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Introduction to the Arendt-Kazin Correspondence¹

Literary critic Alfred Kazin (1915-98), «America's grand old man of letters»,² who is best known for his critical masterpiece, *On Native Grounds* (1942) and *Walker in the City* (1951), his classic account of his Brooklyn childhood, and Hannah Arendt (1906-1975), perhaps the most important independent political thinker of the 20th century and best known for her groundbreaking books, *Origins of Totalitarianism* (1951) and *The Human Condition* (1958), began their correspondence in 1947 and continued to correspond until 1974.

I think that of all the people I have ever known, you have been the staunchest in thought, the freest from conventional faithlessness.

Alfred Kazin to Hannah Arendt, 1961

More precisely, 19 letters from Alfred Kazin to Hannah Arendt written between August 23, 1948 and May 22, 1974, have been preserved. They are part of the Hannah Arendt Papers in the Library of Congress. (General, 1938-1976, n.d. – Kazin, Alfred – 1948-1974, n.d. (Series: Correspondence File,

1938-1976, n.d.). Hannah Arendt's letters to Kazin are part of the Alfred Kazin Archive in the Berg Collection of English and American Literature at The New York Public Library. The Kazin Archive includes 19 letters from Arendt, more specifically consisting of 3 ALS (autograph letters signed), 16 TLS (typed letters signed) and 2 postcards, written between April 10, 1947, and August 30, 1971.

The bulk of their correspondence takes place during the late 1940s and early 1950s, i.e., at a time when «Europe was still the biggest thing in North America».³ The very first letter is dated April 10, 1947, written by Arendt

while she was working for Schocken Books. In it, she expresses her admiration for Kazin's review of Kafka in the *New York Herald Tribune* and uses this appreciation as a vehicle to tender a lunch invitation. The very last letter, written by Kazin to Arendt on May 22, 1974, expresses Kazin's desire to introduce his daughter Cathrael to Hannah, along with his hope for her speedy recovery. Arendt had just suffered a heart attack while giving the Gifford Lectures at the University of Aberdeen in Scotland. A year later, «a second coronary failure on December 4, 1975, while entertaining Salo and Jeanette Baron in her New York City apartment, proved fatal».⁴

In fact, they had met a year earlier «in 1946, at a dinner party given for Rabbi Leo Baeck by Elliot Cohen, the editor of *Commentary*».⁵ Four decades later, Kazin paints an enchanting portrait of these first encounters: «What luck. Hannah Arendt placed next to me at the dinner for Rabbi Leo Baeck, and I have sought her out several times since. Darkly handsome, bountifully interested in everything, this forty-year-old German refugee with a strong accent and such intelligence – thinking positively cascades out of her in waves – that I was enthralled, by no means unerotically. Her interest in her new country, its constitutional virtues, its political background, are as much a part of her as her passion for discussing Plato, Kant, Nietzsche, even Duns Scotus – but Kafka above all – as if they all live with her and her strenuous and Protestant husband, Heinrich Bluecher, in the shabby rooming house on Morningside Heights».⁶ On Arendt's part, we have a short sketch of Alfred Kazin, whom Harold Rosenberg – as Arendt tells her friend Mary McCarthy in May 1960 – described to her «as resembling in walk and posture an arrogant camel», an image that she is still «incapable to get out of (her) mind».⁷

The periodical that Kazin mentions, *Commentary*, was founded at the end of World War II by the Jewish Committee, «in line with its 'general program' to enlighten and clarify

public opinion on problems of Jewish concern».⁸ Its editor was Elliot E. Cohen, the magazine was liberal, and Hannah Arendt also wrote for it.⁹ In May 1960, in observance of its fifteenth anniversary year, *Commentary* invited Sidney Hook, chairman of the department of philosophy at New York University, H. Stuart Hughes, professor of history at Harvard, Hans J. Morgenthau, director of the Center for the Study of American Foreign Policy at the University of Chicago, and one of Arendt's close friends, and Charles P. Snow, author of a then widely discussed essay, «The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution», to participate in a three-hour round-table discussion on the moral and political questions surrounding the possibility of a nuclear war.¹⁰ Norman Podhoretz had in 1960 taken over as editor of *Commentary*. In the early seventies, it drifted to the right and become neoconservative.¹¹ But during the editorship of Elliot Cohen and so in the time that Arendt contributed articles, it had been outspokenly liberal. Founded in November 1945, it was hospitable to a «new maturity and sophistication among Jewish writers in America», among them Saul Bellow, Lionel Trilling, Karl Shapiro, Alfred Kazin, and Hannah Arendt.

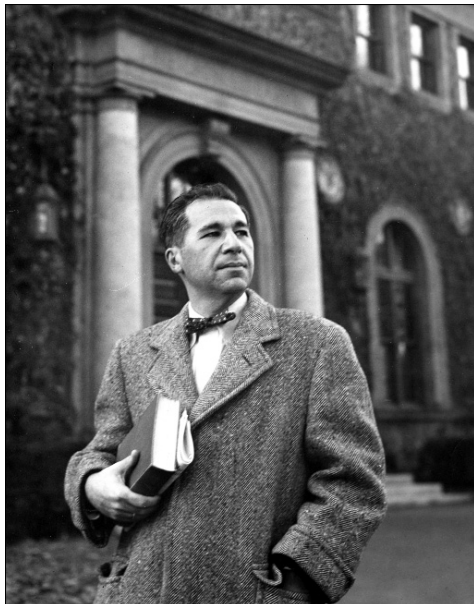
Kazin and Arendt, both Jewish, both living in New York City, were part of what was then often identified as the «New York Intellectuals».¹² At the time, both had known each other for more than a decade and both had established their reputation in the American intellectual world. Alfred Kazin, the son of poor immigrant Jews from Brooklyn, was a twenty-seven-year-old author when his book *On Native Ground* made him an authority on American literature. Kazin understood himself as a «writer, not an academic savant», although his professional life was primarily that of «a critic, literary scholar, and teacher of literature».¹³

Hannah Arendt, then already a cultivated intellectual, had to flee Germany when the

National Socialists came to power, escaped to Paris in 1933 and managed, together with her husband, Heinrich Bluecher, to reach the eastern shores of America in May 1941. While living in New York in the forties, she wrote the book that established her reputation in the United States. *The Origins of Totalitarianism* was published a decade after she arrived in the United States, in the same year that she received her American citizenship. It was Alfred Kazin who forwarded the manuscript to Robert Giroux, who was working for the publishing house of Harcourt, Brace and Company.¹⁴ Giroux was quite excited about the manuscript he had received, writing Arendt in November 1949: «I enclose the contracts covering your book *A History of Totalitarianism* according to the terms we discussed. (...) Needless to say, we are delighted to be publishing your work».¹⁵ Kazin's commentary on this was simple and right to the point: «Hannah was on her way».¹⁶ In a selection of his notebooks, published in 1996, we can read a more detailed story of this exciting moment that also gives us an insight into Kazin's support for Arendt, who was then still a newco-



Hannah Arendt sammen med direktøren for Center for Advanced Studies ved Wesleyan University, Sigmund Neumann. Foto: Special Collections & Archives, Olin Library, Wesleyan University.



Alfred Kazin i 1954-55. Foto: D.I. Crossley, Smith College Archives

mer in the English language: «Hannah Arendt has finished *The Origins of Totalitarianism* and I've been going over the manuscript to de-Teutonize many of the too summary sentences. Extraordinary book. It has really shaken me. But there is so much to rework in her English that I wondered how far I should go, and asked Van Wyck Brooks to look at it. (...) To my relief Van Wyck finally said of Hannah's manuscript 'It will do!' and trotted out the cocktails.»¹⁷ Here we also get a glimpse of the pre-history of the manuscript's journey. For it was Kazin, in his function as a literary adviser to Harcourt Brace, «who took the book to his chief editor Bob Giroux» after the «Boston publisher who had an option on it» rejected it. Giroux, Kazin presumed, «must have stayed up all night to read it, because he called me in the morning sounding reverential. 'It's a great book. Of course we'll publish it.'»¹⁸

Four years earlier, on April 10, 1947, Hannah Arendt had written a letter to Alfred Kazin referring to his «excellent review of Kafka in the Herald Tribune» as a reason for

suggesting a «lunch appointment». Kazin's name had been linked with hers in 1944 when the Magazine Digest, *Jewish Contemporary Record*, had branded both as «prime examples of 'the trend of self-excoriation manifesting itself in times of sorrow and frustration'».¹⁹ Arendt received this criticism for her review of Stefan Zweig's autobiography. She admired Kazin's review of Kafka because he understood «that Kafka's genius was due to his ability to see 'in his private and contemporary agony that part of all of us which is more real than the public reality' and thus, to accept 'his torment as a guide to the human condition'» She was also impressed by Kazin's «understanding of the philosophical content of this work as 'man's search for his own meaning'» But Arendt would not be Arendt, if she did not at some point, or in some small detail, disagree, asking him «Why, for heaven's sake, do you think this was a 'Czech genius'?» She then cited the vital facts about Kafka, that he was «born in Prague as a Jew, (...) never wrote a word in the Czech language, but, as (Kazin) (knew) always in German», concluding «whoever may claim him, and I guess we Jews should, if it is a matter of nationality, the Czechs will hardly be able or willing to do so.»²⁰ At any rate, Arendt and Kazin met, and for the next two decades maintained a mutual interest in each other's life and work, often touched by humor.

When Kazin sent Arendt his book about modern American prose literature, *On Native Grounds*, she thanked him by telling him that she had «been reading it every day at breakfast



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Foto: Nils Vik

(when she [was] in her most antagonistic mood)», and that she never before «learnt so much about this country with so great delight.»²¹ Kazin, on his part, replied that he «at first (...) was insulted,» asking himself whether he could be «*that* readable?» For that would mean, «Then I can't be sound!» But «then (he) reflected that, after all, a solid German education represents something that we here just don't get. For myself, since I begin the soul-tearing

task of putting words together *after* breakfast, I try at that meal to be as frivolous and brainless as possible. Any morning you may find me staring at the Lord and Taylor ads in yesterday's Times, or figuring out the number of square yards that have to be seeded in the garden.»²² This humorous play on the European-American opposition finds a responsive partner in Arendt's sense of comedy.

In 1951, she went to Yale for Hermann Broch's funeral, telling Kazin afterwards: «Broch's death as all things earthly had also its very comical aspects. Nobody, not his brother or his son or his 'best friend' knew that he was married. Tableau! When I arrived with this news, two of the widows were already in each other's hair, a third was expected, a fourth was being prepared, etc. Since Rilke's death, I [would] guess [that] no such funeral [ever] took place. And all this in Yale and among our dear puritans - - who by the way behaved themselves very well. I had only to remind the head of the German department of his vast knowledge of biographies of poets. He said then: Oh yes, but you know this was the

first whom I knew personally -- and started to understand just everything.» Arendt's commentary: «The Americans had at least the somewhat soothing illusion that this was almost normal in European behavior, for a poet at least, whereas the Europeans, without any such illusions --- Well, this however, we both, i.e., Broch and I, are going to survive beautifully.»²³

Hannah Arendt knew Hermann Broch since 1946 and marked their friendship by writing a review of Broch's *The Death of Vergil*. Soon after his book *The Sleepwalkers* appeared, she wrote an essay, «The Achievement of Hermann Broch,» for the *Kenyon Review* (1949), followed by an introduction to the two volumes of his essays published in 1955, and a portrait of Broch after his death in 1951. Arendt admired Broch's literary work. She called him a «reluctant poet» whose novella, «The Servant-girl Zerline», one of the eleven novellas in *The Guiltless*, she adjudged to be «perhaps the finest love story in German literature.»²⁴ What is perhaps more interesting is that her overt disagreement with Broch's understanding of freedom is openly expressed in her *Origins of Totalitarianism* (1951) as well as her *The Human Condition* (1958).²⁵ «Broch», she wrote, «never believed that [the] political sphere, in which man acts outwardly and is engaged by the machinery of the outside world, could be brought to order by categories which were political in origin.»²⁶ «Politics,» according to Broch, «is the mechanics of the external bustle.»²⁷ For Arendt, politics means the very opposite: the sense of politics is freedom, a basic mode of being. «As a mode of being,» it «can unfold its full virtuosity» only «together with the public space.» It is Arendt's opinion that we find the clearest articulation of «a freedom experienced in the process of acting and nothing else in the Greek *polis*».²⁸ It was the ancient Greeks who understood that the end or *raison d'être* [of politics] would be to establish and keep in existence a space where freedom as virtuosity can appear.²⁹ But

this difference of opinion in no way affected Arendt's friendship with Hermann Broch, as the letters the two exchanged between 1946 and 1951 illustrate.³⁰

Let me return to Kazin and Arendt and their interest in Kafka. Three years before their lunch meeting, in 1944, *Partisan Review* published Hannah Arendt's article on Kafka entitled *Franz Kafka: A Reevaluation* (On the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of his death),³¹ not without one of the two founders and chief editors, Philip Rahv, informing her in his letter that they «in some respects» didn't at all agree with her «interpretation of Kafka». But they valued her point of view as «interesting and well worth presenting to (their) readers.»³² *Partisan Review* by the late 1930s had become «more than an organ of the New York Intellectuals – it had become an institution, a magazine that began as early as 1935 to reject or revise «key components of doctrinaire and classical Marxism».³³ The magazine reprinted its original editorial statement in *Partisan Review* on the occasion of its fiftieth Anniversary, in 1985. The statement clearly distances the magazine in general from any given ideology, in particular from the Communist Party, from which it moved away because of the editors' conviction «that the totalitarian trend is inherent in that movement and that it can no longer be combated from within» (p. 12). The magazine opened its pages to «any tendency which is relevant to literature in our time», not asking «conformity» from its writers, and understanding Marxism in culture first of all as an «instrument of analysis and evaluation». *Partisan Review* took its function to be «the medium of democratic controversy».³⁴

Hannah Arendt and Alfred Kazin both contributed articles and book reviews to this magazine.³⁵ So did Randall Jarrell, American poet and one of Arendt's close friends, who wrote among other things an article about the poet W.H. Auden. Another contributor was H.J. Kaplan, whom Arendt mentions in her letter to

Kazin (letter 17) and who regularly sent a letter from Paris, one of the European capitals the magazine used to inform its readers about.³⁶ We come here to a characteristic of this magazine which it in fact held in common with another important magazine in those days, Dwight MacDonald's *politics*, namely the transatlantic or American-European view on politics and culture. As far as it concerns Kazin and Arendt, *politics* made a strong impression on both of them. Alfred Kazin stated: «I owe to *politics* my discovery of Simone Weil».³⁷ And Hannah Arendt explicitly shared Dwight Macdonald's understanding of politics, his intention to «bring back to the public opinion the meaning of politics as the Greeks represent it»³⁸. Macdonald and Arendt both were convinced that politics is about more than administering budgets and managing national wealth or acting out of private interest.

The transatlantic spirit that I just mentioned is no less expressed in Philip Rahv's introduction to the anthology *The Story of American Experience in the Old World* (1947).³⁹ It is a spirit that is repeatedly expressed in Arendt's and Kazin's correspondence. Kazin, the young Jewish-American author who lectured and traveled in Europe, regularly sent her his impressions from cities that were in their initial phases of recovery from World War II, such as Paris, Marseille, Aix-en-Provence and Marseille in France, Florence and Rome in Italy, Salzburg in Austria, and Cologne in Germany. Arendt, the Jewish-German émigré told him of her experiences in the New World, America, on her way to building a remarkable career. The United States was a country whose constitution Arendt deeply admired. This admiration is expressed in one of her first lectures after having arrived in the United States, her «Rand School Lecture» in 1948. Arendt pointed to the «American Republic (as) the only political body based on great eighteenth-century revolutions that has survived 150 years of industrialization and capitalist development, that has been able to cope with the rise of the bourge-

oisie, and that has withstood all temptations, despite strong and ugly racial prejudices in its society, to play the game of nationalist and imperialist politics».⁴⁰

She maintained this admiration throughout her life, even when she, against the background of American foreign policy in Vietnam, wrote *The Crisis of the Republic*.⁴¹ In the very last year of her life, in 1975, her fearless engagement in favor of the Republic, as well as her bridge-building between Europe and the United States, was honored on both continents. Arendt was one of the speakers of the Boston Bicentennial Forum. On May 20, 1975, she gave a lecture entitled «Home to Roost», a lecture that was also broadcast by the National Public Radio.⁴² In the same year, that is, one year after the last letter in her correspondence with Alfred Kazin, the Danish government awarded Arendt its Sonning Prize for Contributions to European Civilization. This prize had never before been received by a woman or by an American. In her speech in Copenhagen Arendt said:

It is no small matter to be recognized for a contribution to European civilization for somebody who left Europe thirty-five years ago – by no means voluntarily – and then became a citizen of the United States, entirely and consciously voluntarily because the Republic was indeed a government of law and not of men. What I learned in these first crucial years between immigration and naturalization amounted roughly to a self-taught course in the political philosophy of the Founding Fathers, and what convinced me was the factual existence of a body politic, utterly unlike the European nation-states with their homogeneous populations, their organic sense of history, their more or less decisive division into classes, their national sovereignty and its notion of a reason of State. The idea that when the chips were down diversity must be sacrificed to the 'union sacrée' of the nation, once the greatest triumph of the assimilatory power of the dominant ethnic group, only now begins to crumble under the pressure of the threatening transformation of all government

of the United States not excluded, into bureaucracies, the rule of neither law nor men but of anonymous offices or computers whose entirely depersonalized domination may turn out to become a greater threat to freedom and to that minimum of civility, without which no communal life is conceivable, than the most outrageous arbitrariness of tyrants of the past has ever been.⁴³

Alfred Kazin, her close friend from the early fifties, had by then become a famous writer, critic, and established member of the American academy. In 1975, he was a «writer-in-residence at the American Academy in Rome».⁴⁴ Since the fifties he had published *The Inmost Leaf* (1955), *Contemporaries* (1962), and *Starting Out in the Thirties* (1965), not to mention his numerous contributions to magazines and newspapers such as *Harper's*, *Commentary*, *The New York Review of Books*, and *New Republic*. Among the books he edited were *The Portable William Blake* (1946) and Hermann Melville's *Moby Dick* (1956); his introduction was very much appreciated by Hannah Arendt (see letter 30, September 29, 1956). He also pursued an academic career as professor at Smith College, Northampton (1953-54), and as professor of American Studies at Amherst. From there he returned to New York in 1957, starting with a one-year appointment at New York University, followed by four years of teaching at the New School for Social Research as a visiting lecturer (1958-63). In 1963 he was appointed to a Distinguished Professorship at the Stony Brook Campus of the State University of New York, where he remained until 1973, followed by a professorship at Hunter College and the Graduate School of the City University of New York. After retiring from the University in 1985 he continued to lecture in New York as well as throughout the country.⁴⁵ But by 1978 he had also gone through «many painful personal breaks in (his) life», two marriages and two divorces. In 1977 when he met the writer Judith Dunford, he finally felt that he had «come home at

last, back where (he) had always meant to be.»

When he died in 1998, Andrew Delbanco wrote on Alfred Kazin for the *New York Review of Books*. He praised Kazin's *On Native Grounds*, and his trilogy of memoirs *A Walker in The City*, *Starting Out in the Thirties*, and *New York Jew* (1978), his reviews for their «irrepressible love for literature», his «keen instinct for the psychological dynamics of literary history», pointing out that Kazin «was not chiefly interested in abstract ideas». Instead, «his only methodological principle was that good criticism requires openness and immersion». But above all, Kazin took «American history as his history by inhabiting it with a fiercely, sympathetic imagination».⁴⁶

Arendt and Kazin's friendship, as so often with her other friendships, was both a shared circle of friends they had in common as well as sharing some basic political ideas. These ideas are not an explicit topic of their correspondence, but they grounded their friendship. We find them expressed in a subtle but nevertheless clear way in the fact that both were writing for *Partisan Review*, a magazine that had moved away from the Communist Party. Sometimes small hints, even half sentences were sufficient for them to indicate what debate they referred to, e.g. when Kazin mentioned liberalism (see letter 5, August 11, 1950) or Sidney Hook's article in *The New York Times Magazine*, and Arendt immediately referred to Kazin telling him that she had followed Hook and the printed answers (Arendt to Kazin, Sunday, 1953). By reading their letters we enter the world of some of the leading newspapers and magazines of the late 1940s and early 1950s in America, the *New York Times* and *The New York Times Magazine*, *Partisan Review* and *The Review of Politics*.

