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From Berlin and Heidelberg
to Exile in London



My parents, both born in 1902, came from families of what is usually called the *Bildungsbürgertum* (loosely translated as “educated upper bourgeoisie”), whose members constituted a recognizable group in early twentieth-century Germany. Theirs was a universe of generally prosperous civil servants and professional people, as well as some in the world of business. They were university educated, well traveled, cultivated lovers and supporters of the arts and of the German humanistic tradition, with a high respect for learning, and not always immune to a belief in the superiority of German culture. Jewish families of this cohort, to which my mother belonged, were in large numbers assimilated, having usually converted at some point to Christianity in the later years of the nineteenth century, secular in outlook, and regarding themselves as patriotic German citizens.

My father’s father, Christian Friedrich Ludwig Holborn (usually known as Ludwig), was a well-known research physicist, specializing in thermodynamics, who became a director and also board member (together with such luminaries as Albert Einstein and Max Planck) of the Imperial Institute of Physics and Technology (Physikalisch-Technische Reichsanstalt, now the Physikalisch-Technische Bundesanstalt Berlin). He died in 1926, shortly before my parents’ marriage. Son of a gymnasium (secondary school) instructor (and married to the daughter of another), he had earned his doctorate at Göttingen. Ludwig Holborn’s career seems to have progressed smoothly and steadily. The impressive certificates, now

in my possession, conferring annual appointments, regular promotions, and various honorific awards, signed by both the emperor and a succession of chancellors, testify amply to his solid and secure position. After World War I and the abolition of the monarchy, the institute retained its “Imperial” title while coming under republican auspices and struggling to maintain its stature of renown under the economic circumstances of postwar Germany.

My grandfather was a liberal in politics and a stout defender of the Weimar Republic; my father was much engaged in political discussions at home throughout his youth. My grandmother Holborn, of Frisian stock (Friesland, on the North Sea coast, is both Dutch and German; hence my father’s name of Hajo), was a quite conventional academic wife and woman of her class with a finishing school education and few intellectual interests. The family lived a comfortable existence in the Charlottenburg area of Berlin in a substantial house set in the institute’s spacious garden. In a memorial tribute to my father, his close friend and fellow student Dietrich Gerhard remembered his visits to the Holborn home as occasions for entering an “oasis in the midst of the turbulence of Berlin.”¹

My mother’s family was Jewish by origin on both sides. Her father was a professor of medicine at the University of Heidelberg, like my other grandfather a prolific author of scientific papers, a man of broad cultivation with a passion for music, literature, art, and travel. Born in Bayreuth, Siegfried Bettmann held a strong dislike for Wagner. I am not sure when he or my grandmother’s family converted to Lutheranism. She, like my other grandmother, had been given only a typical young ladies’ education. Married at a very young age, she then received an advanced introduction to the arts and humanities from her husband, whose cultural interests and tastes became hers as well. My grandfather was a patriarchal figure who ruled with a distinct force of personality. He seemed very stern to me, but I did recognize that he was witty as well. His medical pronouncements fortified his moral judgments; good health was aligned with virtuous behavior (thus, for example, mountain climbing was good for your character as well as your body, not to mention its spiritual and aesthetic benefits).

Household chores at the large Bettmann house on the Kronprinzstrasse (now the Dantestrasse) were performed by an array of helpers. My grandmother had never cooked when she came to the United States, but she had managed an extensive household, and she had read widely, was thoroughly versed in classical music, had visited the major museums of Europe, and knew the principal cities, landscapes, landmarks, and vacation resorts of the Continent. Already sixty when she came to America, she accepted her new life in a new country uncomplainingly, with an exemplary grace and fortitude and an extraordinary self-discipline. There remained always about her an aura of stateliness and privilege, yet she was in essence a quite unassuming lady of the Old World who inspired immediate courtesy. Something about her made people straighten up and mind their manners in her presence.

