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Fever: Berlin, 1930-1933

Sample translation by Alan Robinson

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The Man of Honour

Heinrich Brüning

1

The small timber house painted a rusty red in Carpenter Street, Norwich, Vermont, lies only a few hundred metres from the Connecticut River. Rolling fields extend to the east, a small wood closes off the view to the north-west but, looking south, one can see the town. The biggest attraction in Norwich is the general store.

The elderly man, who bought this house and garden thirteen years ago with a down payment of \$25,000, enjoys seeing the trees grow year by year. Through the picture windows, he watches the birds assembling to migrate each autumn. His partner Claire Nix, younger by thirty-three years, sometimes reads to him from books by Alexander von Humboldt and Annette von Droste-Hülshoff. They listen together to Haydn's Emperor Quartet and Schubert's *Winterreise*. The modest property is guarded by Puli, the Hungarian sheepdog.

The German newspapers and magazines always arrive a few days late. But the radio news broadcasts from Bonn are up to date. The elderly man has been following the short-wave programmes for years now. Adenauer's 'mayoring', as he rather dismissively terms his former opponent's work in government, is long past; likewise, Heinrich Lübke, his old acquaintance, is no longer President back home. However, Walter Ulbricht, whose falsetto voice from years ago still echoes in his ear, continues to call the shots in East Germany.

If he turns the radio dial too far, he hears the Stones' 'Honky Tonk Women' or Marvin Gaye's 'I Heard It Through the Grapevine'. It is 30 March 1970. Four decades to the day since he took office, Heinrich Brüning, former Chancellor of the German Reich, dies in distant Vermont. Documents stored in the Norwich town archives value his household goods at \$540 and his unpublished papers at \$100.

As a stranger I arrived, a stranger I now depart.

2

‘Your doing, your man’ – thus Theodor Wolff, the Editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, congratulated General Kurt von Schleicher on the evening of 30 March 1930, following Heinrich Brüning’s swearing-in as German Chancellor. Three days earlier Brüning had been sitting among Centre Party friends in his favourite restaurant, the Weinhaus Rheingold.

This restaurant on Potsdamer Straße was divided into fourteen dining rooms. As if in a large theme park, each was inspired by a particular era or culture. The ‘Bar Americain’ catered for a cosmopolitan clientele, whereas nationalistic customers gravitated to the ‘Kaisersaal’, a monumental hall which guests shared with sculptures of Charlemagne, Otto the Great, Barbarossa and Kaiser Wilhelm I.

The interior decoration was luxurious – mahogany, onyx marble and ebony – and the catering was haute cuisine. The Weinhaus Rheingold could accommodate up to four thousand guests, so that the opulence jarred disconcertingly with the venue’s lack of exclusivity. The large-scale restaurant was popular with other party leaders too, notably the National Socialists. When the ‘Boss’ was in Berlin and party funds permitted, he stayed in the Kaiserhof hotel and hosted dinner guests in the Rheingold. His pretty niece Geli would sit beside him, with Hess and Göring, Amann and Goebbels.

On 27 March 1930, conversation in Brüning’s favourite nook had been dominated by the collapse of Müller’s government. Most agreed that it was a miracle that the coalition with the Social Democrats had lasted so long. Ultimately – as Brüning remarked on the demise of his predecessor’s government – Reich Chancellor Hermann Müller had been ‘slowly tortured to death by his own party’. For too long the SPD had swallowed one bitter pill after another, even the Reich President’s pet project, the so-called ‘pocket battleship A’. What had been the slogan on the Social Democrats’ election posters? ‘For school meals – not battleships!’ Only for them to vote for the battleship in the end.

That evening, from the heart of government in Wilhelmstraße, Hindenburg’s State Secretary Otto Meißner tried to reach Brüning, at first without success. Finally, Brüning’s party was located in the Rheingold, only ten minutes’ walk away. Through his former student colleague, Treviranus, Brüning was requested to attend at the Reich President’s Palace at 9am the following morning.

Everyone sitting round the table knew what this was about. Joseph Wirth, who had himself once borne the burden of office that now awaited his party colleague, put it in a nutshell: 'Heinrich, you must take the helm'.