Their friendship in the early years included spending the holiday together at Manommet; during Arendt's second journey to Europe (March until August 1952) Alfred Kazin and Ann Birstein, later his third wife, came from

Cologne where he had a guest professorship and spent the day with her (see letter 15, March 3, 1952). Hannah Arendt enjoyed being in Paris, discovering a new sense for architecture when visiting with them in Chartres, and met «Gott und die Welt», among others, the journalist and essayist Francois Bondy, the philosopher Kojève, who also had written his dissertation with Jaspers, the French writer Albert Camus, the French sociologist and essayist Raymond Aron, and the philosopher Jean Wahl.⁴⁷

Friendship was one of Hannah Arendt's great gifts. Hans Jonas, her friend for over fifty years, called this gift at her funeral, «her genius for friendship», pointing out where their friendship began, namely, in Marburg in 1925 «in Bultmann's New Testament seminar where (the) two were the only Jews».⁴⁸ Comradeship or friendship played a central role in Arendt's life and thought, whether it was her old friendships with Karl Jaspers and Martin Heidegger, or her extraordinary capacity for new friendships later in her life, with Waldemar Gurian, Mary McCarthy, Randall Jarrell, W.H. Auden, Dwight Macdonald and, of course, Alfred Kazin. Friendship could, moreover, possess a political dimension. To avoid misunderstandings, friendship is not compassion, since friendship refers to the individual, and «friendship is as selective as compassion is egalitarian.»⁴⁹

Looking back at his friendship with Hannah, Kazin wrote in his 1978 autobiography, *New York Jew*: «From her first book in English, *The Origins of Totalitarianism*, Hannah Arendt was obsessed with genocide and the threat of future holocausts in an 'overpopulated' world. She became vital to my life. Much as I loved her and submitted patiently to an intellectual loneliness that came out as arrogance, it was for the direction of her thinking that I loved her, for the personal insitencies she gained from her comprehension of the European catastrophe. She

gave her friends – writers so various as Robert Lowell, Randall Jarrell, Mary McCarthy, the Jewish historian Salo Baron – intellectual courage before the moral terror the war had willed to us».⁵⁰

Kazin treasured his friendship with Arendt, resulting in an intense correspondence between 1947 and 1957. While their books and articles show their interest in politics, their correspondence focuses on creativity, their friends, and their encounters with the world. The year 1952 was politically overshadowed by the Korean conflict. Personally for Arendt, it was the year after the publication of her book, *The Origins of Totalitarianism*. She went to Europe, meeting old friends, enjoying new friends, and discovering architecture, «one of Blücher's great passions». It was the year in which she received a grant from the Guggenheim Foundation to study «totalitarian elements of Marxism», and when she was invited to lecture at Princeton. In Alfred Kazin's journals, we read that «Hannah the refugee on Morningside Drive is a great favorite in Germany».⁵¹

Through the fifties and into the sixties Arendt became even more of «a great favorite», not only in Germany but also in the United States. To sketch some of her career moves: In 1956 she gave the Walgreen Foundation Lectures at the University of Chicago and in 1963 accepted a five-year appointment with the Committee on Social Thought. From 1955 on, the Rockefeller Foundation, which in particular provided grants to «scholars doing research on problems in the field of international relations»⁵² regularly asked Hannah Arendt for her opinion about a number of applicants, encouraging her to give her «frank judgement of the research proposal and, if possible, also of the applicant's capacity of imaginative and original scholarship». In the same year, September 1955, she participated in Milan at the conference on «The Future of Freedom», sponsored by the Congress for Cultural Freedom. Her talk entitled «The Rise

and Development of Totalitarianism and Authoritarian Forms of Government in the Twentieth Century» was published in a reworked version both in English and in German journals and collections, in the *Review of Politics*, under the title «Authority in the Twentieth Century», in *Der Monat* under the title «Was ist Autorität?», and in *Nomos: Yearbook of the American Society for Political and Legal Philosophy*, with the title «What was Authority?». Her book *The Human Condition* was published in 1958. In the same year, her friend and mentor Karl Jaspers received the Frankfurt Peace Prize, and it was Arendt who was asked to give the Peace Prize address. One year later, in 1959, she received the Lessing Prize of the Free City of Hamburg. In the acceptance speech she gave, she stressed explicitly her «membership in the group of Jews expelled from Germany», linking this personal story to the situation of receiving public recognition and giving a reflection on the «smiles of Fortuna»: «In awards, the world speaks out, and if we accept the award and speak our gratitude for it, we can do so only by ignoring ourselves and acting entirely within the framework of our attitude toward the world, toward a world and public to which we owe the space into which we speak and in which we are heard. But the honor not only reminds us emphatically of the gratitude we owe the world; it also, to a very high degree, obligates us to it». ⁵³ By the end of the fifties, Arendt had undoubtedly become a very prominent persona. She would become even more prominent with her report on Adolf Eichmann, whose trial in Jerusalem she covered for the *New Yorker*.

From the sixties until the end of her life, she received honorary degrees from a dozen American universities. She became a professor at the University of Chicago from 1963 until 1967, and from 1967 until 1975 at the School for Social Research in New York City. She was accepted into the National Institute of Arts and Letters and the American Academy of Arts and

Sciences, precisely the institution where Kazin had hoped to meet her in May 1974 so that he finally could have introduced her to his daughter Cathrael, who was born at a time when the correspondence between Hannah Arendt and Alfred Kazin was one of intimate friendship. In 1975, the day after she died, one could read many accounts about her very successful journey into American society, her major works and awards, her worldwide fame. David Bird, the author of one article, quoted Mr. Jovanovich, her publisher, who admitted that once he had written a paper in which he had «borrowed» some of Hannah Arendt's ideas, later confessing that he had stolen something from her. Her answer had been: «Isn't it marvelous! That's what it's for». ⁵⁴ Wanting to have ideas in free flight, we might say, was part of her being at home in the world.

I have tried to sketch the very successful lives of these two very famous intellectuals, the Jewish-American writer Alfred Kazin, and the Jewish-European thinker Hannah Arendt. They both made their way into the American intellectual and cultural elite. At the same time both belonged to the generation for whom the key experience was the Holocaust. The Holocaust haunted Kazin's private life through his wife's nightmares in Cologne. A decade later, at a time when «the tumultuous revolutionary sixties filled the present», events like a dinner party conversation, where some guests denied that the Holocaust had ever happened, could nevertheless bring the past back into the present: «The Holocaust would not go away». ⁵⁵

The same can be said about Arendt. To understand how it had all happened, how it could have happened, dominated Arendt in her first book in English, *The Origins of Totalitarianism*, and throughout all her remaining writings. Kazin remembered from the forties that her «constant refrain was 'the decisive break with tradition'». To him she seemed to be possessed by an «intellectual passion as well as

some laconic personal despair (...) to cry out a wildly urgent need for constancy in life, every instance of life».⁵⁶ In the summer of 1960 Adolf Eichmann had been kidnapped in Argentina and brought to Israel to be put on trial. Arendt suggested to William Shawn, the editor of *The New Yorker*, that she go to Israel to serve as a trial reporter. When he accepted, she rescheduled all her teaching at Northwestern University, «changed the term of a one-year grant from the Rockefeller Foundation», and cancelled a lecture at Vassar, telling Vassar College in a letter on January 2, 1961: «To attend this trial is somehow, I feel, an obligation I owe my past.»⁵⁷ When her report was published as a book in 1963, *Eichmann in Jerusalem: A Report on the Banality of Evil*, it created a firestorm of controversy. William Shawn wired Arendt: «People in town seem to be discussing little else».⁵⁸

This is the time when the correspondence between Arendt and Kazin becomes very meager, followed by years of silence. From the Journals of Alfred Kazin we learn that Arendt had given him the Eichmann manuscript, «though we are no longer the friends we used to be». Kazin, as so many other readers of those days, did not understand how and why Arendt, after witnessing the Eichmann trial, «turned her attention» from *superfluosity*, «her key concept in her earlier analysis of radical evil», to *thoughtlessness*. The Eichmann trial taught her that «what is most frightening is that this monstrous deed, this deliberate attempt to destroy and transform the human condition, does not require monstrous or 'evil motives'. It can result from the thoughtlessness – the inability to think – of ordinary, normal people».⁵⁹ This detached rational insight in Arendt's report on Eichmann becomes palatable, first of all, with the distance of time. Forty years ago, many in the American-Jewish community misunderstood Arendt's term, «the banality of evil». One of her great disappointments was that Kurt Blumenfeld, the «most influential proponent of Zionism in Germany» before World War II, and Arendt's

«mentor in politics» during the 1920s, «had broken with her».⁶⁰ While Kazin wrote in his journals from the late forties that he loved «this woman intensely», that she «is such a surprise, such a gift», that he is «a sucker for this kind of advanced European mind, so much better stocked and subtler than the exhausted radicalism of almost every Jewish intellectual I know»,⁶¹ and that «no one else has recognized the essentially arbitrary, make-believe nature of the reality of Nazism and Communism alike have imposed on their submissive victims»,⁶² her book on Eichmann, or more precisely, «the tone she has taken to the doomed people», made him «suffer».⁶³ Their letters do not tell whether the controversy over her *Report on Eichmann* drove them apart. From 1963 until 1974 there are only 4 letters: one in 1966, a year after Randall Jarrell's death – Jarrell had been a common friend; two undated, and one last letter in the year 1974. According to an entry in Kazin's unpublished journals it were social reasons leading to the gradually falling away of their friendship. He noted on January 18, 1964: «The breakdown of our friendship, I see now, really began at that spring 1954 meeting of the national institute when she got her grant. And obviously, it has been the competitiveness on my side, as much as Ann's resentment, that explain the gradual falling away of our intimacy. There is no reason why one should try, in personal relations to overlook the pains of such competitive, jealousy and resentment. Hannah certainly blots out the other person, and you have to submit to her final authority or break away».⁶⁴

This did not, on the other hand, hold Kazin back from rising to Arendt's defense in 1963 when the publication of her book *Eichmann in Jerusalem* not only led to many angry letters, but also to a public forum organized by Irving Howe. Arendt had «declined Howe's invitation to speak», so did Bruno Bettelheim. Howe, Gerald Sorin is telling us in his book *Irving Howe: A Life of Passionate Dissent*, «in order to

achieve 'some balance' turned to sociologist Daniel Bell and political scientist Raul Hilberg to 'represent' [Arendt's] view». ⁶⁵ Hundreds of people had come, and Howe who had «asked – twice – for more speakers, who might support her thesis [...] declared the debate over from the floor» because nobody rose. It was then Alfred Kazin «who had entered the hall very late and quite tipsy, leaped to his feet after Howe's announcement to speak in Arendt's favor». ⁶⁶ Kazin, for his part, recalled

in a 1976 interview: «I did it [for] Hannah as a friend». ⁶⁷

Having come to the end of my introduction, there is not much more for me to do than to hope that their letters, demonstrating a friendship strong enough to build a bridge between Europe and America, and profound enough to survive a long period of silence, encounter a new generation with «understanding hearts» and as much love for the world as Arendt and Kazin expressed. ●

Noter

1. I alone am responsible for this work, but it is the culmination of a long period of research, of discussions with friends and scholars, of the speed of the internet, and of the supportive help of many librarians. I am deeply indebted to the John W. Kluge Center at the Library of Congress for granting me a scholarship, and to three persons in particular, to the librarians David Kresh and Thomas Mann in the Library of Congress, and to the philosopher Theodore Kisiel, whose interest and continuing support of my work encourages me to persevere, and who has been kind enough to do the «englishing».
2. *Newsday*; June 6, 1998.
3. This is a judgment of Delmore Schwartz, and Alfred Kazin agreed on it. See Alfred Kazin, *New York Jew*, New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1978, p. 60.
4. «Arendt, Hannah (1906-1975),» in: *Jewish Women in America. A Historical Encyclopedia*, edited by Paula E. Hyman and Deborah Moore, vol. 1, A-L, New York / London: Routledge, 1997, p. 63.
5. *Alfred Kazin's America – Critical and Personal Writings*, edited and with an Introduction by Ted Solotaroff, New York: HarperCollins Publishers, 2003, p. 467.
6. Kazin: *A Lifetime Burning in Every Moment. From the Journals of Alfred Kazin*, selected and edited by the Author, New York: HarperCollins Publishers, 1996, p. 106.
7. Arendt to Mary McCarthy, New York May 18, 1960, in: *Between Friends. The Correspondence of Hannah Arendt and Mary McCarthy 1949-1975*, edited and with an introduction by Carol Brightman, New York / San Diego / London: Harcourt Brace & Company, 1995, p. 76.
8. Preface to *The Commentary Reader. Two Decades of Articles and Stories*, edited by Norman Podhoretz, New York: Atheneum, 1966, with an introduction by Alfred Kazin, p. vii.
9. Hannah Arendt: «Germany – 1950,» in: *Commentary*, October 1950, re-edited in: *The Commentary Reader*, edited by Norman Podhoretz, 1966, p. 49-60.
10. This round-table discussion is originally in *Commentary*, October 1961, vol. 32:4, p. 277-304; it was reprinted in *The Commentary Reader*, 1966, p. 159-199. The introduction to this reader titled «The Jew as Modern American Writer» is written by Alfred Kazin.
11. See William Corbett, *New York Literary Lights*, Saint Paul Minnesota: Graywolf Press, 1998, p. 65.
12. About the New York Intellectuals see: Alexander Bloom, *Prodigal Sons: The New York Intellectuals & Their World*, New York / Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1986; Neil Jumonville, *Critical Crossings: The New York Intellectuals in Postwar America*, Berkeley / Los Angeles / Oxford: University of California Press, 1991; Harvey M. Teres, *Renewing the Left. Politics: Imagination, and the New York Intellectuals*, New York / Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1996.
13. Kazin, about himself in: *Contemporary Authors: Autobiographical Series*, vol. 7, 1988, p. 85-96.
14. Kazin, *New York Jew*, New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1978, p. 200.
15. Robert Giroux to Arendt, November 3, 1949, Series: Correspondence File, 1938-1976, n.d., Hannah Arendt Papers, Manuscript Division, Library of Congress, Washington D.C.
16. Kazin: *Writing Was Everything*, p. 129. See also: David Laskin, *Partisans*, New York: Simon & Schuster, 2000, p. 220.
17. Kazin, *A Lifetime Burning In Every Moment – From the Journals of Alfred Kazin*, New York: HarperCollins Publishers, 1996, p. 127f.

18. Kazin, *A Lifetime Burning in Every Moment*, p. 128f.
19. Elisabeth Young-Bruehl, *Hannah Arendt – For Love of the World*, New Haven: Yale University Press, 1982, p. 196.
20. Arendt to Kazin, April 10, 1947, Kazin Papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library.
21. Arendt to Kazin, August 4, 1948, Alfred Kazin Papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library.
22. Kazin to Arendt, 28 August 1948, Series: Correspondence File, 1938-1976, n.d., Hannah Arendt Papers, Manuscript Division, Library of Congress, Washington D.C.
23. Arendt to Kazin, June 28, 1951, Alfred Kazin Papers, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library.
24. Arendt, «Hermann Broch», in: Hannah Arendt, *Men in Dark Times*, New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, Inc., 1968, p. 113.
25. Elisabeth Young-Bruehl, *Hannah Arendt – For Love of the World*, p. 279.
26. Arendt, «Hermann Broch,» in: Hannah Arendt, *Men in Dark Times*, p. 135.
27. Concerning Arendt's opinion about some of Broch's intellectual and political views see also the letters she and Blücher exchanged during summer and autumn 1946. *Within Four Walls – The Correspondence between Hannah Arendt and Heinrich Blücher 1936-1968*, edited by Lotte Kohler, New York: Harcourt, Inc., 2000, p. 78f.
28. Arendt, «Freedom and Politics: A Lecture», in: *Chicago Review*, Spring 1960, vol. 14:1, p. 28-46.
29. Ibid.
30. Hannah Arendt, *Hermann Broch*, edited by Paul Michael Lützeler, Frankfurt am Main: Jüdischer Verlag, 1996.
31. See *Partisan Review*, Fall 1944, p. 412-422.
32. Philip Rahv to Hannah Arendt, September 9, 1944, Series: Correspondence File, Publishers, 1944-1975, n.d.–Partisan Review–1944-1964, Hannah Arendt Papers, Manuscript Division, Library of Congress, Washington D.C.
33. See Harvey M. Teres, *Renewing the Left. Politics, Imagination, and the New York Intellectuals*, New York/Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1996, p. 12.
34. *Partisan Review* had barely 15,000 subscribers. The present generation of American critics remembers the critics of the late 1940s and early 1950s who contributed to *Partisan Review*, «Lionel Trilling, Philip Rahv, Clement Greenberg, Alfred Kazin, and Dwight Macdonald,» as those who upheld standards, who were not without «any firm basement for judgments.» See George Cotkin, «The Democratization of Cultural Criticism», in: *The Chronicle Review*, July 2, 2004, p. B8/9. *The Saturday Review* or *Partisan Review* have ceased publication. On the political self-understanding of *Partisan Review* see Hilton Kramer: *The Twilight of the Intellectuals. Culture and Politics in the Era of the Cold War*, Chicago: Ivan R. Dee, 1999, especially: *Reflections on Partisan Review*, p. 334ff.
35. Hannah Arendt, «Approaches to the 'German Problem'» (vol. 12:1, 1945); «The Devil's Share – Denis de Rougemont» (Book Review) (vol. 12:2, 1945); «William Dilthey: An Introduction – H. A. Hodges» (Book Review) (vol. 12:3, 1945); «Parties, Movements, and Classes» (vol. 12:4, 1945); «What is Existenz Philosophy?» (vol. 13:1, 1946);
36. See Randall Jarrell, «Stages of Auden's Ideology», in: *Partisan Review*, Fall 1945, p. 437-457; H. J. Kaplan, «Paris Letter», p. 473-480, H. Arendt, «Parties, Movements, and Classes», p. 504-513.
37. Kazin, *A Lifetime Burning In Every Moment – From the Journals of Alfred Kazin*, New York: HarperCollins Publishers, 1996, p. 56.
38. Dwight Macdonald, *Politics*, February 1944, p. 6.
39. See «American Writers Abroad. Discovery of Europe: The Story of American Experience in the Old World», reviewed by Dumas Malone, in: *New York Herald Tribune Weekly Book Review*, March 23, 1947.
40. Arendt, «Rand School Lecture», in: *Hannah Arendt – Essays in Understanding 1930-1954*, edited by Jerome Kohn, New York / San Diego / London, 1994, p. 223 f.
41. Hannah Arendt, *Crisis of the Republic: Lying in Politics – Civil Disobedience – On Violence – Thoughts on Politics and Revolution*, New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1972; see also Arendt's article «Washington's 'Problemsolvers' – Where They Went Wrong,» in: *The New York Times*, April 5, 1972.
42. See Hannah Arendt «Home to Roost», in: *The American Experiment: Perspectives on 200 Years*, edited by Sam Bass Warner Jr., Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1976, pp. 62-79.
43. Hannah Arendt: Copenhagen, April 18, 1975. See also the article of the Danish journalist Bent Albrechtsen, «Hannah Arendt, den lille kvinde, der trodser trafik og andres mening,» in: *Berlingske Tiden*, Lørdag 15. Marts 1975.
44. See Kazin, «Desperate to write», in: *Contemporary Authors: Autobiographical Series*, vol. 7, Detroit: Gale Research Inc., 1988, p. 95.
45. See Richard Cook: «Alfred Kazin», in: *Dictionary of Literary Biography*, vol. 67: *Modern American Critics*

- Since 1955, edited by Gregory S. Jay, Detroit, Michigan 1988, p. 189-196; see also: *Contemporary Authors, New Revision Series*, vol. 45 (1995), p. 225-228.
46. Andrew Delbanco, «On Alfred Kazin (1915-1998)», in: *New York Review of Books*, vol. 45: 12, July 16 (1998), p. 22.
47. See Arendt's letters to Heinrich, Paris, March 30, 1952, [Paris,] 3. 31. 52, [Paris,] April 17, 52, [Paris,] 4. 24. 52, Paris, May 1, 1952, in: *Within Four Walls - The Correspondence between Hannah Arendt and Heinrich Bluecher, 1936-1968*, edited and with an introduction by Lotte Kohler, New York: Harcourt, Inc., 1996, p. 149-69.
48. Hans Jonas, «Hannah Arendt. Words spoken at the funeral service for Hannah Arendt at the Riverside Memorial Chapel in New York City on Monday, December 8, 1975», in: *Partisan Review* 43: 1 (1976), p. 13.
49. Arendt, «On Humanity in Dark Times: Thoughts about Lessing», in: Hannah Arendt, *Men in Dark Times*, New York: Harcourt Brace & World, 1968, p. 14.
51. Kazin, *New York Jew*, p. 195.
51. See Kazin, *A Lifetime Burning in Every Moment*, p. 149.
52. Kenneth W. Thompson to Hannah Arendt, October 8, 1965, Correspondence File, 1938-1976, n.d., Organizations, 1943-1976, n.d.—Rockefeller Foundation—1960-1969, Hannah Arendt Papers, Manuscript Division, Library of Congress, Washington D.C. Among Arendt's evaluations were «the Committee of International Relations at Notre Dame University», Robert A. Graham's project, researching the «Vatican Diplomatic Policy in World War II», and Eric Voegelin's «professional qualifications», see: Kenneth W. Thompson to Hannah Arendt, January 31, 1955, and April 5, 1956, Correspondence File, 1938-1976, n.d., Organizations, 1943-1976, n.d.—Rockefeller Foundation—1951-1959, Hannah Arendt Papers, Manuscript Division, Library of Congress, Washington D.C.
53. Arendt: «On Humanity in Dark Times: Thoughts about Lessing», in: Hannah Arendt, *Men in Dark Times*, p. 3.
54. See David Bird: «Hannah Arendt, Political Scientist; Dead,» in: *The New York Times*, Saturday, December 6, 1975, p. 32.
55. Kazin, *New York Jew*, p. 258.
56. Kazin, *New York Jew*, p. 197.
57. Arendt to Vassar, January 2, 1961, Universities and Colleges, 1947-1975, n.d.—Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.—1960-1967, Hannah Arendt Papers, Manuscript Division, Library of Congress, Washington D.C., cited from Elisabeth Young-Bruehl, *Hannah Arendt - For Love of the World*, p. 329.
58. See Young-Bruehl, *Hannah Arendt - For Love of the World*, p. 349. For a detailed discussion of Arendt's Report on Eichmann, and more generally, her «Jewishness», see: Richard J. Bernstein: *Hannah Arendt and the Jewish Question*, Cambridge: Polity Press, 1996.
59. Bernstein, *Hannah Arendt and the Jewish Question*, p. 152f.
60. See Young-Bruehl, *Hannah Arendt - For Love of the World*, p. 353.
61. See Kazin, *A Lifetime Burning in Every Moment*, p. 109.
62. Kazin, *A Lifetime Burning in Every Moment*, p. 110.
63. Kazin, *A Lifetime Burning in Every Moment*, p. 179.
64. Kazin, January 18, 1964, unpublished journals. I am indebted to Kazin's biographer, Richard Cook, for this passage, and to Judith Dunford, who gave permission quoting it.
65. Gerald Sorin: *Irving Howe: A Life of Passionate Dissent*, New York: New York University Press, 2002, p. 195.
66. Ibid., p. 196.
67. Kazin interviewed by Alexander Bloom, October 23, 1976, in Bloom, *Prodigal Sons: The New York Intellectuals and Their World*, New York: Oxford University Press, 1986, p. 330, quoted from Gerald Sorin, *Irving Howe: A Life of Passionate Dissent*, p. 196.

