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Intellectuals.

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" Intellectuals "

[17 pages]

Ladies and gentlemen.

The current crisis - or to be more precise the crisis of this century - is not limited to any particular continent or any particular social class. In this shrunken world of ours, all nations and classes have to face the same problems and dangers. But if it is true - as it surely ^{is} - that an intellectual is more keenly aware of the critical world situation than say a baseball champion or a chorus girl, ^{then} it is also true that the European intellectuals are more directly, more vitally affected than their colleagues in Australia, South America or the U.S. For it is one thing to meditate on the possible breakdown of civilisation and another to see it happen. Certain apocalyptic events which may seem almost incredible to the law student in Kansas city or the poet in Sidney are only too real, only too familiar to the people of Berlin, Warsaw, Dresden, Rotterdam. In the midsts of ruins, in view of crippled men and starving children, no adult, clear sighted person can overlook or belittle the deadly seriousness of the permanent crisis.

No wonder then, that the European intellectuals are today the most crisis-conscious people in the world. ~~And since you can hardly solve a crisis of which you aren't even conscious, it would seem quite worth our while to concern ourselves with their plight and attitude. What I propose to offer - an analysis of the situation of today's European intellectuals, is based, partly, if not largely (etc.) (page 2)~~

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~~1/2~~

berg.

But I am digressing from my subject before even having started to deal with it. Am I really, though? What I ~~intended~~ ^{intended} to demonstrate the strength and durability of ^{the} European influence upon the American spirit. While seemingly deviating from my topic I meant to prove its vitality.

What follows, the announced analysis of the situation of today's European intellectuals, is partly, if not largely based on the last essay written by my brother Klaus Mann ~~who~~ ^{before a few months ago he died} in Cannes, France, ~~which~~ ^{which} Klaus was a European intellectual if ever there was one and while I, too, might claim that title, my manifold activities as an actress, playwright, director, ~~participant~~ ^{participant} in automobile races, war correspondent, lecturer and so on tend to complicate matters, ~~and~~ ^{and} Klaus to whose memory I should like to dedicate this hour was a writer body and ~~his~~ ^{his} soul. He had to write just as you and I have to breathe and much though he loved America, ~~he had~~ ^{he had} ~~his spiritual ties to the old continent never broke.~~ ^{his spiritual ties to the old continent never broke.} It is, then, as one of them, that ~~this American veteran~~ ^{he} speaks of the European intellectuals and their "ordeal" and his ~~pained criticism~~ ^{allergic reaction} - in which I ~~share~~ ^{share} - is self-criticism of the purest water.

I shall not in the following distinguish between his findings and my own. Suffice it to ~~repeat~~ ^{reiterate} that I am indebted to him for a good part of whatever ^{relevant} insight I may possess.

-3-

today

The European intellectuals are anxious. Everybody in Europe is anxious but the intellectuals are particularly perturbed. What is he to believe in, the present day European intellectual, when so many of his inherited ideas have become questionable or irrelevant, when so many maxims he considered inalienably valid have now a hollow unconvincing ring? The European air reverberates with false credos, contradictory arguments, violent accusations. Many voices make themselves heard; they are aggressive and quarrelsome, pedantic or arrogant but there is no coordinated discussion. The voices don't hear, they don't understand each other.

They say: "Once the means of production have been nationalized, our problems will be solved once and for all. He has said it the great Karl Marx in Das Kapital. And they say: The Holy Church will save us. It is only in Rome that we may find spiritual leadership. How beautiful and poignantly T.S. Eliot has told this truth." And they say: My beloved country, my people, my race. Oh eternal mystery of the blood and the soil. If only my nation had all the power in the world, humanity should be redeemed. Has not Maurice Barres, the great French patriot, told us so most convincingly? And they say: The natural sciences, the amazing inventions, the baffling discoveries. Now we have television what will they think of next. There'll be artificial hearts - we'll live to be a hundred and fifty - isn't it wonderful. We're going to fly to the moon, why shouldn't atomic energy get us there? We'll be the masters of the universe. Technical progress the great hope." They say: "technical progress the arch enemy of true culture! Aldous Huxley is right.." and "Stalinism the arch enemy of true culture, - Arthur Koestler is right.." and: "Wall street imperialism, the arch enemy of true culture, Ilja Ehrenburg is right." They don't hear, they don't understand each other.

