

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

Of all People. Outline for book. - Prelude. - Part I.

Mann, Erika

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I, OF ALL PEOPLE

^{am about}
What I ~~would like~~ to write is a very personal book about things of very general, indeed, universal significance -- a frank and graphic report of my impressions and activities during the past ten years, from 1933 to 1943: the Hitler decade, ~~one of~~ the most critical periods in modern history.

This period -- now approaching its end -- is stained with blatant lies and rampant violence. It ^{has been} ~~was~~ a nightmarish decade: the decade of the German concentration camps, the Abyssinian War, the Civil War in Spain, the invasions of Austria ^{and} Czechoslovakia, ~~Poland, Norway, France, the Netherlands,~~ ^{the decade} of Appeasement, Non-Intervention ^{and} Isolationism; the decade of Goebbels, Ribbentrop, the Cliveden Set, Quisling, ^{Pierre Laval,} and the America-First Committee; the decade of Warsaw, Rotterdam, Coventry, and Lidice. But it was also the decade of Dunkirk and the Battle of Britain, of Stalingrad, Tunis, and Sicily; Roosevelt's and Churchill's decade -- the decade of the underground movements in the Nazi-occupied countries; the decade of martyrs and heroes, and of the Atlantic Charter, and of the Moscow Agreement. It was a decade, in short, which seemed destined to witness the ~~self-destruction of our civilization and~~ disgraceful suicide of our civilization -- its apocalyptic end in madness and anarchy --, but which, instead, climaxed in a last-minute miracle, just before Zero-Hour: a moral re-awakening throughout the world; the birth of a new ~~ethical consciousness and~~ ^{of a spirited} will for survival and purification.

It is somewhat paradoxical that my "personal history" will have to deal primarily with politics, ^{then} ~~although~~ politics are

by no means my primary interest. I have never belonged to any political party nor have I ever cared for the scholastic arguments and shady intrigues of professional politicians. My approach to the official issues of modern society is emotional rather than intellectual -- not dogmatic but human. I am not a partisan, ^{nor yes I meant to be} or a crusader. My political views and actions have always been shaped by my personal experiences and impulses, rather than by abstract principles. The only "principle" I adhere to, is my ~~naive~~, obstinate faith in a few basic moral ideals -- Truth, Honor, Decency, Freedom, Tolerance.

This may sound like a rather childish ~~little~~ credo. But then, aren't children instinctively aware of certain moral essentials which have lost their validity and persuasion to many ~~of us~~ grown-ups? Children know what's black and what's white; they differentiate between good and evil. Children have a clearer ethical consciousness, and they are often more intelligent, than our hard-boiled skeptics and "realists."

I believe that idealism is not only more beautiful but also more realistic than any sly, cynical "realism." The realists -- ignoring ~~or ridiculing~~ such primitive notions as good and evil, decency and crime -- are willing to do business with the devil, who of course will outwit and cheat them with a vengeance. Realists think it smart not to defend their neighbours against the aggression of the evil powers. How stupid the realists are! Their cunning tricks don't work. Their policy of "appeasement," "expediency," "Isolationism," always fails in the end -- inevitably and disastrously. Evil can't be appeased; it has to be fought, stamped out.

This ~~simple~~, fundamental tenet -- that cynicism doesn't pay, and that idealism has to be resolute, uncompromising, even militant, lest it perish -- will the ~~main~~ ^{leading thought} theme and ~~leitmotiv~~ ^{and} of my story. I shall ^{try to} prove and dramatize this idea -- simply by presenting my ^{actual} experiences and the experiences of some of my ~~friends and~~ fellow-fighters.

For this was my only ambition and occupation, for the past ten years: to fight, in my own humble way, the powers of evil -- represented most glaringly in the sinister phenomenon of Nazism. This was my job and my adventure: to unmask, ridicule, arraign and irritate the arch-enemy. The message I tried ~~so doggedly~~ to get across was always ^a ~~this~~ direct, unpretentious appeal for human solidarity, against the inhuman forces of darkness and destruction. That is what I meant to express in all my writings and speeches; in my books and newspaper articles, my stories for children, my lectures and radio addresses. I said it from hundred theater stages in Europe when I toured the continent with my little show, "The Peppermill;" and I said it from hundreds of platforms ~~in the~~ all over the United States. More than once I ^{got myself into} ~~was in serious~~ trouble, on account of my childish obstinacy. In Switzerland, my ~~unassuming~~ ^{my} ~~candor~~ provoked something like a minor civil war. In Czechoslovakia, the workingmen protected me against the Nazi mob as the police didn't dare to do so. In Holland, my satiric songs and sketches became the ~~subje~~ ^{heated} object of grave official discussions and controversies. I, of all people, stirred up riots and arguments. Goebbels ^{himself} got nervous and abused me over the air. Yet I commanded no power or secret weapons or ~~inor-~~ ^{unusual} ~~minate~~ wit. All I wanted - all I tried to do was, to say - ^{candidly} ~~frankly~~ and plainly - what I thought right and true.

Since I wanted to tell the truth, I had to ^{know} ~~find out~~ what's actually going on in the world: I couldn't depend on other people's

stories but had to find out myself. I had to go places. And that's just what I did. I was around quite a bit, during these ten eventful years; more often than not I was right on the spot where things were happening -- in Spain, during the Civil War; in Czechoslovakia during the Munich crisis; in England, during the Battle of Britain.

So, naturally, all those places, and the people I met there, and the events I witnessed, will be an integral part of my personal history. Every new experience - journeys, friendships, ^{dangers} ~~adventures~~, ^{defeats} ~~and~~ ~~experiences~~ -- taught me a new lesson, or rather, ~~it~~ confirmed, deepened and amplified one of the basic truths which have always been guiding me.

I don't want to present any theories; but I do want to draw certain conclusions from what I have actually seen and passed through. I have seen and experienced the ugly triumph of brutal force; ~~and shameless~~ ~~forgery; fraud;~~ the bankruptcy of diplomatic tricks and conventions; the suffering of decent, deluded people. But I have also seen the awakening of the victims; the rebellion of the common man, his fortitude and grim determination. I have seen the people's war, and, behind -- beyond ^{all} its horrors and ~~its~~ boredom -- the vast promise of a people's peace to come.

every new adventure

PROLOGUE (1943)

Cairo, Egypt... Short description of the exotic, cosmopolitan city -- the "Lisbon of the East;" the meeting place of international diplomats, spies and imposters, refugees and salesmen, journalists and princes, American doughboys and British Tommies. I, of all people, am sitting, in my U.S. War-Correspondent's uniform, in a joint out of bounds for officers. Is it out of bounds for me? I am an officer, in a sense. But, again, I ~~am~~ do not have ~~a~~ commission...

A U.S. sergeant joins me. ~~***~~ The following conversation develops:

He: "Where are you from?"

I: "From California."

"How come you have such a funny British accent?"

"Well, I am a British citizen..." *subject 11 r v*

"How come, then, that you're wearing an American uniform?"

"It's just because I'm accredited to the U.S. Forces."

"Kind of queer - isn't it? A British ~~citizen~~ *2-5-32* in the U.S. Army..."

But a r e you really British? You don't really sound it..."

"Well, you see, I wasn't born in England..."

"Where a r e you from? You must have been born somewhere..."

"Why, of course. I was born. Very much so. I was born in -

why, I was born in Munich."

"Not Munich, Germany?"

"Exactly. Munich, Germany."

The sergeant, greatly puzzled, ~~leaves me before long~~ excuses himself before long. I, left alone, have plenty of time to brood over the simple question he asked me, with such undisguised bewilderment: HOW COME?..... So my thought wander backward...

P A R T O N E (1933-1938)

RETREAT

Zuerich, Switzerland; 1933... I am hectically busy re-organizing my little satiric anti-Nazi show, "The Peppermill," which had started, in such a promising way, in Munich, just before the outbreak of the Third Reich...Some remarks about the personnel and repertoire of "The Peppermill." The show opens; is a sweeping success. The Swiss public -- culturally-minded and mildly anti-Nazi -- responds enthusiastically to our songs and sketches. The critics and audiences in Zurich, Bern, Basel, etc., appreciate our effort to combine frankness with delicacy, aggressiveness with charm.

1934: continuous success in Switzerland; new triumphs in Holland, Belgium, Czechoslovakia...(Some remarks about ~~a~~ cultural and political conditions in those countries.) We tour Europe -- indicting Nazism in our own seemingly playful manner...

Meanwhile the political horizon darkens - swiftly and alarmingly. Hitler bags the Saar; establishes general military conscription. Our warnings and arraignments are being applauded but not taken *all too* seriously. The only ones to get really excited about them are the Nazis. They deprive me of my German citizenship. But the very day before my "expatriation" I become a British ~~citizen~~ *2-5-32* - by marrying W.H. Auden. Description of the rather quaint circumstances ~~of~~ under

which the wedding ceremony takes place in an English village.

2

The Austrian government (Dr. Schuschnigg) banishes "The Peppermill." The Nazis begin to organize a regular crusade against my troupe and me... Violent scandal in Zurich, where the Nazi agents and their Swiss stooges try to break up our show with tear-gas bombs, clubs and guns. Fights between police and Fascists in and around our theater. The civil-war-like disorders continue for days. Undecided, lukewarm attitude of the press. Editorial-writers wish we had been more "tactful." The upright Swiss anti-Nazis come out in our favour; but the "appeasers" prove to be more influential. We are not allowed to appear in Switzerland anymore.... Similar experiences in Czechoslovakia (where the workingmen defend us against the Nazi mob) and in the Netherlands (where "The Peppermill" becomes the object of public and heated controversies in the parliament and the press). Some leading intellectuals and many anonymous friends take our side against the official policy of appeasement and compromise. Simultaneously, the ominous developments in Europe: Nazi troops move into the demilitarized Rhineland zone, etc. The air becomes more and more stifling...

