

paradise:

the southern california idyll of hitler's cultural exiles

LAWRENCE WESCHLER

during the late 1950s Mrs. Arnold Schoenberg, the widow of the composer, used to entertain visitors on the front lawn of their home on Rockingham, just off Sunset, in the Brentwood section of West Los Angeles. (I know; I was one of them. My mother, the daughter of another emigré composer, Ernst Toch, had herself been a childhood friend of Schoenberg's daughter Nuria.) Every half hour or so, a huge tour bus would wheel round, all of its passengers craning their necks the other way, gazing out across the street. The metallic voice of the tour guide would squawk, "And on the left you can see the house where Shirley Temple lived in the days when she was filming..." And then they'd be gone. Mrs. Schoenberg would smile indulgently, whimsy (or so I inferred at the time) masking pain. Who knows what she'd make nowadays of the buses lurching by on their way to O. J. Simpson's notorious digs, just a few houses up the road? Or what the tourists inside those buses would make of news of her. But, oh, there was a time.

Well, the following section of this catalogue is for Mrs. Schoenberg. It's for Schoenberg and Igor Stravinsky, Bertolt Brecht and Charles Laughton, Thomas Mann and Heinrich Mann, Lion Feuchtwanger and Franz Werfel, Alma Mahler-Werfel and Salka Viertel, for Richard Neutra and Rudolf Schindler, Theodor Adorno and Max Horkheimer, Ernst Toch and Erich Korngold, Hanns Eisler and Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Bruno Walter and Otto Klemperer, Fritz Lang and Jean Renoir, Christopher Isherwood and Aldous Huxley... for the scores of emigrés who, fleeing the upsurge of European fascism, during the 1930s and the 1940s and tapering off into the 1950s, briefly transformed Los Angeles into one of the capitals of world culture and then were gone, having left no trace, having left some trace, having profoundly altered the horizons of the Southern California experience.

The manna of creative intensity, as has often been noted, seems to float through history from one locale to another, and in the late 1920s that manna hovered over Berlin. During those last years of the Weimar regime, Berlin was the center for modernist music (both composition and performance), for expressionist art, theater, and film. With Hitler's seizure of power that vibrant glow of aesthetic productivity was suddenly extinguished. In some ways Los Angeles during the 1930s and early 1940s may be seen as its afterglow, the image that persists for a few moments when you've been forced to shut your eyes.

Not all of the emigrés we will be considering came from Berlin, although most of them had spent a good deal of time there during the previous decade. And not all of them arrived as political refugees; some who were already here in the late 1920s and early 1930s (the architects Neutra and Schindler, for example, and many of those who worked in the film industry, including Ernst Lubitsch, Berthold and Salka Viertel, and Paul and Frederick Kohner) were



The Manns at the Viertels'

Perhaps the most evocative memoir of life in the emigré community is Salka Viertel's marvelously affecting *The Kindness of Strangers* (1969), now sadly out of print. Mrs. Viertel, the wife of the great Viennese and Weimar director Berthold Viertel, had herself been a significant actress back in Europe and became a notably successful scenarist in Hollywood, particularly associated with her friend Greta Garbo, for whom she wrote, among other scripts, *Queen Christina*. The Viertel home on Mabery Road, in Santa Monica, was one of the mainstays of emigré social life, the site, for example, of frequent Sunday morning brunches whose regulars, she reports, included the Arnold Schoenbergs, the Otto Klemperers, the Bertolt Brechts, the Aldous Huxleys, Christopher Isherwood, Bronislaw Kaper, Oscar Levant, Max Reinhardt, Charles Laughton... and Johnny Weissmuller.

It was also the site of one of the more significant evenings in L.A. emigré history, a dinner held in 1941 to celebrate Heinrich Mann's seventieth birthday. Salka Viertel's account of the event affords a sense of the tone of her whole book:

Heinrich Mann's seventieth birthday was approaching and the "German writers in exile" felt that some notice should be taken of this event. Unfortunately, on the same day in March, 1941, Thomas Mann was to receive an Honorary Doctor's degree from the University of California in Berkeley. Immediately afterward he had a commitment for lectures and would not return to Los Angeles until the end of April. After long diplomatic negotiations, the dinner had to be postponed until May. A major disagreement ensued as to whether it should take place in a restaurant or a

private home. I called Berthold in New York and asked him whether I should not offer our house for the celebration. He was all for it. Lion Feuchtwanger and Liesl Frank were both delighted and promised to give me a list of guests, which had to be accepted by Nelly [Heinrich Mann's wife]. She and Alma Mahler-Werfel were feuding and Nelly disapproved of everyone who was friendly with the Werfels. Finally the Feuchtwangers succeeded in arranging a truce and forty-five persons were invited. I set a long table in the living room; it could be removed quickly after the dinner was over. Decorated with flowers and candles it looked very festive.

Heinrich sat on my right and Thomas Mann on my left, Nelly was opposite us, towering over the very small Feuchtwanger on her right; on her left was Werfel. Everyone else was seated strictly according to age and prominence. I had begged Berthold to send me a telegram which would welcome Heinrich Mann, and I hoped to get it before dinner. Good, faithful Toni Spuhler took over the kitchen and managed very well, in spite of the many refugees who, awed by the importance of the evening, had insisted on giving her a hand, and also helping Walter and Hedy to serve. For them Heinrich and Thomas Mann, Alfred Neumann, Franz Werfel, Alfred Polgar, Lion Feuchtwanger, Alfred Doebelin, Walter Mehring, Ludwig Marcuse, Bruno Frank represented the true Fatherland to which in spite of Hitler they adhered, as they adhered to the German language.

We finished the soup and as the telegram had not arrived I made a speech, which had the virtue of being very brief. Bruno Frank and Feuchtwanger were to speak after the main course



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Heinrich and Nelly Mann,
late 1930s.

and I motioned to Walter to go on serving but he discreetly pointed to Thomas Mann, who had risen and was putting on his spectacles. Then, taking a sizeable manuscript out of the inner pocket of his tuxedo, he began to read. I assumed it was at least fifteen pages long and I was right, because many years later Thomas Mann mentioned this speech in a letter to his son Klaus, offering it as an essay for the periodical *Decision*. It was a magnificent tribute to the older brother, an acknowledgement of Heinrich's prophetic political wisdom, his far-sighted warnings to their unhappy country, and a superb evaluation of his literary stature.

We hardly had time to drink Heinrich Mann's health before he rose, also put on his glasses and also brought forth a thick manuscript. First he thanked me for the evening then, turning to his brother, paid him high praise for his continuous fight against fascism. To that he added a meticulous literary analysis of Thomas Mann's oeuvre in its relevance to the Third Reich. I no longer remember all the moving and profound thoughts expressed in both speeches. It gave one some hope and comfort at a time when the lights of freedom seemed extinguished in Europe, and everything we had loved and valued buried in ruins. At the open door to the pantry the "back entrance" guests were listening, crowding each other and wiping their tears.

The roast beef was overdone and Toni was upset, but the guests were elated and hungry and did not mind. Bruno Frank's and Lion Feuchtwanger's speeches were brief and in a lighter vein. The dessert, my chocolate cake, a "specialty of the house," was served and disappeared rapidly. Toward the end of the dinner Marta Feuchtwanger spontaneously offered a toast, "To Nelly, who saved Heinrich Mann's life, practically carrying him in her arms on their rough trek through the Pyrenees. She supported him with her loving strength and gave courage to us all."

Nelly hid her face in her hands when we surrounded her to clink glasses and then, screaming with laughter, pointed to her red dress, which had burst open revealing her bosom in a lace bra.

Berthold's telegram was handed to me after we had left the table. I read it aloud and Heinrich Mann suggested that all the guests send a greeting to the absent host. While everyone gathered to sign his name, I said to Bruno Frank how touched I was by the wonderful homage the brothers had paid each other.

"Yes," said Bruno. "They write and read such ceremonial evaluations of each other, every ten years."

From Salka Viertel, *The Kindness of Strangers* (New York: Holt Rinehart, 1969), 250-51. ©1969 by Salka Viertel. Reprinted by permission of Henry Holt & Co., Inc.

transformed into instant refugees when safe return to their homeland was suddenly denied them. Nor did they all arrive immediately. Many first attempted to carve out shelter in Czechoslovakia or Austria or Poland or France (some indeed were Czech or Austrian or Polish or French), but one by one, as these havens collapsed before the spreading Nazi terror, they were forced to flee once again. (To cite one particularly curious such way station, an unusually large number of the L.A. emigrés—including the Feuchtwangers, the Thomas Manns, the Heinrich Manns, the Bruno Franks, Alma Mahler-Werfel and Franz Werfel, Aldous Huxley, and during the summers Bertolt Brecht and Arnold Zweig—initially congregated in the hills surrounding the French Mediterranean fishing village of Sanary, from which many of them presently had to escape, in some cases by foot over the Pyrenees, following the fall of France in 1940.)