The speak about Kafka and picasso and the tobacco situation - cigar ettes are too expensive and so hard to get. They speak about sex and dialectic materialism, about liquor, Proust, Shostakovitch and the atom bomb. They speak about war. They are frightened. Full of fear and confusion they look for comfort in the ancient documents of the Hindus and in the writings of Nicolai Lenin. They quote the bible Stalin, Einstein, General de Gaulle Freud and the world citizen garry Davis. They quote Paul Valéry, the great European who declared ^{Europe can find} Europe is finished. And they say I am hungry. ~~When~~ They talk about despair, "The Sickness unto Death" as Kierkegaard has called it. What, if the European intellectuals were too weak and dispirited to meet their ordeal, What, if they failed and betrayed their mission. For ~~the~~ the intellectual does, he must have a mission. He is indeed something in the nature of a layman priest, inasmuch as he, too, is ^{or ought to be} primarily interested in spiritual values not in material success. The intellectual like the priest is supposed to judge life and society according to certain ideals, rather than from a purely utilitarian or "realistic" viewpoint. But while the priest may rely on a given ethical and metaphysical system, the intellectual - belonging to a race of explorers and non-conformists - has to discover his own moral code, his own truth and gospel. ~~The real intellectual takes nothing for granted. He questions everything. His main characteristic is an infinite curiosity. In contrast to the priest who enjoys the guidance and protection of a powerful hierarchy, the intellectual leads a vagrant, uncertain life - every day a new adventure and experimtn, every day a new ordeal.~~

But however independent the ^{ideal or} ideal intellectual may be, he must remain loyal to certain voluntarily accepted basic standards and supreme principles. The true leaders of European thought

from Erasmus to Voltaire, from Montaigne to Spinoza to Heinrich Heine and Victor Hugo were not only great sceptics and iconoclasts but also Great believers. They believed in the Divine, the Good, the Beautiful, in Man's intrinsic nobility in the superiority of culture over barbarism. They believed in progress. Without this faith, this confidence, the European intellectuals couldn't have prepared and initiated such enormous events as the Renaissance, the Reformation and the French Revolution.

In the second half of the nineteenth century, however, the intellectual captains began to lose their sense of measure and direction. Nietzsche's frantic attacks on Christianity, his insane self-deification and self-destruction; Dostojevski's pathological ecstasies and remorse; Oscar Wilde's defiance of bourgeois hypocrisy, his ostracism and scandalous martyrdom; *Verlaine's deadly intoxication with opium and absinthe*; Richard Wagner's ruthless ambition and his magic showmanship; Van Gogh's escape into madness - ~~all~~ these individual tragedies to name only a few where a score might be listed - were mere forerunners of the general crisis now shaking our civilisation.

The intellectuals delved too daringly into the secrets of the human soul, of society of nature. The bold experiments and speculations of modern physicists, - especially Einstein's theory of relativity - revolutionized not only practical science but also man's vision of the universe his fundamental ideas about the character of time space matter and energy. Karl Marx discovered the class struggle as the predominant motive behind all historical and ideological developments. Another great intellectual, Sigmund Freud explored the shadowy recesses of our unconscious ~~which~~ which he found teeming with inhibited desires and evil impulses. Western Man the Homo Occidentalis who had thought of himself as a *wholly* basically rational, figure turned out, much to his own horrified surprise to be still possessed

by demons, driven by irrational savage forces. Gas chambers and high explosives
venomous propaganda and organized exploitation, the outrages hhh of totalita-
rian regimes, the cynicism of the ruling cliques and the stupidity of the
misguided masses these are the deadly weapons our ^{sent for to} center ~~trut~~ forged against
itself.

