

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

Deadly Summer - Fashions and a chant of affection.

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London

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To al uh1 foreign news editor , newspaper pm, new york
from erika mann, newspaper pm london, temple bar 4343

DEADLY SUMMER FASHIONS AND A CHANT
OF AFFECTION .

Most people here enjoy the ^{idea}~~idea~~ of Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Kiel, etc.
"getting it now". They are eager for the R.A.F. to ~~war~~ repay the Nazis
for what the cities of Britain have received from the hands of the
"Luftwaffe". However, it is in a spirit of "fair play" and "honest bargain-
ing, rather, than out of a bloodthirsty lust for revenge that they wish
to return the blitz from where it came. Amongst intellectuals one will
even find a decided aversion against the raiding of Germany. Persons of
that type who did not for one moment lose their calm and composure when
they themselves got bombed, are apt to be rather disgusted ^{and irritated by} ~~with~~ the idea
of "that hideous bloody business over there which - necessary, as it may
be - is certainly nothing to be ^{proud} ~~pride~~ of." Well, - nobody ^{seems} ~~is~~ particularly
"proud" but the majority of Britishers are looking forward to Mr. Hitler's
"Winter of discontent" with a great deal of joyful anticipation.

The ever increasing flow of American ~~aircraft~~ planes
pouring into this country is a delight to people's hearts. Especially
the Boeing "Flying Fortresses" have become extremely popular in a hurry.
Every child knows that they can do their bombing from 30 000 feet and
that they are capable of carrying several thousand tons of bombs from
London to Berlin. Britain's newest, biggest and best bombs the formula
for which has ^{incidentally} ~~has~~ been released to the Russians, weigh about
4000 pounds. The havoc they have already caused in the heart of Berlin
and ^{on} various German industrial centres must have been terrific.

8/1/43

In one instance two huge factories, situated ~~the~~ some distance from each other, were blown up by a single one of those "eggs". "We laid it just between the two of them" said a member of the bomber's crew - "and up they went, both of them, like a couple of fire-flies. For quite some time there wasn't even any Anti-Aircraft-Fire left down there. That fat chap of ours must have disrupted the whole traffic. For gunners, you know, don't usually quit. They never get cold feet, but will rather warm up while working. So they must have been ^{simply} shaken to pieces, - that's all."

After the "Fortresses" the American Lockheed Hudson is a favourite with the "boys". Others, like the Mohawk, the Tomahawk, and the Maryland are "pretty good, - but had to be adapted to our needs, particularly as far as armament and armour were concerned". I wondered why ~~these~~ those planes had not in the first place been ordered according to "our needs" only to be told that it was the French, not "ourselves" who ~~had~~ ^{ordered} them. Most of the machines delivered up to a few weeks ago were produced in fulfillment of French orders and supplied to Britain after France's collapse. Britain was late placing her orders; a period of eighteen months is usually needed to get into full production; planes ordered ~~by~~ by the British in the ~~the~~ spring of 1940 will, consequently, not go into action before the end of this ~~the~~ year. It is only then that Mr. Hitler will fully understand what it is all about.

Britain's own factories ~~are~~ are being busy turning out the "latest summer-fashions", as Mr. Churchill calls them. Two of

their proudest models are the "Typhoon" (a formidable night-fighter) and the "Beaufighter" called "Beau". The twin-engined, ten gunned Beau is believed to be the most heavily armed fighter in the world. It has ^{four} ~~for~~ cannon guns and six machine guns. It flies at a top speed of over 330 Miles an hour. Its range is 1500 Miles. All of the ~~new~~ new features, gadgets and tricks which are said to make Beau irresistible have been made available to American designers who, on their part, have acquainted the British with the ~~secret~~ ^{secret} of the "Fortresses" and other U.S. ~~specialities~~ specialities. The close cooperation between the two countries in the field of aircraft-production is of the greatest importance to both of them and promises all the success American ingenuity ^{plus} ~~and~~ British fighting experience can achieve.

In reading what I have written I cannot suppress a certain feeling of uneasiness; somehow I feel ashamed of myself. With a great deal of satisfaction I have told the story of the two factories blown up by "that egg, that fat chap of ours". I have been full of affectionate admiration for "Beau" who is nicknamed "the Killer", and I have spoken of "success" where success cannot mean anything but death and destruction.

Can it not, really? But success means victory; and victory means the end of "that wicked man", ^{that scum of the earth} who is but a symbol for the evil spirit which forced a peace-loving world ~~into~~ ^{the present} into ~~disaster~~ disaster. Victory means the end ~~of the war~~ ^{a rest} of ~~the war~~ ^{may} which ~~we~~ ~~must be~~ ^{excised} ~~excised~~ though it ~~is~~ not

even^{be} worth hating.

Not even worth hating.. Before me lies a reprint of a poem written, during the last war, by the late T.W.H. Crosland; "Chant of Affection", a reply to the notorious German "Hymns of Hate".

It doesn't make cheerful reading for anyone who has loved Germany and still believes in her better self to which she will one day return.

But how horrifyingly timely^{it} sounds, this chant, how ringingly true, more true, indeed, today, than it did yesterday, when it was sung. May it sound less true, tomorrow.

Here it is:

" How shall we hate you back
We who are England, we
Who are too big for hate,
Too careless and too fine,
Too tempered and too proud?

O haters, fools, and blind,
Go home and make doll's eyes,
And silly little clocks,
For now the outraged stars
Have seen enough of you.
The silver moons are sick
That ye still blot the earth;
From icy, hidden peaks
And far-off fastnesses,
From chambers of the South
And in the unconquerable heart
Of England, ware and wake,
The tempest gathers up
That shall be flails for you,
And break you in your place
And scatter you like straw;
Instead of 'Hate, hate, hate,'
You shall cry 'Doom, doom, doom,'
And you shall wail and mourn,
With none to comfort you
But sprites of murdered babes,
And ghosts of women raped,
And wraiths of great slain men. "

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