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## German Literature In Exile

W.M. K. Pfeiler

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WM. K. PFEILER

GERMAN LITERATURE  
IN EXILE

new series no. 16

*University of Nebraska Studies*

august 1957

GERMAN LITERATURE  
IN EXILE

*The Concern of the Poets*

WM. K. PFEILER

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## Foreword

The present monograph is the first of several of my studies dealing with the German literature that originated in exile since 1933. By calling it "German Literature in Exile" it is kept in mind that it is not a homogeneous literary entity but a part, although an important one, of the whole of German Literature, of which the Austrian and Swiss Literatures are essential components with individual characteristics. The designation used is basically a *Formalkategorie* for reasons of necessary reference. There are, however, traits of distinction: a militant humanism and a preoccupation with problems peculiar to the existence in exile. The study also deals with the question whether any writing dealing with the "problems of the day" deserves consideration as serious literature.

The survey of the poetry written in exile tries to give an exposition of the basic concern of the writers expelled from Germany. Nostalgia and determination to fight back and to adjust to the new environment mark many of the lyrics; resignation and *Weltschmerz* were present, but the dominant note was a vigorous militancy against the national-socialist rule at home and "fascism" everywhere. For a large part the poetry was *Kampfpoesie*. "Private lyrics" were found seldom; experimental and abstract-symbolic poetry was practically absent.

The selection of poets does not necessarily constitute a judgment of value or a ranking of the writers. Relevancy to the theme and actuality of expression were primary reasons for the choice, as was the availability of the material. The ideal way would have been to give the poems chosen in their entirety, an impossibility, to be sure.

A mere summary would have failed to convey the originality and special character of the poem. As a compromise I decided to cite original lines within the analyzing text, a way out of a dilemma even though perhaps a poor one. I trust that this method nevertheless affords a reliable view of the "poetic landscape" in exile. A full picture can only become available when detailed investigations follow up this more general survey.

My project was made possible by work in the New York Public Library, in the Library of Congress, in the Wiener Library in London and in other locations in Europe. The studies could not have been carried out without a Summer Research Fellowship, The Woods Fellowship, and Grants given by the Research Council of the University of Nebraska under its then chairman Dr. R. W. Goss, former Dean of the Graduate College. The appreciation I here express is but a feeble indication of the indebtedness I feel for the generous help given to me.

There are many who gave assistance and whose help was essential. I thank them cordially. I have carefully referred to every source that has been of help. To the scholars and authorities who favored me with their counsel by correspondence and in personal conferences I extend my respectful and affectionate gratitude.

I cannot conclude these prefatory remarks without mentioning the assistance rendered by the staff of the Library of the University of Nebraska. Realizing the magnitude of their service to me, I can but say: *Herzlichen Dank!* to Frank Lundy, B. Kreisman, E. M. Johnson, R. H. DeWitt, Charles Miller, Miss M. Taylor and many others. Sincere thanks are also due to the University editor, Miss Emily Schosberger and the staff of the University of Nebraska Press for indispensable counsel and invaluable help.

University of Nebraska, Lincoln

W. K. P.

February, 1957



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## PART I

### German Literature Outside The Third Reich

Coelum non animum mutant  
qui transmare currunt.

*Horace, Epist.*

THE unprecedented political upheaval following Hitler's assumption of power, specifically after the Reichstag fire in February, 1933, manifested itself to Germany's neighbors dramatically by the early exodus of tens of thousands of people who, for "racial" reasons or political nonconformity, thought it wise to leave the realm of the Third Reich, where freedom and lives were endangered. The steady flow of fugitives never stopped; they were called *emigrants* or *émigrés* if their goal was permanent settlement abroad and if "legal" sanction for going abroad was given by the Nazi authorities; *refugees* or *exiles*, if their ultimate hope was a return to the fatherland after the restoration of a German *Rechtsstaat*. For both types the term *exile* came into common use.<sup>1</sup> The flight reached its peak after the annexation of Austria and the pogroms of November, 1938. Despite the misery and wretchedness awaiting the large majority of exiles—only comparatively few individuals were able to transfer substantial values to the lands of their refuge—they were fortunate when one considers the fate of those who by choice or necessity stayed behind and who later had to die by untold numbers in the process of planned extermination.

At first, only Germany's neighboring countries were "invaded" by the stream of fugitives; later practically no part of the globe failed to get its share of the victims of Nazi persecution. Between 1933 and 1941 perhaps from 450,000 to half a million people left Germany and Austria, an exit still being possible then, and of these about twenty percent fled, not for racial but definitely for political reasons. The

great majority of the refugees were of Jewish origin; about eight to ten percent of the total number were not.

In this mass flight from Germany, the intellectuals of various professions constituted a historically unprecedented high percentage in the host of expatriates. As to the representatives of literature, never before in history had the élite of the cultural life of a nation departed on such a scale. It left the homeland almost depleted of its internationally recognized cultural stock. To the world it looked as if a whole literary generation had withdrawn almost in a body. Hardly any writers of world-wide reputation were left.<sup>2</sup> Although handicapped in their profession more than expelled people in any other occupation—for their tools were the words of their native tongue in an environment alien in language, tradition and custom and often bitterly hostile—many exiled writers persisted in their work with such a tenacious devotion and remarkable success that it would elicit universal admiration if the world knew of it. Even in the Germany of today, which vigorously endeavors to make good the past and to catch up with the twelve long years lost, the knowledge of this so-called *Emigrantenliteratur* is spotty, often superficial and vitiated by emotionally rooted prejudices.<sup>3</sup>

An immense German literature came into being abroad, regrettably *unübersehbar* now because of the failure to create biographic and bibliographic centers that could have recorded systematically the names of exiled German authors and their works. It has become almost impossible to obtain a complete bibliography of the German literature created abroad in the years of Nazi rule, a job nevertheless now undertaken by W. Sternfeld in London under the sponsorship of the *Deutsche Bibliothek* and its director, Hanns W. Eppelsheimer. However, it must be recognized that early some remarkable bibliographic efforts were made, for which present and future researchers will be indebted. Since 1937 Kurt Pinthus had tried in vain to have various institutions start systematic collections of titles and data about exiled authors. He and F. C. Weiskopf for many years gathered important bibliographical data which to some extent were made accessible in the latter's readable survey of the German literature that had been written "under foreign skies."<sup>4</sup>

Walter A. Berendsohn in Stockholm started early to gather primary material for his introduction to the German *Emigrantenliteratur*, stressing especially its militant-humanist character.<sup>5</sup> Richard Drews and Alfred Kantorowicz published biographies with selections of writings of authors who had been suppressed in Germany for twelve

years and whose works had been "banned and burned."<sup>6</sup> In his "Literature as History," Paul E. Lüth also devoted some space to the literature in exile.<sup>7</sup> It is a hopeful sign for the slowly growing attention paid to the neglected field of German exile literature when a book of general reference like the *Deutschland-Jahrbuch* includes an article on emigrated authors which—while it has to be brief and compact—gives fair recognition to their work. It gives sympathetic emphasis to the fact that the literary achievements of the exile belong legitimately to German Literature proper.<sup>8</sup>

Such a view, of course, was at the time totally unacceptable to the Nazi guardians of the German *Schrifttum*, and even though these may—or may not—have entered well-merited oblivion, the question of whether the *Emigrantenliteratur* "belongs" is by no means universally answered in the affirmative.<sup>9</sup>

Speaking of a German Literature in Exile, one may ask: How is this literature to be defined? What is meant by it? The answer could be simply this: German literature in general is the body of writing in the German language; it is differentiated by the character of its creators, who, by native endowment, tradition, environment and numerous other factors, some not always easily comprehended in rational terms, give substantial expression to their reactions to the world about or within them. Literature in Exile is a part of the German Literature and is, above all, a *formale Kategorie*. It is the literature created by authors who were forced or chose to leave their native land and who continued their work in German no matter where they might find themselves. Of course, the writing done in exile assumed features which reflected the specific circumstances of their existence. But it is part and parcel of German literature as a whole. The domicile of a writer is not and never was a decisive, qualitative criterion concerning his belonging to a certain literature.

While this statement may have the naive charm of simplicity, it should not be taken as more than it claims to be. The character of exile literature, as that of any literature, is complex and has given rise to lively theoretical discussions. As Thomas Mann pointed out early, the boundary line between "emigrated" and "non-emigrated" literature cannot be drawn easily, but it certainly does not coincide with territorial boundaries.<sup>10</sup>

Attempts to come to definitional terms about the literature in exile started early. In line with the objective of this study, to give in an expository fashion a picture of the currents and problems of the

German literature abroad, some of the efforts toward analyzing and clarifying it may be recounted.<sup>11</sup>

In 1934, the Dutch writer Menno ter Braak, in an article "*Emigranten-Literatur*," called to task exiled writers and critics, who in their indulgence in *adoration mutuelle*, failed in what the objective of a true literature in exile should be.<sup>12</sup> He denied that there was anything "essential" in practically any literature, and doubted that literature per se expresses "values of life"; it rather presents a distortion of them, owing to the process of artistic shaping. In many respects, German literature before Hitler's reign had been a concern of the *literati* only, and the impression was now that the emigrants simply "continue their business." The new situation was, if different at all, noticeable only in the choice of *Motive*. Yet these were not decisive criteria in a valid appraisal of literature. A rousing indignation as, for instance, that of Ernst Toller was more welcome than "smooth literature." Writers regard their own work rather naively, in that they take their disguises, their gestures, their "airs" as essence, and thus no surprise should be registered when the writers who had been driven out of their land now developed *Kritiklosigkeit* into a complex. In the necessity of defending himself against degrading calumny, against the Nazi idiocy that palmed itself off as mysticism, the writer necessarily resorted to defensive armor and weapons, and this well-understandable fact made him supersensitive to any criticisms toward himself and his colleagues in a similar position. Hence the mutual gushing praise observed in the reviews of works of emigrants. But the *Emigrantenliteratur* should be more than a perpetuation of the old modes and attitudes. The refugee writer should get a firmer grasp of his European mission and not permit the domineering influences that were generated by the fight against the false mysticism of the blood-and-soil idolatry. Criticism should have as its standard the genius of great personalities, not the smooth skill of the literary craftsman.

The article stirred up a vigorous response. Erich Andermann, in his refutation of the charges, arrived at some formulations which seem to have validity beyond the discussion at the time.<sup>13</sup> The implicit premise of ter Braak that the grievous experience of the refugee writers should have had a stimulating rather than a paralyzing effect was unacceptable, aside from the fact that there was no such intellectual-spiritual (*geistige*) entity as *Emigrantenliteratur*. The common experience of exile, to which its participants were led by far from uniform reasons, created at best a "community of fate" and nothing more. To challenge this heterogeneous group to a fulfillment of a European mission would first require a specific clarification of this term. Mean-

while, what else could reasonably be expected from the writers other than the continuation of the work begun at home? A certain leniency in criticism of their books was imperative under the extreme jeopardy of publishing in foreign lands. At home, adverse judgments could be absorbed and, indeed, with profit, because of the vast audience an author potentially enjoyed there; however, any adverse criticism in exile might mean the death knell not only for an author's work but for his very physical existence.

Ludwig Marcuse, one of the most prolific and vigorous writers of the exile, now professor at the University of Southern California, also rejected the reference to an *Emigrantenliteratur* because, as a generic concept, it was void of a "deeper, factual justification."<sup>14</sup> He called this literature the sum of all books by authors writing in German who either *could* or *would* not work at home under Hitler's rule. There was no correlation between the commonly shared fact of living in exile and literary communality. He rightly raised the question: Why should a writer outside of Germany not continue his earlier work in the same spirit and manner as he had done before? It speaks for his intellectual solidness and integrity when he does so. The fact was that the world view of the exiled writer stood the acid test of uprooting and transposition, while, on the other hand, the attitude of many authors remaining at home in Germany had to undergo radical changes if they wanted to stay in good health.

Another reaction to ter Braak came from Hans Sahl.<sup>15</sup> He went beyond Andermann's assertion that the writer's task was to cultivate the German language and be the guardian of the true German spirit. Sahl asked for more lucid and more obligating challenges; he insisted that categories other than the aesthetic ought to be used to determine the value of existence of a literature; it could be reduced to a common denominator just as little as the whole of the emigration from Nazi rule. He felt certain that this exile literature would bring forth what any literature would: the good, the trifling and the bad and, yes, maybe even something truly great. This, however, was not the salient point. The decisive question to be asked was: Is a sense, a meaning, being found for or given to the phenomenon of emigration? Certain works published had already attempted to give an answer to this question. The expatriated German literature would overcome the geographic distance from its native soil by proximity of the spirit; and it would assist in the building of a new Germany by everywhere securing cadres of her true representatives.

In challenging the free writers to tasks clearly outside the concept of an art per se, Sahl touched upon a theme that, as will be seen, was

to engage considerable attention of writers and critics during the years of exile. Book after book, as well as significant articles in periodicals, appeared in German, a fact which gave substance to the claim that the center of the German cultural sphere might not necessarily be any longer found inside the territorial boundaries of Germany but had shifted outside the borders of the Reich.

The first general survey of the "free German book" was published in January, 1935, less than two years after the beginning of the exile.<sup>16</sup> Far from complete, and with emphasis on Soviet orientation, the *Almanach* was the result of the cooperation of sixteen publishers; it offered the view of a rich and vigorously unfolding literature in its summary of titles and the compact, if not always reliable, synopsis of the books.

About two years later, in November, 1936, the *Schutzverband deutscher Schriftsteller in Paris*, the protective association of German writers—which had aimed to establish a tradition of commemorating the ignominious day of Nazi book-burning on May 10, 1933, by founding exactly a year after this date the German "Freedom-Library"—provided the first concrete evidence of a vast German literature abroad by sponsoring in Paris a remarkable exhibition *Das freie deutsche Buch*.<sup>17</sup> Extensive bibliographies of publications followed year after year at a pace that soon made it extremely difficult to keep track of all the literary work done. Had there been adequate finances to subsidize the collecting and administering of this literature of the unhampered German mind as had been advocated by Kantorowicz, Pinthus and others, there would be a much better chance to study what is now "gone with wind."<sup>18</sup>

The first two noteworthy attempts for a general comprehension of this, by now, great body of literature in terms of serious categories and interpretative literary history appeared about five years after the exile began in 1933.

Odd Eide, a young Norwegian writer who, from the start, had followed the events with sympathetic concern, wrote a study which, in a mainly sociologically determined approach, found the common denominator of the *Emigrantenliteratur* in the "universal unfortunate political fate" of its representatives.<sup>19</sup> He saw a militant literature emerging as the mouthpiece of an enslaved and silenced Germany, a literature that would become the standard-bearer in the fight for freedom. As such, it concerned even non-Germans to a high degree.

The primary objective of Eide's study was to describe this fight. After briefly outlining the collapse of the Weimar Republic, the taking



over of power by the Nazis and the initial effects on the cultural life of the nation, Eidem submitted to the reader not only a generally sympathetic picture of the fate of the exiled authors, but he also desired to have their situation and struggle comprehended in terms of history. In this manner, he presented the *Emigrantenliteratur* as a historical phenomenon.<sup>20</sup> While wholly aware of the heterogeneity of the exile literature (always referred to as *Emigrantenliteratur*), Eidem arrived at some semblance of order by giving special consideration to three distinct groups. The chapter on Jewish nationalism pointed out that the Jewish people constituted the largest component among the exiles; their writings were mainly of a polemic and confessional character. The national-conscious Jews could clearly be recognized as a separate group, an assertion against which the critic Werner Türk pointed to the indubitable fact that, for example, Arnold Zweig and Alfred Döblin not only were Jewish ideologists but also very definitely, and "above all," German authors.<sup>21</sup> In another chapter, Eidem dealt with the socialist writers of the emigration. Since the "essential" part of German refugees consisted of persons who had left for political reasons, the socialist writers gave more adequate expression to the general mentality of the German emigration. Their characteristic trait was optimism, despite the extraordinarily heartbreaking conditions under which they had to do their writing.

The non-socialist, individualistic authors were discussed by Eidem in a chapter entitled "The Emigrant Writer and History." These lacked the firm intellectual-spiritual (*geistig*) basis which the writers of the other two groups could claim. The individualists had turned to history in order to find parallels for the contemporary situation.<sup>22</sup> Biographies and historical novels were therefore preponderantly their domain. It might be of interest to note that Eidem included in his list of exiled writers some Austrians, who did not have to go into banishment until a few months later.

The preliminary character of Eidem's mainly sociological appraisal was recognized by the critics; it was frankly conceded even by the author himself when, for example, he named Lion Feuchtwanger as one who would fit into each of his three classes of writers. However, Eidem's pioneering essay was the first serious and informative introduction to the intellectual and political currents and points of view prevalent within the literature of the German refugees. Its drawback was that the author's eagerness to give a view of contemporary German history in vividly presented book summaries resulted in an unevenness of presentation not commensurate with the importance of the individual writers and the specific literary merits of their works.<sup>23</sup>

The literary situation in Germany before 1933 as he saw it was the starting point of Alfred Döblin's almost debonair survey of the German literature in exile, an essay that claimed as its core a "dialogue between politics and art."<sup>24</sup> From what is called a "historical point of view," Döblin perceived three great contemporary "classes" in German literature since 1900: first there were the feudalists, the agrarian and expansive-bourgeois conservatives whose gaze was turned backward and who were inclined toward "classicism." Then we would find the humanists with liberal, progressive and conciliatory middle-class tendencies. Finally, the intellectual-revolutionary group would come into view, alert to the present but with accents often quite contradictory. There were either political and non-political rationalists or mystics beholden to no definite political creed. This group especially represented the younger generation.

Such, then, was the situation in 1933. When, at that time, German Literature broke apart, the question was: Did this happen along lines predetermined according to the above grouping of the literary forces? The answer of Döblin was: in part, yes. The conservatives found in Nazism much to their liking. To be sure, the Caliban manners of the new masters thoroughly startled them, and Nazi reality had little in common with their own dreams of a new Reich shaped according to the romantic ideas of a Richard Wagner. Yet most of the "conservatives," if "racially" in the clear, stayed home.

Harder hit were the humanists. Their nature revolted against totalitarianism and dictatorship; to them *Gleichschaltung*, coordination, seemed, of course, out of the question. But was this so with all of them? Quite a few were scions of the well-to-do middle class who liked their comfort—and would not the realm of ideas and ideals always be free? So many remained at home and learned to hold their tongues, for they long since had become incapable of straightforward, honest hatred and hostility anyway. Those who did not succumb were pushed out or left on their own, branded by the Nazis as liberals, reactionaries and *Judenknechte*. In consequence, many of the authors of the cultured middle class were found abroad.

The class of intellectual revolutionaries was sharply torn asunder. There were those who shared with the conservatives the contempt for the liberal and humanist ideas that had "grown stale"; again, others had a certain affinity toward the mystic and the irrational. The rightist radicals among the *Geistesrevolutionäre* swung, for a while at least, into the Nazi orbit. However, the exodus of leftists occurred in great numbers.

The result of the break-up of German literature in 1933 was, then, that inside the Third Reich the conservatives and feudalists, rightist radicals and a few, very few, cryptohumanists carried on, even though they were under constant pressure. Abroad were found, besides a few splinter elements of group one, the block of the humanists and the greater part of the intellectual revolutionaries. The question of "aryan or non-aryan" was, of course, an important factor not to be forgotten.

After its severance from the Reich, the German literature abroad was by no means a torso. No matter how indigent and handicapped in innumerable ways the authors might have been, they continued to develop and grow in their craft. They were not necessarily "leftist" when they insisted on working "as they pleased." Freedom was indispensable for creative literary work; if it was denied, true art had to die. Literature in exile was free, yet Döblin contended that this fact in itself gave but a modicum of encouragement. Like cultures of bacteria, the writers had been transplanted into a different, and highly dubious, new "nutrient solution." Free German-writing authors had only parts of Switzerland and Russia for an immediate clientele, in addition to sporadic readers in Holland, Scandinavia and the U.S.A. But there was more to the exile than this material shrinkage of an audience. A writer in his native country absorbed, according to Döblin, consciously or unconsciously, the thousand impacts and vibrations of his fellow countrymen, which induced in him an ever-changing field of tension and would call forth an energy that made him grow and prosper in his art. How different the situation in exile! A total change in the environment brought almost complete social isolation, and even the close circle of his friends and "fellows in fate" was of little help because they, too, were involved in the same compulsive process of desperately trying to come to terms with a new world.

If this sad plight would now lead an observer, continued Döblin, to expect with apprehension a creeping anemia of the German literature abroad, his alarm would be groundless. In vain would future historians look for signs of weakness as a mark of this literature. Each in his individual way, most writers in exile went about their task with courage, with loyalty to themselves and their calling. Exile was more than a crushing blow of fate; it was the acid test for a man to prove his mettle. As the banishment dragged on and on, as it turned more and more into a long and wearisome march through waste and desert lands, the character was steeled and the work continued, even if it meant the critical tapping of irreplaceable reserves. The suffering, the strength and greatness of this literature thrown out of its na-

tive land was worthy of songs of high praise. It was, Döblin stated, German literature, not just a "literature of emigrants."

This literature now became subject to attacks from various quarters, not to mention the absolute and vicious hostility of the Nazis. The primarily politically minded people levelled the charge against it that its preoccupation with historic topics of past ages and of various climes ignored the burning issues of the day, and that it thus turned into a kind of escape from reality. The answer that literature might very well deal with peoples and epochs of the past and yet in doing so report passionately on the burning issues of the present was brushed aside; the imperious demand was made that literature in general, and especially this one of the exile, should not deal with aesthetic or psychological questions of a private nature, but stress political and social values above all. The response of Döblin was that the writers produced and did whatever was in their might and talent; they continued, each one individually, as they had done at home, spinning the thread of their work. The deepest misery in exile could not change the basic facts of their existence which were the indispensable presuppositions and conditions for all art and literature. They worked at long range; they were concerned with man and the world in their totality; and they had to follow their own creative impulses. The "practical man" and the "political man" may counter: You writers own a weapon of greatest force, the living word. Do not use it in artful play while the world seems doomed to perish; use it to give direction and aim to the forces that will heal the world, else your art may go hang.

The confrontation of these views is, or course, a simplification and, at the same time, is overelaborated in its formulation. An artist, a writer, truly could not and should not cultivate "private" concerns to the exclusion of considerations of vital communal interest. He has, indeed, to put up with some curtailment of the self-sovereignty as an artist and examine his position. But fundamentally this was the artist's—Döblin's—answer:

"Each artist, each writer, carries the community in which he lives along into his deepest solitude. Through language, judgments, images and concepts the community has a share in the artist's creative process. The writer is by no means struck dumb when in his solitude. He carries on innumerable 'conversations' all around, merging with them his inspiration."<sup>25</sup> Isolation or communal contact was therefore not a question for an author, but the problem was, what kind of society has generated the directive force even into his most private sphere.

Many German writers, in contrast to French authors, had carried only wretched miniature editions of their society into their solitude,

showing a very low degree of communality spirit, *Gesellschaftlichkeit*. There were determining predelections for the abstract and morally arrogant (and stupid) contempt for the everyday life, the *Alltag*; instead, "eternal problems" were the exclusive concern; the interest in the fullness of human life for which Goethe once had raised his voice had gone by the board. A short circuit into mysticism often took place, a *Kurzschluss in die Mystik*.

The secularization of German literature, a process somewhat parallel to the gradual lowering of political barriers, had been infinitely slow. But pushing too hard in this direction had led to another short circuit, that one into the ephemeral problems of the day and into party politics, a danger to which French and English literature also had begun to succumb. Tolstoy and Gorki, Flaubert and Keller were able through their work to stir up a sense of social awareness because their hearts gave truth and completeness to their stories, not party platforms and a desire to accommodate politicians. It was ridiculous and provoking to Döblin when theoreticians, critics and writers solicited in exile the creation of antifascist works. The writers ought to be left strictly alone in their work. They were *The German Literature* abroad, and they should not tolerate indoctrination by politicians. It was they who continued the free German literature and they had to be on guard not to fall prey to compulsory neuroses. Cliques of the German political parties, irresponsible and detestable, had tried in exile to elbow their way into literary criticism. For their own selfish purposes they began to classify "friendly" and "hostile" authors, and they also singled out those to be ruined by the "silent treatment."<sup>26</sup>

The sensible attitude, so Döblin continued, would be to encourage free German writers to aim at a closer attachment to society and to have them develop a spirit of communality, *Gemeinschaft*. An author would find far deeper satisfaction if he would enter the complex web of human relations, rather than explore his own private sphere to the point of exhaustion. But no political program could animate the working toward such a goal, only the slow-working impact of personal experience. Political formulae and manifestos are intellectual abstractions; in the field of art they amount at best to labels and slogans and nothing more.

The world was a world of horror, and even if the authors could not help but be incorrigible glorifiers and lovers of life and would never give up that which they knew was its depth and magic, more than heretofore they would have to deal with the "tiger face" of the world, whose features were composed of evil, harshness and war. Insignificant as he

may have felt, the writer had to put greater trust in the "gentle and great" power of art and the creative word, and be convinced that he was the guardian of a fire through which the "tiger" had to be tamed and conquered. His field was the world and not just the drawing rooms of the—after all not so—mighty ones. While he himself kept aloof from politics and the struggles for power, inasmuch as they are manifested in society as well as in private lives, he had to recognize the forces at work and react to them positively through his creative art.

In concluding the theoretical discussion of the literature in exile, Döblin wanted to make it clear that his negative criticism was mainly aimed at the contempt of "reality" and of "the human community"; he wanted to score the clinging to bloodless phantoms and abstractions that posed as *Mystik* but were, in fact, only indications of hollowness, disillusionment and degeneration. Religion, genuine *Mystik*, was part of the creative basis of a new humanity, and literature was to share in the great process of recovery and restitution in the degree to which it penetrated into the ancient core of life from whence radiated all the forces of creation.

In the second part of Döblin's book, about forty writers pass in review, among them, naturally, the best known. Brief samples of some of their works illustrate the points Döblin wanted to make. His comments are presented in a style that is as compact as it is elegant and fluent, if not without caprice. The impression left by Döblin is that the body of literature created by the German writers abroad was true German literature in its proper sense; it was not a questionable branch to be stigmatized by derogatory overtones which, intended or not, would brand it inferior and illegitimate.<sup>27</sup>

A vigorous brief against classifying the work of authors in exile as a "literature of emigrants" was presented by Hermann Kesten in the same year in which Döblin's study appeared.<sup>28</sup> Point by point he examined and rejected the arguments in favor of using qualifying terms for the literature produced abroad, although he recognized that Hitler's murderous persecution of the free spirit resulted from the start in a "double-entry bookkeeping" concerning literature. A Chinese wall arose between the censored and the free book. Numerically the greater part of writers, of course, remained in the Third Reich, but nowhere do quantitative terms mean less than in the realm of the spirit. A very significant group of authors went into exile or returned to their homelands: Switzerland, Austria, Czechoslovakia. A magnificent and prospering literature turned its back for a while on a dishonored motherland. Yet there did not run a truly deep schism between the Nazi-corralled literature and the *Emigrantenliteratur*.<sup>29</sup> Neither exile nor

membership in the Reich's official chamber of writers separated *die "beiden deutschsprachigen Literaturen"* (sic), the two German-language literatures. Along with writers of genius and character, scoundrels and amateurs also went into exile, and within the Reich remained upright patriots and charming talents beside "chained dogs" and lick-spittles. The dividing line between the living free German literature and the National-Socialist *Gräberliteratur*, the literature of the tombs, ran straight through the Reich and through the exile as it did through those free countries where German was the mother tongue or one of the mother tongues.

No German *Emigrationsliteratur* existed, according to Kesten, in the sense in which this word was often employed, either in a hateful attitude or with a benevolent intent. Nobody had succeeded in postulating one single valid and unifying principle by which the term "literature of emigrants" could be justified. For what, besides the German language, had the writers of the emigration in common? Certainly not German citizenship nor the place of domicile. Or should, perhaps, the fact that their works were banned in Germany unite them? Hermann Hesse was still published there, and Thomas Mann was until recently; they were humanists both and deadly enemies of Nazism, but Otto Strasser, whose work clearly revealed fascist tendencies, was banned also. Were perhaps the inner and external factors of exile a common denominator? The great divergencies in the fate of many proved this argument illusionary. The firmly stated conclusion of Kesten was that no common character for the *Emigrationsliteratur* existed, just as there was none for the literature in the Reich. The fact of exile or the banishment of his works did not create a literary postulate and criterion for judging a writer. The exile left traces as did any experience, but no single experience was sufficient in itself to have art and literature named after or classified by it, nor was any experience significant enough to require it.

In a review of Döblin's study especially aimed at what he considered the questionable and faulty application of sociological principles, Ferdinand Lion shared with Kesten the thesis that style and form immanent to the artistic creation had to provide the evaluating criteria; they afforded the drawing of much sharper lines of demarcation than a social grouping into feudalists, humanists and revolutionaries—if a classification of literature was possible at all in the desire for getting a grasp of the creative spirit in terms of rational comprehension. Contrary to Kesten, however, Lion "cannot get rid of a feeling that one deals with a compact body that is fighting and feels *solidarisch*."<sup>30</sup> In literature, the decision about a new intellectual-spiritual German

existence, and hence a new definitional category, could be made only when a "new style" would make an appearance. Caution was advisable for the history of the European Mind abounds in quickly succeeding theses, antitheses and syntheses of styles which, in fact, mark the caesuras of the Mind's "real revolutions." The magic formula of such a "new style" might be created even by someone who was still in the camp of the opposition, maybe now living within the Reich, but whom to welcome into exile would be an honor. Lion acknowledged by inference the oneness of German literature in its essence, although he was aware that there was a body of literature outside the Reich even if a common denominator for it was lacking.

The eloquent and often violent objections to the term *Emigrantenliteratur*, based on theoretic, aesthetic, political and historical arguments, may have had a much simpler fundamental cause. In torrents of slander and abuse, Goebbels tried to hammer this term into the minds of the German people as a concomitant to venomous hate, treachery and revulsion. Vicious persecution was directed against the free German literature wherever the organs and agencies of Nazism had a chance, not only inside but also outside the Reich. No wonder the exiles resented this term with such deadly enmity; they could not help but hear it with a sense of shame and deepest indignation. Furthermore, German literature in exile, with its achievements and free cultural tradition that stemmed from many roots, could not be qualified so narrowly as to be just a "literature of emigrants."

In view of these facts, Berendsohn and others had a losing battle on their hands in favoring the concept of a German "literature of emigrants." Berendsohn's definition and interpretation which aimed at dispelling the detestable connotations of the term and having it turned into a badge of honor may have been made in the same spirit as the Dutch adopted the term *gueux* against their Spanish oppressors, but it never seemed to have found general acceptance.<sup>81</sup> Aside from serious theoretical objections, the resentment against this designation was too bitter. Prejudice and aversions against *Emigranten* still do exist in some quarters in Germany even today; it is not uncommon to see *Emigrantendeutsch* and *Emigrantenliteratur* used there as terms of derogation. It explains why, if for no other reasons, Berendsohn's advocacy of the term *Emigrantenliteratur* might be without success.

Theoretical discussions about whether there was a German literature abroad and what it should be called subsided during the war years and the time immediately after. But when conditions became somewhat more settled, interest began to develop, if only slightly, in the work of exiled German authors. The year 1933 was recognized as not



having a specific qualitative meaning in literature, although it was the date when Nazism got into power and when a far-reaching relocation of writers got under way. But their creativity and production had suffered no really fatal break in continuity.<sup>32</sup>

Oskar Maria Graf concluded a cogent analysis of the situation in exile and its specific problems for a German writer with a pointed warning against accepting the concept of a divided German literature: "Whoever tries—no matter whether in malice or in blindness—to break up today our much-harassed, great literature, which is now but slowly recovering, into an emigrated part and into one that stayed at home, yes, or even into a Western and an Eastern half, he commits as dastardly a crime as did Hitler and his helpers. He betrays the wholeness of our spirit and of our people. Our literature, the noblest and the unique medium for our common understanding, is as indivisible as the language that joins together all of us."<sup>33</sup>

While "German Literature in Exile" cannot be considered an entity per se and while it is part and parcel of the greater German Literature, it seems justified as a factual term of simple, convenient reference. But it is more. As the national currents of literature in Europe around 1880 began to form a mainstream of greater European significance within which German literature, however, retained characteristic features of its own—in no small measure the result of the political happenings of the time—so it was with the literature in exile after 1933. This literature continued, outside the Reich, the development that was already in progress before under the all-covering term German Literature. It was inside Hitler's realm where the break was almost complete with a rich and chaotic, contradictory and paradoxical, spiritual-intellectual creative field of force which German Literature had encompassed. Impulses welling from deepest indignation about a cruel persecution, re-enforced by political passions and understandable "group hatred," even led to assertions that the exile literature was *the* German Literature of the day; such a conclusion, however, is simply not borne out by facts. Many upright and competent authors and, of course, poets remained in Germany and, despite the loathsome rush with which opportunist writers after the war claimed "hibernation" into *innere Emigration* (inward emigration), this term stands for a reality, often deeply tragic. The men and women of the "emigration within" represent "rightfully an essential part of the German intellectual-spiritual (*geistig*) life" during the years of the Nazi regime.<sup>34</sup>

Art and literature signify peculiar ways of creative man's coming to terms with the world about and in him. The exile, with everything this word suggests, exerted influences, scarcely perceptible in some,

greatly in the case of others. The exiled writer was attacked when he continued his work "as usual," and was berated as well when, self-conscious and under compulsion, he tried to break with the past and plow new fields. The awareness of his existence in a given environment peculiar to him is the start for any writer and artist. His experiences give and modify the direction to his aims and they furnish the substance for his formative genius. The creative mind can never be wholly fathomed nor fully understood, yet certain facts are clear. The writer-artist must be intelligent in his own line; he must have a power of discrimination and judgment. Experiences move him more than ordinary people; yet in a way he is detached and objective about them. This power of detachment is vital. The experienced event can be quite trifling in itself, or it may be a series of stirring happenings, almost anything. Some inner awareness registers the events, thoughts, feelings and actions; there is perhaps a flash of recognition and empathy, and then all may sink down for a while below the threshold of consciousness. This "sinking down" is of crucial importance, for far below—in "the abyss of the soul"—a mysterious process is going on which may cause the matter to come up again in a new guise, so that the original emotional-intellectual experience is juxtaposed with other material, and the whole fused into something "new." What was an isolated instance or a fragment of outer or inner experiences becomes now "part of a whole." With slowly growing momentum, insight spreads. Along with this, a coldly critical faculty takes over, aware of everything pertinent or extraneous to the project on hand, which is: to translate the inner world through words into an objective creation. The vision within is unerringly right for the artist, and it is only when some veil or curtain of "foreign" origin comes between him and the deep well of his awareness that he may fail and become a fraud; he is a fraud when he *tries* to be an artist. What comes out may be poetry or drama or an epic creation; it can be anything. In the process of artistic creative action, two acts occur simultaneously: the material wells up as from a volcano, and it may often stimulate a search for elements of affinity not yet grasped, but at the same time, organization, sorting and ruthless rejection also take place. Many a writer has failed in this work of self-criticism because he found equally good whatever the inner volcano poured forth. Some with only little creative fire are able to manipulate with great skill their limited talent to the point of perfection. The real genius has the great fire burning inside together with a coldly critical eye for whatever comes forth, and no mercy is shown toward his own work if it fails to meet his standards.

Keeping these facts of the creative process in mind, it is obvious that the exile had to leave its mark on the writer. While it might be right and fitting not to speak of a divided German literature, the *de facto* situation must be recognized. Kesten and others who reject, and rightly so, the concept of *Emigrantenliteratur* must refer to this body of literature somehow. They do so by using, as a way out, the term in quotation marks. But they do use it, and have to, if some kind of reference is to be made at all to the work done in exile.

But the designation *Literature of Emigrants* will not do for the reasons stated; to speak of the *Literature in Exile*, however, seems justified. If it fails to suggest a common intellectual-spiritual denominator and cannot stand as a concept for a homogeneous literary substance, one may ask: When did German Literature ever exact such definitional basis? What have Mörike and Heine, Schnitzler and Kafka, Albrecht Schaeffer and Döblin, Stefan George and Arno Holz, Thomas Mann and Herman Stehr, Barlach and Zuckmayer, and countless others in common which permits speaking of them as belonging to *one* literature? The language, indeed! But even here how different the style and diction, the imagery and point of view and values, the *Gehalt und Gestalt*. Why then not speak of a literature in exile? It did exist, although without a common unifying principle. In fact, one may ask: When has such a vigorous principle been in effect in any literature?