As civilisation tumbles under the assault of streamlined barbarism,
what can the intellectuals, the artists do but echo the general anxiety and
anguish. Who can ^{artistically} transfigure hhhh the world of Auschwitz and Hiroshima?
The intellectual, the artist, no longer pretends to understand. He shudders;
he wimpers over the "falling towers" which T.S. Eliot saw in The Waste
Land but which are not just poetic symbols any more.

Most European intellectuals you meet these days are high
strung and irritable. ^{ba} The young ones say: "we don't know what to believe,
we are all mixed up" and the old ones, the masters confess "we're all mixed
up, - we don't know what to teach."

Grand old men have become scarce in Europe. There are
not many left of the powerful generation which produced Anatole France
and Freud, Bergson and H.G. Wells, Maxim Gorki and Paul Valery. And as for
the survivors, some of them, like Einstein, Stravinsky and others have
migrated to this continent.

Of course, there is always Shaw pouring out bon mots
and paradoxes with indefatigable gusto. But for all his courage and occasio-
nal wisdom, old G.B.S. has long since ceased to influence the intellectual
vanguard. Since for the sake of a joke he sees fit to betray even the most
serious cause people no longer take him very seriously.

Somerset Maugham while gradually assuming the role of an
illustrious old timer hardly aspires to moral or intellectual leadership.
Nor does E.M. Forster, even though his great prestige would entitle him to

They speak - quite many of them - contemptuously of both the United States and the Soviet Union - the two colossi endowed with so much material wealth and military power, but ~~huhuhuh~~ ^{fell} - it is said - lacking wisdom, refinement and cultural tradition. It is the same melancholy arrogance ~~huhuh~~ the same weary disdain with which the sophisticated litarti of decadent Hellas may have referred to the ^{vulgar} toughness and efficiency of their Roman conquerors. Yet for all ^{his} ~~huhuh~~ sophistication your European intellectual remains deeply disturbed. (back to 6ø)

such ambitions. There can be no doubt that the author of "A Passage to India" enjoys more respect and authority than any other living ^{English} novelist since the death of Virginia Woolf. But his fame is of a purely literary, almost esoteric nature, and is limited to the English speaking countries. In Germany, Italy, France, Spain or Switzerland not even the professional men of letters are acquainted with that exquisite critic and narrator.

Bertrand Russell certainly deserves the rank of an intellectual leader, although his somewhat noncommittal agnosticism and unimaginative commonsense may not be particularly attractive to some of the more fastidious minds. Benedetto Croce, the great scholar and upright liberal, is admired far beyond the frontiers of his native Italy. Yet he doesn't really seem quite to belong into this time. A magnificent relic, a live memorial of past exploits and forgotten principles, he is fairly isolated for all his fame. Ortega y Gasset, the outstanding philosopher of modern Spain or living today in Madrid as an exile in his own country - is more deeply versed in the crucial questions of ~~hh~~ epoch. His brilliant speculations on The Revolt of the Masses have helped clarify the tumultuous events of the past decades. But however significant such shrewd comments may be, the perplexed youth of Europe want more. They want guidance and comfort, new ideals, and hopes.

"Whenever young people come to me for advice, I feel so shamefully incompetent, so helpless and embarrassed." This is Andre Gide speaking, probably the greatest writer living on the continent today. "They keep asking me" he says, "whether there is a way out of the present crisis, and whether there is any logic and purpose, any sense behind the turmoil. But who am I to tell them? I don't know myself." - Gide for one offers something more precious than mere advice: the splendid gift of a durable life work and the example of ~~hmm~~ a complex yet serenely balanced and bravely consistent personality.