The Charlatan

Erik Jan Hanussen

1

In 1930 Berlin was truly not short of attractions. Almost three hundred thousand tourists visited the city that year. From Britain, America and France they arrived in droves, drawn to the theatre and art scene and the permissive nightlife. For them, the cost of living was low. In Lutherstraße opposite the Scala, the largest revue theatre in the country, ‘Germany’s First Negro Bar’ had opened. There were over a hundred venues for gays and lesbians, among which the Eldorado in Motzstraße stood out. Its patrons included Ernst Röhm, head of the Nazi Party’s paramilitary *Sturmabteilung* or *SA*: ‘the chief of staff – short, stocky, bursting with energy, with a podgy, shrapnel-scarred face, from which the eyes gleamed with eager expectation’. A young British man recalled an evening he spent there with a visiting relative from England: ‘My Uncle Geordie was so innocent that he did not realise what was happening all round him, and was deeply shocked at finding a male organ beneath the chiffon dress of the “girl” sitting on his knee’.

On the newsstands at Friedrichstraße station the *Berliner Morgenpost*, the Social Democratic *Vorwärts* (‘Forwards’) and the Communist *Die Rote Fahne* (‘The Red Flag’) were sold alongside gay and lesbian magazines such as *Die Freundschaft* (‘Friendship’) or *Frauen Liebe und Leben* (‘Women, Love and Life’). Their front pages displayed naked, boyishly slim young women in coquettishly bashful poses or, likewise in the buff, young men engaged in sports. However, the really indecent material was to be found not on the front covers but among the small ads. It was there, only thinly disguised as educational material, that one encountered what still remained unmentionable. One advertisement, for example, was for a private publication by Dr Ernst Schertel, which ‘with its enormously rich illustrations could replace an entire library’. The author promised enlightenment about all styles of ‘flagellation’: ‘whip, needle and knife’. Another ad recommended the privately

printed *Sexual Perverts* by retired police inspector Polzer: 'Every single sexual perversion is explained for a general audience. Masseuses and prostitutes share their secrets'.

A book by one Dr Gitta had more literary pretensions. For two marks fifty, her readers could expect from *The Queer Gym Teacher* 'a novel full of intense erotic excitement'. Other publications were devoted to 'demonic women', 'exhibitionism', the 'problem of lesbian love', or 'unbridled passion'. These were always narratives of 'unprecedented frankness', rarely lacking 'numerous photographic supplements and glossy plates'. It was the era of grand promises. Happiness was not the preserve of the beautiful and the wealthy; the 'young lady' addressed by the *Berliner Wochenschau* magazine deserved it too: 'Only you yourself know the anguish you suffer, as over and over, day after day, you are reminded that your bosom does not have the bursting amplitude of a truly beautiful woman. Don't lose any more valuable time: request today free of charge [...] our brochure documenting a revolutionary new treatment for sagging or undeveloped bosoms'.

The prudery of the German imperial era had given way to an astonishing sexual licence. Only a few years earlier, cross-dressing in public had been a criminal offence. In 1912 the young Georg von Zobeltitz had been arrested for disorderly conduct because he was wearing home-made women's clothing on the street. Zobeltitz had practised needlework since early childhood. 'In millinery in particular', as a compromising notice in the *Berliner Tageblatt* newspaper remarked, he had developed 'an extraordinary dexterity'. When at Weißensee police station it emerged that Dr Magnus Hirschfeld had been treating Zobeltitz for transvestism for some time, he was released without charge. He later received a resident's 'transvestite permit' for Potsdam that shielded him from further inconveniences. A few years later, in 1919, Hirschfeld established a private Institute of Sexual Research in Villa Joachim in Berlin's Tiergarten district, providing a drop-in centre for victims of harassment and an information point for the growing number of people interested in sexual reform.

After the war a new form of journalism had taken off in the capital: the society column. The public eagerly devoured news of the lives and activities of the 'upper crust'. The worse one's own situation,

the more one welcomed pictures and reports of the abundance and supposed carefree abandon of the rich. Almost every largish newspaper invested in a society columnist. The uncrowned queen of the profession was Bella Fromm. She was invited to the receptions, tea parties and banquets of diplomatic missions and had access to leading politicians. But Bella Fromm also cultivated contacts with the old Berlin and Potsdam court society. She directed charity events and organised fashion shows, reported on balls and on sporting occasions. However, political interviews were her great passion. Her columns in the *Vossische Zeitung* were themselves often gems of diplomacy, for what was reported, how it was depicted, and who was mentioned were subject to close scrutiny by even the highest echelons of society. Even Hindenburg occasionally read Bella Fromm's articles.

