

John H. HERZ

On Human Survival
How A World-View Emerged

Who talks of victory? Survival is everything
Rainer Maria Rilke

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AppendixPreface

In 1984 I published a book, in German and in Germany, whose title was Vom Ueberleben (On Survival). It was meant to be a kind of intellectual autobiography, tracing the emergence of what I called my Weltbild, my view, or rather, my views of the world, through the evolving stages of my life. I refer the reader to the Introduction that follows this Preface for a more detailed explanation of my purpose.

The book was well received in Germany. But my efforts to find a publisher for an English version failed. Since I now approach the likely end of my earthly travel, I have decided to translate the first half of the book myself and have it produced in this form so as to make at least this portion of the book available to those non-German-readers among my friends and relatives who have expressed an interest in it. The reason I have not translated and thus am not presenting the entire volume lies not so much in failing strength as in that its first chapters are probably of greater interest to this group of readers than the later ones. I have translated and reproduced here the entire table of contents, from which the reader may see that chapters eight to eleven, forming the second half of the German volume, are more theoretical than the preceding ones, dealing with the development of my political theories and ideas without much biographical detail. On the other hand, the chapters translated here are not only tied more intimately to the events of my life but also - and this may be the area of most interest to the readers of this translation - to the historical, political, cultural environment in which one Hans (subsequently John) Herz grew up: conditions in Germany before the Nazis came to power; how a young German Jew grew up in what is now known as the "Weimar" period of German history; the

university life at that stage; his and his family's emigration, and how he adjusted to life and conditions in his new country; his chance to work in a Washington war agency in World War II and, briefly, at the Nürnberg war crimes trial; his relation to his old country and the people therein after war and holocaust, and his ensuing attempt at self-identification; and so forth. As for those who may want to know more about his later intellectual development, they are referred to some literature in English on his later world-views as well as some excerpts from writings contained in the Appendix to this volume.

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From the preface to the German volume I would like to present here the names of those who helped me with the book in its German version through reading all or parts of the manuscript, correcting and/or refreshing my memory, and in similar ways, for which I was and am grateful. They are: my wife, Anne, and my son, Stephen; my brothers Gerhard and Werner (Louisville); my sister Lore and my brother-in-law Joseph Kingsley (Pacific Palisades); Eugene Anshel (New York); Ossip and Lili Flechtheim (Berlin); Hans Jonas (New Rochelle); Ludwig Kahn (Scarsdale); Hans Lehnsen (Millbrook, N.Y.); Karl Lenart (formerly Vineland, N.J.); Grete Lippmann (formerly Kfar Shmaryahu, Israel); Erich Wenderoth (Geneva, Switzerland).

Scarsdale, N.Y., May 1988

Introduction

This book was not conceived as "memoirs." Even Goethe, Germany's greatest sage, was sceptical about the ability - not to mention the desirability - of "knowing oneself":

"Man, by the way, is an enigmatic being; he neither knows whence he comes nor wither he goes; he knows little of the world and least of all of himself. I, too, do not know myself, and God forbid that I ever do."

"There are few biographies that can portray a pure, quiet, steady progress of the individual. Like the entirety which contains us, our life is composed, in incomprehensible fashion, of both freedom and necessity."

I do not presume to consider my life, composed as it may be "of freedom and necessity", as important enough to be recorded for its contemporaries, let alone those who will come after me. My intention, rather, was this: My life having spanned this tragic, dramatic century almost from its beginnings, I thought it might prove paradigmatic, in particular, of how one whose predisposition and preferences were rather "conservative", that is, not basically questioning the given conditions of the world (although considering it much in need of reform), toward the end of his life arrived at radical conclusions concerning what to do to safeguard the world's very survival.

"On Survival" (Vom Ueberleben) had been the title of the German version of this book. This had sometimes led to misunderstanding it as an ordinary autobiography dealing with the

vicissitudes of an individual life. Its English title was chosen to avoid such misunderstanding. It is a political book. It deals with an individual's - in this case a political scientist's - views of the world - how they emerged and developed. And it is the radical nature of the changes that have swept the world in this century that were responsible for the radicalism of my world-views as they evolved during my lifetime. In former times radicalism would characterize youth, while conservatism would develop in old age. In our times, in honesty to oneself and one's insights, it must be the other way around.

Politics is our fate. Thus spake Napoleon. Now, with the total, collective doom of mankind placed into the realm of the possible, if not the probable, politics determines not only the fate of individual nations or other specific groups but that of mankind as a whole. As I have come to see it, there are two groups of survival problems: those connected with the invention of a weapon of annihilation that might lead to sudden and total catastrophe; and those created by the more gradually evolving and thus less directly felt developments in the biosphere that threaten our human habitat: our global environment and its resources. As in the case of the nuclear weapon, it is not a matter of this or that specific policy; it's a matter of an exploding world population collectively running out of basic resources and livable environments.

If human survival is in jeopardy, radical changes in world-views and in resulting attitudes and policies are required as long as there still is time. But time is running out; hence the urgency I have felt when writing this book. Radically new policies require radical transformation in outlook, such as comprehending the obsolescence of war because of the "inutility" of nuclear weapons. After Hiroshima such change in outlook seemed imminent, but since then most have returned to the traditional views on war, including nuclear war - of the possibility, for instance, of defeating an opponent while surviving victoriously.

The younger ones among us don't remember the great turnabout and thus seem to live more or less comfortably with "the bomb." Therefore it is up to us oldsters to keep reminding them. Realistic world-views are of the essence, and this is why this "intellectual autobiography" (as one may call it) is organized so as to show the unfolding of successive world-views.

Views of the world, of course, do not grow in a vacuum. This is why this apologia pro studiis meis, rather than limiting itself to a dry description of ideas and theories, must also show the human element out of which the world-views grew. It will have to deal with the influence family, friends, teachers, colleagues have had in and upon my life; with the social environment and the cultural soil in which I grew up, first in Germany, then in America. Yet, while the biographical will be strongly represented in the first portion of the book, it will recede in the second part (which remains untranslated here).

One last preliminary remark: My radicalism does not involve utopian demands for unattainable goals (for instance such as replacing the present state system with some kind of world government). I do hope to have remained a "political realist". On the other hand, the fact that the changes required, for instance in the field of arms control and disarmament, or of population control and development policies in the Third World, are not likely to occur within the limited time still granted us may well lead to pessimism. I admit to pessimism. But my pessimism should not be confused with a fatalism that holds doomsday inevitable. Just the opposite: While a facile optimism in times of peril may render us blind to its scope and seriousness, pessimism may open our eyes to the deadly threats and enable us to master them.

First PartA World Arises (Bliss and Terror)

And if I add here another observation, I must confess that in the course of my life that first blossoming of the outer world has always occurred to me as the genuine, true, and original nature, compared with which everything that we experience later appears as mere copies, which, however close they may come to the original, yet lack the original's spirit and sense

Goethe, Wanderjahre

I had started writing in German when I set out to describe my origins which were in Germany - I then continued to compose in German even those parts of the book dealing with world-views, politics, and similar matter more familiar to me in the language of my second country, America, and this led to its publication in German and in Germany. But even then I used the English words "bliss and terror" for the title of the part dealing with my youth, because no German terms could better indicate the two opposite feelings that characterized the first stages of my life.

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Bliss, the happiness felt by a human being for whom the world newly arises like a sun, the source of light that renders everything under the sun visible for the first time - this basic feeling in the sense of Goethe's sensing of "original nature" compared with which all later impressions pale, has come back to me whenever I tried to recall the first stage of my life. "That first blossoming of the outer world" I relived with the "first blossoming" of my son, and, since grandchildren were denied me, with the blossoming of my Berlin friends' grandson. Perhaps it belongs to the very essence of the world that "our world" becomes "the world as such" time and time again by emerging in innumerable multitudes. Subsequent scientific insights may add many specifics to this basic feeling but can never replace it entirely.

As we now know, the emergence of a world comprises eons, periods during which worlds composed of stars, suns, planets, satellites dash about, circle each other, crash into each other, arise, disappear - something un-imaginable as long as there exist no beings able to form "images" under the categories of space and time; eons during which there are no such beings, others, during which such beings begin to exist at some place in the universe,

perhaps to disappear again. Finally an eon in which our solar system emerges, with planets, one of which is the earth, our earth. For billions of years this system remains without life, thus still un-imaginable. Then there occurs the miracle of the double helix: living beings, at first still without consciousness of the world, least of all, of selves. Finally, there appear beings equipped with sensory organs and a central nervous system, enabling them to become aware of the outer world and of themselves in it, to see, hear, feel, smell something that appears as "world" to them. Perhaps there is some kind of awareness of world and self already in the so-called higher living species, such as mammals; definitely it emerges with the appearance of man. His capacity to remember for the first time renders possible life as a process, that is, as a course felt as something singular and unique, and with the understanding of the history of the universe, the earth, and mankind as a development that occurred before one's time and continues to happen during one's life and beyond.

Man structures his history through epochs (such as antiquity, middle ages, modern ages) with ever more rationalistic visions. Thus, out of the millenia of human history there emerges the age of "modernity." History centers around a civilization called "western", a civilization in which contemplation of nature is transformed into domination over it. Inventions conquer space and time. At certain spots of the globe the survival of ever more humans who live ever longer becomes possible. The idea of "progress" emerges: For all on earth the "good life" will become possible, cooperation and peace will take the place of conflict and war, humiliation and pain will yield to a life in dignity, beauty in art and life chases away all that is ugly, there draws near the golden age long announced by a few.

This was the era in which the world became "world" for me, where, on the 23rd of September 1908, I "saw the light of the world". That point in time determined much, place and

circumstances determined even more.

Chance and necessity: The future - the life and survival of the many who are born to "see the world's light" - depends on when and where they are born, at which spot of the earth's surface, in which stratum of society, on who the parents are. How many live only a few days or months, are even put to death as unexpected or superfluous eaters, are neglected as orphans or by unmotherly mothers, unparent-like parents, remain hungry, have no abode worth being called home, are enslaved from early youth on or condemned to hard work, exploited by their own or by people alien to them, lack any chance to learn, must flee from persecution - infinite possibilities. "Undeserved" - because, at that early stage of life, still undeservable - is the good fortune of those whose fate protects them from such misfortune. On them, loving affection is bestowed, protection within a small but expanding environment; for them the world emerges as Goethe's "original nature", and their emerging view of the world opens to them a goal, and a path on which to approach that goal, or goals. Such good fortune was allotted to me when I came into a world that in this case bore the address of Rochusstrasse 9, third floor, Düsseldorf, Germany, Europe; into a world where parents who had long waited for my appearance and had looked forward to it, gave me the name of Hans Hermann Herz. I was born, that is, in Europe, center of a civilization that thought of itself as the most advanced one, as a German, that is, in a country that counted itself among the most developed ones, as a Jew in an environment in which discrimination of religious or racial nature seemed to vanish, something shown by the very fact that my father was a royal-Prussian judge and thus belonged to a caste that was part of the so-called higher social strata.

All this "the fairy" placed into my crib. What has become of it all?

Out of a feeling of bliss, grounded in protection, there was born an earliest Weltanschauung, the view of a world striving

towards the bliss of all human beings. Out of an early, primordial experience, that of the beggar, there arose an early scare, terror, compassion with observed misery, a feeling - partly altruistic but in part also egoistic - of a "this must not be" and of a "what if that should happen to me". Thus "made to know out of compassion" (Wagner's "Parsifal": "Aus Mitleid wissend"), there emerged an early revolt against the suffering of others, against unfairness and injustice - a concern that colored my later life and that made me come out for "the downtrodden and insulted ones"; it caused bad conscience because of having it so much better (something entirely "un-American" but within the European tradition); it would, subsequently, create sympathy with socialism and related attitudes and movements.

Chapter 1. Geborgenheit

The world is so waste and empty when we figure
only towns and hills in it; but to know someone
here and there whom we accord with, who is
living on with us even in silence, this makes
our earthly ball a peopled garden

Goethe, Lehrjahre

There is no English equivalent for the German noun Geborgenheit, which I use as title of this chapter. It indicates a state of being sheltered, protected, taken care of, a state that creates the "bliss" feeling which, with its contrast, "terror", informed and moulded my youth. I shall use it from here on in this sense.

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In Bad Ems, on the river Lahn. On the look-out tower. Again and again I must ascend it. My heart beats when I look out into the green and blue world I perceive from up there. Grandpa Louis, who has invited me and my mother to the bathing place Ems, has promised me one penny for each red vineyard snail I count; how many there are, emerging after the rain, on the forest trails. At night, in bed at the inn where we live, a thunderstorm; I count the seconds between the lightning and thunder and know how far away the storm occurs. A blissful feeling of Geborgenheit the shriller and louder the spectacle out there. At other times I count the coaches of the freight train which passes by noisily not far from where we live; I dream of the wide world the train men will see.

Earliest childhood memories - one says they are transfigured in remembrance. Just wait - "terror" of manifold kind will come early enough, even in remembrance. But much of the bliss was genuine. A Dutch beach: time and again rolling down the dunes, shouting with joy, up and down, and then into the shelter of the parents' wicker chair or with them (clad in their pre-war bathing suits that, later, will look so terribly funny on old photos) into the water, searching for jellyfish and similar ocean creatures.

From Rochus street we turn into Mozartstrasse; I believe its houses had brown walls, but this may be an error because Mozart,

with the "o" of the name, is gold-brown for one like me for whom vowels and sounds have colors. In my memory I am lying in a baby carriage pushed by "Miss Therese" together with another "Miss" pushing a second carriage - but this is certainly in error, that far back into babyhood memory does not reach; it must have been my little brother who occupied the carriage, with me trotting along. From there into the "Hofgarten", a park where it smelled wonderfully in spring, after the light rain; its paths were covered abundantly with blossom leaves, and swans passed by in the big pond. Occasionally we went to the "People's Park" (Volksgarten) instead; this park was less "distinguished" but more exciting, because it was close to the express trains roaring by toward the main railroad station.

Flooded with light is most of what emerges from the depths of this primeval time. Thus the "salon" of the Rochusstrasse apartment; in it, the grand piano, and a blond young woman, my mother, playing it, also, sometimes, making music together with others, thus, for instance, playing a Haydn trio whose themes, in the sense of Goethe's "original nature", have remained with me, surrounded by the aura of the especially blissful. Later, the two or three of us boys sing together "Reinecke's children songs", accompanied by our mother. Certain extraordinary events were expected with special eagerness: Halley's comet, or an eclipse of the sun, observed through dark-colored glass. More exciting still: The appearance of the first "Zeppelin" in the so far seemingly inaccessible sky. Shortly thereafter, we were even more excited by the news that the "air-ship" had somewhere crashed to the ground and burned.

The first drama I recall: I had hidden, just "for fun", in the parents' bedroom; the intention was to allow myself to be found soon, but I had wrapped myself in heavy drapes in such a way that nothing of me could be seen. I heard first my mother and then my father search around and call me ever more desperately. The longer this lasted the more impossible it became for me to

characteristic of the rise of the German Jews from the time of beginning emancipation (in the first half of the 19th century) into the period of equal rights and assimilation (second half of that century): Migration from countryside and small town into the big city, change from small trader and peddler to businessman and even member of the professions, in short: embourgeoisement.

Both father and mother came from Cologne. My father's father was born in a small place in Southern Germany, where his forebears were land-Jews or cattle-dealers. His mother having died early, his remarried father sent him away to be trained in business in Cologne. With long, tedious endeavor he managed to build up his own textile business which came to flourish in the decades of economic development that followed upon the foundation of the German Reich. His wife's (mother of my father) memoirs, as such a rather dry, matter-of-fact listing of family events ("this man or that one married this or that woman at this or that time:"), yet reflects touchingly how difficult it was to rise to (relative) wealth: Once, when my grandfather, after one of her numerous confinements, promised her to fulfill a wish, her only wish was that henceforth he might not travel to Calais, France (from where he imported his laces) each week but remain with his family also during week-days.

My father was one of two Herz-brothers who went to and graduated from university. This meant that, in contrast to his four "business brothers", he rose in social status, because in Germany academic professions were traditionally considered a top elite. For a Jew it was the acme of assimilation, in particular when he, having studied law, did not (as most Jewish law students did) become a practicing lawyer, but a judge, thus representing, as a civil servant, the "state" before which Germans used to stand in awe. My father, however, was no "accomodator"; strong-willed as he was in many respects, he preferred to remain a single judge at a local criminal court, which prevented him from being promoted to a higher court where he would have had to

accomodate himself to sharing a bench with other judges.

As a judge he was a model of fair-dealing. This assessment was confirmed when, toward the end of a career that coincided with the end of the Weimar period, lawyers defending communists as well as those defending Nazis expressed their appreciation of his impartiality in the numerous cases that came before him at the time of latent civil war that preceded the end of the Weimar republic. In the family, he likewise functioned as the "provider of justice"; in any conflict one could rely on his absolute fairness; among his children, no one was either preferred or disadvantaged. There was much of a "Prussian" in him, in the good as well as the less good sense. I mentioned already his economical bend; since civil servants were not highly paid and he did not want to become dependent on the more well-to-do members of his family, he was inclined to save. There was an urge toward security not easy to satisfy during and after the war; also an urge to be prepared for any foreseeable untoward events. Everything had to be planned, smaller things, such as travels, as well as more important ones, like the future of his children. Once he confessed that he had hoped to make it possible for me, whom he believed to be more of a genius than was warranted, to lead a life as a private scholar, free from financial worries; a blessing that this plan failed!

I inherited some of these characteristics; also some of his pessimism, micro as well as macro, which, unfortunately, often proved more realistic than the optimism of the others. My uncle Gustav Aschaffenburg, psychiatrist and an incorrigible optimist, once happened to be at our house when news came that the United States had broken off diplomatic relations with Germany; my father: "This is the end" (i.e., of any hope for the victory of Germany in the war); Gustav persevered in his hope, my father proved right.

A certain tendency toward philistinism was balanced by genuine interests as well as the artistic and general-cultural

atmosphere that was created by my mother. My mother was born as the youngest of six children. If the Herzes provided the efficient, down-to-earth element, from the Aschaffenburgs, my mother's side, came the more "idealistic" bend of striving for "higher things", of being beholden to the muses, and especially to music. My mother's father came from a town in the Palatinate, a family of rabbis and religious teachers. There were a large number of siblings, of whom several emigrated to America. After our own emigration we could locate some of their descendants under names like Shaffenburg or Shaftsbury, one as far away as Mexico. In Cologne, my grandfather had a business that supported him and his family in moderate fashion, not comparable to the wealthier Herzes. His wife, grandmother Julie, grew up at the city of Muenster, in Westphalia, where her family had a department store. A sense of humor came from that branch of the family. Of that family, Feibes, there exists a family tree going far back into past centuries, on which are represented almost all Jewish families of the area Lower Rhine-Westphalia. Surprising, there, the large number of members of the free professions, especially of doctors and lawyers; or, perhaps, not so surprising, since these professions were almost the only ones to which Jews had free access. This grandmother was very close to me in my youth; she was all kindness, sympathy, empathy. Sitting next to her one did not need words to be sure of mutual understanding; she would press my hand and her eyes would say: "We two, we understand each other". She was full of an urge to know. Her memoirs, beginning with her description of how, as a child, she experienced the revolutionary year of 1848, are of more general interest because they reflect the rise of German Jewry to the rank of the educated and cultured, and also the humanism of the liberal bourgeoisie. Her age was still that of striving toward knowing everything, a vision in which all things hang together, including ancestors and descendants in the family tree.

In the aftermath of the first world war, when her income had dwindled, she restricted her own life to the minimum in order to be able to make presents to children and grandchildren. "If I can't give anymore, she said, I don't want to live". But she was by nature an optimist. That optimistic approach to things she handed on to my mother, whose optimism balanced my father's pessimism and made it more bearable. Only toward the end, my mother's cheerful attitude toward life was endangered and eventually destroyed by the terror of events in the Nazi period and after.

I have characterized her already through the description of my grandmother. As the last born after three brothers and two sisters she was somewhat spoiled, something balanced by the frugality of my father without creating major conflicts. Despite an age difference of fourteen years, theirs was a happy marriage (so important for their children's development); the suspicion of some friends that she had married the much older Herz for material reasons is proved wrong by their engagement correspondence: those letters, sounding over-romantic today, yet are evidence of genuine sentiments of mutual love. Something almost uncanny: her psychological empathy, her feeling for other peoples' feelings and problems; this applied even to people she might have just met. Time and again she became their confidante, to whom they would reveal their problems and their secrets and whose advice they accepted. Thus it is hardly surprising that she became also her children's confidante and counsellor (for me into the late years before her death). Also, her empathy talent yielded a life-long interest in graphology. But her deepest feeling was that for music - a feeling transmitted to all her children.

We were (still are) four siblings. Together with the parents, my two younger brothers and my sister belonged to the données immédiates of my early life, the givens of the emerging world which one took for granted. How much poorer a world arises

for those who lack such early companions - that became clear to me through the fate of my only child. The three brothers Herz were born on the same 23rd of September with a three-years' interval each. This statistically unlikely fact subsequently led to a (probably apocryphal) story according to which, in order to prevent further similar "accidents", after the birth of my youngest brother, my father was locked up over night on each evening preceding Christmas eve. Actually, there were no further September-births, but there appeared, "irregularly", twelve years after me, in December, a girl; here, too, a little (this time true) story according to which my sister owed her coming into existence to the above-mentioned "probity" of my father who, as Prussian judge, held it impossible to become guilty of committing the (then still) crime of abortion. To this probity we thus owed something immensely precious - a little sister who was adored and spoiled by all of us. Because of our difference in age - I, as a student was often absent from home when she grew up - my relation to her, perhaps, partook a bit of the uncle-like pedagogical. There was something similar in my relationship to my brothers. I remember how at night, in the childrens' room, when we had been kissed goodnight and rewarded with a candy by mother and were supposed to fall asleep, I emitted hour-long "history" or histories, which, however, made the brothers fall asleep earlier than I liked.

Naturally I was closest to the brother closest to me in age, Gerhard, although temperamentally we belong to opposite types - he extrovert, I (as also the youngest brother, Werner) introvert. This shows that next to environmental influences, there must be something genetic even in the non-physiological area since all of us shared the same environment while, genetically, my father was the introvert, my mother the extrovert one.

In contrast to me, Gerhard, from early on, related to many boys of his age; he brought friends into the house who enriched the life of the entire family. I mention one, Otto Matzerath, a

musical genius who played music with Gerhard and Werner and whom my mother led to his subsequent career as a musician - a career that, unfortunately, was stopped short through his all-to-early death. Although not the oldest, Gerhard was the leading one among the three of us. Leading in unending pranks; thus, for instance, when a female friend of the parents was supposed to become engaged to a gentleman invited to meet her in our garden; the three of us had been strictly ordered to stay inside and not to make an appearance in any sort or fashion. When those two, á la Faust and Gretchen, were promenading in the garden, upon Gerhard's signal we three, through a window, broke out into a loud shout of "Poussier stengel" (meaning "love birds" or something similar), which stimated the intended engagement. At another time he had for some reason been condemned to stay in the bathroom that went toward the garden, while the rest of the family and some guests enjoyed having coffee in the garden. Suddenly, the astonished coffee-drinkers witnessed the spectacle of a toilet-roll slowly, slowly unwinding down the facade of the house; no human face was visible. The witnesses' laughter showed that the penalized one had succeeded in transforming criminal sanction into applause for humor and cunning.

I cannot remember any conflicts with the siblings. Although the eldest, I don't think I ever tried to exploit this in an authoritarian fashion. We did not envy each other and helped each other with homework and such. The only thing I envied Gerhard a bit was his apptitude in physical exercises. But the inferiority feeling arising from this directed itself against myself rather than against Gerhard. Gerhard and I even seemed to incline toward the same profession, the study of music. At that time, music appeared to all of us as a kind of religion. Once, when the Düsseldorf rabbi, Dr. Eschelbacher, came to visit my mother, asking her to see to it that her children participated in religious instruction, my mother's reply was: "That decision I must entirely leave to my children; music is my religion."

Eventually, it was Gerhard who became a musicologist; he was the most musical among us and has become known as a Bach specialist all over the world. For me, music was to remain the consecration of the nonprofessional part of my life, which it has embellished to this day. "Without music, life would be an error" (thus spake Nietzsche).

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"Geborgenheit" requires a home, a safe place from which the lucky one sees and experiences a harmonious world into which he becomes integrated. Whoever is born into a homeless world, carried from place to place, perhaps from slum to slum, can only perceive a chaotic world. True enough, to the lucky one the "harmonious" world may prove to be a deception, and thus he may encounter all the more difficult terror situations. When, in the Thirties, my world collapsed, the separation from the "nest" became all the harder. I shall never forget the day, in the Fall of 1937, when I took leave from the house in the Goethestrasse, convinced that I would never see it again - nor my parents who remained; they did so in the hope, shared by many of the older Jews, that Hitler would allow at least that generation to die in peace.

I mentioned Rochusstrasse, my place of birth. But our real home was to be the house at Goethestrasse, where we moved when I was five or six. It was a row house but of typically "gentry" type. Marble entrance and marble staircase. The second floor with the "good rooms". One of them the "salon", with the grand piano. Later a second, lent one, was added. In the Kristall-night both were thrown out of the window (cruel joke of the time: What has three legs, is black, and flies through the air? Answer: A Jewish grand). On its wall a painting by the Rhenish painter, Ophei, which I loved: shimmering with sunlight, impressionistic. Typical of the pre-Nazi, cultured Jewish elite were the events

organized there. I remember the reading of a short story by Dostoyevsky by an actress from the Düsseldorf theater we befriended; the "premiere" of Lieder composed by an aunt who, as a composer, called herself Albert Maria Herz (Albert the name of my father's academic brother, a chemist) - her songs were in the style of Schönberg's Pierrot lunaire, without, however, making her immortal; occasionally, "table-moving" in the occult fashion, half seriously, half jokingly - cult of the occult was the fashion in the Twenties. In more philistine fashion, there were the parties to which my father's colleagues, plus spouses, had periodically to be invited; they were of the most formal type, with servants all dressed up formally - afterwards my father used to count the tips the various guests had left for them, and inveighed against the stingy ones.

I shall have to say a bit more below about the "patronage" custom of many Jewish families. With us, there was Georg Szell, for instance, who was our protégé when, very young, he was opera conductor at Düsseldorf; he impressed us children with incredible tricks and feats on the piano; already then, he was as impudent as in his later life. Once, when he had taken the whole chocolate cover from a cake, and my mother reproved him, he simply said, in his Austrian fashion: "Milady (Gnädigste), don't you know that this is the best part of it?" Occasionally Edwin Fischer, the pianist, appeared; I shall never forget the apparition of his beautiful wife, Eleonara (soon to be divorced from him).

Next to the salon the living room, where, after dinner, the family assembled. What did one do, without TV? One read, singly or one to the others, played "mah-jongg", then fashionable, with its artistically beautiful pieces. One made music: Gerhard played the violin, accompanied by my mother; I played pieces for four hands with her, thus becoming acquainted with an entire literature of symphonies adapted for piano; a bit later there was the trio Gerhard (violin), Werner (cello), and the already mentioned young friend and protégé, Otto Matzerath, as pianist.

What high feelings of "Geborgenheit"; what experience compared with today's standards of passivity, what achievements!

Next to the dining room, towards the backyard, was the "master's room", my father's studio, where, after returning from court sessions, he would write his judgments (always in long-hand - he never learned to type). This done, he would stretch out on the couch, hands folded on his belly, snoring. The children, then, were strictly forbidden to make any noise. In that room was a big baroque bookcase (still a cherished possession of mine), with all the classics - like the music case in the salon, a kind of religious shrine; there, too, a smaller bookcase, containing some twenty volumes of "Oncken's World History", opening up the history of the world for me; to be sure, it ended with the foundation of the German Reich in 1870. What I read there I would recount to Gerhard at night when in bed. Those volumes were sold in financially bad times (presumably, during the "Great Inflation" of the early Twenties), but not before I had drawn on the contents for a drama of the Middle Ages (Count Eberhard, Lord of the castle, Edith, his wife), which fortunately remained a fragment.

From a backside porch - my favorite place for reading - a stair led into the garden. It was narrow and long and, in typical German fashion, separated from the neighbors' backyards by high walls. At its farther end there were arrangements for physical exercises with swing, bar, etc. We took lessons from an ex-sergeant whose ordering us around still terrorizes me when I think of it. There was a gardener whose leftist pronouncements excited us and were mysterious. Above the "good rooms" were two more floors, with bedrooms, bathroom, rooms for the "servants". In good times, prior to the Great Depression, there was always a female cook and a maid. Once, prior to my puberty, one took me into her bed; she was dismissed. On top of it all was the attic, with views upon roofs, streets, gardens. As children we loved it, as we loved to descend noisily on the railings of the stairs.

Only once were we permitted to do that uninhibitedly, namely when French troops had moved into the city (in 1922, I believe) and a committee went through all houses to find lodgings for their officers; the devilish noise we made successfully averted the danger of billeting from our house. Eventually, when times became harder, the uppermost floor was rented. For a while Oliver Freud, engineer and son of the great Freud, lived there; he was so obviously dominated by his wife, and so shy, that we referred to him as the "repressed inferiority complex". At another time, Ludwig Strauss, a writer and poet, lived there with his wife, who was the daughter of the (already then) famous Jewish philosopher Martin Buber; I still see him, with his big white beard, ascending the stairs to visit his daughter. I was proud when the poet, then working on a book on Hölderlin, allowed me to assist him, with the help of an atlas, in finding the routes that poet had travelled; geography was one of my first loves.

I mention all of this, not for "name-dropping" but in order to show how much of cultural interest existed and happened for me at that time. When I moved away from home as a student, one room on the top floor was reserved for me, there to sleep, work, store my books. Also, it was the place of my first completed love affair (I had to, and did, conduct it without arousing my parents' suspicion). From there I also could view an opposite abode where the daughter of my parents' closest friends had a room: Luise Rainer, who later became a famous movie actress ("The Good Earth"), then a student at the Düsseldorf playhouse; my heart ached with yearning.

Prior to my parents' emigration, the house was sold for a trifle to an "Aryan" buyer. After the war, at subsequent visits to Düsseldorf, I have seen it from the outside; I could not get myself to re-viewing it from inside.

City on the Rhine

"Düsseldorf" - her greatest son, Heinrich Heine, said when living in Paris - "is a beautiful city", and, when being far away from her, so he declared, a strange and melancholy longing befalls you. Today, rebuilt from the ruins of World War II in the style of the modern cities with their highrises and endless rows of look-alike buildings, permitting cars and traffic to kill her charm, the city is no longer what it was to those who grew up there in the century's early decades. At that time, a hundred years after Heine spent his youth there, the city, industrialized as it had become, with its factories and the usual, ugly apartment buildings for the workers, yet still formed an "organic" whole, like a pearl attached to the river Rhine, where streets, churches, parks all fitted together. Above all, it provided the young ones living there with something essential for becoming aware of time and epoch: the cultural environment characteristic of the period in which we grew up. Those decades around the century's beginning, I believe, were times of the decisive breakthrough, away from traditionalism toward what we call "modernity". Düsseldorf was just the kind of city where that atmosphere could be soaked up most easily. In a cosmopolitan metropolis like Berlin this atmosphere surely was present, too, but one's identification with a place called home would have been more difficult; in the countryside or a small town it would have been hard to find; and in most other industrial cities of Düsseldorf's size the cultural tradition in which it excelled would have been absent. There was the old part of the city, replete with old churches and houses; there was the tradition of Düsseldorf art, a specific "school" of 19th century painting, and that of the Lower-Rhine music festivals, going back to Felix Mendelssohn and Robert Schumann, both of whom had lived and worked there; and even to Goethe, who twice had stayed at his friend's, the philosopher Jacobi's, place at the then rural

outskirts of the town; that building, now in the center of the city, has survived. Cologne, only half an hour's train-ride away, the city where the parents had been born and which became a second home-town to us youngsters, to be sure, had an even more ancient tradition, perhaps a more valuable one, but Düsseldorf had something more elegant, like being on wings; its main thoroughfare, the Königsallee, lovingly called "the Kö", with its elegant stores and its chestnut trees lining a rectangular stretch of water, reminded one of Paris rather than Cologne. My father, who had had the choice of several places for his position as a judge, knew well why he chose Düsseldorf.

Life in the city of the nineteen-tens and twenties was part philistine, part sophisticated, and we young ones reacted to it with that mixture of cynicism and sentiment which was the hallmark of those living in the Weimar period. There was an ironic distance but also a pleasant acceptance in relation to customs and traditions such as the annual St. Martin's parade, where one joined in with self-fashioned lampions, singing the old Martin's songs. One had a feeling of belonging. One made the acquaintance with the classics in the Playhouse, then one of Germany's best theaters, or, from "Olympus", the opera's uppermost gallery, of Wagner and all the others; that was still "tradition", but I remember well the breaking in of modernity, with expressionist drama (I still see Franz Werfel, with his thick black hair, accepting the applause for his play "Juarez and Maximilian") and ultramodern opera (such as Alban Berg's "Wozzeck"); such pieces often had their first performance, or performances, shortly after the premiere, at Düsseldorf.