Not many intellectuals have the faith and the fortitude, the ~~uncompromising~~ integrity and ~~obstinate~~ ^{gladly} independence of Gide and Croce. German writers were not the only ones to accept the atrocities of ~~anti-Semitism~~ and Nazi-fascist control. In France, the triumph of barbarism was applauded by literary celebrities like Celine, Paul Morand, and Henry de Montherlant. In occupied Norway, the nation's greatest novelist, Knut Hamsun became a traitor to his country and to civilisation.

And those who collaborate now with the Russians, who preach and propagate the communist gospel - are they, too, ^{so called} traitors? Some of them, especially in the ~~iron~~ ^{so called} iron curtain countries including soviet occupied Germany may have become Marxists out of opportunism and cowardice. Others, however, are of unquestionable sincerity and good faith. A Man like Louis Aragon, formerly a leading surrealist, now the "Red Pope" of French letters - does not think of himself as a traitor but as a gallant patriot, a stout hearted champion of peace and progress. Nor can an earnest and generous woman like Madame Irene Joliot Curie, or a truly inspired poet like Paul elouard be labeled as Bolshwist agents or fifth columnists.

It would be a grave mistake to underrate the ^{influence and} ~~determination~~ of the pro-Soviet intelligentsia in Western Europe today. There are all over the continent men and women of stature who firmly believe that a world revolution is both inevitable and desirable. To them the Soviet Union is the mighty rock of freedom and enlightenment in the midst of capitalist darkness and decay.

If, in Copenhagen, you chance to meet Mr. Martin Andersen-Nexoe, the dean of contemporary Danish literature, whose novel, Pelle the Conqueror, has long been an international favorite, he will assure you gently, but positively: "The future belongs to communism. Communism is peace. Communism is prosperity. Communism is culture. Whoever fails to see these basic truths must be blind or bribed by American war mongers."

you run into
If, in Berlin, the famous German writer Anna Seghers, author of "The Seventh Cross" and other successful books, ~~happens to~~ ~~hhhhh run into you~~, she will tell you about her recent visit to the Soviet Union where, under the benevolent auspices of the Polit Bureau she's had such a wonderful time. "No", she'll say, "there isn't any censure. Soviet artists and scientists enjoy perfect freedom as long as they respect the fundamental principles of truly popular truly socialist culture."

I talked to intellectual advocates of Stalinism in Prague, Wroclaw, Warsaw, Zurich, Stockholm, Amsterdam who said "What's all the excitement about ~~reprimanding~~ the mild reprimand meted out to Shostakowitch, Prokofiev and Khatchaturian? If the Russian people *don't care* for atonalism and cacophony, then those gentlemen have to produce more understandable, more appealing stuff. That's simple enough, isn't it?"

There are, of course, those who can't quite take it. Two years ago ^{just for instance} the German novelist Theodor Plivier whose Stalingrad is generally regarded as one of the major contributions to the literature of the second world war seemed still on the best of terms with ^{his} Anna Seghers and 2 or 3 other writers ~~the~~ the communists. In fact, Plivier who'd spent many years of voluntary in the Soviet Union represented the creme de la creme of the German party line intelligentsia. Last year however, Theodor Plivier escaped from the Russian zone and was given refuge by the Americans.

If the communist intellectuals dislike almost all non-communists, they really loathe and fear the deserters, their former comrades. For these in turn ^{yield to} follow the renegades' natural ^{impulse} tendency to slander and vilify the cause they once embraced. Among the many shrill, hysterical voices heard in Europe today, none is more offensive than that of the ex-radicals who have turned into fanatical red-baiters. In their eagerness to prove the sincerity of their conversion they resort to the most absurd and infamous practices. Even shrewd otherwise level headed Arthur Koestler has alienated many of his admirers by the violence of his anti-communist obsession. Another prominent ex-communist, Andre Malraux, once a fighter for the freedom of the Spanish people, has now become the prophet and chief propagandist of General de Gaulle who, if he came to power, might well deprive the French of their democratic constitution and their liberties.