3

1936: to the U.S.A. (with my brother Philippine Wolf-Arndt) "The Peppermill" in New York City: it doesn't quite click... Troupe returns to Europe; I prefer to stay - simply because I like to enjoy being in a country which seems firmly democratic, a 100 percent anti-Fascist... *Dan's quote Emerson* I begin to lecture.... Contacts with American liberals, in New York, Washington, and so forth. I find them full of progressive impetus and full of sympathy toward the victims of European Fascism. Yet the New Deal is of course more exciting to them than the are the atrocities in German concentration camps... ~~I try to increase their knowledge of what the Nazi challenge actually means - not only to Europe but to the world civilized world. One of my efforts along these lines: my book, "School for Barbarians," which becomes a bestseller.~~

4

1937: still in the U.S.A. Lecture tour with my father, from coast to coast.... The Nazis invade, annex Austria.... Trip to Europe: ~~Salzburg~~, Paris, Mallorca, the French Riviera, the Swiss Engadin....: all these beloved places seem somehow polluted as if by a mortal blight. A wave of suicides among our Austrian friends... Back to the U.S.A. I continue literary, lecture activities. I ~~am~~ become increasingly familiar with the views and particularities of American public. Write "School for Barbarians"; ~~which turns out to be~~ bestseller.

5.

1938: Europe again. Spain, during the last summer of the Civil War. Barcelona, Valencia, Madrid. The Ebro Front. Contacts with soldiers and politicians. Del Vayo, Juan Negrin. The tragedy of Spanish children. First impression of WAR - its grim reality. *20's 20's 20's* France, shortly before the Munich crisis. Increasing tension. *20's 20's 20's* Night-long sessions with the friends in Paris (Genevieve Tabouis, *20's 20's 20's*

* Engadine, 40 write Escape to Life.

having long come. Speak little English,
Have no money, few friends. ... By first
appearance as a speaker, in Madison
square garden, with La Guardia, John L.
Lewis. Inspired by Anne Maganue I began
to lecture, speaking English, as I go

for war -3- *take whatever may come*
Louis Fischer, etc) Trip to Czechoslovakia, which I find fully prepared and grimly determined to ~~face war~~.... Then, the paralyzing shock of Munich... I venture to travel into German-occupied Sudetenland. Everywhere the same bitterness, the same grief and anger. Back to Prague.... An hour with Carel Capek, who ~~seems~~ seems unable and unwilling to survive the fall of ~~his~~ country and the treachery of his country's allies. (He dies a few weeks after our meeting.)

The disaster appears complete and irreparable. The lowest point of the curve ~~has been reached~~....

PART TWO (1939-1941)
CRISIS

1

Winter 1938/39... The more ominous the situation in Europe, the more grows American Isolationism... During my lecture tours, I find people disgusted with Nazi atrocities in Spain, Austria, Czechoslovakia, but hardly inclined to do anything against the monsters responsible for those crimes.

Spring, 1939... We try to organize a German anti-Nazi Pavillon for New York's World Fair (in collaboration with Laura Z. Hobson, and others). The project, as so many others, is boycotted and ruined by the "appeasers"..... The World Fair and the meetings of the P.E.N. Club. Friends from abroad. Toller's suicide... Summer, 1939: trip to Europe, with parents. Switzerland; Holland; Sweden... The international situation becomes from day to day more untenable. Growing ~~feeling of~~ apprehension. But the Swedish upper class believes in "neutrality," "appeasement"...

2

The breaking point is reached...: Nazi invasion of Poland; WAR... Dangerous flight from Sweden to Holland, England... Journey back to the U.S.; the overcrowded boat; sketches of fellow-passengers... 19 Winter 1939/40: the "Phony War".... Air remains heavily charged with ominous forebodings, rumors... ~~The intellectual treachery of the Communists, who begin to defend Nazism; under the influence of Hitler-Stalin Pact...~~ Nazi victories.... After Poland, - Norway, Denmark, Belgium, the Netherlands, France... More suicides, more refugees... Work with the Emergency Rescue Committee (Frank Kingdom).... Summer in California; raising money for anti-Nazis caught in France (among them my brother Angelica, Uncle Heinz, Frau Kroeger hauptsaechlich...)

3

isolation, strong feeling
August, 1939: journey to Lisbon, London... (description of the flight; life in Lisbon...) ---- England after Dunkirk: the awakening.... I ~~understand~~ feel - with surprise and delight - that something like a miracle has taken place... Just at this point - with the war seemingly won by the Nazis - our moral

New refugees arrive in U.S. Interview with Benes, in Chicago. He confirms, for the first time, that Moscow was ready to go to war for Czechoslovakia.

Dorothy Thompson

rehabilitation begins -- preparing, guaranteeing our victory.
 My work for the BBC (broadcasting to Germany).... Life in London. Sketches of H.G. Wells, Duff Cooper, Priestley, the group of young writers around "Horizon" (Stephen Spender, etc). ~~The German refugees in London.~~ The role played by English women in the war effort.

4

The "Blitz".... (or, The Battle of Britain).... Detailed description of the terrific bombardments; their material and psychological effect. Sketches of individual reactions and characteristic scenes.
 The work for BBC continues. Goebbels irked by our programs.

gradually

5

(winter 1940/41)

Back to the U.S., where I try to describe and praise what I have seen in England.... Touring the continent again, I find Isolationism still strong, but general awareness of real situation increasing...
 Spring 1941: second trip to England... BBC again. *character*
 Interview with Sir Vansittard; conversation about the German...
 The German refugees in London resent my views about re-education of the German people... Contacts with the Free French, Free Dutch, etc.... Expedition on a British cruiser (??) to the coast of France... I try to scrutinize the mystery of Rudolf Hess but am stopped - just before lifting the veil...
 Growing confidence of the English people. Nazi invasion of Russia - another turning point of the War...
 Lecture contracts call me back to U.S. Three days with my parents at the White House, as guests of the President and Mrs. Bartl. Personal impressions.
 December, 1941.....: PERAL HARBOR

P A R T T H R E E (1941/43)

ACTION

1

The U.S. at war.... Working for the Coordinator of War Information (now OWI), New York. Contact with Robert Sherwood, and others...
 Other activities: for the Treasury (with Frederic March); for BBC (musical and theatrical programs with prominent German artists. Collaboration with Bruno Walter, Lotte Lehmann, Conradt Veidt, Albert Bassermann, and so forth. Character sketches of these personalities.) Lecturing "from coast to coast," I have the opportunity to study the ~~basically~~ changed of public opinion...
 The War begins to become a reality to the people in Kansas or Nebraska.....Summer in California. Work with Lubitsch and Capra, on the Army Orientation picture, "What we are Fighting for" (??)

2

Winter 1941/42... The Nazis begin to lose... Stalingrad; our invasion of North Africa...
 I provoke another controversy by an Open Letter to the N.Y. Times, about German classics and Nazi virtuosi.... Deams Taylor is against me.

profound

.... Moreover, I confuse the Chicago Herald Tribune with an innocuous joke about Stalin, Roosevelt and Churchill... My desire to go out to the war fronts increases... A conversation with Ambassador Maxim Litvinoff... Other sketches from wartime Washington... Death of old friends (Valeriu Marcu; Rudolf K. Kommer; Connie Veidt). Last meetings with Max Reinhardt... Preparations for the new journey...

3

The passage to Lisbon - in a tiny Portuguese ship... About my curious fellow-passengers, my thoughts, and the sight of the ocean... London again... Old friends - Duff Cooper, Ixenplitz and von Rotznase, also Tante Kaetchen.... I try to go to Sweden, but... I become a U.S. War Correspondent instead.

4

.... ~~instead~~ North Africa; Iran; Palestine.... ~~A few~~ ^{Stories} things about Allied troops, war correspondents, Arabs, Jews, the Free French, and other interesting people... Egypt... The fall of Mussolini... Talk with the American pilots who carried out the raids of the Rumanian Ploestri refineries... A frank conversation with Major General Lewis H. Brereton, Commanding of the U.S. Forces in the Middle East....

5

Back in that Cairo joint which is out of bounds for officers... Dreaming over my cup of Turkish coffee... After having dreamt backward, I begin to dream forward... .. Hopes and prospects... (but no illusions!).... A few concluding remarks (not too many, though!) - more or less in the line of what I tried to say in the introduction to this tentative outline.

Outline for book by E. M.

I. OF ALL PEOPLE

What I would like to write is a very personal book about things of very general, indeed, universal significance -- a frank and graphic report of my impressions and activities during the past ten years, from 1933 to 1943: the Hitler decade, one of the most critical periods in modern history.

This period -- now approaching its end -- is stained with blatant lies and rampant violence. It was a nightmarish decade: the decade of the German concentration camps, the Abyssinian War, the Civil War in Spain, the invasions of Austria^{and} Czechoslovakia^s, ~~Poland, Norway, France, the Netherlands, and~~ the decade of Appeasement, Non-Intervention^{and} Isolationism; the decade of Goebbels, Ribbentrop, the Clivenden Set, Quisling^{Pierre Laval}, and the America-First Committee; the decade of Warsaw, Rotterdam, Coventry, and Lidice. But it was also the decade of Dunkirk and the Battle of Britain, of Stalingrad, Tunis, and Sicily; Roosevelt's and Churchill's decade -- the decade of the underground movements in the Nazi-occupied countries; the decade of martyrs and heroes, and of the Atlantic Charter, and of the Moscow Agreement. It was a decade, in short, which seemed destined to witness the ~~self-destruction of our of disgrace and~~ disgraceful suicide of our civilization -- its apocalyptic end in madness and anarchy --, but which, instead, climaxed in a last-minute miracle, just before Zero-Hour: a moral re-awakening throughout the world; the birth of a new ~~ethical consciousness and~~ ~~of a spirited~~ will for survival and purification.

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9/7/51

by no means my primary interest. I have never belonged to any political party nor have I ever cared for the scholastic arguments and shady intrigues of professional politicians. My approach to the official issues of modern society is emotional rather than intellectual -- not dogmatic but human. I am not a partisan or a crusader. My political views and actions have always been shaped by my personal experiences and impulses, rather than by abstract principles. The only "principle" I adhere to, is my naive, obstinate faith in a few basic moral ideals -- Truth, Honor, Decency, Freedom, Tolerance.

This may sound like a rather childish ~~little~~ credo. But then, aren't children instinctively aware of certain moral essentials which have lost their validity and persuasion to many of us grown-ups? Children know what's black and what's white; they differentiate between good and evil. Children have a clearer ethical consciousness, and they are often more intelligent, than our hard-boiled skeptics and "realists."