In this febrile period Berlin was also a magnet for foreign journalists. The American press corps included Dorothy Thompson. A 'slim and shy "girl"' is how she was described by Klaus Mann, who, with his sister Erika, belonged to her circle of friends. Since 1923 Dorothy Thompson had been trying to obtain an interview with the leader of the National Socialists, hitherto without success.

Her British colleague Sefton Delmer, the *Daily Express* correspondent, was a step ahead of her. He had insinuated himself into the confidence of the *SA* leaders, drove along behind them in his small BMW, or joined them in their aircraft during election campaigns. He observed members of Hitler's bodyguard take photos of their lovers from their wallets and pass them around: 'Isn't he cute?'. He closely pursued Ernst Röhm, whom he called 'a jovial, talkative little gangster', or drank mocha out of 'dainty little Rosenthal cups' in Goebbels's private apartment. At the time, his own parties were 'the only ones in Berlin at which my new National Socialist friends drank and conversed with Jews'.

If one believes the newspapers, the 'best known man in Berlin' in spring 1930 was Joseph Weißenberg. This son of a Catholic day labourer had in 1903 prophesied Kaiser Wilhelm II's abdication 'in fifteen years' time'; in 1918 he had foretold the hyperinflation of 1923. After experiencing a vision of Christ, he gave up his trade as a bricklayer and shortly afterwards founded his own church. Next, he developed a healing technique that promised cures through the laying on of hands and the application of curd cheese. By 1925 his followers already numbered twenty thousand 'serious researchers'; appropriately enough, his community's newspaper called itself *Der Weiße Berg*

(‘The White Mountain’). One reason for Weißenberg’s notoriety was his involvement in over thirty court cases, which attracted constant attention. In spring 1930 the case of the fifteen-month-old Hildegard Hensicke was being heard. Her parents, strict disciples of Weißenberg, had brought their daughter to the master with an eye inflammation. Weißenberg treated her by laying on hands and sent the parents home with a recommendation to rub curd cheese into little Hildegard’s eyes at short intervals. The constant moisture prevented the inflammation from healing. The unfortunate girl’s martyrdom ended with the loss of her eyesight.

In the Wintergarten at Friedrichstraße station a young Silesian miner named Paul Diebel staged a spectacle that was a secular counterpart to the Catholic stigmatic Therese Neumann from Konnersreuth. Sensational newspaper reports drew ever more spectators to the vaudeville theatre. ‘Under the strictest supervision’, one account reads, ‘he managed, while sitting almost completely naked on a chair, to perform the “miracle” of weeping blood. Roughly 15 minutes after this had been announced, his eyes began to turn deep red; shortly afterwards blood was already flowing from them. Then Diebel produced a bloody cross on his chest, taking only a few seconds to do so’. In a later number in his programme, the miner demonstrated his insensibility to physical pain: ‘He not only had numerous needles and thin daggers thrust through his stomach wall and his forearm, without any bleeding, but had sharp bolts fired from a gun into his body. Then he laid one hand on the table and had it pierced by a strong nail. When the nail was pulled out’, marvelled the reporter, ‘once again not a single drop of blood was visible in the wound’.

Berlin was a hotbed of charlatans and prophets, lunatics and crooks. For Carl Zuckmayer, the city was like a ‘very desirable woman’: ‘We called her arrogant, snobbish, a parvenue, uncultured, vulgar. But secretly everyone viewed her as the fulfilment of his desires: to some, she appeared voluptuous, full-breasted, in lacy underwear; to others, she seemed svelte with page boy’s legs in black silk stockings. The intemperate saw both, and her reputation for cruelty provoked them all the more to attempt her conquest.’