The emigrés congregated in Southern California for many reasons. To begin with, there was the Mediterranean climate, the same balmy ambiance that for centuries had exercised its hypnotic attraction on the imaginations of Northern Europeans, luring them south each year, away from their long, bleak, low-skyed winters. (Although clearly not on *all* such Northern Europeans: Hannah Arendt, visiting Los Angeles from her own transplanted base in New York, wrote to her husband that “the climate alone is enough to turn people meshuge.”) In any case, that climate could have been found elsewhere as well, but Los Angeles also offered Hollywood, with its vast opportunities for lucrative employment. After a certain point, however, the primary reason for these emigrés’ gathering in Southern California may have been the fact that so many others had already settled there; they had achieved a vital mass that began to exert its own magnetic pull.

The usual account of their life in L.A. casts the emigrés as a group of Continental geniuses utterly victimized by the philistine cultural environment to whose backwaters an ill tide of history had relegated them. “Wherever I go,” Brecht wrote in a poem, “they ask me ‘Spell your name!’ / And, oh, that name was once accounted great.” When it came to names, the eminently proud Max Reinhardt, perhaps the greatest stage director of his time back in Berlin and Vienna, had to accustom himself to the back-slapping informalities of presumptuous glad-handers who routinely addressed him as “Max!” Or, in a similar vein, there’s the old story about the rich society hostess at Ira Gershwin’s one evening who (in John Russell Taylor’s telling) “tried to rope Schoenberg into the after-dinner entertainments with ‘Give us a tune, Arnold.’”

The reality of the situation, however, was considerably more complicated or, at any rate, nuanced than such tales suggest. Many of the arriving professionals were indeed forced

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Franz Werfel and Alma Mahler-Werfel in front of their house on Los Tilos Road in Hollywood, 1941.



An Evening with the Werfels

“S. N. Behrman described a dinner party at the home of Franz Werfel, then married to the widow of Gustav Mahler. Alma Mahler Werfel, as she called herself—following Werfel’s death it became Alma Werfel Mahler—regaled the guests, who included Arnold Schoenberg, with tales of her conquests: the painter Oskar Kokoschka had been so in love with her that he took a life-sized model of her on his travels; Alban Berg had dedicated *Wozzeck* to her; the architect

Walter Gropius was a devoted slave. Coming to the end of the list, she looked straight at Werfel and said: ‘But the most interesting personality I have known—was Mahler!’ Her current husband nodded in fervent agreement, and the party ended with Mme Werfel producing the lock of Beethoven’s hair which the Vienna Symphony had presented to Mahler on his departure to America.”

From John Baxter, *The Hollywood Exiles* (New York: Taplinger, 1976), 216–17.

to downgrade their vocations (stories abound of lawyers and musicians becoming chauffeurs and caterers, concert pianists becoming piano tuners). Still, one must take into account the “dachshund effect.” (“Two dachshunds,” the story goes, “meet out on the palisade in Santa Monica, and one assures the other, ‘Here, it’s true, I’m a dachshund; but in the old country I was a Saint Bernard!’”) There inevitably was a good deal of idealization going on with regard to putative prior incarnations. But even this line of thinking misses the single most trenchant point, which is that for all their displacement and disorientation, an extraordinary number of emigrés in Southern California were living quite well indeed. For starters, just look at *where* they were living: Beverly Hills, Pacific Palisades, Santa Monica, the West Side . . .

(Of all the destinies suggested by the accompanying map, perhaps the most incongruous is that of the sublime Marxist critic Theodor W. Adorno gazing out sourly upon the dismaying vistas of unredeemably bastardized American pop culture from his humble redoubt on Kenter, just south of Sunset. It’s still something of a leap to picture him there, painstakingly dissecting the *Los Angeles Times*’s astrology column in preparation for his exhaustive—and exhausting—essay “Stars down to Earth,” noting, for example, how “inasmuch as the social system is the ‘fate’ of most individuals independent of their will and interest, it is projected upon the stars in order to thus obtain a higher degree of dignity and justification in which the individuals hope to participate themselves. At the same time, the idea that the stars, if only one reads them correctly, offer some advice mitigates the very

Steak Tartare and a Sardine Sandwich

At a news conference during an American concert tour in the early 1930s, my grandfather, the Viennese-born modernist composer Ernst Toch, gently urged his interlocutors to open themselves to new sounds. He warned them of the consequences of trying to

force such sounds into preexisting mental compartments such as the preclassical or the baroque or the romantic. “In such a case,” he explained, “either the music remains outside of you, or else you force it with all of your might into one of those compartments,

even though it does not fit. And that hurts you, and you blame the music. But in reality it is you who are to blame, because you forced it into a compartment into which it did not fit, instead of calmly, passively, quietly, and without opposition, helping the music to build a compartment for itself.” The assembled reporters absorbed this lesson impassively and then asked a few more mundane questions, such as the composer’s favorite food, to which Toch replied “Steak tartare.” Predictably, the next morning, the local paper’s headline trumpeted the news conference’s most significant revelation: “AUSTRIAN COMPOSER EATS RAW MEAT!”

If Americans often had a hard time fitting the emigrés into their own preexisting compartments, the emigrés, for their part, frequently displayed an obverse tendency. Toch’s daughter (my mother) Franzi used to tell a story about how several years later,

in the late 1940s, she and her close friend, Schoenberg’s daughter Nuria, went on a double date. In fact, this was to be the seventeen-year-old Nuria’s first such outing. When Franzi and the two escorts arrived at the front door of the Schoenberg manse on Rockingham, a tense but proper Schoenberg was there to present his daughter. Sternly he inquired, “What time will Nuria be home?” “Well,” replied one of the young men, “let’s see, the opera downtown will end around eleven, and then there’s the ride back”—remember, this was in the days before the existence of the Santa Monica Freeway—and we’ll probably go out for a snack—we should be back by about one-thirty.” “Oh,” frowned Schoenberg. “Do you have to go out for a snack? Couldn’t I give you a sardine sandwich to take along?”

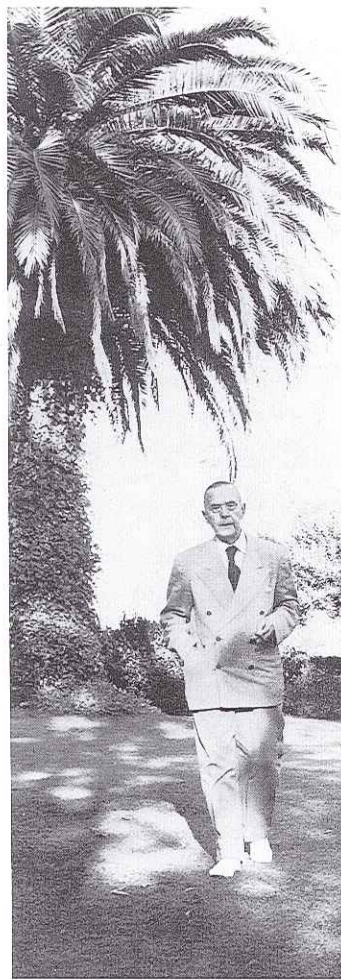


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Otto Klemperer (left), Prince Hubertus zu Löwenstein, Arnold Schoenberg, Ernst Toch, 1937.

same fear of the inexorability of the social processes the stargazer himself creates." And so on. If there were clearly some things about America Adorno way over-interpreted and others he just plain never got—for instance, jazz—there were, at the same time, among his writings moments of startling aphoristic lucidity: "The triumph of advertising in the culture industry is that the consumers feel compelled to buy and use its products even though they see through them." Such that: "Mass culture is unadorned make-up." And though he obviously disdained pretty much everything about his California interlude—and returned to Frankfurt as soon as he was able, in 1949—even he admitted: "Reflections of this sort are hardly conceivable without American experiences. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that a contemporary consciousness that has not appreciated the American experience, even in opposition, has something reactionary about it.")