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This ~~simple~~ fundamental tenet -- that cynicism doesn't pay, and that idealism has to be resolute, uncompromising, even militant, lest it perish -- will be the ^{main} ~~central~~ theme ^{the leading thought} and ~~leitmotiv~~ of my story. I shall ^{try to} prove and dramatize this idea -- simply by presenting my ^{actual} experiences and the experiences of some of my ~~friends~~ and fellow-fighters.

For this was my only ambition and occupation, for the past ten years: to fight, in my own humble way, the powers of evil -- represented most glaringly in the sinister phenomenon of Nazism. This was my job and my adventure: to unmask, ridicule, arraign and irritate the arch-enemy. The message I tried ~~so dogmatically~~ to get across was always ^a ~~the~~ direct, unpretentious appeal for human solidarity, against the inhuman forces of darkness and destruction. That is what I meant to express in all my writings and speeches; in my books and newspaper articles, my stories for children, my lectures and radio addresses. I said it from hundred theater stages in Europe when I toured the continent with my little show, "The Peppermill;" and I said it from hundreds of platforms ~~in the~~ all over the United States. More than once I ^{got myself into} ~~was in serious~~ trouble, on account of my childish obstinacy. In Switzerland, my ~~unassuming candor~~ provoked something like a minor civil war. In Czechoslovakia, the workmen protected me against the Nazi mob as the police didn't dare to do so. In Holland, my satiric songs and sketches became the ~~subje~~ ^{heated} object of grave official discussions and ^{himself} controversies. I, of all people, stirred up riots and arguments. Goebbels got nervous and abused me over the air. Yet I commanded no power or secret weapons or ~~any~~ ^{universal} ~~minute~~ wit. All I wanted - all I tried to do was, to say - ^{candidly} ~~frankly~~ and plainly - what I thought right and true.

Since I wanted to tell the truth, I had to ^{know} ~~find out~~ what's actually going on in the world: I couldn't depend on other people's

stories but had to find out myself. I had to go places. And that's just what I did. I was around quite a bit, during these ten eventful years; more often than not I was right on the spot where things were happening -- in Spain, during the Civil War; in Czechoslovakia during the Munich crisis; in England, during the Battle of Britain.

So, naturally, all those places, and the people I met there, and the events I witnessed, will be an integral part of my personal history. Every new experience - journeys, friendships, ~~quarrels, and re-~~ ^{dangerous and} ~~defeats~~ ^{ances} -- taught me a new lesson, or rather, ~~it~~ confirmed, deepened and amplified one of the basic truths which have always been guiding me.

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PROLOGUE (1943)

Cairo, Egypt... Short description of the exotic, cosmopolitan city -- the "Lisbon of the East;" the meeting place of international diplomats, spies and imposters, refugees and salesmen, journalists and princes, American doughboys and British Tommies. I, of all people, am sitting, in my U.S. War-Correspondent uniform, in a joint out of bounds for officers. Is it out of bounds for me? I am an officer, in a sense. But, again, I ~~am~~ do not have a commission...

A U.S. sergeant joins me. ~~F W~~ The following conversation develops:

"Where are you from?"

"From California."

"How come you have such a funny British accent?"

"Well, I am a British citizen..."

"How come, then, that you're wearing an American uniform?"

"It's just because I'm accredited to the U.S. Forces."

"Kind of queer - isn't it? A British citizen in the U.S. Army..."

But a r e you really British? You don't really sound it..."

"Well, you see, I wasn't born in England..."

"Where a r e you from? You must have been born somewhere..."

"Why, of course. I was born. Very much so. I was born in -

why, I was born in Munich."

"Not Munich, Germany?"

"Exactly. Munich, Germany."

The sergeant, greatly puzzled, ~~leaves me before long~~ excuses himself before long. I, left alone, have plenty of time to brood over the simple question he asked me, with such undisguised bewilderment: HOW COME?..... So my thought wander backward...

P A R T O N E (1933-1938)

RETREAT

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Zuerich, Switzerland; 1933... I am hectically busy re-organizing my little satiric anti-Nazi show, "The Peppermill," which had started, in such a promising way, in Munich, just before the outbreak of the Third Reich...Some remarks about the personnel and repertoire of "The Peppermill." The show opens; is a sweeping success. The Swiss public -- culturally-minded and mildly anti-Nazi -- responds enthusiastically to our songs and sketches. ~~The critics and audiences in Zurich, Bern, Basel, etc., appreciate our effort to combine frankness with delicacy, aggressiveness with charm.~~

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1936: to the U.S.A. (with my brother Philippine Wolf-Arndt) "The Peppermill" in New York City: it doesn't quite click... Troupe returns to Europe; I prefer to stay - simply because I like to enjoy being in a country which seems firmly democratic, a 100 percent anti-Fascist... I begin to lecture.... Contacts with American liberals, in New York, Washington, and so forth. I find them full of progressive impetus and full of sympathy toward the victims of European Fascism. Yet the New Deal is of course more exciting to them than the are the atrocities in German concentration camps... ~~I try to increase their knowledge of what the Nazi challenge actually means - not only to Europe but to the world-civilized world. One of my efforts along these lines: my book, "School for Barbarians," which becomes a bestseller.~~

4

1937: still in the U.S.A. Lecture tour with my father, from coast to coast.... The Nazis invade, annex Austria.... Trip to Europe: ~~Salsburg~~, Paris, Mallorca, the French Riviera, the Swiss Engadin.... all these beloved places seem somehow polluted as if by a mortal blight. A wave of suicides among our Austrian friends... Back to the U.S.A. I continue literary, lecture activities. I ~~am~~ become increasingly familiar with the views and particularities of American public. Write "School for Barbarians" ~~which turns out to be~~ bestseller.

5.

1938: Europe again. Spain, during the last summer of the Civil War. Barcelona, Valencia, Madrid. The Ebro Front. Contacts with soldiers and politicians. Del Vayo, Juan Negrin. The tragedy of Spanish children. First impression of WAR - its grim reality... France, shortly before the Munich crisis. Increasing tension. Night-long sessions with the friends in Paris (Genevieve Tabouis,

Louis Fischer, etc) Trip to Czechoslovakia, which I find fully prepared and grimly determined to face war.... Then, the paralyzing shock of Munich... I venture to travel into German-occupied Sudetenland. Everywhere the same bitterness, the same grief and anger. Back to Prague.... An hour with Caryl Chesson, who ~~makes~~ seems unable and unwilling to survive the fall of his country and the treachery of his country's allies. (He dies a few weeks after our meeting.)

The disaster appears complete and irreparable. The lowest point of the curve has been reached....

P A R T T W O (1939-1941)

C R I S I S

1

Winter 1938/39... The more ominous the situation in Europe, the more grows American Isolationism... During my lecture tours, I find people disgusted with Nazi atrocities in Spain, Austria, Czechoslovakia, but hardly inclined to do anything against the monsters responsible for those crimes.. ✓
 Spring, 1939... We try to organize a German anti-Nazi Pavilion for New York's World Fair, (in collaboration with Laura Z. Hobson, and others). The project, as so many others, is boycotted and ruined by the "appeasers"..... The World Fair and the meetings of the P.E.N. Club. Friends from abroad. Toller's suicide...
 Summer, 1939: trip to Europe, with parents. Switzerland; Holland; Sweden... The international situation becomes from day to day more untenable. Growing ~~feeling~~ of apprehension. But the Swedish upper class believes in "neutrality," "appeasement"...

2

The breaking point is reached....: Nazi invasion of Poland; WAR... Dangerous light from Sweden to Holland, England... Journey back to the U.S.; the overcrowded boat; sketches of fellow-passengers...
 19 Winter 1939/40: the "Phony War".... Air remains heavily charged with ominous forebodings, rumors... ~~The intellectual treachery of the Communists, who begin to defend Nazism, under the influence of Hitler-Stalin Pact...~~
 Nazi victories.... After Poland, - Norway, Denmark, Belgium, the Netherlands, France... More suicides, more refugees... Work with the Emergency Rescue Committee (Frank Kingdom).... Summer in California; raising money for anti-Nazis caught in France (among them my brother Angelica, Uncle Heinz, Frau Kroeger hauptsaechlich....)

1940?

3

August, 1939: journey to Lisbon, London...(description of the flight; life in Lisbon...) ---- England after Dunkirk: the awakening.... I ~~understand~~ feel - with surprise and delight - that something like a miracle has taken place... Just at this point - with the war seemingly won by the Nazis - our moral .

✓ New refugees arrive in U.S. Interview with Benes, in Chicago. He confirms, for the first time, that Moscow was ready to go to war for Czechoslovakia.

rehabilitation begins -- preparing, guaranteeing our victory.
.... My work for the BBC (broadcasting to Germany).... Life in London. Sketches of H.G. Wells, Duff Cooper, Priestley, the group of young writers around "Horizon" (Stephen Spender, etc). ~~The German refugees in London.~~ The role played by English women in the war effort.

4

The "Blitz".... (or, The Battle of Britain).... Detailed description of the terrific bombardments; their material and psychological effect. Sketches of individual reactions and characteristic scenes.
.... The work for BBC continues. Goebbels irked by our programs.

Winter 1940/41

5

Back to the U.S., where I try to describe and praise what I have seen in England.... Touring the continent again, I find Isolationism still strong, but general awareness of real situation increasing...
.... Spring 1941: second trip to England... BBC again. Interview with Sir Vansittard; conversation about the Germans... The German refugees in London resent my views about re-education of the German people... Contacts with the Free French, Free Dutch, etc.... Expedition on a British cruiser (??) to the coast of France... I try to scrutinize the mystery of Rudolf Hess but am stopped - just before lifting the veil...
Growing confidence of the English people. Nazi invasion of Russia - another turning point of the War...
Lecture contracts call me back to U.S. Three days with my parents at the White House, as guests of the President and Mrs. Bartl. Personal impressions.
December, 1941.....: PERAL HARBOR

P A R T T H R E E (1941/43)

ACTION

1

The U.S. at war.... Working for the Coordinator of War Information (now OWI), New York. Contact with Robert Sherwood, and others... Other activities: for the Treasury (with Frederic March); for BBC (musical and theatrical programs with prominent German artists. Collaboration with Bruno Walter, Lotte Lehmann, Conradt Veidt, Albert Bassermann, and so forth. Character sketches of these personalities.) Lecturing "from coast to coast," I have the opportunity to study the basicallg changed of public opinion... The War begins to become a reality to the people in Kansas or Nebraska..... Summer in California. Work with Lubitsch and Capra, on the Army Orientation picture, "What we are Fighting for" (??)