And so the communists shout "Traitors! Dirty Fascists! Venal tools of American Imperialism!" And it is men like Koestler and Malraux whom they thus denounce. And screamingly the ex and anti-communists seek to insult men like Aragon, Picasso, Eluard, or Martin Andersen-Nexoe: "Filthy agents of the Kremlin!" they howl; "Scoundrels criminals, fifth columnists, shame upon you!"

Thus the accusations and the counter accusations are hurled to and fro, throughout the tormented continent. As East and West threateningly face one another, the battle of ideas claims and absorbs the finest European minds. Detachment, wisdom and objectivity are considered high treason. The intellectuals must ~~hahnbah~~ take sides. They must become partisans and fight as soldiers.

Is there no "Third Force" mediating between the two hostile camps? Certain writers try to maintain an "unpolitical" attitude. There are those among the European intellectuals who seem impressed with Aldous Huxley's admonition: "It is only by deliberately concentrating on eternal things that we can prevent time from making diabolical foolishness of all we do."

The trend toward religious mysticism is one of the most striking features of intellectual life in postwar Europe. Outside of the Iron curtain countries the catholic influence is steadily increasing. Owing, ~~hah~~ partly, to Benedetto Croce's uncompromising ^{worldliness} secularism, modern italian letters seem comparatively free from papal authority. In France, however, the Holy See boasts powerful literary supporters. Paul Claudel, Francois Mauriac and Jaque Maritain are remarkably effective servants of the Vatican. Even the much discussed existentialist movement has its catholic wing, represented by Gabriel Marcel, the highly respected philosopher. And what about the existentialist leader and his philosophy? Equally accomplished and successful as a novelist, playwright and essayist, Jean-Paul Sartre is the most conspicuous ^{literary} figure in postwar Europe. ^{Respectably} As for the actual meaning of existentialism as taught by the Sartre group it is difficult to define; for this remarkably unsystematic philosophical system

seems to consist of inconsistencies. Is Sartre a pessimist? Does he think life a crazy ghastly mess? His artistic predilection for sordid situations and vile characters suggests a disillusioned, nihilistic viewpoint. But Sartre does not like to be called a nihilist. Even while speaking of the universe ^{as a} disintegrated entity and of God as a misshapen ⁿ human invention, - a Dieu Manqué - Sartre accepts and praises ~~certain~~ ethical principles. Without explaining the origin ^{to believe that certain things} or authorisation of his moral code, he wants us ~~to believe that certain things~~ ^{are} ~~good~~ evil, certain other things good. Since there is no God to guide or judge us, it is up to ourselves to ^e determine our plight here below and our status in a rather vague, metaphysical future. Our actions, our behaviour, are all that matters. Everyman is what he makes of himself. An outspoken individualist and believer in the primacy of spiritual values, but simultaneously an active fighter for social progress, Sartre tries to reconcile the two traditional schools of thought, idealism and materialism. Consequently he is frowned upon by all the major parties. To the catholic church Sartre's views are a particularly objectionable form of paganism. Arthur Koestler and other witchhunters have denounced the existentialist leader as a Stalinist in transparent disguise, while the official spokesmen of Marxism reproach him for his ^{alleged} "pro-Fascist leanings". Last year, at the tenth International Congress of Philosophy in Amsterdam, ^a the Czech delegate, Arnost Colman, referred to existentialism as "a variety of sly apology for capitalism".

They quarrelled in Amsterdam, where 700 professional thinkers from twenty five countries assembled to exchange ideas. ~~Whhh~~ There was no agreement ~~no~~ conclusion, except for the final one, reached by the venerable Dutch scholar, Hugo Pos, chairman of the congress. "Our discussions" he asserted ^{sadly} truthfully, "have revealed the genral diffuseness of post-war thinking. - They quarreled at Wroclaw (formerly Breslau) where intellectuals from all over the world met under communist auspices to look for a common platform. Soviet writer Ilja Ehrenburg tried to promote international understanding by calling Anglo-American literature "a flood of mental opium", which caused an English delegate, Professor Taylor of Oxford, to state bitterly: "This congress has not served the purpose of bringing people together." A representative of India suggested in the end that the way for delegates to help the cause of peace was to "fast like Ghandi".