The correspondence between Hannah Arendt and Alfred Kazin

1.

SCHOCKEN BOOKS INC.
342 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17,
N.Y. TEL. VANDERBILT 6-4167

April 10, 1947

Mr. Alfred Kazin
91 Pineapple Street
Brooklyn 2, N.Y.

Dear Alfred Kazin:

Your excellent review of Kafka in the Herald Tribune brings to my mind a lunch appointment which we never made. I hope we can manage one soon.

I'm especially happy about the following points which you made in your article - that Kafka's genius was due to his ability to see «in his private and contemporary agony that part of us all which is more real than the public reality» and thus, to accept «his torment as a guide to the human condition.» Then, also, your understanding of the philosophical con-

tent of this work as «man's search for his own meaning.»

One little detail: Why, for Heaven's sake, do you think that this was a «Czech genius?» The facts are: born in Prague as a Jew, he never wrote a word in the Czech language, but, as you know, always in German. So, whoever may claim him, and I guess we Jews should, if it is a matter of nationality, the Czechs will hardly be able or willing to do so.

Please call me up soon.

Yours,
Hannah Arendt

2.

Hannah Arendt, 2 Woodrow Court Hanover,
N.H.

August 4, 1948.

Dear Alfred:

It was a wonderful surprise to find your book here when I arrived. Since then, I have been

reading it every day at breakfast (when I am in my most antagonistic mood) and now I don't remember that I ever learnt so much about this country with so great delight. So, this is a real thank-you letter! I still am a little puzzled about young Kazin who preceded you, because young Kazin's maturity and balanced judgment without any signs of prematurity is a little frightening.

There are some chapters, like the one on Veblen or the little Magazines, that are real masterpieces. Sometimes, I feel like quarrelling, for instance, about Faulkner who in my opinion is a greater writer than you think, as a matter of fact quite possibly the greatest living writer. This is not so much a question of milieu or violence, but rather his extraordinary gift for formulation. (Do you know a better definition of pride than: «If happy I can be, I will; if suffer I must, I can.»?) What I mean is that he knows that passion can be also a way to arrive at truth.

How is the family? Do you now have a «fixed abode»? I don't mean to say that you need it, not in the least. It would only make things so much easier for your friends who can't find you in any of their addressbooks.

Yours,
Hannah.

3.

Hill Farm
Solebury Bucks Co. PA.
TEL. Sugan 2751

23 August 1948

Dear Hannah,

It was so good to hear from you, especially with compliments, yet. For some reason the picture of you sitting down to breakfast with my book fascinated me. At first I was insulted: what I said to myself, can I be *that* readable? Then I can't be sound! Then I reflected that

after all, a solid German education represents something that we here just don't get. For myself, since I begin the soul-tearing task of putting words together after breakfast, I try at that meal to be as frivolous and brainless as possible. Any morning you may find me staring at the Lord and Taylor ads in yesterday's Times, or figuring out the number of square yards that have to be weeded in the garden, etc. etc.

Anyway, thank you. It's a good book; it should have been a better one. For years I couldn't look at it without flinching. Six years of my life, with hardly a day off went into it. But you mustn't exaggerate its maturity. You are perfectly right about Faulkner; that's one of the many things I've learned since.

I'm still moored in Part III of *A Walker In The City*, my «book on New York.» That will be something to read if I can ever finish it. But it hasn't gone very well this summer. Otherwise, of course, it has been very rewarding, for Michael is naches beyond words. He now has eyebrows, a vocabulary of five sounds, the usual staggering amount of hair, and a look – oh, Lord, how shall I say it? – of intense child-like wonder. To see him in his outdoor crib, slowly meditating on every new element in the world is to feel an enormous pity and reverence for man, who must learn everything slowly, obviously a lifetime isn't enough.

How are you? How is the book? Do you ever get time for a walk in the country? How is your rheumatism? – We often talk about you, and wonder how you are. Is there any chance of your being in New York soon, and thus able to visit us here? We're only 2 hours away; in fact an hour by train, where a special courier called Carol will pick you up in the car that only she knows how to drive. We're going to be till mid-Sept, I think, so if there's any chance of your coming down, do let us know.

With affectionate greetings from us three –
Alfred

4.

8/ 8/ 50

Alfred – how are you? Don't you think we should get some little sign that you are still alive? How do you think you will be able to come back and face me without even the tiniest little bit of a letter?

I am still a little bothered by the title of my book. Our newest discovery is: *The Burden of Modern Men* or *Modern Man's Burden*. However, before submitting it seriously and solemnly to Giroux I'd rather have your advice. New York is so so lala. But not hot – unberufen! Come back, I got much too used to you.

Hannah.

5.

c/o Bowron, 1775 Girard Av. So
Minneapolis, Minn.

11 August 1950, Noon

Don't worry, they couldn't keep me here with wild horses. As a matter of fact, shortly after I arrived here, I found myself writing a poem – my first in almost a year – about yellow sand and walking in a wood and the smell of birch leave, so homesick was I for Manomet and the cranberry bog. The truth is that after those pleasant days of real freedom, Minnesota has been one prolonged and boring anti-climax. I don't have enough time to write, am constantly fighting off the innumerable unnecessary social ties attached to my job here, and long to be through and to get back to my desk, my city, my friends. Ironically enough, my classes are the largest in the English department – even my Melville seminar, a very advanced course is jammed beyond all reason. So here I am, have never been so full of stuff but am teaching with my left hand. 'Tis very funny;

I've never less wanted to be a professor. And *therefore* am doing a good job.

Yet let me be just – so long as I can be free. Minnesota is as nice as can be, my students have a touching naive seriousness that sometimes leads to real feelings about poetry. I am living all by my lonesome in a great big house that was lent me free by a man I had a half-hour's talk with six years ago! I feel like a bachelor Pasha. All these bedrooms – and a study, a living room, a dining room, a great big porch. Such grandeur after New York's rat race! The neighborhood is the height of Minneapolis' upper middleclass grandeur. I die of boredom every time I walk up the street. The academic folk around me are decent, decent, decent – and all such damned liberals, afraid of an idea that may even seem to qualify their wish to love despondency. For American liberalism, I see here, is really founded on powerlessness, on «alienation,» on some deep sense of political futility. Politics is – the other side of personal life, the romance of journalism, the heartbreak behind the daily paper. And everyone is so *careful*; one might, I may yet, write a little story about the little world inside this delicately suspended world of academic niceness. I'm just beginning to understand what fiction is – i.e., what, ones one accepts the imaginative power of the fictitious, the *purely* imagined, can be done with an existence whose meanings are always selective; and founded on our ability to choose..... Though I don't have time or energy enough to write, I've never thought more satisfactorily about my tasks and possibilities as a writer.

I miss you beyond words, and can't wait to see you. It's hard for me say this in a letter – but really, Hannah, how often I talk to you that you know not of.

My love to Heinrich,
Always,

I don't see any advantage in the new title, sorry. Stop fussing about titles; the one you

have will do. How are you coming on the proof? I'll be back surely by the 30th, so there may be time yet to go over sore points and such. However, anything that can be asked and settled by mail, do -

The enclosed is that song you liked - Green Grow The Bushes, Ho! Can't write out all the music, but the words and the first theme are right. We will all sing it together, when we are together.

6.

Overseas Hotel, Key West, Florida
Wednesday, 20 Dec 1950

Dear Hannah,

At the moment, alas, I am shivering. When I came Sunday afternoon everything was torrid, just as I like, and with a cry of exultation I wiped the sweat off my brow. But the last two days have been windy and cold; no doubt it will pass; it had better. Still, I have a sunburn, for at any time of the day folks passing down Fleming Street can see me under my sombrero dozing on the upstairs porch over a copy of *Light In August*. Except for the unnatural weather (!!!) Key West is lovely, just as I had hoped. I always knew I had an appointment with this place, just as you have one with Greece. The Negroes slouch along the street in great slovenly style, and everything despite the white paint bears the slatternly lazy mulatto-in-carpet slippers look I expect. The waters of the Gulf are *milky* white, and the pelicans pouch on the poles sticking out of the water with their great noses pressed to the water, hence cover all wisdom. The island, as everyone keeps reminding me, is the southernmost place in the US, nothing below us but foreigners. It is only seven miles long, and about 1 or so wide - on a clear day you can see from the Atlantic to the Gulf. Lots of Cubans; I love to look at the women sitting in the bus with their rings and talking bzz bzz all the while automatically and with serene tropical

unconsciousness putting their coiffures in place..... The only thing wrong, besides the weather, is that the Navy is too much in evidence. Sickening stench of mass loneliness and homesickness that comes up at you anywhere too many men are gathered in uniform.

I have been eating yellowtail, polio con rizo, Jumbo shrimp, red snapper, oranges. New York seems awfully far away. If there is a war, maybe we can all hide away here. This is a bad joke. Actually, the place has more jukeboxes than would be considered decent even in Texas the source of all infamy. My friends Denver Lindley and his wife (he is an editor at Harcourt) are also here, which is good. Half an hour ago we watched the sunset from the pier, and a glow he sang out in good Greek (I hope) the first 100 lines of the *Odyssey*. Which made me think more than usual of you.

I miss you very much. I hope you are well. Pray for good weather, and when it comes, try not to hate me too much, for I have a pact with the sun to store away a little for you, and will give it to you when next we meet.

With dearest love to you both,
Ever,
Alfred

7.

7 June [1951], Hotel Lutetia, Paris-

Dear Hannah and Heinrich:- Have just come from a wonderful fully day at Chartres, and since I am dashing around trying at least to see 1/500th of what there is to see in Paris at the moment, and will be leaving in two days for Aix, had better write now, while I can. I wrote you a card as soon as I had heard about Broch. Though I knew him hardly, I was terribly sad to hear about it. Saw Weill for a lunch the other day, and am going cut to her house Saturday afternoon. We hit it off won-

derfully from the start, and had a hilarious gay lunch, which lasted so long that the poor woman (?) didn't get back to her office till almost four.... Paris is radiant at the moment, the awful weather of the first days has slid into a kind of classic June sunshine, and despite the usual petty gypping and the sometimes incredible unAmericanism of the washrooms, I am having the time of my life, and can neither stop walking nor looking except when sheer fatigue forces me into bed. I have the impression, and everything I hear from experienced people confirms it, that things here are looking up. The prices are awful, the posters growl and shout, but the French are definitely in an optimistic mood, much as they dislike betraying it. Of course the comparison with my last visit here (July '45) couldn't be more astonishing; that was the lowest point except for '40 itself perhaps. But you see the difference in all sorts of small ways. For one thing, they couldn't have been ruder 6 years ago, and now, everywhere, even in the hardened petty bourgeois districts, there's a kind of easy good manners along with the ritualistic outward politesse that seems real. I realized now that Paris's great point must have been 1900, the time of the Great Exposition. If you cover the city pretty thoroughly you get an overwhelming sense that that was the high point, and also, now, the point of all regrets. The other day, near the Louvre, I was amused to see a big sign offering a dinner at fixed price (1500 francs!), everything *cormpris*, including the nostalgia, and the underlying legend--- served just as it was in 1900. It is also just now the most American city I have ever seen since Minneapolis, Minn. The pressure of my fellow countrymen is a little stupefying, and it is becoming almost impossible to say a few words in ill-chosen French to anybody within a mile of the Rue de la Paix without their answering you in English.

It is a very good time, a happy time for both of us. My only occasional regret is that my

days are too passive, I'm just dying to write. But I needed this vegetable holiday after years of the writer's happy prison, and feel all sorts of new powers and possibilities awakening in me. I'm sorry this letter is so scrappy- and, as you have noticed, I've practically forgotten to think in proper English sentences, for I'm working really hard at my French and have actually made myself understood to two *femmes de cbambres* and the conductor on Bus 94.

Sunday morning we leave for Aix-en-Provence and will be in Provence roughly till the 20th. From June 20-30, Venice and Florence, in the order named. From July 1-14 in Rome, and then I go on to Salzburg.

My best love to you both, write me a card if you can to c/o American Express, Florence, and all the best from Ann.

Ever,
Alfred

8.

Aix-en-Provence, 16 July [crossed out and «? June» put there instead] 1951

Dear Hannah: This is Saturday afternoon in Aix, and all the good burghers of the town are walking along the Cours Mirabeau under the double line of trees sipping beer at the cafes. Provence is very, very hot; I have been in a kind of daze ever since I got here from Paris last Monday, what with the heat and the strangeness of the town, for me. Have been a little depressed from time to time just being a tourist, for my head is full of things and long to work. But the countryside is so enchanting and there is so much to see & to read that everyday I put aside the three or four articles I have still to do and go out. Marseilles today surprised me, it was so wonderful, we went out into the harbor to see the Chateau d'If, for I am an old and stubborn admirer of The Count of Monte Christo, and afterwards ate a wonderful bouillabaisse, which I am surpris-

sed to find I love. I have been seeing more of the country than I had expected to, for I have had to go into Marseilles almost every other day, and never tire of seeing the *composition* of the hills— all gold and green just now, and each detail as exquisitely right, yet strained with the heat of the South, as in a picture by Cezanne. My French is improving, tho' I hardly know why it should, for I never seem to be able to get away from Americans. Aix is of course a university town, with loads of ex-GI's and the rest, and I sometimes talk for long periods of time to my *femme de chambre* just to hear some French. As I think I wrote you, I enjoyed Mrs. Weill immensely; on my part it was love at first sight. And last Sunday we went over there for tea, and stayed a long long time. Catherine was wonderful, too; Herr Weill I enjoyed much less well. Do you remember our discussion once about people who «know better»? The term must have been invented for Eric W. Anyway, I loved being at their house; it was a *little* bit like being at 130 Morningside Drive again. For the rest, there is very little to add. I'm looking forward to Italy (Genoa-Pisa-Florence-Rome), and to getting the galleys of the Walker off my shoulders at last. This last week in Aix has been suddenly tiresome, and sometimes even downright depressing, I'm not sure I know why — it must be the sudden letup after so long a period in which I held on to my book for dear life. The intellectual life, etc. in Paris seemed to me glibber and emptier than I can describe— the French critics are becoming a race of antiquarians. I didn't see Sartre's new play, but I hear it is very talky and pretty sterile. My impression of France's prosperity, confirmed by Anna Weill from expert evidence, grows here. Aix is the most beautiful and the damndest bourgeois town I've ever seen. The insides of the houses are incredible— like mortuary parlors.

Well, I hope to be completely better in Italy, very soon. I so long to hear from you. Please send me a few lines — c/o American

Express Florence until June 28th; c/o Amer. Express in Rome from June 28th till July 13th, when I leave for Salzburg. And do, please, have a look at the illustrations the artist is doing for my book and let me know what you think. I've had some second thoughts about the wisdom of illustrations at all, modest and entirely marginal as the original plans were, and want to be reassured that the pictures don't slop over too much. *Do* write, if only a few words. I miss you both so much.

Love from us both —
Alfred

9.

Florence, 25 June 1951
Dear Hannah:

Florence of a late Monday afternoon. Nothing could be stiller, and after a day, as usual, spent half in churches and half in museums, I have retired to my room at the splendido Anglo-American hotel where my body and bags are lodged at the moment to look at the papers and to resume normal human contact with myself. The weather has been the same even hotness all along, ever since the first few days in Paris. And I have walked at the same pace through Paris, Aix, Marseilles, Chartres (but that was magnificent, indescribable), Genoa, Pisa, and now Florence. For just a little more than a month now I have filled my eyes with pictures & streets and statues, my stomach with good food and drink, have seen Don Giovanni in German, Oberon in Italian, and with my usual conscientiousness have read the papers and the catalogues and the guide-books. But for some reason, starting soon after Paris, I have been in a low state. Workhorse that I am, I was too rudely forced from the womb of labor, and feel as passive as one of those exquisitely sculptured friezes of a cardinal on a tomb forever staring up at the ceiling in amazement. I don't seem to be able to get

into things this time, but regard everything with the same superficial pleasure and ungrateful eyes. Among other things, I have been dying for news of home and some letters, but so far almost nothing but the usual letter from my father, who as long as I can remember, has always written the same letter and ended it with the same genial falsehood: «*nothing more to say.*»

How are you and Heinrich? Do you exist? I miss you both very much. The Weills were good to meet, and since then I have been in vague correspondence with Madame, I having lent her a copy of the Walker. I am slowly reviving, however, after the torpor of the last few weeks, and am just about to sit down to a review of two books on the Russian inquisition system one of them you probably know, *Russian Purge & The Extraction Of Confession* by Beck & Godin. It's not my subject perhaps, but I have been thinking about it fairly steadily, and suspect I have something to say on the subject of Russian purges and police interrogation in general being considered «unintelligible.» We use the word, they use the word, too («Why? What for?») is written all over the Soviet cells), to avoid admitting that the system is exactly what it means: i.e. one of calculated and general falsehood in which it is normal for a majority of the Soviet population to pass through the prisons at one time or other ...

It is interesting, incidentally, that despite my extreme lassitude, the trip has been a succession of things won, and seen, that I had been waiting for all my life and had missed on other trips: Chartres, the Botticelli Venus and Primavera in the Uffizi, the Ghiberti doors of Paradise (just beyond the trolley car tracks in the center of Florence), the Michaelangelo tombs for Lorenzo de Medici in San Lorenzo. And best of all, someone I had known only as a name and have been completely taken with, the sculptor Giovanni Pisano. What work- I can't begin to tell you how great it is. Rude carved heads of prophets and saints, looking

as if each figure itself were struggling out of the block. And the whole body in its solid leanness, the head usually slightly bent to one side, enigmatic as the human face always looks when literally *plunged* in thought- all expressive of the real mystery of faith, such as I have never seen it before in sculpture of so early a period: mystery, i.e. not the mystery of why we believe or what is hard to believe or the mysteriousness of the center, but the mystery of meditation, of a life beyond our life, in which we are seen.

Do send me a line. I want so much to hear from you and know how you are. As I know I've written you my schedule is June 29-July 12, Rome (c/o American Express); July 14-Aug 31, Salzburg seminar, Schloss Leopoldskron, Salzburg, Austria. So write me to Rome if you can.

My love to the Bluchers- Always, Alfred

10.

Hannah Arendt
June 28, 1951.

Alfred-
just home and found a. the galleys of the walker and b. your letter. Shall read the galleys over the weekend and then communicate with you.

I could not write, and even today hardly can. Broch's death was a sudden and deep shock.-He belonged even more into my world than I had realized when he was still alive. I last saw him 2 days before his death - in my office where he used to come and fetch me for a cup of tea at Child's. And here, right besides this typewriter is the couch on which he used to sleep ect. I somehow can't get reconciled to his being dead for ever.

You see, I am really hurt. First because, one of my more lovely acquaintances in this country put it, I «take this sort of thing (meaning death) so seriously» (is not that lovely?) and second because I begin to realize how many

of my very best friends are between 60 and 70, i.e. am up against the problem of surviving, which is the vulgar version of the more serious question: How does one live with the dead? It is obvious, isn't it, that one needs new feelings, new manners, new everything.

I was glad that you and my friend Annchen liked each other, but never really doubted it. About Weil you are 100% right. Catherine is a problem apart. But for Anne's existence I am always grateful; that it is possible to say at the ripe age of 14: this is going to be my best friend throughout my life, and that it then turns out that this was not youthful romantic enthusiasm but the perfect truth.

Broch's death, as all things earthly, had also its very comical aspects. Nobody, not his brother or his son or his «best friend», knew that he was married. Tableau! When I arrived with these news, 2 of the widows were already in each other's hair, a third was expected, a fourth was being prepared etc. Since Rilke's death I guess no such funeral took place. And all this in Yale and among our dear puritans – who by the way behaved themselves very very well. I had only to remind the head of the German department of his vast knowledge of biographies of poets. He said then: Oh yes, but you know this was the first whom I knew personally – and started to understand just everything. The Americans had at least the somewhat soothing illusion that this was almost normal European behavior, for a poet at least, whereas the Europeans, without any such illusions -- Well, this however, we both, i.e. Broch and I, are going to survive beautifully.

–Alfred, write me even if I don't. Think of me, sitting in a corner, very quiet, and pondering the problem of «surviving».

I'll call Carol one of these days. This too was only postponed because of Broch's death.

Always yours,
Hannah

11.

July 7, 1951.

Dear Alfred – I just finished the proofs – a little late but certainly still in time. I'd rather have your okay for each correction and therefore give you all of them in the following and leave it to you to select from them and inform Giroux (or whoever is responsible).

Only one serious thing: The yiddish transliterations are still very confused; I am no expert, but you do need one. (libbe is wrong, probably libe; your spelling of meshugene is out of this world; I am not even sure with your urime for arme I suppose etc. etc. Please do something about it)

And only one general suggestion (of whose correctness I am not even very sure myself): I have the feeling that you should try to take out or change the few few places where you let somebody else address you by your name. The very identification with the first name of the author somehow breaks the spell for me. But please, as I told you, I am not very shure my self. Wherever I am not sure, I put a question mark in the following:

galley 5 line 4: gods (not Gods)??

9 3: from bottom: Wurst (without Umlaut)

15 24: from top: music that swas as etc.

Libbe????? or Libe

16 #4 1. l&2: der heym or derheym? Heym in italics

17 line 18. from top: His father : Why Italics??

29. «««: ale (not alle); see also below same ## bottom: again the derheym business and passim.