2

Winter 1941/42... The Nazis begin to lose... Stalingrad; our invasion of North Africa...
I provoke another controversy by an Open Letter to the N.Y. Times, about German classics and Nazi virtuosi.... Deans Taylor is against me.

..... Moreover, I confuse the Chicago Herald Tribune with an innocuous joke about Stalin, Roosevelt and Churchill.... My desire to go out to the war fronts increases.... A conversation with Ambassador Maxim Litvinoff.... Other sketches from wartime Washington.... Death of old friends (Valeriu Marcu; Rudolf K. Kommer; Connie Veidt). Last meetings with Max Reinhardt... Preparations for the new journey...

3

The passage to Lisbon - in a tiny Portuguese ship... About my curious fellow-passengers, my thoughts, and the sight of the ocean... London again... Old friends - Duff Cooper, Ikenplitz and von Rotznase, also Tante Kaetchen.... I try to go to Sweden, but... I become a U.S. War Correspondent instead.

4

..... ~~instead~~ North Africa; Iran; Palestine.... ^{Stavies} ~~A few things~~ about Allied troops, war correspondents, Arabs, Jews, the Free French, and other interesting people... Egypt... The fall of Mussolini... Talk with the American pilots who carried out the raids of the Rumanian Ploestri refineries... A frank conversation with Major General Lewis H. Brereton, Commanding of the U.S. Forces in the Middle East....

5

Back in that Cairo joint which is out of bounds for officers... Dreaming over my cup of Turkish coffee... After having dreamt backward, I begin to dream forward... .. Hopes and prospects... (but no illusions!).... A few concluding remarks (not too many, though!) ~ more or less in the line of what I tried to say in the introduction to this tentative outline.

PRELUDE

August 1943

This is Cairo, - the Cairo of the Pharaos, the Pyramids, and the Sphinx; the Cairo of the mosques and the bazaars; in its spicily smelling Arab streets the march of the centuries seems to have come to a standstill ages ago; ancient dream place, Cairo; city of the Nile, through whose greenish waters the barges glide, now as at the time of Moses. This is Cairo, adulterated and ugly, face without character and too many traits. Ungainly mixture of four continents, crossbreed of East and West, mongrel of old and new. This is Cairo, Headquarters of the Anglo-American forces in the Middle East; a generals' city; a colonels' city; a diplomats' and reporters' city; rumor factory, Cairo; spy center, hothouse - breeding military secrets, global gossip, nationalistic rivalries, international cooperation, confusion, coordination, and red tape - festoons of the reddest. This is Cairo, Lisbon of the East; gigantic waiting-room, refuge of the homeless; a messengers', conspirators', and imposters' city, alive with dangers for the innocent and chances for the ambitious. This is Cairo, furlough place, pleasure-park, Coney Island. Poor Cairo, your people are starving. Rich Cairo, your people are dancing and drinking and celebrating - what, they do not know. A year ago your bridges were mined, and 50,000 "Molotov Cocktails" were held in readiness by your outnumbered defenders. At any moment, then, you might have been destroyed, Cairo, scuttled and devastated. Rommel's tanks, if they had smashed their way into your burning streets, wouldn't have captured you alive. Yet, even then, with the enemy at your gates, and your friends preparing to scorch the earth on which you are built, you did

not seem to care. On you went, living your curious, your multicolored and contradictory life. Lazy, industrious, hideous, handsome Cairo; swanky and dirty; rottenly charming; tiresome for all the excitements that you so lavishly offer. Silly Cairo, how ignorant you are and how aloof. Clever Cairo, how keen you are, how admirably alert. Bewildering Cairo, what am I doing, - I, of all people, - under your alien sky?

I am alone. This joint is out of bounds for officers. I am an officer. I shouldn't be here. But then, I am not an officer, really. My rank is undefinable. I am neither fish nor fowl. I am an American War Correspondent. Most of the men here are Britishers. Empire troops to be exact. They don't mix much. Indians sit with Indians, Australians with Australians, South Africans with South Africans. We drink Egyptian beer - thin, flat, and bitter, - and English Gin - strong but lukewarm. Arab shoe shiners, peddlers, and conjurers move among the crowd. The "gally-gally"-man over there works incredible charms. These are no juggling tricks, to be sure, this is witchcraft pure and simple.

"Gally! Gally!" he says, and an American Sergeant, yards away, heaves a disgusted shriek. How did the snake ever get under his shirt? Never mind, it's a harmless snake; cold, wet, and slimy, though, and rather a shock to the Sergeant.

"Brrr!" he says, looking at me, - "this calls for a drink. Won't you join us?"

I do.

The other boy is a Private; they are Americans, both.

"Where are you from?" says the Sergeant.

"California", I tell him, - "my family live there, that is."

"How come " says the Private "you talk with a British accent?"

"Well, I'm a British subject..."

The Sergeant shakes his head. "How come" he wonders, "you're wearing this uniform?"

"It's just that I'm accredited to the United States Forces."

"Kind of queer, isn't it? A British subject in the U.S. Army?"

"Well..." I start, but the Private interrupts me.

"Know what?" he exclaims, - "it isn't a British accent either, it's a funny accent, I can't make it out."

"I wasn't born in England, that's why!" I say.

"Where are you from? You must have been born somewhere!"

"Why of course. I was born. Very much so. I was born in - why, I was born in Munich."

"Not in Munich, Germany?"

"In Munich, Germany."

There is a pause. We finish our drinks. The two seem puzzled.

"How come..." one of them says, but doesn't finish the sentence.

"My brothers,-" I say eagerly, "are Americans. They're in the Army. My parents, of course, are Czechs, - they're Czech citizens... but..."

"Check!"

As if I had given him the redeeming cue the Sergeant shouts for the waiter.

"Esma! Check please!"

They both leave in a hurry.

A native band plays American tunes. It is annoying that I keep hearing words that are being sung by no one. Two words, ever the same stupid two syllables: "HOW COME?"

And if I yielded? If I attempted to answer that simple question which my American friends asked me with such undisguised bewilderment - that complex question which haunts me, now, that I am once more alone?

It won't be easy, I am afraid. The story I would have to tell - my story - involves the past ten years, - the most critical period in modern history. Amongst the huge forces and events that gave this decade its form, my own tiny figure is hardly discernible. Nor has it left any traces on its way. What, then, should induce me to pursue it back whence it came? Egotism? But I am no egotist. Of all the less amiable traits that may disfigure my soul, egocentricity is the least outspoken. In fact I rather lack interest in myself. Auto-analysis has never played any part in my writings, where even the word "I" appears but rarely. And now, - ~~what~~^{on} a sudden?

The air is thick with smoke. Out of the haze my uniformed image stares at me from a distant mirror. "Behold!" says the image, - "you look funny! Moreover, you haven't always looked that way. Have you yourself brought about this transfiguration? Or are you not rather the product of something or other, - an effect, however insignificant, that must have a cause?!"

We both nod. "Right!" I say; "precisely! And actually it is not so much myself that I am after; it's that cause that preys upon me and that I long to define. What, I ask you, could be so wrong with that? Not much, it would seem, although, in your silly way, you'd have a lot to do with my investigations?"

I shrug my shoulders, apologetically.

"Go ahead!" says the image, shrugging hers, rather encouragingly. "You'll be alright, I suppose, as long as you insist - INSIST, my dear, honestly and ardently, - that nothing counts because it happened to you, while many a thing may count, because it happened!"

P A R T I.

R E T R E A T.

1.

Nightmare.

The awakening was fearful, whereas the fall itself had proved comparatively painless. Surprisingly so, I should say. But now I felt ~~grossly~~ and tortured in an uncanny, maddening way. Only once before had I felt similarly. I was fourteen then, my brother Klaus and I had gone on a long, important bicycle trip. We meant to see the world, and this was our first exciting step in this direction. After days of strenuous travelling we'd reached a mountain top in the Austrian Dolomites. We had had to push our bikes up there - it had cost us many hours and much sweat. Blissfully we anticipated the ride downward. We wouldn't have to move our feet; bent over our handle-bars, - half lying on them, - we'd race around the curves, - noiselessly, weightlessly, sensing nothing but speed, wind, and coolness.

"Grand!" we shouted to each other as the flight began, - "swell! I feel like greased lightening, don't you?"

Klaus, slightly heavier than I, went rather faster, and had disappeared around a corner, when I realized that my maching was getting out of control. My brakes didn't seem to function. The road, covered with fine dust, was slippery; hard as I tried to slow down I approached the curve at a speed of 50 or 60 miles an hour. I'd never make it. Sharply the road turned to the left. A nasty declivity yawned at the right. But during the seconds preceding my fall - seconds, of course, that seemed like an eternity, - I gathered that

I would not crash down there. Trunks of trees barricaded the slope. I would scortch along, straight into those trees. The prospect was anything but pleasant, yet, I was not really horrified. "Hopeless" I told myself calmly, - "well, here we go!"

I must have been unconscious for quite awhile. Klaus was way down when he noticed that I was missing and the climb back was a matter of an hour and a half.

At first I had no idea what had happened to me. I hardly knew where I was. I got up, however, and Klaus noted that my limbs functioned normally. I wasn't even bleeding and on the whole I seemed perfectly alright.

"What's the fuss about?" he inquired, catching his breath. "You've been lying here for ages?!".

"Have I?" I said; "I wouldn't know."

Mysteriously enough all was well with by bike and Klaus began to suspect that I was trying to fool him.

"Nice thing to do!" he grumbled. "Putting on an act like this in the midst of our finest ride and making be come back for nothing!"

"Back from where?" I asked. "Where have you been?"

Klaus laughed angrily, while I sought to regain my memory.