The same clash of bliss and terror, of the classical and the modern, at the Tonhalle, the concert house. I went there not only to concerts but, prior to voice-breaking, as member of the boys choir which sang in the annual St. Matthews Passion, but also in pieces like Mahler's Third Symphony, itself a mixture of longing for the harmonious and "modern" despair. Bach's Passion meant,

besides the musical, a first view of certain basic givens in this world: a feeling for the tragic element in life and its ending in death, for loyalty, and betrayal, and denial, for the problem of justice and sacrifice to an ideal; half-consciously, an insight, too, into the text's political aspects - after all, the trial of Jesus was a political trial, with a "criminal of conscience", and with Roman and Jewish "reason of state" at stake. Thus, a world became accessible in which the secular and the religious elements merged, and in regard to the latter, Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish ones. Again, one was accepted into the community of the performing and those in the audience, again, a feeling of "Geborgenheit". The strength of this feeling showed the degree of assimilation of Jews to Western, largely Christian culture. That which separated seemed far away, anti-semitism a vanishing superstition.

Another "nest" was the more intimate Ibachsaal, a place for chamber music as well as lectures. The latter revealed to me many of the time's political, social, cultural problems and questions. There, Thomas Mann would read from his works, Heinrich Mann would discuss Weimar and Western democracy, Ludwig Klages talked about Nietzsche as psychologist There was the public library where I would spend many hours. The press was rather provincial, some party papers but chiefly the nominally nonpartisan but in reality nationalistic-reactionary Düsseldorfer Nachrichten (Düsseldorf Times); our interest was mostly in music and theater reviews and critique, and there was ample space for scandals and cliques, rumormongering and sensations.

The environment of the city -then still largely unspoiled - lent itself to walks and excursions, to the nearby woods, to the valley where Neanderthal man had been found, to old medieval, fortified towns; hiking, or on motorbike (of a friend, myself on the backseat); never by car (we did not own one, very few of our friends did). Only in the last years of Weimar, the years of economic depression and latent civil war, the city's face was

distorted into grimace - the constant provocation through flags, red ones in the workers' quarters, the monarchical black-white-red ones, and, increasingly, the Nazi swastika, of the bourgeois and more well-to-do; the official republican black-red-gold was hardly seen any more, and if so, mostly from houses owned by Jews who, for the most part, maintained their allegiance to the liberal democratic ideal. That was the time when attending an autopsy, as an assistant to the prosecutor, for the first time in my life I saw a human corpse, the body of a worker killed by Nazi storm troopers. At the dark of night one could hear many gun shots. The feeling of Geborgenheit in an urban environment was utterly lost.

Larger Family, Friends of the Parents, Vacations and Early Travel

The world, and therewith my world views, widened with my coming closer to people beyond my immediate family, and especially to the widely scattered relatives, many of them quite well-to-do, who vied with each other to have the children of the "poorer" Düsseldorf branch spend their vacations with them. I shall not, however, bore the reader with details about innumerable uncles, aunts, cousins, etc. per se. My story here has the twofold purpose to indicate who among them exercised appreciable influence on my developing image of the world, and to convey an ever so spotty and brief impression of the life and the interests of an educated and assimilated German-Jewish society.

I begin with Alzey, an old town in what was then the Land, or state, of Hesse (today, that portion of Hesse belongs to another Land, Rhine-Palatinate). My mother's oldest sister had married there, and the Levis owned the town's only department store. I frequently spent my vacations there, which not only opened up the rural landscape to an urbanized youngster, but, through my uncle, nature as such. He was a follower of the materialistic philosophy of Ernst Haeckel, believing that natural science could, and would,

solve all the world's "riddles" ("Welträtsel", the title of one of Häckel's widely-read, popular books). This became the basis of my first Weltanschauung. That family's life in a small town was characterized by its "enlightened" approach to all matters: In matters of religion, where Moses Mendelssohn's and Lessing's enlightenment philosophy meant the most liberal attitude and custom, and also in their relationships to their Christian fellow-citizens; toleration and assimilation went so far that my uncle became an elected deputy-mayor, a rather unique achievement in then still monarchically ruled Hesse.

Such liberal and enlightened attitudes characterized almost all family branches. As far as customs were concerned, all celebrated Christmas, not Chanukkah, and the Christmas tree (although without a crib) was lighted instead of the Channukah candles; presents were exchanged beneath the tree. For us, it was not a religious symbol but that of a holiday which, together with others (like Easter, with easter-eggs and St. Matthews Passion) gave the annual life-cycle its consecrations. Assimilation to part still Christian, part secularized culture was also shown in the above-mentioned patronage of art and artists; in the Aschaffenburg branch of the family, especially music and musicians. This promotion of artists and concern for cultural life and institutions was considered a moral obligation by assimilated Jewry, a kind of "thanksgiving" for the entrance into a culture permitted to a group traditionally excluded from participating in it. For the most part, it was not grandstanding or showing-off (although it was that in some cases of "newly rich" Jews whose wealth had been gained during the war or the ensuing inflation, speculation, etc.). In some cases - also among my relatives - Jews became artists or writers themselves. The Weimar period constituted the culminating point of this symbiosis. The Nazis' charge of "Judaized cultural bolshevism" (Göbbels' phrase) merely revealed their utter ignorance of true cultural values.

A few examples of "Mäzenatentum" (the German term for this kind of patronage) and what I learned through it: At Cologne, where my parents came from, we spent many a vacation in the beautiful house of relatives (my uncle's, a brother of my father, who had married a sister of my mother); it was built in the then novel Jugendstil (art nouveau), where one met the musicians of the then foremost string quartet (Rosé-quartet), and also members of the circle around the playwright Frank Wedekind, centered in Munich, through which I became acquainted with human archetypes like Wedekind's "Lulu" (in the shape of drama as well as, subsequently, opera). Next to that house there lived relatives who had "discovered", and made their "protégé, Emmanuel Feuermann, called "Munjo", the cellist who was to become Casal's most worthy successor; he later married one of that family's daughters; his early death deprived the world of music of one of its greatest. We used to attend with him opera and concert performances in Cologne and profited from his remarks and assessments. His advice, subsequently, became especially important for my brother Gerhard. Once, when Gerhard, thinking of becoming a professional violinist, had asked for Munjo's opinion, the latter let him play some piece and then advised him rather to become a musicologist; Gerhard took his advice. After Hitler had come into power, I met him in Switzerland, his (and my) first stage of emigration, and I shall never forget how he expressed to me what he called his "undeserved" good fortune to have escaped the Nazi hell and to lead, together with his wife and newly born child, the fulfilled life of a musician.

There was another house in Cologne where patronage was extended, this time to a young pianist. But for me, it became more important for a different reason: Gustav Aschaffenburg, my mother's oldest brother, the aforementioned "optimistic" psychiatrist, became for me the role model of the objective scientist and committed scholar. In order to obtain a position as university professor, he had converted to Protestantism (prior to

Weimar, no Jew could expect such an appointment - baptism, thus, became what Heinrich Heine had called "the entrance ticket to European civilization"). This did not affect his "scientistic" approach. In psychiatry proper he was rather conservative, rejecting "new-fangled" ideas such as Freud's. His importance as a scholar was in his application of psychology to criminology. In his seminal book "Crime and Its Repression" (1902) he was the first to apply sociological and statistical data to that field. He was the founder of the German "Society for criminal psychology and penal law reform"; as indicated in the name, it (and he) was in the forefront of progressivism regarding crime and criminals; it (and he) fought already at that early point for the decriminalization of abortion and other "crimes", or for insanes being treated medically rather than being put away in prisons; also for making prisons institutions for rehabilitation rather than "retribution". As a student, I had the opportunity to write book-reviews for the society's Monthly (in Aesopian language even into the Hitler period). Typical of his objectivity was an incident I remember from the time of my study at Cologne University. Having participated in a seminar of my uncle's and given an admittedly very good report there, I received nevertheless only a second-best mark in order that - so my uncle - nobody would suspect him of (in this instance, literal) "nepotism"!

There follows Mönchen-Gladbach, a textile city not far from Düsseldorf, where two other brothers of my mother owned and ran a clothing factory. It would be a matter for economic historians to find out how come, and why, the important textile industry of the Lower Rhine region was chiefly in Jewish hands. Gladbach, for the Düsseldorf Herz boys spending vacations there, was chiefly enjoyed for the opportunity to play with, commit pranks with, and generally disturbing the peace of the place in the company of cousins (of both sexes) of the same age. But both houses were also places where "culture" (in the form of listening to, and

making, music, or of Shakespeare being read to us by a literary-minded aunt - of course in German, in the Schlegel-Tieck translation deemed by many Germans to be "better than the original"!), could be soaked up. "Mäzenatentum" there, too: In the house in the aptly so-called Mozartstrasse it was the young Eugen Jochum (later of conductor fame) who was the protégé. And in the other house one might find Edwin Fischer, who became the teacher of my cousin Katia, whom, as a pianist, he later accepted into his chamber orchestra. Others also went in and out. I remember once having met there the philosopher Graf Keyserling, who would call out "Who will take a walk with me?" and, at a time of the worst food shortage, would order, and get, the two extant eggs for his breakfast. My uncle Otto, friend of many musicians, once met the composer Hindemith, who introduced himself as "Hindemith, hinten mit (i.e., at the rear-end with) a tee-aitch", whereupon my uncle countered with "Aschaffenburg, with the Asch in front" (Asch = asshole).

Among my parents' friends was a family Fleck, he a colleague of my father. But what interested us youngsters most was the Fleck's patronage of a young, still entirely unknown sculptor, name of Fritz Wotruba, who had emerged from the Viennese proletariat to fill the Fleck's basement with his elongated sculptures; he was politically interested and excited us with revolutionary ideas and exclamations. Later, very much against the wishes of the old Flecks, he absconded with their youngest daughter, Marianne, to his native Vienna, to rise to world fame. Other friends to be mentioned: Our trusted family doctor, Max Bergenthal (to whom I confided my first sexual encounter and an ensuing - groundless - fear of having contracted syphillis); his wife was half-Jewish. Other friends, the Altschuls, were of Jewish descent but baptized. Among friends there were those living in mixed (Jewish-Christian) marriages, or philosemitic non-Jews, or baptized ones; it was a kind of marginal zone in-between unassimilated (or less-assimilated or more orthodox) Jews

and the gentile main group. Mixed marriages became more and more frequent at that time, and many believed that, within a couple of generations, German Jewry (provided there was no larger influx of Jews from Eastern Europe) would have died out as a group with separate identity. Hitler, of course, put an end to this ongoing process. But I have sometimes wondered whether a similar process has not set in in the United States; at least in the group that came from Central Europe. Among the members of my family, besides myself only my sister married a Jew (likewise from Germany); my two brothers (as well as my wife's brother) married "gentile" Americans, and all my nephews did, too, with their offspring "lost" to Judaism; my own son is married to a gentile Swiss girl. Whether this trend is to be welcomed is, of course, another matter. It depends on one's opinion of the value of Judaism and of Jews maintaining their character as a separate group.

Another way of broadening my image of the world was geographical; geography had emerged as one of my pet subjects in those early years, and to come to know "in reality" what had become familiar through the atlas was therefore a special kind of bliss. In those early years, Switzerland or Tyrol, preferred landscapes of later trips, were still out of reach, if only because, in the difficult war and postwar years, the parents could not afford them. Thus it usually was the Rhenish and Westphalian hills that attracted us whenever vacations were shared, not with urban relatives but with parents and siblings. During the war, the chief objective was to find an inn or hotel where one would get enough to eat to satisfy one's hunger. It was the time when I learned to be penurious with everything, whether a piece of "war soap" or a slice of wurst on the sandwich. This urge to save and be careful with everything of use has remained with me ever since - perhaps something odd in our present "throwaway society". I remember one vacation day when my father, Gerhard, and I wandered along a rural path lined with apple trees, and our judicious, "law and order" - father permitted us

to "touch" a few apples so they dropped from the trees and we could eat them. At later times, we would visit the home of my mother's earliest and best friend, Grete Berkenkamp, built by her, her mother, and her sister in the hills of a Rhenish mountain range called Eifel. Grete was a remarkable lady. In her youth she had been the girl-friend of Ludwig Klages, the philosopher, whose psychological and graphological interests she shared and handed on to my mother. I became a kind of young protégé of hers. For a short while, later, she fell for Hitler's charisma but recovered quickly, and we remained friends though separated through an ocean. On my visits to Germany, I used to look her up in her charmed little Eifel home, where she lived an utterly solitary but satisfying life, filled with reading, fashioning little sculptures, and memories. She lived into the 1970's, and I buried her there.

How vacation trips and formation of early political attitudes might coincide can be demonstrated by an excursion I undertook with my father and Gerhard to the huge monument built somewhere in Westphalia to the legendary Germanic hero, Arminius (who, as chieftain of the Teutonic tribe of the Cherusks, had beaten the Romans in the year 9 A.D.); built at the height of the Bismarkian Empire and meant to symbolize its power and glory, it contained, besides the huge statue of "Hermann, the Cherusk", four big niches. I used to carefully keep diaries of those early trips (a habit I, unfortunately, gave up later), and I quote from one of these: "In the first niche, sculptures illustrated Germany's liberation by Arminius, the second showed the wars of liberation from Napoleon, and the third the war of 1870/71. A sad feeling overcame all of us, for now Germany has forgotten its past. But the time will come when God will send us a second Arminius; then, the fourth niche will be filled, as a sign of Germany's liberation." The "second Arminius" was to come, but in a shape not to my liking. At the time of that visit, I was about 12 years old, and my patriotic feelings were soon to be corrected through

the influence of a friend I shall speak of later. They were, however, paradigmatic of the general nationalistic fervor caused by Germany's defeat in the First World War. For me, it was the beginning of my "Germanic" period, where I became deeply interested in German pre-history. In a subsequent chapter, I shall have to deal with what this meant for an emergent conflict caused by my being German and Jewish.

Geographically, the world widened further, when we undertook vacations to the Black Forest, in Southern Germany. An almost mystical - and likewise very "Germanic" - love of forests developed at that time; somehow, it has accompanied me ever since and has contributed to my present ecological concerns, now that the forests of the world seem condemned to die. Occasionally, "terror" punctured that forest romanticism; thus when, close to our vacation place in the Black Forest, Matthias Erzberger, a republican leader and Reich minister, was assassinated; it was one in a series of political assassinations by ultra-rightists, whose victim, shortly thereafter, was Walther Rathenau, foreign minister and a Jew. The racist murder group had sung: "Schlagt tot den Walter Rathenau, die gottverfluchte Judensau" ("Beat dead that Walter Rathenau, the dirty, God-damned Jewish sow"). The perpetrators were permitted to escape to Hungary - at that time under "Admiral" Horthy, the refuge of German radical rightists (groups that, soon thereafter, merged into the Nazi Party). Forest and political murder - bliss and terror.

Chapter 2. Early Sorrows

For Beauty is Nothing but Terror's Beginning

Rilke

What kind of world-view emerges depends, to a large extent, upon one's sentiments vis-à-vis the world. I just said "vis-à-vis" the world, perhaps this was a Freudian lapsus. That blissful "Geborgenheit" to which I testified in the preceding chapter should rather have created a sentiment of being "in the world". But from earliest childhood on I have had a mixed feeling of being "within" and yet "vis-à-vis", of being present and yet isolated, of being close to others and yet lonely - a feeling of being torn hither and yon, a confusion that belongs to the opposite of bliss, to the terror aspect of life.

Terror in this context means fear or sorrow rather than frightfulness. It began with the most down-to-earth, my body. As far back as my memory reaches, I felt physically inferior to other children, whether at physical exercises, wrestling, racing, or later, at every sort of sport. I was awkward, clumsy. Hence the feeling of being different in the peer group and being considered an outsider. As in the garden, so at school; at soccer play, for instance, I was always placed where I could do the least harm. I tried hard, but was never able to reach Gerhard's achievements. In later years I did manage a mediocre tennis, and skiing even conveyed pleasure, but in one's young years the better is the enemy of the mediocre; at least, this was my impression. Intellectually precocious, I tried to balance physical ineptitude with excelling in matters intellectual. Yet it was not enough to really balance that inferiority and moreover sometimes meant to be considered a "pusher".

Relations to other people were stamped by such feelings of inferiority. True, there were no difficulties in my relations with those close to me - parents, siblings, close relatives. I knew them, could trust them, confide in them; it was different "vis-à-vis" those who did not belong to the "nest". There I was shy, timid, embarrassed, unable to show my feelings. Playing with my peers: "Go out and play with the others". Nothing was more difficult, and since "the others" became aware of it, they quite

naturally reacted to me as to one a bit strange. Later it became torment in my relation to the other sex. In the times of my youth, dancing lessons were the occasion to bring boys and girls together, there being no coeducation at school. Attending those lessons, I was plagued by a suspicion that other boys were, quite naturally, preferred to me, and thus I never dared to approach a particular girl and court her; I never knew what to talk with them. Moreover, I was beset with "fear of blushing": The fear that I might blush at a certain occasion would actually produce the blushing, which, in turn, had an intimidating effect on me. This shyness, although somewhat lessening later, has influenced my relationships to others throughout my life, frequently damaging them, whether it was in regard to school or university teachers or, subsequently, to colleagues, and, time and again, to girls and women.

The feeling of being different and separate was increased by my being Jewish. How I became conscious of that and how it influenced my world-view I shall relate in connection with the topic of Zionism. Suffice it here to say that the Jew in the diaspora is, so-to-speak, an outsider by birth. But this does not imply that, qua individual, he must feel an outsider. Being outsider as a Jew concerns the group as such, and not necessarily each of its members. On the contrary, as a group member one may feel especially close to other members, sheltered within the group, exactly as often happens with other ethnic or religious minority groups. However, as for me, this did not apply. Being Jewish in my case was simply added to the other factors that caused my feeling of separateness. I was "Jew and clumsy", or a "typically Jewish intellectual". My feeling of being different was subsequently strengthened by corresponding anti-semitic stereotypes, and this not so much through personal contacts as through readings and what such reading seemed to reveal of the world's view of Jews. As for contacts, I refer to what I said about friends of the family, who were either Jews or philosemitic

gentiles; some of them were Catholic colleagues of my father, and as such not (or not yet) antisemites; at school, too, one experienced relatively little antisemitism, whether on the part of teachers or on that of fellow-students. The assimilation process was far advanced, and as an "educated" Jew one was by and large accepted into gentile society and culture. This went so far that, as German Jew, one was to some extent an "antisemite" vis-à-vis those Jews who had immigrated from Eastern Europe (Ostjuden) and still formed a kind of ghetto in larger cities, preserving their customs and a kind of Jewish-German (not Yiddish) as their language. One used to make fun of them, look down upon them - not a noble attitude, indeed. We were non-observant Jews, not going to synagogue services even on the high holidays (celebrating Christmas instead, as mentioned). Like most German Jews, we were not Zionists (only a small group was that, at that time). Like most, my father belonged to an association of "German citizens of the Jewish faith"; one felt German and, at the same time, belonging to Jewry as a kind of "community of historic fate" (if not for religious reasons). The association named above was chiefly concerned with maintaining and asserting the equal rights of Jews achieved through emancipation, and with defending them against antisemitism and discrimination. Beyond this one felt to be as German as any other citizen; one was proud of that and would develop a patriotism as strong as that of any non-Jewish fellow citizen.

My personal image of a Jew, and my image of myself as a Jew, was largely formed by those representations of Jews found in allegedly outstanding German novels, such as Gustav Freytag's "Soll und Haben" or Wilhelm Raabe's "Hungerpastor". These authors were 19th century novelists of the second rank, not comparable to European giants of bourgeois realism, such as Balzac or Dickens or, in Germany, Fontane or, later, Thomas Mann, but their novels revealed the spirit and attitudes of a rising German middle class. And their presentation of Jews did reveal widespread

attitudes about character and status of Jews rising within that no longer feudal-aristocratic but down-to-earth bourgeois Germany. There I met with the contrast between Jewish and Christian-Germanic types (or stereotypes): in Freytag's book the dealing and wheeling, usurious Veitel Itzig, in Raabe's the coldly calculating, egoistic, intellectual Moses Freudenstein, contrasting with the gentile heroes, solid but feeling and compassionate, idealistically striving for higher values. I felt two souls within my breast; I identified with the idealistic pure souls, yet I could not deny feeling that I was somewhat of an intellectual, like Moses Freudenstein; I yearned to be like the "Germanic" types, but could not deny having inherited "inferior" Jewish traits. At times I had a downright bad conscience to be Jewish. This torn, confused feeling became even stronger when I found in him who was to become my best friend a good many of the traits I encountered in Raabe's Moses Freudenstein: the stereotypical Jewish and leftist intellectual, with whom I fought, both emotionally and intellectually, for my identity, often despairing, often desperate. And vis-à-vis the few gentile friends I had, there was a triple inferiority sentiment: as "the clumsy one", the bookworm, and the Jew.

Despite all of this I had from the beginning a great need of communication which - unless I could fulfill it directly, as with parents, siblings, later close friends - I amply satisfied through letter-writing. Whenever, as student for instance, I was away from home, I would depose all I experienced in letters or similar communications. I always felt a need to let others participate in my life, as I also wanted, the other way around, to participate in theirs. Somehow an experience (whom or what I saw on a trip, or a concert, or a theater performance) would not be complete without at least one other human being knowing about it or, even better, sharing it with me. Thus man became homo communicans to me. Much later I broadened this felt need into a theory of "awareness", a theory regarding the coexistence of

people and nations, dealing with the role "world-views" play in foreign policies and international relations: Without awareness no world-view, without communication and mutual recognition no conflict resolution - now, in the nuclear age, no chance of human survival.

Thus, out of a feeling of being an outsider there grew a yearning for being "perceived" by others. I am still of the opinion that, as mental being, one "lives" to the extent one is perceived by other mental beings. One's life is "lived" to the extent one is in communion with others. If nobody knows of me, am I still alive, except in the mere physical sense? Fear of isolation and the question: what will become of you, who has such difficulties to communicate with others, came to fore in a "mood" dream I had for the first time, I believe, in my twenties, and which repeated itself in later periods. I find myself in a city I don't know, walking all by myself in a street that seems to go on endlessly, lined with apartment houses of the "objective", decorationless style of the Twenties; the street is completely empty, and I have a terrible fear of being lost, abandoned, not knowing anybody, condemned forever to walk around in the thicket of cities.

I now feel that this state of being torn between bliss and terror was closely connected with the "spirit of the times" into which I was born: times of transition. Since it is the purpose of this memoir to relate how I have seen and interpreted the world, my world, in the different stages of my life, I must here briefly describe the epoch out of which I came - "my time" in the sense of a period that influenced me originally, that is, in the earliest stage of my life. Perhaps one is inclined to overrate the impact made by this initial period. But I believe there is some objective validity in considering those two or three decades that preceded the catastrophe of the first world war as constituting something extraordinary: These were seminal decades, an epoch of the great breakthrough, from a more organic

reposed, "classic" age to the age of modernity which questioned any and all traditions, whether it was the "classical" world-view of Newtonian physics, disrupted through the theory of relativity and quantum mechanics, or the traditional image of man and his "soul", destroyed by psychoanalysis, or upset, in art, literature, music and architecture, through expressionism and cubism, dada and nontonality.

Perhaps it is also true that those decades were not only times of radical innovation but also of an extraordinarily rapid and concentrated evolution; this phenomenon of "acceleration" was to become a fundamental phenomenon in my later world interpretation. Of course, born in 1908, I could take real notice of the events of this epoch only in the postwar years when I became capable of experiencing and having impressions, but I believe that, somehow, those developments had an impact from my very beginnings, in the bliss as well as the terror sense. This became clear to me when, much later (I believe, in 1980) I visited an exhibition of German expressionists in the New York Guggenheim museum. Many of the paintings in that exhibition were created around the year of my birth. Some, like Christian Rohlf's "birch tree" (1907) reflected a seemingly still intact, "sound" world, that of impressionism, as did Paula Modersohn-Becker's self-portrait of 1906/7, recalling the feeling of "Geborgenheit" and my mother's adoration of the entire "Worpswede" circle of artists. But then came, in contrast to his birch tree, Rohlf's own, furious "dance around the sun ball" of 1914 (end of the old era, year of the outbreak of the war), as, already before it, Emil Nolde's "dance around the golden calf" (1910, demonstrating the unsound aspect of a "sound" world); there was Kirchner's "street, Berlin" of 1913, witnessing the new, "modern" world which I was to experience in the big city streets of the 1920's. And there were the early signals of coming catastrophes, where the "beautiful" actually turns into "terror's beginning", in paintings such as Kokoschka's "Hans Tietze und Frau" (1909 -

bloodstained hands), Ludwig Meitner's "Burning city" (1913) and "Apocalyptic landscape" (1913), George Gross' self-portrait in bloody red color (1916), and, finally, Max Beckmann's uncanny "Frauenbad" of 1919 (picture of a synagogue - anticipation of the gas chambers?). Only much later one became conscious of artists' capacity to predict, or, rather, pre-feel coming horror. When I was young, most in this breakthrough to modernity seemed great and positive, one was intoxicated with the novelty and the progress, even though, in my case, there was no rejection of the traditional and classical, at least in art, music, literature. Modernity meant freedom of phantasy and experimenting. But I also had an early feeling for the fear and despair that characterized works such as Mahler's symphonies, whose melancholic, parodistic disharmonies, in contrast to the last classics of symphonic music, Brahms and Bruckner, I felt to belong entirely to me and my age. From Mahler my experience led to Stravinsky, to the Dreigroschenoper, to Wozzeck. To the earliest experiences of this kind there belonged an exhibition of the art of "dada" in a Düsseldorf department store, as well as "far out" painters exhibited in the Düsseldorf gallery of "Mother Ey" (Otto Dix and others); they impressed me the way Mahler did in music, in contrast to their being declared "crazy nonsense" by the philistines. Only in regard to subsequent developments in music - serial music, etc. - I lacked understanding and this remained so to this day.

Even though in my case the impact of the great turnabout came to pass in the postwar years, it seems likely that events like the four long years of the Great War did create attitudes and character traits that became lasting ones. I mentioned already the urge to save and prepare for future contingencies that was created by conditions of shortages and rationing, a concern that was to last a lifetime. But apart from that, the feeling of Geborgenheit predominated, despite all the outward dangers and events. Subjectively, the world still seemed ordered and uniform.

A child, most likely, must go through a stage of conceiving the world as something uniform before being able to perceive that which is disunited and problematic.

This, however, does not imply that the war was completely ignored; it imposed itself on family as well as on myself. My father, "Bavarian" reserve officer (before the war, Jews could become officers only in then still rather liberal Bavaria), had tried to enlist right away when the war broke out but was rejected as too old (he was then 46). Cousins, uncles, and other relatives who did serve, all, fortunately, returned unharmed; subsequently, the gratitude of the fatherland was extended to them through gruesome death in the gas chambers. I still have a picture of an uncle and a cousin, both wearing the field-grey uniform of the first world war, both decorated with the "iron cross"; both were to undergo that cruel fate under the Nazi regime. I myself pinned little flags onto the respective maps of my loved atlas, flags that indicated first the advance and soon thereafter the standstill of the German and Austrian armies; I sang "So proudly wave the flag of black-white-red" and collected the postcards that arrived from relatives at the Western and Eastern fronts. Later in the course of the war there were air warnings, and we had to line up against the walls at school. There also were victory bells, and we were sent home to celebrate whenever another "fort" of Verdun had been conquered - there must have been hundreds of them! Toward the end, skepticism spread when my father's aforementioned pessimism proved warranted. The extras announcing the armistice and the armistice conditions put an end to all hopes of victory; in my case, they marked the awakening of political interest. There followed the news of revolutionary unrest, of the proclamation of the republic, of the assassination of Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, bogies of the still monarchical bourgeoisie, and soon the rampant inflation where the stamps I had begun to collect were printed over with "one hundred thousand", "one million", "one billion" marks. The

reality of the political world had opened up.

The state of my health may well have had something to do with war and postwar events; that was the time when I first experienced migraine headaches that were to plague me for many years - they would always arrive on weekends, with pain, sickness, and vomiting; no medication or exercises would help. I am sure that it was something psychosomatic. It stopped when, as a student, skiing and falling in love, I became more relaxed. But similar symptoms of disturbances did materialize later in life in the form of asthma and insomnia.

At the end of this chapter on fears and sorrow I would like to mention a book - perhaps the first one that greatly impressed me in connection with my feelings of being torn and unsure in my emerging world-views; it was a book that showed the great conflicts between any number of Weltanschauungen that characterized postwar Germany (and, perhaps, postwar Europe). Its author, Carl Christian Bry, had given it the title "Disguised Religions", and it dealt with the innumerable theories, doctorines, and "movements" of those times, from the folkish-racists to the pacifists, from the agrarian reformers and the vegetarians to Marxists, anthroposophs, Freudians, Wagnerians, occultists, anarchists, prohibitionists, sexual reformers, and so on and so forth. For an emerging mind, curious to know the world, it was an utterly confusing atmosphere, and it was difficult to find one's way through and out of the confusion.

Chapter 3. The World Arises

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive
But to be young was very heaven

Wordsworth

Wordsworth's enthusiasm might seem the opposite of the feelings of sorrow described in the foregoing chapter. but youth is not easily discouraged, and if I look over the enfolding story of my younger years, happiness still seems to prevail over inside as well as outside "terror". And this was due, above all, to "learning", learning about myself and about the world.

Learning, studying, was "bliss". From the beginning I was convinced that, if only one tried hard enough, one could get to know what makes the world tick, one would know not only much but "everything". In all fields of knowledge, so I believed, there was a set quantity of what could be learned, and for all of them there were people - teachers, for instance - who could convey what could be learned. This way to experience the world and to gain a comprehensive view of it became the ultimate aim of my life. And so I began to approach this aim, step by step, by means of inquiring with my parents and other grownups, of solving the tasks set at school, and, above all, through reading as soon as I had learned how to read. I did that, not in order to prevail over others - I rather felt uncomfortable whenever I got the inevitable "very good" marks at school - and also not from an urge to be recognized as an "intellectual" - I rather had that inferiority feeling of being "clumsy" otherwise - but with a feeling of joyful expectation. It was too early to realize that aiming at "knowing everything" was aiming too high. My rationalism made me hope that, with sufficient patient endeavor, the world would open itself to me with all its mysteries resolved. I believed that for all areas of knowledge there was something like a rule for what, in learning, comes first, then what next and then what after that. When reading novels or similar literature I would ask others whether I was ready for this or that book or whether it was still "too advanced" for me; at school, whether one must have covered a certain subject-matter to understand another; and so forth. There was a measure of pendants involved, to be sure; but at the time it meant the

bliss of discovering Goethe's "original nature". I know now that I overrated not only the rational structure of "nature" and knowledge but also the quantity of knowledge possessed by those who were to transmit it. I stood in awe before teachers and other specialists. Each "professor" (the title not only of university teachers but, at that time, also of highschool instructors) was a philosopher; today, myself a professor, I have come to realize how full of wind instead of wisdom most of them were and are.

It all began with geography. At an early time already I knew by heart the maps of the atlas, the different colors that marked the countries and empires, the boundaries, the rivers and mountain ranges, the big cities; to such an extent that even today I sometimes have trouble to see in my mind's eye present boundaries instead of the totally different ones of the Europe of 1914 or the colors of the old, colonial empires. Some of this acquired knowledge, perhaps, was superfluous; still, I believe that to gain an image of the world, a "world-view", requires that one has a sufficiently correct view of the human habitat, even today still chiefly the earth, which is present in one's mind whenever it is a question of what happens on earth and how to interpret it.

And therewith on to history and its dates and events. From early on process, that is, how things unfold and develop, must have been in the foreground of my interests, even in fields where history seemed not to be their essential aspect. Thus, for instance, in religious instruction. I mentioned that at home we were not religious; but I participated for a couple of years in religious instruction at school, where, of course, lessons were given to the Jewish students separately from the others. What interested me there was "biblical history", not what was in the realm of miracles or the miraculous, such as the "history" of creation or the miraculous crossing of the Red Sea by the children of Israel, but the provable and recorded events in the "real" history of the kingdoms of Juda and Israel. As in other

disciplines, I became impatient when the teacher did not deal with what I had already read in the textbook. I knew what was supposed to be "death with" now and grew angry when the class did not get that far during the respective school year (in modern history, this usually meant stopping at Bismarck and the foundation of the German Reich in 1871 - what came later apparently was too controversial). I knew it, but the others should know it too! Perhaps an attitude that predetermined me for teacherhood later on?