Indeed, we will not begin to plumb the true despair of these outcasts until we comprehend that they were, as they themselves often noted, *Exiled in Paradise* (the title, incidentally, of Anthony Heilbut's magisterial volume subtitled *German Refugee Artists and Intellectuals in America from the 1930s to the Present*). How painfully incongruous must lazy palms on breezy evenings have seemed to people whose homeland was being bombed to smithereens. "Here everything blooms in violet and grape colors that look rather made of paper," Thomas Mann wrote a friend in June of 1941, soon after settling in Pacific Palisades, "and because one can't quite appraise them, one can't praise them. But I can praise the oleander; it blooms very beautifully. Only I have a suspicion that it may do so all year round." Their continual anxiety over the fate of loved ones was compounded by a nagging sense of guilt at their own safety. "Day after day," Brecht recorded in a poem entitled "Summer 1942," "I see the fig trees in the garden / The rosy faces . . . / The chessmen on the corner table / And the newspapers with their reports / Of bloodbaths in the Soviet Union." The exiles were continually launching into fierce political disputes concerning the proper course for postwar Germany, as if the very intensity of such disputations could mask their irrelevance. "Where I am, there is Germany," Thomas Mann is often quoted as having proclaimed, and many of his friends were advancing his name for the presidency of the postwar German republic. But what they thought, as they sat secure on the benign side of a distant continent, was pretty much beside the point. Surely they must have sensed this, and it must have contributed to their frustration.

Although many of the personnel had been salvaged—L.A. really constituted a second Weimar—the esprit never quite revived; it was a shadow Weimar. What the emigrés perhaps missed most was the sense of resonance that had supported their activities on the Continent.



A Walk on the Beach

From Thomas Mann's diary:

Thursday, April 14 [1938];
Beverly Hills

Got to sleep late, Phanadorm. Drank coffee. Wrote a page and was stimulated. Outing to the beach with the Huxleys, the weather clearing rapidly and becoming warmer, where we got out and took a rather long walk along the glistening blue-and-white ocean at ebb tide. Many condoms on the beach. I did not see them, but Mrs. Huxley pointed them out to Katia.

From Thomas Mann, *Diaries, 1918–1939*, ed. Hermann Kesten, trans. Richard and Clara Winston (New York: Harry N. Abrams, 1982).

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Thomas Mann in the Pacific Palisades section of Los Angeles, 1947.

Back there a rich tradition of popular immersion in the arts, coupled with a thriving structure of support (there were, for example, four year-round, top-notch orchestras in Berlin and dozens of live theaters), provided a continuous context of anticipation. Their ongoing work was charged with pressing and immediate significance. Not only would audiences experience that work, but they would spend hours arguing about it. Now, by contrast, as composer Ernst Krenek once complained, the emigrés were confronted with “the echolessness of the vast American expanses.” Conductor Henri Temianka cited the primary characteristics of Southern California as “unlimited indifference and passive benevolence toward anything and anybody.”

And yet this was a time when benign indifference was proving fatal not only to the spirit but also in terms of actual lives. One chief way in which the emigrés came into contact with the locals was through the scramble for affidavits. Their desperate efforts to save relatives and friends still trapped behind Nazi lines were immeasurably complicated by a U.S. government requirement that every entering refugee had to be sponsored by some individual who could submit an affidavit and accompanying financial statement guaranteeing economic support of the refugee for a period, if necessary, of up to five years. The same collateral funds could not be used twice, so there emerged a feverish quest to find new sponsors, usually Americans, who would be willing to post the required bond on

behalf of people they didn't even know. The search became more complicated after Pearl Harbor, when the German emigrés were ironically classified as “enemy aliens” and had all their foreign royalties and accounts impounded (they were also required to observe a strict curfew throughout the war).

Outside their various affidavit and employment contacts the emigrés appear to have lived a fairly insular existence. They culled one another for friendship and even transplanted enmities intact. (Stravinsky and Schoenberg, for example, lived within several miles of each other but appear to have preserved the same arch distance they had maintained in Europe when the one reigned over Paris and the other over Berlin.)

It was entirely possible to go weeks without having to dust off one's faulty English. (Gottfried Reinhardt tells a wonderful story about visiting the Clover Club, a casino on Sunset Boulevard, one evening in the company of Otto Preminger. As it happened, they were the only two non-Hungarians at the roulette table, and the agglutinative language of their neighbors steadily grated on Preminger's nerves until finally “he brought his fist down on the baize, shouting, ‘Goddamnit, guys, you're in America! Speak German!’”) “We live our by now deeply habituated waiting room days,” Thomas Mann wrote a friend, “among our

Mann, Schoenberg, and *Doctor Faustus*

The emigré scene in Los Angeles tended to grow quite inbred and was occasionally given over to bizarre eruptions of scandalous enmity. Perhaps the most famous of these involved the 1948 publication of Thomas Mann's novel *Doctor Faustus*. The protagonist of Mann's complex allegory of the demonic rise of Adolf Hitler and the selling of Germany's soul was a spectacularly brilliant composer named Adrian Leverkühn, whose increasingly feverish explorations—he was, in addition, apparently suffering from some sort of venereal disease—culminated in his creation of a twelve-tone system remarkably like Arnold Schoenberg's. (During the composition of the novel Mann had indeed received extensive guidance on the intricacies of Schoenberg's method from Adorno.)

At any rate, soon after the book's publication (and, according to several accounts, considerably goaded on by a slyly meddling Alma Mahler-Werfel), Schoenberg grew beside himself

with fury—or rather with two seemingly contradictory furies. On the one hand, he was enraged that his own role as the actual creator of the twelve-tone method had not been acknowledged in the body of the text (he invoked the anxious fantasy of some 1988 edition of an *Encyclopedia Americana* in which Mann would be credited as the system's creator and he himself dismissed as a pathetically false claimant and “a nobody”). On the other, he was just as frenziedly mortified that readers might actually assume that he was the model for Leverkühn. Marta Feuchtwanger used to tell a story about a disconcerting chance meeting with the composer at the Brentwood Country Mart one afternoon around that time, when, reaching for a grapefruit, she was suddenly confronted by Schoenberg himself, on the far side of the aisle, shouting (though thankfully in German), “Lies, Frau Marta, lies! You have to know, I never had syphilis!”

The Max Reinhardt Workshop

"My father fell in love with the landscape, the climate, the openness of the inhabitants," Gottfried Reinhardt, the son of Max Reinhardt, arguably the greatest stage director of his era in Vienna and Berlin, wrote of his father's years in Southern California. "This love, which lasted the rest of his life... remained largely unrequited."

Though not entirely so: Reinhardt père's lush 1934 production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, in the Hollywood Bowl, with Mickey Rooney in the role of Puck, was an unqualified smash—it's just that its success proved sadly ephemeral.

"It is wonderful here on the Pacific, and life is a thousand times better than in New York," the father wrote his son in 1942. "But I grew up on the fourth balcony of the Burgtheater."

And indeed, by 1942, Gottfried Reinhardt's father was scraping together most of his livelihood running a school for young actors, the Max Reinhardt Workshop. "What my father did not understand," Reinhardt *filis* reports,

was why every member of [the emigré community] considered himself happy to be invited to his house under the Pacific palms for dinner, for conversation, and for the best of memories, when hardly anyone came to see his performances at his Workshop. The Max Reinhardt Workshop curiously was no center of attraction to the [emigré] ghetto. Its activities took place behind closed doors.

I think it might interest you to see a modern version of *Jedermann*, the final production

this semester; it introduces a good many talented young people. I would be very happy if you and Mrs. Lubitsch could come today, tomorrow or the day after. Warmest regards, Max Reinhardt

A draft for a telegram to Lubitsch to be typed by my father's secretary. Similarly to Greta Garbo:

Please come to the Workshop today or tomorrow and take a look at the old *Everyman* in a modern version with a number of young talents. It would make me very happy to see you again. Cordially yours, Max Reinhardt

Identical messages were drafted for Charlie Chaplin, Sam Goldwyn, Harry and Jack Warner, Joe Schenck, Darryl Zanuck, Aldous Huxley, James Hilton,

Harold Lloyd, Cecil B. De Mille, Joe Pasternak, Frank Capra, Walt Disney, Walter Wanger, Norma Shearer, Charles Boyer, Bette Davis and many, many others: "I would not dare impose on your precious time..."

All to no avail. As Reinhardt's son concludes, "The Europeans would rather wallow in a rich Reinhardt past than enjoy a more modest Reinhardt present (of the sort that so many of them had demanded of him back home)."

From Gottfried Reinhardt, *The Genius: A Memoir of Max Reinhardt* (New York: Knopf, 1979), 304–5.

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Max Reinhardt's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Hollywood Bowl, 1934. Reinhardt is standing behind his Puck, Mickey Rooney (center).