"Listen!" I said, and something in my voice caused him to stop laughing. "I can't tell you exactly what happened, I don't know. But I don't feel right. I feel horrid. It doesn't matter that I can walk. I may even be able to manage my bike. That won't matter either. I feel strange, - indiscribably so. Won't you please believe me?"

Klaus shrugged. "You're overtired" he said, "that's all!"

I could have cried.

"The road is bad" I said, - "it's very bad and treacherous. Let's not go so fast. I wouldn't want this horrid thing to happen to you, - this horrid, horrid thing, - this horrid thing".

I could hear my own voice as if from the outside, and its repetitive humming frightened me not a little.

"Of course not, dear" Klaus said gently; "certainly not! Now don't you worry!"

His haughty sympathy, his sceptical benevolence hurt and offended me beyond description. Something fearful had happened, - something I had been unable to prevent, although I had seen it coming. I had not been overly afraid of it, nor was I now in bad physical pain. But matters were wrong, they were utterly wrong with me, and not with me only. The landscape around us had changed; there was something poisonous about the green of the woods, and the golden lining of the clouds looked vicious and sulphurish. The dust covered road before us was evasive. One curve followed the other, so that you never quite knew where you were going, while it was obvious enough that you were in danger. Yet Klaus failed to understand. He wouldn't even believe me to whom the unspeakable had actually happened and who begged him to watch out, begged him to take care of himself, - nothing more, - just to take care of himself.

I was fourteen years old then, and naturally convinced that I knew about all there was to be known about life. But this, - I realized with a shudder, - was something new under my sun, - something which, had anyone described it to me only yesterday, I would have been unable to grasp. The agony that gripped me, was the agony of knowledge untransferable, the agony of an all-important insight which the world declined to share.

From the physical shock, a regular concussion of the brain, I recovered within a fortnight, whereas its nightmarish aftermath pursued me for months. Only gradually, as the years went by, and the adventure of growing up absorbed me all but completely, the incident sank into oblivion; so much so, that when I needed its memory, I had to search for it way back in the overcrowded drawers where the mind keeps the almost forgotten.

That was in Switzerland, in March 1933.

It had been easy to leave Germany. At least, it hadn't been hard. No decision is difficult if there is no alternative decision battling it in ones mind. And once Herr Hitler had come into undisputed power, we knew that we must go. The idea that, practically speaking, we could have stayed, never entered our thoughts. You can't stay where you can't breathe, and although what we were about to do was rather fantastic and desperate, it was the only thing left. To me, matters were aggravated a little by the fact that I was alone. My parents happened to be spending a few holidays in the Swiss Alps. All they had to do now was not to return. Klaus determined to go to Paris where he felt fairly at home. My four younger brothers and sisters would hang on for awhile, until we knew where on earth we were going to live. Two of them, Elisabeth and Michael, were small children, and not - we figured - acutely endangered. The two others, Golo and Moni, were students, very young, and politically not yet compromised in the eyes of the Nazis whom we older ones had been fighting for years. They remained where they were - at their country schools or ~~small~~ small town universities, - while I departed for Zurich, Switzerland, - alone.

The trip by car takes about seven hours. The roads were icy, but while, in one layer of my mind, I concentrated on my driving, I thought in many layers, simultaneously.

Pretty, I thought, how I love these mountains in the snow. The swastika flags looked horrid, - like a skin disease on the face of Munich. I should have taken my chains. Easy now, we don't want an accident; at least not this side of the border. Am I unhappy? Hard to say. Not very real, any of this! The theater would have been ready day after tomorrow. My own theater! The workers are in there now! Don't even know that I quit. The children know. They're older than I, most of them; my troupe, my children. Please God, nothing will happen to them. They're only actors after all and can't be held responsible for the anti-Nazi stuff in the show. Still, I'd feel better if they'd come along. In the long run they won't stand it there, that much is certain. How long a run will it be? In a way the Reichstag fire is a blessing. And so are the atrocities that followed it. Nice, kindly thought, that! They're torturing thousands of innocent people many of whom are your friends, - mere chance, they didn't catch you, - and you call it a blessing! Stop it now! You know perfectly well what I mean, although the world hardly needed this object lesson. Those animals never made a secret of their abominable designs. They're unacceptable, that's all, and they wouldn't have been accepted, even without this last outrage. But then, no such glaring demonstration can do any harm. A man who says that he's going to murder, may not be believed, while a man who's just murdered his wife will be taken care of lest he go and assassinate his neighbor. The police will move in on him, - on them, - on Germany's new masters. They'll be cornered, - strangled, economically. It's going to be easy..... I am a refugee!

I should have closed the car; I'm freezing . Good luck, the old sweeties were out of the country anyway. Rather upset they sounded over the phone, though. Not to return seems harder than to leave. Of course, they feel different altogether. They're losing so much more, - materially, and otherwise. Their investment is so much greater. 'Invest in Germany!' That was one of the slogans of the war. Well, they did. Is it all gone now? Faith and love and confidence, and the rest? But the world.... Somewhat vague-ish concept, that! Who's the world? France? England? Not Switzerland, I take it! Yes, Switzerland, too! Since what is needed is no declaration of war or any such bloody nonsense, but rather a general refusal to recognize this particular "government" (there aren't enough quotation marks in existence to put the term right!) Since all that's necessary is some sort of universal nonacceptance, everybody counts, - small, unarmed nations no less than the bigshots. And everybody may be counted upon, that's the great consolation in it all. No, I am NOT unhappy, and this is why! The world is my ally. Who am I, anyway; a fool, without a country, without a home, without money? Never mind. No matter who's your ally, - the ~~new~~ world is their enemy, mind that if you please!

The border proved no obstacle. Things on the Nazi side were still in a state of confusion and all the blacklists had not yet been properly distributed.

Slightly dazed by the cold and the strangeness of my situation I arrived in Zurich.

I didn't know where to stay, but stepped into the bar of a fashionable hotel on the Bahnhofstrasse. The barman was rather a friend of mine. Somehow I expected him to greet me as what I was, a brand new

refugee, a debutant-exile.

"Hello!" I said excitedly, - "here I am!"

"Good evening" said the barman; "we've been expecting you in a way. The skiing is excellent, I understand."

I looked at him, doubtfully. Did he mean what he said? At home it had quickly become customary to discuss politics by talking about the weather.

"In Aroza" he went on "it has been a bit warm lately; but St. Moritz is doing fine!"

I couldn't discern any double meaning in his remarks, and ordered a Kirsch without answering them.

A middle aged gentleman waved at me from the bar. "All alone?" he wondered, approaching my table. Herr B. was an elegant chap, very rich, member of one of Switzerland's best families, and a lover of the arts.

"How do you like your new government?" he asked after a few preliminary phrases.

"Can't you see, I am here?" I said; "That's how I like it!"

He looked at me in disapproving amazement. "Come now! You don't mean to tell me that you ran away. You're not a communist, are you?"

What followed was the first edition of the nightmarish conversation that repeated itself hundreds of times and in hundreds of places; in many tongues, and over a period of many years. Only there and then, I was a beginner at it all, - an amateur of suffering, childishly ignorant, foolishly impatient. Herr B., I tried to comfort myself, was an exception; of course he was, - one of those well protected ivory tower existences who didn't mind what was going on about them, as

long as their own lives and hobbies were seemingly unconcerned. But since he was a man of wealth and influence he must be enlightened. I talked, I argued. For the first time I stated my case, our case, THE case, before the world. Needless to say, the result was less than naught. Far from convincing my partner, I harmed myself in his eyes. Quite obviously, he began to suspect me. Of the two alternative conclusions his particular mind might have drawn from my behavior, he tentatively chose the less damaging. I was all worked up, he decided, - an a rtist, inclined to exaggerate, an actress bent on overdramatizing life. I was neither a Jew, nor a communist. So far, so good. And yet, - here I felt how the not so harmless conclusion threatened to conquer his mind, - must not something be wrong with me, after all? I'd fled my country because I couldn't get along with my government. Surely, there was something wrong with that! It was not done, and no matter how crazy an artist I was, I'd better be viewed with a measure of suspicion.

Good mannered, cultured, and polite, Herr B. refrained from expressing his thoughts in adequate words. But they were mirrored in his face, reflected in his voice, inherent in his every gesture.

"Have a nice time!" he said in parting. "Our mountain air will do you good, - and in a couple of weeks or so, you'll go home, a different person. I'm sure there's no real reason why you shouldn't!"

It sounded almost threatening, - as though it would be just too bad if some "real reason" existed, after all, a reason that would make my staying here imperative and turn me from a welcome guest into an unwelcome fugitive.

My head was hot and I felt feverish. Also, I felt as one does in certain wicked dreams from whose uncannily familiar embrace

one seeks to flee into awakening, but which insist on being dreamed to the bitter end. I must have gone through all this before. When? Where? How could I possibly have? Bethink yourself! Dig deeper! There! Thank Heavens! And from the depths of the past I produced the Austrian mountain landscape, and Klaus, laughing angrily, leaning against his bike; and myself, rising from the ground; and between us an abyss, more vicious than the one yawning at our right, - between us knowledge, untransferable.

Herr B., to be sure, was not Klaus. Nor was I 14 years of age. I was a grown up refugee, and quite able to take what was coming to me.

What came was both milder and harder than I had anticipated.

Outwardly life continued almost as usual, and if I had vaguely expected to see my entire existence irreducibly transfigured, - if I had braced myself for whatever physical ordeals exile might bring, I found myself pleasantly surprised. A children's book that I had just completed was sold to a Swiss publishing house, a few articles of mine appeared in the German language press, and I went on living in well known patterns.

Inwardly, however, my condition was grave. Not all of my Swiss friends reacted and talked like Herr B. But I couldn't detect one, - not a single one, - who felt precisely as I did, or who even quite grasped how I felt.