True, what one learned about history at school was often limited to cramming of dynastical dates and data, or of battles, wars, etc., and, apart from antiquity, by and large restricted to the history of Germany (especially Brandenburg-Prussia); only during my last highschool years greater emphasis was placed on social, economic, and cultural history, and of Europe, not Germany only; the non-European world, however, including America, still was largely neglected. Thus we studied all of Frederick the Great's battles in the Seven-Years' War but were not told that that war, as the French and Indian War, had equal impact in the world balance of power. But those "external" dates and events were not without initial importance for me. More from reading than from studying at school I became acquainted with the gods and heroes of the Greeks, with Troy and Odysseus, with the feats and fates of the Athenians, Spartans, Persians, with Alexander, the Romans, the Popes and Emperors, Napoleon. I had a book titled "Great Men" (women did not show up in it, as far as I remember), with portraits of Luther and Hutten, knights and minnesingers. Little important as all this may appear to "scientific" historiography, the child needs the more personal, sensuous element to understand, subsequently, the more general and abstract. One could still wax enthusiastic about heroes and their exploits, saddened by their doom, triumph in their victory, grieve over their suffering or death.

My enthusiasm for the historical extended to nature. Natural

history was what attracted me. My father subscribed to the journal "Kosmos" (a typical product of the Hackel world-view I had been imbued with by my Alzey uncle). I read every issue. Geology became "earth history", and soon I was familiar with all the different geological epochs. As for the animal kingdom, Kosmos familiarized me with the history of the different species, and this way, clearly descended from the apes, I became a perfect Darwinian at an early age.

It does not follow that this precocious systematizing, categorizing, rationalizing meant neglect of the less intellectual aspects of life. Thirst for knowledge did not involve being unfeeling; but in accordance with my shyness I always had (and still have) difficulties to show my feelings vis-à-vis others. What the allegedly "cool" conductor Riccardo Muti is supposed to have remarked applies to me: "I don't have the easy tears, but it does not mean I do not feel". And in this connection I may mention experiences that, in contrast to the intellectual realm, concern the realm of phantasy, imagination, mood: My mother used to read fairy-tales to us, and I enjoyed them as creations of the imagination and creators of "moods" that also have an impact on emerging views of, and attitudes toward, the world. Grimms' fairy-tales, which modern psychologists deem so dangerous for a child's emotional development, never caused fears or similar complexes in me; I enjoyed them as products of the imagination as I did enjoy those by Hans Christian Andersen or, later, Oscar Wilde. And my attitude toward certain landscapes, works of art, or indeed, erotic affection were marked by the same emotional tinge.

What I have to say about the impact of school upon emerging world-views will have to be divided into two sections, the first of which will deal with the earlier school years, while the last couple of them will be dealt with in the next chapter because my development was tremendously strengthened and accelerated through the influence of two extraordinary teachers, the brothers Fritz

and Otto Grüters, apart from my parents the first great influence upon my human and intellectual life.

School at that time in Germany meant two different things for German youngsters. Those - the vast majority - who belonged to the "lower classes" of workers, peasants, or similar groups, went to "primary school" (Volksschule) until the age of 14 or 15, thence to become apprentices or in other ways to follow the occupations of their parents. Those descending from the middle classes, especially their "educated" strata, entered "Gymnasium", there to stay twelve years preparing them for university study. I shall explain in another connection that "university" meant (still means) what in America is called graduate study; in Germany, as in other European countries, there is no intermediate stage of what, in the United States, is called college, but part of what college presents to the "undergraduate" is purveyed under the German system during the last two or three years of Gymnasium. At my time, one did not even share the initial years of school with the Volksschule children (this is different now); one entered at age six what was called Vorschule (elementary school, if you please) but which was part and parcel of the same Gymnasium where one spent the next nine years of study. This way a small elite group was chosen (not by merit or capacity but chiefly by status of parents) to become, later on, the elite of the nation. Jews, emancipated and with their urge to enter the elite of the "educated" (Gebildete), were over-represented (in proportion to their overall number in the German population) at gymnasium as well as at the universities.

Thus very few children from the lower classes made it through higher education, if only because their parents could not afford supporting them to age 18 (or, at university, to age 24 or so), but an additional reason for their absence was a "class" atmosphere in which they would feel different and uncomfortable in the company of kids with the customs, habits, and ways of

expression of the upper class. This way, contact of the Gymnasium children with the "masses" was avoided throughout the entire period of education - and thereafter. During my time at school I met only with boys (no coeducation!) from the more or less "higher" middle class; there were few from the lower middle class, none from the workers class. However - and here was the one positive side of the sorry picture - academically Gymnasium was of a high order. It provided the young ones with a generally excellent foundation for achievements in the professions or other areas of social and cultural life. The excessive, status-providing emphasis on sports coloring school-life in the States did not exist. Also, no choice of "easy courses" with "easy grades" - all courses were obligatory within different types of gymnasiums. At my time Gymnasium education was still based on the classical languages, Latin and Greek. But there were new trends: I began with Latin in fourth grade, and French in the sixth. Thereafter one could choose between Greek or English; I chose the branch that stressed modern languages and sciences, thus missing Greek (which I regret to this day) but getting a good foundation in English, of obvious benefit after my emigration to the United States. Throughout Gymnasium I had little contact with most of my fellow-students, being doubly an outsider. There were a few very talented and interesting boys, one a poet who was killed in Hitler's war, one a painter, and I remember one who was a typical non-conformist (rare among German youngsters of the times) who, quite consistently, decided to, and did, emigrate to the United States. There also was a minister's son who himself became a pastor and who, in 1933, advised me to emigrate: The Jews, so he argued, had monopolized too many positions in Germany. Yet, a bit later, he courageously joined the anti-Nazi "Confessional Church".

By and large, school belonged to the bliss-side of my youth; it was part of the "nest"-type environment which my city provided, and it contributed a large part of the learning process

so dear to me. My gymnasium belonged to the best in Düsseldorf; its principal had known how to attract able teachers; this was his chief merit. When I had advanced to the upper grades he was already somewhat senile. I remember that, when our teacher had called him in to say a few words of praise to class, he reproved us terribly; after he had left, the teacher blushingly apologized: "Herr Director must have been in error". His chief influence was one of instilling nationalism. The Weimar Constitution had provided that, once a year, the new constitution was to be commemorated in all schools. Geheimrat Erytropel (this his title and name) would address us each year the same way: After reminding us that the Constitution provided for a Reich President, he would launch into an hour-long praise of President von Hindenburg, the great old field-marshal of the great, glorious war, leader of an army undefeated in that war (thus hinting at defeat by socialists and other traitors behind the front, the famous, or rather infamous "stab-in-the-back" legend), and so on. Only later did I realize how reactionary and nationalistic almost the entire educational ambience actually was in Weimar Germany; it contributed essentially to the weakness of the new democracy and to its eventual downfall.

As for the various disciplines, I liked almost everything, except physical exercises. Drawing (the only discipline in the area of the arts taught at school - no art history or art "appreciation" - likewise failed to arouse enthusiasm; I was typically clumsy and for years used to draw or paint the selfsame pot over again. I learned about art through reading, travel, visiting art galleries. But languages were studied with the same enthusiasm as were history, literature, and music and arts. Grammar and syntax, supposedly dry topics, opened a first access to logic and thus to what is structural in the world; the same with mathematics and the sciences, although physics, by and large, still conveyed the Newtonian world. As for music appreciation and music history, what Gymnasium provided was

rather primitive. Teacher's question: "What was with Mozart when Beethoven arrived in Vienna?" Answer: "He just had died". Teacher: "Very good, you may sit down". The real story of music I had to get myself from what I played on the piano, from what I listened to in family or public concerts, from what I read about it. I don't have to repeat how much music meant to me from early on. I mentioned singing in the boys' choir at performances like Bach's St. Matthew's Passion. I took private lessons from a piano teacher who was also my mother's teacher, a lady of great musical sensitivity and understanding, who made practicing a joy rather than a burdensome duty. Although not overly talented technically, I was admitted to playing in her students' concerts, where I was quite successful with Bach Toccatas and similar pieces. As happened in my very early years with music performed by my mother and co-players (that Haydn Trio!), much of what I played came to belong to those works that were surrounded, for me, with a special aura, a feeling of something so special that it could not be compared with works not carrying it. This applied to much of Bach, also to Scarlatti, and much of Schubert, Beethoven, and, of course, Mozart. My understanding of literature (chiefly German but later-on also some French and English, made accessible through the two Grüters, mentioned above) proceeded from prose through drama to poetry, and I waxed ever more enthusiastic by advancing from romantic stories by Wilhelm Hauff and Theodor Storm to plays by Schiller and Büchner, and thence to Goethe's poems, and those by Hölderlin, Rilke, Stefan George. A very sensitive teacher of German introduced us to the "Storm and Stress" period of the young Goethe, the young Schiller, and their "descendant", Grabbe. Their world images formed a world for me before my eyes and mind opened up to the "real" world.

One should not, of course, assume that the emergence of a world-view constitutes the preponderant factor in the life of juveniles; most of them, presumably, are not even aware of such views being in the process of forming themselves. Affective

factors, rather, form character. What primarily determines behavior, attitudes, and actions is the sum-total of sentiments like love and hatred, moods such as optimism and pessimism, bliss feeling and depression, structural elements like energy and apathy, courage and fear. And in all this the environment, especially the very early one, plays its fateful role. I may refer here to a remark in an article I wrote at a much later time:

He who grows up in an atmosphere of warmth and affection experiences the world rather as a friendly place while others, who are condemned to live without such an environment, will experience their world as basically hostile To the latter the world appears as a realm of constant struggle and conflict, while the former may view the world as potentially one of harmony and cooperation. This way, there arise contrasting world-views and patterns of action.

Somebody (female) once remarked to me that I never do anything unexpected. It is true that I always was a "man of order", somebody uneasy whenever he could not plan ahead, "organize" his life. My world was supposed to be an orderly one, or, at least, capable of being ordered. But this did not exclude the unexpected. And here I must mention something from the realm of the affective that struck me, in these years of maturing, as deeply as anything in later life; my first falling in love. Its "object" came in the form of a girl who was a little older than myself. I still remember her name, though so many later ones have been forgotten. I met her at one of my visits to Gladbach; she was, so I presume, a girlfriend of my Gladbach cousin, Karl Aschaffenburg, and I am sure she never suspected my being in love with her; I adored her from afar. Shortly afterwards I happened upon Stendhal's "De l'Amour", and it hit me like lightning that

what I had felt as the "enchantment" surrounding the loved person and everything connected with her had been described precisely by Stendhal as the phenomenon of "crystallization". I never have felt the power of this feeling, this rapture, so strongly as I did then. And in no other relation, whether of friendship, or enjoyment of music, or anything else, did Goethe's word of "the original nature" and its "first blossoming" apply to my condition as forcefully as it did at that occasion. Compared with it, everything else remained a mere "coming close". Beginning with that experience, there were fantasies of kissing and hugging, but still without the really sexual. In that respect, too, I was perhaps different from my peers. But I don't know how much, in their stories, was boasting rather than fact. I remember how once they had talked about their successes with the young sales-girls at Düsseldorf's main department store, Tietz's, and had asked me to come along after school. So I followed them to the beautiful Olbricht building located between Königsallee and the then so-called Hindenburg promenade. We entered it from Königsallee, my comrades passed through the corridor, casting bold glances at the girls, and - left through the Hindenburg exit. I was very disappointed. I assume that, at the age of dancing lessons, some did advance further, but generally, Victorianism still prevailed, and when I compare that period's self-denials and repressions with today's sexual freedom, I cannot help feeling regret about all one did deny oneself. But, perhaps, it was not quite so bad, considering that those who, today, "have sex" as an experience not different from having a good meal, are unlikely ever to experience the enchanting phenomenon of "crystallization".

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Describing my early years at school, I must now relate what was most closely connected with the first arising of my world: to acquiring a genuine friend, Ossip Flechtheim. Flechtheim and I

became companions for life. In regard to my world-views and ideas, I constantly debated and discussed them with him, orally, by letter (especially after he had "reemigrated" to Germany in the 1950's), and even without his direct participation, in inner dialogue. His influence on me was probably stronger than anybody else's. On this I shall have to report time and again when describing later phases of my life. Only then this real character will become apparent; in what follows now his image, by necessity, will be somewhat distorted, because my first real inner drama concerned a conflict in which he played a role that could reveal his true character only partially.

We met when we were in the sixth grade at Gymnasium. He was born at Nicolaev, near Odessa, where his father, a German Jew, had married a Russian Jewess (hence his Russian first name: Ossip = Joseph), but they returned to Germany when he was only two years old. In his outer appearance he looked, according to stereotype, less "German" than I, more "Jewish". The Flechtheim apartment, too, was a bit out of the ordinary. Plushy, dark. In the darkest room, his Russian grandmother whom they had taken along; he not only learned Russian from her but seemed to be closer to her than to his parents. To me she confided much about "Oshka", she worried about his "radicalism". There were many paintings by second-rank expressionists whom his uncle, the "Gallery Flechtheim" (well-known because of his first exhibits of Picasso and other "ultra-moderns" at Düsseldorf and later in Berlin) used to store there. For me, it was a different, mysterious world.

We used to go to school and return from there together, and it was chiefly during these walks that the above mentioned conflict became apparant in constant, boring, relentless arguments inflicted on me that, in the course of time, caused real terror; yet I could not avoid them - he would not have permitted that, and I myself did not want to escape them because I needed clarity concerning what he put forth for my own image of

the world. What he said was clear, logical, hard to refute. I do not know when or how he had acquired his dogmatic Marxism. Quite young, he was already admired as a child prodigy, thus when to assembled grownups he could detail the exact representation of the parties in the Reichstag or in the House of Commons. When we met he was already familiar with the essential writings of Marx and Engels and also with their leftwing interpreters, and thus was able to apply the doctrine of Marxism to all political events as well as anything else happening in the world, whether relating to art (brought to his attention by his uncle), music (by me), or to the "bourgeois" customs and behavior patterns of his or my family or others'. To render understandable the affliction his arguments created, I first must briefly describe the philosophical image of the world I had concocted for myself.

As mentioned before, it was a materialistic one in the philosophical sense, a somewhat naive philosophical realism interpreting the entire world, that is, nature, cosmos, as composed of matter ruled by the causal laws of physics and chemistry; perceptions as well as all other subjective sensory data and phenomena were, according to Lockean empirical philosophy, mere images, copies of true reality; religious or idealistic-philosophical theories and world-views were superstitions or the product of mental delusion; progress, in the historical sense, consisted of the uncovering of ever more of nature's riddles. This history I traced from its beginnings in Antiquity through the "dark" Middle Ages to the humanism of the Renaissance, where I enthusiastically greeted heroes of the newborn light such as Ulrich von Hutten, Giordano Bruno, Galileo, Spinoza, and from there to the Enlightenment philosophers of the 18th century and the great natural scientists of the 19th. About my "Kantian turning-point" I shall report shortly. Before that, Kant was to me the sharp critic of an abhorred metaphysics, of which Kant's successors, Fichte and Hegel, were detestable protagonists.

From Ossip, however, I now learned that Hegel's dialectical system, standing it from its head upon its feet, could be made the foundation of a philosophically materialistic and historically deterministic Weltanschauung. That was what, according to him, made up Marxism. The impression made upon me by the Marxian interpretation of history (world history as history of successive social classes and their struggles) and its application to social, political, and economic events was powerful and lasting; indeed, some Marxian insights into socio-economic phenomena seem to have proved correct until this very day. Marxism's utopian aspects (prophecy of a classless society, etc.) were to me dubious already at that time, although the Russia of the 1920's seemed still to justify some hope for the rise of a "better", i.e., socialist world. My conflict with Ossip, however, originated in something quite different: the question whether economic determinism was applicable to cultural phenomena. This was Ossip's (as well as every orthodox Marxist's) view, and he defended it relentlessly. Something could perhaps intellectually be said for considering Bach's Passion music or Beethoven's Ninth Symphony as belonging to the "superstructure" over and above the modes of economic production, expressions of their respective feudal or early-bourgeois social systems; but my soul, my aesthetic feelings, revolted against such reduction. Whether Bach reflected something religious, or Beethoven something bourgeois-revolutionary, qua art their works seemed not amenable to the idea of historical progress; Beethoven was not "more perfect" than Bach, their works were not comparable in this fashion, in contrast to the phenomena of the socio-economic-political world, where the concept of progress might well apply. And thus I placed the St. Matthews Passion in the field, against the relentless dialectics of Marx's "laws of historical development" - salvation of the soul by the spirit of music!

Inevitably, this way my friend, with his relentless defense of those laws, became my adversary. Applying Raabe's stereotypes,

he appeared to me, the Germanic type, as a Moses Freudenstein, the great but cold intellect, the "negating spirit"; Mephistopheles trying to seduce Faust, as a close friend of my parents saw it at that time. As for me, it caused sadness; as so often, I was torn between hither and yon. Much in his doctrine, I admitted, was true, but not its entirety. My emerging political attitude reflected this uncertainty. Communism seemed to be the most "progressive" movement in terms of classes and class struggle, and the Communist Party the one which fought most honestly for the cause of the oppressed and exploited. Honesty seemed to require supporting it. But how could I back a movement whose doctrine rejected Bach or Goethe as "reactionary"? On the other hand, my refusal caused bad conscience; might it not appear as cowardice, or, at least, as inability to oppose my bourgeois surroundings the way Ossip did? As before in regard to bliss and terror feelings, I was, again, torn in regard to political attitude and commitment, and the resulting terror accompanied me for many years.

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Although my "Kantian turnabout" occurred in one of my later years at school I shall describe it already here because it was in line with the development of my philosophical world view just described, and also because in its essentials it has remained with me ever since. It happened quite suddenly, in a conversation I had with one of the two brothers Grütters who became such powerful influences upon my mental and general development. It was Fritz Grütters, the one who himself had something of a Kantian, especially in his ethical stand for duties and responsibilities toward others, who turned around my views on material nature and consciousness, the relation of mind and brain, outside world and its image in the self. When I insisted that everything "mental", that is, everything perceived, felt,

etc., "in reality" constituted brain matter and a chemical or similar process in the brain, he said: One cannot compare the incomparable; there is no meaning in asserting that the one is "in reality" the other; you will recognize the contradiction in such an assertion if you will calmly and coolly reflect upon it.

This hit me like lightning. However I reflected about the mind-body problem later, it never again was in the simplistic belief that perception was "in reality" merely that which is perceived (the vision the viewed object, etc.). Only much later did I discover that an English philosopher, Gilbert Ryle, had called such identification of mind and brain a "category mistake": "A description of electric membranes or neurotransmitters can't be compared in any meaningful way a specific thought or emotion". (1) I now understood that the identification of what is unequal and thus incomparable is the original sin of philosophical materialism. Whatever my later ideas about the relationship between subject and object, perception and the perceived, inner and outer world, "self" and "thing-in-itself", it never again was a simple identification of the one with the other. My ideas centered first around Kant and Schopenhauer, then came Edmund Husserl and Nicolai Hartmann, finally I accepted a kind of perspectivism à la Leibnitz. But I never fell for the opposite of materialism, an philosophical idealism or subjectivism which considers asprovably "existent" only the mind and what it contains: "Esse est percipi" (Bishop Berkeley). As Schopenhauer had explained, the mind "can't help" perceiving an external world of which we are aware, and we have to accept the perceived world as being outside. But its structure, its basic nature, paradoxically, tends to become the more evanescent the deeper it is penetrated by the natural sciences.

How relatively simple, so-to-speak tangible, were the basic concepts of my early "Kosmos"-period! Atoms as, to be sure, very small but still understandable elementary particles of matter,

stars and galaxies, light years away yet composed of the selfsame chemical substances we find on our earth, filling "space" and changing in "time". Today cosmology works with quite unimaginable concepts, such as "open" or "closed" universes that originate in a "Big Bang", only to disappear again; originate from what, disappear where? Similar evanescence in the area of the "smallest" (quantum physics): Below the subparticles of the atoms (electrons, protons) physics has discovered ever new and ever more complex subsystems, whose designations (quarks, leptons, bosons, muons, etc., all equipped with "anti" particles: anti-quarks, and so forth) reflect their unimaginability and which, so we are told, are "really" mere properties of "fields" that somehow interact with each other. "Matter" thus becomes completely de-materialized and, to some physicists, mere mathematical concepts.

But if the "external" world becomes more and more unrecognizable, the mind-matter, or mind-brain, problem likewise gets more complex with each advance in neurology and related fields. This is shown by the presently so much debated problems and investigations of A.I., artificial intelligence. Allegedly, computers can perform what the brain (mind?) performs - or at least will soon be able to do so. This would prove that the brain (mind?) is nothing but a machine. But: All the computer does is based on programming, that is, it requires a programming human being. Whatever complex and truly astounding feats it performs (chess playing, solving mathematical problems), it remains one step behind the programming mind, and therewith remains the creation of a human mind. And even if or when it should become able, at some point, to "procreate", i.e. to create another machine, though now a programmer it yet would remain programmed. And the epistemological problem remains unsolved; no computer senses, feels, is depressed or elated. An A.I. scientist has remarked: "The important thing in defining your own thought is to depersonalize your interior". (2) Again, the attempt to reduce

what is "personal" in the mind to something material! This reductionism I had abandoned at the time of my "Kantian turning-point". This did not solve the problem, of course. How to explain the relation between subject and object of understanding, between internal world ("mind") and external world (matter?), which "structures" are contained in the one and which in the other, which "categories" of knowledge and understanding are in the mind, which other ones in the "Thing-in-itself" - all these questions remained unanswered in my own mind, which, later-on, never dealt with them in an expert or professional capacity. However, related problems of perceptions and perceived assumed a vital importance for me, a professional political scientist, when I tried to gain as clear and correct a view as possible of the world of human relations, in particular, international relations. To this, therefore, I shall have to return in later chapters. As far as the underlying philosophical problem is concerned, I shall let it stand by quoting (although only half in earnest) some well-known verses:

It was six men of Hindustan
To learning much inclined
who went to see the elephant
(though all of them were blind)
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

(there follow the stanzas with the six different interpretations)

And so these men of Hindustan
Disputed loud and long
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong.

1. as quoted by Richard Restak, in New York Times Book Review, (March 7, 1982). A recent refutation of ontological materialism is found in Hans Jonas: Macht oder Ohnmacht der Subjektivität, Frankfurt, 1981.
2. Marvin Minsky, as quoted by Jeremy Bernstein, The New Yorker, December 14, 1981.

Second PartYears of Studies and Migrations

For this seems to be the chief task of a biography: to describe the individual in the conditions of his time and to show how this entirety opposes him, how it favors him, and how he fashions out of it his view of the world and of man.

Goethe, Dichtung und Wahrheit

As described in my first chapters, the world that arose in the mind and soul of a child and youngster had not yet led him to the formation of a thought-through, consistent Weltanschauung. In the second part of a narrative that bears the subtitle "How a world-view emerged" I shall deal with those years of a young man that witnessed the awakening of a determined interest in great problem areas of the world, such as world history and politics, art history and work of art. This time of more conscious world-view formation comprises the last years of gymnasium, my study years and years of professional preparation up to the great turning-point of 1933, when history, so far only observed and analyzed, caught up with me, making hash of all previous planning of life and also of a good part of views and ideas. The last chapter of this section will deal with the first stage of exile (or, better, emigration), my Geneva years.

Chapter 4. Teachers and Friends

Recalling the debating Hindustanis who showed up in the verses at the end of the preceding chapter, my recollection of the circle of friends from my last years at gymnasium resembles a bit that club of furiously debating fighting-cocks. There was a never ending, unceasing discussing of all imaginable problems of life and world. But before I report on these Sunday discussions and their participants I have to mention those of our teachers who had the prime influence on our thoughts and attitudes; and, among them, the most influential of all, the two brothers Grütters: Otto (nickname Öttes) and Fritz.

Their father had been music director at Bonn; as such, he had discovered at an early point the musical genius of the Busch family, and, among them, had promoted above all Adolf Busch who was to become an illustrious violinist; Busch, subsequently married the older Grütters' daughter, thus becoming brother-in-law of Otto and Fritz. Adolf Busch's daughter married Rudolf Serkin, the pianist, and thus an entire circle of musicians opened up to the Grütters-students. There was constant music-making in that family.

Fritz was a family father, while Otto remained a bachelor until after my gymnasium years. In their life-styles and character-traits one could compare them with Goethe and Schiller: Fritz, like Schiller, the ethical Kantian, whose moral precepts could become moral standards for the lives of others; Otto, more Goethean, was the one to enjoy life in the sense of experiencing human affairs in all their shapes and aspects. Fritz, typically, adhered to a number of ideologies or, rather, movements, such as advocating land reform for the solution of economic and social problems, or abolition (i.e., of alcohol consumption). Both, however, were eminently tolerant, never trying to indoctrinate their students; they would present them with the respective problems, leaving them to choose attitudes. This way we had the opportunity to find our identities. There was only one limit of Grüterian tolerance: that of the "reification" of things human,

even of all living beings. Once, at the occasion of a class excursion, we had found a dying little hare; upon Fritz' question what we might do, one of my fellow students had proposed to let him die and then sell him. This was too much for Fritz' humaneness, and he freely revealed his horror of such reifying commercialism. Detesting such "entrepreneurship" - nowadays looked at in highly positive fashion - has remained with me ever since. After "Kristall-night", 1938, Fritz and Otto were the first to visit my parents at Goethestrasse, asking whether they could help.

Their educational philosophy can be illustrated by what Otto said to my mother when she once had come to consult him about behavior and achievements of her three sons (all three of us had the Grütters for teachers at one time or the other: "Frau Herz, first of all I have to tell you that, in principle, I take the side of my students". Fritz was the more critical-minded of the two, while Otto tended to be more ironical. He reminded me of the Voltaire-like Abbé in Anatole France's "Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque". I owed to him my acquaintance not only with this novel but also with France's masterly short-story of the poor Parisian vegetable-peddler "Crainquebille", a story less ironical and more tragic than the novel; my enthusiasm impelled me to translate it into German.

When the Nazis took over, both had to retire, as so-called "half-Jews" - their mother had been a Jewess. Up to 1933 nobody - including their colleagues - had known or taken notice of their being, in Hitlerian terms, "non-Aryans". Fritz retired with his family to a small-town area where, although suffering from a serious heart-condition, he was forced to dig trenches when the enemy drew close at the end of the war; he died shortly thereafter. Before my leaving Germany, in the middle Thirties, I had visited him once more, and he admonished me to warn, wherever I would be, that Hitler wanted war and was preparing for it. I considered this my duty but found few open minds during those

years of "appeasement". Otto proved his courage during the war when a former friend and colleague of his - my English teacher - who in 1933 had quickly changed from member of the German Nationalist Party to Nazi, had sent him a pamphlet in which he named "scoundrel" anybody who listened to the "enemy propaganda" of the BBC; Otto wrote him on an open postcard that he did so listen, signed: "Your scoundrel Otto G". When, after the war, I looked him up, he offered me the fraternal "thou"; it was one of the proudest days of my life.

What distinguished the two Grüters from most of their teacher colleagues I tried to express in a letter I wrote to Otto on his 70th birthday; in it I said: "My very earliest recollection of you and Fritz is of the day when I was told that I would be in a class with the two Grüters (in Germany pupils were kept as a group - or class - together, with the teachers of different disciplines coming to them rather than pupils going to different teachers separately). Some fellow students commiserated with me because there was a rumor that these two teachers were a bit "strange", different from the others with whom one could play the customary friend-foe game, that is, where the teacher was the enemy whom one could defeat by studying as little as possible, and, moreover, could make fun of through unending pranks. I found out quickly that this merry but rather primitive attitude was indeed inappropriate with the Grüters. What we Grüters students experienced was that authority could be something different from superiority based on the infliction of penal sanctions; that true authority, originating in the natural superiority of the teacher over the still learning ones, meant voluntary recognition of such leadership and might end up in real friendship. We knew that the wealth you bestowed on us would remain with us for a lifetime, not only in the form of knowledge that one might also have acquired elsewhere, but as something much more profound and important: knowing of, and understanding human relationships and humane attitudes . . .".

Politically the two Grüters stood out as the only "liberal" ones among their generally conservative-nationalist colleagues; they were open-minded vis-à-vis the new Weimar experiment in democracy; open-minded, though critical, also toward a Marxist radicalism that could be freely professed to them by their pupil Flechtheim. I can still see Otto's smile when once told by Ossip that, come the revolution, he would have to condemn him to death as a "reactionary", but, as a "decent" reactionary, not through hanging but by shooting. Such irony, appropriate with Otto, might perhaps not have been quite à propos with Fritz; with him one might rather have discussed in serious fashion how revolutionaries should deal with their defeated opponents.

The rarity and exceptional nature of such free spirit even in the years of the seemingly so liberal atmosphere of Weimar was revealed to me when, in the Sixties, I happened to come across a book on my former gymnasium where I found a contribution by a former teacher of mine whom I had revered as one who was able to evoke enthusiasm in his students for the great ones in German literature, for the "storm and stress" poets, for Goethe's "Prometheus", and especially for their anti-bourgeois, anti-establishment values and attitudes. What a disappointment when I now read his description of the history of the gymnasium! A narrative full of philistine criticism of Weimar - of its seditious lower classes, of students "obsessed with jazz", but not a word about the impact of Nazism on teachers and teaching, nothing on the victims of Nazism among Jewish students, nothing on the two Grüters (likewise Nazi victims in a sense); instead, ample complaint about difficulties during the war years, when groups of teachers and students were sent to rural areas to escape the bombed-out cities, to areas such as Moravia in Nazi-annexed Czechoslovakia, where the German students reconquered the "lost lands of the East". Complaints about such "deportations", yes, but nothing about other deportations of the time, to Auschwitz, for instance, where some of my fellow students found

their death. It was the spirit of traditional German authoritarianism that had been concealed behind a façade of apparently liberal estheticism, penetrating even the seemingly free, "golden" years of Weimar democracy. Most of us had been unaware of its persistence. Youthful enthusiasm for the new, for modernity had repressed it. Only too soon it was to overrun us in renewed and more gruesome shape.

There was one, however, my fellow student and friend Max Levy, who had well understood the anti-liberal, reactionary trends of the times; the anti-semitism he experienced had made him a Zionist at an early point in his life. And therewith I come to our "Sunday meetings" with all their "world-view"-type of discussions. In those last gymnasium years a circle of friends used to meet most every Sunday afternoon at the different homes where the respective parents used to regale us with chocolate and cake; it became a place of Geborgenheit for me; here, I did not feel an outsider, here it was the books one had read, the problems one had argued about at school, the experiences one had made on trips, or in theaters and concerts or lectures that would become the objects of our talks. And this way the feeling - long foreign to me - that I had acquired genuine friends and true friendship added to the "bliss" of this period of my life.

True, there still was that feeling of being torn this way and that, of intellectual uncertainty and confusion that had characterized my relation to Ossip Flechtheim, my first real friend; now it depressed me, in contrast to the certainties my friends had gained in respect to their world-views; and it was, next to Flechtheim, above all Levy who enjoyed such certainty of views and attitude. I myself, although striving for certainty of views and convictions with all my soul, was too sceptical, perhaps also too versatile intellectually, to fully embrace one or the other of the Weltanschauungen represented within the circle of friends. I have pointed out what separated me from Flechtheim's Marxism; here only some remarks concerning Levy's

Zionism. Compared with Marxism, it was a world-view much less theoretical and, instead, more practical regarding one's plans for life. To Marxism, Communism, and similar doctrines one might adhere and yet be able - at least for the time being - to continue one's life in accustomed - i.e., "bourgeois" - fashion. As a Zionist, on the other hand, one had to decide whether one wanted to go on living in the environment in which one had grown up or prepare oneself, hic et nunc, for something entirely novel and different, a pioneer existence in a foreign country. Max Levy, who, as "Mordechai Levy", continued to be our friend in Israel until his death in 1982, was sure about what he would do: after finishing his studies in Germany and even before the Nazis had confirmed his prophecy of doom for Germany's Jews, he had emigrated to (then) Palestine to live there, first as pioneer in a kibbutz and then as collaborator (finally as a dean) at Israel's technological university at Haifa.