21, # THE OLD DRUGSTORE: The point with the second-hand furniture stores does not quite come through. I suggest that you put the sentence: «The whole block is now thick» etc. immediately after the first sentence.

galley 24, line 19 from bottom: that same man (del. the)

27, middle: del.? After all police stations in

9: Did you look up the prayer? I distinctly remember the Hebrew: Owinu, malkenu, chotonu lefonechu: «Our Father, Our King, We sinned before Thou.

29, middle: What is mishegoyim?? Do you mean Meshugener as of gal. 33? Or is that a yiddish word which I don't know.

30, # 4, last 2 lines: «Papa, where are they taking me?» till end: I suggest italics here.

31, ## 2, line 23: thumb.

38, line 15 from bottom: something wrong, seems to me: do the flies buzz «at?» the bedroom windows in which case you don't need the comma after lamps, or do the people watch the open bedroom windows? You'll know how to fix it.

39, line 23: pigeons

42, line 15 from bottom: torn out

44, # 3, line 6: on my route I often

45, the quotation from the Corinthians: what happened? Why not all in italics? Why the brackets??

line 20 from bottom: word, not world?

46, line 21: I'd suggest to take out «like me»

This seems to be all; I did not try to catch printing errors. Looks beautiful! I saw the drawings and rather liked them. I think it is a good idea to have them. I don't feel quite competent, however, in this. If you want it, I could ask Heinrich to have a look. He knows better.

How are you? Don't itch with writing; enjoy yourself! How is Anne? Still with you? or already back in France.

Love
Hannah

12.

Salzburg Seminar, Schloss Leopoldskron,
Salzburg
16 July 1951

Dear Hannah,
Many many thanks for troubling about my

proofs. Your letter, alas, came only after I had sent the proofs back to Denver Lindley, but with one exception I was able to locate specific passages in the manuscript. Many of your suggestions I have adopted gratefully. Your scornful remarks about the Yiddish transliteration amuse and perplex me. First, they were all checked and respelled, at your suggestion, by Ben Halprin. Second, you do not allow for different kinds of Yiddish pronunciation, in particular that of Litvaks. Third, *libbe* is faithful to the sound of that word as I heard it; whereas *libe* is awfully close to the German. Fourth, *urine* is exactly the way «arme» is pronounced ***** The brackets around the quotation from Corinthians are a mistake; but the reason certain words are in Roman is that in most missionary bibles, and for that matter actually most Testament, certain words are stressed— not always with reason. But I did want to preserve the flavor.

One small thing more. The only reference I couldn't catch in your letter is to «galley 24, line 19 from bottom, that same man (del. the). Would this be the part about the knife grinder? If you remember it as something else, do me the kindness to check with Denver Lindley and straighten this out.

Home was absolutely golden— I cannot remember such joyous weeks. Ann was with me, in every sense; she is in Rome now, but I hope to have her down here for at least the last two weeks. I am sorry you don't know her better; for myself, I have never known such fullness and ease before, and already miss her terribly. After Italy, and the sun, and the post-office clerks who tell you how to save 10000 lire sending proofs back to the states, Austria and the young American academics here seem awfully palid. I am more and more conscious of the terrible softness of these young American intellectuals— everything is concession and «niceness» and «human relationships» and «preparing the right atmosphere.» Uh: I've outworn this old suit of clothes, but will stretch my new body in this one even if the

stitches break... This is no excuse for a letter, I *will* write more and soon- but Hannah, you, too, must write. You seem so terribly, terribly far away suddenly, and I don't like it.

My very best to you and Heinrich-

Immer,
Alfred

13.

SALZBURG SEMINAR IN AMERICAN STUDIES

1 August 1951

Dear Hannah,

Thanks for the picture and note. I was going to write to you this morning anyway, for it is my «free» day, and I have nothing to do but prepare a lecture on Whitman for tomorrow, write, read, talk to people, play the Bach double concerto with M. Gierre from Paris, and examine some student papers. Whether I will succeed in writing even a coherent letter to you remains problematical- I went to the dress rehearsal of *Die Zauberflöte* last night, got to bed very late, and seem in any event to have spent the night dreaming music. I've now seen Idomeneo here and the *Zauberflöte* reinforces my growing realization that Mozart is one of the great masters of the supernatural- that he deals in it as the medieval alchemists dealt in «substances.» Furtwängler drove me crazy last night, he was so plodding and saw, but the opera came through with reverberations that still leave me dizzy. I've been very lucky in getting to rehearsals- Eric Bentley's exwife Maja is the assistant to Berthold Viertel, who is directing Kleist's *Der Zerbrochene Krug*, and I've been able to sneak in to things that would otherwise have been impossible. Do you know Viertel? It's funny to see the old Viennese Jewish stage crowd - Viertel, Therese Giese, Oscar Homolka, etc. - back here now. Viertel I thought quite wonderful- looks like a Rem-

brandt portrait of an old rabbi, heavy shaded eyes and long hair, the crippled walk - sees everything at a glance, cunning and wise, and is so excited, as he said to me in the rain one night, to «be able to do my Kleist again.»

Life here is very pleasant at the moment- the awful rains have lifted, many of the students are quite good, and I have never had so much fun teaching, for I'm really thinking these days, and am beginning to realize more and more what I can do. Every Seminar here has been a dialogue between the Americans and some particular nationality- this time it is the English, who are the brightest bunch we have, and so uproariously funny that no one peering in on us from the outside would believe that this is a serious enterprise. There seems also to be a growing entente between Kazin and German culture- I've been studying with a Viennese school teacher who keeps me on my toes, am reading more and more intelligently, and have on the whole committed myself, *via-a vis* the Germans here, to not doing unto others as they would have done unto me. I was touched yesterday to receive a gift from one Munich teacher of *Der tausendjährige rosenstrauch* (Deutsche Gedichte). Sunday I had lunch at Attersee with Dr. and Mrs. Hermann Fischer (son-in-law and daughter of the old founder of Fischer Verlag), and learned a lot. Apparently the young writers in Germany are quite hopeless still. Certainly the ones here are not impressive- not free in themselves at all- but Lord, they do try so hard, and read everything, and have theories about everything, and think like a tractor in the mud. The funniest man we have is an Australian Irishman, a hack writer, who as a youth prepared himself for literature by rewriting all the great novels - chapter by chapter, week by week! - Well, I'm too sleepy to write anymore.

Tell me how you are. My best love to you both. I miss you so much.
Alfred

14.

c/o American Express, Paris
Tuesday afternoon, Feb 26/ 52

Dear Hannah:- Paris is Paris, a little grayer and shabbier than I've ever seen it before, and cold as hell, with that peculiarly damp biting cold I always associate with Europe in February. We have rooms practically on the river- at least I have; Ann spent ten weeks finding me a place, and tho' the hotel is supposed to be shady, and *la lampe électrique plus forte* never comes, and it took three days to get a chair, and so on- my room does overlook one corner of the river from the Place St. Michel, and I am content. Saw Annchen for lunch yesterday- it was lovely. She and Ann have become such good friends they hold hands under the table giggle all the time with some deep feminine secrecy which no mere man can ever hope to enter. The French are also, as usual, very French - behind what I must call that slightly rat-look look of a megacity. I'd forgotten that music means nothing, here. At great expense we went to the opera last night, to see Berlioz's *The Damnation of Faust*. It was so bad, or worse than bad, so cheaply done, that you couldn't get angry or anything, but only sat there in a kind of stupor wondering what the joke was. I have seen interesting film on Andre Gide; the old man looks, finally, like a man, and is intensely charming. Went on a pious pilgrimage to Simone Weil's parents - both of them very old, the father 88, the mother in her 70's, but remarkably young-looking. And heard the whole fantastic story of how the Catholics, Father Perrin and Gustave Thibon, especially the latter, doctored up the notebooks to compose *La Pesanteur et la Grace*. Mme Weil showed me the originals of Simone's notebooks, which are beginning to come out here volume by volume; the first has just appeared.

I hear from Annchen that you are arriving on the 27th of March: hurray hurray! The

hotel here would be alright, if I could get you a room just like mine- i.e. one which has three bay windows and overlooks a corner of the Seine. But the telephone is downstairs, the service is not good; and I don't think, busy as you will be with people here, that such a place is quite what you need. Annchen and we seem to think of the Angleterre for you. But I warn you, as no doubt you have already been warned, that prices have gone up terrifically; unbelievably, in fact. Everything is many times more expensive than it was last summer. This hotel, for example, which is pretty second-rate by any standards, charges me 800 francs per day- all extras included, but still that is an awful lot. Ann, who gets 54,000 francs a month on her Fulbright fellowship, has been having a very hard time of it lately. Ach, but how good it is to see her again; I can't tell you how rich and human and alive it was to see her here, to resume, as it were, the conversation we dropped in Genoa last summer. I still feel a little unsettled, of course, and am not in much mood for sightseeing as such; but I've already begun to work, and if the winter is here, can the spring be far behind?

I hope this finds you and Heinrich well- tell me about his new courses, and what is happening to you.

Ann sends her love to you both, and
Alfred.

P.S.: Please do me a small favor? If you would send a postal card to Miss Mildred Salivar at Harcourt, asking her to send a copy of the Walker (enclosing compliments of author's card) to Madame Bernard Weil, 3, Rue Auguste Comte, Paris XI. (to be charged to my account)

PPS / Forgot to tell you about the wonderful Sunday af't at the Comedie Francaise watching that old bedroom farce *Le Dindon*, (Feydeau), to which the French bring their children!

15.

March 3, 1952.

Alfred dear, I am pleased with you and your letter. I expect you on the Gare St. Lazare (Don't be silly and take this seriously, I am kidding, but still discover that the fact that you are there in Paris makes it a little homelike, or something, I don't know; I am mixed up and want to close the parenthesis -) on the 27th - Hurrah. My plans: I stay in Paris until the 2nd, then one week Basel, then by plane Zürich-Rome, Rome-Athens, Athens-Tel Aviv, Tel Aviv-Paris. I want to be back in Paris on the 5th of mai and then stay there one full week, so that I'll be in Germany in the middle of mai. Your hotel would not do because of the telephone; If at all possible, I need one in my room.

I wrote to Harcourt for Walker to Mme Weil. And quite in style intend to ask you immediately for a *big* favor: I asked Annchen to inquire if it is possible to book passage Paris-Israel-Paris in France in French francs. Reasons obvious. The question is whether one can do this with an American passport. I need the answer urgently. I want to book as follows: TWA, Friday April 11th, Paris-Zürich-Rome-Athens, flight 926. I don't need Paris-Zürich, but that does not matter); and Athens-Tel-Aviv on Monday, April 21, flight 918. Then back on Monday May 5, with Air France, flight 221.

Maybe Annchen has the information already, but I did not yet hear from her and must know it some time next week. If it is possible I'd have to buy more francs. Call her up, will you?, and find out.

Heinrich is fine, has nice classes, larger than last term, is very pleased - cat-like pleased -, has found out a few new things. The so-called intellectual atmosphere here gets a little more depressing, the general political picture a little more frightening every day.

Salut, Gruss und Kuss, affectueusement,
give my love to Ann -

yours
Hannah

By the way, the dates which I gave you are not yet definite, but very probable.

16.

April 6, 1952

Dear friends -

I shall be back this coming Thursday, arrive per autorail around noon. Forgot all my English. Am scandalously happy. In the midst of one uninterrupted conversation (not discussion, complete give and take) since the minute of my arrival. Somehow bewildered that such a thing really exists, is at all possible. The greatest consolation. I shall tell you more about it.

Still relieved that I cancelled the meshugene trip to Palestine and can come back to Paris and to you and to Annchen - that is to the things I love and live with. I had not a minute for working; it would be wasted time here, whenever I am not with Jaspers - that is in the morning until 11 and in the afternoon between 2 and four - I read or think things over.

Was in Zuerich where the editor of the Zuercher Zeitung, very enthusiastic about my book, has started a one-man publicity drive, bought a dozen copies, etc. Wednesday I have my first interview with a publisher; wait and see. Not very important but nice.

I do not buy francs because they pay here less than in New York and probably Paris.

Love
Hannah

17.

Hotel d'Angleterre
44 rue Jacob

Paris, den 27. 4. 52.

Mein lieber Junge – dieser Brief soll Dich so gruessen in dem unheimlichen Land und der zerstoerten Stadt und in der Fremde, wie Du mich gegruesst hast, als ich nach Paris kam. Also eigentlich ein Gruss von Morningside Drive. Und – da ich ja nun doch einmal ein Pauker bin – auch gleich die erste deutsche Sprachuebung. Kurz alles in einem.

Gut, dass Holland so schoen war. Die Gasse von Delft – wie er aus jedem Stadtraum einen Innenraum macht und wie eigentlich das ganze Holland in seiner intensiven Bewohntheit wie eine einzige Wohnung annutet.

Paris ist immer noch herrlichst. Weiss gar nicht, wie ich den Abschied verschmerzen werde. Sehe viele Menschen – was weniger herrlich ist. Fast ueberall das Eingefahrensein in Theorien und die Unwilligkeit, irgend- etwas mit Realitaet zu tun zu haben. Und wer koennte es ihnen verdenken??

Aber das petit bonheur ist doch eine grosse Sache und eine Realitaet, weil es daher kommt, dass niemand sich vergleicht, sondern, wenn es nur einigermassen ertraeglich ist, nimmt, was ihm gegeben wurde. Ich traf Kaplan bei Chiaromonte; der war ganz verbluefft ueber das Ergebnis einer ihrer unendlichen research-Unternehmen, aus dem hervorgeht, dass niemand in Frankreich wants to keep up with the Joneses.

Meine Reiseplaene kristallisieren sich und werden immer komplizierter. Ich muss Ende Mai nach Lugano (Schweiz), um dort den Verleger von Broch zu treffen. Davor mindestens eine Woche Muenchen. Hier jedenfalls bleibe ich wie vorgesehen bis zum 10. Mai.

Ich schreibe Dir natuerlich meine Adresse, sobald ich sie weiss. Aber erreichen kannst Du mich immer: c/o JRSO, Nuernberg, Fuertherstr. 112

Alfred, alles alles Gute. Halt die Ohren steif. Komm nicht als deutscher Professor

nach Hause. Machs gut (wie man in Berlin sagt) and have a good time!

Von Herzen,
Hannah

18.

6275 Silsersee 8/5/52

Thanks for your letter. I am glad that you both enjoy yourselves. I am in St. Moritz since last week, incredibly beautiful. The earth, the earth – a good place to dwell on. I'll leave this Friday, stay in Zurich until Monday; then Paris – Hotel d'Angleterre, 44 rue Jacob, as usual – and leave for NY Aug. 16th.

See you in New York, children.
Ever yours,
Hannah

19.

Freiburg/ Br.
May 20, 1952.

Alfred –
I think you owe me a letter this time: never mind.

Here is my itinerary for the next few weeks. I shall be in Wiesbaden possibly already around June 1st until the fifth. Then Stuttgart until the tenth. Then (lecture in Tuebingen in between) Munich again from June 12 to 19 or 20. Then Great Britain etc.

Adresses: Until June 1st: c/o Jaspers, 126 Austrasse. Basel. In Wiesbaden: American Express. I'll probably stay at the Gruener Wald-Hotel.

I need your advice for the following: Oxford University Press wrote a very nice letter asking if my new book is under contract. I wrote to Giroux asking him if he regards it under contract and if he is ready to give me a contract. No reply. What shall I write to the Oxford Press people?? also: Giroux never sent

the little folder with criticism and I am a little angry because I need it so much. What can I do??

Princeton asked me to participate in their Seminar in Criticism, six lectures with discussion for 1.500 \$. Nice, isn't it??

I miss you both and kiss you.
Hannah

I had a very nice time with Zilkens who'll tell you that I'll probably come to Cologne in July.

20.

bei Wiesener,
Simmerer Str. 114
Koeln (Sulz)

Dearest Hannah- Simply overjoyed to get your note this morning. How I've missed you here, I would have written long ago, but was discouraged by your lack of any definite address (yes, I could have written to Nurnberg), and kept thinking I would meet you in some city near here. Anyway, you will be in Wiesbaden June 1st and that is the Whitsuntide holiday, so will try to come out to Wiesbaden then and to see you. In addition to everything else, and so much to talk over, I need your presence in Koeln- for a very definite purpose whenever you can arrange it. Ann is coming tomorrow, to stay; and as soon as we can get things settled, we plan to get married here. We had planned originally on waiting until London, but I shall have to be at Cambridge University for a big conference and the complications even in England may be such that we are afraid to wait that long. Paris was too difficult, but Koeln is *possible* - if I get some of the 100,000 papers we both need. For obvious reasons, we had hesitated to get married in Germany; but what counts for us is that we get married, not where. AND IF YOU ARE OUR WITNESS, all will be well. So: I will talk it over with you in Wiesbaden, and as

soon as I know when we can get married here, I will let you know. We count on you!

Saw Zilkens last week for the first time, and liked him enormously. He was so full of you, kept on talking about you all evening. Which I well understood, and was envious that he had seen you. Really, I've missed you achingly. Germany is not in the least like what I had expected. You really shouldn't have told Zilkens that I was worried about anti-Semitism here- I may have been before I came, a little, and most subconsciously. But everyone has been as nice as pie. Only, it has been just dreary and lonesome. The people are good, good, some of them!- but dull as they come, real pedants. My students are all terribly young and nice, speak English well, seem eager, but American literature here is all uphill work, terribly elementary. And tho' they all seem to think I am «a creative person» and marvel that I can lecture without notes (!!!!), there are faint reluctant grumblings that the stuff I give them is too interpretative, not *factual* enough. In short, the Joneses and the philistines are with us everywhere, and Germany for me, so far, is pleasant and boring. I'm working hard as I can at the language, understand most of what is said to me, amuse the shopkeepers and others by my unerring mistakes, and when time permits, recite German lesson faithfully to myself. But it is not the language that is the stumbling block - it is the sheer emptiness, I mean the petty-bourgeois emptiness and pedantry which sometime get me down. Cologne is rebuilding so fast, one hardly notices the ruins after a week. But the feeling of the rubble and the dust and the general joylessness is everywhere. Zilkens actually amazed me by his intellectual intensity and his personal eagerness - 'tis so rare. Was amused to learn that Frau Zilkens is a descendant of Moses Mendelssohn.

If I sound «browned out,» as the English used to say during the war, put it down to fatigue - I've just spent almost three whole mornings going from office to office here trying

to get registered, and am disgusted. On the other hand, the people I live with are very nice, I like the youngsters in my classes, Ann is' coming tomorrow, Hannah is in Germany—within shooting distance, or kissing distance; and all will be well.

Please write me again, tell me exactly when I may hope to see you in Wiesbaden.

May, 30th, I will be in Munich, for a lecture at the university. Any chance of seeing you then?

I'll write Giroux immediately— I can't understand why he is so careless. And I congratulate you (a little enviously!) on the Princeton lectures; it's a wonderful chance.

I *must* see you soon.
Much love
Alfred

21.

Sunday -

Alfred -
it was good to hear from you. Hook - well, what else did you expect? Did you see his article in Times Magazine? Today, they bring a few replies to it. I'll see Mary tonight and I assume we shall talk about the magazine for the nth time. I do not want it any more, have a feeling that it is too late. The only nice thing is Mr. Truman for whom I have a real affection. Let's see how he is doing. Maybe the Democratic Party will wake up to the realities in this country & stop the idiotic talk about economics.

Princeton is over and was nice up to the non-bitter end.

I am delighted that you still want me. Sure, in that case it is December 7th, but think it over carefully: this means that I would stay till Thursday, December 10th!! Since I have my lecture on Wednesday night. Are you not in NY before? Don't I see you? And where does the gentleman sleep??

How is Ann? How far is the novel?

Yours, wie immer -
Hannah

22.

January 26, 1954.

Dearest Alfred-
I just see that, God knows through whose fault, a note which I wrote you remained unmailed. Mille gratulations et felicitations! I think this is wonderful and since Smith is not too far away from NY there is no reason why I should object. So, you have my okay - not that you asked for it as you properly should have done. I forgive you. But now come soon, and let us celebrate. When do you intend to be back - the 1st or the 7th? I could not quite read your handwriting.

Here nothing new - except that I accepted lectures in Notre Dame on Philosophy and Politics and am pretty busy (but happy). And that a vague possibility exists that I shall have to go to Europe for 4-6 weeks for JCR some time in spring. Yours and kisses to both of you,

Hannah

Thanks for Cummings. It is an excellent review and quite interesting.

23.

9/ 14/ 54.

Dear Alfred -

A propos Flaubert's anger: Do you know that the Greeks counted anger among the pleasant emotions?

And don't you think that this Narrishkeit between us has lasted long enough? If we want to be angry, let us be angry together.

As ever.
Hannah

24.

58 Paradise Road, Northampton, Mass. Sept
18, 1954

Dear Hannah:

I am very glad. Thanks.

I don't know when I shall be in NY again,
but when I am, I shall call you.

Love,
Alfred

25.

58 Paradise Road
Northampton, Mass.
Dec 22, 1954

Dear Hannah,

Alas, no lunch was possible yesterday, for at lunchtime we were just pulling out for Northampton. Ann has been having such a bad time of it with early period sickness that it seemed best to come home. Anyway, it gave me a pang to leave you in the library with nobody, nobody around to buy you a Dubonnet or to say a friendly word. Are all the regulars still there? The reader of the six-columned Bible - the author of the definitive work showing up Spengler- and all the true people, the last solitaries, who can breathe in the wonderful wax on the tables of the people? Some day, if you are good, I will give you my private memoirs of life in the 42nd Street library. And if you are not good, I will give them to you anyway. I look forward to our reunion.

Beautiful day, clear and bright: I feel full of blessings.

My love to you.
Alfred

26.