Discovering the Barbed Wire

Constance Collier was actually a distinguished *English* stage actress who was active in Hollywood during the 1930s, but her 1935 letter to her friend Hugh Walpole anticipated the feelings many of the other emigrés would be experiencing during the years to come:

Hugh, this place is just like Donington Hall [which, during World War I, had apparently served as a POW camp for captured enemy soldiers]. When the German prisoners first went

there they were amazed by its splendor and beauty. 'Aren't the English fools!' they said. 'Why, it's better to be prisoner than free.' Then after walking in the grounds for a few days, they discovered the barbed wire. A month later all they did was to walk on the same track up to the barbed wire and back again.

Quoted in John Russell Taylor, *Strangers in Paradise: The Hollywood Emigrés, 1933–1950* (London: Faber and Faber, 1983), 91.

palms and lemon trees, in sociable intercourse with the Franks, Werfels, Dieterles, Neumanns—always the same faces, and if occasionally an American countenance appears, it is as a rule so strangely blank and amiably stereotyped that one has had quite enough for some time to come." In reviewing the emigrés' letters and memoirs, it is startling how often one finds them drifting into a common metaphorical conceit: they're always likening themselves to Roman nobility in the rustic provinces, Horace and Virgil exchanging visits from one hilltop villa to the other. They could be as stubbornly patronizing and aloof as the locals were sometimes naive and gauche. They were inbred, cliquish, and caste conscious, and yet this brash American town gradually began to exercise a fascination over them.

Many emigrés did secure employment in one form or another in Hollywood. The European Film Fund—spearheaded by, among others, Ernst Lubitsch, Paul Kohner, Salka Viertel, Wilhelm Dieterle, and Bruno and Liesl Frank—was instrumental in locating studio jobs for dozens of individuals, notably including Leonhard Frank, Wilhelm Speyer, Walter Mehring, Hans Lustig, Heinrich Mann, and Alfred Döblin (the latter two of whom had truly been Saint Bernards back in the old country). But there were many horror stories; for one thing, many of those thus benefited were merely given make-work assignments, if that, at low salaries and even then only for one year, after which they were cut loose and forced to scramble. Bertolt Brecht, perhaps the greatest playwright of this century,

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Producer-director Fritz Lang, standing in for actress Joan Bennett, offers tips to Edward G. Robinson during a rehearsal for Universal's *Scarlet Street* (1945).



was repeatedly unsuccessful in his attempts at placing screenplays. (During his six years in Los Angeles he authored only one completed film, Fritz Lang's *Hangmen Also Die*, and he subsequently disowned that.) One of his poems from the period, entitled "Hollywood," consists in its entirety of the following lines:

Every morning to earn my bread
I go to the market where lies are bought.
Hopefully
I line up with the sellers.

Brecht didn't make it easy, however; Gottfried Reinhardt, Max's son and an unusually sympathetic intermediary at the studios, reports that on one occasion the playwright came to his office and "in his unadulterated Bavarian accent, fascinated me for an hour and a half with a proposal for a film about the production, distribution and consumption of bread," a proposal that, as Reinhardt notes wryly, "had as much chance of being accepted by MGM as *Gone with the Wind* would have had of being put on by Brecht's Berliner Ensemble." Ernst Toch, a fine modernist composer back in Berlin, was quickly typecast as a specialist in chase scenes and eerie effects (that's what the studio executives made of Germany's *Neue Musik*). He used to complain to Oscar Levant that musical

Hell

A particularly trenchant surveyor of the barbed-wire perimeter of Hollywood's lotus prospects was, of course, Bertolt Brecht. Consider the following typically sour entry from his diary, dated August 9, 1941:

i feel as if i had been exiled from our era, this is tahiti in the form of a big city; at this very moment i am looking out onto a little garden with a lawn, shrubs with red blossom, a palm tree and white garden furniture, and a male voice is singing something sentimental to piano accompaniment—it's not a wireless. they have nature here, indeed, since everything is so artificial, they even have an exaggerated feeling for nature, which becomes alienated. from dieterle's house you can see the san fernando valley; an incessant, brilliantly illuminated stream of cars thunders through nature; but they tell you that all the greenery is wrested from the desert by irrigation systems. scratch the surface a little and the desert shows through: stop

paying the water bills and everything stops blooming. the butchery 15,000 kilometres away, which is deciding our fate right across europe at its broadest point, is only an echo in the hubbub of the art-market here.

From Bertolt Brecht, *Journals*, ed. John Willet, trans. Hugh Rorrison (New York: Routledge, 1993), 159.

He elaborated on several of these themes across an extended series of poems. For example, in one of them, "On Thinking about Hell," he began by noting how just as London had been hell for Shelley, so L.A. seemed hell to him:

In Hell too
There are...
fruit markets
With great heaps of fruit, albeit
having
Neither smell nor taste. And...
Jolly-looking people [who] come
from nowhere and are
nowhere bound.
And houses, built for happy
people, therefore standing
empty
Even when lived in.

The houses in Hell, too, are not
ugly.

But the fear of being thrown on
the street

Wears down the inhabitants of
the villas no less than
The inhabitants of shanty towns.

Or consider another of Brecht's variations on the theme, this time from a poem called "Hollywood Elegy":

The village of Hollywood was
planned according to the
notion

People in these parts have of
heaven. In these parts
They have come to the conclu-
sion that God

Requiring a heaven and a hell,
didn't need to

Plan two establishments but
Just the one: heaven. It
Serves the unprosperous,
unsuccessful
As hell.

From Bertolt Brecht, *Poems, 1913-1956*, ed. John Willet and Ralph Manheim (New York: Methuen, 1976), 367, 380.

Otto Klemperer at the Bel Air Bay Club with son Werner and daughter Lotte, 1935.



directors would often economize in recording his scores by simply eliminating the upper staves. ("No serious composer writes for the motion pictures for any other than money reasons," Hanns Eisler wrote in 1947, summing up his own experiences in his book *Composing for the Films*, written in collaboration with Adorno. Eisler goes on to excoriate the kind of stupid, mindless music that constitutes "the sort of melodrama for which the German language has no specification but which the English word 'tune' expresses quite accurately.")

Such comments and stories, which perpetuate the image of Hollywood as the very incarnation of crass Americanism, in one sense obscure the real drama, which was that many of the studio moguls were themselves European emigrants from the immediately prior generation, usually from the "backward" steppes of Eastern Europe, and that what was in fact being played out, at least in part, was a ritual of class revenge. Back in Europe the highbrow cultural figures of Vienna and Berlin had looked upon these peasants and shopkeepers with disdain, and now they were getting a touch of their own treatment. Furthermore, horror stories notwithstanding, from emigré ranks emerged some of the most successful careers in Hollywood, including those of agent Paul Kohner, composer Erich Korngold, scenarist Georg Froeschel, and directors William Dieterle, Ernst Lubitsch, William Wyler, Billy Wilder, and Otto Preminger—to name just a few and not even to mention the

Schoenberg's Father

The memoirs of Thomas Mann's wife, Katia, *Unwritten Memories* (based on taped interviews), tend to get a bit catty, especially in comparison with those of Salka Viertel (of which Marta Feuchtwanger once remarked that "perhaps the most admirable and lovable thing about Salka's book are all the things that she left out"), but her book too includes some wonderful scenes. One of the more poignant of these starts out by noting the great pride Schoenberg took in the tennis prowess of his son Ronald, who starred in many of his school's tournaments:

But one day [Arnold Schoenberg] and his wife went for a walk, and on the way a young couple came toward them. The young woman whispered something to her husband, and they both looked at Schönberg very closely as they went by. Schönberg stopped and turned around to look at the young couple, who had also stopped and turned around. He was just able to catch the young wife saying to her husband, "That was Schönberg's father."

From Katia Mann, *Unwritten Memories* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1975), 125.

Emigré Rap

Back in Germany, in 1930, my grandfather Toch had invented a kind of spoken music (a sort of precursor, I suppose, of rap), "The Geographical Fugue," an a cappella choral work made up entirely of the names of various towns, lakes, and places, splayed out in contrapuntal syncopation: "Ratibor! und der Fluß Mississippi und die Stadt Honolulu und der See Titicaca..." He'd considered the exercise something of a lark and proceeded more or less to forget about it. Soon after his arrival in Los Angeles in 1934, however—or so my grandmother used to like to recount—there came a knocking at the door and a young man inquiring after

Dr. Toch. After my grandfather presented himself, the young man asked whether he was indeed the author of the marvelous "Geographical Fugue," premiered in Berlin in 1930. Toch acknowledged his authorship of the work but assured his young interlocutor that the piece had been but a joke and was of no particular importance. The young man insisted that, on the contrary, it was very important and asked for permission to see to its widest possible dissemination, which Toch grudgingly granted. (The piece has indeed gone on to become his most regularly performed work.) The young man in question was John Cage (Los Angeles High

School, class of 1928). (Years later Cage used to complain to me how my grandfather had made such a brilliant breakthrough with the "Geographical Fugue" and some of his other experiments but then had gone on to waste the rest of his life on string quartets and the like.)