In retrospect, has his Zionist credo proved "right" in view of his decision and his life? One is tempted to answer in the affirmative, considering that the Zionist decision probably saved his life, as that of so many who otherwise might have fallen victims to the holocaust (Levy's own parents - non-Zionists - did perish). And yet I was not converted to Zionism. The consideration we others of the friends' circle opposed to his views - that for Jews as for any other persecuted groups there was no "empty space" on earth anymore and that, consequently and already noticeable at that time, the Arab inhabitants of Palestine would never resign themselves to Jewish settlement of "their" country - unfortunately has proved all-to-correct, with the Israel-Arab conflict having by now developed into one of the most threatening world crises. And even morally, although sentiment inclined to take its side, I cannot one-sidedly take Israel's part: One right here stands opposed to another right, and in defending its right, Israel behaves neither better nor worse than politically organized groups have done throughout

history. It would be unjust to demand from Jews more than from other groups - certainly in view of all they have suffered over years and centuries - but it would be equally unfair to subordinate to their right that of others (in this case that of the Palestinian Arabs). One thing my friend supported, namely the establishment of a truly binational state with equal share in power by Jews and Arabs in Palestine, a plan suggested and promoted by such German-Jewish leaders as Martin Buber, regrettably did not work out. It might have saved Jews as well as Arabs, indeed, the entire world, unending suffering and conflict, but nationalism (on both sides) prevailed.

In regard to those of us who rejected Zionism there yet remains the question of why we failed to recognize the strength and threats of a deeply-rooted German racist-antisemitic nationalism; foolishly, over-optimistically, we believed in an inevitable and continually progressing process of assimilation; we simply felt to be Germans, members of a culture into which we were born, members of a community in which we were so geborgen that we disregarded the change in the attitude of so many who, before our very eyes, were moving to the right; we played down the abominations of the rightist extremists revealed in political assassination, such as Rathenau's, or in libel, such as the one that contributed to the death of Friedrich Ebert, the first, stoutly democratic Weimar president (to be replaced by the arch-conservative Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, who subsequently was to appoint Hitler chancellor, thus handing over the state to Nazi rule). After the catastrophe, those of us who did not emigrate to Palestine, have come to feel themselves to be citizens of the country that received them - in my case, the United States - but most of us, like members of other immigrant groups in America, Irish, Italians, etc., have never been able to abandon completely a sense of connectedness with the country of our origin, despite all we had to go through.

As for our general political attitudes, those of us who had

no consistent philosophy like Levy and Flechtheim generally shared the liberal-democratic, progressive views of the majority of German Jewry. Most German Jews were "liberals" in this broad sense for two reasons: first of all, as members of a minority recently emancipated they were interested in the protection of their rights and their equal status; also in that of their business rights since most of them belonged to the middle class of traders and entrepreneurs; second, because of a Jewish tradition to improve social justice and help the disadvantaged. The Jewish vote thus usually went to the left wing of the liberals (in Weimar, the German Democratic Party), or to the SPD (Social Democrats), whose originally more radical socialist credo under Weimar (as now in the Federal Republic) had moderated itself into a democratic reformism. This Weimar social liberalism, quite strong at the beginning, throughout the 1920's increasingly lost to the conservative-nationalist forces and parties of the Right and the Communists to the Left, with all middle-class parties (except the Catholic Center Party) to be crushed at the end by the onslaught of the Nazi Party. At the end, hardly anybody but Jews still voted for the German Democratic Party.

My own political views were still rather vague. Perhaps, influenced by Flechtheim, I was more than the other "bourgeois" members of our circle in favor of a (not communist-dictatorial but democratic) socialism and, as far as international relations were concerned, a pacifism opposing traditional militarism and favoring a peace system through the League of Nations; opposed to "oil imperialism" (impact of Upton Sinclair's "Petroleum", a national best-seller at that time in Germany) and in favor of "national self-determination" of the colonial people - India and Gandhi were constant subjects of our discussions. As for domestic affairs, I was impressed when one of my uncles expressed himself in favor of a plebiscite demanding the expropriation of the former monarchical rulers in Germany who, over the centuries, had

amassed vast properties. Nobody else in my family or among our friends took that "radical" attitude, which in reality was merely the expression of anti-feudal, bourgeois principles. The plebiscite was defeated, symbolizing the weakness of Weimar democracy: While democratic, rule-of-law, principles determined its formal structure and procedures, yet, substantially an authoritarian world-view still characterized the decisive forces in society: army and police, the administration of justice, education, even the trade-unions of the working class.

Yet, despite a good deal of uncertainty and confusion in my mind about matters political and, more generally, social and economic, toward the end of my gymnasium years I managed to arrive at a clear-cut Weltanschauung, based on Oswald Spengler's philosophy of history. I arrived there by way of aesthetics. Those were the years when, after the earlier revelation of music, works in the field of fine arts and poetry were revealed to me in the nature of that Goethean "original" impression that surrounded them with that strong aura of exceptionality. Thus, on a trip to Holland to which I had been invited by Cologne relatives and on which I promptly fell in love with one of my cousins, I was this way struck by Vermeer's "Portrait of a Young Woman" (one may assume that falling in love contributed to it). Some of Goethe's and Hölderlin's poems, as well as some of Kleist's prose and drama struck me in similar fashion. But what proved decisive for my developing world-view was that literature and art now began to appear to me as expressions of their respective periods, and history as a sequence of styles; that is, instead of a unilinear progress, as distinctive forms reflecting the respective "spirit of the times" (Zeitgeist). The Grütters had referred me to two authors, the art historian Heinrich Wölfflin and the literary historian and Germanist Fritz Strich, whose books (Wölfflin: Kunstgeschichtliche Grundbegriffe, Basic Concepts of Art History, and Strich: Klassik und Romantik, Classicism and Romanticism) provided those dichotomies of forms

and styles which, like "classicism and romanticism", "linear and plastic", could be used for characterizing entire historical epochs. Strich himself pointed toward music, religion, indeed "every area of culture" (jegliches Kultursystem) as lending itself to such a basically esthetic characterization and interpretation. From there it was only a few steps to Spengler's comprehensive philosophy of alternating processes of civilizations.

Before reporting on my Spenglerism, however, I must say that for me this seemingly abstract and theoretical approach to works of art and literature did not exclude an oftentimes enthusiastic appreciation of the individual piece of art as such. That it was to be placed into the context of its epoch did not detract from the impression it made as a concrete phenomenon. In defense of such mixed abstract-concrete approach I can appeal to the otherwise so antitheoretical Goethe as my crown witness: After, on his first trip to Italy, a temple of the archaic style had initially appeared to him as "bothersome, even frightful", he remarked: "Yet I soon collected myself; I remembered the history of art, called to my mind the period whose spirit found such a style of architecture appropriate, recalled the austere style of its sculpture and in less than an hour I felt at home". The same with me. The more I "felt" the Zeitgeist, the more I could enjoy the work representing it. Moreover, certain epochs and styles affected me emotionally more strongly than others, thus, gothic and baroque more than classicism (an expression of youth, as I now believe). A veritable intoxication with the Gesamtkunstwerk of baroque churches and palaces with their sculptures and paintings seized me toward the end of my gymnasium years; I asked for permission to submit a study of such buildings in the place of the essay required for the final gymnasium exam (Abitur, or baccalaureate) and travelled widely through Rhineland and Westphalia to study them. And during my first university term I bicycled from Freiburg criss-cross through Southern Germany to

inspect its glorious baroque churches and monasteries. I came to compare such fine art works with what I considered corresponding music: Bach toccatas and fugues with the interior of the Cologne cathedral, or Verdi's Requiem, first heard at Freiburg, with the filigrane structure of the Freiburg cathedral spire. Never, later in life, such intoxication with something I experienced! Comparable, at that time, only with experiencing nature: The snow-covered hills of the Black Forest, conquered on skis in the sweat of one's brow (no easy skilifts yet!); or the sun rising, illuminating by and by the infinite Alpine mountain chains observed from one of its summits.

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What attracted me to Spengler was not his particular approach to political problems of the day; on the contrary, his glorification of the "Prussian spirit" and his general conservative-nationalist opinions were repellent. It was his Untergang des Abendlandes (The Decline of the West), his grand historical-philosophical opus that proved seductive, and here, again, not the specific prophecy of Western doom (that had made the work a bestseller all over the West) but his "morphological" study of Kulturkreise, civilizations whose rise, blossoming, and, eventually, decline made up what we call human history through the ages. For one who had seen cultural phenomena, like music, art, literature, as produced by, and embedded in, "their" particular epoch, it was not difficult to understand a more general philosophy that saw each and every phenomenon of human life, including economy, society, politics, up to culture, science, arts, even philosophy itself, as symbolizing the spirit of a particular civilization that, like the life of an organism, a plant, for instance, had come into existence at a specific epoch. Spengler's thus was a cyclical interpretation of history, one where a limited number of civilizations had come into

existence at different periods and at different spots of the globe, each to go through similar stages of development and decay, eventually to perish and give way to another civilization. Each of them, such as the present, Western one, the old Chinese or Indian ones, that of Graeco-Roman Antiquity, etc., had its peculiar characteristics; thus, according to Spengler, Western civilization was "Faustian", forever striving toward infinite goals, while that of Antiquity rested harmoniously within itself; for the former, Gothic, baroque, romanticism were "character traits", while the latter was distinguished by its predominant "classicism". But since each was to undergo the same cycle of development (growth, flourishing, decline), events or works or institutions of a particular phase in this development could be compared to those of another civilization's similar developmental phase; thus, e.g., a political system called Caesarism by Spengler, i.e., dictatorial-military rulership, as characteristic of that established by Caesar in Antiquity, with what he predicted as the age of Caesarian rule in Western culture, that is, for our times.

Again, it was one of the two Grütters, Otto, who had introduced me to Spengler. At our last year of high-school he had invited a group of eight or ten of his students to meet each week at his bachelor's flat for a kind of philosophical seminar. One aged to study the two volumes of the "Decline of the West", with each of us to report on one specific subject. Mine was the type and character of mathematics within the different Kulturkreise, comparing and contrasting them, thus Euclid's in Antiquity with the mathematics of the - by Spengler so-called - "magical" civilization of the Near East (Byzantium, Islam), that had produced algebra, with Western-"Faustian" integral calculus, and so on. How remote by now was my early, materialistic interpretation of nature and world! Then, everything, including culture, products of the mind like philosophy, etc., had been seen as embedded in nature conceived as material "cosmos". Now

everything, including mathematical and other scientific discoveries and perceptions, were considered phenomena reflecting the character of specific civilizations and their respective developmental stages. The Spenglerian world-view impressed me at that time as eminently plausible, almost self-evident, and it was a novel type of "bliss" for me to be able to interpret any imaginable events in human history under the label of civilizational cycles. Even today, when Spengler's "morphological" laws of history have become more than doubtful to me, certain particularities, especially in the realm of culture, still seem intelligible in Spenglerian, comparative terms. After all, it was at Spengler's time, i.e., the time of my youth, when non-Western civilizations like the Chinese or the pre-Columbian Indian ones had come to the forefront of Western interest. And my Spenglerism began to comprise even those "primitives" whom Spengler himself had excluded from his "high civilizations" but whose cultural characteristics as well as their specific ideas (e.g., on space and time) impressed me as eminently comparable to those of the "grand" civilizations, thanks to my study of Levy-Bruehl's book on the "Spirit of the Primitives" that I had discovered about the same time I encountered Spengler.

Some of my intoxication with Spengler continued to accompany me beyond my gymnasium and even my university years and was occasionally transmitted to others. Thus I remember from my Geneva years a first visit to Rome, where I tried to distinguish the remnants of "antique" civilization from those of the "magic" and then the "Faustian-Western" ones; there I met a very young American, who had never heard of such typically European speculations, impressing him so strongly with Spenglerian ways of viewing things that, for a while, he became a "disciple". We remained friends into my American years, until his elitist-aristocratic philosophy caused a break; his name: Clifford Truesdell, a by now illustrious mathematician and physicist.

Perhaps I should qualify what I have said about my

Spenglerian, rather historicist world-view. It was more strongly rooted in the esthetic sphere, less so in most others, particularly the socio-political one. There, besides some Marxism (where I would even agree with some "social-dialectical" interpretations of cultural and art products, as, e.g., with Kracauer's interpretation of Jacques Offenbach), it was above all Max Weber and his dealing with the ethical problems raised in and by politics that affected me strongly. His distinction of an ethics of responsibility and an ethics of conscience (in his essay on "Politics as a Vocation") was to become important for my later studies of "Political Realism and Political Idealism", as was his value relativism (in his "Scholarship as a Vocation") for my attitude as a social scientist, where my own strong value relativism has lately given way to a value absolutism of a sort under the impact of the threats to global survival. All of this was beyond Spenglerian estheticism. Moreover, a world-view that had added to the sense of Geborgenheit of my school years would no longer have this soothing effect once I had to leave the "nest". Separation from home added, in my case, a "terror" element to the new situation because of the problem of choice of profession, where, throughout my years of studies, I suffered from a typical weakness: not being able to make straightforward decisions, in this case, to come to a definite decision concerning my future.

Chapter 5. Years of Study

Our will is nothing but a prediction of that which we shall do under all circumstances. These circumstances, however, seize us in their own fashion.

Goethe

Choosing my profession belonged to the most difficult decisions of my life. For me it was not, or at least not only one about a future "career," about how best to earn one's living, how best "to make oneself marketable," as most of our youngsters strive today when almost everything by way of careers is couched in terms of "marketability," of how best to sell oneself in the market of professions and occupations. At my time, deciding about one's profession was for most of those who had a chance freely to choose one a decision about one's calling; avocation, rather than vocation.

Why was entering upon university studies so decisive? As I mentioned when describing my gymnasium years, graduating from gymnasium meant (and still means) something like getting one's B.A. in America. Absent a college stage in-between high school and university, entering university meant (and still means) beginning graduate studies, like law, medicine, etc. (1) At my time, most German universities were divided into sections (Fakultaeten) for the study of law, medicine, theology (Protestant or Catholic), and, finally, one called "philosophical" for everything else, from arts and literature through history and social studies, and, of course, philosophy proper, to the "natural sciences." Finishing studies there would lead to the only academic degree, the doctoral one (thus, the Dr. phil., corresponding to the Anglo-American Ph.D., the Dr. jur. corresponding to the J.D., and so forth). However, to enter the respective professions, additional state exams had to be passed, thus, in the case of lawyers, a first state exam, to be taken after finishing one's legal studies at the university, making one a kind of preparatory civil servant with a couple of years in-service with courts, district attorneys, practicing lawyers, after which, upon passing a second state exam, one's path would be open to serve as a judge or prosecutor (both, in Germany, state-appointed) or to become a "free," practicing attorney-at-law. Thus, after passing my final exams at gymnasium I could no

longer postpone making up my mind about whether to enter university (there was not much doubt about that) and, if so, which Fakultaet; this would pretty much determine what to make of my life. I had a hard time at it.

From early on, life had appeared to me as something to be fashioned, step by step; hence the question of my "calling:" what was I meant to be, or to become? And this in the sense not only of what I might be best qualified for but also in which areas I might do something of value to mankind. The diversity of my interests as well as the uncertainties of the times and the confusion of their tendencies produced new terror when faced with the necessity of choice that became imminent in the last period of my high school years; the complete freedom of decision which my parents allowed me in this question contributed to the terror; a bewilderment of choice. I remember that at night, before going to sleep, I would constitute myself as a kind of parliament where representatives of different parties discussed the various pros and cons time and again, but there never was a clear voting result! In retrospect I recognize that this kind of attempted "political" decision-making, in the "predictive" sense of the Goethe motto at the head of this chapter, might have predicted that I was preordained to become a political scientist - only that, unfortunately, there existed at that time neither the concept nor the profession of "political science." I envied Flechtheim, who, whatever he might study, seemed preordained for "politics as a profession." I envied Levy, whose Palestinian pioneer existence seemed to be sure. Most of my other fellow students knew what to do. There was one to whom Europe was too "narrow;" he wanted to emigrate to America, and soon did so. I myself felt so strongly rooted in Germany - even in the Rhineland as "local" home, Heimat - that I could hardly visualize a life "entirely elsewhere." And that which in the sense of a career seemed doubtful - to study musicology, art history, literature, even philosophy - was most attractive, indeed; but two things

seemed to render it impracticable for me: One, the perturbing diversity of my interests that existed regarding these disciplines, too; none of them predominated in the way musicology did in the case of my brother Gerhard. The second factor that spoke against selecting one of these fields was my life-long feeling of insecurity, if not inferiority: I feared never to be able to achieve something of a creative rank sufficient to satisfy me and others; not even the rank of a minimally original and important university professor, the only practicable profession in those disciplines. Presumably I imagined most professors to be of the stature of a Strich or Wölfflin. And thus there appeared the profession of a lawyer - the profession of my father - as the best way out of the dilemma, because it did include, within the areas of law, a variety of possibilities: to become a judge, like my father, or a defense lawyer in the service of the poor and oppressed, according to my inclination to see justice done, - I would not consider becoming a business or corporation lawyer - or, finally, the chance to enter an academic career as university professor - a possibility eventually to become the reality, to be sure, in the "very own fashion" of Goethe's "circumstances."

I remember that I caused my father great anxiety when, during my studies, I threatened time and again to give up the law and change over to other fields of study. I never did. There was at that time still the great "academic freedom" not only to change universities, to wander from one to another like the medieval "scholar," but also to attend freely courses of different Fakultäten; there were no final exams for individual courses, one was free to attend or go. But my non-legal interests were never dropped, either. Especially during my first four terms I attended more courses in philosophy, history, germanistics, and musicology than courses in the faculty of law where I was matriculated. And as for courses in law, I typically considered the study of law as primarily one of legal science (as history of

law and legal systems, as philosophy of law, etc.), rather than as preparation for practicing the law.

The time of my studying was relatively short, lasting from 1927 to 1930, but to me it is the most impressive evidence of Bergson's distinction between "scientific" and subjective, "lived-through" time: So much "lived-through" experience was compressed into those few years that they seem to me now like decades, while later decades, especially the most recent ones, seem only years. I spent those years at four different universities - the first two semesters at Freiburg, then one at Heidelberg, one at Berlin, and finally two at Cologne (with some courses taken at nearby Bonn) in preparation for my doctorate as well as the first state exam; in addition, a vacation term at the university of Grenoble in France. All in all a short period of time that opened the world to me.

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Freiburg, summer and winter of 1927 - my best-loved among German cities, nestled at the foot of the Black Forest mountains; here I enjoyed my first real freedom after the eighteen years of regulated life at home.

Two of my Düsseldorf friends were with me at Freiburg. There was Gerd Voss, "Germanic" ideal of my early years; as an idealist, he later became seduced by Nazi ideology but remained loyal to me nevertheless; his father, for many years a friend of my family, turned out to belong to those sorry characters who, after 1933, would not "know" us any more at chance meetings, while my friend, the decent one, was to die in Hitler's war. And there was Ossip Flechtheim, who now openly joined the Communist student organization. I can still see him marching with very few comrades in the rather empty streets of Freiburg, celebrating May Day. Quite generally, students at German universities at that time were strongly organized: not only in groups affiliated with

political parties or "movements" (like the Nazi one), but, more traditionally, in fraternities, most of them of the feudal, duelling kind, where membership, highly selective, was the first step on the ladder leading to high positions in government, administration, the judiciary, the way to "infeodate," instill feudal-aristocratic, militarist values into generations of middle-class sons. They were traditionally antisemitic, and were thus closed to Jews. There was a big chasm between the already then self-styled "Aryan" students and the Jewish ones. The proportion of Jewish students was rather large, especially at the big-city universities like Berlin and Frankfurt. There were a few Jewish fraternities, even a duelling one (my father had joined one, wearing the honorific duelling scar for the rest of his life - as did Hans Morgenthau). I myself was satisfied with being part of the non-organized student body. As before, with Flechtheim at the left and Levy a member of the Zionist student group, I remained in the "secular" middle.

A joined an informal group of fellow students, boys and girls (more and more girls became students in the 1920s), most of them from the Rhineland, most of them Jews. We would meet at evenings in our respective students' Buden (rooms rented in private houses, there being no dormitories), constituting ourselves as Goethebund, (Goethe circle), not, I am sorry to say, to honor the great classical poet but because of his reputation as ardent lover of large numbers of females. I felt greatly animated. For the first time after the disappointing experiences of the dancing lessons there were closer relations to the other sex, and promptly I fell in love with a sequence of at least three girls. There was some embracing and kissing but nothing else, at least in my case, with my usual timidity. I don't know how far the others got. In principle, all of us were in favor of sexual freedom. The actual practice is perhaps illustrated by a case I still remember: that of one girl in our group who seemed to be on the verge of entering a "partnership" with a rather leftist

fellow-student; Papa took her home in the middle of the term, and she became subsequently engaged to a more "establishmentarian" young gentleman.

However that might have been, for me these were new and novel experiences. A few kisses, exchanged when resting from a skiing trip, opened heaven. To learn skiing for the first time meant being able to do something with my body, not only with my head; my migraine headaches disappeared. At week-ends there were excursions, up the Black Forest hills, bicycling down the valleys toward the Rhine. During vacations I sometimes cycled alone, but without the feeling of loneliness - I mentioned already my week-long trip to the South-German baroque treasures. As for studying, I attended Edmund Husserl's course, somewhat disappointing: the great philosopher turned out not to be a great lecturer; I learned more about his "phenomenology" through his writings. A far better lecturer was one who introduced us to Roman law, an allegedly dry topic that yet inspired me through the "classical" conceptual clarity of Roman legal rules and institutions; so much so that during the second semester I attended a Roman law seminar where I worked and reported on a comparison of certain Roman with English legal institutions - a comparison that produced (to me) surprising similarities in the development of the two legal systems, both of the unwritten, "common law" type; once again, my interest was in history and theory rather than practice

Heidelberg, summer 1928. There were, again, several members of our Goethebund, and also Ossip (who had spent the preceding winter term at the Sorbonne). I still did not attend the core legal courses (such as civil law and law of civil procedure) but I did attend the one on criminal law, given by Gustav Radbruch, one of the few progressive criminologists of the time, who advocated a general reform of the (still rather "medieval") penal code, a reform that, of course, had no chance under the Nazis and was put into practice only much later. During this term there was an election to the Reichstag, the central German parliament; it

was the last one in which the Social Democrats were victorious; Radbruch became minister of justice, an event we celebrated with a torch-light procession in his honor. Little did we know how short-lived a victory it was to be.

Heidelberg - perhaps the freest, most lighthearted days of my life. There were excursions, alone or with friends, to the castles or the still quite medieval towns of the nearby Palatinate, among them Albersweiler, where my Aschaffenburg forebears had lived; or with a co-student cousin to our relatives at Alzey, especially when, toward the end of the month, my sparse monthly stipend had gone (although no tuition had to be paid at German universities - still isn't - expenditures for room and board were a burden on my not too affluent parents); there, we would at all times be welcomed and fed in the most generous manner.

Between Heidelberg and Berlin I attended summer courses at Grenoble, lovely university city in the Savoy region of France. Including a visit to Paris and trips to the Provence, it provided me with the first great impression of a foreign culture; I had been all-too-"Germanic" so far. The greatest riches of all I drew from immersion in the French language; like every language, it reflects a specific approach to the world, in this case a classical style built upon logic and clarity - at least, this is how it affected me, perhaps again à la Spengler, as did the remnants of classical Antiquity at Nîmes, or the theater at Paris, or French literature into which I was introduced at the university. There also was a trip to Geneva, including a visit to the League of Nations we had discussed so often at our Sunday meetings. I could not know that this city would be the first way-station of my emigration a mere seven years later.

Berlin, winter 1928-29; a culminating point of my life, because it was the real encounter with "my time," a time of the breakthrough of "modernity" that culturally embraced all that had been great and creative in the past, to deal with it

affirmatively but also critically. What today is considered as one of the highpoints of this development, indeed, a highpoint in the cultural evolution of the twentieth century, in shorthand called "Weimar," occurred in those few fleeting years of the Twenties primarily in Berlin, and I had the great good luck to be present at the highpoint of this summit.

I lived in a rather primitive Bude I had rented in Moabit, a low-middle class, proletarian section of the city. I wanted to save as much as possible of my monthly stipend for attending plays, concerts, opera performances. Incredible how much was offered in this respect. To mention only three different opera houses, at one of which George Szell was chief conductor, providing me occasionally with tickets. The Sunday-afternoon concerts in Philharmonic Hall, with Furtwaengler presiding over the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, and to which my uncle Willy, youngest of my father's brothers, would take me. There was another of his brothers in Berlin; he had become a wealthy business man, residing with his family in one of the "best" sections of the city; he would invite me and his brother Willy (who had not succeeded in business and whom he employed in his firm) for Sunday dinner - Willy, who collected stamps and also some good paintings, among them a Liebermann self-portrait that, much later, came into my possession and whose presence in my house saddens me whenever I look at it - Willy who was abandoned to cruel death at Auschwitz when his brother, the only one who was rich enough to give him an affidavit for coming to America, refused to do so

For me, the "Weimar" experience in Berlin can be summed up in my attendance at the Brecht-Weill "Dreigroschenoper" ("Three-Pennies-or Beggars'-Opera"); it was the season of its first performance, and I was so enthralled that I went to the performances at the Schiffbauerdamm theater several times. What impressed me so much was not only its acid satirical and revolutionary character but above all the underlying sadness

about the fact that there are beggars (my early "beggar" experience!), that there is exploitation and so much moralistic hypocrisy about it, that crime is good business and business crime; beyond all this, a basic grief over the "condition humaine," over all the physical and emotional coldness man must suffer

in diesem Tale das von Jammer schallt
(in this valley that reverberates with despair).

Thus, blissful enjoyment of all that the creativity of the ages had wrought combined and often clashed with sadness, despair, even feelings of terror over the world's "injustice;" estheticism yielded to criticism. It was perhaps the most socio-critical, socialist (if not communist) period of my life. Pity with the poor as well as revolutionary revulsion were provoked when I witnessed, in my "proletarian" North of Berlin, poor peoples' looting of coal (it was a bitterly cold winter), brutally put down by the police. Was there a premonition of what was to come within less than a year: the Great Depression that would reveal the phyness of the economic boom of the Twenties and bring to the attention of anybody who was willing to see it the miseries foreshadowed in "The Beggar's Opera?" Politically I developed a rather incongruous mixture of demands for transformations in economy and society of the Marxist kind, for bourgeois-democratic reforms of state and laws, with an admixture of resigned, elegiac acceptance of what Spengler had characterized as "late stage" phenomena of a dying civilization. There was also a strong feeling of Germany's authoritarian backwardness, of the special nature (what later was called the Sonderweg) of this nation's socio-political evolution as compared with that of other Western countries (an interpretation of German history I subsequently encountered in Thomas Mann's "Doctor Faustus").

Emotionally, therefore, there was rapid alternation between enthusiasm about feeling "at one" with my time and despair about its course. Practically, the question of what would become of me became more urgent. My studies, which I had somewhat neglected over the wealth of the cultural events, yet showed me that I might not excel as a lawyer as much as I had hoped; in contrast to being always at the top of my class at the provincial gymnasium, I was outcompeted in the few seminars I participated in by numbers of talented, especially Jewish, fellow students. Renewed inferiority complexes regarding my chances as a future lawyer ensued. But I was helped to escape this kind of depression by my discovery of a legal theory which, like lightning, revealed to me what I thought was the scientific-philosophical foundation of the phenomenon of law: The so-called "Pure Theory of Law" (or "Pure Jurisprudence": Reine Rechtslehre) of the Viennese professor of public law and jurisprudence, Hans Kelsen.

I met Kelsen personally at Cologne, where he went from Vienna in the spring of 1929. My discovery of his theory occurred before that, at the Berlin public (state) library, where I immersed myself in his voluminous writings and came completely under his spell. I wrote to my father at that time: "I myself cannot consider any science as a true one and find satisfaction in it unless I know its philosophical foundation." These foundations I now believed to have found. I shall deal with them a bit more closely when describing the work for my doctoral dissertation under Kelsen.

Cologne, where I spent my last semesters preparing for both my doctoral and first state examination, was almost a homecoming. I took a "Bude" at my grandmother Julie's apartment. This was the last year of life for both my grandmothers. Their death at that time was a blessing; it spared them the shattering experience of the events of 1933 and the cruel years that followed. With them, there disappeared the last generation that had embodied to the end the German-Jewish synthesis. At Julie's

funeral (cremation, no rabbi - this, too, symbol of her enlightenment attitude) for the last time her entire, wide-spread family gathered together - soon to be dispersed (as far as they survived the holocaust) over the continents of the world.

My studies at Cologne and Bonn now were increasingly devoted to the law. Exception: Lecture courses by the philosopher Nicolai Hartmann; he impressed me greatly, and I shall have to come back to his influence when describing my new world outlook below. Equally important for my evolving attitudes was my participation in seminars offered by my uncle, the psychiatrist Gusav Aschaffenburg. As I have mentioned before, besides psychiatry proper he was also a specialist in criminology, reform of criminal law, and law enforcement (in particular, prison affairs). For this reason, many law students went to attend his seminars. I remember my first report delivered before a larger audience; I had considerable stage fright. The report was on mass (or mob) violence, and, somewhat influenced by Freud's "Mass Psychology and Ego-Analysis," I concluded that in such cases, often of a political nature, it was not the "hypnotized masses" that could or should be held criminally responsible but their leaders, or, rather, seducers. As for my uncle's reformist opinions and demands, I agreed with most of them but had reservations in regard to those where the interest in "substantive justice" might clash with the requirements of legal security, e.g., when, as my uncle, together with other penal law or psychiatric experts, proposed that medical experts rather than judges should decide on legal competence of accused persons and, if necessary, send them to indefinite custody to protect society from repetition of their acts. I thought that the accused's rights to a fair court trial should prevail over ever so well-meant "experts'" endeavors; I subsequently generalized these ideas in my theory on political realism and political idealism.

During my last term I "went home" and stayed at Düsseldorf (traveling to Cologne only for a few courses), there to take the

"cram course" preparing me for the state examination. Most law students, having neglected legal courses during their university times, would rely on such concentrated cramming prior to the exam. At Düsseldorf this kind of instruction was given by a practicing lawyer, Erich Wenderoth, who possessed more pedagogical talent than all my previous university instructors taken together; conversant with all the different fields in which the exam had to be taken, he managed within half a year to prepare us for all eventualities; informed by those who had successfully passed the exam, he would acquaint us with any imaginable questions, traps, and tricks we might expect, especially during the oral part of the exam where a mixed body of university professors, judges, and attorneys formed the "tribunal." With a good deal of humor he invented his own "cases," and thus it made studying with him an enjoyable experience even in the driest legal subject-matters. I shall come back to Wenderoth, who became a life-long friend, in some later connection.

Leaving aside the evolvement of my Kelsenian-Hartmannian world-view (to be related in connection with my doctoral exam) I shall deal now briefly with events of those years where, as a "Referendar" (an in-service law trainee), I had to pass through the various stages of this practical training (at different courts, etc.); this could be done at one's residence, i.e., in my case at Düsseldorf, and so I was home again, living with my family. But a feeling of loneliness predominated. Most of my university friends, male and female, were now back at their respective "homes," and I acquired few new ones. One I mention because, from the back seat of his motor-cycle, I enlarged my geographical world-view through excursions to nearby German regions as well as Belgium and Holland. I myself never learned how to ride a motor-bike, not to speak of driving a car (few of our relatives or friends possessed one). However - this happened later, already under Nazi rule - I tried to get a driver's

license in preparation for my emigration. At the exam I drove several times onto the sidewalk; I was already giving up when the examiner asked me: "Why do you want a license?" Me: "I plan to emigrate." "Where to?" Me: "To Palestine." "To Jerusalem? In that case I can give you a license." In contrast to this I may report on a case that happened much later, in America, when, after having purchased a car, I still had to take the driver's test. After having failed twice, I went back to the car dealer and said I would have to go back on my purchase. He advised me to try it once more and, prior to the test, place two bottles of Whiskey on the back seat. I did; this time I was spared the manoeuvre I had failed previously (parking between two stanches, I believe) and passed gloriously. And fortunately, in all the decades of my subsequent driving I have never endangered human life.

Those early years of the 1930s were the times when one was invited to dance parties arranged by the parents of nubile daughters. With my usual shyness I hated nothing more than having to dance and make small-talk at such occasions. I was the outsider again, incapable of sharing in all that flirting and afraid to be secretly ridiculed by the lions (and lionesses) of the ball-room. Knowing that the respective parents were inspecting me regarding a possible "match" made my revulsion all the stronger.

These were also the times when the importance of the emotional in life and world became more strongly felt. As for works of art I was now able to appreciate not only the "romantic" (or gothic or baroque) kind but equally the "classical" one, seeing that both elements could even be combined in one work, such as "Don Giovanni," or "The Tempest" or in the classicist elegance of a "baroque" palace. A la Husserl, I undertook a kind of phenomenology of the different branches of art: distinguishing the work of art that exists and continues to exist in space (such as sculpture or painting) from that which needs

performance to come to itself (like music or play); that which depends on "interpretation" (like the latter ones) from the one that doesn't need it; the one that is meant for use (like architecture) from the one that constitutes l'art pour l'art; and so forth. My manuscript has been lost to posterity, no great loss, I presume. But for me it was a preparatory step toward forming a world-view consonant with Nicolai Hartmann's ontology.