2200 College Avenue
Berkeley 4, California

Dear Alfred -

Mr. Smith called me and we had lunch - he is a nice fellow - and I was glad that you did write and felt your friendship extending over the continent. This morning, when I came down to breakfast - I live in the Women's Faculty Club, a kind of nunnery - somebody greeted me with «I just heard Alfred Kazin speaking and I sleepy as usual got excited and asked: Where the devil is he? ** Of course in New York and talking over one of these modern devilish machineries. But it was nice for one moment.

How is it here? I don't yet know. All I know is that this is certainly one of the strangest and most beautiful spots on earth. What is so strange is not the landscape as such as the climate which goes with it and which is always just right - neither hot nor cold, sunny and fresh, so that no matter how you are dressed you always feel just right. An altogether different bodyfeeling, a kind of over-relaxation.

My classes are overcrowded and I am overworked. The worst is that I have to get up at 7 o'clock in the morning and that means to break a life-long habit. The result is that I feel as though I am never quite awake and myself, although I suppose nobody else notices it. The students are pathetically eager and very hard-working. They know quite a bit, but up to now I have not yet discovered anyone who is really very bright. It is partly the system here; these state-universities defend themselves against the inevitable constant lowering of educational standards which comes with mass-education. The result is an examination-system compared to which the French system or even the Chinese is a breeze; this is simply torture. It does not make anybody brighter; they literally have no time to think or even to read properly. Pages and pages of bibliograp-

hy are thrown at their poor heads. All my graduate students look as though they need a good night's sleep.

The faculty is sleepy anyhow, nobody outstanding here; the oath-business has done a very great and very real harm. This place had just been in the process of becoming a real university. I suppose that the natural scientists are outstanding, but they live in the clouds of thermo-nuclear physics, on the mountain or rather up in the hills, invisible either for security regulations or for some other reasons. Moreover: They are among the few faculties in the country who did not only not come out for Oppenheimer, but were extremely busy going to Washington testifying against him. But our department is very «liberal», in a wishy washy way and the neighborhood of the Ford Foundation's behavioral Center at Stanford makes its influence felt. Everybody believes in some kind of nonsense - value-theory, or semantics or behavioralism or psychoanalysis or what not. This Center is really something. I was invited and went there to have a look. (There is the Hoover library and that was my reason for going, and right I was.)

Friday I was in San Francisco where Eric Hoffer, The True Believer, showed me around - a longshoreman, a veritable king showing his kingdom. Telling me how he lived before he «settled down» to being a longshoreman. Riding on the freightcars, sleeping «in the elements» picking fruit, prospecting for gold, and doing all kinds of odd jobs. And all that in such a way that for the first time Whitman came alive and it was as though for the first time I really saw the country, and these lonely people with their tremendous courage wandering in it and not getting lost because wherever they went there was some bit of simple kindness, and they, touched by the kindness, but not tempted by it to settle down, rootless in an altogether different way from what I know, wanderers for whom everybody became a brother and nobody ever a friend.

How are you and how is Anne? Everything all right? Drop me a line when you feel like it. I feel pretty lonely.

As ever,
Hannah

27.

58 Paradise Road
Northampton, Mass.
March 18, 1955

Dearest Hannah,
How wonderful to get your letter at last. These days, when I do get to New York, the place seems awfully strange, for there is no Hannah to call up. Otherwise, I am content to stay here. It is very strange. On the surface, I lead the most contented semi-rural sort of life: my lectures, my students, colleagues, etc. Within, I am and have been seething ever since I came here; it has been the most tremendous spurt forward for me, in my thinking. I have never found it so difficult to sleep, for sheer inward excitement, and I get up every morning, to look at my river (right outside my window) and my trees, breakfast cup in right hand holding me with the force of gravity right down to earth, trembling with the joy of being alive here. I like this quietness, I like it. I know, poor dear, how strange and foreign and even repellent, the American Academic machine must seem to you. And God knows, Smith is at the opposite remove from that academic factory, the U. of California. But I do confess, in the face of the subdued but plain outcry I hear in your letter, that at the moment, this sort of routine suits me. Anyway, I spend most of my time at my desk; I have only one class, and that a cinch. Next year at Amherst it will be different, and then I will make the outcry!

Ann is fine, and not too big yet, and is going through all the prescribed cycle. At first she was miserable beyond words with the

preliminary nausea; now she is lovely, radiant, shining.

I have fallen madly in love with trees. I wish I knew why, but I want to draw them, write poems about them. The other day, when I saw a reproduction of Cezanne's chestnut trees (?), which I had seen in its native glory at Minnesota in 1950, I held that I was nearing a secret truth. Of course it is the bareness of the season that makes the trees seem so bony, electric, primeval. The bare branches jut into the air electrically. Perhaps it is all due to my infatuation with the theory of nature, or rather the book of nature, I've been thinking of so long for my American writer's book. But when the river outside our door was iced still, I skated (among my many accomplishments here, I've learned to skate) up the river in the twilight, all the way up, with my friend Helen Bacon, who teaches Greek here, and felt as if the trees were looming large over iso like a canopy.

I am also working on my book of selected essays, «The Inmost Leaf,» which, if I can get it in by May 16th, will be out in the Fall. I am very excited by it, also distressed by the badness of many pieces; still, the essay is a form I particularly love, as you know.

Ah Hannah, Hannah, you took my word for it and went all the way West, to that Absolute West, as an American *could* say, and you are being pushed around and made to get up much too early, and you are in the presence, I see it all so clearly, of the hungry Americans, the really hungry feed-me-oh so imploring feed my mind Americans, As opposed, that is, to the besserwissern of N.Y. After such knowledge, what forgiveness? What balm can I offer? What consolation for being put into the midst, the very midst, of ur-Amerika? Only remember to complain, to sorrow, to gossip, or to laugh, in my direction. I miss you so much. I miss you so much.

Immer,
Alfred

28.

58 Paradise Road, Northampton, Mass.
Tuesday afternoon, June 28

Dearest Hannah, Many thanks for the Gurian memorial, which came this morning. Reading you at breakfast almost blew me out of my chair, so powerful, and dear, and inimitable, is the passionate voice of your prose. Ach, how long it has been! How long, how long! I had promised myself the treat of seeing your face by now, but the baby may come any day, any hour!— and I must stay put.

Life is sweet in summertime Northampton; we have a terrace, and many trees, and much sun. My book of essays, «The Inmost Leaf,» comes out in the Fall, I spent weeks and almost months trying to write a special essay or preface for it, trying to convey the spirit of my effort as a critic, in exactly such words as yours on p. 38, last sentence of the 2nd paragraph— «True greatness, even in works of art, appears only when we sense behind the tangible and comprehensible product a being that remains greater and more mysterious, ...» But not having these words, I did not say it; and so the reader will have to understand it from my essays. I am working on lots of other things, but looking forward to getting clear of many small jobs. How are you and how was California? I long to see you. Send me a word.

Ever — Alfred

29.

Palenville, 8/17/55

Dearest Alfred:

I know, I know I should have dropped you a line, but we did not get away from New York this time, we melted away and only slowly did we our proper state. It was really beastly hot, so beastly as I never knew NY before.

But this looks dark indeed: I'll leave by

plane on August 31 – for three-and-a half months! We are back from Palenville next Monday, so there is one week left, and I suppose it will be the week when you are more than busy with moving the family from Northampton to Amherst.

These are the plans in a nutshell. I surely must have written before about the trip. Just in case: First Venice (via Paris), then Milan because of the Congress for Freedom Conference which pays my transportation; then Rome and Athens. Then Israel and Istanbul. Then back to Basel, Jaspers, as usual, Germany and finally England, Cambridge this time, where I'll stay with my little cousin. Glorious, isn't it??

I am very much looking forward to reading the Melville piece! And even though it must be rather boring, I think the Loose Leaf and the re-edition of Native Grounds are fine! But I know how you feel. Harcourt Brace proposed a few months ago that I prepare also a volume of essays and I shuddered at the thought of it. There will be plenty of time when I am old and tottering. And in case I do not live to a ripe old age, as I certainly intend, I did you a dirty trick anyhow, and may as well confess: Heinrich and I had to make a testament and decided that you will be our literary executor for all things in English. It did occur to me that we might have asked you – but it was too hot and you were too far away. Don't get mad, dear; you know it won't get you anywhere. And the whole thing is anyhow only for the rather unlikely case that we i.e. Heinrich and I die both at the same time.

Thy with love Hannah

30.

September 29, 1956.
Dearest Alfred –

Thanks for Moby Dick. The Introduction ist wunderbar. Congratulations.

We shall have to postpone our Wiedersehen. I leave tomorrow by plane for Europe – 6 weeks. Shall be back around Thanksgiving! I miss you, mon vieux, and if you are not going to miss me, I shall be beleidigt.

Heinrich asks me to give you his love – emphasis on love, he loves your introduction. In such cases, he becomes quite affectionate, almost tender.

Love –
Hannah

31.

AMHERST COLLEGE
Amherst, Massachusetts
Department of American Studies

as from: 96 Maynard Rd/ Northampton/Mass
21 April

Dearest Hannah– Very kind of you to send me Rahel V. You are the only classic of our time who is being disinterred her time, and from the news of the approaching canonization of The Burden Of (Kazin's Time! in paperback's I can see students writing doctoral theses on –Houghton Mifflin turns back the book, etc. etc. I am very happy to see Rahel in English– I haven't read it all yet, but it's a fascinating book, and one I'm grateful for, objectively as well as «sentimentally,» because I'm doing a long introduction to the new edition of Anne Frank's diary, and am reading everything I can get on the German Jews of the past as well as of the future... Thanks, too, for the essay on the Hungarian Revolution which is simply splendid, really first class in style as well as in point. I think that as usual you underestimate the Russians, a bit, and I'm puzzled why you should find Ehrenbourg & Not Bread Alone more symbolic of Russian feelings than, say, Pasternak. I gather from my Slavist friends that there is a mighty current in Soviet writing which, tho' it is obviously will not be

encouraged or satisfied, testifies to enduring traditions in Russian literature And having read a fair amount of Jaspers lately, who seems to me a beautifully un-serene and quite Dostevskian mind (except that he writes the way D's characters write, not, alas, Dost. himself) I'm puzzled more than ever by the solemn disapproval I detect in parts of your paper about certain free minds there who do, who do (I have as good reason to believe in their existence as you have not to) hold on to the «pivotal» tradition still.

Well, I've resigned my professorship at last, and am looking forward without much fear to the future. I found that my whole inner freedom was being blasted by this job, and the minute I resigned, found myself deluged with money offers! Seriously, I feel much lighter of heart, and a book that has tormenting me for a long time, on the most presentness of present moments in American fiction (the uncharted country ahead) had become clear.

I rejoice in all your writing, old-new as well as new-old, and when I am moved almost to tears, as I was this morning by your heroic little note on Magnes in the Jewish Newsletter, rejoice in you all over again.

Love always —
Alfred

32.

October 14, 1957

Dear Alfred —

Thanks! This belongs among the very very best of your writings. And it is by God the first article on Dylan Thomas which I read with joy — and without blushing. Blushing of course not for what he did, but for the vulgarity and stupidity of the critics reporting it.

I hope you are better. Let us get together soon. Heinrich just left with the most beautiful Schnupfen in the world.

As ever,
Hannah

33.

370 Riverside Drive
Hannah Arendt Blücher
September 9, 1961

My Dear Alfred —

I read a pre-print of your review and I was very touched. Now I feel rather helpless faced with so much praise. But then, behind the praise I hear the old tone of our friendship, of those elementary things we always had in common and — obviously — still have.

Thank you!

Annchen (Weil — Paris, you remember) will be here for a few days next week. I am sure she will want to see you. Will you come? I expect her on Wednesday. She will stay until Sunday or Monday.

As ever yours —
H.

34.

ALFRED KAZIN
110 Riverside Drive
New York 24, N. Y.
13 Sept

Dear Hannah— I'm so glad that you've had a chance to see that little review. Although I hate doing omnibus reviews, and hope never to do another, I must say that this one gave me a chance to write about a book that normally would not have been offered to me. And no doubt I had no business passing in stern judicial review over a work grounded in technical philosophy! But I must say that your book moved and excited me, drove out all sorts of modern cant, in a way that no «technical philosophy» ever could. What a visionary you are, as my most beloved poets are! You start from

the assumption of a world in ruins, and there's no place for you to go but up. So that wearied and soiled by the banal despairs of everybody every day, I suddenly felt that I was being brought back to my natural rights with fresh pleasure of belief. It's really a great book, and I realized with fresh pleasure at certain crucial passages on human mortality and the cycle of nature how privileged I am to have known you. I think that of all the people I have ever known, you have been the staunchest in thought, the freest from conventional faithlessness.

I have a little «office» downtown, with a telephone – Or 5-4570. My new home number (not listed) is Tr 3-2160. Hope to see you soon – hope it may be possible to meet with Annchen.

As always,
Alfred

35.

ALFRED KAZIN • 110 RIVERSIDE DRIVE •
NEW YORK 24, N. Y.
17 February

Dear Hannah

I gathered myself up mightily two days ago to make a call to you at Wesleyan, and discovered, by way of a very grumpy voice at your old extension, that you are in New York. And now you are ill. Recover soon and let us have a drink.

Meanwhile, I have a favor to ask of you. When you are able to put pen to paper, would you tell me exactly where in your old friend St. Augustine I can find that definition of love as «I want you to be.»

Sometimes *les heureux sont la puissance de la terre*; at least if they are writers.

Love from
Alfred

36.

February 20, 1962

Dear Alfred –

I am well again and I'd love to see you. I tried to reach you by phone, but discovered I did not have any of your secret numbers.

Augustine – I tried to locate the amo – volo ut sis, but have not yet succeeded. The worst would be to consult the index in Migne which I will do soon.

This only to greet you and in the hope of another telephone call.

Affectionately,
Hannah

37.

HANNAH ARENDT
370 Riverside Drive, New York, New York
10025
9/15/66

Dear Alfred –

Thanks for having sent the Jarrell piece. It is extraordinarily good and beautiful. How incredibly sad that we shall not hear again this voice which to me always sounded as though it came from Fairyland.

All the best, and a Happy New Year
Hannah

38.

Saturday

Alfred –

thanks for going through the trouble to console me. Your letter – the only possible reaction to this idiotic business for which I am not to blame. And therefore the only bright spot in a week in which I was nothing but furious. Your letter showed me the way to laugh. Thanks!

Now that the business is over and in case you do not feel so ashamed of me that you don't want to see me ever more (could not blame you, that is the way I feel myself) – call me and come for a little *schwatz*.

As ever,

Your article just arrived. Thanks!
Have not yet read it.

Hannah

39.

APARTMENT 16B
440 WEST END AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10024

April 13

Dear Hannah

I was very happy indeed to get the new issue of your totalitarianism book, with its lovely Hannah-like inscription, and would have received it sooner if you had sent it to the right address! Sad, sad, but the book is here, more alive than ever, and though the name of one of its old friends seems to have disappea-

red forever from the prefatory matter, I shall always feel that I have some personal relation to this book and rejoice to see this new edition on my shelves.

Always, dear,
Alfred

40.

440 West End Avenue
New York, New York 10024
22 May 1974

Hannah Dear,

I was very sorry indeed to hear from Helen Wolff just a moment ago of your recent illness. I had just come back from the lunch of the National Institute – one of my principal purposes in going to said lunch was to introduce you to my daughter Cathrael. I looked for you in vain, called Helen, and here I am – to say that I am sorry, that I hope you are recovering, that you are very dear to me & to many many others, and that I hope all is well by now.

With love and all good wishes,

Alfred ●

Helgard Mahrtd

Commentaries to the correspondence

1. Hannah Arendt to Alfred Kazin, April 10, 1947; Original-brief, maschinenschriftlich, NL Kazin

Alfred Kazin: «Kafka, Twentieth Century Man of Sorrows», in: *New York Herald Tribune. Weekly Book Review*, April 13, 1947. Kazin reviewed two of Kafka's works, *The Great Wall of China*, and *Metamorphosis*, as well as *Franz Kafka: A Biography* by Max Brod, and an anthology edited by Angel Flores, titled *The Kafka Problem*. A reworked version was printed in the Italian magazine *Il Ponte*, now leaving out the «Czech genius». See: Kazin, «Kafka e il Dolore del Secolo» in: *Il Ponte III* (1947), p. 899-904.

Schocken Books Inc: Salman Schocken founded Schocken Verlag in Berlin in 1928, in particular to publish books of interest to the German Jewish population. In 1935 his firm was closed by the Gestapo, in 1945 Schocken established Schocken Books in New York City. During Arendt's period of employment with Schocken, it published, among other books, Kafka's *The Penal Colony* (1948), Max Brod's biography of Kafka (1947), and *The Diaries of Franz Kafka* in two volumes (1948-49). See *Dictionary of Literary Biography*, Columbia, S.C.: Brucoli Clark Layman, 1994, vol. 46. [Dictionary of Literary Biography: DLB]

2. Hannah Arendt to Alfred Kazin, August 4, 1948; maschinenschriftlich, NL Kazin

Wonderful surprise to find your book here: Arendt refers to *On Native Grounds* (1941). On the genesis of this book and its importance for Kazin's career, see Kazin: «A Lifetime Burning for Every Moment»: «I began *On Native Grounds* in 1938 with the instinct that I should ground my book in the crucial last decades of the nineteenth century, which saw genuine religious belief derided by 'scientific' determinism» (p. 15). See also Kazin: «Desperate to write», in: «Contemporary Authors: Autobiographical Series», p. 90f.; see also *New York Review of Books*, vol. 45, number 12, July 16, 1998: On Alfred Kazin (1915-1998); for a professional judgment of the book's character and relevance see: *Contemporary Literary Criticism*, vol. 38, 1986, p. 269-272.

There are some chapters, like the one on Veblen or the little Magazines that are real masterpieces: In Chapter 5 of *On Native Grounds*, entitled «Progressivism: Some Insurgent Scholars», Kazin writes about Thorstein Veblen, that he was a «leading figure in the destruction of classical economics in America and a post-Darwinian who adapted evolutionary insights and methods in every available social study to institutional economics»

(p. 133). See also: Alfred Kazin: «An Insurgent Scholar: Thorstein Veblen», in: *Alfred Kazin's America. Critical and Personal Writings*, ed. and with an Introduction by Ted Solotaroff, Harper Collins Publishers, 2003, p. 81-89 (originally 1942). Veblen became famous for his book, *The Theory of the Leisure Class*. See Thorstein Veblen (30 July 1857 – 3 August 1929), in: DLB, vol. 246, 2001, p. 351-362; see also: Elizabeth Watkins Jorgensen, Henry Irvin Jorgensen: *Thorstein Veblen: Victorian Firebrand*, M. E. Sharpe, Armonk New York, London, England, 1999.

Little magazines: The chapter Arendt refers to is chapter 7 of Kazin's *On Native Grounds: The Postwar Scene*. In this chapter Kazin describes the world after World War I, the younger generation of American writers, the time when Veblen wrote editorials for the *Dial*, when the *Nation's* literary columns suddenly «in 1918 veered from its austere and intellectual conservatism and went over to the new writers», when the «'Books' supplement of the *New York Herald Tribune* – a newspaper for which Kazin himself two decades later would review, among others, Kafka's works – was soon to be edited by Burton Rascoe and later by the 'new' and liberal Stuart Sherman», when «liberal professors were editing the new magazines». See Kazin, *On Native Grounds*, p. 189-204.

For more information about the «little magazines» see *The Little Magazine. A History and A Bibliography*, by Frederick J. Hoffman, Charles Allen, and Carolyn F. Ulrich, Princeton University Press, Princeton New Jersey 1946.

Faulkner, William: American writer 1897-1962.

Chapter 15: «The Rhetoric and the Agony» in *On Native Grounds*, p. 453-484. Arendt gave high praise to Faulkner's novel, *A Fable*, in her Address accepting the Lessing Prize of the Free City of Hamburg, maintaining that if one would want to understand the inner truth of the First World War, one should read this novel, because here the «tragic hero becomes knowledgeable by reexperiencing what has been done in the way of suffering, and in this pathos, in resuffering the past, the network of individual acts is transformed into an event, a significant whole». See Hannah Arendt, «On Humanity in Dark Times: Thoughts about Lessing», in: Hannah Arendt, *Men in Dark Times*, Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., New York 1968, p. 20.

How is the family? Do you now have a 'fixed abode'? Kazin came home from Britain in summer 1945, «with thousands of delirious GI's and a young American social researcher, Caroline Bookman» who two years later became his wife, and in 1948

gave birth to their son Michael, «now a professor of history in Washington». Caroline and Alfred parted in 1950. See Kazin: «Desperate to write», in: *Contemporary Authors: Autobiographical Series*, p. 93. In 1946 a «painter friend of Saul Bellow's» gave Kazin his «ramshackle old studio on Pineapple Street in Brooklyn Heights», where it was too noisy to sleep. See Kazin: *New York Jew*, Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1978, p. 149f.

3. Alfred Kazin to Hannah Arendt, 28th August 1948

A solid German education: Hannah Arendt studied theology with Rudolf Bultmann (1884-1976) at the University of Marburg, philosophy with Martin Heidegger (1889-1976) and went on to study at the University of Heidelberg with Karl Jaspers (1883-1969).

Lord&Taylor: A fashion store on 424 5th Ave., New York City; see the advertisement in *The New York Herald Tribune*, April 1947.

A Walker in the City: Kazin's second book, «which he began writing in 1945 upon his return to America from England, where he had traveled to observe the effects of World War II» (see: *Contemporary Authors. New Revision Series*, vol. 45, 1995, p. 226) and which was published by Harcourt in 1951; it was «a book on his own native grounds, the Brownsville section of Brooklyn, where he grew up in the midst of the poverty of an immigrant Jewish community» (*Contemporary Literary Criticism*, vol. 38, ed. by Daniel G. Marowski, Detroit Michigan 1986, p. 272). It is considered by many to be his finest work. Irwin Edman, who reviewed the book for *The New York Times Book Review*, wrote: «What Kazin has written is more than a celebration of a place. It is the delineation of the search by a very young American Jew (intensely aware of his Jewish bonds and his American 'apartness') for a specifically American heritage. (...) This book is the record, too, of the awakening of this young Jew, this young American, to a world not only beyond Brownsville but beyond provincialism of any kind, of his initiation into the world of music and literature (ibid.)».