Provoked by the city’s ‘reputation for cruelty’, Hermann Steinschneider, a vaudeville entertainer and former Viennese society columnist, attempted his own conquest of Berlin. Within a short period, he managed to become the talk of the town. Other entertainers came up with

conventional acts such as a ‘hunger display’: a ‘hunger artist’ charged spectators to view him displayed day and night in a showcase in a Friedrichstraße arcade. But while Steinschneider’s competitors tried to make a profitable virtue out of their bitter necessity, he produced a genuine sensation: ‘Omikron’, the ‘living gasometer’. This was the stage name of a young unemployed artiste, Fritz Jung, who, the compere claimed, pumped acetylene through a siphon into his stomach while under hypnosis. Then Steinschneider attached two rubber tubes to his mouth, one of which led to a table lamp, the other to a gas burner. At the hypnotist’s command, ‘Omikron’ released the ingested gas into the tubes, whereupon, as the audience went wild, the table lamp began to burn and an assistant fried eggs on the gas burner. What spectators didn’t know was that before the performance the young unemployed man had placed in his mouth a sponge saturated with petroleum ether.

‘Actually, there is no future at all, there is no time nor space! Why? Well, if they did exist, they must have an end, a limit. But of course they don’t, which is why they only exist as concepts. [...] The individual is just a diseased form of creation. Humankind is like a carcinoma in the belly of creation. Certainly not the pinnacle of creation. Life is a constant struggle! If we were perfected beings, how could we have stomach aches? All we can see is a mere fraction of the universe. But our world’, wrote Hermann Steinschneider, who performed under the stage name of Erik Jan Hanussen, ‘is a boil on the anus of the cosmos’.

The Survivor

Dorothy Thompson

1

To Peter Thompson, a Methodist preacher from Lancaster, New York, it must have seemed divine retribution when, shortly after a bungled abortion carried out by his mother-in-law, his wife died of blood-poisoning. For eight-year-old Dorothy, a sensitive and intelligent girl, her entire world fell apart with her mother's death. Her father remarried, but unfortunately Dorothy and her stepmother could not get on, so from the age of fourteen, in 1908, she grew up with an aunt in Chicago. During her teacher training at Syracuse University, Dorothy was more interested in economics and politics than in grammar. She threw herself into the suffragist movement, writing articles and appeals for women's rights, and discovered a talent for public speaking.

In 1920 the young woman was engaged by the Curtis Publishing Company as Foreign Correspondent in Vienna. She rapidly acquired such a good command of German that she could converse as fluently with a janitor as with a university professor. She enjoyed imitating regional dialects, switching from Viennese to a Munich or Berlin idiom. In the Ritz hotel in Budapest she encountered the writer Joseph Bard. When, years later, she gave an account of why she married him so soon after they first met, she wrote: 'for beauty, through beauty, because of beauty'. Bard introduced her to artistic circles in Budapest and Vienna. They enjoyed some happiness together: Dorothy recalled 'a warm night in a hotel room in Vienna – in the Grand Hotel' or 'a little blue flat in a proletarian street', and how Joseph once surprised her with a bouquet of lily of the valley.

Joseph Bard saw his vocation as a writer and philosopher. Hitherto, he had scraped by with occasional journalism. Dorothy was also convinced of her husband's vocation and used her income to relieve him from financial concerns. She was successful, pretty, smart but also reserved. As a woman, she stood out professionally; at press conferences or receptions it was not unknown for the journalists and dignitaries to be greeted as 'Excellency, Gentlemen, and Dorothy'. Joseph, meanwhile, utilised the

freedom she had created for him not to perfect his poetic and philosophical gifts, but rather to indulge his inclination to infidelity. He subjected his wife, raised with Methodist severity, to a painful, wounding process of disillusionment. He sought out his sexual conquests among their close friends and, as though this amicable adultery were not sufficiently humiliating for Dorothy, he also complained to his bedmates about her 'erotic failures', her 'unsatisfactoriness as a wife'.

2

The Curtis Publishing Company was satisfied with Dorothy Thompson's work. Scarcely anyone of note in politics, business or the arts declined to be interviewed by her. Her circle of friends and acquaintances included Thomas and Heinrich Mann, Tilla Durieux, Pamela Wedekind, the Feuchtwangers, Carl Zuckmayer and Alma Mahler-Werfel. Her conversations with figures such as Aristide Briand, Sigmund Freud, Trotsky and Atatürk appeared in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* or the *New York Evening Post*. In 1925 she was entrusted with directing the Central European Bureau in Berlin. She soon felt at home there. She moved into an apartment in Händelallee in the Tiergarten district, home to the foreign press colony, and gathered a circle of friends around her, including her colleague Hubert R. Knickerbocker.