As for politics, I must mention that it was the time when Ossip Flechtheim changed from party communist and dogmatic Marxian to an undogmatic socialist. It was the effect of a trip to Russia, which showed him that Soviet communism under Stalin had become a dictatorship over the proletariat, where the ideal of a classless society and of a state "dying away" in practice had been transformed into its opposite, totalitarian rulership ("dictatorship of the Secretariat"). More remarkable, perhaps, than this realization and even the relatively early point in time where it was made (Stalin had just then established hegemony over competing leaders) was Ossip's characteristic intellectual honesty that would not permit subordinating facts to ideological requirements. This also meant that - unlike so many other ex-communists - he never fell victim to an ideology of extreme anti-communism. His critique remained empirical, and the numerous changes that since have characterized his world-view reflected always the inclination to draw theoretical insights from nothing but observed reality. And although even after his big "conversion" our respective opinions and views have frequently differed, mutual understanding has never been lacking; indeed, during our last decades many of our views have drawn close to each other. I cannot write his intellectual biography here, but I shall at occasion come back to his insights and opinions in connection with the development of my own.

The political atmosphere in those last years of the Weimar Republic became more and more oppressive. Whatever hope there had been that the economically normal years anteceding the Great

Depression might stabilize the young democracy vanished under the impact of the Great Depression, with its armies of unemployed. There developed a civil war atmosphere; extremists on both the right and the left, Red Front communists and Nazi storm troopers clad in their brown uniforms engaged in daily street battles. The seemingly moderate bourgeois "establishment," concerned about its property rights, turned ever more to the Right. Administration of justice, traditionally "blind in the right eye," continued its partiality in the ever more numerous cases of political violence brought before it. For me, as a young lawyer as well as one who, since his early youth, had always been strongly affected by seeing injustice done, observing these trends was particularly painful. Compassion and urge for justice turned into indignation, indignation into attempted activism. It was at that time that I began to collect the evidence. If justice could not (yet) be done, at least posterity, if not those presently living, should know what had happened. As for the present, those responsible for partiality and injustice should this way at least be prevented from establishing a one-sided view of events which then might be used propagandistically to create a distorted world picture; this urge predicted something of my late world-view of "perspectivism" with its insistence on the importance of image creation for world politics in an age of threatened human survival. This impulse to see justice prevail or at least be brought before the eyes of the public has never left me since. Over my life-time, it meant writing unceasingly "letters to the editor," some actually published, more of them not. It also meant spending much - perhaps too much - time on reading newspapers: To get a more or less "correct" world-view one had first of all to get sufficient information about world affairs. At the time in question, it was primarily the Frankfurter Zeitung, Germany's then foremost liberal paper, that provided this kind of information; indeed, into the initial years of Nazism it was not completely controlled and was able, in Aesopian language, to report on early Nazi

atrocities (true, one had to develop an ability to "read between the lines" to get hold of the information). Later, in Geneva, it was the Journal des Nations that provided the necessary information, especially on world events connected with the League of Nations. In America, it was at first the Washington Post and then the New York Times, two still liberal papers among a decreasing number of such papers within increasingly conservative print media in the United States. For information about postwar Germany I first subscribed to FAZ, Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung, the conservative successor to Frankfurter Zeitung, and, when that took too much time, to the liberal weekly Die Zeit. And besides the daily paper(s) I kept up my readership of weeklies, or similar magazines providing political as well as cultural overviews, such as Die Weltbuehne of Weimar fame, or in America The New Yorker and, lately, The New York Review of Books. To be sure, to be truly informed one would have to get out of other "world paper"-type of press organs, such as Le Monde, the London Times, or Neue Zuercher Zeitung, additional information, but I believe that my reading was broad enough to "get the hang" of situations and events. A more serious question that may be raised in this connection would be whether reading predominately "left," i.e., liberal publications does not provide as distorted a world overlook as that of rightist-conservative ones would do. True, there is no complete objectivity, selection per se implying a certain tendency; but the left is bound to view more critically what the respective "establishment" is up to. Moreover, liberalism implies presentation of different views - if not all of them, at least the more "significant" ones - even though, editorially, presenting its own, liberal-progressive version (thus, the New York Times, regularly has conservative columnists presenting their opinions on its pages, a custom not usually followed by the conservative press).

The rise of extreme nationalism in Germany caused me to recognize something that most socialists and most liberal or

leftist intellectuals failed to see: the tremendous emotional appeal to group adherence and group loyalty contained in volkish, i.e., Germanic-national-racist attitudes and movements; even among the workers, it gradually came to outweigh class-consciousness and its appeal to "proletarian" group loyalty. Today we observe the appeal of subnational "ethnic" groups even in countries with strong traditions and emotions of nationalism like France or Spain; but in the Germany of the 1920s and early 1930s it was still the nation as such that formed the center of "national" emotionalism.

To me, as a German Jew, this caused renewed emotional confusion. To feel that one still belonged to "Germany" as a group, a nation, a "people's community," as the Nazis called it, became ever more difficult as extremist nationalism and antisemitism grew. But even this wave of nationalism failed to make me a Zionist, who would find "community" in Jewry as a group. I remember once going to a "blue-and-white" Zionist meeting; a girl pulled me to her bosom and asked me: "How do you like being with us?" I had always revolted against this kind of overly close and stifling "togetherness," and so I did not follow this up. But my yearning for belonging continued. At that moment I was expelled.

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And now to Kelsen, Hartmann, my doctoral thesis. I shall not burden the reader with details. My later, political-science-type concerns moved away from legal theory and ontology. But at that earlier stage in the development of my ideas both were of considerable importance, and Kelsen's theory, by feedback, did have an impact on my international relations thoughts in their initial phase at Geneva. Thus a brief outline may be of interest.

Having started my studies with law, my urge to go to the foundations of every phenomenon - in this case, legal norms and

legal systems - found in Kelsen's "Pure Theory of Law" its (ever so temporary) satisfaction. Kelsen seemed to provide the most intelligent, the most evident explanation of what "law," "legal norm," "legal order" amount to. During my studies I had found that the question of how to define law had been contested throughout history, beginning with Antiquity. The fundamental problem seemed always to have been its relation to "justice." Some languages (including German and French: "Recht" and "droit") have one and the same word for the objectively existing sum-total of legal norms: "Law" (as in "penal law" or "British law") and for the subjective "right" one may have against somebody. (2) While this already leads to confusion, the term "right" (or "Recht" in German) leads to additional confusion because of its underlying connotation of "being in the right," of something being not only lawful but also "just" (in German "gerecht"), in conformity with "justice" (a term used, in English, also for the administration of "justice" and even for judges: "Mr. Justice Holmes," for instance). Thus the question: How does that which is legally valid (the law) relate to what is just, in the sense of being morally justifiable? To this question legal theorists, philosophers of the "law of nature," and others had forever given differing and often contradictory answers. What happens when certain rights, such as "basic human rights" to life, freedom, non-discrimination, etc., are not, or not sufficiently, protected in a concrete legal system of a given country? Are the respective rules of law of that country's legal order not valid for that reason? How does a legal norm providing for capital punishment of specified crimes relate to the ethics of one who considers human life sacred under all circumstances? Or, to cite some more mundane examples, what about property that under some legal system can be expropriated, and a moral conviction that considers property rights inalienable? What, on the contrary, about a legal order that declares such rights inalienable, and a believer in the collective right of society to

deprive owners of their property under certain circumstances? Must the entirety of specific, state-issued, so-called "positive" law be scrutinized under viewpoints of its justification in a moral sense? And if so, who determines what is moral? What to advocates of nationalization of industries or those who believe in abortion rights within certain limits, appears morally justified may be abhorrent to "free enterprisers," or to "right to lifers." Which way out of such confusion?

The Vienna school of "Pure Jurisprudence" tries to find a way by clearly separating "positive law" - the legal rules that form the legal order of a specific community, such as a state, that are issued by specific, rule-making organs and put into practice by other, executive, organs - from moral or ethical norms that are independent from rules set by a state or similar community and thus may be in conflict with them. Thus one can consider a statutory rule of positive law providing for capital punishment as legally valid and yet reject the death penalty under moral considerations. The way-out of this dilemma is legal reform or, in case of moral turpitude of an entire system (such as that of Nazi Germany or Stalinist Russia), trying to get rid of the system as such (through revolution, if necessary). Those subject to a legal system are bound to obey its rules; yet, as moral persons, they may strive to amend and abolish them. A legal norm, as well as the entire system to which it belongs, according to Kelsen must partake of "effectivity," that is, it must be "executable" in practice; its normative form is: Do this, or, abstain from doing that; if you fail (to do or abstain), a "sanction" (punishment, or seizure of a piece of property) will follow. The moral norm, in contrast, is valid regardless of such obedience or sanctioning. It belongs, in Hartmann's terminology (on which below) to another "layer" of existence.

Kelsen's theory constitutes the culmination of the "positivistic" approach to law. It solves the age-old problem of the relationship between law and justice by clearly

distinguishing law, as something enforceable and actually enforced, from ethical (or religious) norms that are independent of whether they are lived up to in practice and are peremptory. The validity of law depends on law enforcement. This does not imply an immoral or amoral attitude. Kelsen himself was a life-long democrat. As legal theorist he recognized the legal validity of non-democratic legal systems; as human being interested in politics he fought them. He thus emerged as the creator of a democratic constitution that replaced an authoritarian one: that of the first Austrian Republic.

For Kelsen, "state" was only another expression for "legal order;" "sovereignty" was merely an (according to him, unnecessary, ideologically-motivated) term for the legal order's regulating everything within this order, from legislation to execution (enforcement) of the laws and administration of justice. "Forms of states" simply indicate whether the basic rules (also called "constitutions") permit more or less participation in "government" (i.e., in lawmaking etc.) by those to whom the law is addressed, i.e., the people, and this way distinguish democracy from non-democratic forms of government, such as monarchy, aristocracy, or dictatorship. Similar political distinctions divide legal systems into centralized ones (unitary states) and those where certain jurisdictions are allowed to subdivisions, which may, misleadingly, also be called "states" (as in the United States) - we then have federalism -, or to local units. The legal order also determines whether there are certain rights and freedoms the legal system protects against interference, in which case we may speak of a "liberal" system. But all of these distinctions are of a political nature; they do not affect the legal character of any system as long as it is "effective," i.e., controls the actual behavior patterns of those under the system.

One basic problem that confronts the Kelsenian interpretation of state and law concerns the validity of a "legal system," or

state, in time and space. Since no system has ever controlled the entire surface of the earth nor existed forever, what are the rules that determine its limits? Where do we find them? According to Kelsen, there is a legal system that, because it determines these limits, is superior to the individual legal orders; it is the totality of rules called "international law." International law determines spacial limits (frontiers), usually through agreements between the respective units (treaties); it also contains rules about the conditions under which a state ceases to exist (e.g., through merger with another state, through annexation, etc.) and rules specifying that a new state has come into existence (including rules of "recognition"). States may, and do, create further rules of international law by agreement (treaty-law) or by usage (customary law). But by thus considering international law as a (superior) legal system, the pure theory of law is confronted with the problem of whether its rules are enforceable (as, according to the theory, any legal system requires for its validity), and how? Which are the "sanctions" (like punishment in case of internal law) for the case of rule violation? Kelsen, recognizing the utterly "decentralized" nature of the system (no central law-making body, no "world police"), here operates with the concept of "self-help" of those who are the "subjects" of international law, the states, and distinguishes two kinds of self-help actions: so-called "reprisals" and war in self-defense. But since war is as often conducted aggressively as it is in self-defense, and since a state's power usually determines whether or not it can afford to use reprisals or risk war, a basic criticism of the entire theory is warranted; for me, it became the starting-point of my deviation from Kelsenism in my Geneva period.

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As soon as I heard that Kelsen had accepted a professorship

at Cologne University, I went to meet him; he was still living in a hotel, pending his family's moving from Vienna to their new abode. Thus I became his first Cologne doctoral student. As topic of my dissertation I suggested the problem of the "identity" (i.e., legal continuity) of a state in case of revolution or change in territorial jurisdiction. The topic lent itself not only to an analysis of a large number of rules of international law currently considered as valid, and of corresponding policies and practices of states (such as: Did the German revolution of 1918 make Germany a "new" state? Did the October Revolution affect the identity of Russia as a state? Did the establishment of Yugoslavia make "Serbia" disappear as a state? Was Kelsen's own "new" Austria identical with the antecedent Austria-Hungary?); it also touched upon the theoretical questions of what "state" meant, of its relation to international law, all of these being problems that had been discussed within the Vienna School in often conflicting fashion. I dealt critically with the different approaches. To some extent I deviated from a fundamental Kelsenian theorem by distinguishing the state as a psychological-sociological phenomenon from the legal order created by the "sociological" state. According to (then) Hans Herz, the state was that community of people which, in contrast to other communities, such as religious groups or social classes, had for its prime purpose the maintenance of a legal order regulating its political and general life through the making and enforcing of the law. Within a legal order the state may, and usually does occur again as subject or object of rights and obligations, e.g., when the law permits a person to sue the state. Thus, I made a distinction between the "sociological" and the "legal" concept of the state, something anathema to most Kelsenians. I further criticized Kelsen for having wrongly formulated the international law rule that deals with the "identity" of the state in cases of revolution or territorial change; I thought to have found out that that rule was the only

one which permits us to consider international law as a legal order over and above the states (so-called "primacy" of international law).

It was a proof of Kelsen's tolerance that he accepted my dissertation despite my "deviations." Of course, I did not convert him. But he thought my thesis sufficiently interesting to send it to Rudolf Aladar Métall, his most loyal follower, at Geneva, a man who watched over the "purity" of the pure theory with eagle eyes. Métall, in turn, found the work not only worthy of a long review in the (Vienna) Journal of Public Law (concluding with calling it "a gratifying Cologne product of the Vienna School") but subsequently arranged for its publication (in somewhat abbreviated form) in that same journal. With that I was recognized as a scholar and a member of the "Vienna School."

I obtained my doctorate in 1931. In the years that followed, besides continuing my "referendar" training at the Düsseldorf courts, I worked as an assistant to Dr. Wenderoth, the "crammer," who had taken a liking of me and put me to work on cases, mostly of a civil law nature, in which he as practicing attorney represented clients at the Appeal Court at Düsseldorf. This meant my first independent earnings. More significantly, he continued my employment even after the Nazi takeover, when employing Jews meant taking considerable risks; I have never forgotten the courage he showed at that occasion.

But I had not forgotten other career possibilities; the one as university teacher was foremost among them. After I had taken my doctorate Kelsen advised me to prepare myself for a position as a specialist in constitutional and international law (one such chair seemed to become vacant at Cologne at around that time). Like all founders of a theoretical "school," he looked out for chances to place his followers in academic positions. But 1933 intervened, putting an end to all planning. Kelsen himself, Jewish and politically committed, was affected by the German "national revolution" earlier than he would have been had he

remained in Austria. He had accepted the offer by the Social-Democratic Prussian education minister to come to Cologne because he feared the victory of Austro-Fascism, under which he would have become persona non grata in Vienna. Now German Fascism hit him at Cologne five years before it would have hit him in Vienna. I was greatly attracted to him personally. He had charisma and as a scholar was full of brilliant ideas far beyond the limits of his particular theory; as human being, he showed great empathy with the problems of others; as a Viennese he combined charm with a sense of humor. Now, in the spring of 1933, he, with his family (including two lovely young daughters), had to pack up and leave. Having given up his Austrian citizenship, he now lost his German one. Benesch, then still in control in Czechoslovakia, made him (as he did also for Thomas Mann) a Czechoslovak citizen, and so he at least had a passport. His German post at Cologne was given to Carl Schmitt, famous nationalist political theorist, who was to become Hitler's "crown jurist." Kelsen got a professorship at Geneva, and there I was to meet him again.

Kelsen's "pure theory of law," which had attracted me owing to its logical order and theoretical purity that excluded all political-ideological distortions from the legal sphere and thus agreed with my critical sense for system and order, continued to be a central topic of discussion for me and fellow students at Geneva (among them Flechtheim). Besides the doubts that had arisen already before, in connection with my dissertation, I now became increasingly skeptical not only about the approach's applicability to international relations (on which below) but even in respect of its "positivism," that is, its value-relativism concerning all political systems. The "purity" of the theory required clear ordering of norms in a legal system, and absence of contradictions. This might be found in liberal-democratic systems, with their clear distribution of competences and where any rules could be tested regarding their fitting into the system (their constitutionality). Such clarity of rules is

doubtful in unstable or dictatorial regimes. Where can it be found in a Junta-kind of dictatorship where one ruler follows another one in quick succession? Where in a system in which a dictator like Hitler, disregarding any and all still existing legal norms, has a group of opponents put to death without even an appearance of trial (case of Roehm et.al., in July 1934 - an action "justified" by Carl Schmitt's statement "The Fuehrer makes the law")? Or where, by secret decree contradicting all published laws, "mercy killing" of people deemed "unworthy of life" is practiced on a grand scale? Indeed, where on an even grander scale entire groups, whose members had not even a chance to comply with norms, are being "exterminated," like Jews and gypsies under Hitler, or arbitrarily selected people under Stalin's "purification" programs? In such instances, ethical considerations inevitably interfere with Kelsenian legal "purity." A system that lacks the most elementary requirements of generality and publicity of its legal rules, that is, the most elementary legal security, cannot be called "legally valid" in any meaningful sense of the term. Would one have to consider even Hitler's holocaust as a legally valid enterprise? Can Hobbes' "positivistic" rule of potestas facit legem be applied to extreme circumstances? Schmitt answered this question in the affirmative; would the logic of Kelsenism compel one to follow suit?

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When I was studying in Cologne and was still in the stage of my full-fledged Kelsenian enthusiasm, I had attended the lectures of the Cologne professor of philosophy, Nicolai Hartmann. Hartmann, descendent of a Baltic-German family, had a solemn way of speaking and as usual I did not dare to approach him personally. But I was deeply impressed by his simple and honest way of presenting his views; everything he said had to be based on observed phenomena, metaphysics had no chance to invade his

clear and incorruptible conclusions; that which remained inexplicable was stated as such, as an "aporia." His descriptive method characterized his subsequent ontological work entitled "The problem of spiritual existence, Investigations on the bases of the philosophy of history and of the spiritual sciences" (Das Problem des geistigen Seins, Untersuchungen zur Grundlegung der Geschichtsphilosophie und der Geisteswissenschaften), which was published in 1933.

Hartmann's ontology encompassed the totality of the universe accessible to the human mind. It was a Schichtenlehre, a theory of a multi-layered universe, that is, the universe was conceived by him as a totality of layers, or strata, where geistiges Sein, spiritual existence, constituted only the highest level. I tried to insert the Kelsenian system of legal norms into that stratified totality.

In Hartmann's stratified universe each layer depends for its existence on the respective lower level, while, except for the lowest level, adding to it something new that is not contained in the lower one. Thus the stratum of the biological, that is, of organic life, is determined by the causal laws of the lower level, the material-physiological world, but adds to it something teleological, the novum of "aliveness." In Hartmann's terminology, the living world "overarches" the physical one. By the same token, the realm of the soul, or mind, of consciousness, overarches both the strata of the organic and the physical. And the "spiritual world" (das geistige Sein), in turn, overarches all three "lower" layers of existence.

To that highest level belong, according to Hartmann, phenomena such as language, ethics, law, all works of art qua art, all insights of science. They constitute the "ideal" type of existence that, although produced by the mind and thus still connected with the lower levels of existence, yet is independent of its being thought, felt, or otherwise, "realized" by humans, existing in its own way outside time and space, so-to-speak. At

the time, I could agree with Hartmann in regard to the "objective" existence of norms, whether ethical or legal, distinguishing, however, the legal ones from idealities such as mathematical or logical "laws" or moral norms; law, requiring effectivity for its validity, seemed to me to be more closely connected with the reality of social and cultural existence than those others. Thus, while logical theorems are "valid" regardless of their being "perceived" or "recognized," legal norms were, in my terminology, of "lesser ideality" (minderer Idealitaet), because, in order to be valid, they must be observed and, if need be, enforced in and by human societies. With this qualification I managed to insert Kelsen's "legal order" into Hartmann's Schichtenlehre; legal theory became part and parcel of ontology. Once again, I had succeeded in forming for myself a consistent belief about the entirety of the world. (3)

Today I am skeptical in respect of the "ideality" of norms and corresponding phenomena of "spiritual" being; I rather consider them as belonging to the next "lower" stratum, that of the mind, of consciousness (Bewusstsein). But I have never since done systematic work on ontological or similar areas of spiritual endeavor. Since the totality of being that was the area of Hartmannian and similar ontological endeavors is now endangered in its presence on earth, I have rather become concerned with the threats to its continued global existence. But the synthesis of Kelsenian and Hartmannian insights satisfied my thirst for a coherent world-view at that time. And despite my subsequent doubts I still believe that in the systems of my (then) masters, Kelsen and Hartmann, there may be found parts of that which, as "truth," is at all accessible to human beings.

1. This is why the usual comparison (in the U.S.) of high college attendance figures in America with lower European (not only German) figures of university attendance is both misleading and unfair. One rather should compare university attendance in Europe with that of graduate studies in the United States.
2. Thus Hegel's title "Rechtsphilosophie" in English is always wrongly rendered as "Philosophy of Right" instead of "Philosophy of Law."
3. I published these insights in an article entitled "Law within the stratified totality of existential layers" ("Das Recht im Stufenbau der Seinsschichten"). This, like subsequent legal-theoretical essays of my Kelsen-period, appeared in the "house organ" of the Pure Theory of Law, the Brno (Czechoslovakia) periodical Internationale Zeitschrift fuer Theorie des Rechts (appearing in German and French). The journal was published until March, 1939, when Hitler's invasion of Czechoslovakia put an end to its appearance (a crude example of the higher level of normative science depending, not for its validity but for its existence in time and space, on the lower levels!).

Chapter 6. A World Breaks Asunder

"For me it has been clear for a long time that the world is driving toward the alternative between complete democracy and an absolute, lawless despotism Only one does not yet like to envisage a world whose rulers might forget about right, welfare, productive work, and so forth, to rule, instead, in absolutely brutal fashion."

Jacob Burckhardt

"Strange experience that, while one happens to be abroad, one's country runs away somewhere so that one cannot regain it."

(Thomas Mann, 1933)

On January 30, 1933, President von Hindenburg appointed Adolf Hitler German Chancellor. A few weeks later, a new "Law for the Restoration of a Professional Civil Service," providing for the dismissal of all "non-Aryan" civil servants, led to my being severed from the service. Since university teachers were likewise civil servants, any chances for that profession had also gone. What did this mean for my life and my attitudes?

As happens often when hit by blows of fate, one may be inclined not really to believe that what has happened has happened; or to belittle it. Sometimes I dreamt that everything was an illusion and, in my dream, awakened to the reality of before 1933. Awake, I proclaimed a "state of emergency" for myself; unfortunately, this did not lead to decisions appropriate to the emergency situation. At the time, the situation did not appear as the complete disaster it later became for Jews and other opponents of the new regime; Hitler was cunning enough to proceed on his policies of annihilation step by step, giving "non-Aryans," for instance, a feeling that only the younger ones might have to emigrate, while one would allow the old ones to live out their lives in peace at their present abode. Moreover, optimists, in those early years of the regime, believed in its early demise, discovering in any and every untoward event (such as the Röhm revolt of July, 1934) the "beginning of the end." I remember how Herr Wenderoth (for whom, as mentioned before, I continued to work) once took me into his inner sanctum (so as not to be overheard by his employees) to tell me that "it could not last much longer;" he had that from his "best" (i.e., business) sources. Most everybody overestimated the - economic and other - difficulties Hitler was facing, while he, to one's surprise, coped quickly with all of them.

I had never been one for making quick decisions, and continuing my service in that attorney's law office enabled me to drag them out. From time to time I looked for opportunities to make a living abroad. Primarily for positions in publishing or

book-selling. What else might one whose specialty was German law look for? Thus I travelled to Holland, where the book trade was largely in Jewish hands, only to be told that - in those years of economic depression - there was no chance. Once there seemed to be a possibility at a bookstore in Bucharest, another time at one in Riga (then still independent Latvia); that these did not work out was a good thing, since there I would hardly have survived the gas chambers. In London I was introduced to the former director of the Berlin Graduate Institute of Politics who now headed a London institute of international relations; he told me that, had I come two days earlier, he might have made me his assistant, but another young German-Jewish international law expert, Georg Schwarzenberger, had forestalled that. Sometimes I have asked myself what might have become of me if I had gotten that position and settled in Britain; an Englishman, the way I did become an American? Surely not a knight, like the (now) Sir George S. Does it make sense asking what "might have been?" Is it more than futile phantasizing if one asks what might have become of the world if January 30, 1933 had not occurred and therewith no Hitler regime? Perhaps a "German-nationalist" government of the presidential-dictatorship-kind Carl Schmitt had advocated during the last stages of Weimar, with Germany "peacefully" acquiring new Eastern boundaries and the world spared a second world war? A continued multi-power system in Europe and the world, spared the invention or at least the production of the atom bomb and thus without atomic "superpowers?" Reading Karl Bracher's book on "The Dissolution of the Weimar Republic" (Die Aufloesung der Weimarer Republik, 1955) one gets the impression that, in those last months of the Republic, things might easily have turned out differently; and one recognizes to what extent the great historical turning-points are often determined by seemingly insignificant, trivial, even chance events.

And yet, London was to become the great turning point for me. I met there Kelsen, who had just been appointed professor at the

Geneva Graduate Institute for International Studies. That school, at the time the only institution of higher learning specializing in international affairs, had been founded in the 1920s to train officials for the then new international organizations (League of Nations, International Labor Office, etc.). It was independent of any Swiss or other official sources, subsidized by the Rockefeller Foundation. It dealt with all areas of international relations: political, economic, legal, and was staffed by a mixed group of American and Western European professors, experts in these fields; French and English were the official Institute languages. It was headed at that time by two "co-directors": William Rappart, a Swiss who had been born in the United States, professor of international economic relations, and Paul Mantoux, a French professor of diplomacy. Both were liberal, humane persons who made it a point to accept as students (and, as the case of Kelsen showed, professors) who had become refugees; refugees not only from Nazi Germany; political refugees, not only Jews or other racially or ethnically persecuted ones. For them, there were stipends, and Kelsen advised me to enroll there as a graduate student. I did, and thus became a student again for three more years, 1935-38. Somehow, it again meant dragging out final decisions: Instead of going right away to America (as my brother Gerhard did) or to Palestine, there to begin a new life, I was to delay once again that final step for a couple of years. but somehow it did predetermine my future: somewhere, most likely in America, an academic career in the social sciences.

Geneva meant something else, too: As far as my attitudes and my basic interests were concerned, it meant shifting from the area of the normative (law) to that of facts and events, the brutal realm of politics. And brutal they were. They had destroyed my idea of a planned, orderly life and career in an ordered, minimally decent, reformable environment. Now the chasms of the 20th century were revealed: the abyss of racism that was to end in the holocaust; total war, already foreshadowed in the

blood-filled trenches of World War I; absolutely brutal rulership, as prophesied by Jacob Burckhardt. All of this destroyed remnants of still existing rationalistic belief in "inevitable progress." The world became a theater of the absurd, and I became more and more pessimistic. Suicide might have been the logical consequence. I weighed the idea from time and time, but youthful energy prevented me from taking the final step. Shifting my attention to the realm of world politics, I found that complete resignation was not à propos. If not from within, fascism might, perhaps, still be destroyed from without. Thus, to my theoretical interests in analyzing situations there was added a very practical interest in action: What could be done to promote such an objective?

To be true, I did not become a "resister," not even a member of any political organization combatting the Nazi regime. When still at Düsseldorf, I would occasionally smuggle illegal literature from Holland into Germany (which, when discovered by my frightened father, would be immediately burned); or I served as messenger for an anti-Nazi group, travelling from Geneva to Berlin to provide arrested regime opponents with legal defense (politically unsuspected, I still had my German passport). But I did not, as so many did, go to Spain, there to fight with the loyalists against the Franco fascists; for that I was too passive and not courageous enough. Rather, I saw my challenge in enlightening the world about the true character of Nazism. Its victory in Germany had shown what political propaganda could achieve; how exploiting its possibilities brutally and without any moral inhibitions might lead to what some author at the time had called "the rape of the masses." Now, after having come to power in Germany, Hitler, through his "peace speeches," was trying to reach the same effect through deceit in foreign relations. The book I wrote in Geneva (and on which more below), served the purpose of revealing the deception. Unfortunately, its effect remained limited due to the atmosphere of "appeasement"

that prevailed in those years. The West simply refused to recognize Hitler's policy as one of aggression and expansion. That became brutally clear at the very moment I arrived in Geneva, when Mussolini's Ethiopian war became the great test-case for the League-of-Nations system and, through its outcome, the turning-point in the development toward World War II.

Only by recalling how, with trembling heart, a young German emigré followed day by day the events that tested the functioning of the novel Geneva experiment in collective security, can I today still realize how high the stakes were at that moment in history. "Never to have war again" after that terrible first "world" war, one had founded an organization, the League of Nations, whose every member would be deterred from starting war by knowing that, in that event, it would have to face the overwhelming coalition of all the others, committed to assist the victim of aggression. And in case deterrence should fail, sanctions would be available to restore the victim's rights. This seemingly so rational system had failed in 1931/32 when Japan had assailed China; still, one could reassure oneself considering that this had happened "far away." But now, in 1935, the aggressor was found in the very center of the system, surrounded by the two mightiest League members, Britain and France, and dependent on continued access to those Italian colonies in Africa whence the attack upon Ethiopia was to be launched. Today many believe that the Geneva system was condemned to failure from the outset because, so the argument goes, "sovereign" states would always be guided by their own interests, and not by any interest in world peace. But one merely has to realize how much more difficult it was to prevail over Hitler, the Japanese, and Mussolini a couple of years later, in order to see that in 1935/36 it was in the very own, national interests of the members of the League to defeat Mussolini's aggression. To achieve that, military sanctions were hardly necessary; to cut Mussolini off from oil (a measure even the still isolationist non-member, the United

States, was ready to cooperate in), or at worst, closing the Suez canal (still controlled by Britain and needed by Italy to reach Ethiopia) would have been sufficient. And public opinion in the West seemed favorable. Mussolini's bluff that he would mobilize his "mighty navy" (how deficient it actually was World War II revealed) was not called, however. Fear, anxiety, undecidedness prevailed in Britain and France. It sealed the fate of the League. Moreover, I am convinced that it involved the final turn toward World War II by giving Hitler the green light for marching into the Rhineland (demilitarized under the treaty stipulations of Versailles) and for his subsequent steps (taking over Austria and Czechoslovakia). It was the end of mankind's non-utopian, at that time realistic and realizable experiment in isolating aggressors through collective action. In my opinion, it had been touch and go. Had one gone the other way, much of the tragedy of later events and present predicaments might have been avoided. Another "might have been"

With that tragic failure of preventing aggression there had also gone our, the German refugees', hope that one might be able to get rid of Hitler and his regime without war. Now nothing seemed to block his further expansion. And besides Mussolini's triumph with its ensuing entrenchment of the Nazi regime there were further blows: the victory of the little Spanish dictator over Spanish democracy, assisted, as he was, by Hitler and Mussolini; Stalin's "purges," and therewith the triumph of a communist totalitarianism that did not yield in anything to the barbarism of the fascist one. Truly, reason enough to cause resignation, if not despair, to a Geneva observer of world events. But strangely, those Geneva years of mine turned out to constitute a mixture of despair and satisfaction, even bliss. The terror created by events, at least in part, was cancelled out by a feeling of gratification that was caused by being able to work in freedom and in cooperation with people of similar attitudes and opinions. To be sure, Geneva was not Elysium; still, it was a

temporary haven for those who, driven out of country and accustomed work, thus could start a new life.

"Neu-Beginnen" (a new beginning, starting from scratch), that was also the name of an association of disappointed socialists and communists who wanted to fashion a new conceptual foundation for a socialism that had foundered because of the split of the left in Germany. Ossip Flechtheim had joined the group. He had come to Geneva, and with him new and old friends with whom one could discuss, argue, share ideas and ideals. Thus the evenings when Hans Mayer, fellow-student of Cologne memory, read to us, chapter by chapter, his newly conceived book on Georg Büchner, genius of German drama, who had died early in Swiss exile, remained unforgettable, as did his novel approach to literature in sociological fashion - an approach that, after the war, made the jurist turned Germanist a leader in postwar German criticism. Above all, there were outstanding teachers at the Institute, who made me view the international world and world events in novel fashion. There was not only Kelsen who, for an evening seminar in his house, assembled some of us younger ones to discuss problems going far beyond "pure jurisprudence," such as Plato's and Aristotle's ideologies or the world-views of the so-called primitives; there were historians such as Carl Burckhardt, grand-nephew of the great Burckhardt and sophisticated friend of the poet von Hoffmannsthal, and the great Guglielmo Ferrero, exile from Fascist Italy, who gave us explanations of the political motivations of actors in world affairs that, for me, became foundation stones of my later theory of the "power-and-security-dilemma" of nations. He talked of "la grande peur" of those who had acquired power illegitimately, and of the impact of this fear on their behavior patterns and actions. Such teachers created an atmosphere of intellectual tension such as I hardly ever had encountered or was to encounter subsequently. In such an atmosphere creative work had a fertile ground. In retrospect, and compared with subsequent and slower ways of production, my Geneva

productivity appears astounding: there was an entire book, numerous articles published in German, French, and English, also book reviews, seminar reports, and other works. But more important than quantity was content. There was a dual concern: one, more theoretical, to analyze the structure of the international world, of international relations; the other, to call the attention of the world to the dangers that threatened it from National Socialism.

