt uns erst schweigen von dem Schicksal

(weil ihr Papier nicht in Ordnung ist)

der Anonymen, der Unbekannten. einige von uns sehen noch aus wie Touristen und wohnen noch in Hotels; andere sind schon arme Arbeitssuchende und ^{müssen sein} sind froh, ~~wenn sie~~ in irgendeiner Herberge unterkommen. Aber glaubt es mir doch: wir sind weder Vergnügungsreisende, noch Auswanderer, die in der Fremde ein besseres Leben suchen, als die Heimat es ihnen gewähren kann.

Versucht die Emigration als das zu verstehen, was sie für den geistigen Menschen vor allem ist: als ein geistiges Schicksal; als eine geistige Aufgabe; als eine harte Schule, aus der jeder, der sie besteht, härter, erfahrener, vielleicht besser hervorgehen wird, als er vorher gewesen ist. Diese harte Schule, diese grosse Vereinsamung haben wir uns selber auferlegt - nicht aus Leichtsinn, auch nicht aus dünkelfhaftem Trotz; sondern um unsere Menschenwürde zu wahren; und weil unsere Liebe zu Deutschland die Erniedrigung Deutschlands nicht erträgt; weil unsere Liebe zu Europa uns empfindlich macht für die Gefahr, die ein solches Deutschland für den Frieden der Völker bedeutet.

Haben wir nicht ein Recht, Euch zu warnen, Euch Sympathisierende, Euch Freunde in den anderen Ländern? Euch zu warnen: vor den Tendenzen in Euren eigenen Ländern, die darauf ausgehen, bei Euch Zustände zu schaffen, die den deutschen ähnlich wären; ebenso dringlich zu warnen vor der Gefahr, die eben diese ~~bestimmten~~ deutschen Zustände bedeuten müssen für den Frieden der Welt.

Ihr werdet unsere Warnungsrufe nur hören, wenn Ihr uns, die Rufenden, ernst nehmt. Ihr werdet uns nur dann ernst nehmen, wenn Ihr Euch in unser Schicksal wirklich versetzt. Hierzu bedarf es einer angestrengten, produktiven Leistung Eurer Phantasie. An Eure Phantasie appelliere ich.

Das oberflächliche, phantasielose Wohlwollen ^{wind} ~~könnte~~ erlahmen. ~~Gleich-~~
Gleichzeitig könntet Ihr schtlos werden, vor den Gefahren, die Euch
selbst bedrohen, in Euren eigenen Ländern und aus Deutschland.

Unsere Schicksale, Ihr Freunde, sind miteinander verbunden - bedenkt
das. Wenn in unserem Lande die infame Clique an der Regierung bleibt,
werden auch in Euren Ländern infame Cliques an die Regierung kommen;
selbst wenn das ausbliebe, wäre unvermeidlich das Andere: der Krieg.

- Wir sind keineswegs klüger als Ihr; im Gegenteil: wir haben, als
wir noch zu Hause waren, Fehler gemacht, die Ihr gewiss nicht wieder-
holen werdet. Heute haben wir nur Eins vor Euch voraus: eine bittere
und grosse Erfahrung. Diese Erfahrung - sie ist das Einzige, was wir,
die Vertriebenen, Euch anzubieten haben, Euch Freunden in allen Län-
dern der Welt - das Einzige als Gegengabe für das, worum wir Euch
bitten. Worum wir Euch bitten, das ist: Eure aktive, durch Phantasie
vertiefte Kammerschaft.

Brünn/Prag,
10./12.IX.35.



1935
APPEAL TO OUR FRIENDS

by Klaus Mann

The human imagination is limited. Is there anyone who can conceive ~~imagined~~ situations which he does not know from his own experience? Perhaps the poet, who ought to be endowed with this gift and to have practice in putting himself in the place of others - in feeling ^{giving} ~~contact~~ with them and ~~expressing~~ his sympathy expression. The ~~average~~ average human being, even if he be intelligent and not without some knowledge of psychology, is powerless before so delicate and difficult a task. He remains confined to the world of his own experience. His imagination is feeble.

And if the imagination is feeble, then sympathy for the fate of others ~~is impossible~~ can only be superficial and ephemeral. The man who is not endowed with imagination is incapable of sustaining a genuine, active and positive sympathy ~~for~~ ^{for} situations which are beyond his power to conceive; ~~this fact is clearly demonstrated by the fact that~~ ^{and those} ~~dependent to an unusual degree upon the sympathy of strangers~~ and those dependent to an unusual degree upon the sympathy of strangers have the fact brought home to them with force. Whoever, for instance, has lost his home and native land, perhaps temporarily perhaps for the rest of his life, cannot exist without the goodwill of ~~other~~ strangers. The emigrant has need of the active sympathy of his spiritual kin in other countries.