Anyway, although Toch spoke virtually no English when he first arrived in America, he gradually acquired an astonishing command of the vernacular, which he proceeded to display, many years later (in 1961) in his "Valse for Spoken Chorus," a throwback to his "Geographical Fugue" idiom in which he contrived to marshal dozens of cocktail party clichés to 3/4 meter, so that the

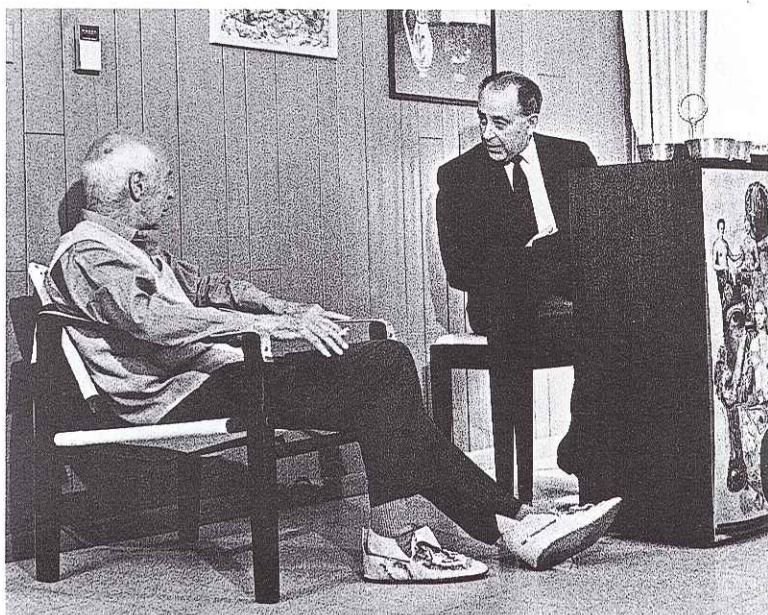
various choral protagonists indulge in such badinage as: "What a pity—Oh, no, never ever—My, how super dooper—Hold your tongue, you strapper—Let's behave not like children but grown-ups—She is right—Oh, I am so happy that I have this little dance with you—Oh, I am so happy that I have this little chance with you—Ain't it wonderful, ain't it beautiful?—I should say it is—I am beside myself, completely mad—SO WHAT!"

Ernst Krenek, for his part, composed another spoken chorus piece, "The Santa Fe Timetable" (1947), fashioned entirely out of the train schedule for the run between Albuquerque and Los Angeles.

countless actors and actresses (many of whom, incidentally, achieved considerable renown for their perennial roles as Nazi villains).

Nor was the emigrés' influence confined to Hollywood. Their teaching at local universities was often seminal (in the field of musical composition, for example, Schoenberg at UCLA and Toch at USC and in the philosophy of science Hans Reichenbach and subsequently Rudolf Carnap at UCLA). Their contributions in the field of musical performance (Otto Klemperer's tenure at the helm of the L.A. Philharmonic, alongside concert master Bronislaw Gimpel; Stravinsky's patronage of Peter Yates's legendary Evenings on the Roof chamber concerts, where no fewer than twelve of his pieces received their world premiere; the catalytic presences of Gregor Piatigorsky, Jascha Heifetz, Artur Rubinstein, and Jakob Gimpel, Bronislaw's pianist brother) were legion. The musical sophistication of the city—already surprisingly substantial owing to the high concentrations of players tied to the studio orchestras—was immeasurably deepened through the presence of the emigrés, many of whom joined those orchestras or took on orchestra members or other locals as private students, both in composition and in performance.

Curiously the emigré impact on the purely visual arts was considerably more attenuated, but this was in part because most of the emigré visual artists remained on the East Coast, where many of the great European dealers (including Curt Valentin, Karl Nierendorf,

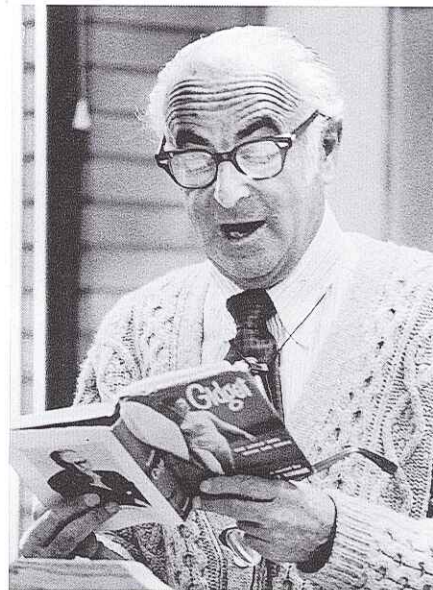


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Jakob Gimpel (right) and Henry Miller at Miller's home in Pacific Palisades, 1968, at a celebration of Miller's seventy-seventh birthday; from the documentary film *The Henry Miller Odyssey*, directed by Robert Snyder.

Pierre Matisse, and J. B. Neumann) had congregated. In Los Angeles the European artistic presence primarily took the form of museum people (notably William R. Valentiner, out of Berlin by way of Detroit, at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, from 1946 to 1954, and then as the first director of the Getty, though 1956) and collectors, in particular Galka Scheyer, with her uncanny Blue Four concentration, and Kate Steinitz, with her marvelous Kurt Schwitters collection. The American expatriate Man Ray ricocheted for a time, after the fall of France, into a Hollywood apartment on Vine Street (from the window of which he could probably spy the Griffith Park Observatory, an eerie echo, perhaps, of his emblematic 1936 painting of those mammoth, sky-floating lips). In 1946 he and a briefly visiting Max Ernst celebrated a double wedding with their respective brides, Juliet Browner and Dorothea Tanning, at the home of the great collectors Walter and Louise Arensberg. But

Man Ray returned to Paris in 1951, and some years later the Arensbergs could find no L.A. institution interested in taking their astonishing collection of seminal surrealist masterworks (which, for that reason, can now be found at the Philadelphia Museum of Art). (Scheyer's collection was eventually folded into what became the Norton Simon Museum in Pasadena; Steinitz's papers are at UCLA.)

Whereas the emergence of abstract expressionism in New York in the immediate aftermath of the war can be said to have had everything to do with the presence of the European surrealists and other modernists who'd earlier sought refuge there, the California art scene emerged



Gidget

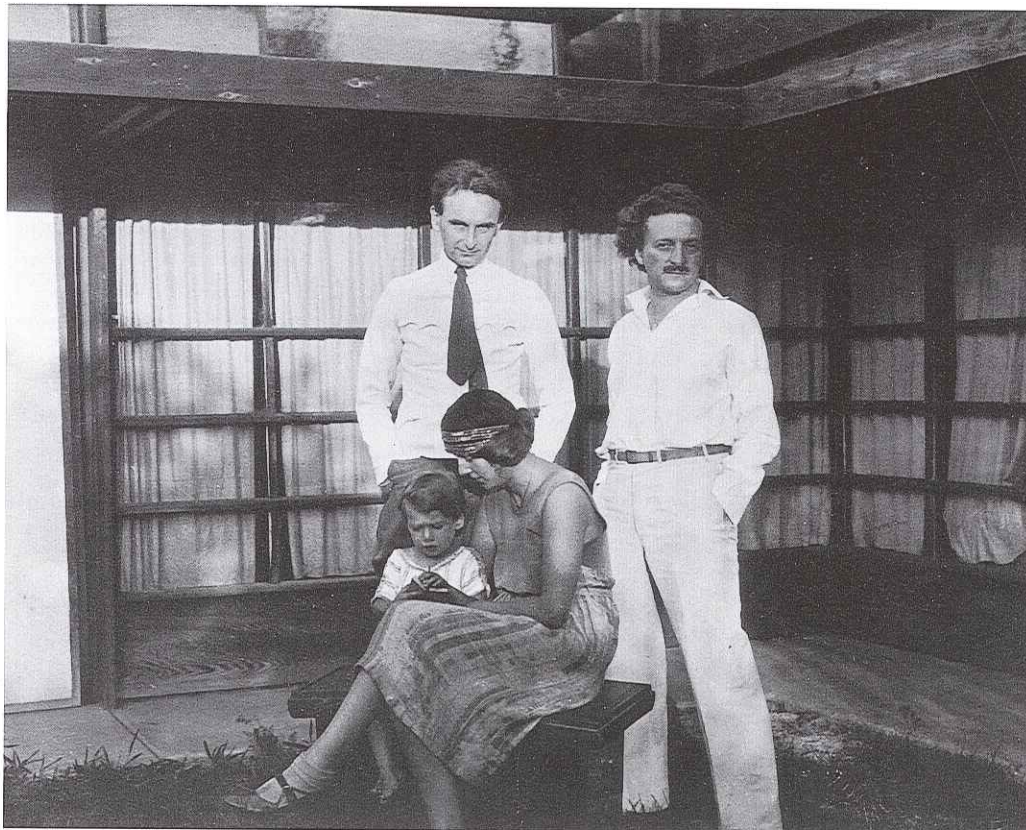
Gidget, the beach nymph and quintessential California girl, was in fact the creation of emigré Frederick Kohner, whose 1957 novel of that name was inspired by his daughter's surfing exploits along Malibu Beach.