When in 1927 Dorothy celebrated her thirty-fourth birthday, she appeared to have put the experience of her first marriage behind her and could look ahead: 'I have in me the capacity to be deeply faithful to one man whom I love and who loves me; what I want is to find that person and build a life with him which shall have breadth, depth, creative quality, dignity, beauty and inner loyalty. If I do not find him I shall go it alone.'

On the day before her birthday she attended Gustav Stresemann's press conference at the Foreign Office in Wilhelmstraße. Knickerbocker had brought a guest with him, a tall man with a conspicuous shock of red hair, a narrow, battered-looking skull, sharp features, small, piercing eyes and a nose that protruded beak-like from the pockmarked terrain of his face. As Stresemann was delayed, the remarkable guest covered the awkward silence with a joke. Standing up in front of the press corps, he offered to replace the Minister if they'd be willing to restrict their questions to Franco-

German relations. Knickerbocker introduced his companion to Dorothy, although she had recognised him much earlier as the currently best known and most successful American author: Sinclair Lewis. On impulse, she invited him to her birthday party the following evening.

The distinguished guests at Händelallee included Mihály Károlyi, the former Hungarian President exiled in 1919, and Countess von Moltke, accompanied by her twenty-year-old son, Count Helmuth James von Moltke. The party was a complete success. Hedwig, the housekeeper, was an excellent cook, and the hostess a connoisseur of French and German wines. There was much drinking and much talking, alternating between English, French and German. When coffee was served and the first guests had already left, Sinclair Lewis turned to Dorothy: 'I have been looking for you for years. Will you marry me?'

Dorothy did not know what to make of this, but Sinclair Lewis was in earnest: 'I will buy us a house in Vermont [...] looking down a valley'. A few days later, as guest of honour at a public luncheon, he was asked to give a short speech. He rose to his feet and surprised everyone present with the question: 'Dorothy, will you marry me?' Afterwards, wherever the famous writer was invited, he asked the same question. However, just as Dorothy caught herself enjoying his company, she learned that her impetuous admirer was already married. Sinclair Lewis abandoned all his plans and returned to the USA to expedite divorce proceedings. Back in Berlin, he moved into Herkules-Haus, an apartment block at Lützowplatz, in order to be near to Dorothy.

She felt flattered by his wooing. What made her hesitate was not his unprepossessing appearance, for she had long fallen in love with his sparkling wit, his sarcasm and his boyish manner. Instead, what kept her at a distance was the fatal consequences of his self-aversion. Fame, money, and the long experience of being loved and admired as an author had been unable to heal Sinclair Lewis's deep-seated complex. From puberty onwards, as he confessed to a friend, he had suffered from a fear that others would regard him as ugly; he had therefore avoided contact with girls, even though they peopled his dreams and fantasies. Heavily scarred by acne, and with a weak constitution, he developed a conviction of his own inadequacy, which made his dealings with the world increasingly sarcastic and melancholy. While his erotic energies flowed into literature, he numbed his symptoms with alcohol, which merely intensified the underlying complex.

This did not escape Dorothy for long. One evening she called at Herkules-Haus to collect him for a reception. She had been looking forward to the occasion, dressed up in a Lanvin dress with an elegant evening cloak, and took a taxi to Lützowplatz. There she found Hal, as she called Sinclair Lewis, lying on the bed in his dressing gown. 'Dead to the world', he smiled at her with glazed 'fishy' eyes. Dorothy saw all her dreams fade: 'our house in the frosty New England country, the gay wanderings about the world, the baby I want from Hal'. Her first impulse was to turn on her heel. But 'All my heart cried out: this is my man, the one man, and he has come too late! Nothing left for me but to become brittle or to rot. All the time Hal was making love to me. [...] I wished I could lift him up and carry him to a high hill, where wind would be blowing'.

At about one thirty Sinclair Lewis felt hungry. When room service didn't respond, he staggered towards the door. 'I shall bring you nice little sausage', he slurred; more than an hour later he reappeared with potato salad, sausages and a bottle of cognac. Later he showed some self-awareness: 'I know it's giving up spirits or giving up you. And I can't give up spirits. A man takes a drink, the drink takes another, and the drink takes the man'. Over breakfast he returned to the topic: 'I won't take another drink for two weeks,' he promised the woman he wanted to marry. 'Or just beer. Tell me, can I drink beer?'