The concept of a German literature in exile as used in this study refers to a specific body of writing and as such is first of all a term of reference. It embraces works of high and low quality; it is the creation of a host of writers of most divergent genius, talents, tendencies and beliefs. Their fate as writers in exile, when viewed in the light of history, was not as unique as it might seem at first. The portent of exile could almost be called a professional hazard for many masters of the pen. A long and proud record from the days of the Greeks and Romans up to modern times tells the story of authors whom tyranny had driven from their native soil and forced onto the "battlefield of exile."<sup>35</sup>

A frequently heard charge against the German Literature in Exile since 1933 is that it could not claim authenticity because of its removal from the "mother soil" and its being cut off from the "eternal spring of folkdom." In variations, the indictment runs like this: You emigrants claim to be the guardians of German culture, yet you live far away from the land whose language you speak. You can cultivate this language in but narrow circles; your work is overshadowed by the bitterness of the fact that your presence is barely tolerated by your

hosts; you have been torn from your native soil which sustained you, and now the contact with the living community which furnished the substance of your being is severed; through the telescope of emigration you see what happens at home only in dim outlines, and the years abroad will ever more confuse your view of your compatriots and their lives in Germany.

On close examination these arguments are as hollow as they are superficially intriguing. History tells how in all ages strong personalities had found exile, while rich in tension and bitter disappointments, a challenge for creative and abiding work. Some of the great masterpieces of the world's literature were produced in exile: the *Septuagint*, the *Koran*, Dante's *Divina Commedia*, the pedagogic works of Comenius, great works of Lord Byron and Victor Hugo, to name just a few. So far as German Literature is concerned, from Ulrich von Hutten onward, the exiled writer was by no means an exceptional figure. The hackneyed arguments against the quality of the literature in exile fall flat in view of the existence of a body of writing that is as strong, vigorous and sometimes great as it was free. There never ceased to be a deep feeling of oneness and understanding with the people at home that lived under the swastika. There was a correct, precise knowledge and a keen awareness of what was going on at home; a constant alert guard was mounted from many vantage points of observation throughout the years of exile, which to many writers meant just a temporary shelter. They "carried Germany within" wherever they went, to quote a statement by Thomas Mann. *Coelum non animum mutant qui transmare currunt* is as true today as it was in the days of Horace (Ep. I, 11, 27). The exile meant an uprooting from customs and environment and lifelong associations, but the minds that left Germany suffered no severance from the rich intellectual-spiritual substance of her cultural history. In an essay on the history of political emigration, Arthur Rosenberg concluded that by far the largest part of the "thinking and intellectually creative Germany" was found in exile, and that this part had as the true basis for its work the community of the people at home. Each volume of poetry, each novel or political book that the exile brought forth with such vigor, intensity and effectiveness was one proof more that the abiding cultural-political forces were not aligned with the Nazi world at home; they were underground there. "The heart and mind, the eye and the pen" did not stop at the Reich's boundaries; in writing, the authors in exile always had the beloved homeland and its people in mind, and the results of their labor were works of lasting artistic merit and humanist-political enlightenment.<sup>36</sup>

The German literature in exile can justly claim to be German Literature, and while its freedom was the conspicuous great asset, other aspects of it should not be overlooked. To quote again a shrewd observer like Hermann Kesten, he says: "The break-up of German Literature by tyranny and exile muddled up all shades of literary fashions and schools and falsified the artistic rank. Added to this must be the peculiar tendencies toward a stagnation of attitudes found in the sealed-off group of emigrants who, so to speak, put their judgments, dispositions, quarrels and prejudices on ice. . . ." <sup>37</sup> This was indeed true to a high degree, and it is recognized. There were many discussions of the advantages, as well as of the limitations, of the writer in exile. Soul-searching and self-examination were favored practices among the many conscientious ones, but there was also inflexibility of spirit and stubborn dogmatism. Exaggerated recognition was claimed on the ground of the praiseworthy antifascist spirit of a work, regardless of literary merits. So the picture of the literature in exile is far from uniformly positive. Top performance was as rare in exile as it is everywhere. True artists may have both talent, perhaps genius, and ethical integrity, that is to say, character. But this is not necessarily so, and the history of the literature in exile gives evidence of this fact. <sup>38</sup>

However, arrogance and boastfulness were rare among the more significant writers. In a speech at the opening of the book exhibition of the organization of free German writers in Paris, Heinrich Mann said—and the tragic overtones are saddening indeed—"Perhaps these works give witness of an exile that might be forgotten soon, and they will be just the traces of an era which otherwise will leave no other mark—we must be prepared to face the fact that the tomorrow will not know of us any more." Having conceded this, H. Mann, with the unconquerable fortitude that was his, went on to express the hope that nevertheless, one day, the *Hingabe an Ideen*, the devotion of the exile writers to ideas, might yet be recognized, for it was from these very ideas that a better future world could arise. <sup>39</sup>

O. M. Graf saw in the exile an intensified challenge to return to that "readiness to take in the world" which had always marked the true German spirit; it meant to a writer "proving his mettle to himself." Graf's evaluation of the situation is representative of that of many exiled German writers. Exile demanded being on constant guard and squaring one's own intellectual and emotional endowment with whatever seemingly alien elements rushed into the writer's sphere, thus creating crises often more hazardous and dangerous to the writer than the daily battle for material existence.

Those refugees who were most deeply rooted in what might be called specifically German culture were in greatest danger of turning small and petty in their outlook. They were not only incapable of absorbing intelligently the foreign elements about them—they fought tooth and nail against an unprejudiced appraisal of their new surroundings. Only with difficulty did they realize how much such a stubborn rejection of their new world made them appear nationalistic, arrogant and overbearing fools, nor did they perceive how this attitude made them sink ever deeper into utter forsakenness and mental desolation, a status in which no positive answer would come forth any longer to any question.

The crisis usually began with an acute, indescribable nostalgia, with a longing for all that once had given stimulus and energy and faith for work. It ended with “going to the dogs,” and it was not until then that the exile became an *emigrant* in the saddest meaning of the word. Now they belonged nowhere, not even into their “own time.”

Graf pointed to the high number of suicides in exile. Few of these were disappointed for political reasons. Neither lack of recognition or literary success nor material want was always the decisive factor. Tucholski, Toller, Stefan Zweig and, of late, the tragic figure of Klaus Mann never suffered from these. What brought about the breakdown in some was a human factor tied indissolubly to artistic creative impulses. They were *German* writers; they were the “prisoners of their own language”; their thinking had been formed and shaped by it. The transfer to other modes of thought was far from simple, and some writers would need decades to grasp fully the “fluidity of reasoning” in the inflections and nuances of another language. Many were tormented by paralyzing doubts as to whether “their word” continued to be heard and hit the mark; to make sure, Klaus Mann and others resolved “the flight into another tongue.” To be translated into other languages, even successfully, was small consolation for a Toller and a Stefan Zweig. It did not help their enervating impatience and sense of frustration which they finally carried to the point where voluntary death seemed the only choice left.<sup>40</sup>

Isolation in one form or another was the lot of all exiled writers, yet the majority labored on under conditions which would appear totally inhibitive to creative work. The narrowing and stultifying effects of the exile are often discernible; they also became, of course, material of literary objectification. But the main work in exile reveals a remarkable evidence of the effective humanistic front which free German writers formed in the struggle against the tyranny over the minds and bodies of men. This is one of the functional features of

the exile literature, and it might be found, if only in traces, even in the work of authors who, with Kesten, subscribe to the principle that true creative art is "beyond tendency and purpose, politics and morality." It is a fact beyond dispute that, while within the boundaries of the Reich, German Literature had to coordinate itself somehow if it wanted to deal with freedom and human problems of relevance beyond the framework of Nazi *Weltanschauung*, "hundreds and hundreds of German poets, authors and journalists, adequately or inadequately, have given loud and frank testimony as to the existence of another, *non-national-socialist* Germany, and thus maintained . . . the continuity of German autonomous culture."<sup>41</sup>

The present study does not assign to the German literature in exile qualities of integration which it does not have. The time has not come to say anything about it with a claim for finality; the forces and passions that animated it still reach out into the present day, and, according to partisanship and *Welt- und Kunstanschauung*, judgments will differ. Here the traditional ideal of scholarly objectivity as far as it is consistent with a firm commitment to a liberal-humanist faith will be adhered to, and it is the hope of the writer that the exposition of the problems connected with the writings in exile and the issues that gave them substance and direction will be at least of some value to literary-cultural history.<sup>42</sup>

## PART II

### The Writer in Exile and His Function

Es ist aber gut, alles Klischeehafte der Benennungen wegsinken zu lassen. Denn nur so findet man den Weg zu den Bemühungen, die Not dieser Jahre nach 1945, . . . selbst das In-der-Schlange-Stehen wird ein Anruf zur Dichtung, . . . als Auftrag in der künstlerischen Form zu fassen, zu bewältigen, zu deuten. Im unmittelbaren Anpacken sind diese Arbeiten wohl Zeitdokumente, Zeugnisse der argen Zeit, aber sie werden durch das Dichterische zu *zeitlosen Menschendokumenten* und damit werden sie bleiben.

*Theodor Heuss in*  
"Dank an Marie-Luise Kaschnitz"  
*Akzente* (Munich, Jan. 1956)



THE life in exile was a supreme challenge to the creative writer. A new and very harsh existence for most tested the authenticity of his calling and the strength of his ties to the social-cultural forces of his origin. The problem of the writer's function in society, the peculiar task and nature of his work and of his "mission"—questions which had agitated literary critics and historians more and more since the nineteenth century—were fervently discussed in the hothouse atmosphere of the exile. As any modern literature shows bewildering arrays of schools and *Richtungen* (currents) in creative writing and the literary criticisms dealing with it, so does German literature in exile present a diversity of critical views concerning the writer's place in society.

Contrary to some voices of authority in literary criticism who proclaim in their theories the sovereignty of creative art and its freedom from sociological bonds, faith has persisted in a literature which, more than aesthetic self-expression, is communal responsibility and spokesmanhip for human values. Deeply engraved in the memory of mankind is the awe for the mysterious art of those who, through the magic of the word, created order out of chaos, conjured visions of a meaningful past, present and future, and who gave intelligible utterance to what was inexpressible by the inarticulate. Writers more often than not acted as the judges of their time.

The cultural history of mankind shows the ancestor of the modern writer in the service of the community as a seer, prophet or a living chronicler. He may have served a master, whose bread he ate and

whose praise he sang. In times of stabilized conditions and fair "social security," aesthetic aspects were perhaps dominant, and artistic creations assumed features of an apparently autonomous nature; but history, some theories notwithstanding, shows the poet and writer as essentially working in and for society, if in varying degrees of closeness to and awareness of it. There was a distinct loosening of the "feeling of communal responsibility" during the time of Humanism, and the secular literature of the Baroque addressed itself to but a chosen few capable of following excursions into a mythological antiquity and involved allegory, a situation encountered again in the esoteric literatures of later days. The classical period in German literature, however, showed again a clear commitment of the writer to moral and social values. Herder stressed the bond between writer and people and the significance of popular elements in literary creations more emphatically than had ever been done before. He called the writing for select, aristocratic groups a "classical air bubble." Young Goethe stated he would not search so longingly for the path of truth were he not to let the "brethren" know. Schiller saw the creative artists as the ones into whose hands the dignity of mankind had been given, and to Hölderlin the poet's sacred duty was "in a song to hand the heavenly gift to the people." Some romanticists considered poetic art as of divine origin and destined to be an interpreter of and guide to life. The people, *Volk* and *Volkstum*, held a high place in the romantic writer's solicitude. However, despite voluminous theorizing, German Literature never did achieve the kind of social articulation that can be found in French and English literature. In the movement of *Das Junge Deutschland*, writers rendered notable assistance in the political struggle of the middle class for participation in government and for a unified Germany, a function which Naturalism and other movements attempted to continue when the nineteenth-century industrial revolution and its political-economic consequences under the inspiration of Karl Marx led to class warfare, world wars and world revolutions.

The involvement of the writer and artist in the problems of the day is varied; it often seems wholly absent. There were and are trends toward isolation when the ways of society and the poet-writer's aims appear mutually exclusive. An attitude of art for art's sake has often been the result, and a refusal to acknowledge literature as the representative exponent of society, an aim to which Thomas Mann, however, had confessed as being dedicated. If the "demand of the day," *die Forderung des Tages*, fails to challenge a writer, then the intense and exclusive occupation with a world of his own design may ultimately shape a new "reality" which in time might assume a definite

social significance, as is probably the case with the work of Kafka. Creative men, poets, writers, artists and thinkers, are as active as they ever were; the judging of them and the evaluation of their work, however, is done by standards which might be worlds apart in axiomatic presuppositions, modes of reasoning and methods of persuasion.<sup>1</sup>

Whatever may be considered as "ultimate criteria," no approach to literature can afford to ignore the impact of social forces on a writer. Blunt, concrete personal experiences and more or less subtle hereditary and often highly elusive environmental factors furnish the stimuli to which the creative impulses of a writer respond. This becomes markedly evident when times of great crises like wars and revolution threaten man's very existence. If those creations which grew out of and in response to great events and tragedies of mankind were eliminated from the literature of the world, how much of importance would be left? The awareness of a community of fate brings about artistic articulation, frequently of a permanent character, by those members of a group who have the genius and drive for it, not to mention those who try to do likewise regardless of lack of talent.

The German Literature in Exile manifests the social aspects of literature as one of its foremost characteristics. Under the crushing weight of catastrophes, the aristocratic-aesthetic writer with his claim for an autonomous art as a *primäre Form des Lebens* (primary form of life) that had nothing whatever to do with "ordinary" phases of life, and who was not interested in its interpretation nor tempted into an empathy with it, was felt as being strikingly incongruous with experienced reality. This is not to deny the existence of great works of creative art which appear to be entities per se, and which yield to appreciation and comprehension only through aesthetic categories; but put in juxtaposition with an art that "mirrors the times" or which is an imaginative expression of developments in the social and cultural-intellectual spheres, "pure art" will always be felt as a concern of small esoteric minorities, a situation which these not only find thoroughly agreeable but even desirable.<sup>2</sup>

The criticism, intriguing by the obviousness of its superficially appealing demonstrability, that the exile literature was rootless and out of contact with its ethnic-social community was often coupled with the charge of its *Zeitgebundenheit* (attachment to the events of the day) and its tendentiousness. As such it was considered *reportage*, political agitation and journalism, hence inferior to a literature of truly lasting qualities. For much of the writing in exile this is true; it was also true in even greater measure of the writing done under the tutelage of the *Reichsschrifttumskammer* (Reich chamber of literature).

But to judge all of the literature in exile summarily in this manner is to betray either very small knowledge of it or show that kind of an intellectual myopia which since the days of *Storm and Stress* and *Das Junge Deutschland* resulted in authors in Germany being ignored because they had dared to leave the "realm of ideas," and who, instead of showing the individual and his conflicts in terms of *Geistesgeschichte* or *Geistespsychologie*, had realistically presented man in active struggle with his social-economic-political environment and in search of values and attachments beyond those of the conventional and traditional range.

Deeply ingrained in German literary criticism is the aversion against any art which somehow seems to lack an "ideal metaphysical axis." Failure of a work to fit into a traditional frame of reference within a transcendent spiritual-intellectual sphere would almost automatically condemn it to rejection or slight. There is really no malice in this. Conditioned in the various ways of German idealism which provided the metaphysical foundation for his intellectual existence and well versed in the *geisteswissenschaftlichen* categories and methods, the German literary critic's attitude toward realism and *Tendenz* might be softened if these would deal with village, blood, soil, family, home, religion, fatherland in a traditional, "positive" fashion. But a definite dichotomy in judgment appeared when forces of society portrayed in literature clashed not in the spheres of the mind (*Geistes-sphären*) and within recognized ethnic traditions but in the social-political reality of the day.

An article by the noted Germanist Paul Kluckhohn may illustrate the point. Patently written for the benefit of the new national-socialist ethnic community "created" by Hitler, Kluckhohn, rightly respected scholar that he is, sketched a reliable history of the poet's conception of his calling and his "communal service." However, coming to the writers of *Das Junge Deutschland* who had entered vigorously into the political struggle of the day, Kluckhohn felt compelled to call them *im Grunde immer volksfremde Literaten* (literati always fundamentally isolated from the people). In contrast to them he approved, if with becoming reserve, the *Biedermeier* (an epigonic, insipid school of writers) as "at least representing an ideal concept of the poet's mission" who attempted to reconcile the dissonances of life, to give meaning to it, to cast a comforting light into the darkness and to act as guides to the lofty heights of ideals. Gotthelf, the great Swiss popular writer, created, according to Kluckhohn, "*freilich*" (to be sure) "*Tendenz-dichtung*" (tendentious works), but here *Tendenz* was a "higher mission" and an "inner flame" which helped Gotthelf to be elevated, after

all, into the rank of true literature. Kluckhohn also endorsed Paul Ernst who had proclaimed as the ultimate goal of literature the shaping of man's view of the world. The decidedly tendentious political novel *Volk ohne Raum* by Hans Grimm is not rejected as sub-literature because it did justice to the "*Schicksalsbedingtheit* (fate contingency) of each individual of our nation and folkdom." Approved also was E. G. Kolbenheyer who had considered it his task "to influence directly and *richtunggebend* (directionally), the emotional life of the individual." Thus, whenever a writer knows himself "responsible and under obligation to super-individual forces, to his people and to God, in an attitude which signifies service to his ethnic community," his work is literature and expressively approved as such by the German literary historian.<sup>3</sup>

In view of such a general attitude, it is obvious that a literature will be rejected which draws its motivating impulses from the social-political battles of the day, and which believes in the "super-individual" forces of class solidarities and the ideal of a trans-national and trans-ethnic human communality. And this seems precisely the point at issue. Accept the fact that the concern of the day can be a legitimate *Gehalt* (contents and essence) of literary art—and great monuments of literature of the past show exactly that—and the literary work of the German exile will not be prejudicially excluded from an evaluation that might find much of its achievements lasting and belonging and some even great.<sup>4</sup>

The deficiency of certain *geisteswissenschaftlich* (intellectual-idealist-scientific) methods is that problems of literature are approached from a set of value criteria determined beforehand. Instead of proceeding cautiously in the process of adjudication until, for the time being, "all" data are in, including the fact that with new situations new "super-individual" forces may spring into being, exerting their compelling drive in a creative individual, he and his work might be disposed of through criteria derived from a historical reality often obsolete and perhaps gone forever. Reserve and a serenity of attitude in holding firm to basic verities of human existence are called for; but the progression of events and the never-ceasing evolution of man move in unpredictable ways, playing havoc with schemes of "historical perspectives" that may testify more to their originators' store of known "facts" and their brilliance in associative-imaginative thinking than to reliability in presenting a picture of man's true reality.

A certain type of literature, and it is a valuable one, could find little encouragement in exile: the literature of the "private sphere and the cultivation of the isolated ego"; the pursuit of aesthetic perfection

and the detached contemplation of the wonders and the puzzles of the world. This literature was almost silenced in exile and in war. The tensions of the day were so overpowering that they intensified social-activist motives, where such had already existed, or forced conformable readjustments in those who before had shown little affinity for a communal-conscious attitude.

In 1940 Stefan Zweig, distinguished in the "literature of the private sphere," pointed out how impossible it was for an artist to live "in trifles" when the world was aflame and when the ivory tower of aesthetics, according to a word by Erwin Edman, proved to be a poor shelter against bombs. The artist had been hurt in the vital center of productivity: in his concentration. How, in the midst of moral and social earthquakes, could "old themes" continue to hold attention? Seclusion was impossible when everyone exiled was compelled by deep-rooted sympathies to live vicariously the lives of hundreds of victims of fascist persecution with whom existed bonds of blood relation or friendship. What price refined psychology, what artistic perfection, at an hour when the fate of the real and spiritual world was at stake for centuries to come?

Speaking of the original plan for a novel he had intended to write, Zweig said, ". . . it seemed frivolous to represent the private fate of imaginary persons. I no longer possessed the courage to deal with private psychological facts; every 'story' appeared to me totally irrelevant when seen in contrast to history." To continue dealing with abstractions would be "quasi inhuman" when now an author's "mission is to feel with the greatest intensity the fate and sufferings of his fellow men." Nevertheless, Zweig contended that out of the present agitated times would arise vast "realms of experience" from which would grow works as exciting as those which told of Ulysses; and they would be more thrilling and more "improbable" than any story of Jack London or Maupassant. Never, so it seemed to Stefan Zweig, had human existence known such tensions and apprehensions; they were "too overpowering to be 'dissolved' directly into an artistic form." That is why he held the opinion, proven correct by ample later evidence, that "the literature of the next years will be more of a documentary character than purely fictional and imaginative." At the present the writer had to "assist at the most decisive battle for freedom that had ever been fought," for now he was the witness "of one of the greatest social transformations the world had ever gone through," and so the "writers above all had the duty to give evidence of what happened in our time." The dramatic events of the day surpassed anything a genius might have

invented, and even "the best poet has again to become a student and a servant of the greatest master of us all: history."<sup>5</sup>

Stefan Zweig's outline of the situation and the problems of the writer in exile had echoed voices with similar judgments. These had met with severe criticism of their views, a censure soon to be levelled also against Zweig. His thesis, it was pointed out, carried the intimation that art might be "irrelevant to history" because it was "private" and dealt with factors in man's experience merely accidental and entirely apart from a larger human context. However, the artist's place in society was integrally necessary, and to obey his inner calling could never be called frivolous. Art is action and an attestation that life is intensely worth living; art must state in affirmative terms the sacredness of a world in which values exist, not specific values, to be sure, but those which preserve individuality and insist on its sacredness. Was there anything better than art that could "strengthen the resolve of free men and give them faith . . . ? Could there be anything more relevant to the making of history?"<sup>6</sup>

This kind of criticism was, of course, based on the mistaken notion that Zweig had spoken of a cultural autonomy which in times of upheaval and war would see its function disturbed and suspended. Such an impression might easily, if erroneously, arise. Stefan Zweig, a member of "Young Vienna" with its impressionist-neoromantic interest in the unusual individual, had indeed paid loving attention in his stories and biographies to a polished, rhythmic prose and graceful composition. Readers might fail to see the historical and social implications in his work behind the aesthetic brilliance. But mere literary achievement without an imminent ethos ceased early to be an attraction to Zweig, and he became, at first through the experiences of World War I, the interpreter of human greatness, confusion and achievement against the background of communal ties and claims. Stefan Zweig was the prototype of the highly cultured so-called middle-class writer whose artistic conscience absorbed in ever greater measure ethical elements, and the pronouncements he made in view of exile and World War II were not freshly formed judgments but sage observations of one who not only knew history but also knew that he himself was a part of it.

The suspicion and reserve against an involvement of the writer in the history of his day is closely tied to the theory of the *Höhenlagen* (higher and lower levels) of literary quality and representation formed in classical antiquity and renewed by later classicist schools.<sup>7</sup> After Lessing had begun and the protagonists of *Storm and Stress* and early Romanticism had continued to dismantle the structure of aesthetic

theories which had assigned the "common realities" of the day to the lowest levels of literature, it was Stendhal and Balzac who had demolished the classical distinction between lofty, medium and low levels by making persons from all walks of life in their more or less narrow contingencies the object of serious, problematic and, yes, even tragic representation. Since then realism and naturalism have developed in ever richer forms, well in keeping with the rapidly changing and expanding actuality of modern life, vital phases of which were the social, political and economic situations of the day.<sup>8</sup> However, in view of the stern guardians of classical, idealistic aestheticism who were firmly in control of the German "science of literature" (*Literaturwissenschaft*) and literary history, even realist writers with great evocative power often must have had remnants of a "bad literary conscience," if such can be concluded from their overzealous, militant assertions of a socially conscious humanism in literature in defiance of a classical, aristocratic humanism with its horror of and contempt for social involvement, its defection from life experience by its worship of spiritual-intellectual abstraction and the cultivation of emotional detachment.

Face to face with the reality of everyday life in exile—loss of country and citizenship, lack of any sense of security, relentless persecution, starvation and defamation—and keenly aware of the tyrannic, anti-humanist character of the regime at home, very few felt the absence of great interest in reflections on spiritual-intellectual abstractions as a deficiency for which apologies to aestheticians were in order. Exiled authors of any political persuasion, "aryan" and "non-aryan," shared one conviction: the writer in his work is answerable to humanity and its ideals and traditions that had marked the ascent of man from brutish, ruthless selfishness to reverence for the individual in a hoped-for free society. Eloquent—and, for public consummation, highly effective—formulations for this were expressed at the many meetings and congresses of intellectuals and writers during the years of exile, and publications of all sorts focussed attention on the problem of the writer as an active participant in human events.<sup>9</sup>

It was at the P. E. N. Congress in Ragusa, Switzerland, in the spring of 1933 that the voice of the first expelled German writers was heard publicly in an address delivered by Ernst Toller. Politically on the radical left and a "non-aryan" to the "racially discriminating," he was the spokesman for his exiled colleagues and those soon to be when he declared it a writer's inescapable duty to make known his convictions if he were not to betray his belief that moral laws must govern human life. The gift of freedom, now enjoyed by the German writers in their temporary asylum, imposed on them the obligation to speak out,



especially on behalf of the more unfortunate brethren at home who now either languished in jail or who were bound to silence. The voice of truth had always been an invitation for suppression to the powers in control; men of spirit always had been hunted because they had scored lies and rejected compromise; many had acted so even if it had meant death to them. Their faith in a world of freedom and justice had left them no other course. Whoever had resisted tyranny anywhere had been in deadly peril at any age and time. Degrading and humiliating fear must be conquered, the individual must be willing to say: What do I count? Toller's challenge was: "We fight in many ways, and there may come occasions when we have to face one another in opposition; but in all of us lives the knowledge of a humanity free from barbarism, fraud, social injustice and enslavement."<sup>10</sup>

Spokesmen for the *gleichgeschaltete* (coordinated) German literature were also heard at this international meeting of authors, editors and critics. The Austrian writer Felix Salten protested vigorously against the "acrimonious references" to the Third Reich, and there was little evidence of a real solidarity among the members of the congress. Even the delegates of the German Third Reich, the last time in an international gathering voted for a resolution which declared: "In order that mankind might not fall prey to ignorance, baseness and fear, it is the duty of the artist to maintain the spirit in its freedom." Literature was to recognize no boundaries, and it had to remain, despite political and international vicissitudes, "a free and universal treasure."<sup>11</sup>

In 1934 the *Schutzverband deutscher Schriftsteller* (protective association of German authors) in Paris, at the suggestion of Anna Seghers, took the initiative in calling for an international meeting of writers which was "to give depth and resonance to the significant and inevitable discussions concerning the literary and intellectual-political (*geistespolitischen*) situation" and thus contribute to a clarification of the objectives and methods needed in the defense of intellectual and creative freedom and for the preservation of the great cultural heritage.<sup>12</sup> This international congress of authors took place in Paris June 21 to 25, 1935; it was attended by representative writers from many countries. The themes discussed by the literary leaders, some of world renown, dealt with the problems of culture, humanism, the individual, the role of the writer in society, nation and culture, creative problems and the dignity of the mind. Questions of organization and the active implementation of principles also were discussed.<sup>13</sup> The convention concluded its deliberations with the appeal by the French writer, Louis Aragon, "I demand the return to reality," a cry which was intended

to draw the attention of intellectual leaders of all nations away from aesthetic problems and to enlist them in the battle against the rising flood of fascism that threatened to engulf humanity.

Similar meetings followed during the later years in London, Valencia, New York, Moscow, Johannesburg, Montivideo and other places. Formulated in many ways by many voices and widely differing as to objectives, methods and definitions of ideals in the common fight, the general tenor was the same everywhere: the writer is an essential participant in the struggle for humanity and progress. During the Spanish Civil War in 1937, when the Loyalists still held Madrid against General Franco, a meeting there gave especial poignancy to this conviction.

Many voices were heard on this occasion. Referring to Ludwig Renn, the German writer who fought as an active officer in the International Brigade in Spain, Jean Richard Bloch declared the role of the writer in the fight for freedom was not to write history but to make it. Claude Aveline stated: It is not enough to decide in favor of truth and justice; the point is to help truth and justice to win the victory and to secure their triumph. Bertold Brecht declared that culture, attacked with material weapons, while heretofore defended only by forces of the spirit, must also be defended by material means; for culture is not at all only a concern of the mind. The free German writer in exile had entrusted into his hands the great heritage of the German people, said Willi Bredel; by cultivating the true spirit of humanism which created it, culture would win out over the law of the jungle of fascism. Lion Feuchtwanger believed that an author, if true to himself, had to take a part in the battle and hold his own even in the fight for economic and political freedom, for his own freedom could be maintained only when *all* freedoms of men were guaranteed. E. E. Kisch advised that enemies of human liberty would find nothing more helpful than moral fancies, and the idea that sustained negation and mutual distrust were part of a revolutionary attitude. To be non-conformist against reaction, he asserted, was but half of the writer's task; only active conformism with the revolutionary struggle and its leading figures and their passionate acceptance in outspoken, lucid words of truth would complete the writer's mission.

Heinrich Mann stressed this point, too, declaring that the nations felt united with those who led in the fight for a just society, for human liberty and for the triumph of hard-won ideas over dark and malevolent subconscious instincts. A militant humanism had irresistibly taken hold of all the people. The Spanish people, then in a deadly battle for freedom and justice, lavishly adored and respected the

writers, because they knew that intellectual-ideal (*geistige*) realities were the foundations upon which the material world had to undergo its change. Ludwig Renn told his colleagues that the power of wielding the pen was not a pleasure; it was a supreme duty for the sake of a common front of all the people, for the sake of those ideas that would ultimately lead to the outlawing of war. He pleaded to fight for these ideas, fight with the pen, with the word as much as their talents would permit. Bodo Uhse saw in culture the objectification of the dreams of the people. Political reaction was always bent upon destroying the true generative cultural forces because epic poetry—creative writing—was born out of the dreams of man; and the dreams tend to become knowledge, and this in the end reality. Thus all great national epics were filled with an inherent optimistic, revolutionary force; and they all became international treasures. The battle in the realm of the mind first meant assaying and comparing values, and then, by active fighting against tyranny, the writer defended and maintained by deed the cultural heritage not only of his people but of mankind. Erich Weinert, one of the most militant poets of the “proletarian fate,” believed the profession of a writer to proclaim truth and justice because no one was more competent to do so. Who had, since times immemorial, inspired men? Never the advocates of existing, petrified conditions, but the men who had scored evil and wrongs; those who had set up the vision of a better world and pointed the way to its realization. Great authors in the past had not considered it beneath their dignity to become agitators and to take an active part in the struggle of the day.<sup>14</sup>

Spoken at the height of the battle against fascism in Spain and to a great degree inspired by communist ideology, these utterances obviously strike us as political slogans, which in part they were indeed. Yet they did express some basic attitudes that created somehow the feeling of a new reality superseding the literary world of a bygone day. This was noticeable also in discussions more soberly conducted than the eloquent and passionate debates of public meetings primarily sponsored under political auspices. But even on such an occasion, Ernst Toller, while an expert of the ecstatic style, delivered an earnest, temperate analysis of the challenge facing the writer in a time of turbulent upheavals and great expectations.<sup>15</sup> The experiences of the recent past had taught that words have a great, yes, even magic significance; their contents were not merely the concern for rational comprehension. “A word lives like a tree. It is rooted in the centuries and charged with emotional values: namely, the dreams and hopes, the curses and the hatreds of man.” Whoever finds the right word at

the right moment increases his very material power to a degree hard to estimate. Tied up with tradition and the various classes of society, words bring forth certain reflexes and reactions. Many may demand that a writer should use the power of the word only when he himself is "rooted in the soil and receives his animating currents from the earth." Speaking as the representative of a literature which gave and gives artistic form to the misery of men and their social problems, Toller conceded the attractiveness of being in "union with the earth" and of speaking about the beauties of nature, of the morning dawn and cheerful summer days. But not only trees and flowers and leaves of grass grow on earth; there, too, are living people, their problems, their needs and despairs. A man with any degree of alertness could not help but be deeply aware of the conflicts of the day, particularly so in a time when the doctrines of the totalitarian state were made the laws of the land, and when dictators commanded authors to function as obedient mouthpieces of fascist philosophies of enslavement. So it was the obligation of a free writer to take part in the political struggle in order to deliver mankind from the senseless, sinister quarrels of the selfish interests of the few. "We are ploughmen, and we do not know whether we shall be reapers; but we have learned that reference to so-called 'fate' is just an idle excuse. *We* create fate. Let us then be true and brave and human."

In 1937 in New York, Toller drew these conclusions: The artist is responsible for the values of culture. It is his task to awaken and to deepen the spontaneous emotions for humanity, freedom, justice and beauty. He must keep himself detached from the foolish fictions of the day. He serves no nationalism but the union of the nations; not war but peace. "As long as we emigrant German authors remain loyal to our ideas and never give up the fight, we serve that Germany in which we believe."<sup>16</sup>

H. O. Simon, in a speech before the "Independent Cultural Union" in Johannesburg, quoted the word of Goethe: "Whoever is concerned about a cause must know how to take sides, else he does nowhere deserve the chance to work" (*Wem es um eine Sache zu tun ist, der muss Partei zu nehmen wissen, sonst verdient er nirgends zu wirken*). The German people at home were now politically and economically enslaved; it would be disgraceful if the free Germans abroad would permit themselves also to be disowned in the field of culture. In the conflict of the minds, the keener weapons were on the side of the exiles; to wield them and to become masters in their use was one of the great tasks. All of the intellectual leaders of the exile agreed on this.<sup>17</sup>

While great stress was laid on the participation of the writer in political action and a nonpolitical attitude scored as his great mistake of the past, to quote Arnold Zweig, it was at the occasion of the founding of the German writers organization in October, 1938, in New York, a group subsequently affiliated with the American P. E. N. Club, that O. M. Graf sounded a warning to the authors against their being altogether lost in the thicket of the day's politics. Not everyone could be a good writer and an active political fighter at the same time. Limitations had to be recognized. Many intellectuals, and especially the writers in exile, had failed in a correct self-appraisal; they had lost their perspective about themselves. When once they had acted from the humanly reassuring feeling of outraged sensibilities and had protested loud and vigorously against the enslavement of the free mind and the shameful oppression of the German people, their manifestoes had found a response at home and, to a degree, in the world at large. But when they went further and tried to formulate political programs and memoranda for future actions, their effectiveness began to fade. Now more than ever, only appeals in universally valid forms of humanity that had risen from deeply stirred, authentic emotions would hit home. The writer's duty was to preserve the German language; he must represent German culture and continue to propagate the "imperishable true German *Geist*." To try anything else would have meant its extinction and the end of its function. Every German writer in exile must realize, especially in his lonely hours of anguish, that as a man and an artist he remained a part of German culture and a progeny of the German mind. The German language was the supreme treasure, the only one which he had been able to take along into exile. The deep urge in his soul, the free search of his mind and an ever-throbbing nostalgia, these would inspire him to find just the right word. The essential task of the day was to keep the idea from gaining ground that Hitler and the German people were one. This is what the books in exile should make clear. "For only through the unshakeable conviction in our hearts that the soul, the mind and the heart of our German people are present in whatever we write and create do we again and again win over to our side this our people, and also the world at large. No one will ever be won over to our side unless he is loved like one's very own."<sup>18</sup>

Aggressive, uncompromising and often acidly peremptory were the pronouncements of German communist authors and their close sympathizers. Seeing the fascist phenomena in the light of the party doctrine prevalent at the time, and conditioned to rigid party discipline, their delineation of a writer's function in society beguiled

through clever persuasion those to whom the axioms on which these dialectics were based were either unknown or somehow acceptable. However, German literary periodicals in exile which were published under communist sponsorship and edited largely by party members gave space willingly and freely to writers of the bourgeois left, permitting and even encouraging debate and divergence in support of the then fashionable "Popular Front" and for the sake of the ultimate defeat of fascism. To the Marxist exiles the literature serving in the fight against Nazism and fascism had meaning only in terms of the proletarian class struggle and revolution; statements to this effect were made over and over again at many occasions in these publications.

The *Neue Deutsche Blätter*, a "monthly for literature and criticism," began to appear in Prague in September, 1933. Its purpose was "to fight fascism by means of the poetic and critical word"; its fundamental belief was that "literature of rank cannot today be anything but antifascist," although a united, uniform antifascist literature admittedly did not exist as yet. There were still too many critics, so the paper complained, who saw in fascism just an anachronism, while some viewed it as a passing intermezzo or a simple relapse into barbarism. Others again talked of a collective mental disease of the Germans, or of an anomaly which ran counter to the "correct course" of history. Of course they all cursed the Nazis as a horde of bankrupt characters who by their cunning and the disunity and inertia of their opponents had trapped the country. But they all missed the point.