Is there no other hope? The touching enthusiasm with which the European ~~nnnnnn~~ intellectuals along with the masses responded to the bold gesture of the American born world citizen Garry Davis, is indicative of the general anxiety, the wide spread intense desire to find a way out of the present deadlock. But even while Davis is congregating a little trouop of well meaning, spirited men and women, even while millions of frightened people are longing and praying for peace, the ominous preoarations for war continue, the fatal rift between to world powers, two philosophies, is deepening from day to day.

A weak, dissonant chorus, the voices of the European intellactuals accompany the prodigious drama.

Some of these voices and by no means the ugliest ones sound downright desperate. "There is no hope" they say; "Whether we intellectuals are traitors or whether we are victims, in any case we'd better recognize the utter hopelessness of our situation. Why fool ourselves? We're done for, we're licked." And they say: "The struggle between the great two anti-spiritual powers, American money and Russian fanaticism, does not leave any room in the world for intellectual integrity and independence. We are compelled to take sides and by doing so to betray everything we should defend and cherish. Kestler is wrong when asserting that one side is a little better than the other - not quite black, just gray. In reality neither ~~black~~ is good enough which is to say that they are both bad, both black, black, black."

In recent years suicide has ~~become~~ become almost epidemic among European intellectuals. Virginia Woolf, Ernst Toller, Stefan Zweig, Jan Masarek, - ^{recall} list only a few illustrious names where many ^{familiar} ones might be listed - they all died, not, it ^{has} ^{seem} appears, for purely personal reasons, - not because they had failed in their own ~~personal~~ private ^{or public} lives. They died because we ^{had} failed them, because we didn't seem to have much use for them any longer. Where should Jan Masarek have ^{gone?} ~~ended?~~ Should he have come here to be turned into a ^{informer?} ~~renegade~~, and a spy? Should he have joined such honorable individuals as Mrs. Ruth Fischer, former Communist member of the German Reichstag, who joyously ~~denounced~~ denounced and testified against her own ^{brother?} brother, Mr. Gerhart Eisler? What should Ernst Toller have done, the one time communist whose disappointment with the party wouldn't ^{bring} ~~cause~~ him to betray the cause of the common people. Should he have stayed here and waited for the ^{some other day} ~~unmerited~~ activities ~~committee~~ to brand him as an agent and to deprive him, if not of his ^{activity}

^{was} ~~was~~ indeed a ^{very} ~~very~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{common} ~~common~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{person} ~~person~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{excellent} ~~excellent~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{army} ~~army~~

Some of the voices and by no means the ugliest ones sound down-
though his leanings were definitely to the left, he

He had never been a Communist
and felt that he couldn't breathe
under any kind of dicta. ^{He had} ~~He had~~ ^{have wished to fight} ~~the fighting~~

~~He~~ Nor ~~did~~ ^{he} ~~feel~~ ^{the fighting}
He could war on our side, against

~~He~~ He felt, moreover, - and he told me
So himself that ~~the~~ ^{his} ~~Communist~~ ^{Communist}

The Bears - ~~Peppers~~ had been

fatally let down by the U.S. - that
~~that he~~ ^{that he} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~off~~ ^{off} ~~a~~ ^a ~~box~~ ^{box}

Sheep when a 100 in a 50 for \$

Loan - a more like as loans go

these days. ⁵⁰ ~~Have~~ ^{Have} ~~been~~ ^{been} ~~desired~~ ^{desired}

Memphian of the non-Communist in the

guarantee that the ~~Communist~~ ^{red} ~~Communist~~ ^{Communist} ~~camp~~ ^{camp} ~~never~~ ^{never}

will have been avoided.