Be it said, however, that disappointment number one (the world was not my ally!) proved negligible compared with disappointment number two (the world was not their foe!) And how gladly would I have swallowed any distrust, any hostility to which I, as a German, might have been subjected, if only, while rejecting me, "the world" would

have repudiated them. As it went, nobody dreamed of suspecting anyone because he was a German, but everybody felt that exiles were an alien, slightly disquieting, potentially troublesome species. Those who flatly opposed their admittance were very much in the minority. The majority favored an attitude of tolerance and caution. Some were helpful and deeply sympathetic. Yet even the friendliest looked upon us as upon strangers stricken by disaster, deserving the kindest treatment. Their misfortune, however, was theirs, and theirs alone. Nor must one take their utterances all too seriously; in the gloom and loneliness of their hearts they inclined to magnify the evil from which they had fled; humanly enough, they sought to involve others in their personal and national tragedy. Children of woe, birds of ill-omen they were, bearers of ugly news, prophets of disaster, - and unreliable prophets at that.

Zurich is one of the most charming cities I know; picturesque, yet clean; chic, yet cozy; ancient, yet comfortable; international, yet very Swiss. Spring was near and the air, a gentle mountain air, smelled of melting snow, young leaves, and alpine pastures. The lake was free from ice, deep blue and softly curled, a most flattering mirror for the mountains, still wrapped in white.

The handsome Bahnhof Strasse which leads from the central railway station straight down to the lake was thronged with people. The skiing season drew to its close and a jolly clan of sportsmen had come down from the mountains. Strolling, window-shopping and talking in many tongues, they enjoyed the air, the sunshine, the elegance of this avenue, the beauty of the scenery into which it surprisingly flowed; they were pleased with themselves and the

world at large. In a way I was one of them. I, too, was healthy and sunburned; I, too, was sauntering about in my skiing suit; I, too, stopped leisurely in front of Huguenin's famous confectioners shop and gazed at the tantalizing window display, before walking in for a sweet refreshment.

Balancing my tray with mellow chocolate pretzels and multicolored petits fours over the heads of the fluctuating crowd, I looked around for a free table. There was none. But a chair could be had next to Herr F. whom I knew well and who was sitting there with the C.s and a very attractive girl. Herr F. was the literary editor of a Zurich paper, a cultivated and intelligent man. Dr. C. was a successful lawyer who moved in the "best" Swiss circles, although he couldn't speak Swiss and spoke German with a conspicuous accent, indicative of his Eastern European origin. The girl turned out to be English; she'd been up in St. Moritz as a guest of the C.s.

I didn't start it, but my mere presence seemed to force the conversation into political channels.

Herr. F. began by stating that the Germans were indeed a dynamic nation, - disquietingly so, if I didn't mind. Much could be said against their latest adventure, which, however, was by no means altogether objectionable. To begin with, Nazism was a genuine popular movement grown out of the German masses and not forced upon them by any intellectual clique. Nazism spoke the language of the people, a crude language to be sure, unsophisticated and not always pleasant, but then, you mustn't expect cherries from a plum tree, must you? Besides, and as far as he, Herr F. was concerned, he was

rather tired of the thinblooded sophistication of European intellectualism which had lost all contact with, and love of, the soil from which alone life springs; and while the life that had sprung from the ruins of the Reichstag was rank and unmannerly, - while indeed a lot of ill weeds throve amongst a lot of wild flowers and bushes, at least there was life, - a lot of it, - young, unruly, and promising.

He paused, looking at me. I didn't answer. Too much would have had to be said and I might not have been able to say it politely. That Herr F. - a European intellectual if there was one, should turn suicidally against European intellectualism, was no surprise. This trend towards self destruction had long been current among people of his kind, many of whom found a masochistic pride in denouncing the spirit and courting anything and anybody they deemed primitive, forceful, genuine and naive. But that a man like F. who for all his perverted spiritualism moved on a high level intellectually, should fall for the fake revolution that was Nazism, was rather a shock. And even if his brain failed to grasp the political significance of the German phenomena, must not his heart be appalled by the moral depravity evident in every Nazi deed and word? Yet moral considerations, it seemed, did not enter his evaluation, while to my childish mind they alone should have sufficed to mend his erring thoughts.

Staring into space I waited for somebody to carry on the conversation.

Dr. C., his clever face clouded by doubt, duly took over.

"I wonder, -" he said, - "whether the 'life' which you so movingly praise, might not prove a bit too unruly for comfort. You approach this whole thing primarily from an aesthetic angle, as may behoove your lofty position. We lawyers don't go much for aesthetics.

Base realists, we are. Moreover, we're cowards in a way. Lawlessness is apt to frighten us and although the German authorities appear to have matters fairly well under control, there is something vaguely lawless about those authorities themselves - if you know what I mean?"

"Of course!" Herr F. said swiftly; "of course I do. Nor would I want you to believe that I am actually in favor of this new 'Weltanschauung'. All I say is that it bears watching and that I, for one, find it at least as interesting as it is puzzling. In fact, -" he added, turning towards me, - "if I were you, I would have stayed, if merely out of curiosity; or do you think you would have been endangered?"

"Rather!" I said; "besides I wasn't curious. I knew what to expect, and...."

"How could you?" Keenly interested, Doctor C. leaned forward; "nobody knows what to expect in a situation that so lacks in finality. I understand from my clients in the Reich that all sorts of things are brewing; nothing is settled yet; the liberal and conservative elements are anything but dead; the army is secretly opposed to the Fuehrer-corporal, and I wouldn't be surprised if he'd modify and moderate his methods before long. He might have to. Perhaps he means to, even now. Little as I like the man, he's too shrewd a politician to go on acting wild. Once the housecleaning is over, he may yet turn civilized, don't you agree?"

Herr F. did and saved me the trouble of stating that I did not.

Frau C. sighed. "Personally" she said, "I loathe politics; bad enough that we should have to bother with our own; but why meddle in German affairs? I'd much rather not even talk about that sort of thing. What good can it do, anyway?"

"It's fascinating, that's all!"

The observation came from the English girl and was offered with a handsome smile.

"Of course, I wouldn't be sure, but I suppose things haven't been going too well in Germany lately. And we aren't entirely innocent of the failure of the republic, I'm afraid. We haven't been much of a help, have we? They ^{Germans} are a proud people, I understand, and at Versailles we've hurt their pride. Perhaps that man Hitler is just what the doctor ordered. May not actually be as aggressive as he sounds, either. Merely shouts to make the Germans happy; to restore their self-respect and all that sort of thing. He's fairly amusing, though - very much so, I should say!"

It was quite a speech she had made and she was now a little embarrassed. Also, on a sudden, she seemed to realize that I might utterly disapprove of what she had said and, being a nice girl, she felt sorry about it.

"Good Lord!" she exclaimed; "imagine silly little me talking her head off, instead of listening to people who know!"

She smiled.

I smiled back at her. Although her lighthearted contribution ^{tion} had been the most offensive in a way I did not really mind. She was clean, ignorant and gay. And if Herr F. and the C.'s talked the way they did, how could this pretty one be expected to talk any more wisely? She was an English girl and England was far away.

Out in the streets dusk had begun to fall. It was getting cold and wintery once more.

Walking slowly towards the lake I felt lost and lonesome. Should I go and spend the evening with Peter and his wife? There, at least, were two people to whom I could speak - Swiss Social Democrats, stout anti-Nazis. They'd been very kind to me and arranged for the sale

of my children's book to a publisher they knew. But then, even they were not apt to dispel the night mare which gripped me and which was ever present, ever triumphant. Was it not as if some magic splinter in my eye distorted everything I saw? What was the name of the youth in Andersen's story of the magic splinter? Kai! Poor Kai, to whom the beautiful seemed ugly and whom nobody understood.

Peter wouldn't seem ugly to me. His grave peasant's face resembled the wood carved faces of the Saints in the window displays of pious junk shops. Peter wore eye glasses, though. They made him look like a learned animal, rather troubled and touching.

Peter was good; he was perfectly alright. Hitler, he said, must be fought. Nazism was a vicious thing and for all its socialist clamouring a menace to the working classes. Speeches must be made against it. Many speeches. Booklets must be printed and Nazi propaganda must be counteracted in every possible way. It was indeed fortunate that people like myself had escaped to help spread the truth. We must not, however, attempt the impossible. Nor must we get ourselves into trouble by openly offending the head of a friendly government. All the less so, since Switzerland's neutrality was her dearest possession. The Swiss were neutral to the core. They never meddled in other people's quarrels lest other people start quarrelling with them. Incidentally, it seemed as if England and France were hardly less disinclined to get themselves involved in so unpleasant a deal. Maybe the League of Nations could somehow intervene. Too bad Germany was a member of the League and would have her say in anything that might be plotted against her! The situation was hopelessly involved. Nothing could be done officially, while, inofficially, an economic boycott might be a wholesome thing to stage. If only socialism had yet progressed a little further and big capital were not quite so powerful! As it went, we'd be foolish

to try and organize a boycott of German goods. Big industry would go right on trading with the Nazis and our little efforts would be quite in vain.

"Don't look so gloomy!" Peter would say. "Things are not as bad as all that. Aren't you even a little happy to be here?"

Then I'd say that I was very happy and very grateful indeed. Whereupon Peter's wife would go and get us some coffee.

The more I thought of it, the less I felt like spending the evening with those two. Much rather I'd go to the Café Terrasse and just sit there surrounded by strange people and cheap music. The Terrasse was not too handsome a place. Perhaps the splinter in my eye would hurt less when there was no beauty to be distorted. Perhaps I could write something to comfort myself - something to clear my own thoughts, to re-arrange them and make them more acceptable to others. They'd been poor currency lately.

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From what I have said so far, it might appear, as if I'd spent my days - those days - largely in bars, confectioner's shops and cafes. Nor would this appearance be entirely erroneous. I did not stay "home" much. I was restless. And always there was that foolish notion that something might happen at any moment, something exciting, calming and reassuring. I had no radio. I must be out in the streets when the news came through.

What was I doing here? Was there anything particular I wanted to do? Whoever inquired, was told that I wanted to re-open my show and that I was here to look for a suitable locality. At first I

hardly believed what I said. But then I got accustomed to the thought and actually started to prepare for a revival of THE PEPPERMILL.

We had opened in Munich on January first 1933. The name we had given ourselves, gay and harmless, as it sounded, was quite true to our intentions. All that we wanted was to amuse ourselves and our audiences in our own personal way.

There were two good theaters in Munich and I had been working with both. THE KAMMERSPIELE was known to be "modern" and "progressive". THE STAATSTHEATER, home of the classics, preferred tradition to innovation. But the spirit of pert improvisation which was ours was hardly welcome in either place.