The Marxist theoreticians believed otherwise. "However, we see no accident in fascism but the organic result of capitalism sick unto death." The restitution of liberal-democratic conditions would mean to leave the roots of evil still alive. Only the proletariat could win the ultimate battle over want and tyranny; to know this was vital for the truth as such and essential for the formal quality of literature. Truth and literature depended on the depth of knowledge of the social process as their causation. But even if this was so, all fellow fighters not having this basic insight were welcome to contribute, differences of opinion notwithstanding. "Nothing is further from our mind," said the editors of the *NDB*, "than to coordinate the work of our collaborators. Through common labor and companionable discussions it is that we wish to promote the process of clarification, of the shedding of old conceptions and the search for the way out of confusion." In the initial issue where these words appeared, Wieland Herzfelde gave a brief survey of the writers inside and outside of the Third Reich and found the majority of authors in exile "united in the will to fight and in the

knowledge that politics means not 'destiny' but a task." The heroic fighters against Hitler inside Germany were to be made to know that the best among the German writers stood by their side.<sup>19</sup>

At a later date, Herzfelde took a critical look at writers like Schickele, Döblin, Stefan Zweig and others and took them to task for their noncommittal attitude; he also censured Thomas Mann, who during the early period of the exile in his studied reserve had refused public association with *Die Sammlung*, the militant literary monthly in the Netherlands that had been founded by his son Klaus. Thomas Mann's explanation of his attitude at that time was that he would prevent "as long as possible separation from his readers inside Germany." Herzfelde declared that stern facts counted more than motives, and he challenged Thomas Mann to come out openly against the Nazis.<sup>20</sup> As we know, the great writer did this, indeed, in his own good time. In a more conciliatory tone than Herzfelde, Ernst Ottwalt tried to demonstrate through the "generally laudable" example of Heinrich Mann and Lion Feuchtwanger that what counted now was not exactly for what specific aims these writers were fighting but that they realized "that there had to be fighting." But again Ludwig Renn judged a writer great only insofar as he worked in conformity with "the will to progress," meaning by this the communist cause which is "*allmächtig weil wahr*" (omnipotent because true).<sup>21</sup>

The *Internationale Literatur*, subtitled *Deutsche Blätter*, was the German edition of an authoritative Soviet literary periodical in many languages; from 1936 to 1939 it was supplemented by *Das Wort*, both papers being published in Moscow. The over-all attitude of these two publications was orientated along official Communist Party lines, a fact which became most strikingly apparent in the issues appearing after the conclusion of the Soviet-German pact in 1939. Up to that time noncommunist but antifascist writers were frequent contributors and did their share in keeping the monthlies on a very respectable literary level. Yet party-line interpretations of literature were asserted sharply throughout the life of these papers, if in varying degrees of acrimony.

Aiming his barbs against the writers to whom "crass naturalism" was offensive and who might, "neatly scrubbed with soap and water," enjoy a "clean feeling" when they tried to cultivate the "reality of the soul," Erich Arendt wrote a ballad of the Spanish Civil War in which he concluded that "a genteel man cannot bear" looking "at the ugly marks of class warfare." After André Gide had broken with the USSR after his visit there, his work, praised highly in the communist press and literary periodicals before he took the step of breaking ties with

communism, was characterized by Alfred Kurella as exemplifying the unsuccessful attempt of a disintegrating bourgeois humanism to come to terms with the realist, or better "socialist humanism." The "axis of Gide's humanism" was now branded as being hedonistic. Gide's criticism of the USSR would forever be a monument to the insufficiency of certain literary *Epigoni* in dealing with the problems of the time, and Gide's example might offer a warning to those "bourgeois writers of our day" who thought an "intuitive view of the world adequate to the modern social crisis." They just lacked will power and strength to rise to a theoretic and political understanding of "our reality." Heinrich Mann, whose novel on Henri IV of France appeared in installments in the *IL*, found praise because he had recognized that in Germany now prevailed the "open and personal rule" of the *Weltkriegskapitalismus* (meaning here: world capitalism leading to and ruling by war) which had gory comedians and quacks appointed as its political agents. The Nazis were no more nor less than the fighting "mercenaries of the imperialistic capital." Thus H. Mann had to be considered as being in the foremost intellectual line of fire.<sup>22</sup>

But not so, for instance, a writer like Stefan Zweig. The interview with him, which we have discussed previously, drew special criticism from J. R. Becher in Moscow. He denounced Zweig's thesis of the function of the artist and the "dualism of the bourgeois writer." Deriding the confusion in the liberal camp, Becher praised the literature of Soviet Russia as wholly and consistently fulfilling the true function of a literature. "Of all the literatures of the world, it is the only one which can deploy in its fullest national measure a compact power of resistance against all forces of destruction. To its guardianship are entrusted the interests of freedom, peace and humanity." Thus spoke the then exiled German poet Becher, now minister of German cultural affairs in the *Deutsche Demokratische Republik*, the Soviet zone of Germany.<sup>23</sup>

Against the charges of some Marxist literary critics that antifascist liberal writers stated only what they were opposed to but failed in not giving positive, constructive suggestions, Andor Gabor proposed less stringent principles in judging noncommunist authors. Their antifascist literature "even if published in capitalist countries" had its place. Gabor regretted an *ingleisige* (single track), too-partisan criticism which asked for similarity and one-sidedness in the works of literature. He raised his voice against critics who deemed it necessary to scoff whenever deep sentiments of man were presented, or who objected when a proletarian character lacked heroic élan or when a capitalist was shown as possessing human traits. A good novel need



not forever have to encompass a history or a chronicle of the labor movement, and a liberal author was not to be expected to write like party members who saw matters in their "true historic perspective as Marxist-Leninists." This would not do as a condition for acceptance in the "Popular Front" against fascism, nor was it an absolute presupposition for antifascist literary productivity. To be approved, it would be enough if a writer knew *was er nicht will* (what he did not want). To be genuinely antifascist, that was the only indispensable qualification. Pointing to the example of Balzac who had depicted his social era in all of its relations and connections yet whose own personal reactions to reality might well be held quite irrelevant, Gabor demanded of German writers truthful and competent presentations of whatever transpired in past and present Germany; his work needed not necessarily to contain an interpretative prognosis in terms of a social-political theory. Quoting Friedrich Engels (from a letter to Minna Kautsky), Gabor summed up the argument: *der Dichter ist nicht genötigt, die geschichtliche Lösung der gesellschaftlichen Konflikte, die er schildert, dem Leser in die Hand zu geben* (the writer is under no obligation to furnish the reader the historical solution of the social conflicts which he describes).<sup>24</sup>

This liberal attitude toward fellow writers in the common "Popular Front" was, of course, an expedient from the communist point of view required by the political situation, yet whatever his motives had been, Gabor's reasoning at the time was daring as well as pointed. He showed the same gift for analysis and persuasive argumentation in discussing the question whether some *reportage* might rightly be counted as literature and considered above the level of ephemeral journalism. In reviewing a work of Egon Erwin Kisch, the "mad reporter" of renown, literary *reportage* was defined by Gabor as an "account of an existent situation or of a sequence of events rendered in terms of truthful data," thus presenting a "segment of reality in its static or dynamic aspects." Its evidential force was consequently not drawn *aus sich selbst* (from within itself) as in other genres of *belles-lettres*; it did not create its own antecedents and presuppositions independently but had to draw them from empirical reality and verifiable facts. This constituted the difference of *reportage* from the truth in creative fiction. However, great *reportage* gives not just a part of factual happenings, but is a phase of reality seen in the reflection of a definite *Weltbild* (world view), and especially is this so in revolutionary *reportage* which endeavors to get at the *Weltanschauung* behind the events perceived. Therefore it cannot do without creative *Gestaltung* (form giving, creating), and it cannot succeed unless it has crossed over the "thresh-

old of art." Gabor quoted from the Marxian literary historian Georg Lukacs, to whom *reportage* "at its best is art because it creates the right connection between the universal and the individual, the necessary and the accidental." True *reportage* does not simply present isolated facts but reveals always certain tie-ups, uncovers causes and evokes conclusions. That is why *reportage* based on materialistic dialectics has much greater potentialities than any bourgeois approach. While bound to empiric reality, the author of *reportage* "composes" the data, "chooses and singles out" and "discards that which is unessential for his goal"; he organizes and condenses, and combines individual factors. Hence the method is creative, and *reportage* becomes true literature. Only by abandoning the ideological camp of capitalism can a writer reach the artistic level of *reportage*. Kisch himself is quoted: "The true writer, that is, the writer of truth, must never lose the awareness of his artistry . . . as he is shaping his indictment into a work of art, the past and the future must be related to the present . . . yet, all artistry notwithstanding, he must tell the truth and nothing but the truth . . . his work is more hazardous than that of the *Dichter* (writer, poet) who need not worry about being proven wrong. Truth is the noblest raw material of art, and precision its best method."<sup>25</sup>

The volumes of the periodical *Das Wort* stressed more than *IL* the unity of purpose of all the writers in the common front of the so-called militant humanism against barbarism and fascism, although communist authors naturally prevailed. Aside from various ideological differences, one aspect was consistently manifest in *Das Wort*: practicing what Gorki, who himself had experienced long years of exile, had counselled, that regardless of external separation from the homeland, an author was never to lose contact with his country, the writing in *Das Wort* focused constant attention on the conditions inside Germany and the ruthless persecution of dissenters and the racially outlawed there. The heroic resistance against the Nazis was a leitmotif, ever sustained and stressed. It was this situation that compelled the writers, as it was vigorously contended, to give to their work a militant character by attempting to erect tables of positive values to be aimed at and to be alerted to look for ways and means that would lead the German nation out of the bondage of the "brown terror." The writers in exile were challenged by *Das Wort* to do the utmost in exerting their creative powers and to develop courage of the highest kind in order to overcome the difficulties of their own precarious personal situation. They must and should generate such moral forces as were needed to sustain their *Haltung* (attitude, poise, stand) to keep them

worthy of being representatives of the true and better Germany yet to come. The writer should realize that all of the civilized world was in a state of war; the lines of battle were plainly marked and visible, and excuses could no longer be made for wandering about in "no man's land," ignorant as to "from where the shooting came and who shot at whom."

But *Haltung* alone was not enough, one also had to know "what it was all about." The time had passed when "character and good will" could be assumed to be sufficient to solve social conflicts. Poetic and creative writing, to be taken seriously, had to contain "objectively the essence" of social reality. The weapon of the writer was "the word"; it would achieve the unmasking of the forces that bred war, and "the word" would do its part in the extermination of the enemies of humanity (Gorki). Literature, as well as all art, was *Gemeinschaftsvollbringung* (achievement of a community, also: achieving a community), and the *Künstlertum* ("artdom") of the future would be based on the principle of communism. History later would ask but one question of the writer of today: have you been an active fighter against fascism or not? Yet all the while a writer must never cease in his striving for formal perfection, ever eager to meet the standards of ethical and aesthetic categories.<sup>26</sup>

Occasionally, blunt and harshly uncompromising dicta concerning the writer's duty also found their way into *Das Wort* and other communist-sponsored periodicals, making it quite clear that the popular front of all antifascists was, after all, only a temporary expedient for a party whose claim to leadership was based on the faith in its own absolute righteousness and ineluctable historical destiny. In an essay, *Das kleine Einmaleins des Schreibens* (The small multiplication table of writing), Walter Sturm aimed some acrimonious and not altogether unjustified barbs at German writers and their often pompous, dull, untidy or even grammatically faulty style. But of real interest were his ideas about the "right" of anyone to be a writer. Sturm contended that whoever dealt in literature or even tried to write at all had to realize that he might do so only in behalf of progress, of evolution, of the *Gesamtheit* (the collective), meaning by this the work in behalf of the working masses. If a writer would not care or was unable to do so then "pen or typewriter must be taken away from him. By whatever means." For to use the language for the obstruction of the enlightenment and for the hoodwinking of the people was almost more dangerous than poison gas. There existed "no 'individual right' to writing." No appeal to the freedom of the mind could be accepted as long as "the mind of the individual himself was not free, and as long as an

author had not recognized and understood how, when, and with what and through what he himself was able to exist." Individualism could only be possible after an author "had brought order in his thoughts and perceptions on the basis of those most progressive and radical facts and ideas of the present time which guaranteed a better and a good future for all mankind. Then, and only then, might an author start his writing."<sup>27</sup>

Years after the statement of this peremptory dictum (April, 1938), which threatened the complete silencing of the writer were he not to conform to "progress and enlightenment" as understood by the Party, Anna Seghers, certainly one of the most gifted of communist authors, nonetheless still wrote in the same conciliatory vein as had formerly been done by Andor Gabor. Her article *Volk und Schriftsteller*, which appeared in *Freies Deutschland*, a monthly published from 1941 till 1946 in Mexico City, was a liberal, temperate analysis of a writer's task as seen by one who seemed concerned with the close cooperation of all antifascist forces. Not mystic ties of blood but social bonds united a writer with his people. The antifacist author had to identify himself with those of his people who carried on and made secure the progress of liberation. A writer's work would shine brightly whenever progressive forces had created the foundation of a state, as was true in the USSR. If such was not so, then a writer would find himself cut off from his people and in total isolation. Dante, for example, exiled as he was, was nonetheless united with "nobleman and cobbler" in his beloved, if cursed, home town; and that was why he knew of their personal and political conflicts, and was able, through his art, to "bring them to mind in a way so that today even we can follow his pro and con." No wonder that some of his contemporaries hated him and drove him into exile. Artists and writers remaining in Nazi Germany had been silenced and factually exiled within their own land. "Therefore, a German writer may be separated by oceans from his people, but still he can express oneness with his people more clearly, more outspokenly, and more effectively than an author ever could who within Germany was forced to *innerer Verbannung* (inner emigration)." Anna Seghers advocated using the term *Volksverbundenheit* (oneness with one's people) despite the fact that it was a fashionable favorite with the Nazis. The writer in exile could lay claim to that term far more justly than anyone writing inside Hitler's Reich.<sup>28</sup>

Georg Büchner once had said: It is *Gnade* (mercy) to punish the oppressors of mankind, barbarism to forgive them. This statement, used by F. C. Weiskopf as a motto for his novel *Vor einem neuen Tag* (Mexico, 1944), sums up the proposition on which Marxist critics based

their demand for militant participation of the writer in the struggle for social progress, as understood by them. Art for the sake of art was uncompromisingly rejected. Exile should not mean for a writer the eking out a miserable existence in the shadows—which it was for most of them—but vigorous fighting for an inexorable, ultimate victory. Bertold Brecht epitomized this attitude in a poem, which he wrote in 1939 in honor of Martin Andersen-Nexö, entitled *Wie künftige Zeiten unsere Schriftsteller beurteilen werden* (How future times will judge our writers):

*"Ganze Literaturen / in erlesenen Ausdrücken verfasst / werden  
durchsucht werden nach Anzeichen / dass da auch Aufrührer gelebt  
haben, wo Unterdrückung war. . . // Köstliche Musik der Worte wird  
nur berichten / dass da für viele kein Essen war. . . // Aber in jener  
Zeit werden gepriesen werden / die auf nacktem Boden sassen zu  
schreiben / die unter den Niedrigen sassen / die bei den Kämpfern  
sassen. // Die von den Leiden der Niedrigen berichteten / kunstvoll,  
in der edlen Sprache / vordem reserviert der Verherrlichung der  
Könige. // Ja, es wird Zeit geben, wo diese öffentlich gepriesen wer-  
den."*

("Whole literatures composed of choicest terms will be searched for signs whether there were also rebels when there was oppression. . . . Precious music of words will just tell that for many there was no food. . . . But praised in that future time will be those who sat down on the naked ground to write; who sat among the lowly ones; who sat with the fighters. Who told of the woes of the lowly ones, artfully, in exalted language formerly used only to glorify kings. Yes, there will come a time when public acclaim will be theirs.")<sup>29</sup>

If, in this study of the issues and problems, attention is focussed on content as is its primary concern, it should not lead to the conclusion that theoretical discussions as to standards, forms and the question of aesthetic values and categories had been absent and of small or no interest to the writers in exile. Their natural preoccupation with the affairs of the day gave, and still gives, rise to the charge that their work was unliterary, unartistic, tendentious and "journalese." But the problem of the creative writer, the specific character of his calling, the struggle of *Formgebung* and the question of artistic relevancy never ceased to be topics of serious debate, even in the camp of the radical leftists. O. M. Graf was one of the poets and writers who, while deeply imbued with the spirit of his social and militant mission, not only knew of the heartbreak, of the loneliness and misunderstanding which every creative artist and writer experienced, but was also fully

aware of the mystery of the creative act that is beyond conscious control and comprehension. Graf told of the agonizing struggle against the *Materialwiderstand und Wortwiderstand* (reticence of subject matter and resistance of *the word*, terms coined by the Soviet writer, Isaak Babel). There could never be a relaxing of the guard against banality and triteness, no laxity in the perpetual watchfulness so that "the powerful and execrable monstrosities that rush every day upon a poet" might not overcome him. O. M. Graf, socially deeply conscious and sympathetic but not a communist, expressed any true author's experience and dilemma no matter to what basic political creed he had given his allegiance when he stated: "I called the life of a creative writer (*Dichter*) strange and terrifying. And is it not strange indeed, is it not terrifying and downright presumptuous of a man to compel a hostile world again to accept faith in the primacy of the *Wort* (word), out of which must grow the *Geist* (spirit) that brings forth great action and creates that which will abide? A world, hostile to the spirit, which expects all salvation from the *sichtbaren* (visible, tangible) deeds that for the most part really are quite uncontrollable?"<sup>30</sup>

The awareness of the problem of the creative writer, his involvement in and responsibilities to the questions of the day, was demonstrated also in discussions of those to whom culture, religion, literature and art did not reflect the economic and political struggles of mankind. The importance of the social aspects of life and their implications were not overlooked here either, and how could they be in view of the fact that political forces at their crudest had driven into exile such a substantial part of the German cultural élite. Under the impact of frightful personal experiences it was difficult to maintain faith in the autonomy of the mind and its creative ways, and go on believing that the spirit could move along untouched by what sensitive, aesthetic souls called the baser reality of the material world. Yet there were and are those who maintain the existence of an absolute dichotomy between *reiner Geist* (pure spirit) and the material world. Berendsohn in the second volume of his study several years after World War II felt compelled to deplore the increasing attempts by German critics and literary historians again to consider *Dichtung* (creative, poetic literature) as a "*rein geistige Angelegenheit*" (purely intellectual-spiritual concern).<sup>31</sup> He sensed this tendency correctly—it can be seen in the flowering of irrational, obscurant mysticism in much of the contemporary German literature and philosophy. But it must be said that also during the years of exile some uncompromising idealist views were expressed vigorously outside of the Third Reich.

In Switzerland, for instance, critics and writers who were personally untouched by persecutions and who enjoyed economic security continued to cultivate traditional German idealism which saw in a poem, a picture, or a sculpture creations that were sufficient unto themselves and absolute, free from "degrading ties with material reality." A strictly *geisteswissenschaftlich* (intellectually-spiritually-scholarly) point of view saw in a sociologically motivated literature merely an offshoot of Taine's *race, milieu, and moment*, Saint Simon, and Comte's Positivism, called all fairly well "outdated" and not at all exemplary for a German writer who was "cast into the cosmos to find the point where the principles of the 'I' intersect those of the universe."<sup>32</sup>

The *Deutsche Blätter*, an exile monthly of high intellectual standards, published in Santiago, Chile, gave space in 1944 to a review of the newly founded Swiss literary quarterly *Trivium*. The reviewer was the Swiss critic Hans Näf. Opposed to having *Literaturwissenschaft* (literary science) turned into history, psychology, sociology or ethnology (not to mention its being thought a discipline approving a literature that could have a "mission"), this new periodical of "criticism of style" (*Stilkritik*) concentrated, in the midst of a world conflagration, exclusive attention on "*reine Dichtung als Form*" (pure creative literature as form), a method which was "to lead into literature's very core." Highly praised in this review was the undoubtedly masterful exposition of a poem by C. F. Meyer by Emil Staiger who was said to have succeeded in demonstrating how the poem became "its essential self until its ultimate form fixed itself to a memory magically inspired"; all this being a fascinating process right "out of the superrational realm of forms into which this exposition permits us to cast a glance."<sup>33</sup> The Chile periodical did not identify itself with the views expressed by the critic, but in a truly liberal spirit welcomed a debate on art and literature that was strictly in line with German idealistic tradition, even though it struck an odd note for many at a time when millions died in a world-wide struggle for freedom or perished in the infamous camps of annihilation.

Tightly sealed inside the "spheres of the mind," and often wilfully oblivious to political and economic reality, this idealism had made many German thinkers and writers take refuge in the vast realm of the spirit, and perhaps declare with Lessing "*kein Mensch muss müssen*" and with Schiller "man is free and were he born in chains." Forces released by the Renaissance and Humanism had led in the Western World to a struggle for greater political and social unfetterment of the individual; in Germany these same forces had, in the main, been channelled more into the world of creative, spiritual-intellectual imagina-

tion and speculation, which, for a long time, compensated for a tighter political serfdom. Domicile in the *Reich der Ideale* undoubtedly had its share in perpetuating political stagnation among the *Gebildeten*. While the intellectual élite of Germany heeded Schiller's eloquent counsel to "flee from life into the realm of ideals," political reaction and immaturity could more easily persist. The German people fell behind in the striving for social and political adjustments, inexorably demanded by an age in which science and technology, the increase of population, and the growing complexity of modern society had rung the death knell of the imaginary "good old times" when speculative thinking alone was thought to "solve" the problem of man. In Germany still today "the flight of a writer into private spheres is considered a downright mark for creative qualities," and the opposite may be a betrayal of a sacred trust.<sup>34</sup> Since almost all the writers in exile failed in undertaking such celestial excursions and instead dealt with the burning issues of the day and their own existence, it is interesting to note how as early as 1805 J. G. Seume felt how he had to defend himself against the charge of being "too political." He, in essence, anticipated by almost a century and a half the answer that many writers in exile gave to similar reproaches. Seume had said:

"If I am reproached that my book is too political, my answer is that I believe each book should be so more or less. Whenever a book is not, it is superfluous or bad. If the opposite is asserted by someone he has his—no good—reasons. Whatever contributes, even in a small way, to general welfare, or is intended as a contribution to it, is political: *quod bonum publicum promovit*. Whatever fails to do so, of course, is not political. This term "political" has been distorted, confused and defamed. It has been, and not in a too honorable manner either, enveloped into a peculiar fog so that it might appear to an honest, simple man like a ghostlike specter of horror. A procedure, sad to say, quite successful."<sup>35</sup>

For writers in exile, who every day dealt with what hardly could be termed *eternal* and *absolute*, it was natural to justify their work by referring to fellow workers in the past who, like Seume, had scored the prevailing ivory-tower concepts of their contemporaries. While most did not claim that "the German philosophy of Kant, Fichte, Hegel and the young Schelling was a social philosophy of struggle (*soziale Kampfphilosophie*)" as did the editors of the *IL* in a cautioning note to an essay by L. Marcuse on Schopenhauer,<sup>36</sup> exiled authors could feel reassured, if they heeded it—although quite a few did not—by some words of Fichte (who, by the way, was also appropriated with fervor by the National Socialists). Fichte had considered it the "noblest



privilege and the most sacred office of the writer" to gather his nation about him and counsel with it; especially was this to be true in the Germany of his time where a *allgemeines Ganze* (the nation as a whole) was held together "only through *das Werkzeug des Schriftstellers* (the instrument of the writer)." Fichte had insisted that "first of all, original thought should be given to the *grossen Ereignisse unsrer Tage* (great events of our days)," their relation to the present and then what might be expected of these for the future. A firm *Yes* or *No* should result after such thoughtful labor, and everyone who wanted to lay the least claim to *Bildung* (cultural education) "*soll das*" (was to do this).<sup>37</sup>

If, then, militant poetry and writing are directed against the forces of oppression, when they issued from a genuine passion for freedom and a deep commiseration for the enslaved, might they have less of a claim for being considered true art than odes to friendship, nature, death, love or *zeitlose, ewig-gültige* (timeless, ever-valid) ideals? Had not Hegel in his *Aesthetik* declared: "*Die echte Lyrik hat, wie jede wahre Poesie, den wahren Gehalt der menschlichen Brust auszusprechen* (Genuine lyrics, as any true poetry, must tell of the true contents of the human heart)?"

There exists a real problem as to the writer's function. It can be dismissed lightly only by those who enviably enjoy residence in the *Tempel der Gewissheit* (temple of certainty) of dogmatic assertion. Some essays of the exile bi-monthly periodical for free German culture *Mass und Wert* show the relevancy of this problem.<sup>38</sup> During its too-short existence it tried to steer a course between timeless cultural values and the hard-bitten, necessary polemics of the day, with the inevitable, sad result that some readers and critics found their prejudices against the resentment of the emigrants and their "hate-fixation" confirmed in its pages, while others severely censured the *Mangel an aktueller Angriffslust* (lack of timely aggressiveness). Thomas Mann, one of the editors, insisted that a path "in between" was to be followed; the very concept of genuine *Kultur* demanded it. The hour called for solidarity and the closing of ranks. The task of a cultural-literary periodical, and that is to say of a writer, was to guard the inalienable intellectual-spiritual and moral achievements of mankind, of culture, and to defend them against infamy and barbarism. While this was the over-all great goal, it had to be realized that the idea of culture in its aesthetic aspect could not stay all the time in the foreground; there came interludes in the history of man when harsher, more pressing, yes, even greater matters were at stake than the creation, the appraisal and the enjoyment of the beautiful and the artistic form; man just had to

put up with this as a matter of sad fact.<sup>39</sup> Thus on some occasions, *MW*, dedicated mainly to intellectual-spiritual culture, felt it was forced to act as a spokesman for the German conscience even in matters political when actions of the Third Reich were too outrageous to be aloofly ignored in silence. On the occasion of the "solution" of the German-Czech crisis at Munich in 1938, *MW* apologized and told of the sense of shame many Germans felt about Hitler's pernicious game. In the name of a Germany that would draw back in revulsion if she only knew the facts, *MW* joined its voice to the chorus of exiled writers who held it their task to speak up for the muzzled millions in Germany and to act as the German conscience before the world.

Reflecting on his personal development and analyzing the times insofar as it had affected him, Carl Zuckmayer in his essay *Pro Domo* (Stockholm, 1938) stated that *Deutsch-Sein* (being German, i.e., Germanism) had always meant the proclamation of the dignity of man specifically in such manifestations as alone would *verewigen* ("eternalize") a folkdom. True "Germandom" implied the incarnation of all that made man free, great and abiding; it would fan and guard the creative *sparke* in man. It meant that a human being had the prerogative to demand the invioable rights of personal and intellectual-spiritual freedom from which only could emerge a higher order and higher sense of obligation. "This greater Germany of the *Geist* (mind, soul), of justice, of freedom was never more ablaze in our hearts than now; and today more than at any time would the *Dichter* (poet, creative writer) have to be its advocate, guardian and herald."<sup>40</sup>

Between such lofty ideals and the actual everyday life and work of many exiled writers was naturally a great gap, as there is in human life everywhere the tragic discrepancy between the real and the ideal, the plan and its execution, the will and the deed. In a speech to the very active *Freie Deutsche Kulturbund* in London, Hans J. Rehfish stressed some of the indispensable prerequisites for a writer in exile if he wanted to aspire to be, and to qualify as, a spokesman for his nation. The present generation of German authors abroad had duties to perform greater and more pressing than ever before, if their task was to be done; bitterly needed were severe self-discipline and control of one's style, clarification of thoughts and a steady widening of one's view of the world through indefatigable studies. Success would come, above all, though "merciless uprooting of everything in our own self which might, as it had done in so many Germans, respond to the appeal of Nazism and cause surrender: destructive instincts of envy, hatred, careerism, vanity and excessive self-assertion." To *niederschalten* (tune low, keep down) and to extinguish man's innate asocial

impulses in favor of his nobler, more divine nature—that seemed to Rehfishch the ultimate meaning of civilization and culture, and to that aim the exiled writer had to dedicate himself.<sup>41</sup>

Utterances like these characterize the spirit of the liberal humanists in exile and their approach to the problems of the day. The cover of the *Deutsche Blätter* in Chile carried as a motto “For a European Germany, against a Germanized Europe” and a quotation from Pestalozzi: *Wir wollen keine Verstaatlichung des Menschen, sondern eine Vermenschlichung des Staates* (We do not want man to become a function of the state but want the state to become humanized). Looking ahead to the time when Nazi Germany would be defeated, the *DB*, as a literary-cultural publication, felt the urgent need for active participation in the planning for that time, considering the magnitude of the task then to be faced. Since the *DB* began publication during the last years of World War II, when the defeat of the Nazis had practically become a certainty, it stressed the postwar reconstruction of Germany and Europe more than attack and criticism, as had most exile papers. The policy of the *DB* was not “to wield the sword of vengeance” but to help in the *geistige* (intellectual-spiritual) preparation of rebuilding.<sup>42</sup>

Looking over the period from 1933 to 1945, the creators of German literature in exile can be seen as responding vigorously to the call of a militant humanism, albeit with a great variety of motivations, principles and degrees of assertiveness. The dogmatism of Marxists demanded a conforming “socialist, realist humanism.” A noncompromising, brilliantly polemic, and vigorously independent Kurt Hiller insisted that literature was to devote itself wholly to the political battle against Germany. Other writers, firmly anchored in a liberal-classical tradition, believed that humanism needed an active defense on an international basis against the forces of barbaric fascism, and that it would be the mark of nobility of German exiled literature if it militantly acted according to this faith. Heinrich Mann sent forth one eloquent appeal after another for a sustained, patient continuance of the fight by means of the “word,” at the same time deeply probing into the past and present, in order to make the struggle for the future ever more effective. For two years the literary monthly *Die Sammlung*, founded and edited by Klaus Mann, carried on a spirited campaign on a high literary level. Thomas Mann, one of the great modern German writers, if not the greatest, showed, after a slow start, in his writings and by his activities that the intellectual-spiritual-artistic sphere need not to be separated from the political-social, and in the struggle he called for the help of all men of good will, writers and artists included.

In his urbane, cultivated style, never quite free from ironic overtones, he tried to do his solid share in bringing about the "future victory of democracy."<sup>43</sup>

Kurt Pinthus, the literary sponsor and pacemaker of expressionism, who as early as 1918, in his speech to young poets, had said that *die Verkündigung des Geistes* (the proclamation of the spirit) *schliesst bereits die politische Wirkung in sich* (already implies political effect, consequence), stated "as a fact" in 1944 that, with few but important exceptions, the "writers in exile, or those in a newly chosen permanent homeland, strive less for greatness and artistic maturing but above all for *Wirkung* (effect) because this was the concern of greater importance at present." Consequently, although much that had been written, to be sure, would be gone with the day, many a work would abide because it had not only effect, at the time, but weight and abiding value.<sup>44</sup>

The people to whom the writers in exile addressed themselves were naturally of a sociologically and politically different constitution than had been their readers in Germany before the great exodus. It was a more alert, critical and sensitive audience than had been the professional critics in the past at home. Distrustful as to whether a friend or a foe was speaking to the community of readers outside Nazi Germany, the author was put under closest scrutiny, and he was rejected if he gingerly, as Arthur Koestler phrased it, preferred "not to cast a shadow." A writer was expected to stand up and be counted. Works lacking in militancy, regardless of their artistic merits, often were scorned and scored. Max Brod, to cite just one example, who showed empathy "for all kinds of thinkable points of view," disappointed critics through "lack of militancy," and as true a poetic figure as Else Lasker-Schüler was severely criticized because she seemed completely indifferent to the political chaos and the day's sad reality.<sup>45</sup>

On the other hand, the lack of artistic *niveau* at the expense of otherwise praiseworthy antifascist attitudes and aims was judged also with biting criticism. In an essay *Politik in Versen* (politics versified) Werner Türk discussed—whether rightly or wrongly—some poetry by Bertold Brecht whose language seemed so "emaciated that the bones of party terminology stick through the thin skin of the sentences." If the pretentious form of the stanza had been written by him in simple prose, so Türk contends, "the optically inflated structure would shrink to a colorless fragment of a well-intentioned editorial." The first anti-fascist drama of "European significance" to be performed on a stage, *Professor Mannheims Bekehrung* (later known as "Dr. Mamlock's

Conversion") by Friedrich Wolf, was called by Arthur Koestler a "weakly thrown together, unartistic piece whose heroes talk editorials and ooze printed paper from all pores." The lack of dramatic quality was redeemed, of course, by the attitude and the honesty of the author which was epitomized in two propositions at the close of the drama: "... for there is no greater crime than not wanting to fight when one has to" and "... in the last analysis one always thinks only of himself." Koestler considered the play fairly representative of the German literature outside the Third Reich's chamber of literature. Koestler also mentioned characters in the works of Lion Feuchtwanger and Klaus Mann who did indeed live out proposition two but in spite of themselves had also to try to emulate the first one. These characters would have liked to live their own private lives but had in the world's struggle against fascism to become *nolens volens* heroes. So while the manifestation of a militant attitude of many dramatists, poets and writers was to be applauded and beyond reproach, the artistic level of their creations could compel no corresponding admiration.<sup>46</sup>

While Koestler's reference to literary characters created by Feuchtwanger and Klaus Mann was pertinent, to extend it to the authors themselves would be a mistake. The conscientious care and creative empathy of both writers in portraying the diverse types of exiles caution against a naive identification of the writer with his creations, as a more intimate knowledge of *Leben und Werk* always reveals. It is gratifying to have for a "case study" the autobiography of Klaus Mann, written with manly frankness and a meticulous precision in self-analysis; in its pungent, alert style it might well be taken as a prototypic text on the evolution of a young, gifted writer who had been thrown by the exigencies of fate into the uncertain but fascinating adventure of changing from a "German" into a citizen of the world.

In the earlier works during his exile, Klaus Mann had been only mildly successful in blending creative art with political responsibility; yet as he grew in stature, as he consumed himself in a ceaseless delving into the mysteries of his own complex personality and in persistent efforts to advance the cause of the free spirit, he gave representative articulation to what the younger generation of writers felt as their burden and calling. His autobiography, first written in English and published in 1944, later expanded and rewritten in German, is not only a chronicle of the vicissitudes of the life in exile but a revealing document of how the tumultuous first half of our century was reflected in a creative mind of extreme sensitiveness and keen perceptive powers. At first Klaus Mann conceded the political obligation of a writer only in theory; he realized that whoever felt called upon to express human

experience through the medium of the creative word could not ignore and neglect some of the most urgent human problems: the securing of peace and the question of a more equitable distribution of earthly goods among men. But earlier he had contented himself with expressing superficial generalities, then to him as a *Dichter*, only the great mysteries of existence counted: rapture, death, ecstasy, solitude, unrequited longing, creative intuitions. After 1933, however, he found that momentous political questions were part and essence of one's very life, of one's own personal drama, as he had seen it demonstrated so well in the example of his uncle Heinrich Mann. This author's political thinking had the intensity and genuine pathos of the heart, and it had been achieved only through suffering, patience, work, concentration and an untiring, passionate effort for a real understanding based on exact knowledge. True, there existed also an art that was limited almost exclusively to perfect self-fulfillment, an art which could be comprehended and evaluated only as an aesthetic phenomenon not subject to ethical criticism, just as the glitter of a peacock's tail and the charming elusiveness of a rainbow were outside the moral ken. A deep affinity for this aesthetic realm had caused Klaus Mann to ask himself seriously whether he really had a right to consider himself a fighting representative for the cause of freedom. He answered the question not so much by theoretical speculation but by vigorous, self-consuming action. For this he claimed no credit, for he frankly confessed his "was the story of a writer whose primary interests are those of the aesthetic-religious-erotic sphere but who under the pressure of circumstances had arrived at a politically responsible, even militant position."<sup>47</sup>

During the first few years of the exile Klaus Mann had formulated what the German writers abroad saw as their primary function: to inform the world about Nazi Germany and the true character of her regime, to keep contact with the underground opposition at home and furnish literary material to the forces of resistance there; but the really challenging task had been to keep alive the great tradition of the German *Geist* and language, and thus to insure their future growth. "It was not easy to combine these two obligations, the cultural and the political. An unusual, intellectually daring situation, extreme in every respect, exacted unusual efforts and an extreme bringing into play of all energies. The history of literature of the future (if the future will be one that has some interest left for us) will prove that the exiled German writers have significant achievements to their credit. Almost all succeeded in remaining true to their standards; many a one grew in stature and produced his best right there in exile."<sup>48</sup>

During the later years of the exile, the writer's participation in direct political action began to be questioned by important critics. Klaus Mann quoted W. H. Auden's opinion that greater restraint and moderation in the work of exiled authors might perhaps have accomplished more; while the moral obligation of a free writer to take a stand was, of course, obvious, the real decisive action should not have taken place in the political realm but on a moral plane. "We must above all regain our sense for absolute religious values. If we fail in this, we shall not be able, for any length of time, to stand up against the claim for totality of the power of the state." Sharing Auden's basic belief, Klaus Mann exclaimed: "How handicapped, how *hilflos* (helpless) I feel in a circle of intellectuals who have accepted Marx' dogma as gospel truth! . . . Must one cease to be human in order to be a Marxist?"<sup>40</sup>

Ten years before he realized the incompatibility of the freely searching individual, who is ever aware of the basic tragedy of human existence, and the dialectical materialist to whose optimistic, melioristic outlook such an attitude was nothing but a bourgeois anachronism, Klaus Mann had visited the first writers' congress of the Soviet Union in Moscow. He went there as a man of good will, and he was impressed by the vitality of contact that existed between the Soviet writer and his readers. The often frightening question asked by an author of the West: for whom exactly do you work?—had become pointless in the USSR. There the writer had a vast and eager audience. The intellectual curiosity of the general public extended to the classics and world literature, although all literary phenomena were seen in the light of a socialist realism defined in terms of dialectical materialism. According to this, the bourgeois writer had never been able to develop his potentialities for greatness because, if he was sincere, he would find himself always in opposition, consciously or unconsciously, to his "exploiting, predatory social environment." The socialist writer in the USSR, however, could attain the maximum degree of personal, potential achievement, for he was no longer handicapped by a negative attitude toward his sustaining community. In Russia, Klaus Mann found literature right in the center of public life. Its function was considered vital for the socialist construction of the country for it had to describe its progress, criticize it in a positive spirit and proclaim its glory. All this the visitor noticed with sympathetic concern. But in view of the boundless optimism everywhere, he asked: Is a certain kind of *Leid* (sorrow) not indispensably "noble" because of its imminence in human nature? The loneliness of individuation, the transitoriness of everything, the never-curable basic tragic facts of man's life: are they

but aspects of a decadent bourgeois generation? True, fascism cultivated and encouraged certain tragic attitudes because they lend themselves more easily to confusion with reactionary aims than a clearly formulated, rational will to progress. But are knowledge of the basic human tragedy and a sincere desire to help in the progress of man therefore mutually exclusive? Is a materialistic, optimistic ideology an indispensable prerequisite for "political good will"?<sup>50</sup>

The questions raised by Klaus Mann indicate the complexity of the problem of the function of literature in modern society. The immediacy of the fascist type of onslaught against a free culture and their own personal involvement united the German writers in a common defense which perforce led them to emphasize the militant functionalism of literature. But there was no permanent common aim for the "popular front" of writers outside the one goal desired by all: the defeat and eradication of Nazism. As the exile dragged on year after year, the militant unity appeared more and more doomed, as everything is bound to be that is united negatively by just having an enemy in common. Decisions and views of individuals insisting on their free choices collided with the demand for collective discipline. As the defeat of Nazi Germany drew nearer, the diversity of philosophies and political creeds became more pronounced, and the question was often asked what the German writer in exile actually had accomplished, and how effective his contribution in the fight had been.