A special courier called Carol: Kazin's wife Caroline Bookman.

4. Hannah Arendt to Alfred Kazin, 8/8/50

I am still a little bothered by the title of my book: There was a discussion going on between Hannah Arendt and Robert Giroux, chief editor at Harcourt, Brace and Company, about the possibility that her book *Origins of Totalitarianism* would appear in England under a different title, namely *The Burden of Our Time* (see Robert Giroux to Hannah Arendt, May 16, 1950, and September 18, 1950, Series: Correspondence File, 1938-1976, n.d., Hannah Arendt Papers, Manuscript Division, Library of Congress, Washington D.C.). Kazin answered August 11, 1950: «I don't see any advantage in the new title. Stop fussing about titles. The one you have will do». The fact is that the book had two titles, one in the United States, *Origins of Totalitarianism*, and another one in England, namely *The Burden of Our Time*. The second and original title better expressed, as Philip Rieff, who reviewed the book for *Jewish Frontier* noticed, «Arendt's prop-

hetic intention than the title given to the American edition». That is, it made more visible her «theology of politics», namely, that «totalitarianism is the burden (punishment) of our time, visited inevitably upon western man for hubris; for a politics whose dynamic is expansion for expansion's sake, for a morality that believes everything is possible and every-thing is permitted». Philip Rieff, «The Theology of Politics», in: *Jewish Frontier*, vol. XIX, no. 1, January, 1952, p. 23. See also Elisabeth Young-Bruehl, Arendt's biographer, who lists the various titles, beginning with the first outcast, then leading to the final two titles.

For a recent discussion of *Origins of Totalitarianism* see the Conference Papers from the two conferences at New School University in New York and Carl von Ossietzky University in Oldenburg, Germany, in 2001 that marked the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of *The Origins of Totalitarianism*, published in: *Social Research*, vol. 69, no. 2 (Summer 2002).

5. Alfred Kazin to Hannah Arendt, 11 August 1950, Noon

My Melville Seminar: Kazin taught a summer session course at the University of Minnesota called «Studies in Melville: A systematic study of his writings». It was a 3 credit course for junior and senior undergraduates and graduate students. It was taught through the English Department in the College of Science, Literature, and the Arts from July 25 through August 26, 1950. There were two summer session terms at that time and this course was taught during the second term. He also taught «Whitman and Mark Twain», a 3 credit class for juniors and graduate students in the English Department in the second term. See also «Minnesota Daily», the student newspaper, dated August 22, 1950. (Karen Klingenberg, University of Minnesota Archives provided me with this information.)

Hannah Arendt will later, in her book *On Revolution* (1963), utilize a longer passage from Hermann Melville's *Billy Budd* in order to link the discussion of the two different revolutions, the American and the French, to Melville's topic of «goodness beyond virtue and evil beyond vice». Melville stated the guiding question in the Preface: «How was it possible that after «the rectification of the World's hereditary wrongs ... straightway the revolution itself became a wrongdoer, one more oppressive than the Kings?» His answer was that goodness is strong, but it shares with «elemental evil» the elementary violence inherent in all strength and detrimental to all forms of political organization.» Arendt, *On Revolution*, London: Penguin Books, 1990, p. 87.

In the fifties Richard Chase published his «Dissent on Billy Budd» in *Partisan Review*. See *Partisan Review*, vol. 15, no. 11 (1948). He came to understand Billy Budd as «pre-eminently the beatified boy of the liberal-progressive myth, the figure who gets 'pushed around', the figure to whom 'things happen', claiming that «his suffering and death are without moral content» (p. 1218). Chase's description of man's dependence on society led to a commentary in the magazine's second number of 1949, entitled «Liberalism and Confusion», and a reply from Richard Chase to the «gentlemen of Smith College».

American liberalism is really founded on powerlessness: Irving Howe reviewed magazines for *Partisan Review*'s number 4 (1949); among others the *Hudson Review*, the *Western Review*, the *Sewanee Review*, and also *Partisan Review*. He took up the threat of discussing liberalism by referring to Chase's «perceptive (of Melville's story) in denying the story tragic stature», instead labeling «Claggart a personification of liberalism», then moving on to a more general statement about «the mindlessness of American liberalism» which continued «to be exposed each week in *The Nation* and *The New Republic*, arguing for the need of «a magazine that will leave literature to others but will engage in political and cultural criticism from a generally radical point of view, will not be afraid of being labeled highbrow or destructive, and will resist both Stalinist demagoguery and liblab verbiage» (427). About the «love affair between American Liberals and the Soviet Union» see William Barrett: *The Truants. Adventures Among the Intellectuals* (New York: Anchor Press, 1982), in particular Chapter Four: «The Liberal Fifth Column».

On liberalism after World War II, anti-communism, and the McCarthy era, see also the historian son of Alfred Kazin, Michael Kazin's book *The Populist Persuasion. An American History* (New York: Basic Books, 1995), especially chapter 7: «A Free People Fight Back: The Rise and Fall of the Cold War Right», p. 165-195.

Manomet and the cranberry bog: Manomet is on the Massachusetts coast, where Hannah Arendt and Heinrich Bluecher spent their vacation in June 1950 with Alfred Kazin and Rose Feitelson.

Green Grow the Rusbes, Ho! This is an example of a traditional old English pagan song which was «christianized» over the years.

Hannah Arendt was very fond of folksongs such as the collection of German songs of the Grimm's *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*. In the collected essays, *Menschen in finsternen Zeiten*, we find her requiem for Robert Gilbert. Gilbert was a folk song writer from Berlin and a close friend of Arendt's husband, Heinrich Bluecher. Arendt was acutely aware of the poetic dimension of childhood, also as a basic source of poetry - an awareness she shared with her friend Walter Benjamin.

6. Alfred Kazin to Hannah Arendt, Key West, 20 December 1950

Key West: The southernmost point of Florida, one of Hemingway's favorite settings, with Cuba only 90 miles away. Kazin went to Key West together with Ann Birstein, his future third wife (he married Ann, herself a writer, on June 26, 1952). His journal has a note about their time in Key West: «Happy, loving days» with «tropical languor even on this cold morning». The novelist Josie Herbst drove him from Miami to the Hemingway house on Key West, where Hemingway's ex-wife, Pauline, showed him the house. See: Kazin, *A Lifetime Burning in Every Moment*, p. 140.

Yellowtail: Back and upper sides olive to bluish with yellow spots; lower sides and belly with alternating narrow, longitudi-

nal pink and yellow stripes; prominent midlateral yellow stripe begins at mouth and runs to tail, broadening as it passes the dorsal fins; caudal fin yellow and deeply forked; no dark lateral spot. There is no fish like it. When young it is found inshore on grassbeds and back reefs; adults are found nearshore or offshore on sandy areas near reefs

Pollo con rizo (ital.): chicken with rice.

Jumbo sbrimp: Shrimp is nowadays the most popular seafood in America.

Red snapper: Color pinkish red over entire body, whitish below; long triangular snout; anal fin sharply pointed; no dark lateral spot; Similar Fish: vermilion snapper, *R. aurorubens*; found: offshore on the continental shelf, more plentiful off the panhandle than in south or central Florida.

Denver Lindley: Denver Lindley worked for Harcourt, Brace and Company, which in 1951 published Hannah Arendt's *The Origins of Totalitarianism*. He kept in contact with Hannah Arendt, corresponding with her about the Walgreen lectures at the University of Chicago, which became the basis of her book on the *Vita activa* (1958). See: Letter by Gerald Gross, Harcourt, Brace and Company, to Hannah Arendt, April 22, 1955, Correspondence File, 1938-1976, n.d., Publishers, 1944-1975, n.d.-Harcourt Brace Jovanovich-1949, Nov.-1957, Hannah Arendt Papers, Manuscript Division, Library of Congress, Washington D.C. Lindley also translated her essay «Die Krise in der Erziehung» (1958) into English, published as «The Crisis in Education», in: *Partisan Review* 25:4 (Fall 1958), p. 493-513.

7. Alfred Kazin to Hannah Arendt, 7 June, Hotel Lutetia, Paris

Chartres: A cathedral dedicated to «Notre Dame», a medieval building built by successive generations, and «perhaps the most famous French Cathedral». Source: *The Oxford Companion to Art*, ed. by Harold Osborne, Oxford at the Clarendon Press, 1970, p. 220. Kazin described his encounter with Chartres in his journals: «Chartres, Chartres. I have waited eighteen years for this moment since I first read about Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres at College. My first surprise now is of its overwhelming bareness, unassumingness, the union of all forces here, with the great rose window at their head, converging to a common end in the heart. And then I saw the straight 'simplicity' of Chartres in all its force, and thought of the stones descending, in their white powdery gray dust to meet, in the immortal silence and the dark». *A Lifetime Burning in Every Moment. From the Journals of Alfred Kazin*, selected and edited by the author (New York: HarperCollins, 1996), p. 144f. A year later, in April 1952, Arendt visited Chartres with Kazin and Ann Birstein. See Arendt to Heinrich Bluecher, (Paris,) April 17, 52, in: *Within Four Walls - The Correspondence between Hannah Arendt and Heinrich Bluecher, 1936-1968*, ed. and with an introduction by Lotte Kohler (Harcourt, New York, 2000), p. 158.

Rue de la Paix: Rue de la Paix is above all famous for its fashionable jewelry stores, like the world famous Cartier. It connects the Paris Garnier Opera to the 17th century Place Vendôme.

8. Alfred Kazin to Hannah Arendt, Aix-en-Provence, 16 July (or June) 1951

Comte of Monte Christo and the Chateau d'If: The Count of Monte Christo was written in 1844-45 by Alexandre Dumas. The novel was originally published as a serial in the newspaper *Le Siècle* in 1844. It is a classic intrigue where a young sailor from Marseille, Edmond Dantès, on his way to marry Mercedès, is denounced as a Bonapartist conspirator and wrongfully imprisoned for 18 years in the Château d'If off the coast of Marseille.

And never tire of seeing the composition of the hills: Kazin refers to Paul Cézanne, French painter (1839-1906), and a motif which Cézanne repeatedly painted during the last twenty years of his life. The «hill» is probably La Montagne St. Victoire, north of Marseille and Aix-en-Provence, where Cézanne was born and lived. Source: Herbert Read: *A Concise History of Modern Painting* (Thames and Hudson, London, 1959).

130 Morningside Drive: Hannah Arendt, her mother Martha and Heinrich Blücher started their life in New York in 1941 in two furnished rooms in the neighborhood of Brooklyn Heights, 95th Street, 317 West; in 1951 they moved to an apartment on Upper West Side, 130 Morningside Drive. Arendt was then forty-five, Blücher fifty-two. For the first time, each of them had their own study, and there was even a guest room. See Elisabeth Young-Bruehl, *Hannah Arendt For Love of the World*, p. 269. On Brooklyn Heights, see William Corbett, *New York Literary Lights*, Graywolf Press, Minnesota, 1998, p. 40f.

Galleys of the Walker: Kazin began his «personal history», *A Walker in the City*, in the late forties. The book was published in 1951 (New York, Harcourt, and Brace). The book was tremendously important for Kazin, as he said: «Writing *A Walker in the City* shook me up for life. (...) In memory I felt grabbed by the aliveness of the scene I recovered at will from my childhood in darkest Brooklyn. The sensory images I lived with for days at a time made me very happy; the energy of the streets, so much packed-up humanity, made even the tumultuously commercial streets, all these automatic and violent transactions, something it became a pleasure to unravel, to make mine again on paper» (Alfred Kazin, «Desperate to Write», in: *Contemporary Authors Autobiography Series*, vol. 7, 1988, p. 94). Irwin Edman reviewed the book for the *New York Times Book Review*. He praised its tenderness, its lyric tone, and emotionally intensity sometimes «to the degree of passionate pain». Irwin Edman, «Urban Landscape with Figures», in: *The New York Times Book Review*, October 28, 1951, p. 1. See also note 3.

Sartre's new play: Le Diable et le Bon Dieu; see Robert Kemp: «Le Diable et le 'Bon Dieu'», in: *Le Monde*, 13 juin 1951.

July 13th when I leave for Salzburg: Alfred Kazin was during the summer 1951 lecturing at the School for American Studies in Salzburg. For more information see letter 13.

9. Alfred Kazin to Hannah Arendt, Florence, 25 June 1951

Don Giovanni in German: The Théâtre des Champs-Élysées staged *Don Giovanni* for l'Opéra de Cologne in Paris. See *Le Monde*, 3/4 juin 1951. The performance was reviewed by René

Dumesnil: «L'Opéra Municipal de Cologne. Aux Champs-Élysée «Don Giovanni», in: *Le Monde*, 7 juin 1951.

Oberon in Italian: Weber's *Oberon* was the climax of the musical festival in Florence in 1951. The conductor was Fritz Stiedry, the director Herbert Graf. See Lanfranco Rasponi, «Opera under Southern Skies – performances in Italy and Provence». In: *Opera News*, October 15, 1951, p. 26.

The Weils were very good to me: Anne Weil: Hannah Arendt's close friend from Königsberg, and her husband, Eric Weil, a philosopher.

A review of two books on the Russian inquisition: The book *Russian Purge and the Extraction of Confession*, by F. Beck and W. Godin, (New York: Viking Press, 1951), which Kazin discusses with Arendt, had been reviewed by Leonard Woolf in: *Political Quarterly* 23 (1952), p. 99. It was not possible to find a review written by Kazin. The *Combined Index to Book Reviews in Scholarly Journals* found no trace of a review by Kazin, even with the help of two librarians, Stephen Crook (Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library), and Thomas Mann (Reference Librarian, Library of Congress). Therefore I have to leave this question open.

The Botticelli Venus and Primavera in the Uffizi: Sandro Botticelli (1445-1510), one of the major Renaissance artists in Florence. Kazin refers here to «The Birth of Venus», which is in Florence, Uffizi, and dates slightly later, in the 1480s. Botticelli's «Primavera» is also in the Uffizi; it is a visual essay on love and spring. Source: «Sandro Botticelli». *Encyclopedia of World Biography*, 2nd ed. 17 Vols. Gale Research, 1998.

The Ghiberti doors of paradise: Lorenzo Ghiberti (1378-1455), sculptor and architect. The 'doors of paradise' are the celebrated north and east doors of the Florence Baptistery (1424-1452); they illustrate his evolution from Gothic to Renaissance approaches. Source: «Lorenzo Ghiberti»: *The International Dictionary of Architects and Architecture*. St. James Press, 1993.

The Michelangelo tombs for Lorenzo de Medici: Michelangelo (1475-1564), Italian sculptor, painter, draughtsman and architect; Michelangelo was ordered to build a Medici funerary chapel at San Lorenzo, the New Sacristy (1519-1533). Source: *Grove Encyclopedias of European Art. Encyclopedia of Italian Renaissance*, vol. II, ed. by Jane Turner (MacMillan Limited, London, 2000), p. 1044-74.

The sculptor Giovanni Pisani: Giovanni Pisano (1248-1313) worked on the Siena Cathedral and on the Duomo at Pisa. He influenced the Italian gothic art. Source: «Giovanni Pisano», *International Dictionary of Art and Artists*, St. James Press, 1990. See also *Architecture in Italy*, in: *Arte storia universale – 1st American edition* (Dorling, Kindersley Limited, London, 1998), p. 198f.

10. Hannah Arendt to Alfred Kazin, June 28, 1951

Broch's death: Hermann Broch (1886-1951) was a friend of Hannah Arendt as well as of her husband Heinrich Bluecher. Hannah Arendt and Hermann Broch met the first time in May 1946 in New York. Arendt reviewed *The Death of Vergil* by Hermann Broch in: *The Nation* 163/11 (September 14, 1946). She also revi-

ewed his trilogy, *Sleepwalkers*, for the German magazine *Der Monat* 1/8-9 (Juni 1949), p. 147-151, entitled «Hermann Broch und der moderne Roman»; in English it was published under the title «The Achievement of Hermann Broch» (*Kenyon Review* 11/3, 1949, p. 476-483). Broch and Arendt commented on and read each other's works. After Broch died, it was Hannah Arendt who edited two volumes of the Collected Works, *Dichten und Erkennen* (Essays, vol. 1) and *Erkennen und Handeln* (Essays, vol. 2). For the first volume she wrote the introduction. This introduction is also published in Hannah Arendt: *Men in Dark Times*, (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, Inc., 1968), pp. III-151.

The correspondence between Hermann Broch and Hannah Arendt has been edited by Paul Michael Lützeler: *Hannah Arendt. Hermann Broch. Briefwechsel 1946 bis 1951*, (Frankfurt am Main: Jüdischer Verlag, 1996). See also Paul Michael Lützeler: *Die Entropie des Menschen. Studien zum Werk Hermann Brochs*, (Würzburg: Königshausen & Neumann, 2000), in particular: «Freundschaft, Literatur, Politik: Hannah Arendt», pp. 177-195.

My friend Amnchen: Anne Mendelssohn-Weil, a descendant of the famous Moses Mendelssohn, and Hannah Arendt's lifelong friend from Königsberg.

About Weil you are 100% right: Anne Weil had been working for the French Resistance, her husband Eric Weil had returned from a German prisoner-of-war camp and they were back in Paris. But both her husband and her sister, Katherine Mendelssohn, were suffering from their experiences during the war. See Elisabeth Young-Bruehl, *Hannah Arendt - For Love of the World*, p. 212, and p. 245.

Catherine: the sister of Anne Weil.

Childs: A chain of restaurants to be found all over the City of New York, also: Restaurant 21st Street and Boardwalk, at Coney Island.

Since Rilke's death: Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926), born in Prague, one of the most important German poets, traveling in Europe, Russia, Italy, Switzerland, France; from 1905-1906 the secretary of Auguste Rodin. Hannah Arendt and Günther Stern, her first husband, wrote an article about Rilke's «Duineser Elegien», in: *Neue Schweizer Rundschau* 23 (1930), no. 11, p. 855-871.

The head of the German department at Yale University: According to the «Manuscripts and Archives» of Yale University, Carl Frederick Schreiber was the head of the German Department in 1951.

11. Arendt to Kazin, July 7, 1951

Giroux: Chief Editor of Harcourt Brace; see letter 4. For the history of the publishing house, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, see: DLB 46: *American Literary Publishing Houses 1900-1980*, Trade and Paperback, 1986, p. 180-183.

12. Kazin to Arendt, Salzburg Seminar, Schloss Leopoldskron, Salzburg 16 July 1951

Denver Lindley: see letter 6.

Ben Halprin: It was not possible to find more information

on Ben Halprin. Neither the publishing house (Harcourt, Brace Jovanovich) nor Kazin's Biographer (Richard Cook) knew anything more about him.

Rome was absolutely golden: Before arriving at Salzburg, Alfred Kazin visited Rome with Ann. There he met, among others, Leo Stein, Gertrude Stein's brother, the art historian Bernhard Berenson, himself a Jew, «born in Lithuania, in the Jewish aristocracy, the old gentry», and the philosophy professor Irwin Edman. See Kazin, *A Lifetime Burning in Every Moment*, p. 74-81. See also Kazin's article, «From an Italian Journal» (*Partisan Review* 5, May, 1948, p. 550-567).

13. Kazin to Arendt, Salzburg Seminar in American Studies, Schloss Leopoldskron, 1 August 1951

Schloss Leopoldskron and the Salzburg Seminar in American Studies: Schloss Leopoldskron has had various owners over the centuries. Built for the Archbishop of Salzburg in the 18th century, in the 1920s it was the home of the director of the Theater School in Vienna, Max Reinhardt. After the Anschluss of Austria in 1938, the Nazis confiscated Leopoldskron. After World War II, organized by the Harvard Student Council, American teachers and European students met there for free communication. In 1947, two years after the war, when many Europeans were still struggling for survival, food was desperately short, and hundreds of thousands of displaced persons still wandered throughout Germany and Austria, the first Salzburg Seminar on «American Civilization» opened on July 20: «79 men and 18 women from eighteen European countries, and thirty from the United States had arrived». All members of the faculty were lecturing without pay. For the History of the Salzburg Seminar see *The Salzburg Seminar. The First Forty Years*, by Thomas H. Eliot and Lois J. Eliot, The Ipswich Press, Massachusetts 01938, 1987. See also Alfred Kazin's article: «Salzburg: Seminar in the Ruins. A Report on the European State of Mind», in: *Commentary* 6 (July 1948), p. 56-65.

A lecture on Whitman: Walt Whitman (1819-1892) is «another in that long line of solitary American walkers»; Kazin, who has written on Walt Whitman and prepared two editions of Whitman's prose work, found in him «a precedent for his own stance toward American culture». See Paul John Eakin, «Alfred Kazin's Bridge to America» (*South Atlantic Quarterly* 77, no.1, Winter 1978, p. 39-53).

Play the Bach double concerto with M. Gierre: Kazin played the violin. In his autobiography *New York Jew* we read: «There were evenings in Barrow Street, while I played the violin part in Bach's B-Minor Suite to Isaac's flute (Isaak Rosenfeld), when his sense of musical style would make me gasp. It was as exquisite as his handwriting (p. 52)».

I went to a dress rehearsal of Die Zauberflöte last night: Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte* was on the program of the Festspiele in Salzburg on August 1, 6, 10, 17, and 29, and the conductor was Wilhelm Furtwängler. See: Josef Kant, *Festspiele in Salzburg*, (Salzburg: Residenz Verlag, 1969).