We German emigrants cannot complain of a lack of sympathy

and understanding. National Socialism has horrified everybody by the enormities which it is committing in our country, with which it is threatening other countries, and with which it will by its nature and doctrines continue to threaten them so long as it remains in existence. This wide-spread, at first almost panic horror, was to our advantage as the irreconcilable enemies of the Hitler regime. Everyone understood that people with progressive, humanitarian or socialistic ideals could not and would not live under the brutal and absolute tyranny of half-educated, the maniacal or the basely opportunist. To save our skin and the dignity of our spiritual existence, those of us who resisted "regularization" (Gleichschaltung) were forced to leave a native land against whose degradation and cultural desolation our hearts revolted. Still others were forced to flee, although they would have been ready to put up with any infamy of dictatorship in order to remain in their own country. But they were not ~~allowed~~ given the choice. They were deprived of the possibility of existence in the very country for which ~~in~~ they had worked and even fought. They were made third-class human beings, pariahs - because they were members of a certain race.

He who did not wish to betray his principles; he who would not because of his race become a pariah, had to leave Germany. Some hundred thousand German citizens emigrated; they went to other countries where the dignity of the spirit had not yet been cynically dishonoured and where the folly of "racialism" had not been elevated to a political dogma. How were we received in these countries?

We have met with much friendliness and good will; we shall always remember it. Sometimes we met with mistrust; for instance from those who, either secretly or openly, admire the German dictatorship of extreme militarism, racialism and exaggerated hostility towards spiritual values; from those who wish from the bottom of their hearts that like conditions may be introduced in their own country as soon as possible. We had to reckon with this sort of mistrust - I do not speak of it here. Nor will I speak of the perhaps necessary, perhaps exaggerated official severity which is so chary of granting permits for residence or for employment, and would make a costly rarity of the visa or the passport for the expatriated. We must accept that sort of thing without grumbling. It has been our misfortune ^{to have} ~~that our~~ exodus coincides in time with the general economic crisis; with the deplorable phenomenon of widespread unemployment, and with the universal increase of the nationalistic spirit, whose ideals and hopes are summed up in the dangerous and reactionary conception of autarchy. No, I speak now neither of ~~this~~ mistrust, nor of mechanical hindrances, however oppressive we may find them. I rather ask: how far does it go, the sympathy which we receive from our like-minded friends, from those whose habits and ~~opinion~~ aims and desires are like our own? It is our friends whom I address.

We have many, I know. But among them are there not some with a somewhat strange conception of the fate which has befallen us, of the life which we have to lead? I can hear them saying: Yes,

it is true, these people have lost their native land, because they desired to remain true to their convictions. We are sorry for them, and besides we agree with their convictions. But is their ~~fact~~ lot really such a frightful one? Is there no charm in being suddenly transplanted from Hannover or Leipsic to Nice or Stamboul? Is an emigration not also an adventure? We will not let these emigrants starve. Some of them still have money, or are able to earn. The rest can apply to the Committees of which there are many in Paris or elsewhere, and to which we have generously subscribed. But starving aside, surely emigration means travelling and seeing the world: a livelier, more diversified existence than they were used to at home.

those who consider themselves

Many of our sympathizers and friends speak and feel thus. But they would not do it, if only they were possessed of livelier imaginations. And what I write here is an appeal to the imagination of these our friends.

I will not touch here on the economic and financial side of the problem, important, even essential as that may be. Nor will I enlarge on the bitter poverty which many of us are enduring despite all the committees, which at best could not cope with everybody and whose resources ~~are~~ must be almost exhausted. I turn to our friends, that is to those who understand and concede the ~~ground~~ grounds which made it impossible for us to stop in Germany: to —
with all urgency,
beg them, to challenge them ~~to~~ to grasp the full import of the word emigration in all its desperate seriousness. What does it

mean to be without a country? Friends of our great cause of humanity and progress, you who have not yet been driven from your homes because of the ideals you hold; you, our allies in Paris or London, in Prague, Copenhagen or New York, summon up the strength of your will to imagine, exert yourselves to form a conception of what emigration means.