Notes

- 3 *The modest property is guarded by Puli* – Herbert Hömig, *Brüning – Politiker ohne Auftrag. Zwischen Weimarer und Bonner Republik* (Paderborn and Munich, 2005), p. 568.
- Documents stored in the Norwich town archives* – *ibid.*, p. 584.
- 4 *Your doing, your man* – *ibid.*, p. 147.
- hosted dinner guests in the Rheingold* – Until the beginning of 1931 Hitler and his entourage stayed in the Sanssouci at Potsdamer Platz, then from February 1931 in the Kaiserhof. See Thomas Friedrich, *Die missbrauchte Hauptstadt. Hitler und Berlin* (Berlin, 2007), p. 291.
- by his own party* – Heinrich Brüning, *Memoiren 1918-1934*, 2 vols. (Munich, 1972), vol. 1, p. 170.
- 5 *Heinrich, you must take the helm* – *Der Spiegel*, 14/1969, p. 68.
- 6 *Germany's First Negro Bar* – advertisement in *Erik Jan Hanussen's Berliner Wochenschau*, 1 April 1932.
- the chief of staff* – Sefton Delmer, *Die Deutschen und ich* (Hamburg, 1962), p. 123.
- My Uncle Geordie* – David Herbert, *Second Son: An Autobiography* (London, 1972), p. 38
- On the newsstands at Friedrichstraße station* – cf. the photograph in Robert Beachy, *Das Andere Berlin. Die Erfindung der Homosexualität. Eine deutsche Geschichte 1867-1933* (Munich, 2015), p. 293.
- with its enormously rich illustrations ... glossy plates* – advertisement by Buchverlag A. Möller, in *Die Jugend*, 7 (10 Feb 1931) 111.
- 7 *Only you yourself know* – advertisement in *Erik Jan Hanussen's Berliner Wochenschau*, 1 April 1932.
- In millinery in particular* – *Berliner Tageblatt*, 27 Feb 1912, quoted in Beachy, p. 264
- 8 *She was invited to the receptions* – Nea Matzen, 'Selten ein Mensch. Bella Fromm und die verführerische Nähe zur Politik', *epd medien*, 77 (2 Oct 2010) 3-6.
- slim and shy 'girl'* – Klaus Mann, *Der Wendepunkt* (Reinbek, 1993), p. 490.
- drove along behind them in his small BMW* – Delmer, p. 239.
- Isn't he cute?* – Delmer, p. 146.
- dainty little Rosenthal cups* – Delmer, p. 167.
- the only ones in Berlin* – Delmer, p. 129.
- 9 *In spring 1930 the case of the fifteen-month-old* – Account based on [Kuka], 'Skandal um Weißenberg. Religiöser Irrsinn in Berlin', *Hamburger Echo*, 22 July 1930.
- Under the strictest supervision* – *Zeitschrift für kritischen Okkultismus und Grenzfragen des Seelenlebens*, 3 (1928) 160.
- very desirable woman* – Carl Zuckmayer, *Als wär's ein Stück von mir* (Frankfurt a.M., 1976), p. 325.
- 10 *Actually, there is no future at all* – [m.m.], 'Interview mit Hanussen', *Göttinger Zeitung*, 26 March 1930, quoted in Wilfried Kugel, *Hanussen. Die wahre Geschichte des Hermann Steinschneider* (Düsseldorf, 1998), p. 19.
- 11 *for beauty, through beauty, because of beauty* – Vincent Sheean, *Dorothy and Red* (Boston, 1963), p. 16.

- a warm night ... a proletarian street* – Sheean, p. 18.
- 11 *Excellency, Gentlemen, and Dorothy* – Sheean, p. 46.
- 12 *erotic failures ... unsatisfactoriness as a wife* – Sheean, p. 19.
- I have in me the capacity* – Sheean, p. 15.
- Knickerbocker had brought a guest with him* – Sheean, p. 347.
- Standing up in front of the press corps* – Sheean, p. 12.
- 13 *I have been looking for you for years* – Sheean, p. 317.
- I will buy us a house in Vermont* – *ibid.*
- 14 *Dead to the world ... where wind would be blowing* – Dorothy Thompson's diary, in Sheean, pp. 42-3.
- I shall bring you nice little sausage* – Sheean, p. 43.
- I know it's giving up spirits or giving up you ... can I drink beer?* – Sheean, pp. 44-5.

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