To answer this is difficult. It would be as easy to collect the voices of frustration as to gather testimonials to the contrary. Statistics and quantitative data lack persuasive force when dealing with imponderables. Leo Lania, as early as 1936, maintained that in comparison with former exiles, for instance Victor Hugo, the German writers had failed to stir up the conscience of Europe; that their stories of the fate of the Jews, the martyrdom of the German laboring class, the total collapse of justice, etc., had lost quite early the actuality which at first had made exile publications attractive. Nonetheless, Lania did not recommend fainthearted retreat from the field. Writers should continue to establish as a basic aim "in each of their books the fanatic urge to be a help to the reader, to assist him in finding answers to a hundred questions and doubts." The one definite fact was: The literature in exile did represent the German literature to the world at large.<sup>51</sup>

In the perspective of two decades later, the writers of the exile—those who have returned to Germany are now occasionally referred to as *Remigranten*—can safely be considered as having lived up to their challenge, notwithstanding the lack of a wide, general response in their day, and not withstanding their slow recognition at the present.



The strictly political, economic and sociological writings, frequently in the vein of passionate, satirical polemics, presented trenchant analyses of conditions in the Third Reich and prognoses of remarkable accuracy in the fight against it. Competent, authoritative and often lucidly formulated, they enlightened public opinion in a slow but persistent process about Hitler's tyranny and what it meant to Germany and the world.<sup>52</sup> But the imaginative writers also contributed, even if in a less obvious and a more subtle way.<sup>53</sup> The situation forced them to a reappraisal of their task, and it is evident that despite political diversity and dispersion all over the globe, these representatives of German literature abroad almost in a body acknowledged a communal, social responsibility. They found little in their situation to encourage labor in the private sphere of art for art's sake. The fight was the thing, and while art and literature were adjudicated as having a destiny beyond militant participation in the struggle for man's ideals, whatever they be, in the time of exile the realization was almost universal that the place of a writer was in the ranks of the humanists and that his work was legitimate *littérature engagée*.<sup>54</sup>

Ernst Waldinger, one of the emigrated German Austrian poets, summed up the situation when he said that a writer had no other obligation, indeed, than to express whatever his conscience dictated to him, but that the *Vereinzelung* (isolation) of a writer *hat gründlich aufgehört* (has thoroughly stopped). No longer could his conscience allow him to reject collective obligations; and moral problems, or even didactic trends, could no longer be ridiculed or considered downright *unpoetisch*. Poets like McLeish and Stephen Vincent Benét gave proof in American literature of the type of service a poet might and should render in times of crisis and duress.<sup>55</sup>

The German exiled writers have done their share in perpetuating German culture; and they have contributed to whatever it was worth to bring freedom back to the German people. While they were on the side of those who conducted the struggle against Hitler and the Third Reich, they never considered the folks at home their enemies but centered on them their deepest concern. Paraphrasing some formulations of Richard Hertz which he had used in an essay on Adele Gerhard, one might say that the terrifying events of the exile years, the change of circumstances in their lives, had not weakened the exiles in their inner strength nor their belief in the creative forces of nature and mankind. Their horizons had been widened and their inspiration sustained by the experiences they had to undergo. The ideal refugees were persons who could not really become true refugees because where-

ever they went it was always *Gaea* they met, the rich, generous, inexhaustible Mother Earth.<sup>56</sup>

No really new phenomenon is presented by the achievement of the literature in exile. There exists a long tradition in the history of German literature, of writers, poets and dramatists who felt called upon to be the judges of their people, and who were the arbiters of their times. There are many works that made reality, socially and otherwise, creatively transparent and which inspired in man an awareness of values and verities that would abide.<sup>57</sup>

### PART III

#### The Concern of the Poets

Und Tolstoj sagte:  
Nun—nun—  
Wenn es denn sein muss—Freund—  
Schreiben Sie . . .  
Ihre Gedichte.

*Berthold Viertel*  
in "Rilke und Tolstoj"

Die Saiten meiner Harfe,  
die sind aus Stacheldraht.  
...  
das Lied, das sie begleiten,  
heb' euere befreien  
Herzen vom Traum zur Tat.

*Hilde Marx*  
"Bericht"

No matter what impulses may lead to the creation of a poem by means of imagery, rhythm, rhyme and choice use of words—be it the result of a mere *interesselosen Spieltrieb* (disinterested urge to playfulness) or a formulation of intentional “magic” or the shaping of a “whole” without professedly conscious relation to the ephemera of external things—genuine “word artistry” (*Wortkunst*) reveals and communicates the deep concerns of its creator. Political-polemic motivations may bring forth poetry of rank if the intensity and genuineness of conviction inspire artistically creative minds, a providential dispensation of infrequent occurrence. Dilettantism abounds when stirring personal experiences lead to such intense emotional pressure that passionate communication becomes a crucial necessity. Failure is certain when the technique of art is poorly mastered and critical self-appraisal absent or too feeble to prevent the often insidious associative power of language, which ever tends toward autonomy to falsify impulses and experiences. Writers can easily be “ruled by the language” instead of having it serve the mind as a pliable tool. Nobility of motive, an extraordinary fate and an attitude deserving of sympathy can play only minor roles in the evaluation of the literary, poetic achievement per se, a fact which is also to be kept in mind when one deals with the literature in exile.

An anthology of German poetry written by expelled authors and edited by Heinz Wielek well illustrates this point.<sup>1</sup> The collection tells of the characteristic moods of the exile and expresses them in a resounding chorus of militant, sad, irate, withal confident voices.

But few rhythmic and rhyming structures in it could be called poetry. Lyrics alternate with versified commentaries, rhymed editorials and rhythmic accusations. Poets who could truly represent the intellectual-spiritual values of the exile against fascism and dictatorship had to give way to many anonymous rhyming pamphleteers like Pips, Horatio, Roter Hans, Liberator, etc. The anthology has the value of affording a good view of the average level of much of the German anti-Hitler press, its major topics and compelling motives, but it did contain little poetry worthy of recognition.<sup>2</sup>

Writers of standing realized the impact of the events of the day on the quality of their work, and they often felt the need for explaining and justifying the "why" and "how" of their position. The poets of communist persuasion might, according to preconceived notions concerning them, be expected to have but few aesthetic scruples, yet we find frequent indications of their genuine anxiety about the excessive emphasis of content matter over aesthetic form and mature, detached wisdom that are traditionally considered distinguishing marks of real "high" poetry. Bertold Brecht was well aware of the situation when he stated: *Ich wäre gern auch weise./ In den alten Büchern steht, was weise ist:/ Sich aus dem Streit der Welt halten und die kurze Zeit/ ohne Furcht verbringen,/ Auch ohne Gewalt auskommen,/ Böses mit Gutem vergelten,/ . . Gilt für weise./ Alles das kann ich nicht:/ Wirklich, ich lebe in finsternen Zeiten!*"<sup>3</sup> Hugo Huppert told of how values and standards had been lost and how only one great overpowering emotion remained; in a poem about "The Word" he said: *Und als wir an die Grenze kamen,/ da hatten viele keinen Pass,/ und mancher hatte keinen Namen,/ Doch jeder hatte seinen Hass.*<sup>4</sup> "Creative wrath" and "sacred hatred" inspired Erich Weinert to write poems of impassioned, and occasionally also original, quality, but the stirring emotions of wrath and hatred and commiseration made him write reams of rhymed diatribes which perhaps served many occasions of the day but whose fate was soon to be "gone with the wind." In his "Appeal to the Minds" he explained his activism: *Der Welt genügt die Deutung nicht allein:/ Sie trug genug; sie will verändert sein./ . . Was nützt die Spinnkunst mit Gedankenfäden/ in einer Zeit, wo nur der Strick noch gilt./ . . Mehr als Erkennen braucht es heut Bekenner . .*<sup>5</sup> Johannes R. Becher, a genuine poet who after his expressionistic period found early the way to communism, now and then invited suspicion that the untiring exhibition of his proletarian militancy in poetry was not so much direct, creative inspiration but a stratagem to assure the Party again and again of his loyalty; there seems also to have been a frequent need to reassure himself of the continuity of his artistic

integrity. A recurring device in his poems was to pose rhetorical, pseudo-critical questions. For example, his confession "*doch was mich fragend bedrängt,/ wird mir zu mächtigem Hasse,/ dass ich zusammenfasse/ Alles, was in mir versprengt— . . .* and concessive statements like *Einsilbig, sag ich nichts als Sieg*, tell of an inner need for self-approval. There appears to be a deeply felt uncertainty which Becher tried to banish by repetitive, vigorous assertions of his mission. To qualify himself as a "worker among workers" Becher resorted to what can only be called a strained imagery when he declaimed that wherever "bodies forge themselves" (*wo sich die Körper schmieden*) and "muscles elastically stretch" . . . "*dort weilt auch sich trainierend, mein Gedicht* (there in training my poetry abides)." Long since had he forsaken the "oasis of murky chatter, the café."<sup>6</sup>

Alfred Wolfenstein described how he could no longer endure "sweetness and riches" in a time so destitute of human values. The *Not der Zeit* demanded a poet who, free from the "happiness and distress of sentiment," could "free the world," willing *das Süsse hinzuopfern für das Gute* (to sacrifice enchantment for the good).<sup>7</sup> When doubts and discouragement threatened to smother the impulses for "service with the word" and a sense of futility appeared too overpowering, Stefan Heym held himself bound to the task of militant writing by the vision of the comrades imprisoned and in chains. While he himself was still free, he *hält Gericht über die fliessenden Stunden* (holds judgment over the passing hours) and pledged his poetic help to go on until for him also the time arrived when his tongue would be stilled.<sup>8</sup> Those who remained silent either from indifference or cowardice were challenged by Rudolf Leonhard: *Du weisst das, du weisst, was heute geschieht,/ du kennst, wie die Wahrheit, das alte Lied/ Du siehst, was unsre Toten dir zeigen,/ Wie beredt sie zeugen: Und du kannst schweigen.*<sup>9</sup> Leonhard knew of the charge against militant literature, that it is not "objective" and that it fails to point out the "relativity of things," but he countered with: *Unrelative Lumpen/ hausen bei uns zuhaus/ . . . ist relativ der Graus?/ Da sollen wir objektiv sein?/ Wir sollen so naiv sein?// Wir kennen die einfache Wahrheit,/ wir sehen durch scharfes Glas,/ und unsere Lehre ist Klarheit/ und unsere Klarheit Hass-/der Hass, der gross und weitsichtig ist,/ der schaffende Hass,—der richtig ist!*<sup>10</sup> Hedda Zinner, who then in the battle against fascism faced "the greatest task of all artists"—that is, being a mouthpiece of the cause for *die grossen Dinge*—bewailed that in former times she had expended *für Kleinstes* (for trifles) *grösste Worte* (exalted words). Her plaint was: *Hätt' ich mit meinen*

*Worten Mass gehalten . . . dass ich's nicht tat, das, Freunde, macht mich arm.*<sup>11</sup>

Noncommunist socialist and liberal writers felt no less ardently the challenge of the day, although theirs were not the party-bound patterns of response. In a moving poem *Zuversicht* (Faith), Oskar Maria Graf told of the unbreakable link between author and working man, compelling the writer "at each step" to be aware of the multitude that walked along with him and of which he was a part. An invisible bond held poet and laboring man together and made it impossible for the poet to forget the all-consuming task as long as he was still a man free to create. Graf did his work with this realization before him and he pledged his loyalty by saying: *Gib mir Genosse, deine schwere Hand,/ in deren Zittern noch die Arbeit bebt./ Uns eint ein unsichtbares Band,/ das nur der Gleiche gleich erlebt.* On another occasion he exclaimed: *Keine Nacht vergeht, dass ich nicht denke an die Brüder, die in Kerkern leiden.*<sup>12</sup> Fritz Brügel, once absorbed in the field of aesthetics, in his *Bekanntnis*, condemned a "detached passion" that for the sake of "words and gold" playfully measured sounds and syllables in a sterile praise of the past. The "truth of the day" demanded of one "to forge the iron to machines," and the duty of the poet was: to profess! Time was measured and limited, it was imperative to "grasp the hours and burn them out to ashes" in the struggle for victory, which would be achieved only if the poet was ever conscious that there had been *Auf Schafotten unsere Ahnen,/ auf dem Galgen unser Ruhm,/ darum Blut auf unseren Fahnen,/ Hass in unserem Heldentum./ Und in unseren Herzen tragen/ wir des Leides schweren Stein.*<sup>13</sup> In a poem *Hätt' ich's gewusst* (If I had known) Max Zimmering demonstrated the impossibility of remaining objective and detached in view of the monstrous hatred which the Nazis had generated in the world against all of the German people. Even the innocent ones and German men of good will felt like taking a share in the bearing of the guilt to hasten the future atonement. *Um wiederzuerwerben/ was verloren/ da braucht es neues Wollen/ Mühen/ Wissen./ Muss Licht erglücken aus den Finsternissen,/ da müssen Deutsche/ deutsche Wildnis roden,/ bis aus dem wüstgelegten deutschen Boden/ "Ein freies Volk auf freiem Grund" / geboren.*<sup>14</sup> The "wisdom of grief" led Hilde Marx to the realization that when millions had died for liberty and millions were still longing for the day of freedom, action had to take place which would hasten the arrival of the time when *in aller Erde, aus der Brüder Tränen, reift unsere Saat.*<sup>15</sup> The poet, declared Werner Ilberg in his rhymed aphorisms, must leave the "pure heights of the mind" and be "led by politics" into the "lower spheres" of life. This

was an inescapable duty: *Willst du nach dem Gipfel streben,/ müssen kräftig sich die Füße/ auf die harte Erde stemmen.*<sup>16</sup>

Brutal injustice had forced the poet into a very narrow circle of thought, deplored Berthold Viertel. Critics complained that each word he uttered had turned into a curse; they called it "stooping low." But Viertel countered: *Sie können Zorn und Flüche nicht ertragen,/ Jedoch den Schmutz, den Schmutz ertragen sie!* Another time he deemed it better "to carry the heavy burden of misfortune and to work on" because only by doing this could at least his fate remain *menschenwürdig* (becoming the dignity of man). In a poem "In This Moment" we see in a vision how multiform action goes on directed against man and his true welfare, and how many poets were willing to ignore this and to prostitute themselves to the debasing powers that control the evil. What else was a true humanist writer to do but to score this baseness with all the might that his word could command?<sup>17</sup>

Iwan Heilbut felt the responsibility of the poet was to help a confounded German people back on the path to real *Lebensdienst* (service to life). Want and hatred had confused them, and they were now kept in a kind of "solitary confinement." To show these enslaved minds the world, reality and humaneness "*bleibt unser Teil an Deutschlands Testament.*"<sup>18</sup> Paul Zech realized in his *Strofen der Einkehr* (stanzas of spiritual contemplation) that self-adulation was more easily practiced by the "righteous" than a sharing in the actual work of making habitable again a "guilty house," even if, while one was doing this, one would have to gaze into *Gesichter des Missmuts* (faces expressing ill humor). When all sustaining values practically were destroyed, only unreserved *Umarmung* (embrace, identity with the victims) could start a process of healing. How could a sensitive poet help but be aware that *die Toten sind immer noch unbegraben/ und brennen sich tiefer kinein in unser Bewusstsein,/ als das schimpliche Eisen ins Fleisch eines Sträflings.*<sup>19</sup>

A poet of formative strength who, as he said, might in happier circumstances be an adept in the art of praising life, its beauty, and its exaltation, Jesse Thoor (pseud. for P. K. Höfler) cursed the fate that would not let him turn his back on the victims of monstrous persecution. His "Sonnet of Temptation" reflected the futility of his desire to escape from humane concerns and responsibilities, but, in resignation, he had to conclude: *So aber geistern durch dein Herz nur Sturmgesang und Fieberbrände! Du siehst sie alle, die verletzt sind und gejagt./ Und weinend streichelst du und zärtlich ihre guten Hände.*<sup>20</sup> In stirring stanzas and rhythms Hans Sahl told of the funda-



mental concern of the guardians of humanity. The day of judgment was at hand, the day when the blind had to regain their sight, and the deaf again would have to listen to the voice of reason. Good and Evil again had to be weighed in the hands of incorruptible judges, tyrants must be smashed, and the "eternal face of truth" again appear to man. Then a yes will be again a yes, a no a clear no. Distrust between father and son and between friend and friend will cease and from the ruins of a world almost perished by self-destruction would arise the survivors and lay the foundation for a new humanity. This is why now *Es geht durch alle fünf Continente,/ es geht um die Erde ein einziger Schrei,/ es strömt aus allen Ländern der Erde,/ es strömt eine Welt von Empörten herbei:/ Rettet den Menschen, rettet den Menschen, rettet die Welt von der Barbarei!*<sup>21</sup>

The facts of exile and the experience of persecution personally undergone or closely witnessed were potently reflected in the basic tenor of poetry, as they were in most of the German writing free from the coordinating pressure of the Third Reich. But intense preoccupations with concerns and problems beyond the immediacy of an exiled existence were not absent, nor did the "militant humanists" regard for the fate of man result in an over-all dull, monotonous, and narrow literary production. When the literature in exile began in 1933, the outlook for it was bleak, yet challenging. It passed most crucial tests and brought forth works that became as much part and parcel of German Literature as anything ever written within the confines of the Reich. In examining some volumes of a representative field of exile poetry, works of uneven intrinsic merit move into focus. On the whole one might say that they reflect in vigorous, authentic, and oftentimes accomplished fashion the concern of the poets with the burning problems of a world that seemed to have grown more and more hostile to the free mind of men.

To learn of the moving concerns of the poets in exile, some key formulations in their poems were chosen which give their gist and essence. This was done with a realization of the pitfalls existing in such an approach. Each poetic creation, of course, must for an evaluation of its literary merit be considered in its individual completeness and seen as an entity; as such, a poem stands or falls. This basic requirement for an aesthetic appraisal had here to be disregarded for the sake of an orientation about the specific modifications which the exile had exerted on the writers. Another element of importance to which—with regret!—only small attention could be paid, while major observation was centered on the "mission" and "community service" of the poet, is that lyrical poetry is first of all an eruption, an in-

dividual outburst, an *Aussage* and a discourse of the poet with himself in a sphere of solitude, if not loneliness.<sup>22</sup> The various archetypes of poetry which in the dim past originated *im sozialen Raum* receded in times of less social stress into the background in favor of an ego-determined, almost solipsistic, noncommunicative art. But their dominance again ascended strongly when creative men, artists and thinkers, were thrown into forms of existence which made painfully clear the inescapability of social interdependence and communal involvement. This harsh fact clearly affected the deep, solitary disposition of many, as shown by the evidence in their work.

In reflecting on the poets in exile, an appealing figure comes to mind first: Max Hermann-Neisse, as prolific in writing poetry when under the ban of the Nazis as he had ever been before. He was the physically handicapped offspring of generations of Silesian peasants, and it was bitterly hard for him to leave of his own free will the beloved *Heimat*. In a never-interrupted productivity, he ran the whole gamut from *himmelhoch jauchzend* to *zu Tode betrübt*. In his books are numerous instances when a poem revealing a mood of abysmal despair faces right on the opposite page one which exudes utter trust in an ultimate positive outcome of the poet's fate. Such a juxtaposition must be baffling to readers who are accustomed to formal, if often spurious, consistency. Thomas Mann aptly characterized Hermann-Neisse as an author "wholly in bondage to the moment." To even the fleeting minutes of his life he gave artistic articulation with an intensity that drew the last modicum of awareness and affection from the joys and sufferings they brought. Hermann-Neisse was hero and victim alike to each passing hour. In him was an almost childlike lack of hesitancy to control the weeping and the laughter, but his basic mood was melancholy, a state "in which reality is seen as it is."<sup>23</sup>

As the years of the exile went on, up until Hermann-Neisse's death in London in 1941, his work grew in eloquence; it told of his bitterness, helplessness and despair, his loneliness and love for his wife, his fears and hopes and the rare times of happiness. He achieved a depth and poignancy of expression that he might never had reached had it not been for the extreme agony of the last years of his exile.<sup>24</sup> Eichendorff, Heine, Mörike, Rilke and others had left their mark on the poet, but his work on the whole was as original as was his personality and the vicissitudes of his life. Pervasive, inconsolable nostalgia comes ever to the fore in the poet's work. His dreams and memories of the past were intense to the point of being trancelike; he found in the dismal and dreary present *eine Art Vergessen durch gesteigertes Erinnern*

(Stefan Zweig). While on occasion repetitious and trite expressions are found, Hermann-Neisse showed a remarkable resourcefulness in an inexhaustible variation of imagery and choice phrasing. Now *Unendlich wächst um uns der leere Raum*, but in the days of yore there *sprachen Wasser, Menschen, Gärten, Gassen/ mit einer Sprache, die mein Herz verstand*. The lands of his exile remained forever strange to him and yielded not a touch of welcome; he felt as an outcast; wherever he found himself he was forced to say: *um uns die Fremde*. His life was drained of its meaningful contents because *fremd wird mir die Fremde bleiben*. Unyielding to all hostile forces, he knew: *Niemals mach' ich meinen Frieden/ mit der gnadenlosen Zeit*. Even the always beloved, *der Frühling*, springtime now held little cheer: *Was kann er uns schon andres bringen/ als: altern in dem fremden Land . . . Die Stätten, die wir liebten, starben,/ und wo wir sind, sind wir allein*. Sadly he realized: *Meiner Seele Landschaft ist verlassen*. He despaired of his ability to master his fate: *O wär' ich der, der ich nicht bin,/ der Mann, der sein Geschick bezwingt!* Although the homeland remained the refuge of his dreams, he had to confess that in this indulgence *weiss ich, dass ich mich belüge,/ dass die Heimat, die mich lockt, verfiel,/ Maiandacht, Geläut und Schwalbenflüge/ nichts mehr sind als meiner Schwäche Spiel*. But then again he wanted to escape his *Traumgefangenschaft*, and make grief and bitterness positive elements so that he could *auf neuem Grunde neu bestehn*. He reacted with extreme anguish at first when the Hitler regime deprived him of his German citizenship, but with pride he then emphasized *Wer mich zu entehren glaubte/ wenn mit frevelndem Befehle/ er das Heimatrecht mir raubte/ ahnt die ewig lenzbelaubte/ Heimat nicht in meiner Seele*. The homeland had not kept faith with him who had been as true a German poet as anyone: *die Heimat klang in meiner Melodie/ ihr Leben war in meinem Lied zu lesen,/ das mit ihr welkte und mit ihr gedieh*. Now in a foreign land no one bothers to read his lines, nothing was there in exile *Was meiner Seele Sprache spricht;/ ein deutscher Dichter bin ich einst gewesen,/ jetzt ist mein Leben Spuk wie mein Gedicht*.

These "hymns of despair" belong to moments when the poet felt "down." Yet he was never "down and out." Supersensitive to the impressions of the moment, he responded also to impulses of hope and courage and the experiences of love, friendship and beauty with intensity of feeling and fertile imagination. The company of his beloved wife in the strangest of surroundings meant "home" and assured him of security: *und wenn ich dich küsse,/ endet das Märchen gut*. In the midst of abysmal hatred he sang *der Zukunft kann getrost*

*vertrauen, / wer die reine Flamme wohl verwaltet*, and the day must come when the wine of welcome will be drunk at home. The nearness of his life's companion meant there was *der Glückstern über unserm Dach* and that the "overture of a new life pulsates hopefully through our blood." Love outlasts *des Hasses falsche Macht*, the morning will dawn *der den Spuk verjagt* and find the poet ready *zu jedem neuen Glück* and to wait *bis das Wunder uns befreit*. This he saw as a fact that through the exile the small world of his past had now grown so miraculously as *der kühnste Traum sich niemals ersann*. His hope built *Blumenbrücken* to the summer isles where roses bloom. The magic of the word which he controlled, so he declared, was the secret of his sustained power against all of his ill fortune: *Ob jedes andre Glück mich flieht— / mir bleibt mein Lied*; he fetched from depths hidden even to himself *die Kraft, durch die man weiterleben kann* and as a *Dichterseele* he would grow firm, courageous and hard.

A good part of Hermann-Neisse's poetry reflects the degree of consummation with which the poet had moved consciously as an exile through foreign lands. Verses of superb, if often conventional, gracefulness depict the landscapes and convey to the reader the moods they had evoked. The charm of a poem *Zürcher Verzauberung* is representative of many of its kind: *Ich blieb noch auf der Rundbank bei der Linde, / es duftete, ein Brunnen ruhig rann, / die Sterne zitterten im Sommerwinde, / ein Mondstrahl sich von Dach zu Dache spann*. As might be expected in a man to whom poetry was the essence of his life, the never-ceasing productive urge led on occasion to trite and hackneyed lines, so when the poet declares: *An allen meinen Pfaden / viel Blühendes mich labt, / im Sand sich Spatzen baden, / ein Hund dem Ball nachtrabt*, and when he felt the need for expressing in poetry the anticipation of a time when he again could taste *mit wahrer Wollust den Senf, die Semmel und die warme Wurst*.

The question of whether it was not idle vanity to indulge in meditations and to give form in poetry to what otherwise would be *unsagbar*, and to clothe "bleeding thoughts" into "well-woven words" at a time when the destiny of mankind was at stake was also asked by Hermann-Neisse. In the poem *Rechtfertigung des Dichters* he answered with a simple declaration of faith in some deity who had given him his "island among the stars supreme" where enchanting melodies filled the air, and where, far removed from wars and danger, was preserved *die Zauberkraft des Massvollen und Schönen über die Sintflutzeit hinaus*.

More precise than this vague escapist-like feeling of Hermann-Neisse is Berthold Viertel's answer to the query whether the writing

of poetry could be justified when the time demanded fighting and active helpfulness. Viertel's poetry was written because it contained the very elements that would support action; it signified the battle of the individual against the almost universal blackout of a humane life and its true values. Against the monstrosity of degrading experiences, the "I," through poetry, was helped "to keep his head and heart." Viertel remained an active poet because he wanted not to lose completely the continuity that had started with the "origin of himself." He looked for the causes of the present catastrophe, not only in his enemies, but also in himself. His poems sustained their persuasion through the force of the poet's conscience; what he needed was not forgetting, but the keenest innermost re-conjuration of the past, even if it revealed a guilty involvement of himself in whatever had happened. There were always more questions asked than possible answers given, but the dazzling, lurid harshness of the negative forces of the day had to be compelled to yield in turn "the positive" in sharply etched outlines. This had to be undertaken with the "power of doubt and despair." The constant tensions of exile created a peculiar style of *Lebensbejahung*; the conditions under which exiles lived exacted every day a heroism that was indeed for the most part unspectacular, but was helped by an odd sense of humor that meant strength.<sup>25</sup>

To Berthold Viertel it was clear that emigration and exile had not meant a basic change; whether for better or for worse, the man expelled was the same abroad as he had been at home. The *Litanei der Vertriebenen* surveyed the background of the man in exile; he never had been in *Thule*, the realm of "just laws," and *überleben ist nicht leben*: / *Ausgewandert, eingewandert, / Auch das neue Land war alt. / Nirgends war Thule, keine der Inseln / War das Reich der rechten Herrschaft, / Nirgends fanden wir unser Land*. This search for the "right land" had already at home aroused suspicion and hatred of the smug Philistines, a hatred sustained and deep: *Nimm du dem Bürger den Nachmittags-schlaf, / Da wird zum Wolf das vorher frömmste Schaf*. Giving the Philistine an ideology so he could rationalize and justify this hatred, his rage would make the earth tremble and it had come to such a point that *was Heimat heisst, nun heisst es Hölle*. . . . In pleasant environments, while experiencing a beautiful autumn in California, the exiled poet could not rid himself of the visions: *Überall nur das Nein erfrorener Liebe, / Die Eisblumen des Hasses! / Es regnet eisig auf Europa*. . . . The inhumanity there was so monstrous that one was inclined to consider it just a grossly exaggerated nightmare, yet it was true: *Wir sind am Leben, Freunde, glaubt es nur!* The awareness of the torture and death of the victims at home was ever present and a

deep tie bound the poet to them: *Wo immer sie henkten,/ Starben mir die Genossen./ Wo immer sie schossen,/ Trafs einen Freund// . . . Die Vergasten, Verscharreten/ Die Geiseln, die Bürger/ Wo sie heute sie würgen,/ War ich Vater und Kind.* But the grief had to be endured, even if it might grow worse, until the days when *Wir die Stärkeren sind*, and the sacrifice of the victims' *Gegenwart* would be vindicated by the *Zukunft*. The maxim for the days still dark was: *Nicht länger fragt die Welt, wofür du lebst,/ Nein, wofür stirbst du, Mensch.*

The incessant impact of impressions caused by an apparently hopelessly entangled world made the poet feel as if he were tossed between the extremes of human motions; he wondered whether he had turned into a "dump of debris" when he asked *Was ist es, das im Abbruch einer Welt/ Dich alten Schutt zusammenhält?* The answer was: *Hör es, Vernichter:/ Dies ist mein Schutt, ich bin sein Dichter.* Spitefully but with dignity the poet asserted that the response to all this had to be the appeal to an all-conquering creative artistry. There were moments when he envied those who have already left this "world of murder," *die, dem Menschenfischernetz entkommen,/ In die Bucht des Todes sind entschwommen*, but to take this "easy way out" is *uns verboten:/ der Weg aus dem brennenden Haus/ zu den kühlen Toten./ So durch den Schornstein fliegen/ Und es brennen die Andern!/ —Nein, hilf den Brand besiegen,/ Dann magst du wandern.* No useless lamentations, no tear-stained pillows marked a man; the duty was *das Wort, das mir am Herzen wächst, zu sagen.* The obsession with this task became so intense that the poet *im eisigen Wüstenstürme des Exils* was willing to have his worst personal enemy succeed in doing this if he himself should fail: *Wichtig ist nur,/ dass es gesagt wird,—nicht von wem.* Struggling to find the magic word of deliverance, the poet felt free of self-righteous pharisaism. He pondered his own involvement in the guilt of humanity, how he could have permitted the forces over war and death to conquer while rendering but small resistance for the sake of peace and life. He, with the rest of those who should have known better, had continued *siebenzuschlafen* and to find diversion in *hautschlechter Kunst und madiger Liebe,/ Während die Völker für uns zu sterben begannen.* The destroyers of human values certainly were evil—but *war darum unsere Willenszerstreutheit gut?* Even concerning the creative, artistic *Wort*, the work of the poets: were not some of the aggressors against humanity also its masters? They, too, *sprechen in Bildern, auch sie schleppen ihre Dichter mit.*

The sober self-appraisal, the radical honesty in attempting to see all sides of the tragic problems of the day endowed the utterances of Berthold Viertel with such an authentic ring. While he described the

devil's pleasure in seeing the exiles fight among themselves bitterly and full of hatred, he saw also good grounds for raising his voice in praise of the *Glück der Gemeinschaft* which he had found in the shadow of exile. Although the enemy had arisen out of the German people, he knows how to differentiate in his appraisal of the German language and literature. Reviewing in a poem a performance of *Faust* by an *Emigrantentheater* made up of a cast of actors expelled by Hitler, deprived of German citizenship and obscenely slandered on account of their "race," Viertel enumerated all the hardships and the evil these players and their kin had endured but ended each stanza with the refrain: *Sie spielen Goethe!* Noticing the loyalty and devotion with which the cast interpreted the classic drama, tears welled up in the onlooker's eyes, and he felt himself *durch dieses Spieles Kraft vom Hass erlöst*. Berthold Viertel tried "in a fanatic endeavor to forge the brittle word into the steel of a plough that would prepare the seed for the coming generation," so said the poet Ernst Waldinger, and, concluding a dedicatory poem to the then sixty-year-old Berthold Viertel, he stated: "*Und flammend noch mit weissem Haar/ Fragst du Was wird? mehr als Was war?*"<sup>28</sup>

Although he was proud of his Hebrew heritage, Ernst Waldinger's poetry reveals a solid grounding in German literary tradition, more so than his statement that he was merely a *Sohn der deutschen Sprache* suggests. He admits *Nach Recht und Unrecht fragt die Liebe nie:/ Die Heimat ist wie eine Melodie,/ Ein Ammenlied, ins Herz dir einge-sungen*. The Austrian homeland from where he had been driven, the *Land der sanften Kraft*, had given him much of his own cultural and experiential substance, had given him *Wort und Seele*. An agonizing problem for him was the dichotomy of the German language, a *grosses, gutes Mutterland im Geist* and yet also a defiled instrument of *Tyrannenwut*. Waldinger, a guardian of the true German language that went into exile with the poet, tells how in true *deutschen Lauten lebt die Liebeskraft,/ Die uns zu Menschen schuf, die aus uns schafft*. The poet had to hold on to it, because it was a part of himself; he felt unable to create in *fremdem Laut*, to try this would only frighten and confuse. While too many hours found him despairing *dem Druck von Heute ist kein Herz gewachsen*, he never succumbed but gave testimony of the healing power of creative art when he could proclaim *aus vielen finstern Stunden/ Hab ich zum Licht des Liedes heimge-funden*. In verses of compelling rhythm and an imagery of considerable resourcefulness, Waldinger published his poems in cyclic arrangements. Nostalgic visions; the harsh years of his youth; the active front duty in World War I with its *Blut und Schweiss und Tränen* even

then; multitudinous vistas of the new home of New York reflected expertly in a naturalistic-impressionist fashion; the horror of inhuman persecution and the stirrings of trust in and hope for the day of liberation; but then also problems of art and literature mark the range of the poet's concern. Unlike Hermann-Neisse, who on occasion in quite a cavalier fashion expressed the trite and cliché, Waldinger was always alert and aware of the care he had to exercise when striking the lyre. His poem on *Umgang mit Versen* urges the poet to practice tender caution. As the delicate design of a butterfly's wing is quickly ruined by a clumsy and covetous grasp, so it is with the creation of a poem: *Ach, auch ein Vers ist falterzart, ihn friert,/ Scheint ihm die Sonne deines Herzens nicht.*<sup>27</sup>

A deep reverence for the poetic word, *heiliges Wort*, which is a *Wertbewahrer* and a witness of the power of all that is good characterizes also the work of Ivan Heilbut, who felt his personality shaped by two major influences: the *Erlebnis der Zeit* and *des Unbegrenzten*. The volume of his poetry, for which Stefan Zweig had planned an introduction, shows how sparingly the poet commits his concerns to the creative word.<sup>28</sup> The German language, debased by counterfeiters and a jovial-sly, political scum, had to be cleansed first so that a word again would be pure; then out of its dark depth *der alte Sinn*, like a crystal, would again shine forth. This time had not come, however, and, while the poet attempted to hold on to his union with the muse, he felt that there must be a temporary *Abschied vom Gedicht*. To go on writing verses was wrong: *wie neben dem Mädchen ein Mann/ dem Erfahrung die Schläfe weisste/ fühl ich ein Unrecht. . . .* Before he would grow silent, Heilbut, *im Wirbel nach Symbolen greifend*, had, however, shaped the world of his roaming *im Gedicht*, blending elements of *Bildungs-und Urerlebnisse*. The substance of his poetry was the old, never-solved riddle of human fate to which the exile furnished some new, characteristic accents. As a restless wanderer he composed his songs: sonnets about the miracle of the birth of his child were followed by accounts of the mystery of "meeting other souls," when the eyes *ineinander baden aber die Schritte fest vorüber gehen*; there was the never-ending wonder of love that turned the *ich* into the *du*, with its intense awareness of the *Zweieinssein*. The poetry of Heilbut shows marks of a growing sensitiveness and a heightened vulnerability. He heard *des Todes grosser Flügel fuhr/ durch die Sekunde grenzenlos*; he sensed *Ich bin ein trunkner Wanderer/ durch meinen grünen Traum* but also that *alle Tode gehn durch mein Gewissen*. He had a realization of identity with all men, even with all creatures. A great power of empathy was the gift and curse of Heilbut. A rich cultural heritage



gave depth to his responses to the localities to which his wanderings led him, and where heroes of the mind and soul had lived and died. In verses of meditative nature he reported viewing the paintings of the masters or told of hearing a brilliant performance of an orchestra. In his pilgrimage Heilbut paid little heed to the passing of *Zeit* but rather mastered it *schreibend* so that *aus meinem Geiste Zeugen sind*; and he has *im Blick den Schmerz ums Ende seiner Zeit*. He pleaded with the *Geist* that it might *rette uns in einen Daseinssinn*, when there was such an abundance of *Die Gräber am Wege*, and that he might be able to spot *Lügen schon vor Wortwerdung*. Such type of wanderer in exile meant exposure to a steady process of attrition, it meant to learn that *Mensch: dein Wort bist du*. So the poet finally reached the point when silence became his lot. Death catching up with him ultimately would really mean a festival of rest: *Es soll ein helles Gloria erschallen,/ sinkt einst mein Herz zum Schlafen hin—/ wenn meine Zellen auseinanderfallen/ und ich aus grosser Pflicht entlassen bin*.