My more theoretical concern related to the question of how international law, apparently a system of practical, enforceable norms binding upon nation-states, can be conceived as a normative, functioning system and whether and how it can be strengthened in practice. As I intimated when describing Kelsen's Pure Jurisprudence, considering international law as a truly legal system encounters serious doubts. True, had the collective security system established at Geneva worked, it would have lived up to the Kelsenian requirement of a functioning system of sanctioned norms; at least, it would have constituted a beginning in that direction. The failure of the experiment, on the other hand, made it easy to conclude that international relations were essentially still anarchical in nature; in other words, power relations among "sovereign" units not subject to any actual or legal authority. Such realistic insight made expectations of an evolving "world rule of law," of world government or world federation, appear utterly utopian. At a time when even lesser expectations such as that of states retaining their sovereignty but being able to act collectively to prevent aggression had proved wrong, more far-reaching ones for overcoming international anarchism were even less justified. All one might, perhaps, hope for was an improved collective security system, an improved League of Nations. How one might achieve that I tried to outline later on, in America, when plans for a postwar world were the order of the day. (1) These ideas, of course, could not anticipate that the actual postwar system, atomic and bipolar,

would affect the very bases of collective security; but they went already in the direction of Hans Morgenthau's political realism, an approach that would emerge as the foundation of my later "liberal realist" theory.

This was a few years later. At Geneva, my chief concern still was to fight for those ideas and procedures that might strengthen the collective security system, and to indict policies of member states or of organs of the League itself running counter to those principles. This I did, e.g., in an analysis of the new Montreux statute of the straits of the Dardanelles, published in the (Geneva) Friedenswarte, a journal in which its editor, my teacher Hans Wehberg, internationalist and pacifist, fought tirelessly for peace and peace systems; or in an essay on the Sino-Japanese conflict that criticized Stimson's, the American State Secretary's, doctrine of the non-recognition of the "fruits of aggression" (published in the Brussels Revue de Droit international et de législation comparée); in it I tried to show that such a "doctrine" remains empty oratory as long as there is no system efficient enough to deprive the aggressor of such "fruits." How about international law in the broader sense? Aren't there, despite the absence of an effective peace system, functioning, i.e., generally observed rules regulating at least certain fields of inter-state relations, especially by way of treaties and in the more technical fields, such as maritime law or the law regulating the conclusion and validity of treaties itself? In an article published in March 1939 in Kelsen's Brno journal, that was brought out at the very moment Hitler took over remnant Czechoslovakia, (2) I tried to distinguish rules that are legally valid on the basis of the will and intention of the respective states (contained either in written treaties or verifiable from unwritten, so-called customary law), thus constituting a partial law of nations, from non-legal agreements that regulate the more fluid and more political inter-relations of states that can be discontinued at any time, such as

alliances. To these problems I returned once more much later, in the nuclear age, in my last article dealing with problems of international law. (3)

The second of my chief Geneva concerns found its abode in a book entitled Die Völkerrechtslehre des Nationalsozialismus (The Nazi doctrine of International Law), which was published under the assumed name of "Eduard Bristler" at Zürich, Switzerland, but with a preface dated from Paris and an introduction by a French international lawyer, all this in order to protect my family then (1938) still living in Germany. I don't think the Nazis ever found out about me as the author. Of course, the book was prohibited in Germany right away, and I was proud to see the respective notice in the Reich Public Gazette, signed by Reich Führer SS, Heinrich Himmler.

Despite its political nature, the book was not a political pamphlet but the product of meticulous research, analyzing the doctrines German international lawyers had produced in the first five years of Nazi control of universities and minds. Most of them were theories trying to justify an allegedly "peaceful" policy of Hitler's, expressed in a never ending array of speeches and statements asserting the peaceful, non-aggressive and non-expansionist aims of Nazi foreign policy. International law, as expounded by the Nazified professors of public and international law, was, in most instances, therefore based on doctrines of "natural rights" possessed by nations, rights - and here the interests of Nazi Germany came to the fore - such as the right to equality (allegedly denied under the Versailles system), right to rearm for purposes of self-defense, and so forth. At the same time, law was minimized in its functioning, by alleged rights to disregard it in situations of "emergency," by minimizing the role international organizations like the League of Nations were to play in international affairs, and so on. By showing up this legitimizing role of alleged scholarship, its character and function as a politically motivated ideology could be revealed.

After my book had appeared, this function became even clearer when Hitler's foreign policy, after having fulfilled its purpose to appease Western leadership and publics in order to gain time, turned less "peaceful" after Munich; at that very moment Carl Schmitt, after having worked out one of the main "natural rights" theories, now produced a contrary doctrine (shaped after the "Monroe doctrine" of an expansionist America) of the right of great powers to rule over "large spaces" and the smaller countries and nationalities contained therein; foreign big powers had no right to interfere in such "large-space order."

In the last chapter of the "Bristler" book I tried to reveal the true nature of Hitler's foreign policy, as simultaneously concealed and revealed by his ideologists. His doctrine had been there for all to read in his "Mein Kampf:" doctrine of the German master-race destined to rule over inferior ethnic and racial groups; need to defeat both "Wall Street capitalism" and "Moscow Bolshevism" and to annihilate the group that controlled both: the Jews; means: war, at first to wipe out France, keeping England neutral, then to turn East to conquer the vast "living space" to be settled by the master-race; ultimate objective: to control all of Europe, if not the world. But exactly as, prior to 1933, one had not taken Hitler's "rantings" seriously within Germany, now, outside, one perceived of Hitler as the matured or at least maturing statesman, believing in his and his ideologists' assurances, trusting his forever repeated statements that "this" or "that" demand was his very last one. Those who saw through his tricks were few (among them, of course, Churchill). Thus my book found few readers; published in German, its audience was restricted to some Swiss, and some emigrés who were convinced anyway. I had prepared an English version, submitted to the Institute for its bestowal of a degree. I tried to find a British or American publisher, without success. My congenital timidity prevented me, as so often before and afterwards, from approaching professors or others who might have

recommended me, or from taking other steps. Still, I managed to publish adaptations of certain chapters after I had arrived in the States, thus one on "The National Socialist doctrine of International Law and the Problems of International Organization," (4) another one, authored together with Ossip Flechtheim, that compared the Nazi doctrine of international law with the Bolshevik one, a comparison which may even today still carry some interest. (5) This way, my attempts to make my scholarship at least minimally useful in practice may have had some effect, since the articles appeared at the time when traditional American isolationism fought its last battle with those who advocated intervention on the side of the anti-Axis forces. (6)

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Back to Geneva. Lest there be the wrong impression of an exclusively intellectual life centered at the Graduate Institute, it must be said that, besides the "bliss" sentiments created by scholarly productivity, there were also some more personal blessings and more emotional bliss feelings. There were some love affairs with Swiss girls, of short duration but for me, late-comer, intoxicating. And there was, finally, Anne Klein, fellow emigré, a young Jewish girl from the backwoods of the Bavarian Forest, fresh like spring from the green and the fragrance of its firs. We fell in love. In America she was to become my wife. Her stay at Geneva was of short duration; to live, she had to go to London, as a maid to some English families. Occasionally we would meet, in the "middle," so-to-speak. Thus at Paris; I still see her arriving there for the week-end, carrying all she needed in a hat-box. Or at Florence, where we met at "pensione Aschaffenburg," opened up by two twin daughters of my uncle Gustav. An example of the light-hearted spirit that animated us at times - perhaps better called "gallow's humor" -: the

inscription I fastened to the door of our room there: "Dass wir hier arbeiten, verdanken wir dem Führer" ("that we are working here we owe to the Führer"), the text of what the Nazi "Labor Front" had inscribed on every factory door in Germany; indeed, without the Führer we might never had met.

There was occasional humor, or irony, in our relations with the Swiss authorities too. Thus when those who, like myself, were still allowed to get small monthly transfers of money from Germany (the Swiss having insisted that German-Jewish students were not to be discriminated against as compared with the "Aryan" ones): before the bank would pay out the amount we had to prove that we actually had spent the previous month's transfer. There was some ground for the Swiss's suspicion that we might try to save some of it for our future emigration to America. So there developed a lively trade in receipts, from landlords who rented rooms, from restaurants, even from houses of ill repute: non olet.

There was little access to indigenous Genevese families. We, students and faculty of the Institute as well as the large number of those employed by the international agencies, lived in a world separate from the "natives." For them, the many foreigners constituted a danger of their being overwhelmed by aliens; their conservatism caused them to suspect the foreigners' internationalism, if not radicalism. In them one found little of the spirit of their great son, Rousseau, more of that of their other great son, Calvin. In addition, they were afraid that the spirit of the "people's front" government of Léon Blum in neighboring France might spread to the francophone canton de Genève, where at that time a charismatic labor leader seemed to stir up the workers. And among the students there were not only German Nazis but also some Swiss ones, mostly from the German-speaking portion of Switzerland. One member of the Swiss-Nazi "National Front" lived in the same pension where I had my room. Our sometimes heated arguments at the dinner-table had the

advantage (for me) to render me more fluent in French. Generally, however, the Swiss were still friendly toward us, the intruders. They still generously admitted us to stay with them, if ever so temporarily. The cruel policy of non-admittance of Jews or political refugees trying to escape the concentration camps and gas chambers came only later. That was after my time, and thus, personally, I have remained grateful to the Swiss for having given me a refuge at a critical moment of my life.

Toward the end of my stay there, resignation and even pessimism and a feeling of depression set in. Now the leap into the dark and uncertain could no longer be postponed. And the darkness of my own fate seemed tied to the dark fate threatening Europe, my only accustomed world. My going away appeared to me as a taking leave from a continent doomed to die. And what expected me, the new world, seemed utterly alien, still couched in the wide-spread European prejudice that perceived America as the Rome of a "mere civilization," in contrast to the Greece of European "culture." True, I had tried to get some closer acquaintance with America through reading and through talking with American students and teachers at the Institute; but genuine familiarity could only be acquired in the country itself. In me there was not a trace of that "pioneer" spirit that had animated so many waves of immigrants. It was at that time - the only time in my life - that I tried to give poetic expression to my feelings of resigned leave-taking. I sent a few of my sonnets to Thomas Mann, asking whether they might be found publishable in his exile journal "Mass und Wert." He appreciated them but rightly called them "halbfertig," only partly complete; the term was à propos to me and my life also.

1. "Power Politica and World Organization," American Political Science Review 36(6), December 1942, pp. 1039-1052.
2. Einige Bemerkungen zur Grundlegung des Völkerrechts (Some Observations on the bases of International Law), Internationale Zeitschrift für Theorie des Rechts, vol.13, 1939, p. 275ff.
3. "The Pure Theory of Law Revisited: Hans Kelsen's Doctrine of International Law in the Nuclear Age," in Salo Engel and R.A. Metall (eds.): Law, State, and International Order, Essays in Honor of Hans Kelsen (Knoxville, 1964), pp. 108ff. At the time of this Festschrift Kelsen lived (and still taught) at the University of California at Berkeley. If here, as in the following chapters of this book, I refer to articles and other publications of mine, it is not to provide a comprehensive "Herz"-bibliography but merely to draw the attention of readers who may be interested in details of the development of my world-views and ideas to the respective source-material.
4. Political Science Quarterly 54(4), December 1939, pp. 536-545.
5. See Ossip K. Flechtheim (publishing under the assumed name of "Josef Florin") and John H. Herz (I now could drop my pseudonym since my family had arrived in America): "Bolshevist and National Socialist Doctrines of International Law," Social Research, February 1940, pp. 1-31. The subtitle: "A Case Study of the Function of Social Science in Totalitarian Dictatorships" indicates the authors' intention to criticize ideologies.
6. After the war, the Bristler book might have obtained the practical function of assisting in the denazification of the universities through indicating those who had spread the Nazi doctrine. But since I did not return to Europe for any length of time in the immediate postwar period, I missed the chance to make the book available in occupied Germany; thus, most of those who had more or less actively promoted the regime remained in their positions.

Third Part

New World, New World Views

One should not long for anything that is past; there is only and forever the new that is formed, among other things, from the elements of the past, and true nostalgia should always be productive, create something new and better.

Goethe

Chapter 7. Emigration. Princeton and Washington.
War and Peace.

On August 12, 1938, I embarked at Le Havre on the SS Washington for New York. We arrived on August 18. It was the time when the distance between the continents was still measurable and thus could be experienced. In Le Havre Anne had met me, to accompany me from there to Southhampton. We did not know how long our separation would last. At Le Havre I also had met with my brother Werner, who had embarked at Hamburg. In New York the other brother, Gerhard, was awaiting us. As "pioneer," he had gone over already two years earlier and had just then obtained his first employment as college-teacher at Louisville, Kentucky. Thus he appeared to us already as a real American who might teach us the tricks of American traffic and similar behavior patterns and also an amount of "slang;" but this more to my brother Werner, who accompanied him to Louisville. When, subsequently, my parents settled there too, that city became our new family center, our new-old Kentucky home. (1)

I remained in the giant city, all by myself. It seemed that the age-old, fearful dream of lonely walking the city streets had become reality. Never before had I felt so lonely and abandoned. On my old, delapidated type-writer that I had taken along I wrote about a hundred letters of job applications to colleges and universities, accompanied by letters of recommendation; in vain. The depression was still on, and even young American applicants had little chance. Moreover, I had little confidence in what I could offer. In states of occasional despair I made plans like one of hiring myself out, with a girl I had happened to meet, as "servant and maid." There never would have been something more unsuitable! The terror situation was complete. At that moment there happened - once again - a miracle. Gerhard had met the Florentine antifascist brothers Rosselli when living for a short while in Italy before his coming to the United States. Shortly thereafter the Rossellis had been killed in France by assassins hired by Mussolini. But through the family Rosselli Gerhard had gotten a recommendation

to Max Ascoli, an Italian antifascist who had emigrated to the U.S. and had been appointed professor at the New York "New School for Social Research," whose graduate faculty was composed of German, Austrian, Italian, Spanish exile scholars: "The University in Exile." Ascoli, in turn, knew the brothers Flexner; the Flexners were the scions of a German-Jewish family of 1848ers who had settled in Louisville. Bernard Flexner, a New York lawyer, worked for the settlement of young German-Jewish scholars, and it was upon his recommendation that Gerhard had come to Louisville. Bernard's brother, Abraham Flexner, known all over the world as reformer of medical studies and medical schools in the United States, had founded the Princeton "Institute for Advanced Study," which - unique in the world, at least at that time - offered to outstanding scholars a place where, unmolested by teaching duties, they could devote themselves to research. After 1933 physicists like Einstein, mathematicians like Hermann Weyl, art historians like Erwin Panowsky, had found positions there. All of them were permitted to employ young scholars as research assistants. Abraham Flexner was the Institute's first director.

Gerhard had given my name to Bernard Flexner. I had already applied at many an office of the kind headed by Flexner, without success. All of them were overrun by emigré-applicants, and thus I came to Flexner without much hope. When he looked me over I asked him furtively whether he was perhaps a relative of Abraham Flexner. Well, said he, my brother Abraham, took off the telephone receiver, spoke with brother Abraham, and I had become a "member" (i.e., a research assistant) at the Institute.

Princeton

I remained there, with one interruption, for almost three years (1939-1941). Like my Geneva years they belonged to the most rewarding and most productive years of my life. They afforded the opportunity - an unmerited good luck - to become accustomed to the American academic atmosphere without having to look for a teaching job right away, as so many other young refugee scholars had to do. This way I had the occasion to become familiar with American ways of life and modes of thought, to study American history, literature, politics, and, above all, to develop further what I had begun at Geneva: my concern with history, structure, and theory of international politics. This chance was offered me by the one and only social scientist at the Institute, the historian Edward Earle. Earle was greatly interested in the young European refugee scholars and had assembled a number of them as his assistants at Princeton. They would meet in a weekly seminar and, individually, be furnished with research tasks. The seminar discussions centered around the phenomenon of war. Of its members I mention Felix Gilbert, young German renaissance historian, and Albert Weinberg, American historian of United States isolationism, who had just finished his book, "Manifest Destiny." As seminar guests one could meet scholars such as Charles Beard, father-in-law of another seminar member, Alfred Vagts, with whom one would hotly debate actual problems of American foreign policy, like the issue of isolation versus intervention in regard to the war in Europe that had just begun. At afternoons, one followed the English custom of "high tea"-hour, during which one had the occasion to meet with the "great ones," like Albert Einstein. Individually Earle charged me with researching the history of the European - and in particular the English - balance of power policies in theory and practice.

This happened to be in the center of what I had begun to

study at Geneva: the history and structure of the modern state-system and its foreign policies. In my structural analysis the history of the last three centuries of the modern nation-state system in Europe had been characterized by a constant alternation of power balance and attempts to destroy the balance and establish hegemony of one particular Power (with the capital P, indicating the status of a big nation in terms of power); that is that Powers like, at first, Spain, then, twice, France, finally Germany, who had tried to attain hegemony, were prevented time and again from doing so by the coalition of the other Powers under English leadership; England, as an island country, had been interested in the maintenance of the balance of power on the Continent in order to have its back free to pursue the building up of its empire overseas. Whenever necessary, this rebalancing was effected by war - the "grand coalition war" against the hegemonist, for instance the war that defeated France under Napoleon, 1813-1815. Thus the balance-of-power system, while not preventing war as such, succeeded in preserving a multipower system in which not all (see the case of the division of Poland!) but at least most of the European countries could preserve their independence.

As I interpreted it, the First World War was the first instance in which the "grand coalition" of anti-hegemony powers was unable, even with England as usual rallying to the weaker side, to defeat the would-be hegemony power, imperial Germany. All they could achieve was a stalemate, and thus for the first time a non-European power, the United States, had to intervene to perform the traditional British function, defeating the hegemonist. At Versailles, however, one forgot the lesson of the Vienna Congress where, after the victory over Napoleon, France was restored to the position of one of the essential balancing powers of Europe. Woodrow Wilson rejected balance policies as something "negative," "pure power politics," trying to replace the "old system" by something better: a system and a policy of

collective security. Yet his brainchild, the League of Nations, could be considered as an institutionalized balance tool, where a great coalition of member-states was committed to counter "aggression" and, if need be, defeat the "aggressor." I had observed the failure of that system of Geneva. Now it seemed that, once more, a great coalition of world powers under American leadership would have to be formed to defeat the Axis powers. This, indeed, turned out to be the result of World War II, but with consequences that, compared with the usual results of such antihegemonial wars, were entirely novel. The structure of this new, bipolar and nuclear world system was to be analyzed after 1945.

There was something else in modern history that in those late years of the 1930ies had begun to draw my attention. A balance of power policy was something relatively rational. In contrast to a policy which aimed at the maintenance of a rational structure of human coexistence, however, there had surfaced time and again mass movements that were grounded in more emotional concerns; the more extreme among them, such as the French or, subsequently, Russian revolutionaries, had for their objectives not status quo but the attainment of the "altogether different," such as a classless society and, internationally, of world peace among brother-nations - the utopian ends in the cases of the French and the Bolshevik revolutionaries. To this "utopian idealism" actual balance policy appeared to me as a more realistic alternative, one which involved a realism that had the advantage to prevent power politics from ending up in hegemony or else in complete international anarchy. Adding to these insights the idea (gained from Ferrero in Geneva and from others, like Hobbes and Carl Schmitt) of the "security dilemma" of nations that is grounded in mutual fear and suspicion, I now had already rallied the chief theoretical ingredients of what was later assembled in my book about "Political Realism and Political Idealism." The

material for that I dug out in the old Princeton Library (so different from the present, technically more perfect one, with its little turrets, alcoves, bays) and, later, in the Library of Congress. It was preeminantly historical research. I was - and still am - convinced that history is necessary for any meaningful research about human relations. Whoever fails to make history the foundation of his world-views arrives at mere one-dimensional insights into world events - views of a world without depth and shades. Without historical background nothing is explained and understood. The same applies to actors in history: He who controls the past, that is, the image of the past in the minds of those present, to a large extent controls the future.

In this connection I may also mention another research project that started to occupy my attention at Princeton and continued to occupy me for many years, without, however, resulting in something complete: the history of the German image of America, that is, Germans' attitude toward America, from Goethe's "America thou art better of" to the absolutely negative one of the Nazis. I began to collect material for this project at Princeton and continued with it in Washington, but there were always more urgent concerns, and today there is so much available about this topic that it would hardly be worthwhile to dig out the old stuff again. Clearly, the idea emerged from the actual situation in which I found myself at that time, the urge to gain a more profound insight into my new country, America. But it also reflected a more theoretical insight that had begun to grow at that time, my understanding of the importance of world-views for action and events - in that case of the perception one nation has of another nation, and of how such perceptions influence its action, especially in foreign policies; and how such representations in the minds of the reflecting and the acting ones change in the course of time. Later in my life the problem of the role of "perception" was to

become a keystone for my own interpretation of the world.

My own image of America emerged rather slowly. Professor Earle provided his European seminar members with lists of important American literature, such as basic political writings, from the "Federalists" to Walter Lippmann. Through him I got the permission to audit courses at the university. Also, I followed his suggestion to spend the summer of 1939 at a college where there was no summer school and where I thus could freely use the library. This was the case at Dartmouth, and thus I spent a few hot and mosquito-ridden months at Hanover, filling my sheets with notes on American government, U.S. domestic and foreign policies, constitutional history and Supreme Court decisions - cram courses in preparation for what I later might have to teach, but for me, as usual, also a welcome occasion to delve into areas of knowledge that had been inaccessible before. At that time I gave my first lecture in English, at a nearby Jewish country club; I had tremendous stage-fright. I unbosomed myself of a carefully prepared lecture on "the origins of National Socialism in German political romanticism." The date happened to be the first of September, 1939, outbreak of the war, and my audience was more interested in questioning me about that than in exploring past doctrines.

My America interpretation was largely influenced by the writings of the "Progressives" (Vernon Parrington and others) and the then new practice of the New Deal. I learned to comprehend the difference between a society that had hardly known feudalism and those of Europe that were burdened with a monarchical-feudal tradition. I had to learn the differences in terminology: "Liberalism," in Europe connotating chiefly "free enterprise" and market economy, in America meant social welfare policy, while "conservatism," in Europe connected with aristocratic or even authoritarian traditions, in America was used to define a free market system unencumbered by social welfare regulations. Thus I became a liberal in the American

sense, backing a development that had only recently begun in a country or, rather, a Continent where social Darwinism had prevailed much longer than in Europe. The New Deal this way rendered the Americanization of John H. Herz easier than it would have been in an environment of a still uninhibited free-for-all. Today, for a largely conservative younger generation the reformist social-welfare enthusiasm of the New Deal generation may be difficult to understand, let alone share. As one of the most acute European observers of the present political scene in the United States has put it, "liberal sounds now almost as bad as communist." (2) In the Thirties, as a newcomer to American political and economic life I most likely overrated the chances of a social, if not socialist reform movement in a country that had never known a European-style labor movement and where equality of opportunity had meant upward social mobility for many despite strong plutocratic tendencies.

My understanding of American foreign policy I owed to Felix Gilbert, who just then was working on his book "To the Farewell Address," and to Albert Weinberg's "Manifest Destiny." Attitudes and forces that had determined U.S. foreign policies had been rooted in the missionary ideas of the Puritan immigrants who saw in the new world the "altogether different" where to build the "Zion in the wilderness," a Continent from which the power struggles of the old world would be absent; it was the mission of succeeding waves of immigrants, who had come to escape the oppression, discrimination, and wars of Europe, to penetrate the entire new continent - this was their God-ordained, "manifest destiny." Subsequently, the idea of "mission" produced two opposite foreign policy attitudes: that of isolation from the sinful power-system of Europe (never mind that, in practice, an American version of power politics came to prevail in Western Hemisphere relations), and interventionism à la Woodrow Wilson, who considered it to be America's task to render the whole world

"safe for democracy," that is, to extend the American version of democracy to the world. It was a new form of idealist utopianism that, in practice, marked America's entrance into the so far European balance-of-power system. It was soon to confront American leadership with entirely novel problems.

The author of "Manifest Destiny" and fellow-member at the Institute, Albert Weinberg, was a strange human being. For a while, each of us had a room in the same private house, on Mercer Street. Sometimes, late at night, he would wake me up, asking me what time it was; he had not had lunch yet, had forgotten everything over his studies. That house was only two houses away from Einstein's; introduced by his secretary, I was from time to time invited for supper and the ensuing music presentation; Einstein played the violin, not like Menuhin, to be sure, but with touching enthusiasm. The great man was a touching human being, one who would put you at ease, made you feel right away that he was "like anybody else" and did not want to be admired as the genius he was. One was not quite so readily put at ease at the house of the other genius then making his home at Princeton, Thomas Mann. He kept his distance, an attitude that was symbolized by the fact that he and his family had rented the only place in Princeton completely surrounded by walls, in the German fashion. I visited him once, accompanied by Flechtheim, who had to talk with him in a matter concerning emigrés. Mann was at that time very helpfully occupied with assisting opponents of Hitler to escape from Europe (his own brother and fellow-author, Heinrich, among them). We had half an hour with him; he was friendly and interested but "in reserve;" perhaps it was his North-German nature and upbringing that prevented him from being more warmly "human" à la Einstein. Much later, at Pacific Palisades which had become his final American home, my sister, who had moved there too, and I would discover him from the car, walking his dog. One did not dare to approach him.

In the meantime, many others had arrived: Ossip, as mentioned, and Anny (now Anne) Klein, with her parents and two brothers. She lived with them in a Manhattan apartment, looking for, and getting, an office job. We would see each other on week-ends. Our love and affection grew, but there was no question yet of marrying. We still shared the old-fashioned opinion - ridiculous under present-day standards - that as a husband one had to have a "solid" position, able to support a family. I was far from fulfilling that requirement. As member of the Institute I made something like 125 dollars a month, just enough to support myself. And one was told in no uncertain terms that one could not stay there forever and had to look for something else. Earle, trying to be helpful, would introduce us to his professorial colleagues at the annual meetings of the respective professional associations, in my case those of the American Political Science Association, without much success. Quite naturally those other professors would try to find teaching jobs for their own graduate students, and thus the "slave market" did not yield anything to recently arrived refugees. One of these meetings, held at Columbus, Ohio, gave me the first chance to see the American "hinterland." I can still hear Harold Laski, dean of British political scientists, proclaiming that no Labor government would be allowed by the capitalist ruling class to nationalize industries in peaceful, parliamentary fashion; this was only five years before Attlee did; this did not advance my respect for "scientific" forecasts in the field of the social sciences.

At one point, opportunity seemed to beckon. Earle had heard that Trinity College at Hartford, Connecticut, was looking for somebody who, during the spring term of 1940, could fill in for somebody who had had to leave suddenly. Earle: "John (I just had exchanged the German Hans for its English counterpart), that's your chance." I had to jump in literally from one day to the other. My very first experience at Hartford showed me the

real meaning of American democracy. My arrival had been announced for a certain time, and I had been informed that somebody would pick me up at the railroad station. On arrival I looked around and, seeing somebody who likewise seemed to look around, approached him and asked: "Are you perhaps from Trinity College?" "Yes," he said, "I am the president," took my suitcase and drove me there.

Hardly ever had I sweated so profusely as I did over those first lecture courses of mine, in particular since most of them were history courses (Trinity at that time still included political science in the history department). I soon noticed, however, that even as non-historian I knew of European history as much as my colleagues there, not to speak of the undergraduate students. I found out quickly that the average American college could at best be compared with the last years of high school in Europe (that is, with Gymnasium in Germany); most students had never been taught modern European history, and thus it was easy to cope with those courses; for those in American government I needed more preparation; I coped through the time-honored system of always keeping ahead of the students by one text-book chapter. Of course, the low level of student preparation in America was (in part, still is) counterbalanced by the more democratic character of the American system of education, with college students drawn from all levels of society; at that time at least, this compared favorably with the more elitist European systems.

In those three months at Hartford I learned more about education in America than I had in the antecedent one and a half years at Princeton. Life at Trinity College had still something of English college life. Thus, as a bachelor I joined other bachelor colleagues for dinner in a large hall seating the profs on an elevated platform from which we looked down upon the assembled students. I had a room on the campus, where students would come to discuss course topics or their own problems. On

Sundays, chapel service was obligatory for them. One day I was asked to talk "in chapel." Horrified I tried to refuse, claiming that I was an agnostic. Never mind, I was told, I could talk about any topic that came to mind; thus I spoke about what had become of German universities under the Nazis. Hartford also gave me my first chance to put my hands on journalism. The Hartford Courant, a good liberal paper, asked me to write a series of articles on the events in Europe. Those were the weeks of Hitler's invasions of Norway, the Low Countries, and France. Typical of my theoretical inclination, I tried to put into popular terms an interpretation of Nazism that explained Nazi doctrine and practice as that of a movement and a regime that intended to solve great world problems such as nationalism and internationalism, or capitalism and socialism, by simply applying power and establishing control, domestically and abroad. I wrote those articles like one obsessed, a would-be praeceptor Americae driven to warn his new country of the fate threatening it and the entire world if Hitler should win. Subsequently I fashioned a more detailed theory of the nature of National Socialism to which I shall return.

But Hartford also taught me something less satisfactory about my new home country. My stay there remained a short episode because one preferred another applicant for the position I had filled temporarily and on short notice, an "Aryan" one. A Trinity colleague of the now almost defunct liberal-Republican faith told me, full of embarrassment, that my "non-Aryan" background had been the reason for rejecting me; my qualification for the job had been generally recognized. And so back to Princeton, for another year. There I had another opportunity for mixed scholarly-political activity. John Whitton, a professor whom I had met at Geneva, had established at the university the Princeton Listening Center with the object of listening to the Axis shortwave radio broadcasts and to analyze them for Washington government agencies; it was the

first monitoring enterprise in America. I was not occupied with listening or analyzing but had to research the role of radio in international politics from the beginning, when Moscow appealed "to all, all, all" to rise in world revolution, unto the Thirties when Nazi Germany and Mussolini's Italy urged "exploited" people and nations to liberate themselves from Anglo-Saxon tyranny. After "Bristler" this was the second time I had a chance to tear the veil of sanctimonious idealism from the face of Nazi-Fascist propaganda. Subsequently the results of the Center's inquiries were published in a book for which I wrote the introductory chapter on "Radio in International Politics."

(3) I immersed myself in this work with considerable enthusiasm; it satisfied my life-long urge to "enlighten" the public about disinformation and unfairness wherever it may occur, whether, in the past, in the partiality of Weimar judges, or, in the future, in the equally unfair white-washing practice of denazification.

To Whitton who at that time had delved into the problem of the confiscation of American oil holdings (in Mexico and elsewhere) I owed another research opportunity: exploring the problem of expropriation in international law. In one article I applied Kelsenian positivism by analyzing the role of the respective rules in the system of international law (4); but a turn away from my interest in positive law toward its social and political bases was indicated by a second article that explored the institution of expropriating foreign-held property in its connection with power systems and the homogeneity or else heterogeneity of international society. (5) The first of these two essays was published in the most prominent American journal of international law, something of considerable help in my later teaching career.

What most concerned all of us emotionally at that time was rescuing those closest to us, in particular our parents. When we emigrated it looked as if it meant leave-taking forever. But now, after the pogrom of November 1938 ("Kristallnacht"), it had

become clear even to the elderly German Jews that they had to leave Germany to save their lives. At that night, SA ruffians had invaded and devastated our house; they threatened to beat up my father (70) when my mother (Fidelio-Leonore-style) placed herself protectively in front of him. The authorities had graciously permitted that emigrating Jews might use what funds they still had to buy and take along some furniture and household utensils. Since money was non-transferable, my parents did so, and this way they could offer at Louisville a new home to my still unmarried brothers and to my sister, who had joined them from England.