With all this in mind

pink ink
written for hidden for Social

at least of his honour and livelihood? - They quit, they departed,
because ~~there was nothing on~~ ^{to them} this particular star ~~had become~~ ^{seemed to have}
uninhabitable. I knew these people, and I knew many, too many others
who acted like ~~wise~~ ^{irresponsible}. They were not - any of them - cowards.
They must have realized, most of them, that as prominent intellectuals
they were called upon to set an example and that their final deed
was anything but exemplary. ~~Were they not aware~~ ^{Were they not aware} of the
discouraging, the demoralizing impression which their departure was
likely to create? ~~But that is not the point~~ ^{Perhaps they were. Other considerations, however,}
~~may have been decisive.~~ ^{may have been decisive.} But in some important instances at least
this "departure" constituted a deliberate demonstration, the most
dramatic, the ~~strongest~~ ^{and the most permanent, unforgettable} warning anyone ~~person~~ ^{dead ones} would be able to
sound. "Look out!" these ~~voices~~ ^{dead ones} keep calling to us. "Danger!
You're on the wrong road, the road to barbarism and disaster!
since our living voices proved too weak to make you turn round;
perhaps our deaths will shock you into attention. You knew us!
We were famous and successful, most of us, quite wealthy and well
for our talents, our intelligence and our personalities.
liked in many countries. Since we chose to throw away all that we
possessed including our very lives, you cannot but acknowledge that
something must at present be very
wrong with this world of ours. Be honest, be brave, do admit these
calamities! ^{even the} things to yourselves and the redeeming change will have started to
occur!"

That, I believe, is the message conveyed by those who died.
Less deliberately but by no means less impressively the same message
was ~~sent~~ ^{disseminated} by every ~~soldier or civilian killed in the war~~ ^{can} and by
every man woman or child ~~retured~~ ^{looked} to death in a concentration camp.
Nor does the picture that I've painted for you today, the ~~stitchy~~ ^{etchy} portrait
of Europe's living intelligentsia, carry a different message.

22 1941's mind you a message of despair,

Not any friends, as if a ^{that} ~~friend~~ ^{is} ~~heard~~

Nothing of what we've heard, my friends constitute ~~anything like~~

a reason for despair. Quite the contrary. Who would dream of despairing

because a fire alarm has been sounded? We are being warned, - that's all -

~~hahaha~~ prefer ~~hahaha~~ not to be taken by ~~kill~~
and I for one ~~prefer to know about the danger~~

~~and I for one prefer to know about the danger~~

surprise. Some of you may have experienced the bombing of a city and

you may have come to know the difference say between a V. 1 and a

V 2. Now the V. 1, the so called Doodle bug, ^{turn} ~~announced itself by~~

~~its caughing syncopated engine noise.~~ Also, ^{as it started to fall off above} ~~before it fell and just~~
~~hahaha~~ the fatal explosion, its motor stopped ^{and there was silence.} ~~for about 7 seconds.~~

If ~~hahaha~~ Doodle ^{at that moment} ~~happened to be over your head as the engine~~

~~fell silent~~ chances were that your house would get hit. You didn't

like the seven seconds that followed. Yet there were ^{life} a number of things

you could do to protect yourself while they lasted. You could ^{hurry} ~~get~~ away

from the window which even a near ^{my} ~~hit~~ was bound to blast. But in the

ⁱ corridor where there was no glass ~~haha~~ you could ^{flatten} ~~press~~ yourself against

the wall, ^{good gun shot} that inner wall which, you knew, was so often left standing

~~although~~ when ~~hahaha~~ a building had got it. You could -- never

mind - there were a few things ^{effectively} to be done in the face of an approaching

V. 1. There wasn't a single solitary thing that anyone could ^{do} ~~have~~

~~done when it came to V. 2.~~ Faster than the sound ^{these birds of prey closed in,} ~~they~~ came down and

exploded before their respective victims could have said Nazi. If you

were killed outright, now that wasn't too bad. But how many were

injured, blinded, maimed for the rest of their lives by that hellish

something that struck without warning.