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Frederick Kohner at a reading at the Max Kade Institute, University of Southern California, 1976.

from the war largely untouched by such influences; indeed, a virtually complete innocence of any such historical baggage (and hence an ability to see New York's abstract expressionist achievement entirely afresh) would prove a distinctive feature of the upwelling of modernist art in Southern California—ranging from Ed Kienholz's grungy assemblages through Robert Irwin's pearlescent perceptual wonders—a generation later.

(Curiously the generation immediately preceding the so-called Ferus group of the late 1950s—artists like Lorser Feitelson, Helen Lundberg, and the young Philip Guston and possibly even Jackson Pollock—had somewhat more direct exposure to emigré traditions by way of the Arensberg collection. That collection also made a huge impact on the young Walter Hopps, who went on to cofound the Ferus Gallery with Kienholz and, in the following decade, even curated the first Marcel Duchamp retrospective ever mounted anywhere, at the Pasadena Art Museum. Some have argued that the whole California assemblage movement—as exemplified, say, by Kienholz and Wallace Berman—was a fusion between the European modernist tradition and a native predilection for beachcombing and bricolage. But it's more likely the case—and was certainly so with Kienholz—that California assemblage was a home-grown eruption that received a kind of high art validation from the likes of Hopps, with his deep awareness of European precedents. Meanwhile, as for direct artistic influences, the



neo-cubists Rico Lebrun and Hans Burkhardt had both arrived in the United States, from Italy and Switzerland, respectively, well before the period focused upon in these pages. In any case, their imprint, particularly by way of local art schools, while relatively widespread, proved remarkably shallow. Among the core group of exiles considered here, it is rather Oskar Fischinger—the great émigré abstract filmmaker, who never quite clicked in Hollywood but nevertheless exerted a remarkable influence on a subsequent generation of California avant-garde filmmakers—who provides the exception that proves the rule.)

Considerably more immediate and far reaching, however, was the imprint the émigrés left on Southern California architecture. The path-breaking work of Richard Neutra and Rudolf Schindler during the 1930s and 1940s (both of them, as noted, had arrived well before the post-Hitlerian influx) in adapting a Viennese modernist aesthetic to the California landscape virtually defined the possibilities for home and office design in the region for generations to come. (Mrs. Neutra was fond of telling the story of how one day, shortly after the war, she was chauffeuring her husband around, as was their wont, when suddenly he ordered her to stop the car. He didn't remember having built a house on *that* lot: they'd happened upon one of the first of many, many subsequent Neutra knockoffs.) And Victor Gruen is said to have invented the shopping plaza (with its cluster of department stores facing in and parking spaces massed outside) because he was trying to re-create the Austrian village marts of his youth.

Nor, of course, must one forget psychiatry, eventually one of the very emblems of the Southern California lifestyle, which originally arrived on the scene on the couches of fleeing émigrés. But, of course, that's a whole other story.

Emigré Wives

"Refugee wives were often years younger than their husbands. This alone accounted for a certain social resilience, as did their apparent linguistic superiority: a man who taught English to refugees says the women invariably scored higher on language exams. Refugee wives also acquired independence because they got jobs first.... The women knew—from menial jobs, from trips to supermarkets, from PTA meetings—the requirements of American discourse. As a rule, they valued a direct and economical mode of expression, in contradiction to the often windy literary styles favored by their husbands."

From Anthony Heilbut, *Exiled in Paradise: German Refugee Artists and Intellectuals in America from the 1930s to the Present* (New York: Viking, 1983), 69.

Galileo and the Little Man at the Back of the Hall

For several months in 1945 Charles Laughton's mansion perched above the Pacific Coast Highway just north of Chataqua served as the site for one of the most extraordinary collaborations in the history of the theater. Bertolt Brecht was wasting away, his gift virtually unrecognized in Hollywood. But Laughton, at the peak of his own acting career, had heard of Brecht's 1938 *Galileo* and became intoxicated with the prospect of incarnating the lead role. Brecht spoke obstinately little English; Laughton understood no German. But there at the Laughton mansion, day after day, the two convened—the small playwright in his leather jacket, chewing on the perennial stub of his cigar; the huge actor in his bulging robe, the Bible and Shakespeare in opposite pockets—and through a special language of gesture and empathy, with occasional recourse to the dictionary, they spun out the English translation. Brecht subsequently memorialized the collaboration in a poem:

Still your people and mine were
tearing each other to pieces
when we
Pored over those tattered
exercise books...
While the housefronts crashed
down in our capitals—
The façades of language gave
way...
Again and again I turned actor,
demonstrating
A character's gestures and tone
of voice, and you
Turned writer. Yet neither I nor
you
Stepped outside his profession.

From Bertolt Brecht, *Poems, 1913–1956*, ed. John Willet and Ralph Manheim (New York: Methuen, 1976), 405.

Joseph Losey (himself under Brecht's direction) supervised the 1947 premiere production with Laughton at the docket of the tiny Coronet Theater on

La Cienega. The audiences were legendary; the reviews lukewarm.

One person who haunted the rehearsals of the production was a young starlet named Shelley Winters. She'd been offered a small role as a nun, but her studio, Universal, wouldn't let her out of the Western to which she'd been assigned, so instead (as she herself subsequently recalled in her memoir, *Shelley*):

Whenever possible, I would dash from Universal, not even stopping to take off my long blonde wig, and sit in the third or fourth row at the Coronet Theater and watch the rehearsals. Joe Losey, the director, was very nice to me and never objected to my sitting there, but I began to feel that my long platinum hair was distracting the actors, so I moved to the back.

One day I noticed a little man, who seemed to need a shave and who was wearing greenish coveralls, hovering around the back of the theater, picking up pieces of paper and putting them in the trash basket. I assumed he was the janitor and asked him for a program, which he went and got for me. He had a heavy German accent, and I asked him if he was a refugee. He said he was. We sat together and watched the rehearsal. He didn't seem to understand English too well and the rehearsals often put him to sleep.

He always looked lonely and hungry, so one Friday afternoon I invited him home for the Sabbath meal—my mother still made glorious chicken soup—and to meet my father and mother, who also spoke German. The little man gratefully accepted and enjoyed my parents so much I left him there playing pinochle with my father. For several months after that, he was there every Friday night.

The next few times I went to rehearsals Joe Losey, John Houseman and Charles Laughton seemed quite upset—they wanted rewrites and were having trouble as the playwright seemed to have disappeared. In all innocence I just sat there and watched what went on and wondered myself where this irresponsible playwright had gone.

Plummer Park is about ten blocks from where my parents lived, and senior citizens still go there on lovely days to play pinochle, klüberjass, chess and boccie. By that time my father was so busy taking care of my career and finances that he had retired, so every morning he and the German refugee janitor would walk to Plummer Park and talk endlessly about their experiences as young men. Pop had never told anybody about his troubles with the New York judicial system and the racketeering in the men's garment union in both New York and Los Angeles. But in German he was able to tell this little man all about it; for some reason, in that language he could reveal his agonies.

When my daughter graduated from Harvard recently, she and I and her father, Vittorio Gassman, saw Al Pacino do *Arturo Ui*, another of Bertolt Brecht's great plays. It was about gangsters in the Chicago unions and the characterizations were parallel to Hitler and his henchmen. Vittorio, who is very familiar with Brecht's work, told me that probably while the playwright was playing klüberjass with my father, he was no doubt confirming his research on this the most American of his plays.

But I didn't discover Brecht's identity until after my father's death, when I was living in New York with my mother and very young daughter and went to see *Brecht on Brecht* in an

Off-Broadway theater in Greenwich Village. When the curtain went up, to the right of the stage, hanging from the top of the set, was an enormous picture of my father's pinochle partner. I said to my companion, "What the hell is that picture of my father's friend doing up there?"