I have now seen Idomeneo: Mozart's *Idomeneo* was staged and conducted on July 27 and August 4, 9, 14, 15. The opera was

«also a Festival novelty, produced beneath the cloistered arches of the Rocky Riding School under Georg Solti's baton with Josef Gielen securing a fine unity of style as stage director». Source: *Opera News*, vol. XVI, no. 1, October 15, 1951, p. 24f.

Eric Bentley's ex-wife Maja: Eric Bentley (1916-) was one of America's foremost drama critics; he came to the United States in 1939, became a naturalized citizen in 1948, was educated at Oxford University and Yale University, Guggenheim fellow 1948-49, Cornell Professor of Theatre, 1974-82. Bentley is the editor and author of the commentary on «Brecht before the House Un-American Activities Committee», Folkways Records, 1963, as well as translator of plays by Bertolt Brecht, Luigi Pirandello, Wolf Biermann. He married Maja Tschernjakow (divorced); then married Joan Davis. Source: *Contemporary Authors Online*, Gale, 2004.

Maja is the assistant to Berthold Viertel: Berthold Viertel (1885-1953), Austrian theater director, writer, poet, studied Philosophy and History in Vienna; he worked mostly with the best actors of his times. Brecht called him a «fanatic of the theater».

Directing Kleist's Der Zerbrochene Krug: Heinrich von Kleist (1777-1811), one of the most important German theater directors; he was a member of a family with a long military tradition, which he broke. *Der Zerbrochene Krug* is his most famous comedy, still performed on German theater stages.

The old Viennese Jewish stage crowd - Viertel, Therese Giese, Oscar Homolka: Therese Giese (1898-1975), actress, 1933 emigration to Zürich, performed in many of Bertolt Brecht's plays, after 1945 at various theaters, 1952 Berliner Ensemble (Brecht).

Oscar Homolka (1898-1978), Austrian-American actor, studied and performed in Vienna, Munich, Berlin, emigrated in 1933 to London, since 1937 in the United States, guest performances in Europe, played Adam in Kleist's *Der Zerbrochene Krug* in Vienna, Burgtheater, 1951.

About Viertel, Giese, and Homolka see: *Lexikon Theater International*, Henschel Verlag, Berlin 1995, p. 315, 316, 410, 952. For Berthold Viertel see also: *Enciclopedia dello spettacolo IX*: SIP-Z, Fondata da Silvio d'Amico, Roma: Casa Editrice de Maschere 1962, p. 1674, 1975.

Walter Zvonchenko, librarian at the Library of Congress provided me with all the information on theater.

Der tausendjährige Rosenstrauch: Der tausendjährige Rosenstrauch. Deutsche Gedichte aus tausend Jahren, Paul Zsolnay Verlag, Wien 1949.

Son-in-law and daughter of the founder of the old Fischer Verlag: Fischer Verlag was founded in 1886 by Samuel Fischer. In 1898 he edited Thomas Mann's novel *Der kleine Herr Friedemann*, in 1901 *Buddenbrooks*, in 1903 Hermann Hesse's *Peter Camenzind*. In 1933, he initiated the publishing house's journey of exile from Austria to Sweden and, after the annexation of Norway by the Nazis in 1940, to New York. Samuel Fischer died in 1934. After World War II, Stockholm again became its primary location. In 1947 Fischer published Thomas Mann's *Doktor Faustus*. Today the Fischer Verlag, one of the important publishing houses in Germany, is in Frankfurt am Main.

14. Kazin to Arendt, c/o American Express, Paris, Tuesday afternoon, Feb 26/52

Berlioz, La Damnation de Faust: Programme du Lundi 25 Février : Opéra, 21 h: La Damnation de Faust, See: *Le Monde*, 24-25 février 1952 ; Opéra : Built between 1862 and 1875 by Charles Garnier, the Paris Opera is a baroque example of neoclassicism. It has an Italian-type hall with Chagall paintings on the ceiling. Nearby is the Rue de la Paix and its jewelry shops.

Film on André Gide: André Gide (1869-1951), for some time influenced by Mallarmé; his vital breakthrough came with *Les Nourritures terrestres* (Fruits of the Earth, 1897). Life and work cannot be separated. Gide traveled to the Congo and Chad in 1925-26, in 1927 he published *Voyage au Congo*, in 1928 *Le Retour du Tchad*; in Summer 1936 he embarked on a disillusioning trip to Soviet Russia, 1936 *Retour de l'U.R.S.S.*, in 1937 published as *Retouches a mon Retour de l'U.R.S.S.*; 1942-45 in Tunisia and Algeria, 1947 Nobel Prize for Literature. Marc Allegret's film on Gide, entitled *Hommage à André Gide* (producer Pierre Braunberger), was shown in Paris at the cinema Vendôme, february 20, 1952, and reviewed by Henry Mignan: «Un an après sa mort: Gide Sur L'Ecran» (*Le Monde*, 21 février 1952, p. 8).

Simone Weil: Simone Weil was born in Paris in 1909. She was a pupil at the prestigious École Normale Supérieure. After graduating she began to teach philosophy, mathematics, and Greek language and literature. In theory as well as in its daily practise, she came to know Communism, Trotskyism, and Syndicalism. She wrote articles for *La Revolution Proletarienne*, a syndicalist review, gave up teaching in order to work in the Renault works and to live among the workers. During her militant life she went to Spain in 1936, sharing in the sufferings of the Republican Army which was then fighting against Franco, returning to France in the following October. In 1940, after the French collapse, she wrote «The Iliad, Poem of Force», later published in Dwight Macdonald's magazine *politics*. Father Perrin, from the Dominican Convent in Marseille introduced her to Gustave Thibon. She stayed with him for a short period in 1941 before she accompanied her family to the United States in 1942. She soon sailed for England with the aim of returning to France. But in August 1943 she died of tuberculosis. See: «Biographical Note», in: Simone Weil, *Waiting for God* (New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1951), pp. vii-xi. See also «A Note on Simone Weil», in: *politics*, February 1945, p.55f.

Gustave Thibon: Thibon wrote the Introduction to Simone Weil's book *Gravity and Grace*, published by G.P. Putnam's Sons, New York 1952, relating how Father Perrin sent him a letter in June 1941, asking him to put Simone Weil up in his house. She left with him «a dozen thick exercise books».

Simone Weil's parents: Dr. Bernard and Selma Weil lived in Paris, in the Avenue Comte. Madame Weil showed Kazin Simone's own books. See Kazin, *A Lifetime Burning in Every Moment*, p. 163.

Le Dindon of Feydeau: Georges Feydeau (1869-1921) had a triumphant career; some critics tend to consider him France's greatest comic dramatist after Molière. The three-act farce *Le Dindon* (The Dupe, 1896) was performed at the Comédie Fra-

naïse on Sunday 24th of February, 1952 at 2:30 pm. See Le Monde 24-25 fevrier 1952. About Georges Feydeau see: *Encyclopedia of World Drama*, Vol. 2, D-H, Mc Graw-Hill, inc., 1984, Second Edition, p. 146-156.

Comédie-Française: The Comédie-Française is known as La maison de Molière (The house of Molière), another name is Le Théâtre-Français. It preserves the heritage of French drama, Moliere, Corneille, and Racine. It has survived without interruption, other than the events of the French Revolution in the years 1792-1804. Source: Joseph E. Garreau, «Comédie-Française», in: *Encyclopedia of World Drama*, vol. 1, p. 538f.

15. Arendt to Kazin, March 3, 1952

I expect you on the Gare St. Lazare: Alfred Kazin and Ann Birstein came from Cologne, where Kazin was lecturing on American writers. See Kazin, *A Lifetime Burning in Every Moment*, p. 141; see also Elisabeth Young-Bruehl, *Hannah Arendt - For Love of the World*, p. 263; see also Arendt's letter to Heinrich Bluecher, Paris, March 30, 1952, in: *Within Four Walls - The Correspondence between Hannah Arendt and Heinrich Bluecher, 1936-1968*, p. 149f.

The general political picture a little more frightening every day: The fighting in Korea.

16. Arendt to Kazin, April 6, 1952

In the midst of an uninterrupted conversation (not discussion, complete give and take) since the minute of my arrival: After World War II Hannah Arendt and Karl Jaspers reestablished contact relatively quickly. Since then, an intense correspondence developed until 1969, also characterized by Hannah Arendt as «that always fresh joy of being able to speak, a happiness that I otherwise know only at home and that has become a vital factor of my world because it is once again possible (outside one's own home, which one has, after all, constructed oneself).» See: Hannah Arendt to Karl Jaspers, Palenville/ N.Y., April 10, 1955, in: *Hannah Arendt Karl Jaspers Correspondence 1926-1969*, ed. by Lotte Kohler and Hans Saner (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1992), pp. 147f. Basel became Hannah Arendt's «European home».

Was in Zuerich where the editor of the Zuercher Zeitung: The editor in chief in those days was Willy Bretscher. His widow, Katharina Bretscher-Spindler, confirmed this, telling that her husband's private library includes the English version, *The Burden of Our Time*, which he had bought in July 1951. She also confirmed that it was a typical habit of her husband buying several copies of important books, a pedagogical eagerness to send them to some chosen persons. It was her husband who had carefully chosen the two reviewers for Arendt's book, *The Origins of Totalitarianism*. The one was Hans Barth (1904-1965), a member of the NZZ-Feuilleton from 1929 until 1946, and since 1946 professor for ethics, philosophy of history, and the philosophy of the state at the University of Zurich. His review was printed in the NZZ, August 16, 1951, entitled «Eine kritische Auseinandersetzung mit den Menschenrechten». The second review, «Die Scheinwelt des Totalitarismus», was writ-

ten by Ernst Bieri (2003). Bieri had a doctorate in theology from the University of Zurich, and the review was printed November 9, 1952. It is possible that Arendt met Willy Bretscher when she was in England. Bretscher was the vice president of the Liberal International. See John H. MacCallum Scott, *Experiment in Internationalism A Study in International Politics*, London, 1967. I am indebted to Mrs. Bretscher-Spindler for this information.

I have my first interview with a publisher: Arendt mentions this also in her letter to Heinrich Blücher, April 11, 1952, but without giving a name. See, *Within Four Walls. The Correspondence between Hannah Arendt and Heinrich Blücher, 1936-1968*, p. 153f. Mrs. Bretscher-Spindler suggested two possible men whom Arendt could have met; the one was the socialist Emil Oprecht who founded the publishing house Europa in Zurich in 1933. The other could have been Eugen Rentsch. Rentsch publishing house had edited a book by Wilhelm Röpke, *Die Gesellschaftskrisis der Gegenwart* in 1942, and in 1945 F.A. von Hayek's *Der Weg zur Knechtschaft* (the English version appeared in London in 1944, entitled *The Road to Serfdom*).

17. Arendt to Kazin, Hotel d'Angleterre, 44 rue Jacob, Paris, 27. 4. 52

Paris soll Dich so grüssen in dem unheimlichen Land und der zerstörten Stadt: Kazin was in 1952 a visiting professor for «American Civilization» in «still ruined Cologne». In his autobiography, *New York Jew*, he gives a detailed description of their experiences in Cologne, of him and Hannah walking silently through «the ruins of old Cologne», of the maid's devout attitude, who «bowed every time she approached our table», saying «Guten Morgen, Herr Professor, Dear Professor!», and of his wife's nightmares in which «Hitler dominated her dreams». See: Alfred Kazin, *New York Jew*, p. 215 ff.

Die Gasse von Delft: In the National Museum of Art in Amsterdam, there is a painting by Jan Vermeer (1632-1675) entitled «A Street in Delft» (ca. 1660). Source: *Dutch Art and Architecture 1600-1800*, by Jakob Rosenberg, Seymour Slive, E.T. ter Kulle (Harmonsworth, Baltimore, 1972), second edition, p. 197.

Fast überall das Eingefahrensein in Theorien: Hannah Arendt was very skeptical about theories that did not ground in reality and the experience of reality. She understood totalitarianism also as an event that «brought to light the ruin of our categories of thought and standards of judgment». She maintained that «only when in future history a new event occurs» will the hitherto hidden event be illuminated. She opposed thinking «within the framework of preconceived categories», the crudest of which is causality. Thinking with the category of causality when it matter of human action excludes «events in the sense of something irrevocably new». See her article «Understanding and Politics», published in *Partisan Review*, XX, no.4, 1954, reprinted in: *Essays in Understanding*, p. 307-327.

Traf Kaplan bei Chiaromonte: Nicola Chiaromonte was a frequent contributor to periodicals such as *Partisan Review* and *Dissent*, and in *Tempo Presente*, the review he edited in Rome

during the 50s. In 1942 he was a refuge from three different countries: Mussolini's Italy, Franco's Spain (he had fought for the Republic), and Nazi-occupied France. In New York he was a supporter in Dwight Macdonald, the editor of *politics*. In 1948 he returned to Europe for good, first to Paris, with a job at UNESCO, and then to Rome. The message he brought to New York in 1941 was that in social actions the means employed had to be admirable. This was not a message that Paris was willing to hear after World War II. The position taken by Sartre insisted that the standard he was going to use in social and literary matters would be fundamentally political. He made clear in his play *Dirty Hands* that one could not be too critical about the means used in political action. This was contrary in every aspect to the position held by Chiaromonte. And Sartre was in intellectual control of Paris. Returning to Rome, Chiaromonte was again able to lead a group of radical writers. One of Chiaromonte's most important essays was entitled «The Paradox of History: Stendhal, Tolstoj, Pasternak and Others». Chiaromonte's support of Tolstoj's total skepticism about history, as against Marx' dogmatically held view of it, shows some parallels with Hannah Arendt's critical judgment about the Marxist misunderstanding of history. Chiaromonte died in 1972. Source: Lionel Abel: «Innocence and the intellectual-reconsideration: Nicola Chiaromonte», in: *The New Republic*, March 24, 1986, vol. 194, p. 384.

Kaplan: H. J. Kaplan, whom Kazin met in Paris (see *A Lifetime Burning in Every Moment*, p. 142). He later became «head of the new, not-yet-opened museum of antiquities in Jaffa» (Kazin: *A Lifetime Burning in Every Moment*, p. 168); Kaplan wrote for *Partisan Review* (see «Paris Letter», *Partisan Review*, vol. XIV, no. 5, September-October, 1947, p. 490-506).

Ich muss Ende Mai nach Lugano (Schweiz), um dort den Verleger von Broch zu treffen: Broch's editor was Dr. Daniel Brody. For Arendt's relation to Hermann Broch see letter 10.

18. Arendt to Kazin, 8/5/52, postcard from Silsersee, Helvetia Sils Maria: It is also a favorite place of residence of the philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche.

19. Arendt to Kazin, Freiburg/Br., May 20, 1952

Robert Giroux: see letter 4.

Princeton asked me to participate in their Seminar in Criticism: Princeton University, New Jersey, invited Hannah Arendt to participate in the Christian Gauss Seminars, «a series of six lectures, (one a week generally), of about one hour's length followed each time by an hour's discussion». «The fee for the series of six lectures is \$ 1500.00» (see E.B.O. Borgerhoff, Director, Christian Gauss, Princeton University, Department of Modern Languages and Literatures to Arendt, April 29, 1952, Correspondence File, 1938-1976, n.d., Universities and Colleges, 1947-1975, n.d.-Princeton University, Princeton, N.J.-Miscellany-1952-1954, Hannah Arendt Papers, Manuscript Division, Library of Congress, Washington D.C.).

Zilkens: Johannes Zilkens was a physician whom Arendt had met in the train in Germany, her «Eisenbahnbekannt-

chaft»; Arendt described him in a letter to Heinrich: «the nice Mr. Zilkens, as you call him, is my acquaintance from the train and by now quite an 'old friend'. He's behaved touchingly. He's an doctor from an old Catholic family from Cologne, about thirty-four years old, wife and child, had read all my essays and set everything up for me in Cologne. He follows me everywhere, even traveling through the night. In short, my last (...) flirt». See *Within Four Walls - The Correspondence between Hannah Arendt and Heinrich Blücher, 1936-1968*, p. 206.

20. Kazin to Arendt, Köln, Wiesener Str. 44, without date - possibly 1952

I would guess that it is Kazin's response letter, because he congratulates Arendt on the Princeton lectures.

Zilkens: see letter 19.

21. Arendt to Kazin, Sunday - 1953

Sidney Hook's article in Times Magazine: Sidney Hook (1902-1989), professor of philosophy at New York University, was a leading liberal anti-communist. He reviewed Whittaker Chamber's book *Witness* (New York, Random House) for *The New York Times Book Review* (May 25, 1952). See also: Hilton Kramer, *The Twilight of the Intellectuals. Culture and Politics in the Era of the Cold War*, Ivan R. Dee, Chicago 1999, p. 3-32. June 22, 1952, *The New York Times Book Review* printed commentaries to Hook's article, and «A Reply» by Hook.

22. Arendt to Kazin, January 26, 1954

I accepted lectures at Notre Dame: Waldemar Gurian (1902-1954), born in St. Petersburg, studied in Cologne, Breslau, Munich, and Berlin, dissertation with Max Scheler on «Die deutsche Jugendbewegung», journalist for the Catholic journal *Kölnische Volkszeitung*; two important encounters, with Carl Schmitt and with Jacques Maritain. He immigrated to Switzerland in 1934; in 1937 Notre Dame University offered him a professorship. Gurian was the founder and editor of the *Review of Politics*, a scientific journal that was quite unusual for the United States with its impressum that it would, «without neglecting the analysis of institutions and techniques,» be primarily «interested in the philosophical and historical approach to political realities». Hannah Arendt published several articles in Gurian's *Review of Politics*. After his early death she wrote a portrait «Waldemar Gurian». It is part of the essay collection *Men in Dark Times*. For more detailed information about Gurian see: Heinz Hürten, *Waldemar Gurian. Ein Zeuge der Krise unserer Welt in der ersten Hälfte des 20. Jahrhunderts* (Mainz: Matthias Grünewald Verlag, 1972). See also Arendt about preparing her lectures for Notre Dame in her letter to Karl Jaspers, New York, February 19, 1954, in: *Hannah Arendt Karl Jaspers Correspondence 1926-1969*, p. 238. 1954 was Arendt's second time lecturing at Notre Dame. Gurian had already invited her in 1950; Arendt described this visit in a letter to Jaspers: «I was in the Midwest for the first time at the end of November - at Notre Dame and Chicago to lecture. I enjoyed it a lot, particularly the students at Notre Dame and the faculty members, too, who were very open

to my material. Gurian had invited me, in fear and trembling, because at this Catholic institution a woman had never mounted the podium before. He was literally sweating with fear despite the murderous cold, which tickled me so much that I completely forgot my customary stage fright.» *Hannah Arendt Karl Jaspers Correspondence 1926-1969*, p. 159.

Thanks for Cummings (1894-1962): Kazin had a review «E.E. Cummings and His Fathers» in *The New Yorker*, January 2, 1954. For more about Cummings see: «E.E. Cummings», in: DLB, vol. 48: *American poets, 1880-1945*, Second Series, 1986, p. 117-137.

23. Arendt to Kazin, 9/14/54

A propos Flaubert's anger: Alfred Kazin's *The Inmost Leaf: A Selection of Essays*, Harcourt Brace and Company 1955, has 28 essays, one of them entitled «The Anger of Flaubert». Kazin wrote in this essay: «Anger is a great quality, a classic quality (...) Flaubert's anger, on the contrary, is that of a powerful caged beast, of a man who (...) is continually outraged by the meanness, the self-seeking, the lowness, the vulgarity around him».

25. Kazin to Arendt, 58 Paradise Road, Northampton, Mass., Dec 22, 1954

Dubonnet: French wine.

The 42nd Street library: The New York Public Library; Kazin went to this library every day for five years while writing his book, *On Native Grounds*. See Kazin, *A Life-time Burning in Every Moment*, p. 13.

26. Arendt to Kazin, 2200 College Avenue, Berkeley 4, California

Without date: presumably Spring 1955.

Hannah Arendt was lecturing at Berkeley in the Spring of 1955. She was a visiting professor in the Political Science Department, whose offices were then in South Hall. She described her traveling to California and her stay in Berkeley in letters to Jaspers: February 4, 1955, February 28, March 26, and July 1, telling Jaspers that she has come home the week before. See: *Hannah Arendt Karl Jaspers Correspondence 1926-1969*, pp. 256-261.

Mr. Smith called me and we had lunch: The exact identity of any Mr. Smith is hard to determine. The most prominent professor in the liberal arts on campus at that time was Henry Nash Smith of the English Department.

The Women's Faculty Club: The Berkeley Faculty Club is a private club and provides services for University of California members, guests and departments. The Women's Faculty Club still is a part of it. One can find images of the women's faculty club on the web.

My classes are overcrowded: Arendt taught two classes. Undergraduate: 110A: Contemporary Issues and Political Theory, which met from 2-4 on Tuesdays. The Bancroft Library at Berkeley University does not have enrollment statistics for particular courses, but Arendt mentioned in a letter to Jaspers that she had «80 students in this beginning seminar». See: *Hannah*

Arendt Karl Jaspers Correspondence 1926-1969, p. 258.

The examination-system: It is a complicated system in that one could not take two courses within the same examination group. Arendt's undergraduate course had a «third» hour that was arranged at 101 Wheeler Hall. It was an exam group 13, which meant that the final exam was held on Monday June 13, 1955 from 1:30-4:30 P.M.

The graduate students: Arendt's graduate course did not have exams. It was scheduled from 7:30-9:30 P.M. on Wednesdays in 114 Library. It was 212B, European Political Theory. David Kessler, the Bancroft staff provided me with all the information on Arendt at Berkeley.