Perhaps some of you have lived abroad for years. So have many of us - but then, we could still always go home. But now we have cut off our retreat, because, being away from home, we have protested against the wrong that is being committed in Germany. We have detached ourselves. For us the word "fatherland" has become a ^{Platonic} ~~Platonic~~ conception - not a ~~firm~~ reality, not something which exists, but only something to hope and long for. Only a changed, a purified Germany ~~can~~ can be our fatherland again. So long as it remains unregenerated, uncleansed, we must fight it - not the people, but the braggart clique that tyrannize over them. This clique - falsely, as we know - identifies itself with the people. ^{And} ~~But~~ on the surface, ^{to a} ~~for~~ superficial judgement, there has been established ^{to some extent an} ~~xxxxxxxx~~ identification between the totalitarian state, the totalitarian tyranny, and the nation which it dominates and degrades. We seem thus to have turned against the nation when we turn against its oppressors; we must put up with the false situation for the sake of our love for and pride in the nation whose fate is so bound up with the fate of all Europe. In perpetual fear of losing touch with the land whose language we speak, in whose culture we were trained up; suffering daily and hourly at the unspeakable

things that happen in our lost home; trembling at the danger which this degraded and disordered land must constitute for the rest of Europe, we travel to and fro ~~in the most of the~~ ~~continent~~ abroad, where we think to find ~~that~~ peace, ~~and~~ unity and justice prevail. Here we ^{settle} ~~remain~~ for a time; there we are ^{simply} ejected. Nowhere are we at home, everywhere we are tolerated. World-famous personalities, who for decades contributed decisively to Germany's prestige are treated like tramps on the frontier by policemen or officials because their papers are not in order - while as for the anonymous unknown, their fate is better not spoken of. Some of us still look like tourists, we still live in hotels. Others are the "unemployed", and glad to take any sort of lodging ^{we} ~~they~~ can get. And certainly none of us are either pleasure-seekers or people leaving home because we think to better our condition elsewhere.

Try to understand what emigration means to the intellectual human being: a spiritual destiny, a spiritual task, a hard schooling, from which all who survive it will emerge harder, more experienced, perhaps better than before. And this hard schooling, this great isolation, we have laid upon ourselves - not out of frivolity, not in defiance or arrogance, but simply to preserve our human dignity, and because our love to Germany cannot submit to her degradation; because our love to Europe makes us sensitive to the danger which such a Germany means to the peace of the world.

Have we not a right to warn you, sympathetic friends in other lands? To warn you of tendencies in your own, which are going about to create among you conditions like those which prevail in Germany? And to warn you ~~in~~ no less emphatically of the danger which these German conditions mean for the peace of the world?

~~And~~ You will heed our warning only if you take seriously us who warn you. And you will only take us seriously if you really put yourselves in our place. To that end you must bend your ~~own~~ creative imagination to the task. It is to this force in you that I appeal. Superficial, unimaginative good-will must flag. And without imagination you must ^{remain} ~~be~~ unmindful of the peril which threatens you from Germany - and from your own countries as well. For our destinies, my friends, are linked together. If this infamous clique continues in power in our country, then infamous cliques will seize the power in yours. And if that does not happen, then the only alternative is war. We are by no means wiser than you. On the contrary, while we were still at home in Germany, we made mistakes which you will certainly not repeat. But today we have one advantage over you: our great and bitter experience. This experience - all that we exiles have to offer you, our friends in all the quarters of the world, must be our only return for that which I ask of you: ^{friendship} your active ~~sympathy~~, intensified by the might of your creative imagination.

Brunn/Prag
~~10~~ 12.9.35

APPEAL TO OUR FRIENDS

by Klaus Mann

^{Our}
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We have many, I know. But among them are there not some with ~~a somewhat~~ ^{perhaps a} strange conception of the fate which has befallen us, of the life which we have to lead? I can hear them saying: Yes,

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it is true, these people have lost their native land, because they desired to remain true to their convictions. We are sorry for them, and besides we agree with their convictions. But is their ~~fact~~ lot really such a frightful one? Is there no charm in being suddenly transplanted from Hannover or Leipsic to Nice or Stamboul? Is an emigration not also an adventure? We will not let these emigrants starve. Some of them still have money, or are able to earn. The rest can apply to the Committees of which there are many in Paris or elsewhere, and to which we have generously subscribed. But starving aside, surely emigration means travelling and seeing the world: a livelier, more diversified existence than they were used to at home.

those who consider themselves

Many of [^]our sympathizers and friends speak and feel thus. But they would not do it, if only they were possessed of livelier imaginations. And what I write here is an appeal to the imagination of these our friends.