He turned to me in amazement. "That's Bertolt Brecht." I started to give him an argument, but the people around shushed me. As the play progressed, I began to remember where and under what circumstances I had met this little man. After the play, which was another extraordinary work, I went home in a daze and took out a huge book of Brecht's plays. My mother had awakened and was making us tea. I asked her if she remembered the little German janitor who was a friend of Daddy's in about 1950. "Oh, yes, Mr. Brechtstein. Did you know, Shelley, after everything Hitler did, that man went back to Germany. Maybe he went to look for his family."

"Mother," I said, showing her the book, "that man's name was Bertolt Brecht, and he wrote all these plays. He's famous all over the world."

With a pitying look my mother said, "Shelley, don't be silly. He was a costume jeweler."

"Mom, why do you think that?"

"Well, once Daddy asked him what he did in the old country, and he told us he made jewels for poor people." I didn't argue.

From Shelley Winters, *Shelley: Also Known as Shirley* (New York: Morrow, 1980), 310–12. Reprinted by permission of the author.

The community of European emigrés in western Los Angeles crested during the mid-1940s. During the first years after the Nazi surrender, many of them expired, as much from exhaustion as anything else—Bruno Frank, Franz Werfel, Heinrich Mann, Arnold Schoenberg. In this period the satisfactions of victory were further tempered by a pervasive sense of anxiety as America lurched from its external war against fascism into an internal obsession with communism. The very broadcasts and papers in which these emigrés had cried out against Nazism from its earliest festerings were suddenly being cited as evidence of long-standing “communist sympathies.” The witch-hunt focused on Hollywood and, by implication, on the emigré influence. Brecht was the eleventh of what would eventually become known as the Hollywood Ten and in 1947 faced interrogation by a House Un-American Activities Committee that included freshman congressman Richard Nixon. Brecht turned in a wily, faux-lunkheaded performance before skipping the country altogether (this on the virtual eve of the Broadway premiere of the English-language version of *Galileo*, which he’d painstakingly crafted with Charles Laughton and which they’d premiered at the Coronet Theater on La Cienega Boulevard only a few months earlier). Many of the emigrés found themselves subject to official harassment: In 1953 Salka Viertel was denied a passport and was thus unable to visit her ailing husband, Berthold, on his sickbed back in Vienna or even, subsequently, to attend his funeral. Clear up through his death in 1958 Lion Feuchtwanger, the historical novelist (who, among other things, had focused his Continental sensibility in celebration of the triumphant events surrounding the American Revolution in his best-selling *Proud Destiny*), was repeatedly denied American citizenship, owing to the (and this was the official charge) “premature antifascism” he’d evinced by, among other things, penning an antiwar poem (Germany’s first) in 1915 and then composing the first anti-Hitler satirical novel, as early as 1927. (In 1948 Feuchtwanger also wrote a play, *The Devil in Boston*, which used the Salem witch-hunts as a figure for the gathering Red Scare, thereby anticipating by several years Arthur Miller’s appropriation of the same



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Bertolt Brecht and Lion Feuchtwanger,
Pacific Palisades.

metaphor in *The Crucible*). Other emigrés fell into other sorts of disfavor: Neutra's extraordinary project for innovative public housing in Elysian Park, within walking distance of downtown Los Angeles, was suddenly canceled upon discovery of its putative socialist connotations (instead L.A. got Dodger Stadium in Chavez Ravine). Still others, including Thomas Mann, simply left in disgust.

The so-called Weimar colony in Los Angeles for all intents and purposes thus ceased to exist as a cohesive entity after the early 1950s. Of the creative artists who did not flee the McCarthyite mania, a few survived into the 1960s, but most of the remainder died during that decade. Many, however, were survived by their families, and today, on the western slopes of Los Angeles, the shadow community of Weimar is itself shadowed by the persistence of children, grandchildren . . . and *their* children.

An earlier version of this essay appeared in the *L.A. Reader* of November 17, 1978, under the title *Exiles' Paradise*. The author would like to acknowledge the invaluable research assistance of Deborah Young in the current version's amplification.

Thomas Mann, American

In 1944 Thomas Mann and his wife, Katia, became American citizens after passing the usual civics tests. When asked under oath whether he thought Thomas Mann would make a desirable citizen, Max Horkheimer, who served as one of the couple's witnesses, emphatically replied, "You bet!"

But within a few years Mann himself wasn't so sure—or at any rate he wasn't sure the United States, in its developing Cold War guise, was the sort of country of which he'd still want to remain a citizen. Very early on, and exceptionally forcefully, he publicly challenged the House Un-American Activities Committee, which was cutting a terrible swath through the emigré (and other liberal-minded) communities. In 1948, in the midst of the committee's investigations into communist infiltration of the film industry, Mann took to the radio airwaves to declare,

I have the honor to expose myself as a hostile witness. I testify that I am very much interested in the moving-picture industry, and that since my arrival in the United States nine years ago, I've seen a great many Hollywood films.

If communist propaganda had been smuggled into any of them, I, for one, never noticed anything of the sort.

I testify, moreover, that to my mind, the ignorant and superstitious persecution of the believers in a political and economic doctrine which is, after all, the creation of great minds and great thinkers, I testify that that persecution is not only degrading for the persecutors themselves but harmful to the cultural reputation of this country. As an American citizen of German birth, I finally testify that I am painfully familiar with certain political trends. Spiritual intolerance, political inquisitions and declining legal security—and all in the name of an alleged "state of emergency"—that is how it started in Germany. What followed was fascism, and what followed fascism was war.

He stayed on a few more years, though with increasing wariness. In a 1950 letter he wrote that although he was "very much attached to our house, which is so completely right for me, and I also love the country and the people, who have certainly remained

good-natured and friendly... the political atmosphere is becoming more and more unbreathable."

A year later, in another letter, he wrote: "I myself am nothing but a bundle of nerves, trembling at every thought and word. Only yesterday I let myself break down and weep listening to the Lohengrin prelude—simply in reaction to the baseness. Have people ever had to inhale so poisoned an atmosphere, one so utterly saturated with idiotic baseness?"

Within a few months he had decided to immigrate once again, this time to Switzerland, where he would live out his last three years. Preparing to leave, he made reference in another of his letters to a story he'd heard about one friend who was sailing from New York to Europe while another was sailing in the opposite direction. As their ships pass on the high seas, they recognize each other, and both cry out in horror, simultaneously, "Have you gone crazy?"

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a map to the homes of the emigrés

PACIFIC PALISADES

Hanns Eisler 689 *Amalfi Dr.*
Lion Feuchtwanger 520 *Paseo Miramar*
Christopher Isherwood 145 *Adelaide Dr.*
Harry Horner 728 *Brooktree Rd.*
Aldous Huxley 701 *Amalfi Dr.*
Charles Laughton 14954 *Corona Del Mar*
Emil Ludwig 701 *Amalfi Dr.* (1942);
 303 *Grenola St.* (1944-45)
Thomas Mann 740 *Amalfi Dr.* (1941)
Max Reinhardt 15000 *Corona Del Mar*
Berthold and Salka Viertel 165 *Mabery Rd.*

BRENTWOOD

Theodor Adorno 316 *S. Kenter Ave.*
Vicki Baum 1461 *Amalfi Dr.*
Max Horkheimer 13524 *D'Este Dr.*
Thomas Mann 1550 *San Remo Dr.*
Gregor Piatigorsky 400 *S. Bundy Dr.*
Arnold Schoenberg 116 *N. Rockingham Ave.*
Fred Zinnemann 1766 *Westridge Rd.*