So we got together - ten of us - young and enterprising all. Among the actors only two were very well known in Munich. I was not. Or, if I was, my acting was hardly responsible. I was my father's daughter, to begin with. Besides I had never been quite able to make up my mind as to what I wanted to do and my activities ~~hhhhh~~ covered too wide a field. Of course, I wanted to act and act I did - now and then. But I also wanted to write and to participate in car races and to see the world and to be a reporter. More recently and very much to my own surprise I even wanted to speak my mind, politically. In fact, my doing so had already involved me in one of the bloody brawls which the Nazis called "Saalschlachten" (hall battles). Both chairs and insults had been thrown at me as I recited a suitable poem at a pacifistic meeting. I had sued the hoodlums, whereupon the Nazi party had threatened to boycott the open air theater, where I was engaged for the summer. Only my immediate dismissal could avert the boycott.

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The management, either frightened of the blackmailers, or in sympathy with them, yielded and broke my contract. Confidently I sought the assistance of the powerful actors' union. This, I felt, was a case after the union's own heart, clear, clean and simple. I had done absolutely nothing that would have warranted my dismissal. From a legal, as well as from a moral point of view my employers' action was indefensible. Surely, the union, of which I was a member, would step forward to defend my rights.

Its president, a conservative liberal and a personal friend of mine, shook his head, shrugged his shoulders and sighed.

"Poor thing!" he said "what a mess! what a deplorable mess!"

"Mess?" I wondered. "Looks rather tidy to me. I shan't even have to sue them, if the union is backing me up!"

"If!" he observed. "I doubt it. We have a lot of party members in our own ranks. Besides, our intervention wouldn't help much anyway. Can't you see this thing is coming - this Nazi thing, I mean! Who are we to try and stop it? If I were you, I'd just swallow this one bitter pill and be peaceable ever after. You are an actress, aren't you? As long as you don't mix in politics, you have nothing to fear. Don't sue them, will you?"

I went and arranged for the law suit.

When the PEPPERMILL opened - ten months later - the court had not yet reached a decision. Nor did I really care. I had done, what I must. But although my union friend had behaved shamefully, he had been right on one point: politics was none of my business. I was an actress, or else a writer, car racer, or reporter

and had better concentrate on at least one of my jobs.

In composing the show we'd been looking around for "numbers". What we fancied, were "chansons", songs, dialogues and short plays that combined lightness with a measure of topical meaning. What we found, however, was either completely meaningless, or all too grim and clumsy. Even the stuff we could have purchased from Berlin, where a few miniature revues such as ours had of late been successful, was not quite to our liking. In the first place it was new material we wanted. And besides the Berlin numbers, brilliant and humorous though they were, seemed to be poking fun at everything - a cool, superior, slightly cynical sort of fun.

I had never written a song, but now I had to. Time was getting short and something had to be done. In our announcements we had described THE PEPPERMILL as a "Literary Cabaret". To give it anything like a political character, was not intended. Yet, no sooner had I embarked upon the adventure of writing "chansons", than I hhhhhhhhh was forced to realize that politics had come along. Here as I tried to stick to the literary and avoid the controversial, most of my songs dealt with the political situation. Nor was I able merely to ridicule the ridiculous figures, whose shadows fell across my desk. I laughed at them, sometimes, in the beginning of a song. But when it came to summing up what I had meant to say and the story was to be given its moral, I grew more and more serious.

"Those men," I said, "those Nazis, are funny. Look, how droll and ludicrous they are! But they are also wicked. Want to laugh? Do! Do by all means! But do not laugh only! Fight! And fight together! Stop quareling amongst yourselves, I implore you! Unite, all of you, lest the funny and wicked ones swallow you up!"

I thought of many ways to convey my simple message. My laughing and imploring words I put into the mouth of a harlequin, a female beauty surgeon, an acrobat, or a pensive worker. But no matter what disguise I ~~hahhhhhh~~ chose, behind the jolly mask there was always the same anxious, yet hopeful face - my own.

A few lighter items were added to the program. Kaus contributed a number of serious pieces, everything was set in music and hhh THE PEPPERMILL was ready for action.

The show was a great success. Owing, partly, to the popularity of some of our actors, partly to the youngness and freshness of it all, people liked it sincerely and even the reactionary Munich press gave us its blessings. Those among our spectators who were moved - knowingly - by the urgency of our appeal, were very much in the minority. Yet I incline to think that some of our success rested upon the heartfelt concern which hid behind our jests. If anything distinguished THE PEPPERMILL from other offerings of its kind, it was the human earnestness that had crept into it, rather contrary to our intentions.

After two months of continued good fortune we paused to prepare for a new program. Also, the theater into which we were to move, was being rebuilt to suit our purposes and wouldn't be ready before the middle of March.

On February 28th the Reichstag burned and two days later I knew that we would never play in the new house. Cautiously I went about the business of getting our contract annulled.

The Manager, most eager for his share in so profitable an enterprise, refused to understand.

"You're mad!" he ventured. "You must be - it's the only explanation I got. But I am not mad at all and there's not the slightest reason, why I should let you go!"

I told him, what reason there was.

He laughed relievedly.

"Not really?" he screamed. It's not really that? But if it is, I am glad you told me. Why, I am an old party member myself and you'll have all the protection you could possibly dream of. I'll get you a guard. Two S.A. men - two live brown shirts - are going to watch o'er you. They'll watch every performance from start to finish, just for the hell of it. What do you say now?"

I was dumbfounded. Surely, if anyone here be mad, it was not myself. THE PEPPERMILL protected by two live brown shirts. It was inconceivable. And yet the man meant what he said. As he saw it, his own party had finally come into power. They would not wish to ruin his business. That ours was an anti fascist show, the only one in town and well known as such, did not matter to him. He didn't even try to make me alter the program. We had been successful and all he wanted was, that we continued to be so.

Even in Munich dozens of people had been arrested during the past two days. Why I had not been among them, I did not know. But the manhunt continued and the very thought of ~~hha~~ THE PEPPERMILL'S doing likewise was suicidal folly. In fact, we had taken a sizable risk by keeping the show going throughout the month of February. Right under his shapeless nose we had dared to offend the "Fuehrer"

the night he'd appeared in Munich to make his inaugural speech as Chancellor of the Reich. Yet this man here, this party member, thought nothing of it.

I stared at him for the fraction of a minute.

"Right you are!" I then said brightly.

"I am a nervous creature and too easily frightened.

But your being a member makes all the difference there is. You go ahead ^{and} mobiliz^eing your guard, while I'll mobilize my troupe. Give me a wring when the house is ready for rehearsals, will you?"

I left both the man and the country. Had he known, he would have had me arrested on the spot.

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The small orchestra at the Terrasse played assiduously. Its offerings resembled the sweet and multi-coloured petits fours in Huguenin's window display. Disjointed bits of melody they were, coated in dyed shugar and stuffed with indefinable cream. It was the sort of music you ~~can~~ get on ocean steamers along with your tea. I rather liked it. And I liked the bright and birdlike voice in which the waitress replied to my request for a pencil and a sheet of paper.

"Ja, gèrn," she said, letting her voice rest on the second word and stretching the vowel in a manner unmistakably Swiss.

At the neighbouring tables they must have thought me a trifle queer. Even before ordering my coffee I had asked for the note-paper, merely to put it in front of me and, staring into space, to scribble a word or two, now and then, in long, idle intervals.

"Imagination!" I wrote. "Lack of it. Political issue? Hardly..... Moral inertia, bluntness, flatness, dullness, indifference..... Moral failure. Whose? Yours! Yours, too!"

"Matteoti!" I scribbled. "Rome! The Ritz! Caviar and a hot bath, all you cared for. Winning the race, all you cared for..... Castor oil? And island, not far from here, a devil's and malaria island? Innocent men shipped to their deaths? Exaggeration! Any rabble rouser's business, not yours....."

"Winning the race! An hour's rest and two orders of caviar - mild and grayish; nerving and strengthening! Six thousand miles in ten days and no roads in the Balkans! Highways in Italy! Fine highways on which to arrive on time. Like the bhaahh trains. Il Duce's trains. Always on time! Viva Il Duce! A basso? ~~WHHHHHHH~~ Alright, then: a basso Il Duce! Funnyface, ugly face, what do I care?"

Indefatigably the band turned out one petit four after the other. They had gone American by now.

"Nothing is left to me" they played, "Of things that used to be!"

Slowly and carefully I crossed out the last four words I had written, hatching them with thick, determined strokes.

"WHY DID I NOT CARE?" I wrote instead. And - as if to close the vicious circle of my ragged deliberations, I added:

"Lack of imagination..... Shameful lack of moral elan!"

My manuscript did not make sense. Re-reading it, I chuckled a little. That I had meant to write something to clear my own thoughts and that this incoherent scribbling was all I had managed to put down, struck me as faintly ridiculous. And yet, I felt better - noticeably so. Somehow the splinter in my eye seemed in the process of dissolving. At last I was able to think calmly and without tormenting

myself. In fact, I had thus been thinking for the past hour. Had I wanted to now, I could have done a neat piece on the "situation" at large. "Politics" would have played a minor part in the essay I never wrote. Instead, ^{it} I would have dealt with moral issues. They, not "politics", were the crux of the matter. ~~Was~~ Or was it childish, this, my considered conviction? But children are not the stupidest people on earth, when it comes to distinguishing between simple things such as good and evil. More clearly than most of us grown ups do they differentiate between right and wrong. They know little, but they imagine all. Their imagination is boundless, as is their sympathy, so easily aroused.

Tell a child that people are starving in China; that all they get for breakfast, is nothing; for luncheon, nothing; for dinner, the same old nothing. And be careless enough to add that once a week - each Wednesday in truth - a winged messenger will arrive from Peeking, an angel of mercy, who will search the window-sills for nourishing bits to take along and feed them to the wretched; and the child will melt with grief and sympathy. Each Wednesday - as long as his memory lasts - will he secretly place his dinner on the window-sill and in the middle of the night you'll see him rise and tiptoe to the window on his bare feet, to make sure that the messenger has come and collected their due for the starving Chinese. Little good will it do you to assert, that his dinner his his, that he must eat it himself and that the famine in China is none of his business. He will look at you in incredulous reproach.