Spiritual fatigue caused Hans Sahl also to cry *Mein Herz ist tot*. *Ich hab mich ausgegeben*; he has felt *zu viel* and thinks that he must call a halt.<sup>29</sup> He knew of the pervading sense of guilt and was ashamed *dass ich noch stand und ging/ und atmete und liebte und mich fühlte* in view of the sacrifice of those who died so that he might still have *die Frist zu leben*. He dared even less to give an articulated voice to the horror about him and to "poach in words." Nor did he have the urge in a time *wo alle Worte fehlen,/ den Totentanz nach Silben abzuzählen*. Silence would be more eloquent, the most stirring cry *de profundis, den je ein Mensch vernommen,/ Er wird von uns, aus unserem Schweigen kommen*. It would be pointless to hold a poet to the conventional, operative meaning of a word; he uses it as a symbol and as a suggestive image for the intensity of his feeling, not to convey a logical judgment relevant to and consistent with discursive thinking. When in painfully heightened sensitivity the poet asks: *Bin ich geboren, tausendfach zu sterben,/ Soll ich mit jedem Atemzug die Last,/ Die ganze Last der Welt auf einmal erben?*—when in such dismal misery he cannot but feel crushed by the inadequacy of all means of expression and communication and sees in silence his ultimate refuge but goes on to speak nonetheless—it would be absurd to charge inconsistency and tell him to stay quiet if that was the way he felt. Hans Sahl told of the concerns that moved him, of the experiences of the exile through which he passed. Not being of the *Heutigen* to whom *nur das Heute noch wichtig*, he sensed in the sound of the air-raid sirens when *so nahe ist der Tod/ und so helle die Nächte* that the end of the world would be less physical destruction than the arrival of the hour

which *findet uns nicht mehr als Liebende*. His pilgrimage in France as an exile, the stays in an internment camp there, a brief interlude in French military service, the flight to and departure again from Portugal—the whole misery of men without *Papiere*—were the background of Sahl's poems up to the time when he finally was able to salute *Manhattans utopische Säulen* and had behind him the *Blackout (sic!) der Seelen*. In the introductory verses of his volume Sahl pointed to the uneven quality of his poetic work. The long periods of drab and numb vegetating under degrading circumstances were reflected in dull lines, trite expressions and occasional dependence on epigonic form and imagery. The poet warned: *Er hatte keine Zeit daran zu feilen,/ Das Meiste was hier steht, ist Material,/ Er schrieb es auf in Eisenbahnabteilen,/ Auf Ozeanen und im Wartesaal*. But, whatever the artistic merit of his poetry, the author lacking a passport or documents of citizenship saw in his work *sein einziges Papier*, the true attestation of the legitimacy of his human existence.

As the title indicates, Sahl wanted his verses read under the aspect of a vision of the bright moonlit nights he had experienced in France. Theodor Kramer's poetry reflects nostalgic melancholy against the drab and gray, rain-laden sky of London.<sup>30</sup> With the acute perception of an outsider in a strange land who is on terms of intimacy only with non-human creatures—they do not know that *ich nicht britisch bin*—he roamed through the *winkligen Gassen um Leicester Square* and in vain hurried about to find a job, *verdurstet, verrusst und durchnässt*. He was grateful for the low London sky because it allowed a congruence between his mental anguish and the leaden grayish world about him, a consonance that somehow rendered solace. How utterly *einsam und trostlos* would be the day *wenn im wildfremden Land hell strahlte die Sonne*; may heaven forbid that he would have to grow old here! As the poet relegated the "here and now" into the background, he turned to the "there and then" of his Austrian past, and to the community of the internment camp, with the *alten Genossen aus Wien*. He told how the *braune Philosophie* had split families; sons informed on their fathers, who then in turn predicted the crushing day of vengeance and reckoning. He mused about the books he had left behind, looks at the lute with rusty strings of steel and with once gaudy ribbons that were now bleached and faded. He was grateful *dass du schon tot bist Vater* and hence had been spared debasement and flight. Out of the cumulative experiences of past and present arose the poet's resolve not to rest until the dead—*für alle Zeit mit uns*—had been avenged. That is why no one *schreibe noch drucke ein Wort, das nicht wirklich er meint*, and no one should succumb to the worst of all threats to the exiles:

*Erstarrung*—petrification. It was the memory of the fighters for humanity and the work they had begun, which now *lässt uns nicht ruhn*.

In the main, the memories of Richard Friedenthal were free from the wearisome awareness of an exile's day; they became embodied in a poetry that aimed at essentials in a simplicity of style and plasticity of images.<sup>31</sup> When he built a bridge to the days of yore he did it with a touch of gentle irony, as when the lares, the "godkins" of the old home, *alt-geheiligt*, on their *zarten schwachen Beinen* tried to follow the exiles in awkward hobbling steps in order to be around when a new domicile should be found. But the bitterness of a creative mind, who was driven *aus dem Raum der Sprache* and *wehrlos unterstellt dem fremden Himmel*, abandoned to the very "edge of time," did on occasion come to the fore. Slowly the poet witnessed the medium of his art, his native words, wither away like roots torn from their soil and *wild nach Atem ringen*. The foreign elements penetrated his very being; they were harsh weeds whose rank growth spread into his dreams. The battle against this development was exhausting and never ceased. The poet fought on and *wartet auf das Wunder*, ready for whatever a "new life" and a "new death" might bring. In *Wechselgang und grenzenlosen Kreisen* man must see his destiny; he has to prove himself anew and better again and again, although there were times when he yearned for the ultimate hour when the weary soul was put into the arms *der Grossen Mutter und die letzten Ängste vergehen sanft*. The poet felt deep sympathy with a departed friend (obviously Stefan Zweig) who, overcome by loathing and deathly tired of a "world of wars," took a fatal drug to end his life. In deceptively simple, matter-of-fact couplets, Friedenthal told the story of the ship "Patria" that was blown up by mines. In it had been quartered eight hundred homeless Jews who had planned to reach safety in Tel Aviv, but had been bandied back and forth between harbors because the governments concerned saw *keine Möglichkeit* of permitting the landing (*mit Bedauern!*). *Achthundert Seelen sind viel und sind nichts/ Vor Gott und dem Schweigen des Weltgerichts*. *Zeitkritik* was offered by Friedenthal's poem *Musik der Zeit*. In this he scored the cheapening of music by the incessant, monstrous outpouring of melodies by day and night through the curse of radio. *Musik ist in den Strassen ausgegossen wie Spüllicht . . .*, it was played when people were eating and gossiping, and if an organ mightily would sound the majestic, solemn tunes for a High Mass, the gabbers would just raise the volume of their chatter. The result was *Musik der Zeit, die in der Fülle stirbt*.

World centers like Paris, London and New York were often first stops of the fugitive writers, many of whom stayed. Feeling more at

home away from the ant heaps of teeming humanity with their comforts and curses of a hectic, modern civilization, Paul Zech, while living in Buenos Aires, frequently found refuge in South America's vast primeval regions. Already belonging to the "old generation" during the *Jüngste Dichtung* of the "twilight of man" period after World War I, he had made it clear early that all true poetry had "political" significance insofar as its aim was to "shake up" man. If art happened to be *weniger denn Blut*, the poet's work might well be thrown onto the junk heap.<sup>32</sup> Well-established as a writer, of Westphalian peasant stock and as such "racially unobjectionable" in the Third Reich, Zech first had to hide and then flee into exile. His integrity and creative power suffered no impairment in exile; here he commanded, on the basis of a clearly perceived reality of the senses, the same magic of vision and manifested the same deep concern with the mystery of the awareness of the "I" that had always distinguished his work. The poetry and writing in exile continued to reflect his struggle for freedom from the sham and inanity of city life and his distrust of the priority claimed by mere intellect. His book of exile poetry traced the poet's hiding and flight in *Nacht und Nebel*, his peregrinations and final settlement in South America.<sup>33</sup> The happenings of the day and the reactions to them he transfigured in his verses into avowals of broad human significance. *Die argentinischen Sonette* revealed in Zech's favorite poetic form his feeling of oneness with the exuberant tropical life about him, focussing, as was his wont, especial attention on the world of plants and trees, fusing his visions with the ever-puzzling problems of man.

Part one of his volume tells of the poet's attempt to settle his account with the old *Vaterland* where now the earth was reddened with blood, and where a man's death meant nothing for *die umlärnten Ohren* even if "rocks would break apart in pity." Strong ties connected him *traumdunkel mit dem Einst* and he felt as *wäre es Verrat zu fliehn*. But he must leave *ins blaue Irgendwo* as long as the hangman worked at home, and "the dead had been made to cry out" for someone to speak for them: *Nur jener Toten willen/ lebt man das leere Leben noch*. Eyes and ears had to be on guard, for in times of dire need nothing was worse than *erschüttert vor gewesenen Bildern stehn*. The Babel tower of Nazi tyranny would some day crash, this was a certainty, *im Gefühl hat es Gestalt, Gesicht*.

In the second part called *Wanderungen*, Zech told of the physical and mental anguish of an exile who felt hunted and despised as if he were a leper. He now learned what it meant *an Brot aus milder Hand sich satt zu essen*, and *in todbangen Stunden* he learned to rebuild

his courage through simple words of a sympathetic soul who said: *Komm Freund!* Along with the experience of exile misery went a profound searching of the soul. There was also personal guilt in the past, there had been coldness to human misery and *wir . . . lebten uns vorbei*; too much selfishness still abounded and delusions about one's self. When the past was truly past and when hatred would be overcome, only then *wird aus den hunderttausend Teilen/ ein Rundes und Gesundes werden*. Zech did not share the blind hatred of many for all that was German: *Ich glaube aber an die drei Gerechten*, and he felt kin to them *auch hier im Fernen*.<sup>34</sup> A sign of utter moral anarchy—though understandable, for he who falls tries “even to grip the empty air”—was that *schon eine Ewigkeit* the hope had been that only war could bring deliverance, but . . . *welch ein Gefühl, verwildert und verroht!*

*Die argentinischen Sonette* comprise more than half of Zech's book *Neue Welt*. In these he proved how, to a degree, a *ferne Fremde kann zuletzt uns Heimat werden* when beyond the streets and buildings and rushing people an “experience of the earth” is attained which would also encompass the rivers and the ocean and the forests *von atmender Bewegung überrinnt*. He who too eagerly *wollte schnell verhiesigt sein* would not succeed; patience and labor would make the earth yield its fruit to him *der sich gehörig bückt*. The South American world could not be sketched *mit Farben einst gewesen* when serpent bodies glimmered yellow, and treetops gaily waved the plumes of herons and *gedunsen torkelt um den Feuerschein ein roter Mond*. Zech, his brow *abendländisch zerdacht*, felt in the now experienced ecstasy of light, color, life and death of the primeval forest an odd sense of loss that made him cry *In diesem Wald hast du Jahrtausende versäumt*. Human depth was given to the poet's life through an episode with an Indian woman. To her brown complexion he soon became accustomed, her eyes were sparkling with the iridescency of *Urwaldsonnen*, and she yielded *sternhelle Ewigkeit* as her *Rüstigkeit* entwined the poet's *Ich* like tropical liana. Delicate and gently sad are the sonnets that tell of the final parting, when the woman has to go *den dunklen Kummerweg der Frauen/ ins Abendeinsam stumm und schattenlos*.<sup>35</sup> Zech's poetic account of his exile ended in a strong avowal of man's oneness with the earth. He would want to be aware of nothing more than what *dieser Tropfen Tau erfuhr, bevor er fiel/ und auseinanderrann in meinen Haaren*. His desire was no longer to assume a *schwankende Gestalt*; he felt *Baum und Tier und ich:/ wir drei sind eins, dreieinig Du/ als wären wir seit Ewigkeiten schon*; he just marked time now and

quietly hoped for the moment when *ihn die Erde endlich zu sich nehme*.

While the basic mood of *Naturmystik* created for Zech a consoling refuge in the South American world, he could not altogether deny that the foreign sky did not wholly redeem him from a sense of *Verlorensein*. Love for his native German land with its trees of northern climes often hurt deeply though it never changed the firmness of his "No" which he continued to hurl at his homeland's Nazi rulers. He was never to see the *Heimat* again, yet it lived in him, as he said, and *blüht in wildfremder Welt mit jedem Tage schöner*.

Even though Oskar Maria Graf made his permanent home in New York,—this, as described by him, "gigantic mixture of steel, concrete and glass,/ of humans, noise and light/ with colored suns that vibrate in nocturnal air when pale and shabby/ the moon fades out in a haze-spotted sky,"—he, like Zech, seemed to have felt an ever-growing concern for the ageless, universal sphere of man's cosmic relationships. He had done his well-measured share in the struggle against the forces of suppression, and while he was perhaps primarily known as a novelist, many of his poems told of the exile's fights and of the hours of despair *wo du glaubst du bist umsonst gewesen*; but his rough Bajuvarian and indomitable will had always won out over the feeling as if *antwortlos schwebst du im Nichts*. The fact that innumerable comrades of fate were suffering and fighting along with him had created in him a "great common feeling" which *macht in aller Schwermut froh*.<sup>36</sup>

New York did to Graf what the primeval landscape of South America had done to Zech. After years of preoccupation with the political struggle of the day, he returned to his true avocation of being first of all a creative artist: *wie klar hab ich mein Selbst zurückgewonnen,/ als ich in dir [New York] von meiner Alterstraurigkeit genas*. From arrogance and hatred slowly had arisen *die steinerne Idee New York*, which demanded that it be faced with all the strength a man could muster. Little nostalgia for the old country is expressed in his work but rather an unreserved *Hingabe* to his new home: *New York! Zenith des Erdballs! Alles was ich bin und war/ hat sich in dich hineingesponnen*. Now he can cultivate *reines Dichtertum* as can be seen, for example, in the cycle of poems *Der ewige Kalender* published at the occasion of Graf's sixtieth birthday.<sup>37</sup> Writing strongly self-willed stanzas with an often artfully entwined rhyme pattern, Graf extolled the genius of man who in his *Sehnsucht nach dem Allumgreifen* was unable to shape this *atemlose Etwas* of the universe, but who had finally found *an vielen kleinen Winzigkeiten* in the mystery of *Zeit die Spuren vieler Zeiten*, and thus was capable of imposing an

order on a seemingly *ziel- und willenloses Strömen*. That unknown minds had performed the deed which *aus dem Nichts der Ewigkeit das ausgewogene Fundament der Jahre schuf* was Graf's central thought in the presentation of the round dance of the seasons and months. While *die Sekundenkraft aus Gegenwart erzeugt Vergangenheit*, man is suspended in the balance *winzig zwischen Zeit und Leid*. The poem's imagery and form do not disdain the use of traditional terms and forms: no forced paroxysmal striving for originality disturbed the sovereign equanimity of Graf, who still said something personal and original about *Frühling* and *Mai*. One feels with the poet the "concern of the year" which *die rührend stolze Unerfahrenheit des Frühlings mit der warmen Kraft erfüllt, / die schon vom Sommer kommt*. The month of May with "lilac sweetness" and *Keusch wie eine Zimmerlinde* must perish *in ersten Sommerdüften*, and *nur der Liebende ahnt wie tief er litt*. Summer has the lengthy afternoons when *sonnenmüde* birds care not to chirp and when *ausgeglichen zwischen Glück und Klage / in der Gelassenheit das Sehnen stirbt*. When August arrives it is a *Sinnbild aus Geduld und stillen Siegen*, and Autumn comes *wie eine schöne, schlaue / Geliebte, die mit einem Lächeln alles sagt*. Goethean serenity speaks in the verses about October: *Vollendetes will sich zusammenfassen / aus der Erfahrung einer langen Stille*. In the "landscape of time," November plays the role of a Job, for its gray, infinite ugliness creeps nightmarishly from the ground up to the empty sky, and then *erstirbt mir jede Hoffnung auf Erlösung*. In the "yawning white emptiness" of winter, "dumb and faceless" *alle Spuren / des Fasslichen verwehn, wie die von unsren Schritten / beim ewig gleichen Fall der Flocken Tag für Tag*.

No social-conscious writer had proven better than Graf his ardent wish to grip the hand of comrades, yet ultimately he was thrown upon his own. "Experience and wisdom" made him ask in *Schmerzliches Vorgefühl* whether there could ever be a true oneness and identity with other beings: *Mir blieben Menschen immer nur Gestalten. / In keinem fand ich je das innig Lösende und Wahre*.<sup>38</sup> Introspection, analysis, solitude and a refusal to lose himself in partisan fight and party collectivity led Graf to go beyond the struggle of the day and proceed on the "road within," and to efforts to square himself with an enigmatic cosmic-human reality by means of poetic imagery and vision.

A farm in the U.S.A. surrounded by "verdant mountains" gave an exile home to Carl Zuckmayer. As the months went by, he lived *mit Quelle, Tier und Baum dahin*. A dramatist above all, his dreams often carried him *heimwärts*, and he was often "charmed away" upon *die*

*Szene des Tages* (see his successful play *Des Teufels General*). But the pull of the new land was strong, and he always returned *im Nordlicht auf die Farm*. Zuckmayer's poetic output in exile was relatively small; it dealt mostly with well-known concerns, yet originality of expression often makes the old themes appear fresh and new.<sup>39</sup> So he apostrophized the *Rotweinflecken* on the tablecloth in a French restaurant, reflecting on the *Land voll Wohlklang und Burgunderblume* to whose body he had pressed himself in *Angst und Weh* during World War I. He mused about the time of a stormy youth when *Wild war unser Durst nach Tat und Grösse*, and when he and his friend had emerged out of the *Sterngestrüpp der Nacht . . . strahlend als des Tags Genossen*. He pointed to the indestructability of that with which his native German land had endowed him in a poem that was dedicated to the golden wedding of his parents in 1938: *Sahn wir der Heimat Sonne/ Brennend untergehn-/ Aber ihr Segen bleibt in uns bestehn*. He revealed the conquest of the fear of death and the transitoriness of all things by a firm acceptance of his fate, knowing *Menschsein heisst immer ein Fremdling sein* but also that *das Quellchen Ursprung läuft nimmer sich leer*. Zuckmayer's words ring true, and the form of his poetry is free from affectation.

A delightful poem written for Thomas Mann's seventieth birthday dealt with *der Sprachverbannung Jammer* which the literary exiles felt so keenly. Necessary excursions into English made one *Krampfhaft suchend die korrekte Wendung/ Für "Beseeltheit" und "Gefühlsverblendung."* Idioms were, of course, especially trying: *Und du ziehst betrübt die Konsequenz:/ Dort "Erlebnis"—hier "Experience."* There was, however, something positive in this dilemma. The foreign language brought out sharply was *überdrüssig rankt* in one's own native tongue. Sham and an inflated style were mercilessly exposed in the process of translation, and the style was purged and thus *erschlannt*. No light would go out forever, no sparks would ever be lost, for *lebendig bleibt das Wort*. Zuckmayer gave these words of amusing consolation to the German exile: *Ach, welche Wohltat, dass man seinen Mann/ Noch im Stockholmer Urtext lesen kann!*

Haunting in his vision of the future was an elegy written in 1939. The exiled poet said he knew that he would see his native land again—as indeed he did—but he saw himself wandering through *erloschene Städte* in the maze of whose destruction he would find nothing left as once it had been. True, the rivers would flow as they had in the past, the wind would blow through the willows as it always had—yet there would be a shadow always at his side and *tiefste Nacht um unsre Schläfen wehn*. Grief would turn into flames that would consume



themselves, leaving only a *kühler Flug von Asche . . . Bis die Erinnerung über dunklen Meeren/ Ihr ewig Zeichen in den Himmel schreibt*.

Not a fugitive until Austria had fallen under the rule of the swastika in 1938, Franz Werfel, who considered his lyrical work among his most treasured achievements, had benefited in "inward growth" by the experience of the exile, revealing a "*Seele im Wachstum*." The ecstatic fervor of the days of the *Weltfreund* had already gone long before the days of flight; the close escape from death to the final refuge in California left perceptible marks in Werfel's last creative phase.<sup>40</sup> While Hermann-Neisse saw in Werfel the *Psalmist der deutschsprachigen Lyrik* who in his own fashion gave poetic form to the immediate present and its anguish, and while Alfred Wolfenstein went as far as calling Werfel's poems even *politisch* by virtue of their ethos that united man with man, the Marxist critic Franz Leschnitzer in a review of Heinz Politzer's book of poetry *Fenster vor dem Firmament* considered the poet *schon längst mystizistisch entartet* and "unbearably disgusting" when he approached the sphere of social *Thematik*.<sup>41</sup> Werfel's affinity to music, especially the Italian opera, had great formative significance for his poetry that in the main was a "transcendental interpretation of reality" (Wolfgang Paulsen). During the last period of his poetic work he was less concerned with taking notice of the world with his old perspicacious wit and judgment, but became more intensely preoccupied than ever before with the riddle of the "I," his "guilt" and the coming encounter with death.

The *Weltfreund* did not seem to know how to grow old; when he was young, he would bow before and salute his elders who walked in *stolzem Rang*; now he was a man of true stature and world renown, yet he *kann doch nie den Rang geniessen* because in his own eyes he would find himself placed *vor ewiger Unerreichbarkeit*. Roguishly amusing is a poem that describes with merciless wit the conductor of an orchestra in action *wenn er die Tutti aufpeitscht, sich zum Ruhme*, then accepting the applause of the audience with a reprimand by assuming *belästigte Erlöserzüge*, he *zwingt uns, ihm noch Grösseres zuzutraun*. In one of these rare *Zeitgedichte* Hitler appears with *Des Teufels Kreuz am Rocke,/ Tief in der Stirn die Locke,/ Das Chaplin-Bärtchen wie ein Klecks:/ Das ist die Dämonie des Drecks*. The dictator's personal failures in terms of bourgeois ambitions have been inflated and falsified into semblance of *Göttertaten* with the result that *Ein niedres Nichts voll Niedertracht/ Sich selbst vermillionenfacht*. The Germans' future under him would be a cursed enslavement with only one hope remaining: *Dauids Sohn*.

A glimpse of the fate of the Jewish people is given in the poem *Der gute Ort zu Wien*. Banned from public parks and gardens, there was left for them only the Hebrew section of the Vienna municipal cemetery *zur Erholung . . . Ihr einziges Grün wächst bei den Toten*. It was in times long passed *Da hiess der Friedhof "Guter Ort."/ Nun ist als Schutz vor feigen Horden,/ zum guten Ort er wieder worden*. The poet stated that Israel had tried to ignore the divine pattern decreed for the chosen people and *sich sündig eines Heims vermessen*, but the Lord's eternal wanderers could claim on earth only the grave as an abiding home: *Du musst den Ländern, die dich hassen,/ Als Stapfen deine Gräber lassen*, in devout obedience to *hochgeheimen Planen/ . . . das wir nicht ahnen*. The nightmare of unceasing persecution seemed deeply engraved in Werfel's mind. In the sonnet "Dream-City of an Emigrant" and a "Prager Ballade" the poet tells of having returned to the city of three decades' residence where he saw himself surrounded by scorn and hatred, steel rods swished and he cried out in a despair almost unbearable for human strength: *Ich fühl noch, dass ich in die Kniee brach . . ./ Und während Unbekannte mich bespeien/ "Ich hab ja nichts getan," hör ich mich schrein,/ "Als dass ich eure, meine Sprache sprach."* Sleep with such nightmares became a questionable gift, and many were the nights when hour after hour passed without slumber *weil Tote in dem Zimmer waren*. In a poem that told of every striking hour of the night the poet found his *Sein und Selbst verpfuscht*, and not until it was six o'clock in the morning *sank ich in tiefe Tiefen ein/ Und wusste, was mir droht auch immer,/ Die Hölle kann nicht ewig sein*.

Awareness of nearing death pervades Werfel's last poetry. Here he gave *Kunde vom irdischen Leben*, as the whole group of poems is entitled. The first one *Ich Staune* is set in emphatic italics and points to a key in the author's approach to the world. All outward and inward phenomena of existence led him to a basic reaction: *Erstaunen*—amazement. Remotely suggestive of Rilke's reference that a poet's task was: *ich rühme*, Werfel made his *ich staune* range over the phenomena of life to reach the conclusion that this amazement meant not a "search for meaning" but was in fact *des Sinnes selbst der Sinn./ Nur durch Erstaunung werd ich meiner inne./ Ich staune, dass ich staune, dass ich bin*. The poem was followed by one in *ottava rima* called *Der Besuch*. A mystic experience of the poet when still a boy is told; on that occasion *ein Wesen* overcame him, unknown as to origin, and the why and how—and from that moment on *Da war ich plötzlich in Besitz genommen/ Und wie in einen Stromkreis eingespannt,/ Von dem in mir verborgene Lampen glommen*. Since then

this *Wesen* had remained a lifelong companion that was *dunkel, kühl, schwer von Begriff und lastend*. Having come "from the stars," this *Wesen* had been the true father confessor, and in return for the poet's unrestricted confidence, it had bestowed on him one gift: *sein tiefes Staunen*.

*Mit sich selbst nicht mehr verwandt*, the events of the day with their cataclysmic portent no longer engaged the attention of Werfel, for the ailing "I" had changed into a crowding "throng of long since broken-up identity." It was *flugbereit* for the transfer and filled with one desire only: *Wärme*. As for the rest, the "I" was *unaufmerksam wie die Ewigkeit*. Werfel's interest in the Roman Catholic church was well known, there was even some rumor of his conversion. His last poems refute such claims. They have a mystic import and show Werfel's deeply religious nature, but it would be difficult to see in them a manifestation of a Christian faith. The poet is *der Alldurchkreiste* who is himself *ein All von Weltsystemen*. His *Geist* has become unrelated to his body's *Innenraum voll Sternennrunden* and comparable to the universe, it is *Ein sinnend-willenloses Reich, / Dem Gott erlaubt, als Ich zu gelten*.<sup>42</sup> Man was not the proprietor of his "self" but merely its *Verwalter*. The *allerletzte Augenblick* would find the poet's willing consent to depart, consistent with a faith he had often expressed: *Tempora mea in manibus tuis*.

Poetry being an expression of the deepest concerns, anxieties, frustrations, hopes, joys, and sorrows, that of the exile reflected, as has been shown, any changes in the life of the poets and writers. While an author remained in character and personality what he had been before the exodus from Germany, shifts in attitude and objectives afterward were naturally to be expected. Racial and political persecution of a kind that shamed the imagination evoked violent reactions and led to re-appraisals of motives, ideals and objectives. A conscious, willful return to the heritage of their own folk tradition occurred on occasion when the German writers of Jewish origin were cut off from the national community of which they had been an integral part. The German-Jewish symbiosis that had been in existence since the days of Lessing came to an end. Many driven-out "aryan" writers set their course toward a greater identification with liberal, socialist, or communist political action. Few only remained unaffected.

The Jewish fate was depicted in some distinguished literary creations in the German language, a medium that involved somehow partaking in the German literary and cultural heritage, no matter what form or guise was chosen. It was the ironic tragedy of Jewish poets

and writers that "a god gave them to speak" their anguish in a language that was their arch foe's idiom. These writers did not constitute a "group." They differed from one another as widely as did the "aryans"; just like these they were as diverse in character, style, background and ideology as could be.

Aloof even in exile and to the last revealing in bearing and attitude the marks of a former disciple of Stefan George in whose shadow he had always remained willingly and proudly, Karl Wolfskehl, the "almost wholly German" scholar and poet, found the way back to his people's God. Throughout his life he had been preoccupied with the "higher type" of man; he had cultivated a profound, perhaps even a mystic, kind of participation in the great cultures of mankind and their gods; now in his old age he became attuned to the voice of Him, the only one great I AM. He who once could proclaim *Wo ich bin ist deutscher Geist*, who was once beloved as a *Liebling der Götter*, had to experience with harsh abruptness the involvement in a communal fate; he had to learn that belonging to the One God meant to draw on himself the hatred and hostility of men. To Wolfskehl, the "sphere of the world" had been *sakral*; it had been his home, and his work had been dedicated to it. Now "the Word" had come to him in "His Voice," and the once proud and aristocratic poet became a humble mouthpiece of "the Lord."<sup>43</sup> It is not easy to establish the "level of reality" in the poet's late work, and the experiential substance cannot always be distinguished from what is the *Sphäre des Worts* in which it was realized, but the pure and strong power of Wolfskehl's voice tells of a heart stirred "*unter einer machtvollen Berührung*" (Margaret Susman).

The Voice talks to man who begins to realize that *Schicksal* is *Reinigung* and *Lenkung*. The many-colored baubles of his former life have burst, his *Weisheit ward Dunst und Spreu*, his early guiding stars had vanished. He is alone, he is poor, he *weiss nicht aus noch ein* and he cries: *Herr! Ich will zurück zu deinem Wort*; he pleads *Neig Dich her wie den Vätern!* The Voice answers: *Aus unterstem Angstgrund fisch Ich dich . . . Aus deiner Seele schül Ich dich*. He is to carry the Lord's seal and become an organ played by His hands in a *Grauen das Aufgang singt*. When the poet utters his doubts as to whether he could be *gerecht nach so viel Irrgang*, the Voice reassures him: *Warst doch am Weg, im Angesicht,/ In Meinem Angesicht./ Du bist, ja, denn Ich Bin!/ Du zogst ins Land,/ Ich zog dich hin,/ Ich liess dich nimmer fallen*. In the poem *Schechina* (Shekinah) the "Divine Manifestation" is attached to the image of a *Körnlein*, a seed which was underground for thousands of years up to the time of ripening, when it would blossom out to the glory of God, to the very point when

*tagt das Ewige Nun,/ Duftend in Gott vergehst Du/ Dann aller Herzen  
Blume:/ Eins ist dann, Ruhn und Tun.*

The Passover was the occasion to realize anew *dass du nirgend heimisch wirst*, that Israel had finally to find "home to the Word" after *Frevelnd währte irres Tasten,/ Was die Andern sannen, fassten/ Mit zu erben*. In vain had been the courting of values outside the Covenant; it only resulted *Ins Leere hast du dich vertrieben*, and *Toter Mund leiert lästernd Mein Lob*. Extinction must be suffered *auf dass ihr lebt*; only then can the Voice proclaim: *Heut hab ich dich allein*. Looking back over the long journey of his people from the Nile to the Rhine, the German river where he had *Fuss gefasst* long before those did who now persecute him, the poet-seer learns that the hostility against him and his people is ordained, for *Wieder verhängt Er uns/ Seinen ewigen Fug:/ Den Weiterzug!* The call not to reflect on matters now passed was varied in the poem *Aufbruch*. No looking back, no harking back, no thinking back, no yearning back, no loving back, no hating back, no willing back—whatever there had been was *Tand,/ Ist Tod,—ihr seid/ Im Wanderkleid:/ Fortgehn ist Leid,/ Fortgehn ist Glück—/ Bleibt nicht zurück!* Intimate is the poet's farewell to a once-beloved ancient Teutonic lore; he recognizes his state in the past as having been *verzaubert und betört*, he lived in "alien cages," had never dwelt where he belonged—until the Lord arose *und uns nahe kamst/ Die Blitze Deines Zorns in die Hände nahmst*. Cleansed and radiant emerges the soul from *seinen Bränden*, free now and *Gottbehaust*. God's Word would prevail in all eternity. The songs end in a poem of praise: *ER, ER, ER, . . . ER [ist] uns Einziger ICH BIN./ . . . Er unser Schaudern, unsre Minn.*

In seemingly endless variations that derive their formative power from a unique blending of Germanic language tradition with the impact of a newly gained Hebrew identification, the poet wrestled with the Voice of the ONE as once Jacob did with the angel. This struggle is also the mark of the poetry that was written by Wolfskehl in New Zealand, his last refuge till his death in 1948. The *Sang aus dem Exil* confronts the vision of the "Eternal Europe," the Mediterranean culture, the *Mare nostrum*, the object of a once passionate nostalgia, with the continent of Europe now crumbling to pieces in suicidal self-betrayal. The poet scored this catastrophe in the spirit of wrath like that of the ancient prophets.<sup>44</sup> From the external world of cultural splendor and the despair resulting from its loss, the poet set his face on the road inward to the self, a turnabout that is wholesome, is right—for like Job of old he now had found the way out of confusion. The blind poet, in one of his best songs, compared his fate with that of an old

bell that had been fished out of the ocean, to him a symbol of a now-perished Europe. He spoke to it, and in the "harmony of humble acceptance" he bowed to the Eternal, as he concluded: *Stumm nun, denn die Zeit hat dich verwittert,/ Rufst keinen auf zur Liturgie—/ Doch die nicht mehr vor Wohllaut zittert,/ Schweigt in der Demut Harmonie.*

Karl Wolfskehl's poetry approached more and more the character of a prayer. His last "song" was the final farewell to his German mother tongue and to the country once so dear to him. Ancient Hebrew decisively enters into the German text, as the poetry "mirrors" four great figures of Hebrew history, to all of whom is affixed the name *Hiob*.<sup>45</sup> The poet has wholly entered the sphere of the Jewish mind and tradition. The destiny of Israel is declaimed in an imagery of boldest conception and composition. After the last "mirroring" of the Job-Messiah visions and of the restitution of all that ever had been lost, Job's humble renunciation of human comprehension grows into a "mystic ecstasy in which a whole universe of light is set in motion" (M. Susman). Light is the victorious counterpart of *dunkelsten Leides*, and in an act of "creative violence to the language" the seer shouts: *Aufgang ringsum, alles ein Ja-Hallelu*. The "redeeming equation" *Wer—Er—Du*—is the final note of the poem that is more of choral music than a *Gefüge* of rational words.<sup>46</sup>

Before he had dedicated himself wholly to the *sakrale Sphäre*, Karl Wolfskehl had written what might be called an ode to the Germans: *An die Deutschen*. Begun in 1934 and finished in 1944, he enumerated in this beautifully printed slender volume (key lines were set off in blue print) whatever he had had in common with the Germans and their culture, to climax it all with the final, irrevocable renunciation: *Dein Weg ist nicht mehr der meine*.<sup>47</sup>

Wolfskehl's uncompromising retreat from everything pagan and Germanic, no matter how high the price of cultural loss, had "cleared his vision and opened his ear to the voice of the God of his people," a development that had a parallel, for instance—as far as the singleness of purpose in the withdrawal from all matters German was concerned—in Alfred Mombert's visionary cosmic escape from Nazi racial harassment. Men of an extraordinarily high level of culture, they found refuge in the sublimation of *das Wort*, a process as complex and varied as their lifelong absorption of many people's cultures had been intense and refined. More direct in representing their own Jewish people's fate, which was so "simple" as millions were headed toward extermination, were the poets who told in militant and defiant terms

of unyielding self-assertion; their lyrics were an eruptive *Aussage*, a stating of a grief and sorrow that seemed beyond adequate expression.