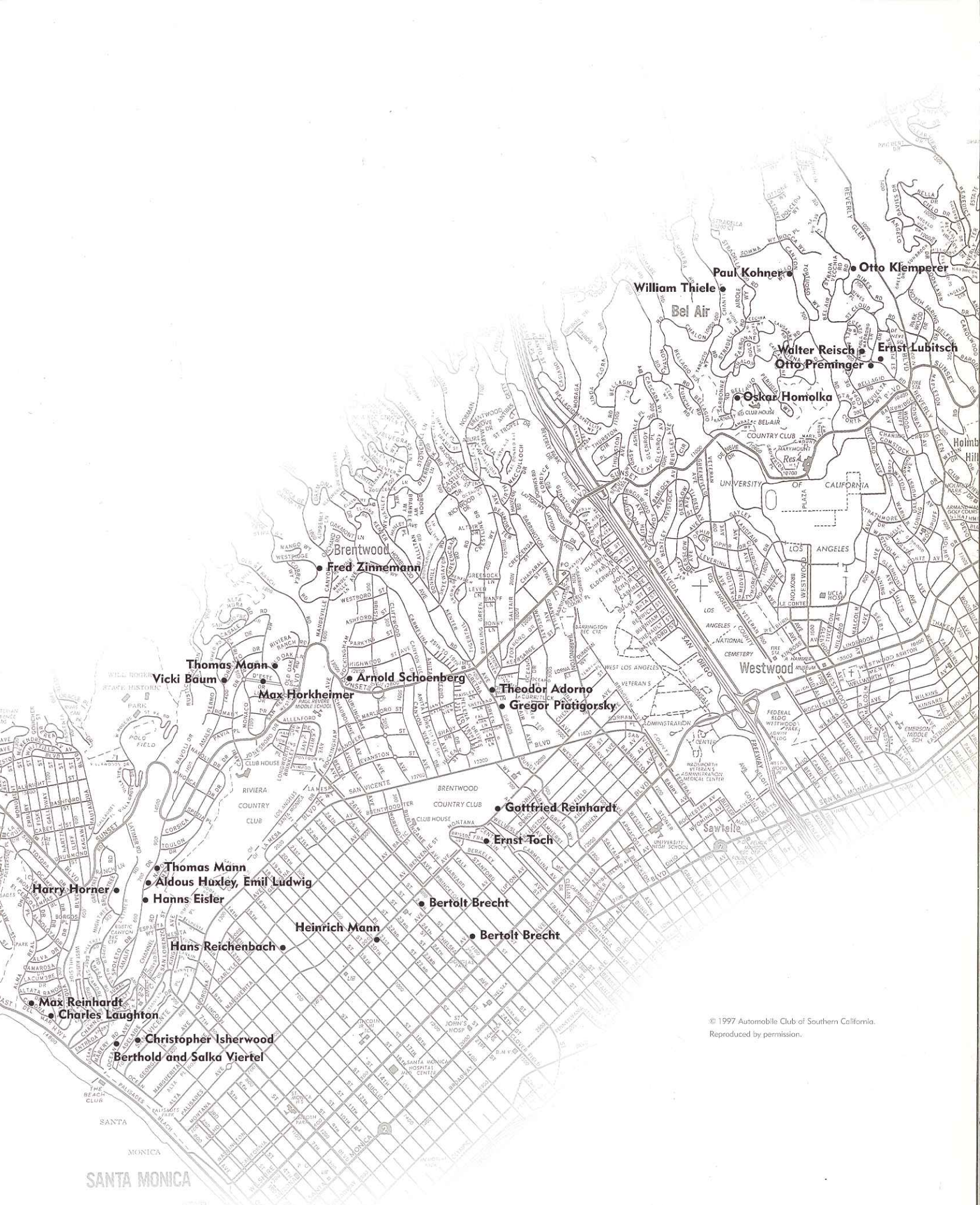
SANTA MONICA

Bertolt Brecht 817 *Twenty-fifth St.* (1941-42);
 1063 *Twenty-sixth St.* (1942-47)
Heinrich Mann 2145 *Montana Ave.* (1948-50)
Hans Reichenbach 469 *Seventeenth St.*
Gottfried Reinhardt 12324 *Montana Ave.*
Ernst Toch 811 *Franklin St.*

BEL AIR

Oskar Homolka 10788 *Bellagio Rd.*
Ernst Lubitsch 268 *Bel Air Rd.*
Otto Klemperer 924 *Bel Air Rd.*
Paul Kohner 901 *Stone Canyon Rd.*
Otto Preminger 333 *Bel Air Rd.*
Walter Reisch 420 *Amapola Ln.*
William Thiele 1054 *Chantilly Rd.*





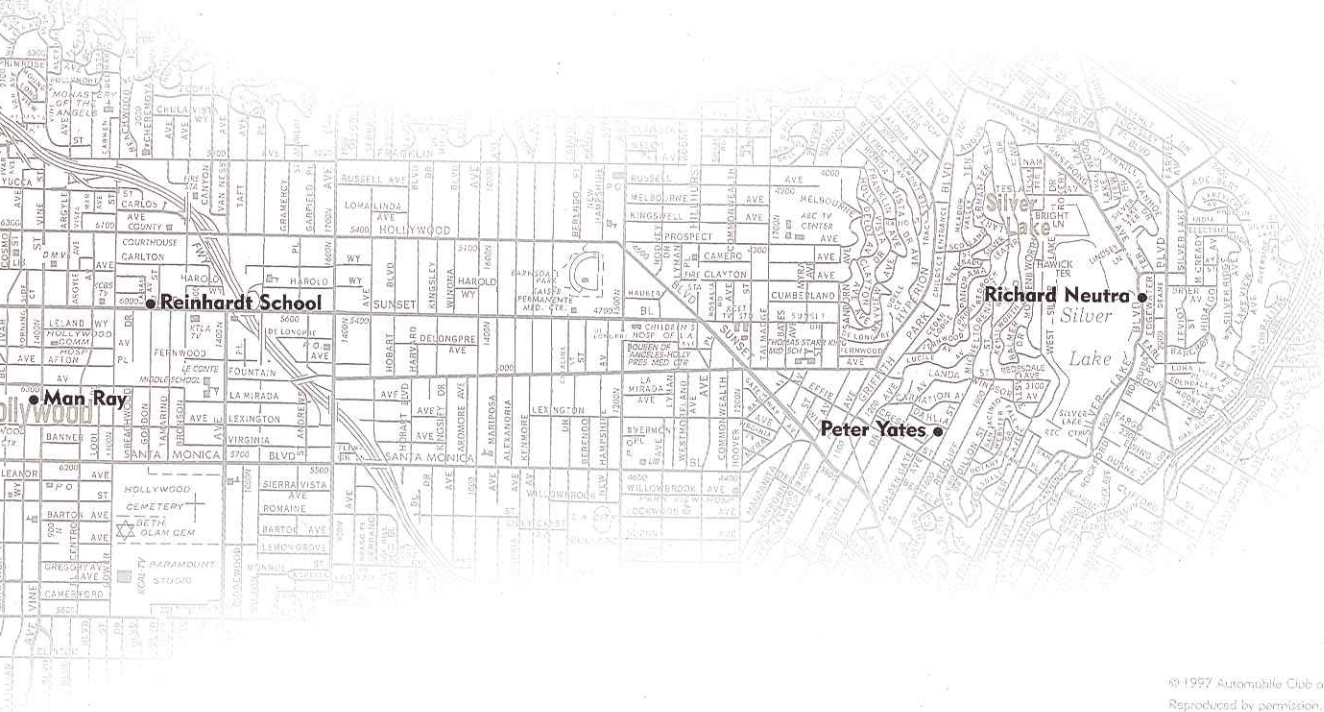
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BEVERLY HILLS

- Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco** 269 S. Clark Dr.
- Marlene Dietrich** 822 N. Roxbury Dr.
- Bruno and Liesl Frank** 513 N. Camden Dr.
- Fritz Lang** 1501 Summitridge Dr.
- Peter Lorre** 722 N. Linden Dr. (1939-42)
- Heinrich Mann** 301 S. Swall Dr. (1942-48)
- Sergei Rachmaninoff** 610 N. Elm Dr.
- Jean Renoir** 1273 Leona Dr.
- Artur Rubinstein** 1139 N. Tower Rd.

- Conrad Veidt** 617 N. Camden Dr.
- Bruno Walter** 608 N. Bedford Dr.
- Franz and Alma Werfel** 610 N. Bedford Dr.
(after 1942)
- Billy Wilder** 704 N. Beverly Dr.
- William Wyler** 1121 Summit Dr.



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WEST HOLLYWOOD

- Coronet Theatre** 366 N. La Cienega Blvd.
Oskar Fischinger 1010 Hammond St.
Paul Kohner Agency 9169 Sunset Blvd.
Galka Scheyer 1880 Blue Heights Dr.
Rudolf Schindler 835 N. Kings Rd.
Igor Stravinsky 1260 N. Wetherly Dr.

MIRACLE MILE

- Reinhardt School** 6040 Wilshire Blvd.

HOLLYWOOD

- Walter and Louise Arensberg** 7065 Hillside Dr.
Alfred Döblin 1347 N. Citrus Ave.
Hollywood Bowl 2301 N. Highland Ave.
Peter Lorre 1545 N. Poinsettia Pl. (after 1942)
Man Ray 1245 Vine St.
Alois Schardt 1433 N. Martel Ave.
Reinhardt School 5939 Sunset Blvd.
Franz and Alma Werfel 6800 Los Tilos Rd.
 (before 1942)

SILVER LAKE

- Richard Neutra** 2300 E. Silver Lake Dr.
Peter Yates (Evenings on the Roof)
 1735 Micheltorena St.