"But I can't!" he will say. "And I won't, either! Never again will I eat my dinner on Wednesday. It's theirs. They need it. And how pleased they'll be! Imagine!"

I imagine! This categorical imperative might have been the title of my unwritten essay and it actually became the Leitmotiv of the reborn PEPPERMILL. That we had failed to imagine, was our sin. Without this, our crime of omission, the misdeed could not have been done. Nor would the evil spread and engulf the continent, if only now people could be made to imagine, if only they could be made to realize what was not their reality - yet.

A Wicked conglomeration of historical, political and economic factors had facilitated Nazism's rise to power. Any number of sound explanations offered itself to the attentive observer:

The Germans - nations of poets and thinkers - lacking in political sense, lacking in balance, given to irrational excesses. Democracy, thrown at the inexperienced at the end of a losing war; German democracy, child of defeat, scapegoat of the defeated. The impoverishment of the German middle classes; their desire for a radical change which, however, must not lead to the extreme left, where lingered the spectre of "proletarianisation"; their desire, too, for a "national re-birth" to wipe out the "humiliation of Versailles". The army, equally eager for such a renaissance that would bring about the longed for militarisation of the country. Big industry and the Junkers, fearful of a social revolution. The world, fearful of a social revolution and likely to befriend any counter-revolutionary Germany. Money, pouring into Hitler's chests - German money, French, British, American money. The "Fuehrer's" enemies disunited; their fear of communism stronger than their fear of Nazism; their dislike of each other stronger than either fear; their social irresponsibility, their group-egotism and party-isolationism toweringly strong.

Explanations? Dozens of them, custom made for the attentive observer who duly purchased them all.

Yet, certain considerations he never touched upon, although, in their absence, the sum total of his reflections remained invalid. What he failed to see, was, that the good people of Germany would never have accepted Hitler's dictatorship, had they imagined, where it would, indeed, where it must, lead them. Even those who had knowingly helped install the regime, might have hesitated to oblige, had it not been for their profound lack of vision. Whence did this deficiency originate? Was it, that people were stupid in Germany, more so than elsewhere? But they were not. Granted even a measure of political immaturity on their part, how could they have failed to grasp the self-asserted viciousness of their new gods, in whom the catastrophic was so clearly inherent? Were they vicious themselves? Some thought, they were. Did they yearn for the catastrophic? Some thought, they did.

George Clémenceau - not a friend of the Germans, but an enemy, whose knowledge of their character, a knowledge born of suffering, was undeniable, although, perhaps, it covered certain aspects only - said of them:

"This nation joins to its wealth of intellectual culture a fundamental lack of moral culture."

And as to their love of the catastrophic, he observed:

"The nature of man is to love life. Germany has not this cult. In the German soul, in the art, the philosophy and the literature of her people, there is a lack of understanding of what life really means, of what really constitutes its charm and greatness. And there is a sort of morbid and satanic attraction for death. These people love death. The divinity which they contemplate with fear, but a fear, mixed with ecstasy and intoxication, is death. Where they do get this

divinity, I have no idea. Re-read their poets. Death everywhere - death on foot, death mounted, always death. Ponder well what I am telling you about the Germans. They love war for its own sake..... War is a pact with death. In war the Germans encounter their best friend."

I find Mr. Clémenceau's characterisation uncannily correct. Indubitably that "morbid and satanic attraction for death" of which he speaks was one of the forces that lured Germany into Nazism. Not by accident is the death's head the insignium of Hitler's elite troops and, no matter how healthy and devoted to ~~X~~ life the "movement" professed to be, the divinity "they contemplated with fear, but a fear, mixed with ecstasy and intoxication", was death. Nazi romanticism had not room for the light and the luminous. Its spirits were dusky.

And yet, the German disaster was not a conscious and deliberate surrender to the catastrophical, even though a subconscious longing for it may have been present. Rather it was that "fundamental lack of moral culture", deplored by Mr. Clémenceau, which led the nation astray. Whether Mr. Hitler's politics were sound, they might not have been in a position to know. But that he was what every child would call "a bad man", they did know and had known ever since he had sworn his false

oath at Leipzig. They also knew - for he had told them - how well he thought of bloodshed and dastardly murder. The fraternal telegram he had sent to a bunch of his followers who had bravely killed one lone working man they could not have forgotten. Nor could they have been deaf to the evil sound of his voice which never spoke, but screamed, barked, yelled, its threats into their eager ears. What he wrote, too - what they wrote, all of them - they must have recognized

as "bad", immoral, anti-moral and humanly unacceptable. Little did they care. This was a hard world and a real one. In it you'd better be realistic. Evil? There was no such thing. The very notion was foolish where it did not apply. Privately, of course, it did in a way. That thou shalt neither steal nor kill, was readily understood. But politics were impersonal. ^{Mass -} ~~Man~~ responsibility did not exist. The one distinction to be made in politics was that between failure and success. The republic had made a mess of things, it had been a failure. But fascism promised to succeed.

Would it, actually, or could it? Provided even, that the morally bad could produce the practically good, must not this particular venture, proudly boundless as it was in its aggressiveness, ultimately lead to a collision with conflicting interests? Would not Hitler be crushed before he was strong enough to strike? If given time, however, was he not bound to strike? Was not war his inevitable destination? And, if war it was to be, who on earth would volunteer to help Germany win - a Germany who openly despised her fellow nations and who meant to rule where she had conquered? How much imagination was needed to foresee that Hitler meant war and that the war would be lost? Only a little. But we had none. And the attentive observer would have done wisely in adding these two to the multitude of sound explanations that was his:

Germany fell to Nazism because of the moral inertia of her people.

And: Germany fell to Nazism because of her people's lack of imagination.

And Europe? Would she permit the German disaster to repeat itself on a continental scale? If her fate rested upon her

politicians and industrialists, she probably would. That some of them - and not the least influential - ^{and cynically} shortsightedly welcomed the turn of events in the Reich had not yet become ^{clearly} evident. But even those who did not could hhh scarcely be expected to view the situation with other than their own "professional", their political, diplomatic, or economic eyes. They would try to cope with it in a conventional way. That the unprecedented demanded an unprecedented answer would never occur to them. Their sternly "realistic" outlook would never grasp the phantastic, the ~~hh~~ well nigh inconceivable nature of the German phaenomenon. Realists do not believe in the devil. Children do. And at times of great and ~~hhhhhh~~ inexplicable distress, when floods drown the country or the plague goes round, even grown ups will. Ordinary grown ups, that is, the people as it were. To them we must speak. They must be made to understand both the character ~~hh~~ and the proximity of the danger. Their inertia must be conquered, their imagination aroused. We, the fearfully experienced, must tell the unversed.

Banishing from my mind the spectre of knowledge untransferable, I looked about me with eyes where ⁱⁿ the splintre had melted.

Good natured Swiss sat peaceably behind their marble tables, drinking their beer, reading their papers. If they seemed phlegmatic and totally unconcerned, it was simply, because they didn't know better. Nobody had told them. And the events themselves, momentous though they were, had not yet made themselves understood. Their very enormity rendered them hard to believe. But each Nazi trasgression was bound to be followed by another and bigger outrage. Never, as long as she was permitted to exist, would Hitler's Germany cease to prove her progressive insanity. And the time would come when the world would be forced to abandon its phlegma. At present ^{this world} ~~it~~ was not, what I had hoped it to be. ~~Ehhhhh~~ Not by any means was it yet my "ally". I was not, however, alone.

I did have an ally who could be counted upon. His name was Hitler.

It was getting late. A crippled old man turned up among the tables, offering tomorrow's hhhh papers. The German Chancellor, it appeared, had made a speech.

"The Government of the Reich" I read, "will undertake a thorough moral purging of the body corporate of the nation. The entire educational system... will be used as means to that end."

Glad, he said so, I thought. What he understands by a "moral purging" he's already demonstrated. Now we learn that the wanton persecution of political and religious minorities is to go on. Moreover, "the entire educational system" is to be hhhhhhhh nazified. Hatred and aggressiveness are to be stamped into the hearts and minds of all German youth. What else does he have to say?

"Heroism is coming forward passionately and will in future shape and lead political destiny... The... national insecurity of Germany cannot continue any longer..."

Not bad that, either. If the national insecurity of Germany cannot continue any longer, something will have to be done about it. And, with "heroism coming forward passionately" something most assuredly will. Germany ^{will} ~~will~~ re-arm. What for? Therefore- to begin with:

"In all their doings the Government of the Reich is conscious of the connection between the destiny of all German races... We have particularly at heart the fate of the Germans living beyond the frontiers of Germany..."

"See?" I said softly, watching my neighbours, as they studied the "Fuehrer's" address. And in my thoughts I added:

Here, at last, is an honest devil for you; a wolf who can't talk gently, even when he's swallowed chalk to make believe he's grandma. True he's slyly desisted from howling at Britain and France. But that bit about "all German races" is undisguisedly wolfish; all of them, mind you, not just the Austrians and the Sudeten Germans and the German Swiss. The Dutch as well; perhaps the Norwegians, too. Living, though they are, beyond the frontiers of Germany, they are nevertheless German by race. Let's look at the reception it got. There's a quotation from the TEMPS :

" He spoke very moderately.... Declared that he would come to a compromise with France."

Still: "With Hitler's speeches one must always seek what is hidden behind the lines."

I gasped. So the chalk had worked after all. Since he had said that he wanted a compromise with France, he might well be grandma and the semi official TEMPS thought his speech moderate.

And how about London?

There, too, the oratory had been received with benevolent equanimity.

London "There can be clearly traced behind the lines" wrote the TIMES "that his (Hitler's) government values the spirit prompting British mediatory efforts."

To the British, it seemed, Hitler was grandma. Why he'd said so himself, if only "behind the lines".

I sighed. Despite his efforts to assist me, my ally had let me down. Once again he'd had his shocking say, but the world refused to be shocked.

"Patience!" I told myself wearily. "You mustn't expect things to happen so rapidly. They are bound to happen. It won't be long now."

Folding my paper I glanced at the dating.
The day was the 24th of March 1933.

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