Georg Mannheimer, who came from a home with old "Franconian gables" whose *Traumbuch* had been the *Faust*—later to be replaced by the *Wachbuch*, a Hebrew primer—was frank in the aggressive simplicity of his "Songs of a Jew."<sup>48</sup> In a *Vorspruch* he told why he chose the provocative title; might it not have been better to remain quiet, and stay hidden in a safe corner? Perhaps wise but: *Das gilt für Memmen, doch nicht für—Soldaten*. Past is the time of keeping silent, of passive suffering: *Stürmen wir vorwärts?—Gut geraten! / Und der Dichter stürme mit dem Soldaten!* In his "Songs of Banishment," Mannheimer reflects on the past of his people, their attachment to the lands where they were born and had grown up. He tells of pogroms, of the Ghetto life and the unsuccessful struggle to shake off the curse of "otherness." The result was ever yet: *Wie wir's treiben, Wie wir's machen, / niemals machen wir es recht. / Unser Weinen, unser Lachen / klingt in euren Ohren schlecht*. The land of one's birth has unique charms, here even *der Stein gewinnt noch Leben*, while in exile *wird selbst das Leben Stein*. The fact that the German tongue, *schon als Kind gelallt*, had to be his very own seared his soul like a Nessus shirt; it was one of the severest punishments for him, *dass ich die Sprache, die mein Erzfeind spricht, / muss sprechen, lieben, bis mein Atem bricht*. Consolation came to him from a friend in Prague who forestalled serious plans for suicide by telling him that the Czech people were "exiles" even in their own native homes. All attempts of a Jew to become fully accepted by gentile national communities were doomed; even in the USA would a Jew be *doch nur ein Yankee auf Borg*. So the poet's determined pronouncement is *MEIN VOLK IST MEINE WELT*. Almost gone over the edge of the abyss of despair, like Faust on Easter morning, the tune of the Jewish national hymn pulled him back, and it started him with *Tausend Brüdern* to cross the bridge *hinüber in das alte Land*. In the *Lied der Überfahrt*, Mannheimer at first felt he left the *Heimat* behind and before him was the exile; his agony was whether there might be a way from the *Schwarzrotgold* of Germany to the *Blauweiss* of Israel. Approaching the shore of the true fatherland he "awakened toward Israel." The ship steered into the harbor and—*da liegt hinter uns das Riff! / da fährt mein Herz in die Heimat—da fährt in die Heimat mein Schiff*. Now he saw *auf einmal die Heimat vor mir, und hinter mir das Exil!* Mannheimer's later poems deal with life in Israel, the *Lieder der Heimat*. No glossing over the hardships is attempted. There are the seemingly unsurmountable difficulties to wrest an existence from a "hostile soil and climate"

and there is the ever-watchful enemy. And there is smallness and meanness in a good number of his newly found countrymen—but the spirit of sacrificial self-effacement forges together this ancient, yet so new, national community. Shalom—Peace, the universal greeting in Israel, broke down the *Klammern, die feindlich mein Herz von der Freude schieden./ Schalom! das war ein Jauchzen, ein Schrei:/ "Wo die Heimat ist, da ist auch der Frieden!"* People do their *Pflicht* in the face of constant danger, just like a *Chauffeur Popper: Ob die Sonne brennt, ob der Chamsin* (hot desert storm) *weht,/ du sorgst, dass das Leben nicht stille steht,/ das jüdische Leben.*

What may seem arrogant self-assertiveness, incompatible with standards of restraints, ethical and aesthetical, becomes an understandable reaction when the "stimuli" to which the Jewish people were forced to "respond" are taken into account. When a clamoring myriad of voices of contempt, slander and agitation for persecution throughout the centuries had reached a climax of abuse and mass extermination: *Wer wird nicht irre an dem eignen Wesen?*

Surveying the history of thousands of years of Israel, her trials and glorious achievements not only for herself but for the good of all of humanity, Arnold Hahn stated: *Erwartet es beherzt gelobte Zeiten./ Und weiter hat es Riesenkraft, zu warten.* In his "Seven Times Seven Sonnets in Praise of Jews," Hahn depicted his people not as one waiting for the Messiah but as one that *is* the Messiah, the savior of the world.<sup>49</sup> His poetry reflects no personal fate but offers a view of the unique history of Jewish contributions to the welfare and progress of men. Its *Denken ist ein In-die-Weitefassen,/ Du misst mit Deines Gottes grossem Mass.* It was *Juda* which through the *Book der finstern Menschheit ein Gewissen schenkte* and the first to proclaim the Golden Rule. His people being charged with *schielende Schlauheit*, a consuming greed and innate cowardice, Hahn pointed out that these accusations were hurled by a passionate mob with an undying hate. "Hardened in the desert," later dispelled like so "many little globules of mercury" all over the earth, the people of Israel functioned as a *Tapfrer Ritterorden,/ Vorposten Gottes, unter Feindesmassen.* They gave to mankind the concept of *Ein EINZIG'—EINZ'GER GOTT und NÄCHSTENLIEBE.* Yet no people could with such ease and factualness dispense with chauvinistic, nationalist pride and tell deprecatory stories about themselves, always *Steht Juda lächelnd und erzählt: "Zwei Juden . . ."* / *O weises Lächeln über einige Lücken!* By *schauen und erklären*, the Jewish people have toppled the idols of men; they would long since have been destroyed, and their memory irrevocably buried in the dust—*Hätt' es nicht Wurzeln, die hinab sich strecken,/ Wo Welt-*



*vernunft im tiefsten Bogen kreist, / Und die der Grosse Weltgeist selber speist.*

How deep the roots of ethnic assertion reached and how they nurtured the drive for self-preservation, paradoxically expressed on the one hand in total submission to the point of almost complete effacement and on the other in suicidal unyielding oppugnancy, was historically demonstrated in the heroic uprisings of the Jewish people in Poland against their Nazi foes during World War II. In his "Songs from the City of Death" Hermann Adler, in the "language of the murderers," redeemed a pledge he had given to his now slain and tortured brethren in the Ghetto of Vilna. He set down in disciplined hexameters the incredible inhumanity wrought against his defenseless people; but he also sings of the glory of their battle unto death. He did not fail to mention non-Jewish people who suicidally helped the doomed and had to perish with them.<sup>50</sup> Adler exhorts: *Sammelt, ihr Brüder, das Blut in den Gassen des Todes im Ghetto, / schreibt mit Blut das Lied unsrer unendlichen Qual.* The hexametric chronicle of events is given on the left pages of his first volume of poems; on the right, darkly melancholy voices assay the language as a tool for lyrics that might yield valid terms to express the grief of millions. Gruesome details attest the authenticity of the poet's concern and message. On occasion there is a flash of a macabre irony, as in the song of the *Cyankalijungen*. They profited by the sale of quick-working poison in the narrow ghetto lanes where *herrschte längst der Selbstmordwahn*, but they soon found themselves lined up for the death-transport and were heard whining: *Wer hat Cyankali, wer? / Denn sie hatten an dem Tage / selbst kein Cyankali mehr.* Adler's lamentations were caused by crimes of such satanic nature that they seemed actually beyond being *rächbar*. The poet hurls his curses at the murderers who ought to be haunted by their victims' shades forever. Biting indictments are pronounced also about him who *sieht und nicht hilft*. Glowing pride is felt about the honor of a people among whom even *die Geschlagendsten stehn kämpfend im Ghetto noch auf*. Grateful affection is extended to those who helped *Ahasverus'* people at the cost of their own lives: Polish men and women, and also some Germans. Adler's work shows a deep ethical awareness in the wish: *Brüderlich seh uns der Tag der Erlösung*; he looks forward to the day when mothers will teach their children to hate only hate itself. His appeal to the Jewish people is *dass es erwache / und im eignen Land erneue, / aus der Fremde sich befreie, / und einst mehr will, als nur Rache!* Faith in the messianic role of Israel pervades the work of Adler; throughout the ages the *Ewige Jude* has been a "Christus," a witness for God, had *befreit*

*Geknechtete and lehrte das göttliche Wort, and schlug Götter für Gott. Great is the contrast of Jews and Christians who now seem to have a Christ fashioned from stone, a dead image; so they are charged: Aus Stein seid ihr. Der Stein ist wie ihr alle. / Ein Steinkreuz steht. Sein Geist ging euch verloren.*

The term *chosen people* often used in derision by the enemies of Israel points also to the source of spiritual strength of this ever-surviving folk. The faith in a covenant with God is the core of Edward Kaufmann's "poems in prose."<sup>51</sup> His people's path of thorns is a road of sacrifice not only for its own sake but for humanity; it is a God-exacted role that will guarantee ultimate prevalence. Jewish individual and communal fate find expression in such choice phrasing and compelling imagery that the story, told so often to the point of satiety, still assumes freshness and new validity. Unshakable certainty about the positive final outcome of Israel's struggle furnishes the *Grundton* even though the "cart of destiny" carries the people away from homes, professions, possessions, happiness and community and even when *die Räder fahren durch nackte, blutende Herzen*. Often shunned by the world like lepers, the Jewish people are *gebenedeit: Deine Geisselung, Deine Striemen sind Heiland-Qualen. / Gleich ihm werden sie Dir zur Kraft werden, so gross, dass aus dem Sterben werden wird: Unsterbliche Auferstehung . . . / Und Du wirst sein!* Not that individual grief and loss did not matter; they did—but just as with a Jewish mother who laments over the son who succumbed in the fight against evil, and then still had a deep reason for a gentle smile amidst tears: *Aus der Seligkeit, dass andere "Mutter" bleiben durften, dass andere Söhne leben durften.*

Save for the common ethnic origin, the Jewish people are, of course, not a homogeneous group. It is not only the *Diaspora*—even this a disputed term—which shows a bewildering array of religious schools and philosophical views and ways of life: the people to whom Zionism and a new national life in the ancient homeland were common ideals were also divided over many issues, and passionately so. But one force bound members of this historic people oddly together: persecution! Throughout history it has forged an ineffable chain of common suffering and sorrow. The reactions to the ages of ostracism and oppression were either fierce and defiant, scornfully superior with traces of hedonism or stoicism, or one finds resigned withdrawal into deep, supranational pathos and symbolism. A look at some outstanding women poets may illustrate this and conclude the discussion of the Jewish fate as seen in German exile poetry.<sup>52</sup>

On the surface, the verses of Mascha Kaléko, written in emigration, seem to continue the light vein of the poetry she had written as a brilliant, worldly-wise, temperamental young lady in Germany. In the style of an apparently light-wristed *Gebrauchslyrik*, she makes transparent the crushing and absurd experiences of human beings hunted and haunted and driven to foreign shores.<sup>53</sup> Her caustic wit scores human folly and pretense, not sparing herself or her fellow emigrés; she ridicules the type of refugee who, overanxious for assimilation, revels in the pose of *Se pörfect lord* with the "Oxford (second hand) Akzent," drily exposing him by the casual remark *Ich kenne ihn noch aus Sachsen*, him who now acts as *der Foreignlengvitch-Göttin Auserkorener*. Having been an *Emigrantenkind* herself, and a difficult character at that—*ich möchte nicht mein Kind gewesen sein*—M. Kaléko has now herself an *Emigrantensohn*, the love for whom inspired tender, lyrical expressions, he who now on occasion feels embarrassed by the background of his mother, counselling her: "Don't speak German, dear!" A good part of Mascha Kaléko's poetry is intimately personal and tells of a woman's love and concerns, but the feeling of oneness with her people and their fate is not lost, and she writes of *Kaddisch—In Polens schwarzen Wäldern lauert Tod . . . Und Steine weinen*; or she tells the story of a refugee's suicide whose one choice left was *sich selbst davonzulaufen / Und fremd im Regen durch die Nacht zu wehn / . . . Und dann dem Leben aus dem Weg zu gehn*. The mass annihilation of men, women and children made M. Kaléko ask in her poem "Timely Speech" (*Zeitgemässe Ansprache*): *Wie kommt es nur, dass wir noch lachen, / Dass uns noch freuen Brot und Wein, / Dass wir die Nächte nicht durchwachen / Verfolgt von tausend Hilfescrein?* The frequent pangs of a nostalgia for Germany, especially haunting during wakeful nights when *das Denken tut verteufelt weh*, are suppressed with a firm resolve. Mindful of the victims of Maidanek and Buchenwald, she foretold in *Höre Teutschland* the approaching, inexorable retribution, her verses of apocalyptic impact culminate in *Wie hass ich euch, die mich den Hass gelehrt. . .*<sup>54</sup>

Characteristic phases of refugee experiences are reflected in her lyrical work; there is the feeling of forsakeness—*Wir haben keinen Freund auf dieser Welt, / Nur Gott*—that is prototypal for the persecuted people. But so also is their alert adaptability to new situations. Mother Mascha, dedicating her book of "Verses for Contemporaries" to her son Steven, tells him: *Du lernstest wieder aufstehn, wenn man fällt. / Dein Kinderwagen rollte um die Welt. / Du sagtest Danke, Thank you und Merci, / Du Sprachgenie*. The range of the *Dichterin* with the "musical soul, the kind heart and the keen intellect"

extends also to metaphysical questions. Dealing with the problem of relativity in a *Zeitgedicht*, her felicitous lines were appreciated by no less a man than Albert Einstein. He found *sehr schön und gehaltvoll* the poem which had stated: *die Zeit steht still. Wir sind es, die vergehen . . . / Die Landschaft bleibt, indessen unser Zug / zurücklegt die ihm zugemess'nen Meilen. / Die Zeit steht still. Wir sind es, die ent-eilen.*<sup>55</sup> Resilient in spirit and resolute in facing a grim reality, Mascha Kaléko sees perhaps as her experiences' last conclusion: *Uns bleibt das eine nur: uns sehr zu lieben.*

This is also the counsel of Hilde Marx in her "Report."<sup>56</sup> Reflecting on an American beach in 1940, while *Über den Dünenhügeln / schläft der nächtliche Sommer, von Sternenaugen bewacht*, she knows that *Drüben über dem Meer: auf eisernen Flügeln / rast der Tod durch die Nacht.* She feels keenly the contrast between the nocturnal peace over here and the destruction, death and the *Bluthauch, der drüben zum Himmel steigt* and *Das verzweifelte Weinen* over there. But fear must be overcome for *Furcht macht uns allein. / Jetzt gibt es nichts als: Was kommt gemeinsam zu tragen / und sehr gut, sehr gut zueinander zu sein.* Hilde Marx ponders the question how she can live up to the privilege of rescue; her worry is that the *goldene Melodie des Herbstes* she experiences in security might *übertönen der tausend Schreie qualzerrissenen Klang* of untold thousands perishing in gas chambers or scattered over the globe in wretched misery. She feels that she must remain true to the last, firm handclasp at parting with those she had to leave behind; she has *Empörung, Wut und Hass gelernt* but also *viel tiefer noch zu lieben.* Inward liberation *durch das Wort* which had remained her *Heimat*, free and true, followed her into physical escape. Some people urge her to forget the German language, but it was the tool that *meinem ersten Denken Formung gab*; she contends *Die Sprache nicht* but *der Sinn zeigt die Verräter.* German is spoken by the hated persecutors, but also by the *Brüder unter Qualen* who *im Sterben diese Sprache noch gebraucht.* The poet has no reluctance to use it to the accompaniment of her harp "with strings of barbed wire"; she does this in order to lift *befreite Herzen vom Traum zur Tat.* Intense loyalty to her people is expressed in words of bitter grief when she tells of the transfer to Israel of the ashes of 200,000 annihilated victims to enrich there *segensreich die eigene Erde*; or when she hails the establishment of modern Israel as a state which is now a *Denkmal für unzählige Tode / Erfüllung für unzählige Leben / und Stolz / und Traum / und Wahrheit / und Recht!* Hilde Marx' faith is not orthodox but a firm, self-reliant, militant humanism: *Da ist kein Gott, zu dem ich beten könnte— / mir starb der Gott, zu dessen*

*Knien ich lag.* She gives no name to the Great Unknown; before her rises *die eigne Tat*. She wants to pass on to her child the faith that brothers are those *die in die Welt vertraut, / für ihre Freiheit leben oder starben*, but she does feel special kin to her people when she shares their messianic hope: *Und einmal einer wird mit Davids Mut / die Eisengötter frecher Macht zerschlagen*.

Under the motto of Job "and after my skin has been destroyed, then without my flesh I shall see God," Nelly Sachs, engulfed by the fate of her murdered folk, made her grief articulate on the level of a deeply gripping imagery. References to *Rauch*, and *Staub*, and *Sand* and *Sterne* and—*Schuhe* are recurring in a poetry that abounds in vision and force of passion. Nelly Sachs achieved a transfiguration of these and other objects by investing them with an intense emotional significance and making them symbols of a destiny that, while inscrutable, points to an ultimate resolve in God.<sup>57</sup>

Darkness has descended upon the path of the poet and her people; the chimneys of the cremation chambers have become *Freiheitswege für Jeremias and Hiobs Staub* and they guide *Israels Leib im Rauch durch die Luft*. The murderers of the *Sinaivolk*, and all of their helpers as well who emptied the sand from the shoes of the victims, will themselves soon be dust in the shoes of those yet to come. The same basic questions ever and ever arise: what mysterious *Wünsche des Blutes / liessen den schrecklichen Marionettenspieler entstehen*, with his hordes of *Räuber von echten Totenstunden*; what had their now so cruel hands been doing when they were *die Hände von kleinen Kindern*? Searching for answers, the poet finds that one guilt of Israel has been indulgence in dealings that *weit fortführten von Seinem Licht*, many have tried *schnell einen Sprung / auf der Sehnsucht Seil* while mainly occupied *im Errechnen des Staubes*, they have failed to see *wie im Tode / Das Leben beginnt*. Unique as a motif are Nelly Sachs' *Gebete für den toten Bräutigam*, one of the *Schar, die sich zu Gott hindurchleidet*. As she reflects on the beloved one's shoes of calf's leather, a nexus of guilt and fate rises into vision. Had the leather not once been a living hide *worüber einmal die warme, leckende Zunge des Muttertiers gestrichen war, / Ehe sie abgezogen wurde— / Wurde noch einmal abgezogen / Von deinen Füßen, / Abgezogen— / O du mein Geliebter!* Unendurable for those still living is a time marked only by the "rate of dying"—but how easy *wird Tod nach dieser langen Übung sein!* Pathetic is the quest of the bereaved bride: *Wenn ich nur wüsste / Worauf dein letzter Blick ruhte*—was it a stone on the ground that might have many times before caught the glances of the dying ones? Was it a part of the last path to be trod, or a piece of shining metal,

the belt buckle of the enemy, or a bird—stirring a last memory of the soul *in ihrem qualverbrannten Leib*? Even those who were saved must *das Leben leise wieder lernen* for their souls had already fled to HIM from midnight darkness and had become *odemlos*, long before their physical bodies were liberated once more into the *Arche des Augenblicks*. Their “farewell in the dust” was the “warranty of oneness” of the living with the dead of Israel who now *reichen schon einen Stern weiter / In unseren verborgenen Gott hinein*, while the earthly wanderers “before the gates of the earth” have still to experience again that *ein Meer von Einsamkeit steht mit uns still, / Wo wir anklopfen*. Hope lies with the yet unborn, the *kommenden Lichter für eure Traurigkeit*, and in obedience to the voices of the slain who implore the living: *Leget auf den Acker die Waffen der Rache / Damit sie leise werden*.

In the apocalyptic experience *Sternverdunkelung*, the title of Nelly Sachs' other cycle of poems, she traces the “detours of love” to its ultimate fulfillment when it *ruht in ihrem Beginn*. It happens when “sleep enters the body like smoke” and *die Träne verschläft ihre Sehnsucht zu fließen*. But awake, man becomes “mystery-surfeited” and will again drag out the “worn-out nag of strife,” darkness again will descend and *der Tod erwacht in jeder Maienknospe / und das Kind küsst einen Stein / in der Sternverdunkelung*. The night, the “graveyard of the wreck of the star Earth” is marked by tumbling ruins and banners of smoke. Whatever men had created is turned into *abgefallenes Stückgut der Sehnsucht*; only the transparent tears of people who still can love are seeds for the future. In a nightmare of horror the poet measures the steps of the hangmen with those of the victims and asks: *Sekundenzeiger im Gang der Erde, / von welchem Schwarzmond schrecklich gezogen / In der Musik der Sphären / wo schrillt euer Ton?* A constant concern is *dass die Verfolgten nicht Verfolger werden* and the earth turn into a *augenlose Stelle am Himmel*, even though all of the *entgleisten Sterne* in their deepest fall will nonetheless find their way back in *das ewige Haus*.

A group of poems has Israel's great ancestors pass in review: Abraham, who originated the *Schmetterlingswort* “Seele,” an ascending signpost into the *Ungesicherte*, and who had “related the clocks of all the ages to eternity”; Job, whose voice had been silenced *denn sie hat zuviel “Warum” gefragt*; David, who showed how *von Gestalt zu Gestalt / weint sich der Engel im Menschen / tiefer in das Licht*—they all are a living part of a people who, as a living conscience to the nations, had harvested but *die schwarze Antwort des Hasses* for its mission. While the enemy through the smoke of cremated bodies had

written Israel's *Todesverlassenheit an die Stirn des Himmels*—the remainder is now being gathered from the corners of the earth to begin again *auf neugeweihtem Land das zeitmessende Zwiegespräch zwischen Stern und Stern*. As for the poor *Staub* of the murdered folk that had sent forth its essence, its soul—it may have helped “to light anew a darkened sun,” *denn alles stirbt sich gleich: / Stern und Apfelbaum / und nach Mitternacht / reden nur Geschwister*.

Suffering the fate of expulsion, loss of home and friends, and finding refuge in Palestine where she died in Jerusalem in 1945, Else Lasker-Schüler continued in exile the pure lyrical note of her life and work that always had revealed her as being wholly one with the creations of her dreams. She belongs, in fact, among the poets who show little, if any, concern for the facts and problems of their exile, and who pass by in disdain or in unawareness the problems of the day but continue to explore and declaim the miracle of their own personal universe. Paul Zech said of E. Lasker-Schüler: *für sie war Dichten ein lebenslänglicher Zustand*, her life was not “organized,” but she strove for the unity of the world *durch Wandel zu Gott und Dienst in Gott*.<sup>58</sup> It would seem odd, however, not to mention here among the poets who tell of the Jewish fate the author of the *Hebräische Balladen* whom Peter Hille once had called the *Schwarze Schwan von Israel*. The last cycle of E. Lasker-Schüler's lyrics *Mein blaues Klavier* does not reveal, as do the Hebrew ballads, that there was *immer, immer noch der Widerhall in mir, / Wenn schauerlich gen Ost / Das morsche Felsgebein, / Mein Volk, / Zu Gott schreit*; but a oneness with her people exists when she acknowledges her life as being *Wie es Gott in mir erdacht; / Ein Psalm erlösender—damit die Welt ihn übe*.<sup>59</sup> Darkly melancholic but serene are her verses: *Ich weiss, dass ich bald sterben muss / . . . Mein Odem schwebt über Gottes Fluss . . . / Ich setze leise meinen Fuss / Auf den Pfad zum ewigen Heime*. While her restless mind encircled her deepest loves: her mother, her child, and her lover, she was always—*Ein Flämmchen Seele*—thrown in solitude upon herself, and aptly do her songs end with: *Mein Herz ruht müde / Auf dem Samt der Nacht / Und Sterne legen sich auf meine Augenlide. . .*

While this study centers attention on a selection of a representation of various groups of exiled poets, it seems imperative, in connection with a survey of Jewish exile poetry in the German language, that attention be directed to the lyrical work of Berlin-born Gertrud Kolmar (pseudonym for Chodziesner) who perished in a Nazi camp of annihilation. She worked in Germany at forced labor in ammunition factories until 1943, supporting her eighty-year-old father until he was deported to Theresienstadt. Her work since 1933 can truly be counted

as written in *Innere Emigration*. Little of her poetry *sagt aus* directly of what was happening to her "as is often found with smaller talents in a solipsistic manner." Her lyrical realism employs original forms and such gripping imagery that she creates an awareness of an immanent fusion of the multifariousness of the external world to the point when its "magical symbolic force becomes a most profound inner experience in terms totally *unabstrakt* and *unrational*" as formulated by the critic and author Jacob Picard. The ghastly events of the day are not directly referred to in her poetry but it may be for this very fact that she brings into the line of vision even "*erschütternder die Schatten dessen, was geschah, und die grosse bittere Melancholie des Untergangs und Vergehens*" (J. Picard). In the poem *Wir Juden*, created, it seems likely, in moment of utmost distress, Gertrud Kolmar seemed to have given a "final and universal expression" to the experiences of thousands of years of the Jews which "someone of her people sometime, especially in our days, simply had to give." The visions of the perennial wandering of her folk in blood and tears, in surrender and resignation will in the end however be turned into triumph: *So wirf dich du dem Niederen hin, sei schwach / umarme das Leid, / Bis einst dein müder Wanderschuh auf den Nacken / der Starken tritt.*<sup>60</sup>

The pathologic hatred of Hitler of the Jews was nearly equalled by the ferocious vengeance he wrought upon his political foes, the liberals, the socialists and, with special viciousness, the communists. The exiled authors and poets in these persecuted groups reacted no less vigorously and *sprachgewaltig* than their colleagues persecuted for "racial" reasons; forceful lyrics were occasionally written even by those whose major field might have been the novel, the drama or the critical essay, as when, to mention just one example, Fritz von Unruh in a "Christmas ballad 1938" told the story of a refugee who, buffeted across from one state boundary to another, finally died in jail while the sounds of "Silent Night" rang through the air. In justified wrath, Unruh concluded the story: *Dass solch Geschlecht der Höllenhund verbelle! / wo Mensch nicht mehr den Gott im Menschen liebt.*<sup>61</sup>

The most prevailing concern of the poets was an outraged humanity; the form in which this concern was manifested depended on the individuality and the ideological frame of reference of the writers. The field of a poetry of a militant, realistic and socialist humanism in exile is wide open to rewarding investigations, and some of the works of the poets belonging in this group are worthy of a more careful and detailed analysis and research than is undertaken in this present study. The question of artistic integrity, in view of the exclusive



preoccupation of the writer with political, social and human problems of the day, has always bothered the serious poets, as was pointed out in the beginning of this chapter. Now only a short survey will call attention here to poets and writers like Brügel, Brecht, Becher, Weinert and a few others who, primarily if not exclusively, moved in the field of political activism; some wrote with a strong, independent attitude, others were obviously trying to achieve full congruity of their lyrics with the ritual vocabulary of party dogmatics, an endeavor calling at times for considerable equilibristic mental agility. It must be conceded, however, that one finds now and then accomplishments of genuine artistic quality even though the ideology of the authors was squarely opposed to Western ideals of individual freedom and concepts of democracy.

His spirits aroused by the fascist outrage of humanity and dedicated to a faith in the ultimate deliverance of man from oppression and the building of a free society, and seeing himself as one of those who *gehen aus, das Schweigen zu zerbrechen*, Fritz Brügel is nonetheless troubled about the "why" and "how" of the creative process "going on in him."<sup>82</sup> How does it happen *dass ich noch die Worte wähle, / um sie zum Klang der Zeilen zu verbinden, / Sie wägend, um sie schweigend zu empfinden, / und anzurühren eine fremde Seele?* He feels he does not "choose" but is chosen, that he does not speak but "is spoken." Once he had been a poet *der einer Zeile nachsann viele Wochen! / Der tausend Worte jagte durch das Sieb, / bis er das eine fand, das fruchtend blieb, / weil seine Adern heiss vom Leben pochen!* Brügel's "European Poetry" tells of war and peace, of political action, of social problems and of the life and death of man. The verses are vibrant with the stirrings of compassion and with awareness of the *Labyrinthe des Hasses* (Graf). They tell of confusion caused by theories and futile chatter in which many are enmeshed only to end in being *zerfressen von Hohn, / von den bitteren Zweifeln der Emigration*. Brügel points to the future as yet shrouded in a twilight, yet he believes that *Das Gesetz dieser Zeit* is firmly stated in the "Manifest" and in the lesson learned from the *18th of Brumaire*. The evocative power of Brügel's poetry calls forth a wide scale of emotional reactions, from the experience of unsurpassable loathesomeness in *Die Ratten* to a warm, reverent affection for those who perished in the fight against the Dollfuss regime in Austria as told in the *Februarballade*, and whose sacrificial deed *baut dem Arbeiterstaat / das granitene Fundament*.

In the forefront of political functional poetry stood, of course, Bertold Brecht, perhaps internationally best known among the German activist dramatists and poets, the famous author of the *Dreigroscheno-*

per. Having passed through a period of romantic nihilism after World War I—*Wo sind die Tränen von gestern abend? / Wo ist der Schnee vom vergangenen Jahr?*—and moved at first vaguely by the despair of the masses and the gluttony of their exploiters in the twenties—*Denn alle Kreatur braucht Hilf' von allen*—Brecht came to accept Marx as the guide out of social chaos. His basic fascination with the socially and morally loathsome found a determined anti-individualist direction. He implemented his art, however, in a personal way all his own and developed a form that, void of accidental trimmings and reduced to the bareness of an extreme functionalism, was dominated by the intellect, while at the same time he displayed an alluring “ambiguity of cynicism and utopian optimism” (H. R. Hays).<sup>63</sup> His radio playlets beamed to Germany during the war scored a success because of the insight in the behavior of the people under the dictatorship and the tense dramatics of the situations presented.<sup>64</sup> His poetry of the exile is distinctly functional in its crisp concerns of the day. The range is relatively narrow, and one may perhaps call Brecht a “poet of limitations.” But within his sphere he is the master. He extols the Popular Front of unity of all laboring men; help can come only from the oppressed themselves, from those who want *unter sich keinen Sklaven sehen / Und über sich keinen Herrn*. It is *Keiner oder alle. Alle oder nichts*. In a wistful *Gestich*, as Brecht termed poems of a certain original pattern, he poses a rather pertinent series of seemingly impassive questions concerning the reading of history, asked by a worker: Who built the seven-gated city of Thebes of ancient Egypt? The kings? For only their names are recorded. Who rebuilt the often-destroyed Babylon? Or Rome? Alexander conquered India—he alone? Philip of Spain cried when his armada was destroyed: *Weinte sonst niemand?* Every ten years a great man—who paid the bill? *So viele Berichte / So viele Fragen*. From broad vistas like these, Brecht turns to individual incidents, as when he acclaims poor rug weavers in Turkestan in the USSR who decide to use the money, collected to honor Lenin with a monument, to procure instead kerosene to pour it on a swamp *hinter dem Kamelfriedhof / von dem her die Stechmücken kommen, welche / das Fieber erzeugen*.

In the fashion of a *Bänkelsänger*, Brecht tells of “the German soldier’s wife” who was showered with war booty from all over Europe, but in the end: What did she get from Russia? *Aus Russland bekam sie den Witwenschleier / Zu der Totenfeier den Witwenschleier / Das bekam sie aus Russenland*. Brecht speaks of his country’s disgrace: *Oh Deutschland, bleiche Mutter! / Wie haben deine Söhne dich zuge richtet / Dass du unter den Völkern sitzt / Ein Gespött oder eine*

*Furcht!* The belief in the ephemeral existence of the "Thousand Year Reich" is firm; he suggests it in one of the *Svedenborger Gedichte* when the scarcity of news coming from Hitler's realm in 1939 moves him to reflect that while the house painter raves about the glorious days ahead: *Die Wälder wachsen noch. / Die Äcker tragen noch. / Die Städte stehen noch* [they still were then!] */ Die Menschen atmen noch.* Poems like "Concern About the Duration of the Exile" or "The Landscape of the Exile" or "The Return" reflect Brecht's conviction that his homecoming was not too distant. Not even a nail will he drive into the wall to provide for a casual wardrobe, nor will he worry even for four days ahead because: *Du kehrst morgen zurück!* The "fence of tyranny" erected at Germany's border against justice will crumble, but how will he, a native of Bavaria, be received in his home town on his return? For—bombers have blazed the trail before him and in deadly flocks announced his homecoming: *Feuersbrünste / gehen dem Sohn voraus.* In a poem already quoted (see p. 64). Brecht tells of the corrosive effect of meeting oppression, persecution and hatred with force, fight and an appeal to class warfare. He is aware *Auch der Hass gegen die Niedrigkeit / Verzerrt die Züge. / Auch der Zorn über das Unrecht / Machte die Stimme heiser*, and it is a pity that they who wanted to prepare the ground for kindness *konnten selber nicht freundlich sein.* The poet begs a future generation that will live in a happier time when *der Mensch dem Menschen ein Helfer ist: / Gedenkt unsrer / Mit Nachsicht.*

Another author of activist functional poetry, Johannes R. Becher, now minister of cultural affairs in the Soviet Zone of Germany, shared Brecht's faith in and action for the Party, but his themes range farther; the quantitative output of his work is also larger and distinctly more lyrical. If Brecht was one of the writers whose exile was spent in the "Western World," Becher during most of his exile worked as a kind of poet laureate in the Soviet Union. It may be added that the location of the exile often turned out to be a factor of ideological consequence and personal significance later on for many political and literary workers of the Party during the exile years.

Like many of his generation, Becher had broken early with the *bürgerliche Klasse* of his origin; the revolutionary outcries of his despair over the world were at first hurled at an abstract humanity that appeared blacked out by a deep "metaphysical night." But while many ecstatic expressionistic lyricists of his time joined revolutionary political movements only temporarily, Becher stayed with the Party, and, not believing in a "politically magic power of love," turned away from a "rootless cosmopolitanism" to become in *strenger Zucht* a widely

heard poetic exponent of the revolutionary working class, who, during twelve years of exile, in his poetry tried to enlighten the Germans in their benighted fascist state. However, he did not act the sanctimonious pharisee but felt like one who was *mitschuldig* and hence had to carry his share of the *Lasten* of his people. He was as a writer, according to the definition of his profession once given by Stalin, an "engineer of the human soul." Becher the poet underwent many changes—*der Vielgeborene werd ich heissen* (IL, X, 1, p. 80)—yet a mark of his character was the faith he kept with his concept of service to the working class, the "sacred mission of his work: *Dienst an der Menschheit künftiger Vollendung*." This loyalty appears to be less the attitude of a mind disposed toward social commiseration than a rationally determined and sustained act of will to "stay in line." Aside from some references made earlier in this chapter, there are other statements that tell how Becher felt that "*als schwerste Last / trug er sich selbst, daran zerbrach er fast. / Er war ein Übergang. Ein Überwinder*."<sup>65</sup> His style developed beyond earlier militant proletarian lyrics that were meant only for those who had already built up in themselves a "*schwer errungenes kommunistisches Bewusstsein*," and which had been too often monotonous and narrow. Becher's matured lyrical work abandoned the early kind of *Kampfpoesie*, and by fusing social indictment with self-indictment and an admission of "fellow guilt" was aimed at making contact with a far larger audience.

Becher tells of the many loads a revolutionary fighter in exile has to bear, his temptations to cast off the burden; he feels the *Sehnsucht nach Augenschliessen und Vergessen*: */ Wenn Liebe lieblos wird und sich vergisst, / Wenn, um ans Leben fest sich anzupressen, / Man auf Erinnerung angewiesen ist*. It is a paralyzing tendency, this wish to sleep and to forget when *das Beste, was du je besessen, / Die Heimat, Dir der dümmste Feind entrang* . . . The worst temptation would be to be lured into surrender and resignation; this is the enemy; he will sneak inside you *durch deiner Ohnmacht jämmerliches Lallen*. Discipline and severity were the watchwords of the poet; there must be no indulgence in lyrical foggiess, no chasing of phantasmagoria, no "toying with reflections in clouds that hasten over a landscape of apocalyptic doom" (B. Viertel). He will not try lyrical escapes into a frame of mind *sich zu verlieren / In einem Traum, fern und erinnerungslos*. The poet will *der Tränen Wohltat [sich] erst gönnen, / wenn wir vor Freude weinen können*. While he has learned *das grosse, heilige Hassen*, there should nevertheless be no *augenlose Rache um jeden Preis*.<sup>66</sup> Becher's poetry proceeded from "experienced reality"; it does not give a survey of ideologies but attempts the "realization of a lyrical self"

that feels attuned to the community, to the class and to the Party. Thomas Mann saw Becher quite successful in not only combining tradition and future but also *Form* and *Revolution*. Sonnets and distichs imposed on him what he felt was a needed restraint—*ich lebe nur die vierzehn kurzen Zeilen*—and it made possible for the poet, so he says, to live *viele Leben lang / der Kürze wegen und dank meiner Strenge*.