Allegorically speaking it

~~is~~ is no V 2 that we are up

against today. It's the V. 1, the doodle bug whose caughing and syncopated

noise fills our air and ~~hahaha~~ which is not after all invincible.

We are very warned, - in many ways and on
many different levels

7
Seconds
Break 15

when
came
to
at 2.

English
 could be seen through the clouds
 very often the R A F succeeded
 in bringing it down into the valley
 exploding it over the water. If the planes
 failed and the first round
 missed it faced off toward London
 several scores of way
 would the ground batteries in the park
 on the way ~~that~~ ^{opened up and gave} it all
 and if they too missed
 and Doodle actually arrived
 over the city, it never managed
 to take any by surprise,
 its canopy syncopated engine noise
 would be heard miles in
 advance.

Allegedly speaking it
 is no V. I. that we are up
 against today. It's the V. I. the doodle bug whose catching and syncopated
 noise fills our air and highlights which is not after all invincible.
 It has been moving, in great leaps and bounds
 toward London.

And since it was the European intellectuals of whom we have
talked here today ⁱⁿ and whose plight, whose ordeal we have seen
a warning, let me conclude by quoting a few ^{recent} sentences from Jean
Cocteau's famed Lettre aux Americains, - his letter to the Americans, ^{Thurs}
Like most thinking Europeans Cocteau is frightened of the Dollar
almost religious
and, ~~even more~~, of our veneration of it. He is anxious too, lest
~~furios~~
our preoccupation with all things technical ~~strength~~ force our thinking
into channels that he calls "sterilely materialistic."
~~Don't~~ Don't, he says, get intoxicated with air conditioning
and television. Don't while watching a televised game forget to watch
over your liberties which - it seems to him - are in jeopardy. In the
America of 1949 Cocteau finds an ominous tendency towards political
reglemnation, indeed towards "Gleichschaltung" coordination in the
Nazi sense. "One of these days" he warns, "even our dreams are to
be supervised.. and it is not the spyoanalysts I am thinking of, -
it's the police."

Business as the supreme, the absolute ideal; the
~~apparent~~ an idol, ^{selfrighteous}
 technical machine as a purpose in itself hhhhh and a puritanism ^{married}
^{by} elements of A. life might well, ^{come to}
~~not free of~~ hypocrisie - these, according to Cocteau, devour our
^{and, it was seen, for greater}
 freedom. There are other dangers, unmentioned by the un and anti-po li
^{or is it a wish-dream}
 tical French poet. But somehow his summarazing prediction covers the
 hhh
 whole field. "You will" he tells us " be saved neither by your
^{arms} ^{It is your fleshy minority that will save you.}
 money nor by your weapons. You will be saved by your thinking minority."

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

high up on the air over the Atlantic,
✓ written ~~on the~~ plane
that caused him to leave
from N.Y.

And since it was the European who first
talked here today and whose platitude we have seen
in
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in

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Anatole France and Freud; Bergson and H.G. Wells; Maxim Gorki and Paul Valérie.

"Whenever young people come to me for advice, I feel so shamefully incompetent, so helpless and embarrassed." - "They keep asking me whether there is a way out of the present deadlock and whether there is any sense, logic and purpose behind the turmoil. But who am I to tell them? I don't know myself."

Céline, Paul Maurand and Henry de Montherlant.

"It is only by deliberately concentrating on eternal things that we can prevent time from making diabolical foolishness of all we do."

Paul Claudel, Francois Mauriac and Jaque Maritain.

"One of these days" he warns "we shall find that even our dreams are being supervised. And it is not the psychoanalysts I am thinking of, - it is the police."

"You will" he tells us, "be saved neither by your arms nor by your money. You will be saved by your thinking minority."