I will not touch here on the economic and financial side of the problem, important, even essential as that may be. Nor will I enlarge on the bitter poverty which many of us are enduring despite all the committees, which at best could not cope with everybody and whose resources ~~are~~ must be almost exhausted. I turn to our friends, that is to those who understand and concede the ~~extreme~~ grounds which made it impossible for us to stop in Germany: to ^{with all urgency,} beg them [^] to challenge them, [^] to grasp the full import of the word emigration in all its desperate seriousness. What does it

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mean to be without a country? Friends of our great cause of humanity and progress, you who have not yet been driven from your homes because of the ideals you hold; you, our allies in Paris or London, in Prague, Copenhagen or New York, summon up the strength of your will to imagine, exert yourselves to form a conception of what emigration means.

Perhaps some of you have lived abroad for years. So have many of us - but then, we could still always go home. But now we have cut off our retreat, because, being away from home, we have protested against the wrong that is being committed in Germany. We have detached ourselves. For us the word "fatherland" has become a ^{Platonic} ~~Platonic~~ conception - not a ~~fact~~ reality, not something which exists, but only something to hope and long for. Only a changed, a purified Germany ~~can~~ can be our fatherland again. So long as it remains unregenerated, uncleansed, we must fight it - not the people, but the braggart clique that tyrannize over them. This clique - falsely, as we know - identifies itself with the people. ^{And} ~~But~~ on the surface, ^{to a} ~~for~~ superficial judgement, there has been established ^{to some extent an} ~~xxxxxxx~~ identification between the totalitarian state, the totalitarian tyranny, and the nation which it dominates and degrades. We seem thus to have turned against the nation when we turn against its oppressors; ^{and} we must put up with ~~the~~ false situation for the sake of our love for and pride in the nation whose fate is so bound up with the fate of all Europe. In perpetual fear of losing touch with the land whose language we speak, in ^{whose} ~~wh~~ose culture we were trained up; suffering daily and hourly at the unspeakable

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things that happen in our lost home; trembling at the danger which this degraded and disordered land must constitute for the rest of Europe, we travel to and fro ~~in the rest of the~~ ~~continent~~ abroad, where we think to find ^{settle} ~~that~~ peace, ~~and~~ unity and justice prevail. Here we ~~remain~~ for a time; there we are ejected. Nowhere are we at home, everywhere we are ^{simply} ~~tolerated~~. World-famous personalities, who for decades contributed decisively to Germany's prestige, are treated like tramps (on the frontier) by policemen or officials because their papers are not in order - while as for the anonymous unknown, their fate is better not spoken of. Some of us still look like tourists, we still live in hotels. Others are the "unemployed", and glad to take any sort of lodging ^{we} ~~they~~ can get. And certainly none of us are either pleasure-seekers or people leaving home because we think to better our condition elsewhere.

Try to understand what emigration means to the intellectual human being: a spiritual destiny, a spiritual task, a hard schooling, from which all who survive it will emerge harder, more experienced, perhaps better than before. And this hard schooling, this great isolation, we have laid upon ourselves - not out of frivolity, not in defiance or arrogance, but simply to preserve our human dignity, and because our love to Germany cannot submit to her degradation; because our love ^{for} Europe makes us sensitive to the danger which such a Germany means to the peace of the world.

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Have we not a right to warn you, sympathetic friends in other lands? To warn you of tendencies in your own, which are going about to create among you conditions like those which prevail in Germany? And to warn you in no less emphatically of the dangers which these German conditions mean for the peace of the world?

~~xxx~~ You will heed our warning only if you take seriously us who warn you. And you will only take us seriously if you really put yourselves in our place. To that ~~end~~ end you must bend your ~~xxxx~~ creative imagination to the task. It is to this force in you that I appeal. Superficial, unimaginative good-will must remain flag. And without imagination you must ~~be~~ ^{remain} unmindful of the peril which threatens you from Germany - and from your own countries as well. For our destinies, my friends, are linked together. If this infamous clique continues in power in our country, then infamous cliques will seize the power in yours. And if that does not happen, then the only alternative is war. We are by no means wiser than you. On the contrary, while we were still at home in Germany, we made mistakes which you will certainly not repeat. But today we have one advantage over you: our great and bitter experience. This experience - all that we exiles have to offer you, our friends in all the quarters of the world, ¹⁻¹ must be our only return for that which I ask ~~of you~~: your active ^{friendship} ~~sympathy~~, intensified by the might of your creative imagination.

Brunn/Prag
~~12~~ 12.9.35