The class struggle, the Spanish Civil War, life in the Soviet Union, and the exile in general gain in emotional impact by the factualness of their presentation. So when Becher tells of a fascist general in Spain who in a machine-like fashion signed one death sentence after another, and who when he had crashed in a plane in the mountains could not be identified until *man ein Stück von einem Rocke fand, / Woran man ihn, den General erkannte—/ Das einzige, was menschlich an ihm war*. As with many poets of the exile, Becher, too, felt somehow the limitations imposed by the "struggle of the day"—he would only *allzugern / von Meer und Wald und weiten Feldern singen* instead of serving as an unceasing accuser of inhuman foes. His complaint seems not wholly justified; in poems about the *Heimat* and the USSR where he *für die Heimat eine Heimat fand*, Becher found occasion to create *reine Lyrik*. His *Heimatgefühl* cannot be questioned. Banned from Germany, he "rediscovered" in his poetry the land, the villages and the cities, the people, its history and its culture; the old fatherland became a "*geschlossene Realität*" which the poet interwove with a decade of experience in Russia, the "*Land des Sozialismus*." *Heimatliebe* and gratitude for the country of his refuge were, along with class and party loyalty, activating elements of Becher's poetry. Against the claim of the Nazis that they had the exclusive rights on German *Volkstum*, *Heimat* and *Geschichte*, he wrote what might be called a real *geharmonisiertes Sonnet* in the cycle of poems "*Das Holzhaus*:" *Nicht einen Klang geb ich Euch ab, nicht eine / Der Farben wird freiwillig überlassen, /—nichts dergleichen / Gehört Euch. Auch die Abendröte nicht, / . . . Unser Wein ist's, den Ihr trinkt, / Und unser Brot ist's, das Euch labt. Noch vorerst. / Das alles fordern wir zurück und noch / Viel mehr: die Luft, die Euch beglückt beim Atmen*.

The poet of discipline in form and intense nostalgic feeling—*da trägt auch schon vom Hohentwiel / der Wind die Lieder her . . . Oh Wiederkehr in Träumen*—has written also many a hollow, trite and mechanical line, as in verses like *die Klasse zeigt genau mir an die Richtung, / Aus der Vernichtung rette ich die Dichtung*. His veneration for Lenin—*er rührte an den Schlaf der Welt*—is surpassed by the sycophantic worship of Stalin whose name "sparkles as a star all over

cosmic space" and is shouted *als würden in dem Ruf des Namens alle die Taten und der Helden Namen sich zusammenfinden*. . . . The universe almost holds its breath when the name of Stalin the "*Führer aller Völker*" is sounded, and in an acme of adoration the poet feels compelled to give at Stalin's death to him the ecstatic appellation: *Du Welt im Licht!*<sup>67</sup> While such deification makes more than painful reading, doubly embarrassing in the light of later political developments, allowance must be made for the fact that under Stalin's rule no one ever felt secure, least of all the exiles, proven party loyalty notwithstanding. To what degree genuine adoration or an opportunist desire for security were involved is debatable; however, that Becher could respond with brisk readiness to radically changed party lines is evident by some poetry he wrote at the time when Hitler and Stalin had made their pact of 1939. The issues of the *IL* in that period reveal the bewilderment of the German communist editors; *Das Wort* stopped publication altogether. All literary attacks on Germany ceased in the USSR, anti-Nazi stories and serials were discontinued, and translations, mostly from Russian literature, were used as "fillers." Some remarkable poetry by Becher was published during that time, in 1940—but no part of them so far can be found reprinted in collections published after the war.<sup>68</sup> In his *Ode an die Heimat* Becher called to task those who would try to bring about the return from exile by a "bridge built by the dead" and a "wading through the muck of battlefields." He inveighed against those who counsel *Bald einen allgewaltigen Krieg zu schüren, / Der ihnen eine Rückkehr soll erzwingen. / Aus der Verbannung; und das Land zerstückelnd / Das Volk vernichtend. Wollen sie gemeinsam / Mit den hereingedrungenen Fremden herrschen*. Becher denounced such *Wahnwitz* and would have no dealings with such *Gespenster-Unrat*. He did not desire a homecoming *wo jeder Schritt steigt über Leichenhaufen*. But he expressed hope for a peaceful change through the people within Germany, and this would enable him to go back in peace and become a witness to Germany's true peaceful greatness. When Hitler a year later started the *allgewaltige Krieg*, it brought about exactly what Becher had feared, and it was the poet's sardonic fate, in the light of his poem, to return to a dismembered land of ruins and death and to assist in ruling part of it with the *hereingedrungenen Fremden*.

If Brecht was a poet whose socialist and anti-individualist humanism involved also a firm consideration for the emergence of an artistic form suited to his personality, and if Becher's functional poetry did not preclude commitments to traditional lyrics with subjective accents, it was the popular German communist poet, Erich Weinert, who in

the immense quantity of his poetic work created the strictest, and perhaps politically most effective proletarian German *Kampfpoesie*. To him *Dichtung* was passionate accusation, scathing satire and scorn, aggressive persuasion and emotional appeal; it was, according to a word by Theodor Mommsen quoted by him, *leidenschaftliche Rede*. Known to the masses of communist followers as an effective public reader of his poetry, his work was given no attention by literary critics and historians. It was too obviously *reine Tendenzdichtung* and as such "hostile to all true poetry as well as to all deeper morality." Weinert's poetry of the Weimar era up to 1933—Weinert wrote about 2000 poems during this time—leaves no doubt about the ephemeral character of much of his work; it served the day and was forgotten. Yet even though one has no truck with Marxist-Leninist philosophy and communist ways—the Party became to many "a God that failed"—one cannot help but acknowledge the aggressive vitality of his verses and the mastery of poetic form which Weinert displayed, the vast knowledge of languages, histories and cultures from which he drew the substance for his untiring "poetic agitation." Son of a father who though a *Beamter* imbued him early with a concern for the "laboring class," he started work in a factory at the age of fourteen, but later became a state-accredited art teacher for higher schools. The experiences of World War I and the political chaos following it made him enter the arena of political battle.<sup>69</sup> A popular reader of his own poetry at mass meetings in Germany, one of the communists most hated by the Nazis, he was in Switzerland when Hitler seized power. In France, in the Sarre region, in the USSR, then joining the fight in Spain, then a prisoner in France, and again back in the USSR, Weinert was the model of an active functionary of the Party to which he furnished effective propaganda material, first for the soon-to-be-squashed underground movement in Germany, up until the time when he broadcast his appeals for surrender to the German soldiers across the front lines in Russia. He was president of the committee *Freies Deutschland* that was composed of German communist exiles in the USSR and German prisoners of war. This group organized "antifascist schooling" in the POW camps and trained the so-called Antifas, destined to become future functionaries for the Soviet Zone of Germany. Like Becher, Weinert never deviated in his allegiance to the Party; he returned to the German Soviet Zone after the war, already a very sick man, to take his share in the "*Aufbau*" until his death in 1953.

Weinert's work of the exile years reflects the activities of the man of the Party. Much of his poetry is smooth versifying for political expediency, but there are poems with a true human appeal that impress

by earnestness, sincerity and a concrete imagery.<sup>70</sup> The persecuted inside the Third Reich became representatives of a suffering and yet militant humanity. He consoled a German *Arbeiterjunge*: *Nicht weinen, mein Junge, es ist geschehn. / Du kannst deinen Vater nicht wiedersehn. / Sie haben ihn auf der Flucht erschossen. / Junge, einen unserer besten Genossen!* There is a detailed description of this incident—*Zitter nicht Junge Du musst es erfahren!* because to grieve and to bewail his murdered father *ist nicht gut*; there should be felt nothing now but *brennende Wut*, and this burning wrath must *nie mehr erkalten*, */ Für den Tag, Junge, wenn wir Abrechnung halten.* A *Deutsche Mutter* is depicted who searches for her only son who had been arrested by the Storm Troopers. Rebuffed and ridiculed, she finally learns that he had died, and as it had to her so it had happened *Vor tausend Türen to tausend Müttern.* Weinert fought with and wrote songs for the International Brigades that, unsuccessfully, defended Madrid against Franco: *Wir, im fernen Vaterland geboren, / nahmen nichts als Hass im Herzen mit, / doch wir haben unsere Heimat nicht verloren, / unsere Heimat ist heute vor Madrid.* From the USSR Weinert beamed his verses into Germany, and after the German invasion of Russia had his propaganda lyrics dropped in millions of leaflets over the German lines though without any tangible success. He urged the German soldiers to desert their Führer: *Zwei Deutschland gibt es! Zeig durch die Tat, / zu welchem Deutschland du stehst, Soldat! / Doch wer zu feig ist, den Schritt zu tun, / soll bald in ehrlosem Grabe ruhn.* Before Stalingrad, loudspeakers thundered his verses and exhortations across the lines to the encircled Germans, entreating them to surrender, stating that only by such a decisive *Tat* could they save themselves from the *Untat* of Hitler. The soldiers should consider that *Für eure Heimat zu leben, / Ist jetzt das höchste Gebot. / Sich ehrenvoll ergeben. Ist besser als sinnloser Tod.*<sup>71</sup>

The belaboring of the German army from the Soviet side by Weinert and his colleagues marks the extreme in "applied *Kampfpoesie*." Less spectacular were the poetic endeavors of many socialist and communist writers whose perpetual themes were the infernal character of the Hitler regime, the agitation for the "Popular Front," the support of the loyalists in Spain, the meaning of the exile and the exaltation of the USSR as the fatherland of socialism and leader for the social-humanist order of the future. It is to the credit of the political sagacity of the Social Democrats that they were not taken in by the lures of Moscow; they played the uncomfortable role of Cassandra in those years when any sign of a possible sovietophobia almost certainly brought forth the charge of crypto-fascism, *trotzkyism* or the like. The



political lyricists, despite occasionally admitted shortcomings that were "accounted for" in terms of Marxist dialectics, presented the USSR as the promised land; a very ugly present there was ignored as if it did not exist, but a hoped-for happy future was treated like reality already here. This method was basic for "socialist realism"; adherence to facts as they were would bring violent charges, among them that a practicing nonconformist writer was "bourgeois formalist." Some poets of "socialist realism"—not necessarily communists—whose verses became well known among the exiles, deserve mentioning because even if their work shows similarity of purpose and content, there are touches of original variations that are part of true literary creativity. During the time of exile, the poems of most writers appeared in periodicals, most of them short-lived; some poems were collected and came out in slender volumes; quite a few have now become accessible in postwar publications and anthologies.

Rudolf Leonhard in his "Spanish poems" extols the revolutionary struggle and its international aspects; he shows how in the Spanish Civil War were pitched *Deutsche gegen Deutsche vor Madrid in der Schlacht, / die Freiheit gegen die Niedertracht*, and in so doing he anticipated a present situation in Germany in which Germans are lined up on opposing sides. The new type of a people's commanding general is a *starker, schlauer / leidenschaftlicher Bauer. / Der Bauer, der Bauer der neuen Zeit: / der ist nicht mehr zum Dulden bereit*.<sup>72</sup> In a *Londoner Ballade* England's aloofness from the Spanish people's struggle is scorned; the British *gehen geruhig in ihrem sehr hübschen Garten / und wollen warten* until "really and seriously and finally" also their realm would be brutally violated.

Raised in poverty in the mining region of the Ruhr, Hans Marchwiza, known through his realistic novels and stories dealing with the lot of the miners, the *Kumpel*, wrote poetry to stir the world into action against exploiters and the "fascist seducers of the people."<sup>73</sup> The dead are silent, the tired ones wail, the cowards give up, simpletons *bauen auf Wunder und Glück*; there is resignation and desperate escape through suicide—but the never-yielding fighters *die noch leben / Werden der Toten erloschene Stimmen wieder erheben* to carry the fight to victory. The *braune Pest* seems to engulf all, he the enemy with swastika and skull-and-bone emblems; but among the oppressed *kehrt hart der Lebenswille zurück*, the drums will in the end *Pest, Krieg und Hungerplagen / zu ihrer schwarzen Höllenfahrt / den Abschiedswirbel schlagen*. The hard task of the poet is to express in words the deep meaning of the homeland to him: *Du meine Heimat, / Wie soll ich dir nur meine Liebe sagen?* While in the "haven of

security" abroad, he thinks of the comrades at home and . . . *es stürmt im Herzensgrunde; / Ach, alle Sorgen brechen auf: / Wie lebt ihr wohl zur Stunde?*

The theme of the homeland and "the night that covers it" were recurring themes in the poetry of Max Zimmering.<sup>74</sup> At first the victory-intoxicated Germans formed queues, not to buy potatoes, but to get maps to keep track of their conquests—then soon the tables were turned. Late they learned that *der Name "Deutscher" wird heut ausgesprochen / in vierzig Sprachen, ohne Unterlass . . . / doch überall mit allertiefstem Hass*. During the first years of his exile, Zimmering had lived a *nacktes, freudlos Leben*, an "empty time filled with hopelessness and wailing" until there was *Die Begegnung* with a fellow exile who gave the poet aim and direction and *der dies Nichts zerstört*. It was the other's faith *Was mich erfasste und zum Leben hob*, it was his *Wissen um des Volkes Kraft / Und . . . dass wir Deutschlands schwerste Nacht bezwingen*. The growth of the *Keim des Neuen* is slow but steadfast; now the poet can give an account of himself for he has become a fighter, and it can be said of him no longer that he had his *Leben ohne Sinn genossen*; / he had done more than that which *nur von heute war / Und es kein Fünkchen Kommendes gebär— / Wenn draus kein Tropfen Zukunft je geflossen*.

The poems by Paul Mayer, dedicated to the dead of the antifascist struggle—*Und wenn je einer träumt und denkt und dichtet, / Er soll es wissen, dass er Euch verpflichtet*—stressed that an exile had meaning only when a mind stayed critical and responded with militant humanism to the personal and political challenges of existence.<sup>75</sup> France, where he had suffered in the execrable detention camps in *Gurs, Vernet, im Sklavenjoch / An Kolbenstoss und Tritten*, is yet beloved for *Wir wissen, was du immer warst: / Des Weltgeschehens Bühne*. France had never spared her own blood, a fact proven by *die Commune*; she will remain the "conscience of the world" and the poet has her lead the chorus of all that had been victims of Nazi aggression. P. Mayer admitted that he was *ein von Hassgift verzehrter* who was hurling toward the heavens his *Lidice*. Germany once had been an "eternal light," it had *ein Angesicht* come into being in *Jahrtausenden—doch es macht der Mörderwicht/Draus ein Zuchthaus, ein genormtes*. When the allied forces invaded France the poet prayed for success and asked: *In dieser Stunde, da die Erde schreit, / —In dieser Stunde lass uns fühlen, wissen: / Du segnest den, der Deine Welt befreit*. Mexico was the land of refuge for Paul Mayer. He offered his thanks to the land of beauty whose sky *keine Wolke*, and *wo kein Büttel meine Träume stört*. Now and then lighter touches appear, for example,

when the poet tells of his attempts to eke out a living. Would he as a teacher of German ever succeed in having the beautiful senorita distinguish between *Bär* and *Beere*, or giving the correct past participle of *tun* instead of saying *ich hab' getutet*? As a peddler of books he sighs to the Lord and *Welt-Regierer*: / *Ach, was habe ich getan, / Dass Du mich als Buch-Hausierer / Enden lässt des Lebens Bahn?*

The typical *Kampfpoesie* has little detached humor, understandably so since it cannot but be marked by a beseeching earnestness and only occasionally be relieved by moods and reflections of a more personal concern expressed in lyrics. Two women poets who spent their exile in Moscow combined in their work traits of an uncompromising militancy against the fascist foe with reverent commiseration for the victims in the struggle, yet also gave expression to personal feelings and wistful affection for the friends.

Hedda Zinner found the appealing note to enthuse the mass of party followers, as did Weinert on a larger scale. The class struggle of the proletariat, the exile and the close contact with the people of the Soviet republics provided much of the substance for her songs that showed a steady development in the "synthesis between subjective and social contents."<sup>76</sup> During the nights in exile often the breathing almost stopped and "the heart grew cold"—horror and darkness threatened to engulf her, visions of her father's house, of the *Wienerwald* arose, now subjected to the brown terror. Friends were killed there and tortured and it seemed that *Das Leben stirbt, von Leid erdrückt, / In diesen endlos langen Nächten*. Her German "*Volkslied 1935*" became widely known: *Du hast einen Sohn, Maria, / Einen Sohn—du liebst ihn sehr*—however, he has no chance for work, no chance for *Brot / Es leidet dein Junge, Maria, / Mit all den andern Not*. Finally war is going to take "Maria's son"; he will have to fight for the fatherland, "so they say," but *Es wachsen die Dividenden / der Rüstungsindustrie, / Und Millionen Söhne, Maria, / Kämpfen für sie, für sie*. Against the reproach of critics, and it is one often raised against the "political poets," that *reine Menschlichkeit . . . auf höherer Warte* was the basis for true poetry, although it would admittedly be *nicht richtig* to condone torture, murder and gangster methods, the poet states: *Feig bist du, und tust auch noch kritisch, / Mit dir ist zu kämpfen und nicht zu rechten, / Du—Spiessgeselle von Folterknechten*. Hedda Zinner's collection of poems in 1947 ended with a *Humanistisches Sonett*: it stated that there was talk of love which in the end would heal all, and that through love men would be united. The poet was asked to expel her hatred through love. She answered that it was her very love that taught her to hate and now *immer mich an jene denken heisst* who

had been tortured, murdered and dishonored. She concluded: *Im Hass hab' ich die Liebe ganz erkannt. / Der Hass hat meine Liebe rein gebrannt.*

Exalting rebellion and raising an individual love experience with a Chinese comrade to the level of party and human significance, Klara Blum's verses are on occasion no more than glossy party phraseology as lines like these: *abgeschlossen die Kurse mit Glanz / Mitglied des Institutes . . .*<sup>77</sup> Paralleling Lenau's song of the three gypsies, she told, for instance, of three incidents that inspired the conclusion: *Dreifach haben sie mir gezeigt / Ausgestreut in den Ländern, / Dreifach: ein Schurke, wer länger noch schweigt, / Dreifach: die Welt muss sich ändern.* Party discipline had called her lover away to distant China to help in securing its freedom. He obeyed and now *kommt durch die Nacht auf mich zu / Grosses mannhaftes Schweigen*—may he go—it will be shown *dass ich stark bin wie du.* Finding a haven in Moscow *die Kremlstadt in freier Gastlichkeit*, she will wait and work, learning Chinese, knowing that *Dein schräges Auge blitzt / Vor Freude, dass ich so die Zeit genützt*; the difficult mother tongue of her distant lover grows familiar and its *ferner Laut* in all of her *Denkens ringendem Gewühl / Klingt tröstlich schon [wie] zartes Glockenspiel.* Never did she love her own people as much as when she learned truly to love *die andern Völker.*

In presenting on the basis of the poems the concern that seemed to have moved the poets of divers convictions, attitudes and "poses," it is perhaps needless to add that a bona fide acceptance at face value of whatever was pronounced would be more than naive. A closer study of individual writers would lead to an insight of several "levels of reality," a rather benevolent euphemism for not just a few. The discrepancy between the often-asserted idealization of men and conditions and the ruthless and erratic rule of the Party and the State furthermore must have been a sad and sobering discovery for those to whom a brazen inconsistency and a convenient forgetfulness of facts, coupled with a brutal enslavement of the minds and bodies of men, could never even remotely justify the proclamation of a "humanism," no matter what qualifying attributes like *realist, social, progressive, dialectical, Marxist* might be used in connection with it.

The poetry occupied with partisan problems of the day, it will be conceded, makes the reserved attitude of critics toward it appear not without a foundation. When the infuriated passion of a poet reaches a point when the "inward censor" who "watches" the standards of the creative process is silenced, works of literary quality and validity rarely

can result. Tied to party aims and actions to which he ascribes through his art qualities of abiding verities, the poet exposes himself, often only in the light of later developments, to charges of having either been a fool or a knave. Many, of course, have become quite inured to such criticism; they developed into experts of rationalizing and of mind-conditioning, for themselves as well as for others. To give one more illustration of the hazards a party-bound poet encounters, attention is called to the tenth congress of the Soviet Republic of the Volga Germans in Engels in April, 1937. Quite a number of German exiled writers in the USSR attended, and addressed the citizens of the only Soviet Republic whose language was German. Hugo Huppert, really a very able critic and poet, gave the poetic *Versrede* at the opening of the state convention. He said that what they, the citizens, had created within twenty years under the leadership of the Soviets and its beloved leader Stalin had been truly heroic; it was an ever *fortwirkende Tat* and would now be engraved *mit ewigen Lichtbuchstaben / dem ersten / deutschen / Sowjetstaat / ins Grundgesetz . . . Strahle / Stalinisches Dokument / . . . Wie tief du gegründet*; the suppressed ones in the old Reich would now know that *in euren grünen Kantonen / ein Brudervolk von Befreiten wohnen*. [sic] / *Es weiss: die Äcker / Weiden / Wiesen / sind euch / für ewig / zugewiesen*.<sup>78</sup> The "eternal possession" and the Volga Republic were wiped from the map, and the German population ruthlessly driven away to Siberia for security reasons at the time of the attack of Hitler on Russia.

The poetry of the exile years as it came out at the time may give at first the impression of a preponderance of party-bound literature. When it came to finding outlets for their productions, liberal and socialist writers were at a greater disadvantage than communists, who were backed, if inconsistently, by a world-wide apparatus.<sup>79</sup> But as the discussion of the work of many poets outside the communist circle has shown, a great body of an independent poetic literature was created, and published. A good number of poets disdained writing merely opportunist verses; they gave poetic expression to a militant liberal or socialist attitude without forsaking their faith in an uncontrolled and free mind. However, the work of some important exiled poets did not become known until after the Nazi era had ended. This is one reason why a comprehensive literary-historical analysis of the exile literature must wait for more complete data. It also goes without saying that the method of referring to "key lines" for the purpose of revealing the basic concern of a poet is, in its fragmentariness, inadequate for a final evaluation; in all poetry "the whole" of a poem must be con-

sidered for valid critiques and appraisals, an objective not attempted here.

Two areas may be mentioned in which the method applied is particularly limited, areas where one rightly feels it is either *das ganze Gedicht* or *Nichts*: the politico-satirical, pamphleteering poem, the *chanson* and the pure lyrics that are to arise from the innermost self, a self that is conceived as autonomous and capable of being sealed off hermetically from external stimuli and purposes, a poetry in which nothing counts but "the poem" as a creation *per se*.<sup>80</sup>

Long before they actually seized power, the Nazis and their Führer had been the objects of political lampooning by keen wits and masters of coruscating and cutting satire. After Hitler had taken over the reins in Germany, devastating ridicule played a large part in the attacks on the Third Reich. The success of Erika and Klaus Mann in their cabaret campaign all around the "Brown Reich" is well known, and most exile periodicals devoted space to the presiflage of Hitler and his ilk; many creations were brilliant and had such serious overtones that not infrequently levels of genuine literary quality were reached. Two outstanding authors may be mentioned as famous exponents of this group.

Walter Mehring's work encompasses the whole field of exile experience, and while he recognized only *die Freiheit des Ich unter den Gesetzen der Metrik* and declared the *Ich-Selbst als den einzigen Real-Wert*, the poignancy of his versatile and often jarringly idiomatic lines with their air of arch detachment was so highly effective because at the core of his poems was a deep ethical concern.<sup>81</sup>

Alfred Kerr, with a long career as a headstrong, brilliant critic who always had the courage to express in a unique style what many felt but did not dare to say, expressed his crushing hostility toward Nazified Germany in matchless "*kess-kristallinen lebenslichten Verszeilen*." He wrote some of the most accomplished satirical verses of the exile years, giving vent to his irreconcilable, contemptuous antagonism through an accomplished mastery of the word which had its counterpart in prose in the polemic essays of Kurt Hiller.<sup>82</sup>

As it turned out there were more representatives of *reine Dichtkunst* in existence during the exile than was noticeable at that time; they were in but not of the exile.<sup>83</sup> Very few poems appeared then that were more than an *Aussage* without and beyond an extraneous purpose. However, even this "pure poetry" showed more adherence to tradition than the experimental boldness which, in the wake of French Symbolism, marks contemporary poetry. An extremely individualistic art, it stresses uniqueness of a poet's sensitive handling of associative imagery

and expects him to present it with studied circumspection and detachment from logic, ideas and causality. Poems resulting from such an intellectual attitude assume unity, integrity and artistic force through a sustained succession of inward agitation, an emotive and evocative grasp of images and the tonal qualities of the word rather than through a reality transfigured by classical *Formung* or romantic yearning. The harsh conditions of a life in exile often drew from the poets their last strength for the purpose of sheer physical survival and the "objective" world to which many modern writers and critics are so superciliously indifferent imposed itself too brutally on the poet to allow him time and concentration for *avant-garde* ambitions and experimental prosody.

In addition to the authors discussed in this study, mention may be made at random of at least a few whose art revealed as the primary concern the coming to terms of the poet with himself. Stephan Lackner's work can lay little claim to originality, and the charge made against him that he was a "trailblazer of banality" is well founded.<sup>84</sup> Artistically superior are Heinz Politzer's lyrics that appear written under the aspect *eines ewigen Abschieds*. Ivan and Claire Goll's bilingual (French and German) poetry of love is unique, and not only through its bilinguality. Grand poetry is Alfred Mombert's *Bildgewaltiger Abschied* from Germany, written in part in concentration camps and during his late exile in Switzerland. The spiritual-intellectual break with Germany was projected by him into visions of a cosmic journey, sustained with élan and an inexhaustible, original imagery that in its impact is reminiscent of Karl Wolfskehl; yet unlike him, Mombert shows no sign of a return to the God of his fathers. Then there are delicate and tender poems like those of Ruth C. Cohn similar to "butterflies . . . quiet white cloudlets and steel gray storm signals" (Frederick Paulsen). Hans Leifhelm sings the *Lob der Vergänglichkeit*, the flight of all that is passing, and the *Nimmerwiederkehr*. A few of his lines written on the death of a poet may stand as an epitome of that art which in a time of chaos aimed at no purpose beyond that of pure creativeness: *O du Dichter der starb, / Sieh, es lebt dein Gedicht, / Sieh ein Bild ist geformt / In gestaltloser Zeit*.<sup>85</sup>

In conclusion it is emphasized once more that the selection for, and inclusion in, this study is fragmentary and does not suggest final judgment of value or of artistic ranking. The writers were named because they gave expression to concerns that seemed representative of the multifarious experiences of the exile and because their work was within reach for the study. Omissions and oversights were unavoidable; they are painful and embarrassing. But they will encourage correction and

completion in the future, a task that will also do justice to poets like Rolf Anders (pseudonym for Rolf Thoel), Max Barth, Eugen Brehm, Elias Canetti, Franz T. Csokor, Kurt Doberer, Erich Fried, Josef Luitpold, Isaac Schreyer, Franz Baermann Steiner, Jesse Thoor (pseudonym for Peter Karl Hoefler), Rudolf Wallfried, Guido Zernatto, and others. One thing is certain: Whatever their merit as writers in exile, a genuine respect is due to most of the men and women who created the literature, differences in *Weltanschauung* notwithstanding. Scattered about the globe and surrounded by an environment indifferent or even hostile, they held on actively to their cultural heritage; they cultivated and used the *Deutsche Sprache* even in the face of a seemingly utter futility. They, indeed, could say: *Ich sah in Nacht und Tod hinein / Und sang mein Lied und bangte nicht.*<sup>86</sup>



## NOTES

### PART I

<sup>1</sup> This terminology is not undisputed. For definition of terms, statistics, literature and information about help rendered to the fugitives see: Kurt R. Grossmann and Hans Jacob, "The German Exile and the 'German Problem'" in *Journal of Central European Affairs*, IV, 2, pp. 165-185; Sir John Hope Simpson, *The Refugee Problem* (London, 1939); Stephen Duggan and Betty Drury, *The Rescue of Science and Learning* (New York, 1948); Paul Frings, *Das Internationale Flüchtlingsproblem 1919-1950* (Frankfurt/Main, 1951); D. P. Kent, *The Refugee Intellectual* (New York, 1953); W. Rex Crawford, ed., *The Cultural Migration* (Philadelphia, 1953); Norman Bentwich, *The Rescue and Achievement of Refugee Scholars* (The Hague, 1953); Helge Pross, *Die deutsche akademische Emigration nach den Vereinigten Staaten: 1933-1941* (Berlin, 1955).

<sup>2</sup> Kent, *op. cit.*, p. 135. In the course of my studies, I counted more than 450 names of exiled writers who at some time during the Hitler regime published in German outside of Germany. This included, of course, authors of any kind of writing, literary or otherwise, from short book reviews to the well-known works of Thomas Mann. The actual number of writers is, of course, higher than the above figure.

<sup>3</sup> German critics, until recently, have hardly concerned themselves with the literature created in exile. In Germany, some exiled authors have been published again with success. In the Soviet Zone of Germany, the publishing of exiled writers of leftist and communist persuasion has been promoted with special vigor. Here greater critical, if dogmatically fixed, attention has been paid to the literature of the exile than in Western Germany. For a typical comment see: H. E. Holthusen, *Der unbehauste Mensch* (München, 1952) pp. 142 ff. Some outstanding histories of German literature of recent date either fail to mention or pay scant attention to the exiled writers and their works; for instance: *Annalen der Deutschen Literatur*, ed. by H. O. Burger, (Stuttgart, 1952); Wolfgang Pfeiffer-Belli, *Geschichte der deutschen Dichtung*, (Freiburg, 1954); Herbert A. Frenzel, *Daten deutscher Dichtung*, (Köln/Berlin, 1953). Works which, within the framework of their intellectual-spiritual pattern, give recognition to the exile and to some of its authors are: *Deutsche Literatur im XX. Jahrhundert*, ed. by Hermann Friedmann and Otto Mann, (Heidelberg, 1954); Wilhelm Grenzmann, *Deutsche Dichtung der Gegenwart* (Frankfurt/Main, 1953); Paul Fechter, *Geschichte der deutschen Literatur*, (Gütersloh, 1952). Important American books with analyses and bibliographies are: Harry Slochower, *No Voice Is Wholly Lost . . .*, (New York, 1945) and Victor Lange, *Modern German Literature*, (Ithaca, N. Y., 1945). See also the articles on German writers in exile by Karl O. Paetel, W. Sternfeld, Harold von Hofe and others as listed in the bibliographies of the *PMLA*, etc. (See introductory note to the Bibliography).

<sup>4</sup> F. C. Weiskopf, *Unter fremden Himmeln* (Berlin, 1947).

<sup>5</sup> Walter A. Berendsohn, *Die Humanistische Front*, Vol. I, (Zürich, 1946). I had the privilege of reading the manuscript of the second volume in London and derived not only valuable information from it but found corroborative support for much of my own findings. Berendsohn's second volume now deposited in the Deutsche Bibliothek in Frankfurt/Main will be published presently.

<sup>6</sup> *Verboten und Verbrannt*, ed. by Richard Drews and Alfred Kantorowicz, (Berlin and München, 1947).

<sup>7</sup> Paul E. Lüth, *Literatur als Geschichte*, 2 vols. (Wiesbaden, 1947).

<sup>8</sup> F. Martini, "Dichter der Emigration" in *Deutschland-Jahrbuch* 1953 (Essen, 1953), pp. 601 ff.

<sup>9</sup> On several occasions I was counselled by colleagues not to bother with this "insignificant, non-German" literature. After they had become acquainted with the scope and character of the literature in question, they regretted their earlier unfamiliarity with the field.

<sup>10</sup> Quoted in *Das Wort*, I, 1, p. 4. Heinz Rabe accepted the reference *German Emigration 1933* as a sociological-political phenomenon only as a *formale Kategorie* (*Neues Tagebuch*, 1934, 17, p. 403). The same might be said of the term "Literature in Exile" when a first definition is attempted. For details of periodicals quoted, see bibliography.

<sup>11</sup> In order not to have this study burdened with a tiring and—in view of the publications already cited—needless catalog of names and titles, I limited myself to material personally examined. From it I drew what appear to be reliably representative data. Some exceptions in the use of secondary sources are carefully noted.

<sup>12</sup> *Das Neue Tagebuch*, 1934, 52, pp. 1244 ff. Quoted as NT.

<sup>13</sup> NT, 1935, 1, pp. 1267 ff.

<sup>14</sup> NT, 1935, 2, pp. 43 ff. In parenthesis Marcuse allows, of course, the existence of some kind of German "literature in exile"; by implication he permits the conclusion that it has at least one distinguishing mark: its emphasis on indignation.

<sup>15</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 45.

<sup>16</sup> *Almanach für das freie deutsche Buch* (Prague, 1935). About one-fourth of the authors mentioned in this publication were not German; among these were many Soviet writers. The almanac also announces literature in the field of social and natural sciences and is not confined to so-called belles-lettres.

<sup>17</sup> The driving force in the activity of the German writers in Paris was Alfred Kantorowicz. See Berendsohn, *op. cit.*, p. 63 f.

<sup>18</sup> For compendious bibliographies, see the summaries and titles in NT, *Das Wort*, *Internationale Literatur*, *Die Sammlung*, *Der Aufbau* (New York), and periodicals listed in the bibliography; *Fünf Jahre freies deutsches Buch* (Paris, 1937); *Das Buch* (Paris, 7 issues, 1938/1939). In addition to the bibliographies found in the postwar works already mentioned, attention may be called to the *Deutsche Nationalbibliothek*, Ergänzung I (Leipzig, 1949). Among its 5495 titles are a great number of "exile works." See also W. Sternfeld, "Die 'Emigrantenpresse'" in *Deutsche Rundschau*, 1950, pp. 250-259; and his articles in *The Wiener Library Bulletin* (London), Vols. III and IV.

<sup>19</sup> Odd Eidem, *Diktere i Landflyktighet* (Oslo, 1937). My information about this work is not firsthand; my discussion is mainly based on Berendsohn, *op. cit.*, and a few other secondary references.

<sup>20</sup> Cf. Werner Türk, "Dichter im Exil" in *Das Wort*, III, 5, pp. 122 ff.

<sup>21</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 124.

<sup>22</sup> Cf. Berendsohn, *op. cit.*, p. 69.

<sup>23</sup> *Ibid.*, and Türk, *op. cit.*, pp. 123, 125.

<sup>24</sup> Alfred Döblin, *Die deutsche Literatur: Im Ausland seit 1933* (Paris, 1938). I call attention to the critical review by F. Lion in *Mass und Wert*, 1939, 6, pp. 854-858, and the scathing attack on Döblin by Kurt Hiller in 1939, reprinted in *Köpfe und Tröpfe* (Hamburg/Stuttgart, 1950), pp. 127-135. In a study of a pronounced religious-irrational character published after his return from exile, Döblin, then a Catholic convert, retained the earlier basic classification of German literature but recommended "a new tuning of its harps." See "Die deutsche Utopie von 1933 und die Literatur" in *Das Goldene Tor*, (Lahr im Schwarzwald), 1946, October/November, pp. 136-147, and December, pp. 258-269.

<sup>25</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 22 f. "In die tiefste Einsamkeit nimmt jeder Künstler, jeder Schriftsteller die Gesellschaft, in der er lebt, mit. Sie ist es, die mit ihm zusammen dichtet und formt, in der Sprache, in den Urteilen, Bildern und Begriffen, die er mitgenommen hat. Nicht stumm ist der Schriftsteller in der Einsamkeit. Ein tausendfaches Gespräch führt er nach allen Seiten und trägt in dieses Gespräch seine Eingebung hinein."

<sup>26</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 29. In summarizing the ideas of Döblin, and those of others, I had to go beyond mere literal transcriptions in order to render an interpretatively correct picture.

<sup>27</sup> Döblin does not state this explicitly, but his implication is clear. For an enumeration of the reasons pro and con regarding the term *Emigrantenliteratur*, see Berendsohn, *op. cit.*, pp. 69-75. Berendsohn himself and also Odd Eidem favor it.

<sup>28</sup> "Fünf Jahre nach unsrer Abreise . . ." in *NT*, 1938, 5, pp. 114-117.

<sup>29</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 115. Kesten himself uses the term against which he protests simply as a matter of necessary reference. After all is said and done, referral has to be made to this body of literature, and *de facto* Kesten, too, speaks of two literatures. Henry W. Nordmeyer used in his indispensable annual bibliography in Germanics the parenthetical reference: "(Reich and non-Reich)." *PMLA*, LIV, p. 1313 *et al.* Martin Gumpert chooses the term "Exile Literature" for the survey of German literature in the *New Int. Year Book*, Vol. 1939, p. 312. George N. Shuster speaks of "Emigré Literature," *ibid.* 1938, p. 287.