For my sister there was added concern for her friend, Joseph Königsberger of Aachen, to whom she was quasi engaged. After having been arrested several times and placed in a concentration camp, he had fled to Brussels, together with his parents. When Hitler invaded Belgium, there were no news from them for a long time. Much later we heard that they had escaped to Southern France and had landed in a French, Vichy-controlled concentration camp (at Gurs), where conditions were as bad as at German camps; there were epidemics, they became deadly sick but recovered, found each other, and then managed to cross the Pyrenees and, via Spain and Portugal, reach Brazil. From there, almost a year later, they came to the States. Engagement was confirmed: Bliss for Lore and all of us. But there had been other alarming news. One was that one of my mother's sisters - the one closest to her - also trying to escape from Brussels to France, had got stuck at the frontier in a train crowded with refugees; despairing ever to reach a safe harbor, she had cut her veins and died. Her daughter, with husband and little boy, had managed to reach France, where all three of them, until libération in 1944, had hidden in a small mountain village where they were taken care of by French peasants. It showed that, among the multitude of bestial monsters, there did exist compassionate and helpful human beings, often among the despised

lowest of the low. But another cousin had not been able to emigrate from Cologne; he, his wife and their young daughter were deported to the East, never to be heard of again. My father's youngest brother, living in Berlin, had to undergo the same fate; as I have reported before, he had not been able to emigrate, his own brother, now living in New York, having refused him his affidavit. He had fallen victim to a Gestapo agent who, posing as a friend, had promised (for the entire money my uncle still had) to get him out to Sweden but then betrayed him to the Gestapo; he was assassinated at Auschwitz-Birkenau a few months later. We heard about that after the war through his wife who, as "Aryan," had remained unaffected. I still have, together with his yellow "star of David" (which, like all German Jews, he had to wear), some letters dated "Auschwitz" he could still write to his wife before his death - shattering to read.

My parents never got over these losses. Like so many of those who survived the holocaust, they reproached themselves - without reason, of course - for perhaps not having done enough to rescue those who did not survive, to their own end brooding over what might have been done to save them.

Yet there were moments of joy amid the sadness of this dark and somber period, such as two weddings held in the summer of 1941. First my own, after I had finally secured a "real" employment, at Howard University; it took place at New York, where Anne's family had settled. My Louisville family could not come, the trip being too expensive, but they were represented by my brother-in-law to be, Joseph Kingsley (this his new, Americanized, name, Königsberger proving unpronounceable in English). At the wedding, to the consternation of my mother-in-law, I wore a colored shirt instead of a white one - symbolical remnant of my youthful anti-establishmentarianism. At the ceremony at City Hall, the officier meant: "John, if I were you, I would give Mrs. Herz a kiss." In my excitement I had forgotten

that. A few weeks later I, together with my newly kissed wife, travelled to Louisville where the Kingsley wedding was celebrated. This took place in the presence of both pairs of parents and all the Herz brothers: double bliss.

Washington I

In Washington I spent eleven years of my life, from 1941 to 1952. They were of decisive importance for the development of my world-views, since they were years of radical change in and of the world: America's entry into the second world war, defeat of Nazism, Fascism, and Japanese militarism, thunder of the atom bomb, emergence of two superpowers and therewith of a bipolar global power structure, partition of Germany. Much of this change in world-view will be dealt with in following chapters, when I shall undertake a closer analysis of those global transformations and of my writings based upon them. The present subchapter will take up some of the more significant events that formed my life and my ideas during that period.

When we came to Washington, the city was in the stage of transition from provincialism to worldly, capital-type sophistication. There, for the first and last time in my life, I had the chance - although in tiniest measure - to participate in policy making. That was in OSS, one of the war agencies. But for the first two years, it was teaching, my first academic job, at Howard University.

I owed my appointment there to Ossip. When looking for an academic position, he had received an offer from Ralph Bunche, chairman of the political science department at Howard. Having just then accepted an offer from Atlanta University, he recommended me instead. Thus I had gotten a position which promised to be of longer duration, and I could marry. Howard, like Atlanta, was a black university, the oldest of all. It had been founded at the time of Negro emancipation in order to

provide for the higher education of blacks. When I came, students were primarily sons and daughters of the then still small, today growing so-called "black bourgeoisie," and thus representative of an elite rather than of black masses. The faculty was composed almost equally of blacks and whites. Most of them were qualified, but only a few were outstanding. Among them was Ralph Bunche. For me he became not only a friend but a model of a committed human being, one ready to sacrifice himself for a cause; this cause, for him, was decolonization, that is, the freeing of colonial, for the most part colored, people through the United Nations in whose service he literally worked himself to his all-too-early death. When I met him he had just finished writing, together with Gunnar Myrdal, the fundamental work on the discrimination of blacks in the United States ("An American Dilemma"). Personally he was the most modest, friendly, warm person, open to whites as well as blacks. From his own experience of discrimination he had special understanding for refugees like my wife and myself.

I never sweated more fruitfully than for the very varied lectures of my first two Howard years. One surprising experience I had right at the beginning. After a few weeks I had become completely "color-blind;" that is, I did no longer recognize the more or less black color of my students. And what perhaps, half-consciously, still existed as "race prejudice," the idea that blacks were "different," perhaps even less gifted than whites, disappeared as soon as I found - with colleagues as well as students - the same personality traits and, on the average, the same talents and qualification as among whites. To be sure, their cultural background determined certain special traits, such as talent for rhythm, dance, jazz, something that has been their particular contribution to American culture. Thanks to my Howard experience I understood those blacks whom I later met as colleagues or students right away and much better.

Looking backward I am saddened by the antagonism that has

since grown between blacks and Jews. There was a time when, with a history of shared oppression and discrimination these two groups felt close, and liberal Jews (most of them were liberal) fought "Negro" discrimination and tried to help. There was some black antisemitism, to be sure, especially among the poor blacks of the inner cities who felt exploited by frequently Jewish apartment house managers and retailers. But that was hardly comparable to the present situation where the two groups fight over access to better positions, "affirmative action" and similar issues. "Neo-conservative" Jews and more radical "black nationalists" have taken up extreme positions, and that older feeling of a shared, common fate has given way to "racist" sentiments on both sides. Having enjoyed the friendship of a Ralph Bunche and many of his fellow-blacks, I persevere in my feelings of attachment and brotherhood.

Back to Howard. The president of the university was a strange character. Like many presidents of black colleges and universities he was a baptist minister who in his preachings to faculty or student body could raise heaven and hell, from fortissimo to pianissimo and back. He was outstanding in his main job, that of getting the necessary funds, in this case as appropriations from Congress, Howard being the only "federal," that is federally financed academic institution in the United States (apart from the military colleges). Used to European customs, I thought I had to introduce myself personally to him right after being appointed, and thus, upon a Sunday afternoon, my wife and I went to see him. When we told him that we had come from Germany, he launched into a lecture on Hitler's ideas being related to Plato's. That was the end of my personal relation to him.

We lived in a modest apartment at the rim of the black neighborhood around the Howard campus. When our street block was "conquered" by the blacks (with one black family getting into a house, the entire block would be "evacuated" by its white

inhabitants), we nevertheless stayed on the second floor of the house where a black family now lived downstairs; I thought that, as a teacher at Howard, I would not have to observe the segregation pattern. But we noticed soon that we were not easily tolerated in and by a now black neighborhood; we understood why: Considering the shortage and inadequacy of black housing, they did not see why whites should occupy even one apartment "belonging" to them. And so we moved away.

Even though colleges like Howard have done much for black education, the race problem as such has not been solved by the rise of an increasing number of individual blacks into America's middle class. Despite the antidiscrimination legislation of the 1960ies actual discrimination persists in most fields of life and occupations, chief cause being the insufficiency of elementary schools in inner cities with de facto still segregated housing facilities; this has hampered the rise of even the most gifted time and again. And the emergence of an underclass that prevents large portions of the young black generations from entering the production process has meant that the situation of blacks vis-à-vis whites has deteriorated rather than improved.

Two events connected with these first years at Howard are perhaps worth brief mentioning. The first illustrates the linguistic difficulties that would beset especially the older ones among the refugee scholars. My uncle, the psychiatrist Gustav Aschaffenburg, had found a part-time job at Catholic University in Washington and would come over from Baltimore, where he and his family had found a rather modest abode, to give his weekly lecture on criminology, after which he would come to us for lunch. Once, completely bewildered, he reported that, when dealing with the incidence of crime among different groups, he had constantly talked of "monks" as "monkeys," and that at a Catholic institution! After the lecture a student had drawn his attention to the error. We tried to comfort him by pointing out

that Americans are very tolerant in such matters and certainly did not mind his mistake.

The second event was that Ralph Bunche asked me to write an article on National Socialism for a special volume of the "Journal of Negro Education" dealing with the great movements and ideologies of the times. (6) This provided a chance to analyze more thoroughly ideas I had developed when writing articles for the Hartford Courant. I interpreted Nazi practice as the "Gordian knot solution" of all the problems that the world crisis of that time had posed to humanity. Whether it was the economic problem of laissez-faire capitalism versus socialist planned economy or the social problem of elite rule versus democracy or the problem of basic values with its conflict or religious and humanistic principles, Nazism, rather than searching for one or the other solution or deciding on a meaningful "third way" compromise, cuts the knot by mere fiat of whatever serves its power; thus - to give one example - in the area of the economy, decrees deemed necessary for the preparation of the war planned by Hitler would be of the more "capitalist" or the more "socialist" varieties as the situation required, and thus "war economy" would mean neither "brown Bolshevism" nor "red capitalism;" nor would their dealing with problems of religion and churches mean principled decision for or against Christianity. One thing seemed certain: Nazi victory would replace traditional Western civilization and culture with the entirely value-empty, absolutely brutal rule of the victorious power elite.

Perhaps I had gone too far with this interpretation. The war had just then begun, and my analysis may be considered as that of an "ideal type" of fascist-totalitarian systems in the sense of Max Weber. Two books on Nazism that appeared shortly thereafter, Franz Neumann's "Behemoth" and Ernst Fränkel's "Dual State," were more realistic in their interpretations, although Neumann's presentation of Nazism as an entirely "systemless"

side-by-side of four competing and conflicting power groups (party, bureaucracy, military, and big business) probably went too far into the direction opposite to my interpretation, namely that of interpreting Nazism as "anarchy" in the sense of complete absence of central control. (7)

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In 1943, when most American students had been drafted into war service, my job at Howard came to an end. I had a choice between three job possibilities. A professor of international politics who was interested in the problems of how to organize the world when the war was over and who had read my article on "Power Politics and World Organization" (mentioned in the preceding chapter), was interested in having me do research at his Institute at Yale University. Another choice was to accept a grant from the Social Science Research Council for studying demography. I had begun to be interested in the great global population problems, in particular, that of population increase threatening to develop into a veritable "population explosion," with which it seemed high time to cope. What today has become generally known as a problem that in its impact on world resources, human habitat and environment, threatens the very survival of mankind, was little noticed at that time; the present tragic situation has its cause in that there were too few who cared in time. There were books with titles like "Our Plundered Planet" (by Fairfield Osborn) which warned of the planet's shrinking carrying capacity for a rapidly increasing population, but action was delayed (as it still is today, by and large). My interest in these problems - problems that by now are in the center of my "survival" concerns - had emerged already at that time. The third alternative was to enter one of the war agencies set up by the government to deal with special problems concerning the conduct of the war, such as OEW (Office of

Economic Warfare), OWI (Office of War Information), or OSS (Office of Strategic Services). This was what I decided to do. This war would decide about victory or defeat of the greatest threat to Western civilization in the last centuries, and I wanted to contribute whatever I could to ensure the victory of my new country.

The Office of Strategic Services was a strange animal. Today it is remembered chiefly for the exploits of its spies dropped behind enemy lines or similar "airborne" boldness. Less well known are the activities of what one may call its "chairborne" division, its R and A (Research and Analysis) branch, whose main task, besides collecting information, was to prepare for immediate postwar problems, such as what American policy should be in regard to defeated enemies; occupation policies in Germany and Japan, for instance. The second world war was a genuine war of opposed systems and ideologies and exactly as a victory of the fascist systems would have meant the extinction of any and all democratic and liberal values, it seemed to be the legitimate objective of the Western democracies to introduce or reintroduce these values into the defeated enemy countries. Thus, the Central European Section in the R&A branch of OSS had assembled a group of experts in German (and also Austrian, Hungarian, and Czechoslovak) affairs to prepare for American MG (Military Government) policies in the respective countries. As far as Germany was concerned, it was clear right from the outset that denazification and democratization ("reeducation," as one called it at the time) would not be easy; it would not be something that could be left to Germans right away. There was less unanimity about how to deal with the seemingly paradoxical problem facing the occupant, namely, to decree freedom so-to-speak from above ("Forced to be Free" was the significant title of a book that appeared shortly after the war). Today one usually distinguishes two attitudes that, so one believes, had opposed each other in the United States and also in Britain: a

punitive one, advocating prolonged occupation, if not partition, of Germany to impress the largely Nazified German population with the misdeeds of their rulers; this attitude was at the basis of the famous, or infamous, plan promoted by the then Secretary of the Treasury, Henry Morgenthau, suggesting deindustrialization of Germany in order to deprive the country of any future warmaking capacity. This plan was shelved before the war ended. An opposing policy was advocated by those who wanted to see Germany rebuilt economically and otherwise as fast as possible, so as to have a bulwark against Soviet power, which, so one feared, would emerge from the war immensely strengthened.

While this second kind of policy became the one that actually prevailed as soon as the war was over (with the beginning of the "cold war" between East and West), there was a third type of policy, promoted by many American liberals: it was a policy that proposed, not to punish all Germans for the misdeeds of their Nazi rulers but to prepare them for liberal democracy, a task that should be given precedence over an economic (and possibly military) reconstruction that might not allow sufficient time and effort to denazify and democratize. This was the policy line that was accepted and pursued in the Central European Section. It was a strange group of people that had assembled there, for the most part emigrés, most of whom had not even acquired American citizenship and thus, technically, still were "enemy aliens;" and this in one of the "most sensitive" war agencies! That the government was able to distinguish between such "friendly enemy aliens" and not so friendly ones, attests to its political acumen.

A further OSS paradox lay in the fact that the three intellectually leading persons in the section were leftist German social scientists who had been active in the famous Institute for Social Research that had migrated from Frankfurt to New York: Franz Neumann, Herbert Marcuse, and Otto

Kirchheimer. All of them were Marxists and had belonged to the left wing of the German Social Democratic Party. It was as if the left-Hegelian Weltgeist had taken up temporary residence in the Central European Section of OSS! Of late, as one of the few surviving members of that group, I am constantly asked (especially by younger, left-leaning social scientists in the United States as well as in Germany) how come that avowed socialists could collaborate with "capitalist" Americans in, of all organizations, an intelligence agency? It was indeed a strange alliance. But there was common ground for cooperation. Those politically motivated intellectuals could agree with a "bourgeois" government executive (as they did also with their non-Marxist colleagues in the section) at least on the first, immediate objective: victory in war and establishment of democracy in the enemy countries. As a matter of fact, those three's idea of post-Nazi Germany was the moderate one of a liberal democracy that would leave open the way to subsequent socialism. They realized that in a traditionally authoritarian country like Germany, with its few and weak democratic roots, the first step would have to be to create liberal, "rule of law" (Rechtsstaat)-type foundations that would do away with Germany's feudal-authoritarian forces in the military, the judiciary, in economic and administrative bureaucracies, and even in schools and labor unions. Socialism would have a chance when, in a system of freely competing parties, a united (so one hoped) socialist party would come to the fore.

This way, liberal-democratic goals were at the basis of all our endeavors in the section: Endeavors that comprised the writing of "Civil Affairs Guides," which contained directives for future American military government officers. How much the practitioners' practice deviated from our theoretical goals became clear as soon as the war ended. In many instances the guides did not even reach the respective MG authorities, or they came too late, or were simply disregarded. Thus, as far as

denazification was concerned, a fairly reasonable and, as I believe, practicable directive was distorted into a stupid practice of questioning the entire population (millions of people!) to find out how they had behaved under Nazism; small wonder that, after a short period of putting vast masses into internment camps the vast majority of even deeply involved Nazis would be released, "punished" with small fines, amnestied, or similarly "white-washed," free, with few exceptions, to enter or reenter offices and occupations; a result that was deeply disappointing not only to our "socialists" but to us liberal-democratic minded also.

There was a more general lesson I could draw from OSS experience. It concerned decision-making. What we in our lowly section worked out and suggested had, first of all, to survive the scrutiny of an endless number of committees, intra-agency, then of other war agencies, from there to Department of State, War, and Navy; finally, the American draft had to be adjusted to and with the British counterparts (there was, as far as I know, no cooperation with the Soviets, nor with the Free French, for that matter). This way what evolved was frequently quite different from what we had brought forth. Never had it been clearer to me how little that which the "experts" on the lower level work out compares with what the top decision-makers ultimately decide. Whatever details, distinctions, qualifications are made, refined, suggested "below" disappear, are simplified, changed, made subjects of compromise on their way to the "top" so that, not infrequently, the very opposite of the original intention prevails. Often the "terrible simplificateurs" submit to the overworked ministers, presidents, or similar decision-makers on one page, and simplified to the utmost, what learned expertise had submitted on hundreds of pages in minute detail.

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What I owed to OSS above all was my friendship with Otto Kirchheimer. To get close to Marcuse or Neumann was difficult; they kept their distance, sometimes a bit overweeningly. Not so Kirchheimer. He could be brusque, or even rude, and this way he alienated some. He did not suffer fools gladly. People who wanted something from him without really needing help he would reject curtly. But I can testify to the fact that he would generously assist those who needed his assistance, above all persons who, during the McCarthy period, were persecuted without justification as being "disloyal" or constituting "security risks." People who, without having the necessary intelligence yet claimed to be intellectuals he would make fun of. Thus, about one who had gone from OSS to the Library of Congress, he quipped: "Now he is happy, because now he has to look at the books only from the outside." But if one refused to accept his rudeness one would be recognized as an equal and might even become a friend. This happened to me. I had met him briefly in New York, and we met again in a downtown Washington roller-skating rink that had been taken over by OSS on short notice. We worked there at long tables. One day, when working there I noticed that a bulky person had sat down next to me and had begun to expand his realm against his neighbors. It was Otto. We greeted each other and I remarked: Here is the line. Your territory begins to the right of it, and mine to the left. This was the beginning of our friendship.

He was one of the most brilliant human beings I ever met, full of sharp insights and intuition. His main difficulty was in organising his ideas. That is why he never built a scholarly "system" in the usual sense. His creativity was in his at times almost uncanny ability to lift from the limitless data furnished by history that which is relevant, and to analyze it in highly original fashion. He was above all an initiator, instinctively at the frontier of knowledge. His business, as he once put it,

was "to uncover the basic mechanisms of political order and disorder," a task, however, where "the urgent need of criticism was not to overshadow the idea of a constant objective - creating conditions that make sense and are worthy of human beings." To that goal he steadfastly held from his beginnings as a young socialist and Marxist to his end. Although at his later stages he no longer believed in Marx's utopia of a classless society, Marxism remained for him "the best method for analyzing social phenomena." Next to Marx there remained, though in decreasing measure, the influence of his teacher, Carl Schmitt, whom he followed above all in evaluating the "concrete features" of a given situation. With Schmitt, this often meant to consider the "exceptional" as the "normal," a tendency which led his student Kirchheimer at times toward extreme conclusions, for instance, when, in his doctoral dissertation on the political doctrines of socialism and Bolshevism, he characterized both liberal democracy (of the Weimar type) and Soviet communism as "non-states," the one being an "empty legal machine," the other, a world-wide "interventionist movement." Later he renounced such youthful extremism and thus became more convincing. Thus - to mention only one of his best-known analyses - he recognized already at an early point in the postwar period the transformation process of European political parties from class- or group-based ideological parties to what, with a felicitous expression, he called "catch-all parties," that is, parties appealing to any and all sorts of groups and interests (the term "catchall" being paradigmatic of his faculty to coin startling expressions for concrete developments.) He regretted that because it signified the waning of meaningful oppositions, in whose place opposition now tended to become a mere "appendix (Wurmfortsatz) of the official state power."

In the late stage of his political thinking his genius for concrete analysis came strongest to the fore, making him less bound to theorizing and open to recognize what is, or was, of

value even in the formerly despised liberal polity. In sharp contrast to Schmittian antiliberalism he would for instance recognize something positive in the functioning of the authoritarian but liberal monarchies of the 19th century, which left "free space" to their citizens to some extent. He pointed out the value of such "free spaces" when he wrote his one comprehensive work, "Political Justice," a work in which he, as one reviewer put it, "with cosmic objectivity, but with a feeling for the human beings involved - both judge and judged," traced the use, or misuse, of legal institutions and judicial procedures for political ends; it is a study in political sociology relating the techniques of political justice to any number and types of society and constitutional order. Here, too, he emphasized the "judicial space" left to judges in liberal systems, in contrast to judges functioning as mere instruments of control in and for totalitarian regimes. In his last essays one notices a certain resignation, a pessimistic outlook on man, no longer a citizen participating in a political community, but being transformed into an alienated individual in a consumers' society where even the worker, now called "executant," no longer shares values with his "class" or any other group.

When working together in OSS I could help him to structure his ideas in such a way as to render them readable essays. He was the originator, I, as "man of order," the arranger. But he could accept ideas of others, too. We came closer to each other also in that he could not tolerate injustice and unfair behavior-patterns. He concealed utter decency behind a facade of rudeness. His statements were often of refreshing frankness. Thus he once said to me: "John, you belong to the few people who are more intelligent than they look like." This could be interpreted as praise or the opposite. Of course, I preferred the first alternative.

Otto loved wine, books, paintings, and nature. He had settled with his family in a remote house near Washington,

surrounded by woods. We often drove with him and his wife into the forest "wilderness," with his wife doing the driving; he had never learned how to drive a car. Besides the house-keeping, his wife served as chauffeuse who drove him, friends, and visitors back and forth. His house was forever full of visitors. In addition, Anne Kirchheimer managed all his financial and professional affairs; in short, she sacrificed herself for him. At times, when driving us around in the woods and he had become rude, she would simply ask him to get out. We would come back after half an hour to pick him up again; in the meantime, he had reconnoitered the area, collected mushrooms, and cooled off.

His love of nature, unfortunately, was to be his undoing. Even after he had begun his teaching in New York (first at the New School, then at Columbia), he had been unwilling to give up his home in Silver Spring and commuted by air between Washington and New York. He suffered from a heart condition, and when one day he was late and rushed to get on his plane, he collapsed. His death came all too early; he just had turned sixty. Since then I miss him, as human being as well as one with whom to share one's ideas. (8)

Nürnberg Interlude

My return to Europe - seven years after I had left - came somewhat unexpectedly. In OSS we had, of course, heard about the Nazi atrocities - especially those committed in the East, and in particular the holocaust - that word was not yet in use, one called it genocide -, and we had participated in the preparation of the trials of those whom, according to the Moscow Declaration on war crimes (1943), the Allies had committed themselves to pursue "unto the end of the world" to bring them to justice. Now, at Nürnberg, they were sitting on the defendants' bench, all of them (except Göring) broken, rueful figures, claiming not to have known of anything.

That a group of Central European OSS members had come to Nürnberg we owed to the sometimes rather strange notions of OSS director William Donovan, known as "Wild Bill Donovan." Not content with the adventurous wartime exploits of his spies dropped by parachute behind the enemy lines, he wanted to have his fingers in the pie even after the war was over, wherever something interesting seemed to occur. And so he had talked Supreme Court Justice Jackson, whom Roosevelt had appointed chief U.S. prosecutor at the International Military Tribunal, into adding to his staff at Nürnberg a few of his OSS experts. By itself, this was not unjustified, since Jackson, for the preparation of his briefs, had at his disposal chiefly officers who in civilian life were perhaps divorce or patent lawyers or such. Now, at short notice, they had been ordered to occupy themselves with criminal cases involving very different legal systems, with codes and rules couched in foreign language, everything quite alien to them. We were supposed and able to help out. But anybody with a modicum of psychological insight would have known that not much good would result from such cooperation. For those officers it meant that they had to open their documents and papers to young, fresh, Central European upstarts, most of them Jews to boot, and to stand corrected in much of what they had worked out. This could not but hurt their self-esteem. The atmosphere became rather tense. When meeting at the only bar of the only hotel that had remained undamaged, debates, after some drinks, threatened to develop into violence. Thus our contribution to the common effort remained moderate, and most of us were glad to return to the States after some six to eight weeks we spent at the trial.

Since this is not the place to deal with the (legal, political, moral) problems raised by the war crimes trials (for instance, whether justice handed down by judges from victor nations did not mean "victors' justice;" whether one should not better have entrusted anti-Nazi Germans with trying their

compatriots; what to make of Roosevelt's master-idea to make "waging aggressive warfare" a crime under international law as a deterrent to future aggression; and so forth), the following pages will contain only some more or less personal, impressionistic details of my short trip.

My first transoceanic flight - to Paris, by way of Bermuda and the Azores. Good old Paris, almost undamaged, full of GI's; the girls on the Champs Elysées, whispering into your ear: "Cinq cents francs pur un tout petit moment." Waiting for a plane that was to take us to Nürnberg. Did not come. Therefore, accepted the offer of a GI to fly with him and one of his comrades to Nürnberg in a tiny, one-prop plane. Did not realize what that meant; that pilot had not the slightest idea of direction, lost his way, intimated need of emergency landing, in which case we would have to use the parachutes fastened to our backs. I had not the slightest idea how to use them and prepared myself for my last minute. Eventually we found our way, and I found my sleeping quarters, somewhere in a suburb. - Somber impressions of a bombed-out city. Where were the old churches, with their stained glass windows shimmering silver and blue? The fountains, the old houses? A little story may show how difficult it was to find one's way through the ruins: One of my OSS colleagues, lieutenant Sharp, had some business in the nearby Bavarian Forest and took me along in his jeep so I could inspect the house of my wife's family at Cham, her birth-place. There, a rumor that a representative of the Klein family had arrived to take over house and business of his father-in-law had spread; of course it was not my intention to "take over" anything. I merely talked with the owner, who clearly showed his bad conscience of having very profitably acquired the property when my father-in-law had had to emigrate. When, later in the evening, Sharp and I returned to Nürnberg there was a dense fog, and we lost our way to "the" hotel in the maze of the ruins. Never felt so lost - uncanny. Suddenly an MP. I did not wear a uniform; as an

inveterate civilian I had declined to wear the uniform of an officer with the "assimilated rank of a colonel," and thus the MP suspected me to be a German violating the curfew. Neither was I in the possession of the usual army document (the army having failed to provide me with one); all I had was my recently obtained U.S. passport. Such a one the MP had never seen, and my thick American accent did not contribute to diminishing his suspicion. He was at the point of arresting me when Lieutenant Sharp intervened. Pulling rank he shouted "Don't you know that you have to salute an officer?"; I used the developing debate to disappear in the fog, and after a while found my way back to the hotel. - At another time, Sharp and I drove to Munich where, over night, we were installed in a hotel which was "open" at one side, that is, the wall had been bombed away and we had to lie down close to the other wall so as not to drop down into empty space. Sharp, with his humor, would later calumniously maintain that I had wanted to seduce him and that he had had to make quite an effort to resist!

The atmosphere in Germany was oppressive. Fraternizing was prohibited, and thus I could not converse with people who, after all, had been my compatriots not too long ago. To visit Otto and Fritz Grüters, who lived in the British zone of occupation, proved impossible. However, as a member of the Nürnberg prosecution, I could interrogate Frick, the former Nazi minister of the interior. There he was, pale and run-down, his trembling hand accepting an offered cigarette, and deposed. It might well be true that he, although officially the superior of the Himmlers, Heydrichs, Eichmanns and the other mass murderers, was less responsible than these, who had enjoyed direct access to Hitler. Yet I am convinced that his conviction and execution were justified, because he had covered everything with his name. But, unlike many, I had no feeling of revenge satisfied, of having "settled accounts." My concern was to help present to the world, and to Germans in particular, a correct and clear picture

of what had happened. And in this respect Nürnberg and what followed by way of subsequent war crimes trials unfortunately remained rather ineffective; only after many decades has mankind taken notice of the frightful event, now called holocaust. After about eight weeks of Nürnberg, I was relieved and glad to return to my new country.

Washington II

When finishing the last sentence with the words "my new country," I have to qualify that. Coming back, I had to face the problem of self-definition: Was I now an American or still a German who now could return to "his" country again? For those refugees who had considered the period of Nazism and war mere "exile," an inevitable episode of "being abroad," return now was not only a possibility but a chance - an opportunity to help out in that post-Nazi Germany for which they had waited and prepared themselves during their enforced absence. Most of these were the political refugees, who considered it their duty to take over positions where proven anti-Nazis were needed to replace Nazi incumbents - whether in the administration or the newly formed or old and reformed parties or at the universities. Many of them were also Jewish (though, for the most part, non-observant ones), such as - to name only a few of those who played a role in my life - Ossip Flechtheim, who returned in the early Fifties, or Ernst Fränkel; Franz Neumann was on the point of returning when he died in a car accident; Otto Kirchheimer, much later, in all likelihood would have accepted a professorship at Freiburg if his death had not put an end to his plans.

For the less "political" ones, like me, the decision was more difficult. For me, like for many others, a period short in years but filled with frightfulness had been less "exile" than "emigration;" one had started to plant roots in the new environment and was hardly prepared for impending "remigration."

In my case, a child had been born in America and was growing up as an American. And what had happened in Germany was not so easily put out of mind. Could one simply decide to become a German again? Didn't one have to ask oneself at every meeting with a former compatriot whether he or she had not been a Nazi - either out of conviction or for opportunistic reason -, possibly even one enmeshed in Nazi criminality, co-responsible for the death of one's relatives and friends? Only with those one knew as above any suspicion would one be able to renew relationships without such concerns. But the decision not to return was not an easy one either. There was so much by way of cultural roots that tied one to the country of one's origins and one's youth, so much music, literature from the classics of Thomas Mann (who, himself an "exile," eventually would return to Europe, if not to Germany), art from Dürer to the German expressionists. Thus one had first of all to gain an impression of that mysterious country, a country one had believed to know so well. The question of how it was possible that a civilized people which had contributed so much and so vitally to Western culture had fallen into lowest barbarism had first to be answered; a convincing answer has remained absent to this day.

In 1953, on a study trip to Germany, I met an official of the Bavarian education ministry who asked himself and me (whom he knew as the author of the "Bristler" book) whether a certain former Nazi should be offered the chair in international law at the university of Munich; I could give him some information about the applicant (who had not been a convinced Nazi but an opportunist). I quote from a letter to my wife: "At the end of the conversation, that man asked me whether I would not come back to Germany, Munich had such a beautiful climate, etc. I was at the point of asking him whether he might offer that university chair to me instead of the former Nazi; perhaps he wanted to provoke that with his question. But I did not have the courage for that. Does one know what one wants to or should do?"

Later in my life, there were occasions for me to return, thus in the Sixties, when the chair for international politics at the Free University of Berlin was offered to me. I declined. Paradoxically, one main reason for that decision was our son: We did not dare "uproot" him. As it turned out later, he was not so deeply "rooted" in America and had difficulties to adjust to life at American schools and colleges. Eventually it was he who went to Europe, settled in Switzerland where he became a teacher and married a Swiss girl, now speaking German with a Swiss accent; in short, the born American has become Europeanized, while his "European" parents have stayed in America; strange paths of fate.

My image of Germany was somewhat clarified when I read Thomas Mann's "Doctor Faustus." Leverkühn's fate seemed to me to symbolize that of Germany. At the novel's pinnacle, where Leverkühn makes his confession, one reads:

For it hath been said 'Be sober and watch!'
 But that is not the affair of some; rather,
 instead of shrewdly concerning themselves with
 what is needful upon earth that it may be better
 there, and discreetly doing it, that among men
 such order be established that again for the
 beautiful work soil and true harmony be prepared,
 man playeth the truant and breaketh out in
 hellish drunkenness; so giveth he his soul
 thereto and cometh among the carrion.

My interpretation of this paragraph was to the effect that Germany, for some two hundred years, had turned its back to the allegedly "lower material" problems of human society, away from the utilitarian "what is needful upon earth," away from concern about people living harmoniously together in an order in which the "beautiful work" finds its soil. This way, concerned with the allegedly "higher and spiritual" at the expense of the merely utilitarian, Germany's cultural elite abandoned the realm of the material order to the men of power who, "in hellish

drunkenness," commit holocausts. Leverkühn has purchased his creativity with his lack of interest in the allegedly lower realm of a humane order of human societies.