J. Robert Oppenheimer (1904-1967): Following World War II, Oppenheimer chaired the US Atomic Energy Commission. On December 21, 1953, during the height of anti-communist sentiment in the US, Oppenheimer was accused of delaying the naming of Soviet agents, and also of opposing the building of the hydrogen bomb. Although he was not found guilty of treason, his security access was taken away and his contract as adviser to the Atomic Energy Commission was terminated. In 1963, President Lyndon B. Johnson presented Oppenheimer with the Enrico Fermi Award of the Atomic Energy Commission. Oppenheimer retired from Princeton in 1966 and died of throat cancer the following year. For more detailed information on building the bombs see Gregg Herken: *Brotherhood of the Bomb: The tangled Lives and Loyalties of Robert Oppenheimer, Ernest Lawrence, and Edward Teller* (Henry Holt & Co., New York, 2002).

The Ford Foundation's Behavioral Center at Stanford: The Center was established in 1954 by the Ford Foundation.

The Hoover Library: Herbert Hoover (1874-1964) in 1919 founded the Hoover Institution Archives at his alma mater, Stanford University. The Archives document a collection on Europe during and after World War I. They include the records of the fascist, communist, and the nationalist movements that precipitated World War II. The founding collections also include the files of the White Army during the Russian Civil War.

Eric Hoffer (1902-1983): Arendt described him in a letter to Jaspers as one of her two «oases» while staying at Berkeley. He was a longshoreman in the docks of San Francisco who had read her book and also everything he could find translated into English and written by Jaspers. Hoffer was an extraordinary person who later in his life lectured at the University of California in Berkeley. His first book was *The True Believer*, 1951. «In February 1983, he received the Presidential Medal of Freedom, the highest civilian award in the United States.» When the interviewer referred to him as an «intellectual», he answered «no, I'm a longshoreman». See: Lotte Kohler's and Hans Sane-r's commentary on letter 165, in: *Hannah Arendt Karl Jaspers Correspondence 1926-1969*, p. 738. For further information on Eric Hoffer, see: Eric Hoffer Papers, Hoover Library, University of Stanford.

Whitman came alive: Walt Whitman, see letter 13.

27. Kazin to Arendt, 58 Paradise Road, Northampton, Mass.,

March 18, 1955

Smith is at the opposite remove from that academic factory, the U. of California: Smith College was founded by Sophia Smith (1796-1870) in 1871. It is today America's largest liberal arts college for women. Kazin was the holder of the William A. Neilson Chair of Research at Smith during the 1954-1955 academic years. In 1966, Hannah Arendt received an honorary degree from Smith College.

Next year at Amherst it will be different: Alfred Kazin was appointed Professor of American Studies at Amherst College on July 1, 1955. He taught at Amherst to the end of the academic year, June 1958. He taught three courses: «Problems in American Civilization», «American Literature», and «Seminar in American Civilization» for senior honors students. Peter Nelson, Amherst College Archives & Special Collections, and Nancy A. Young, Smith College Archives, provided me with all information on Kazin at Amherst and at Smith College. Amherst, Hampshire, Mount Holyoke, Smith & the University of Massachusetts, Amherst together offer today a Five College Women's Studies Research Center.

Ann is fine and not too big yet: Ann was pregnant, giving birth to their daughter Cathrael when Kazin was teaching at Smith College.

Helen Bacon: Helen Bacon (1919-) had a Ph.D. (Classics) from Bryn Mawr College. She taught at Smith College from 1953 until 1961. Source: Directory of American Scholars, 10th ed. Gale Group, 2001.

Book of selected essays, «The Inmost Leaf»: Harcourt, Brace published the book in 1955 with the title: *The Inmost Leaf: a Selection of Essays*. Leo Marx reviewed the book for *The New Republic*. Kazin related the title to Melville, «who compared his own development to the unfolding of a flower from outer to inmost leaf». Although the thirty writers – from William Blake (1757) to Simone Weil (1915) – are widely separated in space and time, they share in common the «necessary inwardness of great artists». According to Marx, Kazin has come a long way since his first book *On Native Ground* (1942). He no longer judges society as fulfilling indispensable human needs. Instead, it is only the «passionate devotion to art, along with despair of society» that can provoke so «intense a piety of individual consciousness». See: Leo Marx: «Kazin and the Religion of Art,» in: *The New Republic*, vol. 133, no. 22, November 28, 1955, pp. 18-19, quoted from: *Contemporary Literary Criticism*, vol. 38, 1986, pp. 273-74.

28. Kazin to Arendt, 58 Paradise Road, Northampton, Mass., Tuesday afternoon, June 28

Without year, presumably 1955, because Kazin thanks Hannah «for the Gurian memorial, which came this morning»

Waldemar Gurian, the editor of the *Review of Politics* died at the age of 52 on May 26, 1954. Arendt wrote a portrait which became an article in the *Review of Politics*. See Hannah Arendt, «The Personality of Waldemar Gurian», *Review of Politics* 17 (1955), no. 1, p. 33-42.

The baby may come any day: From the journals of Alfred Kazin we know about the birth and the name: «Cathrael Kazin

born at Cooley Dickinson Hospital, 1:38 in the morning. Dan Aaron sweetly waited with me at the coffee shop until I was let in to see my round little daughter. We are wild with joy. Cathrael is after Ann's beloved uncle Kitrirel, «Crown of God», a name Sholom Aleichem derisively gave to the town, Kasrilevske, «Little Crown of God,» in which his impoverished characters live». Alfred Kazin: *A Lifetime Burning in Every Moment. From the Journals*, selected and edited by the Author, HarperCollins 1996, p. 156.

The Inmost Leaf comes out in the fall: See letter 27.

In exactly such words as yours on p. 38: Kazin quotes from Arendt's portrait of Gurian. The complete sentence is: «True greatness, even in works of art, where the struggle between the greatness of the genius and the even greater greatness of man is most acute, appears only where we sense behind the tangible and comprehensive product a being that remains greater and more mysterious because the work itself points to a person behind it whose essence can be neither exhausted nor fully revealed by whatever he may have the power to do». See Hannah Arendt, «Waldemar Gurian: 1903-1954», in: Hannah Arendt, *Men in Dark Times*, p. 257.

How are you and how was California: See letter 26.

29. Arendt to Kazin, Palenville, 8/17/55

Palenville: Located in Greene County, in the heart of the Catskill Mountains, 2 hours north of New York City; Hannah Arendt and Heinrich Blücher used to escape from the New York summer to the Catskill Mountains.

Three-and-a half months: Hannah Arendt participated in the international conference of the Congress for Cultural Freedom in Milan in September. She gave a talk, entitled «The Rise and Development of Totalitarianism and Authoritarian Forms of Government in the Twentieth Century». Affiliated with the Congress for Cultural Freedom was the American Committee for Cultural Freedom, whose chairman was Sidney Hook. The Honorary Chairs of the International Committee included John Dewey, Karl Jaspers, and Bertrand Russell. In 1950, when North Korea invaded South Korea, the American Committee for Cultural Freedom published a manifesto, «We put Freedom first».

Hannah Arendt's travels to Europe also took her to France, to Ravenna, Venice, and Rome, to Athens, Tel Aviv, and Istanbul, to Zurich and Basel, to Luxembourg, London, Frankfurt, Cologne, and Berlin. This time her travels to Europe lasted from September 1 to December 20, 1955. See also her correspondence with Heinrich Blücher, written between 9.2.1955 and 12.13.1955, in: *Within Four Walls*, p. 265-300.

I am very much looking forward to reading the Melville piece: «On Melville as Scripture» is part of *The Inmost Leaf - a Selection of Essays* (1955). It is a critical discussion of Richard Chase's study of Melville, *Hermann Melville: a Critical Study*. Kazin attacked a criticism of myth and folklore approach, thereby reducing history to an illustration. Instead he defended, against the «New Liberalism» that wants to make «scripture» out of literature, the right of literature to be itself a unique

experience. Melville thus reveals himself not as a liberal or reconciler but as a writer with a peculiar gift «which is concerned with the 'soul' of man, not with his 'heart'; with his attitude toward the creation, not with his relationship to other men». See: Kazin: «On Melville as Scripture», in: Kazin, *The Inmost Leaf*, p. 207.

Loose Leaf: = The Inmost Leaf a Selection of Essays, by Alfred Kazin, Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York, 1955.

The re-edition of Native Grounds: On Native Grounds. An Interpretation of Modern American Prose Literature, by Alfred Kazin, Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York, 1956.

Harcourt Brace: Harcourt Brace was Hannah Arendt's publisher. The firm also published Kazin's *The Walker in the City*, and many other best-sellers such as John Maynard Keynes's *The Economic Consequences of the Peace* (1920), Lytton Strachey's *Queen Victoria* (1921), and Virginia Woolf's *Orlando*.

That you will be our literary executor for all things in English: Mary McCarthy became Hannah Arendt's literary executor for all things in English.

30. Arendt to Kazin, September 29, 1956

Thanks for Moby Dick. The Introduction is wunderbar: Wunderbar = wonderful.

Herman Melville's *Moby-Dick or The Whale* was first published in 1851. The edition with Kazin's introduction is from 1956, the Riverside Press, Cambridge. Kazin reveals the philosophical message of the novel, that man, although forever alien to the world, can, because of his fantastic gift of imagination, «enter into what is not (his) own, what is even against (him) – and for this, so amazingly, (...) can speak». See: Herman Melville, *Moby-Dick*, edited and with an Introduction by Alfred Kazin, The Riverside Press, Cambridge, 1956, xiv.

I leave tomorrow by plane for Europe – 6 weeks: On her trip to Europe from October to November 1956, Arendt gave two radio lectures, «Natur und Geschichte» and «Geschichte und Politik in der Neuzeit» in Cologne, visited libraries, and met old friends: Mary McCarthy in Amsterdam, Karl Jaspers in Basel, Anne Weil in Paris, Benno von Wiese (1908-1987), a very close friend during their student years, in Münster. See also her letters to Heinrich, October to November 1956, in: *Between Four Walls*, p. 301-311.

I shall be beleidigt: Beleidigt: offended, insulted.

31. Kazin to Arendt, Amherst College

as from: 96 Maynard Bd / Northampton / Mass 21 April

Without year, but presumably 1958: Kazin left Amherst in 1958.

Amherst College: See letter 27; Kazin described Amherst in his Journals as «one long street. You just get on, start walking, and trust to luck. There is no easy turnoff, no little side streets and curious alleys. Just one long street. Up and down it goes, and its name is never anything but Pleasant. On this Pleasant Street, then, life is lived, up and down, past the college and the golf course and the Archer farm». Kazin, *A Lifetime Burning in every Moment*, p. 157.

Very kind of you to send me Rabel V.: Rabel Varnhagen: The Life

of a Jewess (Leo Baeck Institute of Jews from Germany), London 1958. The book has its own publication history, closely linked to the key experience of exile in the 20th century. While Arendt started writing the biography on Rahel Varnhagen in 1929, receiving a grant from the Notgemeinschaft deutscher Wissenschaftler in 1930, and finishing it during exile in Paris, it was first published as a book 30 years later. 1958 in English, and a year later in German, entitled *Rabel Varnhagen: Lebensgeschichte einer deutschen Jüdin aus der Romantik*, including an Appendix from unpublished letters and diaries. The first complete edition was edited in 1997 by Liliane Weissberg: *Hannah Arendt, Rabel Varnhagen – The Life of a Jewess*. John Hopkins University Press, Baltimore and London, 1997.

Arendt's study of Rahel Varnhagen played a major role when she sought restitution for the loss of her academic career in Germany, a career that had been denied to her because of her exile in 1933. The study of Rahel Varnhagen was the evidence for the *Habilitation begun in Germany before 1933*. It was Karl Jaspers who supported her by testifying that a «nearly complete manuscript had existed in 1933,» and one of his former students, Benno von Wiese, played along. Arendt had had an affair with him in 1927-1928, in the 1930s he had joined the National Socialist Party, and in 1953 he wrote Arendt a letter asking her to forgive him for his former political stance. In 1955 he became a full professor at the University of Bonn. See Liliane Weissberg's *Introduction* to Hannah Arendt's biography of Rahel Varnhagen, p. 38.

Annett Frank's diary: Anne Frank was one of the Jewish victims of Nazi persecution during the Second World War. After Nazi Germany invaded the Netherlands in 1940, the Frank family tried to escape by going into hiding. During the hiding period Anne Frank kept a diary. While she and her family were deported, her diary survived the war. In 1947 the first edition appeared. The introduction to *The Works of Anne Frank* was written by Ann Birstein and Alfred Kazin. See: *Works of Anne Frank, 1929-1945*, Introduction by Ann Birstein and Alfred Kazin, and Drawings by Peter Spier, Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York, 1959, p. 9-24.

Essay on Hungarian Revolution which is simply splendid: Kazin refers to Hannah Arendt's essay «Totalitarian Imperialism: Reflections on the Hungarian Revolution», in: *The Journal of Politics* 20 (1958), vol. 1, p. 5-43. See also Arendt's letter to Jaspers, December 26, 1956: «Hungary is the best thing that has happened for a long time. It seems to me it still isn't over, and regardless of how it ends, it is a clear victory for freedom». *Hannah Arendt Karl Jaspers Correspondence 1926-1969*, p. 306. The second enlarged edition of Arendt's book *The Origins of Totalitarianism* has the essay Kazin referred to as chapter fourteen: «Epilogue: Reflections on the Hungarian Revolution». See Hannah Arendt, *The Origins of Totalitarianism*, Meridian Books, Cleveland and New York, 1958, p. 480-511.

Ehrenburg, Ilia (1891-1967): This famous and controversial Russian author spent 20 years in Paris after the Russian Revolution, returned to Moscow in 1941, was awarded the Stalin Prize twice, in 1942 and in 1948. From 1950-1967 he

was the Vice President of the World Peace Council.

Pasternak, Boris (1890-1960): His masterpiece, *Doctor Shiva-go*, illuminated the darkness of his own age. The novel was finished in 1956, had to be smuggled out of the Soviet Union, and was not published in Russia until 1988. In 1958 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature.

I've resigned my professorship: See letter 27.

Your heroic little note on Magnes in the Jewish Newsletter: Hannah Arendt: «The Conscience of the Jewish People», *Jewish Newsletter* 14, no. 8 (21 April 1958).

32. Arendt to Kazin, October 14, 1957

Article on Dylan Thomas: Alfred Kazin: «The Posthumous Life of Dylan Thomas», in: *The Atlantic Monthly Review*, vol. 199, 1957, no. 6, p. 164-168. The same volume printed a memoir written by Caitlin Thomas, Dylan Thomas's wife, entitled «This was Dylan».

On Dylan Thomas (1914-1953), the Welsh poet's life, and his work, see: DLB, vol. 20: *British Poets, 1914-1945*, p. 365-394.

Schnupfen: cold.

33. Hannah Arendt Blücher to Kazin, 370 Riverside Drive, September 9, 1961

I read a pre-print of your review and I was very touched: Kazin reviewed several books on writing history for *Harper's Magazine*: Hugh Thomas' *The Spanish Civil War*, George Kennan's *Russia and the West under Lenin and Stalin*, Robert Vincent Daniel's *The Conscience of the Revolution: Communist Opposition in Soviet Russia*, Raul Hilberg's *The Destruction of the European Jews*, Toynbee's *Reconsiderations*, vol. XII of *A Study of History*, and Hannah Arendt's *Between Past and Future: Six Exercises in Political Thought*. See: Alfred Kazin, «the new BOOKS. Notes on the Writing of History Today», in: *Harper's Magazine*, vol. 223, no. 1337 (October, 1961), p. 104-111.

Annchen will be here for a few days: Anne Weil from Paris, see letter 9, 1951.

34. Kazin to Arendt, 13 September

Without year, but obviously the same year (1961), because Kazin refers to his «omnibus review» and that it «may be possible to meet with Annchen».

35. Kazin to Arendt, 17 February, 110 Riverside Drive

Without year, but: *to make a call to you at Wesleyan*, therefore probably 1962.

Arendt was a Fellow at Wesleyan's Center for Advanced Studies in the fall semester of 1961, and she returned in the fall of 1962-January 1963. She spent most of her time as a research fellow, but also gave a weekly student seminar on Machiavelli and several public lectures based on *On Revolution*, which she was working on in 1961, and on the Eichmann trial in 1962. Jeffrey Makala, Special Collections & Archives, Wesleyan University, provided me with the information on Arendt at Wesleyan's Center for Advanced Studies.

Now you are ill: Her biographer tells us that Arendt, while

lecturing in January 1962 at the University of Chicago, caught a severe cold and had to «recover from this and an allergic reaction to the antibiotics». See Elisabeth Young-Bruhl, *Hannah Arendt - For Love of the World*, p. 334.

Your old friend St. Augustine: Arendt wrote her dissertation on a Christian saint, St. Augustine; the title was *Der Liebesbegriff bei Augustin* (1930). The revised English version of the dissertation, entitled «Love and Saint Augustine. Hannah Arendt», is edited with an Interpretative Essay by Joanne Vecchiarelli Scott and Judith Chelius Stark, The University Press of Chicago, Chicago & London, 1996.

Sometimes les heureux sont la puissance de la terre: = The happy ones are the power of the earth.

I can't find that definition of love as 'I want you to be': Kazin refers to Augustine's «amo - volo ut sis».

36. Arendt to Kazin, February 20, 1962

I am well again: See letter 35.

Augustine - I tried to locate the amo - volo ut sis, but have not yet succeeded: Amo - volo ut sis = I love, and will, in order to be.

The index in Migne: J. P. Migne is the chief editor of *Patrologiae Latinae - Latin authors from Augustine to Aquinas*.

37. Arendt to Kazin, 9/5/66

Thank you for having sent the Jarrell piece: Alfred Kazin, «Prince of Reviewers», in: *The Reporter*, vol. 35, no. 3 (September 8, 1966), p. 45-48.

Arendt met Randall Jarrell (1914-1965) when she was working for Schocken Books. At that time Jarrell worked for *The Nation's* book section. He became a regular visitor at Arendt's home, because German was spoken there, and Jarrell loved the «folk element in German poetry» (Arendt, «Randall Jarrell», in: *Men in Dark Times*, p. 263). Jarrell on his part did the «englishing» of the five short articles Arendt contributed to *The Nation*, including her review of Hermann Broch's *The Death of Vergil* (see: Elisabeth Young-Bruhl, *Hannah Arendt - For Love of the World*, p. 193). Jarrell was successful as a writer of both poetry and prose. In his book *Pictures from an Institution* (New York: Knopf, 1954) he presented the Blüchers as he had «known them on many American Poetry Weekends» (Young-Bruhl, *Hannah Arendt - For Love of the World*, p. 265f.). In spring 1961 Jarrell was elected to the National Institute of Arts and Letters. For further information on Randall Jarrell see: Suzanne Ferguson, «Randall Jarrell», in: DLB, vol. 48: *American Poets, 1880-1945, 1986*, p. 246-266.

38. Arendt to Kazin, Saturday

No day, no year.

Thanks for going through the trouble to console me: It was impossible to trace back which «trouble» Arendt referred to. So far I also have to leave the right date open.

Schwatz: = chat.

Your article just arrived: It was not possible to establish which of Kazin's articles Arendt meant.

39. Kazin to Arendt, April 13, 440 West End Avenue

No year.

Its lovely Hannab-like inscription: Hannah Arendt's inscription to Alfred Kazin reads: «To Alfred/ in friendship/ as ever/ Hannah/ January 1968». For this information I am indebted to Isaac Gewirtz, Curator, Berg Collection of English and American Literature, The New York Public Library.

40. Kazin to Arendt, 22 May 1974

To bear from Helen Wolff ... of your recent illness:

Kurt Wolff founded a successful publishing house in Leipzig in 1913, Kurt Wolff Verlag. He and his wife Helen fled Nazi Germany and came to the United States in 1941. In 1942 in New York, they launched their new publishing firm, Pantheon, and both became part of «Blücher's tribe». In May 1959 they sold their stock in Pantheon and moved to Locarno, Switzerland. Kurt Wolff died in a car accident in 1963, Helen returned to work at Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. See: «Pantheon Books», in: DLB 46: *American Literary Publishing Houses 1900-1980*, 1986, p. 270-272.

... your recent illness: During her stay in Scotland, where

Arendt had been invited to lecture a series of Gifford Lectures at the University of Aberdeen, she suffered «a nearly fatal heart attack». See: Elisabeth Young-Bruehl, *Hannah Arendt - For Love of the World*, p. 459.

Lunch of the National Institute: Every year the American Academy of Arts and Letters holds the Ceremonial, an annual event, held in May, that honors new members and distributes awards. Both Hannah Arendt and Alfred Kazin were attending the 1974 Ceremonial. Alfred Kazin had been elected to the Institute in 1965, Hannah Arendt in 1964.

The academy has two hundred fifty members who are elected for life. The organization was founded as the National Institute of Arts and Letters in 1898. In 1904, the American Academy of Arts and Letters was founded as an internal entity within the National Institute of Arts and Letters. The Archivist Kathy Kienholz provided me with all information about the history of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

To introduce you to my daughter Cathrael: Cathrael Kazin remembers going with her father to the American Academy of Arts and Letters in May 1974. ●

O m fotografene



Janne Lindgren (f. 1978) har tatt bildene i Samtidens fotogalleri i dette nummeret. Denne gang har vi samlet bildene på ett sted i tidsskriftet. Janne Lindgren sier om bildene hun har tatt for *Samtiden*: «Å være kvinne i dag er å veksle mellom å posere og å være i posisjon». Lindgren ønsker å takke jentene på bildene: Anne, Ane, Åse, Bergdis, Siri, Astrid og Siv. Lindgren jobber som fotograf i Klassekampen og er i tillegg frilansfotograf.



Nils Vik (f. 1967) har tatt de små portrettfotoene av en del av artikkelforfatterne. Han har arbeidet som uavhengig kommersiell fotograf i mer enn ti år. Nils Vik har jobbet med bøker, plateomslag, reklame og redaksjonell fotografering.