<sup>30</sup> *Op. cit.*, pp. 854 ff. See note 24.

<sup>31</sup> Berendsohn, *op. cit.*, pp. 75 *et al.*

<sup>32</sup> Cf. Werner Milch, *Ströme. Formeln. Manifeste* (Marburg, 1949) pp. 81 ff.

<sup>33</sup> O. M. Graf, "Die Unteilbarkeit der deutschen Literatur" in *Deutsche Beiträge*, 1950, 6, p. 447. Holthusen (*op. cit.*, pp. 142 ff.) describes the difficulties for the "two literatures" growing together again and concludes ". . . it will require a high degree of tact, patience and mutual concessions in order that the two German literatures, the emigrated and the non-emigrated, can again grow into one."

<sup>34</sup> Karl O. Paetel, "Das deutsche Buch in der Verbannung" in *Deutsche Rundschau*, 1950, p. 755; and "Deutsche im Exil" in *Aussenpolitik* (Stuttgart), September, 1955, pp. 584 f. See also his monthly *Deutsche Gegenwart. Ein Informationsbrief*. Published from January, 1947, to December, 1948.

<sup>35</sup> A phrase coined by Freiligrath, quoted by Oswald Mohr in his *Das Wort der Verfolgten* (Basel, 1945), p. 14. This work is a valuable anthology of German voices of the exile in historical order, from H. Heine to Th. Mann. See also a related collection, *Dies Buch gehört der Freiheit*, edited by Erwin Reiche (Weimar, 1950).

<sup>36</sup> Arthur Rosenberg, "Zur Geschichte der politischen Emigration" in *Mass und Wert*, II, 3, pp. 371 ff. A typical view to the contrary is expressed by Ernst Jünger in his *Strahlungen* (Tübingen, 1949) p. 550, quoted approvingly by Holthusen (*op. cit.*, p. 143). Jünger states: *Der Schritt in die Emigration führt immer in ein schwächeres Element* (The step into emigration always leads into a less potent realm). Jünger's well-authenticated opposition to the dictatorship at home and his rank as a writer will not be disputed. But his dictum, made when he considered the possibility of staying behind in France as the Germans retreated from that country in 1944, was based on a fantastically different situation from that of the true exiles. Jünger no doubt realized that the Allies would not receive as an "emigrated writer" an officer who almost until the end had served under Hitler, no matter with what sincere mental reservations. His judgment about exile writing is colored by the rationalization of his situation. He shows no knowledge of the nature and the achievement of the literature in exile. By not giving the background of the statement, Holthusen's quotation is misleading. As a veteran officer of World War I of highest distinction and fame, Jünger held for a long time a unique position of immunity; by going back into the army, he went into "the aristocratic form of emigration." (This phrase was coined by Gottfried Benn; see his *Doppelleben* [Wiesbaden, 1950] p. 110. See also the reference to Edmund Wilson in note 9, ch. II.)

<sup>37</sup> Hermann Kesten in *Klaus Mann zum Gedächtnis* (Amsterdam, 1950) p. 85.

<sup>38</sup> Cf. Hermann Kesten "Der Preis der Freiheit" in *Die Sammlung*, (1933/34) pp. 238-244.

<sup>39</sup> Quoted in *Neue Weltbühne* (1937), 32, pp. 988 ff.

<sup>40</sup> O. M. Graf, *op. cit.*, pp. 438 ff.

<sup>41</sup> Karl O. Paetel, "Das deutsche Buch in der Verbannung," *op. cit.*, p. 760.

<sup>42</sup> Concerning my approach to literature, see Wm. K. Pfeiler, *War and the German Mind: The Testimony of Writers Who Fought at the Front* (New York, 1941), pp. 319 f.

## PART II

<sup>1</sup> An up-to-date survey of literary theories and comprehensive bibliography is found in *Theory of Literature* by René Wellek and Austin Warren (New York, 1949). Important also is Ferdinand Gowa, "Present Trends in American and German Literary Criticism" in *Germanic Review*, XXVIII, February, 1953, pp. 99-112. For some observations on basic aspects of literary criticism see Heinrich Meyer, "Zur deutschen Literatur der Gegenwart," in *Monatshefte*, XL, November, 1948, pp. 369-80.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Ernest H. Templin, *The Social Approach to Literature*, University of California Press (Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1944). In this critical survey, Templin quotes Allen Tate as stating (in his *Reactionary Essays*): "The poet as seer who experiences life in behalf of the population is a picture that is not clear in my mind, but it is an interesting picture; it happens to be one with which I have no sympathy at all."

To mention a German authority who is recognized as an outstanding representative of "aristocratic" art and a scion of the Stefan George circle, I quote Friedrich Gundolf about the "absolute uniqueness" of a *wirklicher Künstler* (real artist) who might appear but once every one hundred years. "It is one of the differences between *Dichtkunst* (true poetic art) and *Literatur* that the former is the expression of an intrinsic reality independent of the finished (*fertigen*) world, while the latter is the copy of a finished (*fertigen*) reality, be it a naturalist, romantic or an idealized imitation. Since the *Banause* (low-brow) knows only *one* reality, his own, he thinks to find his own wherever he senses reality, even though it is an entirely different one. . . . Art is neither imitation of life nor empathy into life but a primary form of life which, therefore, derives its principles (*Gesetze*) neither from religion, morals, science nor from the state, which are other primary or secondary forms of life: *l'art pour l'art* has no other meaning." Friedrich Gundolf, *Goethe* (Berlin, 1925), p. 2.

<sup>3</sup> Paul Kluckhohn, "Berufungsbewusstsein und Gemeinschaftsdienst des deutschen Dichters im Wandel der Zeiten" in *Deutsche Vierteljahrsschrift für Literaturwissenschaft und Geistesgeschichte*, Vol. 14 (1936), pp. 1-30. Hans Grimm and E. G. Kolbenheyer were writers of noteworthy achievement; my reference to them does not imply a lack of recognition of this fact.

<sup>4</sup> The article on *Deutsche Literatur* in the noted encyclopedia *Der Grosse Brockhaus* (Wiesbaden, 1953) objectively reports the "deep cut" that separated the German literature in 1933. Vol. III, p. 181. However, in the article on *Emigrantenliteratur* the derisive general verdict is that it remained "*dem Geschehen der Gegenwart verhaftet*" (attached to the events of the present day). *Ibid.*, p. 54.

How the concept of *Emigrantendichtung* is equated with politically determined writing is seen in a commentary on the poet Hans Leifhelm by Ernst Waldinger who stated: *In einem weiteren Sinne wäre er ja auch in die Emigrantendichtung einzureihen, obwohl er kaum je ein politisches Lied gesungen hat.* (*Monatshefte für deutschen Unterricht*, Vol. XL, p. 337, "Der Dichter Hans Leifhelm 1891-1947.")

<sup>5</sup> "Interview with Stefan Zweig" by Robert Van Gelder in *The New York Times Book Review*, July 28, 1940.

<sup>6</sup> See the letter of Robert H. Elias in *The New York Times Book Review*, August 25, 1940.

<sup>7</sup> The discussion of this paragraph is based, in part, on the study by Erich Auerbach, *Mimesis: dargestellte Wirklichkeit in der abendländischen Literatur* (Bern, 1946), pp. 491 ff. Translated into English by Willard R. Trask as *Mimesis* (Princeton, 1952). Historical evidence of the inextricable ties of art and literature with the social life of man is presented in the two volumes of Arnold Hauser, *Sozialgeschichte der Kunst und Literatur* (Munich, 1953).

<sup>8</sup> The nineteenth century revolution against the classical theory of the various "levels in literature" was not the first of its kind. The barriers which the romanticists and realists broke down "had been created not until the end of the 16th and during the 17th century by the adherents of a strict imitation of classic literature." During the Middle Ages and even in the Renaissance a serious realism existed which represented common everyday-life incidents realistically in literature and art. See Auerbach, *op. cit.*, p. 494 f. For the opposite view, which contends that *Dichtung* (literary-poetic creation) does not "live and originate as the reflection of something else" but is a linguistic structure perfect in itself (*in sich geschlossenes sprachliches Gefüge*) whose study should aim to "determine its linguistic forces and make intelligible their coadjuvancy, and thus elucidate the *Ganzheit* (wholeness) of the work," see Wolfgang Kayser, *Das sprachliche Kunstwerk* (Bern, 1948), p. 5.

<sup>9</sup> Before 1933 the tensions between past and future, between an egocentric ideal of the past and a contemporary ethno-social responsibility, had already led to a "pervasive ambivalence" which as such is one characteristic mark of literature in the twentieth century; as a phenomenon it is correlated to the "accelerated rate of social change." As the disintegration of the old order "increases in speed and vehemence, activism appears as a counter current within the general trend of overt ambivalence." Peter Heller comes to this conclusion in *The Writer's Image of the Writer*, Diss. Col. Univ., University Microfilms (Ann Arbor, 1951). The study presents an analysis of Thomas Mann, H. Hesse, Ernst Toller, Hans Grimm, Bertold Brecht and Ernst Jünger. It is regrettable that this investigation is available only in microfilm. The peculiar problems of an exiled writer were pointed out by Edmund Wilson in *To the Finland Station* (New York, 1940), pp. 221 f. Wilson quotes Engels (in a letter of February 12, 1851, to Marx) as saying: "One comes to see more and more that the emigration is an institution which must turn

everybody into a fool, an ass and a common knave, unless he manages to get completely away from it."

<sup>10</sup> *Neue Weltbühne* (1933), 24, pp. 741 ff. For American studies of Toller see Peter Heller, *op. cit.*, and William A. Willibrand, *Ernst Toller and his Ideology*, Univ. of Iowa Humanistic Studies, VII, (Iowa City, Iowa, 1945). For a discussion of the *PEN* congress in Ragusa and the events that led to the founding of an independent *PEN* club of exiled German writers in London, see W. Sternfeld's valuable historical account in *Die Kultur* (Stuttgart) IV, December, 1955.

<sup>11</sup> See the report by Friedrich Torberg in *Neue Weltbühne*, (1933), pp. 744-747. Quoted as *NW*.

<sup>12</sup> See *Sammlung* II, 5, pp. 279 f. Quoted as *Sa*.

<sup>13</sup> *NT*, 1935, 25, p. 600.

<sup>14</sup> See the record of the Second International Congress of Writers in Madrid, Valencia and Paris, 1937, in *Das Wort*, 1937, 10, pp. 3 ff. and 52 ff. For a summary of the first five years of activity of the German writers in exile, see Alfred Kantorowicz, "Fünf Jahre Schutzverband Deutscher Schriftsteller im Exil," *Ibid.*, 1938, 12, pp. 60-76.

<sup>15</sup> Opening speech on the theme "The Word" at the International Writers' Congress, London, June, 1936. See *NT*, 1936, 27, pp. 639 ff.

<sup>16</sup> *Das Wort*, 1937, 3, p. 53.

<sup>17</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 55 ff.

<sup>18</sup> *Ibid.*, 1938, 11, p. 89; 1939, 1, pp. 130 ff.

<sup>19</sup> *Neue Deutsche Blätter* (quoted as *NDB*) I, 1, pp. 2-6.

<sup>20</sup> *Ibid.*, I, 3, pp. 129-139.

<sup>21</sup> *Ibid.*, I, 6, pp. 329-332 and 373-379.

<sup>22</sup> The references in this paragraph were taken from one number of the *Internationale Literatur* (quoted as *IL*), Vol. VII (1937), 1.

<sup>23</sup> *IL*, XI, 1, pp. 40-45.

<sup>24</sup> *IL*, IX, 5, pp. 121-132.

<sup>25</sup> *IL*, VII, 4, pp. 124-131.

<sup>26</sup> The summary of these views of *Das Wort* is based on articles and statements found in II, 1, pp. 3-7; II, 4/5, pp. 37 ff., 50 ff; II, 9, p. 3; II, 10, pp. 34-45; III, 9, pp. 94-97, 140; IV, 2, pp. 110 ff.

<sup>27</sup> *Ibid.*, III, 4, pp. 93-101. Against Sturm's formal criticism but not against the statement quoted, see F. C. Weiskopf, *ibid.*, III, 7, pp. 100-103.

<sup>28</sup> *Freies Deutschland* (quoted as *FD*), October, 1942, pp. 16-18. A survey of the antifascist activity of German writers from 1933 to 1945 is found in the November/December issue of 1945. For a discussion of the German literature in exile, as predominantly seen from a Marxist point of view, see Stephan Hermlin and Hans Mayer, *Ansichten über einige neue Schriftsteller und Bücher* (Wiesbaden, 1947). An instructive survey of contemporary "social realism" in the Eastern zone of Germany is furnished by Lothar von Balluseck in *Dichter im Dienst* (Wiesbaden, 1956).

<sup>29</sup> *Neue Weltbühne* (quoted as *NW*) 1939, 27, p. 843.

<sup>30</sup> O. M. Graf in a review of the poems by Fritz Brügel. *Das Wort*, II, 6, pp. 103 f.

<sup>31</sup> Berendsohn, *op. cit.*, II (Manuscript), pp. 2 and 4.

<sup>32</sup> Max Rychner, *Zur europäischen Literatur zwischen zwei Weltkriegen* (Zurich, 1943), pp. 257-271. A criticism of this volume is given by F. C. Weiskopf in *FD*, IV, 11, p. 29.

<sup>33</sup> *Deutsche Blätter* (quoted as *DB*), 1944, May, p. 36.

<sup>34</sup> Hannah Vogt in *Frankfurter Hefte*, March, 1954, p. 227.

<sup>35</sup> J. G. Seume, "Mein Sommer 1805" in *Prosaische und poetische Werke* (Berlin, n. d.), IV, pp. 8 f. Cf. Erwin Reiche, *Dies Buch gehört der Freiheit* (Weimar, 1950), an anthology of literary documents covering five centuries, and presenting a selection of German literature with marked political aspects.

<sup>36</sup> *IL*, VIII, 6, p. 103.

<sup>37</sup> The quotes in this paragraph and the following one were taken from *Das Wort*, IV, 2, pp. 75-79; and *IL*, VII, 4, p. 89. Cf. also the article "Gedichte-trotz allem" by Alfred Wolfenstein in the Paris weekly *Zukunft*, July 14, 1939.

<sup>38</sup> Published by Thomas Mann and Konrad Falke in Zurich, from 1937 to 1940. Quoted as *MW*.

<sup>39</sup> Thomas Mann in *MW*, II, 1, pp. 3-7.

<sup>40</sup> Quoted in *DB*, 1943, 9, pp. 14-19.

<sup>41</sup> *DB*, 1944, 2, p. 31. This speech, incidentally, cast some interesting sidelights on the many dissensions and quarrels among the exiles.

<sup>42</sup> *DB*, 1944, 1, p. 1.

<sup>43</sup> To avoid tiresome repetitions I have limited the number of references. The sources for the discussion in this paragraph are found in Berendsohn, *op. cit.*, I, pp. 117 ff, Vol. II (manuscript), pp. 33, 47-51; *Die Sammlung* (quoted as *Sa*), I, 1, p. 1; I, 5, pp. 225 f; I, 7, pp. 374 ff; II, 10, p. 508; II, 11, pp. 635 ff; *NT*, 1935, 36, p. 856; 1937, 4, p. 93; *Das Wort*, IV, 2, pp. 3 f, 105 ff, 134 ff; *IL*, VIII, 12, pp. 3 ff; *MW*, II, 2, p. 138; *DB*, 1943, 7, p. 31. Thomas Mann's lecture *Vom zukünftigen Sieg der Demokratie* appeared as a special issue of *MW* in 1938.

<sup>44</sup> *Aufbau* (New York), December 22, 1944. For quotes from the speech in 1918, see *FD*, September, 1945. Even Stefan Zweig, who for a long time had advocated a neutrality of the spirit for which L. Marcuse had censured him (*NT*, 1934, 33, pp. 88 f), came to the point of declaring, "I believe it is the primary duty of all who have freedom of speech to speak in the name of the countless millions who cannot do so because this inalienable right has been taken from them." *NT*, 1940, 18, pp. 424-426.

<sup>45</sup> *NT*, 1934, 4, p. 92; 1936, 1, p. 22; *IL*, VIII, 4, pp. 122 f; *Das Wort*, II, 9, p. 68. It is of interest to note that the Marxist *FD* in Mexico had a positive attitude toward E. Lasker-Schüler; see the



issue of March, 1945, p. 25. Cf. also Paul Zech in *DB*, 1944, 9/10, p. 31.

<sup>46</sup> See *NW*, III, 25, pp. 780-782; *NT*, 1935, 13, pp. 307 f.

<sup>47</sup> *Der Wendepunkt* (Stockholm, 1952), pp. 267 f, 453. The original English version came out as *The Turning Point* (New York, 1944).

<sup>48</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 311.

<sup>49</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 446 f., 464.

<sup>50</sup> "Notizen aus Moskau" in *Sa*, October, 1934, pp. 72-83. Concerning the distinction between "noble and ignoble sorrows" as suggested by Max Brod, see *MW*, II, 1, pp. 105-110.

<sup>51</sup> "Emigrationsliteratur" in *NW*, 1936, 34, pp. 1068 ff. As samples for an American appreciation of the exiled German writers, see the issue of *Direction* (Darien, Conn., December, 1939); also *Books Abroad* (Norman, Okla., Summer, 1942) *et al.*

<sup>52</sup> The outstanding collection of this literature is in *The Wiener Library* (19, Manchester Sq., London, W. 1). Founded in 1934 by Dr. Alfred Wiener, it grew from modest beginnings to an inventory of over 40,000 books, half a million newspaper clippings, documents, etc. As a research center it has no equal in its field.

<sup>53</sup> A remarkable instance of a writer's almost divinatory anticipation of political events in recent times was the novel of an Englishman, *The War of 1938* (New York, 1936). Sidney Fowler Wright foretold the fate that would befall the Czech people in 1938 with such uncanny accuracy that the story often reads like a report after the event. A French edition also appeared as *La Guerre en 1938, prélude à Prague* (Paris, 1936).

<sup>54</sup> When World War II ended, a lively and extensive debate began in Germany about the position and function of the creative writer. For a survey, see John F. Frey, "Deutsche Dichter und Schriftsteller über Gegenwartsfragen" in *Monatshefte* (December, 1952), pp. 381-396. The problems of the literature in exile, of course, were not peculiarly "German." The function of literature is debated vigorously everywhere. In the U.S.A., the discussion of the writer's task is as lively as it has ever been in the past. In addition to the works on literary criticism cited, see Van Wyck Brooks, *The Writer in America* (New York, 1953), and the speech of acceptance of the Nobel Prize by William Faulkner, quoted in *Perspectives USA.*, I, 1, pp. 9 f.

<sup>55</sup> *Austro-American Tribune* (New York) December, 1943.

<sup>56</sup> Cf. Hertz, Richard, "Literature in Exile: Adele Gerhard" in *The German Quarterly*, XVIII, 1, pp. 32-35.

<sup>57</sup> Since the eighteenth century, German literature has dealt persistently with social and political problems. See Ludwig Kahn, *Social Ideals in German Literature 1770-1830* (New York, 1938) and Ernst Kohn-Bramstedt, *Aristocracy and Middle-Classes in Germany: Social Types in German Literature 1830-1900* (London, 1937). Cf. for the latter also the review of G. O. Gardener in *MW*, I, 6, pp. 964 ff.

## PART III

<sup>1</sup> *Verse der Emigration* (Karlsbad, 1935).

<sup>2</sup> See the review in *Sa*, August, 1935, p. 734.

<sup>3</sup> *Wort der Verfolgten*, edited by Oswald Mohr (Basel, 1945), pp. 345 ff. The anthology will be quoted as *WdV*.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 266; see also *Das Wort*, I, 1, p. 8.

<sup>5</sup> *NW*, 1935, 27, p. 844, and *WdV*, pp. 248 f. Cf. also *IL*, VII, 10 which contains a representative anthology of poetry of "socialist realism." It also has translations of the French poet Eugène Pottier by Erich Weinert, who called the Frenchman the prototype of the proletarian *poeta militans* (p. 157).

<sup>6</sup> *WdV*, pp. 222 and 420; *IL*, XI, 5, p. 73 and *passim*.

<sup>7</sup> *NW*, 1937, 8, p. 250, and *WdV*, pp. 293 ff. See also the anthology edited by Alfred Wolfenstein, *Stimmen der Völker* (Amsterdam, 1937) which he called a "world exhibition of lyrics." For criticism see *MW*, 1938, 6, pp. 971 f, and *NT*, 1938, 18, pp. 426 ff.

<sup>8</sup> *WdV*, pp. 245 f.

<sup>9</sup> *FD*, November, 1941, p. 8.

<sup>10</sup> *NW*, 1937, 6, p. 187.

<sup>11</sup> *IL*, IX, 6, p. 72.

<sup>12</sup> *NDB*, September, 1933; *WdV*, pp. 241 f. For further poetic attempts to justify his art, see Graf's poems in *Sa*, 1934, 6, pp. 285 ff; *Das Wort*, I, 5, p. 6; *FD*, January, 1942.

<sup>13</sup> *Das Wort*, IV, 2, pp. 44 f; also II, 3, p. 32, and *IL*, IX, 6, pp. 72 ff; Fritz Brügel, *Gedichte aus Europa* (Zurich, 1937).

<sup>14</sup> *Freie deutsche Kultur* (London, October, 1944), p. 6.

<sup>15</sup> *FD*, May, 1943.

<sup>16</sup> *Freie deutsche Kultur* (London, October, 1944), p. 3.

<sup>17</sup> Berthold Viertel, *Der Lebenslauf* (New York, 1946), p. 44. Also *FD*, December, 1941, and *Das Wort*, IV, 1, pp. 3-7.

<sup>18</sup> *NT*, 1938, 5, p. 117.

<sup>19</sup> *DB*, 1945, 1, p. 29.

<sup>20</sup> *MW*, III, 1, p. 49.

<sup>21</sup> *WdV*, pp. 258 ff.

<sup>22</sup> For an adroit analysis of poetry, see the essay of the historian and *Kulturkritiker* Erich Kahler, "Was ist ein Gedicht?" in *Die Neue Rundschau*, LXI, 4, (1950), pp. 520-544.

<sup>23</sup> Thomas Mann in the preface of the first volume of Max Hermann-Neisse's poems published in exile: *Um uns die Fremde* (Zurich, 1936).

<sup>24</sup> See the comment of Stefan Zweig in Hermann-Neisse's posthumous volume of poetry *Erinnerung und Exil* (Zurich, 1946), p. 147. Other collections of poems are *Letzte Gedichte* (London-New York, 1941); *Mir bleibt mein Lied*, (London-New York, 1942; *Heimatfern*, (Berlin, 1946). See also Friedrich Grieger, *Max Hermann-Neisse*, (Wiesbaden, 1951). The quotations given here as well as from the poems to follow will be found in the volumes cited in the notes. When the source is in a periodical or anthology, the specific reference will be given. To avoid innumerable notes, this rule will be followed throughout the discussion of the poets.

<sup>25</sup> Berthold Viertel, *Fürchte dich nicht* (New York, 1941); *Der Lebenslauf* (New York, 1946).

<sup>26</sup> Ernst Waldinger in *Die kühlen Bauernstuben* (New York, 1946), p. 49.

<sup>27</sup> Ernst Waldinger, *ibid.*; and *Glück und Geduld* (New York, 1952).

<sup>28</sup> Ivan Heilbut, *Meine Wanderungen* (New York, 1942). Cf. also the autobiographical sketch in *Welt und Wort*, 1955, V, pp. 149 f.

<sup>29</sup> Hans Sahl, *Die hellen Nächte* (New York, 1942).

<sup>30</sup> Theodor Kramer, *Verbannt aus Österreich* (London, 1943).

<sup>31</sup> Richard Friedenthal, *Brot und Salz* (London, 1943).

<sup>32</sup> See Zech's autobiographical sketch in Kurt Pinthus' anthology *Menschheitsdämmerung* (Berlin, 1919), pp. 309 f.

<sup>33</sup> Paul Zech, *Neue Welt: Verse der Emigration* (Buenos Aires, 1939).

<sup>34</sup> Cf. "Szenischer Prolog zu einer tragischen Episode."—"Die drei Gerechten." *DB*, 1946, 34, pp. 4 ff. See also Zech's sketch "Wer ist eigentlich dieser Paul Zech" in *DB*, 1943, 11, pp. 15 ff.

<sup>35</sup> Cf. the novel by Paul Zech with autobiographic features of his exile: *Ich suchte Schmied und fand Malva wieder* (Buenos Aires, 1941).

<sup>36</sup> See Graf's poems in *Sa, Das Wort, WdV, et al.* For his "Ode an New York" see *Aufbau*, December 30, 1955.

<sup>37</sup> O. M. Graf, *Der ewige Kalender* (New York, 1954).

<sup>38</sup> *Aufbau*, October 28, 1955.

<sup>39</sup> Carl Zuckmayer, *Gedichte: 1916-1948* (Amsterdam, 1948).

<sup>40</sup> Franz Werfel, *Gedichte aus dreissig Jahren* (Stockholm, 1939); *Gedichte aus den Jahren 1908-1945* (Los Angeles, 1946). See also the translation of Werfel's poems by Edith Abercrombie Snow, *Poems* (Princeton, 1945), for which Franz Werfel wrote a foreword.

<sup>41</sup> See *NT*, 1939, 27, p. 646; *Zukunft* (Paris), July 14, 1939; *MW*, III, 4, pp. 539 f.; *IL*, VII, pp. 136 ff.

<sup>42</sup> See Werfel's last novel, *Stern der Ungeborenen* (Stockholm, 1946).

<sup>43</sup> Karl Wolfskehl, *Die Stimme spricht: Erweitertes Werk* (Berlin, n.d.). See also Karl Wolfskehl, 1933: *A Poem Sequence* (New York, 1947); the translation was done by Carol North Valhope (pseud.) and Ernst Morwitz.

<sup>44</sup> Karl Wolfskehl, *Sang aus dem Exil* (Zurich, 1950).

<sup>45</sup> Karl Wolfskehl, *Hiob oder die vier Spiegel* (Hamburg, 1950).

<sup>46</sup> I am indebted to Margaret Susman's essay on Karl Wolfskehl in her *Gestalten und Kreise* (Stuttgart-Konstanz, 1954), pp. 220-238. Her analyses of the German-Jewish problem are incisive. Cf. also Hans Wolffheim, *Die deutsche Literatur nach dem Kriege* (Universität Hamburg Studium Generale, 1955), pp. 10-13.

<sup>47</sup> Karl Wolfskehl, *An die Deutschen* (Zurich, 1947).

<sup>48</sup> Georg Mannheimer, *Lieder eines Juden*, 2nd ed. (Prague, 1937).

<sup>49</sup> Arnold Hahn, *Das Volk Messias* (London, 1943).

<sup>50</sup> Hermann Adler, *Gesänge aus der Stadt des Todes* (Zurich/New York, 1945); *Balladen der Gekreuzigten der Auferstandenen Verachteten* (Zurich/New York, 1946).

<sup>51</sup> Edward Kaufmann, *O Höre: Gedanken die immer wieder aufstehen* (New York, 1953).

<sup>52</sup> For critical documentary proof and bibliographies concerning the Nazi persecution of the Jewish people, still considered a greatly exaggerated myth by a good number of skeptics, see Léon Poliakov and Josef Wulf, *Das Dritte Reich und die Juden* (Berlin, 1955); H. G. Adler, *Theresienstadt 1941-1945* (Tübingen, 1955); Eugen Kogon, *Der SS-Staat* (Stockholm, 1947); Gerald Reitlinger, *Die Endlösung: Hitlers Versuch der Ausrottung der Juden Europas 1939-1945* (Berlin-Dahlem, 1956). Translated from the English original: *The Final Solution* (New York, 1953); *Year Book I*, Publications of the Leo Baeck Institute of Jews from Germany (London, 1956).

<sup>53</sup> Mascha Kaléko, *Verse für Zeitgenossen* (Cambridge, Mass., 1945).

<sup>54</sup> An English translation of this poem appeared in the *New York Times Magazine*, March 14, 1943.

<sup>55</sup> Quoted in *Die Zeit* (Hamburg), February 16, 1956, p. 4.

<sup>56</sup> Hilde Marx, *Bericht* (New York, 1951).

<sup>57</sup> Nelly Sachs, *In den Wohnungen des Todes* (Berlin, 1947); *Sternverdunkelung* (Amsterdam, 1949).

<sup>58</sup> See *DB*, 1944, 9/10, p. 31; also Paul Mayer in *FD*, March, 1945, p. 27.

<sup>59</sup> Else Lasker-Schüler, *Mein blaues Klavier* (Jerusalem, 1943); see also Werner Kraft, *Else Lasker-Schüler* (Wiesbaden, 1951), and Else Lasker-Schüler, *Dichtungen und Dokumente*, edited by Ernst Ginsberg, (Munich, n.d. [1951?]).

<sup>60</sup> Kolmar, Gertrud, *Das lyrische Werk* (Heidelberg/Darmstadt, 1955). The commentary of Jacob Picard, added as a *Nachwort*, is a valuable guide to the work of the great woman poet.

<sup>61</sup> *WdV*, pp. 322 ff.

<sup>62</sup> See *op. cit.* in note 13 of this chapter. Cf. also O. M. Graf, "Kleine Rede über Brügel" in *Das Wort*, June, 1937, pp. 103-105.

<sup>63</sup> Bertold Brecht, . . . *Lieder, gedichte, chöre* (Paris, 1934); *Hundert Gedichte 1918-1950* (Berlin, 1952); *Selected Poems*, translated by H. R. Hays (New York, 1947); German and English are on opposite pages.

<sup>64</sup> Bertold Brecht, *Furcht und Elend des III. Reiches* (New York, 1945); translated and published with an essay on the poet's work by E. R. Bentley in *The Master Race* (New York, 1944). For a critical appraisal of the dramatist, see a typical review by an anonymous critic in *MW*, 1939, 6, pp. 837-844.

<sup>65</sup> Quotes are taken from the following of Becher's books of verses: *Der Glücksucher und die sieben Lasten: ein Hohes Lied* (Moscow, 1938); *Gewissheit des Siegs und Sicht auf grosse Tage* (Moscow, 1939); *Ausgewählte Dichtung aus der Zeit der Verbannung* (Berlin, 1945); *Die hohe Warte* (Berlin, 1946). See also *Dem Dichter des Friedens Johannes R. Becher: Zum 60 Geburtstag* (Berlin,

1951) with contributions by Paul Rilla, Rudolf Kurtz, Hermann Hesse, Wieland Herzfelde, Berthold Viertel, Thomas Mann, Reinhold Schneider, Georg Lukács, Alfred Döblin and others. An autobiographical novel tells much of Becher's early development: *Ab-schied* (Moscow, 1940). A summary of Becher's views, *Eine Art von Selbstverständigung*, is found in his recent book *Verteidigung der Poesie* (Berlin, 1952). Much of Becher's work during the exile years, as that of many others mentioned, appeared in widely scattered periodicals and newspapers. Becher was editor of the German edition of *IL*, published in Moscow.

<sup>66</sup> The sense of loyalty to associates of earlier days he had admired can be seen in Becher's care for the dying Gerhart Hauptmann, who for his refusal to go into exile and for the ambiguity in his attitude toward the Third Reich had often been scathingly scored in the exile press and literature. See for example Alfred Kerr's passionate break with Hauptmann in *Die Diktatur des Hausknechts* (Bruxelles, 1934, pp. 22 ff.). The report by Gerhart Pohl allows little doubt about the genuine concern Becher felt for Hauptmann. Cf. G. Pohl, *Bin ich noch in meinem Haus? Die letzten Tage Gerhart Hauptmanns* (Berlin, 1953).

<sup>67</sup> This phrase was the title of a memorial volume: *Du Welt im Licht* (Berlin, 1954); about forty German writers and poets are represented in past and present (at that time) with eulogies for the late Stalin.

<sup>68</sup> *IL* (1940), X, 1, pp. 76 ff.

<sup>69</sup> See Willi Bredel's article "Dichter und Tribun" in *Aufbau* (Berlin), VI, August, 1950, pp. 763 ff; also the introduction of Bruno Kaiser to E. Weinert *Das Zwischenspiel* (Berlin, 1950) and the essay on Weinert by Alfred Kantorowicz in *Deutsche Schicksale* (Berlin, 1949), pp. 134 ff. For an authentic discussion why the Communist Party in the twenties and thirties held a great attraction for many intellectuals, see *The God That Failed* (New York, 1949), edited by R. Crossman, with contributions by A. Koestler, I. Silone, R. Wright, André Gide, L. Fischer and Stephen Spender. A study in contrast between these authors who left the Party and those who stayed with it would be revealing concerning the "types of men" and the various effects which background, environment and hereditary dispositions might have played.

<sup>70</sup> Erich Weinert, *Auf dem Podium* (Engels [USSR], 1938), an anthology of revolutionary poetry; *Stalin spricht* (Moscow, 1942); *Die fatale letzte Patrone* (London, 1944); *Gegen den wahren Feind* (Moscow, 1944); *Rufe in die Nacht* (Berlin, 1947).

<sup>71</sup> For a report about his activities at the Stalingrad battle, see Erich Weinert, *Erziehung vor Stalingrad* (New York, 1943).

<sup>72</sup> Rudolf Leonhard, *Spanische Gedichte und Tagebuchblätter* (Paris, 1938).

<sup>73</sup> Hans Marchwitza, *Wetterleuchten* (New York, 1942); *Untergrund* (New York, 1942).

<sup>74</sup> Max Zimmering, *Der Keim des Neuen* (London, 1944).

<sup>75</sup> Paul Mayer, *Exil* (Mexico City, 1944).

<sup>76</sup> Hedda Zinner, *Unter den Dächern* (Moscow, 1937); *Fern und Nah* (Weimar, 1947). Cf. the review of Andor Gabor in *Das Wort*, October, 1937, pp. 41 f.

<sup>77</sup> *IL*, VII, 10, pp. 50 f.; VIII, 9, pp. 36 ff.; IX, 4, pp. 19 ff. and *passim*.

<sup>78</sup> See *IL*, VII, 7, pp. 80 ff.

<sup>79</sup> Many socialist and communist poets varied the same general themes here discussed. Names that drew attention during the exile years were Eva Priester, Paul Schuhmann, Stephan Hermlin, Albin Stuebs, Franz Gross, Helmut Hirsch, Louis Roemer *et al.* For poems published in volumes and poets mentioned from here on see the bibliography; most appeared only in periodicals or anthologies like *WdV* or typical collections like *Zwischen Gestern und Morgen: Neue Österreichische Gedichte* (London, 1942).

<sup>80</sup> The limitations of my method are, of course, painfully obvious in the treatment of all poems discussed and would be untenable were it not for the fact that the objective of this study was to ascertain mainly the basic concern of the poets.

<sup>81</sup> Walter Mehring, *No Road Back* (New York, 1944), English and German text, translation by S. A. DeWitt; *Arche Noah SOS* (Hamburg, 1951).

<sup>82</sup> Alfred Kerr, *op. cit.* (see note 66); *Melodien* (Paris, 1938); cf. Kurt Hiller, *Profile* (Paris, 1938) and *Köpfe und Tröpfe* (Stuttgart, 1950). The statement about Kerr's verses was made by Kurt Hiller, who incidentally felt that the *Herren* who served the *kommunistische Exilpresse* could when it came to face the works of independent writers and poets only "*entweder verleumderisch spucken oder krötig schweigen*." A typical anthology of *chansons* published during exile years was edited by Hans Jahn and Karl Köst: *Herz an der Rampe*. (Buenos Aires, 1944).

<sup>83</sup> A valuable anthology of Austrian exile poetry was brought out in 1955. It gives selections from poets of world fame as well as from those whose names were little known or not known at all, many of whom would justly have deserved earlier attention. See Rudolf Felmayer, editor, *Dein Herz ist deine Heimat* (Vienna, 1955). An anthology of the German *Emigranten-Lyrik* is now undertaken at the suggestion of W. A. Berendsohn by Otto Czierski on the basis of the material gathered by H. E. Eppelsheimer for the Deutsche Bibliothek in Frankfurt/Main. See p. 510 of the recent survey by W. A. Berendsohn on "Probleme der Emigration aus dem Dritten Reich" in two issues of *Aus Politik und Zeitgeschichte*, a supplement to the weekly *Das Parlament* (Bonn), August 8/15, 1956.

<sup>84</sup> Franz Leschnitzer in *IL*, VII, 5, p. 136.

<sup>85</sup> Hans Leifhelm, *Lob der Vergänglichkeit* (Salzburg, n.d.). p. 41.

<sup>86</sup> Bruno Frank in his *Zeitgedichten*, quoted in F. C. Weiskopf, *op. cit.* p. 118.

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