Thus he is the devil's, because - as Thomas Mann, humanist, asks - what worth all cultural and spiritual creativity unless it is accompanied by a humane concern with human life in economy, society, and politics? The Ninth Symphony, even conducted by Furtwängler, while elsewhere the victims of the Nazi system are being tortured or suffocate in gas chambers, means transforming "joy's godlike spark" into a shriek of despair, "embracing" only the "millions" of corpses, the victims of spiritual arrogance and of the chance such pride offers to sadism. (9)

My definitive meeting with postwar Germany took place in 1953, but first I will report about the years between Nürnberg and my 1953 travels. Like my later decades, they, strangely, appear to me now as having been more empty of lived-through experience than all the antecedent years. Perhaps that had something to do with aging that makes time to pass faster than does youth: also, my first three or four decades had actually been the more dramatic ones, richer in personal as well as general-historical events. That dramatic period ended with positive as well as negative events. A child was born, something not unconnected with the more optimistic world-view created by the victory over Nazi fascism. The atom bomb caused a radical change of this attitude. Hiroshima and Nagasaki were responsible for a growing pessimism that henceforth informed my ideas about the future development of world conditions.

At the end of 1945 the research portion of OSS was transferred to the State Department as its research and intelligence branch. Already at OSS-times our work had often been frustrating because of the relatively little attention paid to it by the high-level "decision-makers;" now, with peace restored, it became even more so. The Department's "operating

desks" that were in charge of policy-making tended to view the Marcuses, Neumanns, Kirchheimers as Central European intellectuals who could have only little understanding of America's national interests. With an incipient "cold war" these interests were increasingly seen as demanding above everything else the "containment" of a Soviet communism that was interpreted as expansionist and aggressive; interest in denazifying and democratizing Germany receded into the background. Realizing that my memoranda sooner or later would end up in the respective operating desk's waste-paper basket, I occupied myself with collecting material about the success or, more frequently, the lack of success of denazification as practiced in the American zone of Germany. An article summarizing my findings ended with the warning "videant consules et proconsules," (10) but even some letters I sent to the New York Times containing similar warnings failed to change the situation.

Above all, however, I occupied myself in those years with working out ideas that had begun to ripen already prior to the end of the war and now were put down in a manuscript on political realism and political idealism. Breaking with chronology, I shall report on these in connection with tracing the development of my ideas in the 1950s. (11) From the State Department, my friends, one after the other, turned toward academe, and thus I, too, looked out for an academic resting place. Ralph Bunche, whose Howard chair in international politics had become vacant through his going into the United Nations, recommended me as his successor. This led to a conversation probably unique in the annals of the American academe. My first position at Howard had been that of a lowly little lecturer without tenure; now it was the question of a professorial position. In my talk with Howard President Mordechai Johnson, I started right away with raising the "brass-tack" question of remuneration; I remarked that in my government

position I was getting 6000 dollars (at that time quite a nice salary) and that I expected something similar at Howard. Mordechai: "But that much we pay only our full professors." Me: "Well, in that case make me a full professor." Which he did.

Thus, for the next four years I was with my black students and colleagues again. My prime occupation was working out my lectures which comprised almost the entire range of political science, from political theory over comparative government to international politics. It was a rather comfortable position. If one was lazy, having once prepared one's lecture courses one was not required to do much more and would have security to the end of one's academic life. That did not satisfy me, however. Intellectually, Howard was not very stimulating, a kind of scholarly dead-end. Thus I looked again for something else. Franz Neumann had heard of a vacancy at the New York City College (CCNY), and I applied there (Ralph Bunche, too, recommended me, and whenever in subsequent years I met the CCNY President, he said, "Ah, you're the fellow Bunche sent to us"). True, my attempt to stage another coup à la Mordechai Johnson failed. Sam Hendel, political scientist at the college, had been charged by the department to "look me over." When I told him that, being a full professor at Howard, I expected to obtain a full professorship at CCNY also, he explained to me that this was not that easy and that I would have to be satisfied with an associate professorship for the time being. Despite this "demotion" I accepted. CCNY not only had a prestige quite different from Howard's but a much higher level of scholarly demands (as far as students were concerned) and achievement (of professors). It was considered "the Harvard of the proletariat." Here the most talented among the children of those immigration groups that had recently come to America, especially Jews, were educated, and many among the teaching staff were original, independent thinkers and outstanding teachers. For me it was a challenge. I stayed there for the rest of my academic life, that

is, from 1952 to 1977, the year of my retirement; and, after a couple of years, I did yet reach the full professor rank!

From time to time I asked myself - and friends would ask me - whether I had not, so-to-speak, got "stuck" at CCNY, and why I had not gone to one of the still more prestigious universities? Indeed, after my two main books had appeared and obtained considerable acclaim, I probably would have had an opportunity for a change. Chief reason for my "sticking" to City College was my congenital weakness in making decisions and a disinclination to change a situation to which I had become accustomed. Also, there were time and again visiting professorships that offered temporary change in scholarly environment. Once, when a professorship at the University of California at Los Angeles (UCLA) seemed beckoning, I used as an excuse before myself the assumption that this would constitute an unwise change for our son, who at that time was in the last stages of high school. In reality that highschool, whose reputation had been the main reason for our moving to a New York suburb, Scarsdale, had proved anything but suitable for him; it offered little to students who, though gifted intellectually, had contact difficulties; made them outsiders. Thus we became "stuck" in that place, too; we continued to stay there even after Steve had left school and are still living there.

In Washington we had many friends with whom we shared life and interests; also much music. At that time it was still possible, once a year getting up at 5 am, to acquire tickets for the Library-of-Congress concerts for the entire season; these concerts were highlights of chamber music. Also I shall never forget how much "musical offering" we enjoyed at hifi record evenings carefully programmed by our friends, Paul and Jean Lewison, in their beautiful house at Arlington, Virginia. Too many of these friendships were lost when we moved to New York. Quite generally, I regret that my congenital shyness made me lose many friends I acquired during the various stages of my

life - years of study, Geneva, Princeton, Washington. But some "basic friendships" have remained. I have always cherished a letter I received from Ossip Flechtheim, at a time when life seemed dark to both of us. I translate a sentence or two:

"I am now healed of both my great youthful illusions ('humanity' and 'love'), that is, I am now somehow a "grownup." "Believe" I still do in our friendship - that was never an illusion and shall never become one."

In the postwar years a number of new friendships did occur, however. Thus the one with Gwendolen Carter (called "Gwen"), co-author of a textbook at which we worked together for many years. "Major Foreign Powers" dealt in comparative fashion with government of and politics in the most important countries outside the United States. Already its first edition (in which I did not yet participate) had excelled through its then novel functional approach in the place of the traditional more formalistic one; that is, it placed prime emphasis on how institutions, such as political parties, function, as well as upon their historical and sociological background. This fully agreed with my own inclinations, and thus, when Gwen's friend Louise Holborn, sister of the historian Hajo Holborn (both known to me from OSS times), suggested that I take over Germany for the second edition (Germany had not been dealt with in the first), I accepted with enthusiasm. The book went through six editions, and its individual country sections were subsequently published as separate paperbacks. An extensive general Introduction, in which I collaborated, was likewise brought out separately later and went through several editions under the title: "Government and Politics in the Twentieth Century." The U.S. Information Service saw to it that translations appeared in about a dozen different languages, among them exotic ones like Hindi, Korean, and others; since this meant that our liberal tenets were spread around the world, I had no objection. Non

olet.

Working with Gwen Carter meant coming to know a person one rarely meets in one's life. Since early youth, because of polio, tied to the wheelchair or, in better periods, walking on crutches, she yet managed to travel to more countries and meet with more people than most, including specialists in foreign governments. By nature open to people and events, she arrived at a truly cosmopolitan world-view. Her chief concern has been promoting the cause of the awakening colonial people, now called Third World countries, above all those of Africa. Her early work, "The Politics of Inequality," became the standard work on South Africa's apartheid policies. Even her physical handicap served her to advantage: Since people tried to be helpful most everywhere, she did not hesitate to accept assistance whenever it was a matter of seeing something interesting and useful. Thus she once persuaded the American ambassador in Cairo to enlist the aid of the Egyptian navy to carry her up and down the steep path to the Asswan dam! As an inveterate optimist she occasionally assuaged my pessimism when I was overly inclined toward it in our common writings.

Another, likewise paralyzed person needs to be remembered here, because in those war- and post-war years he became a valuable conversation and disputation partner. It was one of my Gladbach cousins, Karl Aschaffenburg, with whom in my youth I often read stories and engaged in other youthful exploits. He grew up to be a kind of "man about town;" through an accident he became paralyzed and spent his remaining life in a wheelchair, taken care of by a rich uncle who had let him come over to the United States. At his uncle's estate, his "golden cage," I came to visit him regularly, travelling from Princeton and, later from Washington, to Plainfield, New Jersey. In no other person I have met in my life have I ever observed a transformation of the kind he underwent. He withdrew into himself, became a kind of "sage," without, however, giving up his interest in human beings

and events. On the contrary, he became intensely interested in psychology, studied, all by himself, graphology which, in its serious shape, he made his professional occupation, contributing to its recognition as a branch of applied psychology. In those years we exchanged and debated our concerns regarding world events and other problems of burning mutual interest; for me, communicating with him, also about my ongoing work, became almost indispensable. After his uncle's death he moved to Princeton, married (a German woman), and we saw less of each other. Since his death in 1982 I am missing, again, one of the few "monades" whose views on world and human events have been important to me. Reading Canetti's memoirs I have come across his description of a paralyzed friend that fits to an astonishing degree my cousin and friend: "I admired him because, through his spirituality, he gained a superiority that transformed him from an object of compassion into a figure to whom one went on a pilgrimage; not, however, a saint in the usual sense, because he was devoted to life and loved it."

Back to "Major Foreign Powers." My participation in writing and rewriting it meant a chance to make my ideas on Germany accessible to entire generations of American college students. At times we had "cornered the market" in comparative politics, and this made me, as author, probably better known in the academe than did my more theoretical publications. Whether this was desirable is another question. If one wanted to pay a fair amount of attention to developments, each new edition required almost as much time as one had spent on the original writing - time that might have been spent upon more scholarly efforts. But at least it gave me a chance to obtain a clearer image of Germany and the Germans in my own mind. A considerable portion of my textbook chapter on Germany was reserved to German history. Sometimes against considerable opposition on the part of the publisher, I insisted on that. How could one hope to understand contemporary Germany without, for instance, realizing

the impact of the repeated defeat of liberalism in the 19th century on the "illiberal," authoritarian structure of the Bismarckian Empire and the weakness of the Weimar Republic, not to speak of the rise and nature of Nazism? Only this way could one clarify that typical German conflict between spiritual and cultural inwardness (Innerlichkeit) and politics which had characterized the German elite, as I had seen it symbolized in "Doctor Faustus." But it also meant a chance to show what seemed positive in the emergence of the new Germany, especially in its Western portion, The Federal Republic.

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I gained a closer look at the new Germany when, in the late 1940ies and the early 1950ies, hordes of young German social scientists came to the United States in order to become acquainted with a branch of social studies that had been neglected in the old Germany: political science. All of them proved to be very "un-Nazi," with minds open for Western liberal-democratic ideals and realities; it seemed that we in America had generally overestimated the influence of Nazi indoctrination on the German youth. But what formed my image of the new Germany most strongly was a trip of approximately four months which I undertook in the summer of 1953 in the employ of the RAND Corporation to study the political attitudes of the West German civil service.

The RAND Corporation was (still is) an institution maintained by the U.S. Air Force which, at that time, was interested in political, especially foreign political, problems. The (then) director of its social science section was Hans Speier, a former German and a specialist in war research. He put together a group of seven scholars whose charge it was to undertake "field studies" through "in-depth" interviews with members of the West German elite groups to find out their

attitudes toward foreign policy issues. Kirchheimer was asked to study trade union leadership; I was to be in charge of the civil service. The results of our efforts were subsequently published in a volume under the title "West German Leadership and Foreign Policy." (12)

I cared less about the specifically foreign policy ideas than about general attitudes and positions. I criss-crossed the country, from Schleswig in the North down to Freiburg and Munich, included Berlin, visited big and small cities, met with officials of all ranks and branches of the administration, including the administration of justice (where I conversed with judges of the Constitutional Court, among others); in my interviews I tried to investigate not only their political attitudes but also their more general ones concerning life and society.

Initially I was impressed with "things" rather than persons, an attempt to recover my own past. I did not find it. I quote a few (translated) sentences from letters "home" (i.e., America): Concerning the destruction: "It seems as if the Lord had taken aim at one building for each of the gassed ones." A propos motorization and noise: "The people in these cities give the impression of a new species of living being who have no knowledge left of what was previously; oneself feels pre-historic, an anachronism like the (Cologne) Cathedral." What I somehow had failed to take into consideration was the urge, caused by necessity, first of all to build up again, to create a life in what was no longer a state of emergency. And so one proceeded thoroughly, as one always had done in Germany, in the most up-to-date, modern fashion, making use of all available forces, among them those of the expellees from the lost Eastern provinces. Hence "economic miracle," hence "Americanization" of all ways of life. No looking backwards, hence no catharsis. Or, to correct this last remark: I soon found out that, among civil servants as well as other groups there were two sections: a

minority for whom recent history had begun with the year of Hitler's coming to power in 1933, and a majority for whom 1945 constituted "the year zero" from which to start, thus suppressing in their minds what had gone before. The minority, in contrast, expressed sorrow and regret for what had happened and was determined to create or restore not only democratic-liberal institutions (independent courts, freely elected parliaments, etc.) but, above all, attitudes and practices that would replace inherited authoritarian ones with new, "liberal" ones; these would protect one's own as well as others' rights and freedoms vis-à-vis all kinds of authority and any numbers of authorities.

Members of this minority were frequently found at the top level of administration, but quite generally they were officers without an army. Below that level traditional authoritarianism was still rampant. How could it have been otherwise, with denazification a failure? "Personal continuity" meant that incumbents had stayed in office - or had been reinstated after a brief interval - who, as they saw it, had loyally served the "state," whether it was the pre-Weimar Empire, the Weimar Republic, or the twelve years of Hitler's "thousand-year-realm," and thus could claim with good conscience that they had "done their duty." When the question concerning participation in the extreme policies of the Nazi regime was asked, everybody had his own philosophy of exculpation. By and large one could speak of "restoration," not of Nazism but of the more or less authoritarian pre-Nazi system of governance. This should not be misunderstood: In some respects one had learned from Weimar experience. Democracy as a form of government, in contrast to Weimar, had become legitimate. The civil service no longer constituted an "estate," identified with and protected by a conservative class of nobles and itself conservative in attitudes and ideas; rather, the civil servant now felt to be the "functionary" of a group that had turned unpolitical; for

reasons of opportunity, he would become a member of one of the democratic parties (all three of them: Christian Democrats, Social Democrats, Free Democrats had incorporated the term "democrat" in their names); but their chief interest was in protecting their "established rights" to tenure, salaries, pensions, etc. Those who had been Nazis now did not want to hear or speak of "politics" anymore. With the general population they shared a positive attitude toward the new form of government, the "rule-of-law" type of democracy (Rechtsstaat) without, however, recognizing or even understanding that a democracy of this kind must be built upon genuinely liberal attitudes of, e.g., tolerance of minority groups and minority opinions and impartiality in dealing with opponents. Like in Weimar times, and especially in the judiciary, one found again "blindness in the right eye," hardly surprising where judges who had been active at Hitler's "blood courts" were still members of the new republic's benches.

As I expressed it in the conclusion of my RAND report, "quite generally, the Bonn Republic strikes one as a more sober, pragmatic version of something déjà vu; good sense but little esprit; Weimar minus Tucholsky." (13) If what I said was critical, it was less so than that of many German writers, such as Günter Grass and Heinrich Böll, who indicted the petty bourgeois-philistine or else decadent years of the economic miracle. It must be recognized that in the 1950ies a spirit of moderation and pragmatism, of live and let live, had replaced leftist or rightist extremism, and this especially in regard to foreign policies. The spirit of the nationalist-racist doctrine of the Teutonic master-race was markedly absent. Even the partition of the country was accepted, although, here and there, one blamed the stupid Americans for not having rallied in 1945 with the Germans to march against the Russians. One was satisfied to be protected from further Russian expansion through Adenauer's alliance with the West, and there was hardly any

protest against remilitarization. On the other hand, even the new Bundeswehr did not revive the spirit of old-Prussian militarism; there was no Junker class any more that, in olden times, had formed the Prussian officers' class, and no longer any preferred position of the new military in the ranking order of the elites. Finally, the traditional German feeling of superiority toward the despised "Polacks" or Czechs had disappeared (not to mention the French, formerly the "hereditary enemies," now considered friends). This attitude, almost naturally, led to the policy of detente, which, in regard to Europe, had been initiated by the Federal Republic's Ostpolitik.

With the experience of this trip I could now, somehow, solve my identity problem through the compromise formula of being an "American of German-Jewish background." As an American but with an amount of distancing myself, I could now, after the initial enthusiasm of a grateful immigrant, take a more critical stance toward my new country whenever events and developments required it; thus, when McCarthyism distorted the basically liberal-humanitarian character of American politics. I explained it to Germans as one of the not infrequent "falls" of the rightful into the "sin" of overpatriotism, of seeing the world in colors of black and white, or rather red and white, only; but, as in the subsequent case of Vietnam and the reaction to it, the strength of the basic attitude seemed to prove that such "falls from grace" were incidents whose exceptional nature proved the rule. Today, with an apparently long-range turn from traditional liberalism to conservatism with sometimes hysterical bursts of an anticommunist, quasi-religious ideology, the optimism of my interpretation, if not shattered, has been reduced.

With the same self-identification I could now be also more objective vis-à-vis my former homeland, giving equal weight to the positive and to the negative elements in its developments. Like the "remigrant" Flechtheim in Berlin, I more and more tended to see the developments in both "our" countries in the

context of global trends. During the 1950s, Germany (at least the Germany of the Federal Republic) had become a consumers' and welfare society, a Western-type country whose politics, ideologies, and general life-style were no longer different in any essential ways from those of the other developed industrial or "postindustrial" countries. Its parties, no longer of the extremist, dogmatic-ideological kind, had become "catch-all" parties, to use Otto Kirchheimer's term, i.e., moderate parties appealing to all sorts of people. Other "catch-all" characteristics, lining up German political culture with other Western ones, are, alas, an increasing measure of corruption penetrating business and political elites, and hostility to resident foreigners (with the Turks and other "guest workers" replacing the Jews). And the new Germany now confronts the same overall, global issues with which the other developed nations are faced: the problem of nuclear weapons and the ensuing threat of annihilating nuclear war, as well as the global threat to the environment of humans, issues with which both Flechtheim and myself have become increasingly concerned in our later years. This concern has made us true cosmopolitans for whom the national identification as German or American or Jew ranks second to that of "world citizen" who tries to comprehend humanity as one entity - an entirety whose problems can no longer be solved by victory or defeat of one or another side in national or ideological conflict but only by novel world-views and radical new policies.

With such new attitudes, and as a "wanderer between two worlds," I made many trips to Germany in the years and decades that followed upon the travels of 1953. Thus I participated in many conferences to which old or newly acquired German friends would invite me (to mention only one: E.O. Czempiel, one of the outstanding German specialists in international politics); whatever the specific subject, it was always a matter of world problems and global views. Or I would teach as visiting

professor at universities such as Marburg or the Free University of West Berlin, this way getting to know the frequently sympathetic and world-open views and attitudes of students as well as younger teachers. The last of these visiting professorships was named after Carl von Ossietzky, German pacifist of the Weimar period, who was murdered by the Nazis; my main subject was contemporary American foreign policy placed into the context of the above-mentioned global problems; I noticed that the foreign policy attitudes of Germans and the foreign policy of their government were more considerate of global issues (including Third World development policies) than those of other Western countries, including America's.

Some more personal, emotional elements in my attitude toward Germany and the Germans can be seen from a statement I made at the German consulate in New York anent the bestowal of a medal of merit upon me by the Federal Republic; I quote a few sentences (in the original English): "Allow me to mention a few of the stranger situations which the strange, oftentimes tragic, sometimes absurd happenings of our century brought about from time to time in my own life. My first book, published under an assumed name in German but outside Germany during the dark days of Nazi rule could not be read by Germans in Germany Some thirty-five years later I had the satisfaction of seeing my collected essays in international politics published in German and in Germany by a publishing house that was once that of a fellow exile, Heinrich Heine. It was a nice kind of 'Wiedergutmachung'.

Another example: Shortly after arriving in America, when, for a second time in our century, our countries were at war, I found myself, together with some other German refugees, working in an American government office on German affairs. There we were, so-called 'enemy aliens.' permitted to work in one of the most sensitive war agencies! We were to prepare for the time when Germany, liberated from tryanny, would have a chance to

become a liberal-democratic polity again. Right in the middle of war, foundations were laid for future friendship.

A last remembrance: I recall my youthful German patriotism when, as a young boy, I pinned flags on the map of France and other countries we, the Germans, were conquering during the First World War. America, at that time, prevented those conquests from going too far. A quarter of a century later, I found myself on the other side, praying for its victory.

If there is any meaning in such seeming absurdity, it is the lesson of the meaninglessness of nationalism. It is in learning that only through knowing each other better, the good and the bad, warts and all, we can hope to avoid, in a future that sometimes looks utterly forbidding, catastrophies like the two world wars, or racism and despotism.

When I first went back to Germany after the war I met so many people, friends old and new whom I could not hold responsible for what had happened in the dark years even if I had wanted to, that I decided then and there to devote myself to strengthening the bonds of understanding between our two countries On the other hand, some of those who had shared my fate as refugees could not, in this sense, go home again. I respect their feelings but I do not share them. In one sense, to be sure, as Thomas Wolfe said, 'you cannot go home again,' but in another sense one can never separate oneself altogether from one's origins even if one wanted to. There are many forests in the world, and many river landscapes, but the remembrance of the Lower Rhine landscape where I grew up, or of the Black Forest at the foot of which I began my studies, has a special, irreplaceable aura. Bach and Hölderlin, the Cologne Cathedral and the South German baroque churches belong to the world, true enough, but if you have encountered them in the prime of your youth, they belong to you in a special way. So also with human beings, former teachers, friends of one's younger years"

1. That Louisville, of all places, became the family center turned out to be as great a piece of luck as had been my parents' choice of Düsseldorf as their and their future children's home in Germany. Louisville was (and still is) exceptional among middle-sized, provincial cities in the United States in that it has a cultural tradition and an - in the broadest sense - liberal atmosphere hardly found anywhere else among comparable American cities. Its independent, liberal, and enlightened daily paper, the Louisville Courier-Journal, sets standards otherwise found only in the three U.S. world papers, The New York Times, The Washington Post, and, lately, The Los Angeles Times. To its cultural life old German-Jewish immigrant families such as the Brandeis, have made their European-rooted contributions, and it has since been the great opportunity of the more recent refugees from Central Europe, such as my two brothers', to continue a tradition of cultural patronage that had been theirs in pre-Nazi Germany. Thus Gerhard, besides becoming a brilliant educator in musicis at Louisville's university, made it his special business to create a Louisville chamber music tradition and an audience that can annually listen to world-standard, top groups of musicians.
2. Marion Gräfin Dönhoff, in Die Zeit, February 21, 1986.
3. Harwood Childs and John Whitton (eds.): Propaganda by Short Wave, Princeton, 1942 (my chapter pp. 3-47).
4. "Expropriation of Foreign Property," American Journal of International Law, 35(2), April 1941, pp. 243-262.
5. "Expropriation of Alien Property," Social Research, 8(1), February 1941, pp. 63-78.
6. Journal of Negro Education, July 1941, pp. 353-367. Characteristic of my inability to spread my ideas and reach a wider audience, the article was published in a periodical read perhaps by a couple of hundred professors and students at black universities.
7. In recent German historiography, far from being settled, the conflict over interpretation continues.
8. After Kirchheimer's sudden and unexpected death I considered it as honorable duty to trace the development of his ideas in a lengthy introduction to a volume of collected essays published by the Columbia University Press (cf. Politics, Law, and Social Change, edited by F.S. Burin and K.L. Shell, New

York, 1969, ix - xlii); co-author of this introduction was Erich Hula, colleague and friend of Otto's, whom I had known since his time as assistant to Kelsen at Cologne, and we have remained friends for life, closer still through our common remembrance of Otto Kirchheimer. - More recently I had the chance to attend a symposium on Kirchheimer that was organized at the Free University of Berlin anent the 80th anniversary of his birth and the 20th of his death (in November, 1985); I gave the keynote address on "Otto Kirchheimer, Life and Work." I noticed that, in recent years, interest in Kirchheimer's writings has greatly increased, especially in Germany and the United States.

9. I laid down this interpretation of German history (which is now accepted by many historians as that of Germany's "special course" (Sonderweg), different from that of its Western, less authoritarian and earlier unified neighbors) in an essay I wrote for the literary journal "Perspective" (autumn, 1949, pp. 65ff.). I was brazen enough to send the article to Thomas Mann. By return mail a handwritten answer arrived (dated April 15, 1949). Here my translation:

"Dear Mr. Herz,

Your Faustus essay is a valuable document to me; many thanks! I collect with strange zeal all statements concerning this book, and yours goes into an already crowded drawer.

I cannot quite agree that the work is less an art-work than a think-piece (this I had said in my essay, contrasting Faustus with Buddenbrooks, JHH). It is a well-constructed work of art (durchkonstruiertes Kunstwerk) and tries to be that of which it deals, namely, constructive music. But its character as work of art also implies that it cannot accept, and does not want, an all too "one-meaning" kind of interpretation (eine allzu eindeutige Auslegung). True, the "German" in it is strongly emphasized, almost like in the "Meistersinger," only not so densely. But that Adrian L. simply means Germany, as some maintain, that is not correct. For that, he is too much a person and an individual case and, on the other hand, to the extent that he is representative he goes too much beyond that mere "German" in him, into what is more generally problematic.

Again my thanks. Yours truly, Thomas Mann."

Dare one object? Surely, Faustus-Leverkühn represents more than something merely historical or political. But, after all, the novel ends with these words of his biographer and friend, Serenus Zeitblom: "May God have mercy on your

soul, my friend, my fatherland." And in a letter written by Mann at the time he was working at the novel, one reads: "I am again working at the melancholic novel which, basically (im Grunde), deals with Germany."

10. "The Fiasco of Denazification in Germany," Political Science Quarterly, 63, 1948, pp. 569-594.
11. See below, chapter eight, not included in this translation.
12. Hans Speier and W. Phillips Davison (eds.): West German Leadership and Foreign Policy (Evanston, Illinois, 1957); my contribution, pp. 96-135, also appeared, in slightly different form, in World Politics (October 1954, pp. 63-83).
13. Tucholsky was one of the best-known liberal-democratic writers in the 1920ies.

APPENDIX

As I mentioned in the Preface, chapters 8 to 11, comprising the more theoretical, "political science" portion of my book, are of less biographical nature and interest than the chapters here translated. As a matter of fact, after the more dramatic first half of my life, after the eleven years passed in Washington D.C., after having founded a family (with my son, Stephen, born in 1946), and after moving, in 1952, to New York (first to the city, then to its suburbs, at Scarsdale), and having accepted an appointment at the department of political science of the City College of New York, nothing very dramatic happened anymore. I continued teaching at the college and, subsequently, also at the City University's Graduate Center, until my retirement in 1977. There were occasional escapades to more or less foreign shores: Visiting professorships, not only in the neighborhood (at Columbia University, the Graduate Faculty of the New School, the Fletcher School of International Law and Diplomacy at Boston), but also in Germany (University of Marburg, Free University of Berlin, thus fulfilling my ancient dream of becoming a German professor of sorts). There were conferences attended not only in this country but also in such "exotic" places as Seoul, Rio de Janeiro, and Jerusalem; indeed, Israel was the place of several visits, one, at the occasion of another conference, at Israel's technion at Haifa where I met not only the old idealistic-Zionist friend of my youth, Max (now Mordechai) Levy but also Hans Jonas, the philosopher, whose ideas of an ethics of responsibility to the future coincided with what, at that conference, I proposed as a "survival ethics" urgently needed in an age of run-away technology to save mankind from the drab threat of nuclear annihilation and the ecological destruction of its global habitat.

This leads me briefly to refer to the later developments of my ideas on the world and international politics. As pointed out in the translated chapters, already at Geneva and subsequently at Princeton I had become involved with the history of power

politics and the structure of the modern state system, the system of nation-states, where power politics obtained. It had been a history of power balances forever endangered and restored. But in 1945 the absolute novum of a weapon of universal annihilation, the nuclear bomb, had rendered nations so far defensible "permeable," and a balance of two and only two now so-called "superpowers" and their blocs has been maintained only through the mutual threat of suicide, i.e., through mutual nuclear deterrence. War among them, for "restoration" of balances lost or for whatever other purpose, now seemed without purpose, irrational. And yet, arms races and, indeed, proliferation of nuclear armaments and non-nuclear war among non-superpowers have persisted, and the world has become immeasurably more unsafe than it ever was in human history.

Theories trying to explain what had happened were laid down in two books of mine in which I tried to develop my "world-view in the nuclear age" and to which I refer readers who have borne with me this far, for the details of my more theoretical mullings: Political Realism and Political Idealism (1951) and International Politics in the Atomic Age (1959). In the first book I developed a theory of the function of power and power politics centering around the concept of what I called the "security dilemma," a dilemma in which units such as nation-states, lacking the superior authority of a world government, find themselves when trying to protect their people, territory, and resources from threats by fellow-units. Not knowing what the other one is up to, one develops means of defense; the other one, now becoming suspicious of the first unit's intentions, starts arming likewise, and this way on to power competition, arms races, wars. Power politics thus is not (or not necessarily) due to an "innate power urge" of nations or their leaders (which, of course, may well exist in specific instances), but rooted in the situation of international "anarchy" (in the sense of absence of superior authority and

enforceable superior rules).

In my second book I tried to apply this theory to the nuclear situation of the postwar world. I developed a theory according to which the protective power of units like nation-states had historically been based upon the development of their means of defense, that is, weapons. While in the European Middle Ages, for instance, only small units, such as castles or walled towns, could be "protected" from attack, the invention of gun-powder and artillery permitted larger units, "territorial states," to become units of protection and therewith subjects of international politics. Thus the rise of the modern nation-state system, with its balance of power, wars for the restoration of the balance, and so forth. But the invention of the nuclear weapon put an end to the protective function of what I had called "the hard shell of defensibility" that had surrounded the territorial state; even the most powerful, the superpowers, had now become "permeable." At that point the security dilemma had reached its acme. What to do about this in terms of arms reduction, diplomacies of detente and realization of interests in common survival, etc., I set out in my book and later writings (articles, contributions to edited books). (1) In connection with this threat of nuclear annihilation as well as the second threat to the future of mankind, the ecological one, I put my later efforts, especially since my retirement, into propagating what I have called "survival research," that is, the need to study the political, social, economic and related conditions of global survival in the face of the dual threat to mankind's future. I emphasized the importance of "perception" (and, consequently, communication and information), the way in which people and their leaders conceive of their world and become aware of threatening developments, such as a still ongoing population explosion, rapid exhaustion of vital resources, pollution of environments, etc. This, in a way, constituted a universalization of my age-old urge to arrive,

personally, at a consistent world-view. What was urgent now was to find achievable ways and means to counter the threats.

In this respect, what I was and still am aiming at has been a combination of realism and idealism, avoiding both the extremes of a cynical super-realism that indulges in enemy images and an ensuing need of armed "readiness" of "sovereign" nations, and a utopian idealism that dreams of a "world-rule of law" where national power yields to that of a world government. In our common predicament salvation, if there be any, can, so I believe, be found only in the realization on the part of nations and their leaders that the mutual, collective interest of all in the avoidance of war and the maintenance (or restoration) of a viable human habitat must be given precedence over all more parochial (national and other group) interests. I conclude these rather sketchy remarks with quotes from two outstanding theorists in world affairs:

"Our world is at present faced with two unprecedented and supreme dangers. One is the danger not just of nuclear war but of any major war at all among great industrial powers - an exercise that modern technology has now made suicidal all around. The other is the devastating effect of modern industrialization and overpopulation on the world's natural environment Both are urgent. The need to give priority to the averting of these two overriding dangers has a purely rational basis - a basis in national interest - quite aside from morality."

(George Kennan, 1985)

"The most basic division in the world today is not between communists and non-communists, between blacks and whites, between rich and poor or even between young and old. It is between those who see only the interests of a limited group and those who are capable of seeing the interests of the broader community of mankind as a whole."

(Richard Gardner, 1970)

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Those interested in some more details of my later world-views I refer to observations made when invited, with a group of other "senior" members of my profession, to relate the emergence of our ideas on the world and on international politics; this was at the annual convention of the International Studies Association in Washington, DC in 1985 - our remarks were subsequently reprinted in the International Studies Notes of the Association. (2) And herewith salve et vale.

1. Collected articles of mine on international politics were reprinted in a volume entitled The Nation-State and the Crisis of World Politics (1976). My introduction to that volume can serve as a short outline of the emergence of my respective ideas.
2. See also the enlarged version of these remarks in a forthcoming volume, edited by James Rosenau and Joseph Kruzel, entitled Journeys through World Politics: Autobiographic Reflections of Distinguished Scholars. My chapter bears the title: "An Internationalist's Journey through the Century."