The Bettmanns' environment differed considerably from that of the Holborns' Berlin. Heidelberg was a tight-knit university community celebrated for its picturesque setting on the Neckar River, its iconic castle, its romantic myths, and a long academic tradition that outstripped Berlin by centuries. My grandparents were part of a circle of friendships among professors and professionals who saw themselves as cultural leaders in a relatively homogeneous world where the people who counted knew one another. Such eminent figures as Max Weber belonged to this circle. My grandfather sent a death mask of Weber to my father, who stored it in his study cabinet together with a photograph of Weber lying on his bier. I peeked at these occasionally in my youth, finding the whole idea of death masks ghoulish but this one oddly fascinating. Despite his admiration for the great sociologist, my grandfather was said to have commented, when after her husband's death Marianne Weber published a memoir, that he now understood the rationale behind the Indian custom of suttee.

The world in which my parents were raised was hardly idyllic, certainly not after 1914. They experienced the Great War and the deprivations of its later period, Germany's defeat and the continuing resentment and backlash over the terms of the Versailles Treaty, the country's economic disasters, from hyperinflation to the Depression (with a brief period of recovery and

greater normalcy between 1925 and 1929), the revolution of 1918–19 that culminated in a republican government unable to provide any lasting stability or peace and that lacked for any widespread support. They witnessed political assassinations and social unrest, widespread unemployment, the conflict of right-wing and left-wing extremes, a political impasse that spawned conditions verging on civil war, with open violence on the streets and paramilitary armies serving the major parties that conducted lawless mayhem. My parents' contemporaries were too young to have fought in the war, but old enough to feel and to be disillusioned by its impact on what had seemed a fairly stable, predictable, and satisfying existence.

Both my parents attended excellent humanistic gymnasiums, steeped in the study of Greek and Latin, and both received their PhD degrees from the Friedrich Wilhelm University (now the Humboldt University) of Berlin. I have the registration booklets in which they inscribed the titles of the lectures and seminars taken semester by semester, accompanied by the signatures of the professors who taught them. Among those are the signatures of such giants of scholarship as Friedrich Meinecke, Ernst Troeltsch, Adolf Harnack, and Karl Holl (for my father); Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff, Eduard Meyer, and Eduard Norden (for my mother).

My grandfather Bettmann was determined that his daughters should get a good education and be prepared, if they wished, for careers. Both excelled in and finished their gymnasium programs, among the very few girls still in their gymnasium class at the final scholastic level, and both went on to university. Their father required them to attend housekeeping school beforehand; he wanted to make sure that, even with advanced degrees, they would continue to be marriageable. While her sister, Gertrude, sowed some wild oats in Weimar Berlin, my mother, Annemarie, immersed herself in a sobersided pursuit of graduate study in classical philology and in courtship with the young historian whom she was to marry after receiving her PhD in 1926.

My mother was an ardent supporter of the Weimar Republic and a left-of-center Social Democrat, a partisan consistently loyal to her cause but not an activist. She was and remained a deeply idealistic person, with an

ascetic streak and a perfectionist's conscience, by no means humorless—on the contrary, no one enjoyed humor more—but opposed to superficiality and materialism where she thought seriousness and profundity of thought should prevail, as, for example, in choosing literature to read or a play to attend. Her standards and expectations of conduct and accomplishment, for herself and for those around her, were very high indeed. She was extremely economical, always anxious about money even after the clouds had lifted. She never quite recovered from the shocks of the Weimar inflation (while at university she received her allowance in suitcases of cash delivered weekly by a maid sent to Berlin by her father; the mark changed value very rapidly), the fears born of the Depression, the loss of the resources that had to be left behind in Germany, and the need to start all over again from scratch amid the insecurities of the early years in America. At the same time, she quietly and generously assisted other refugees and to my knowledge helped at least two who had lost their refugee parents to complete their college educations.

My mother's own ambition was to become an instructor in a classical gymnasium. Her dissertation, which had to be composed and published in Latin, took on the controversial subject of the "pseudo-Sallust." Her thesis argued that two letters to Julius Caesar and an invective against Cicero attributed by tradition to the historian Sallust were in fact genuinely his. Today's consensus, alas, holds that the weight of evidence shows this conclusion to be mistaken, although some very significant scholars had thought those writings authentic. But my mother's Latin was superb. Early in their marriage, she and my father coedited a volume of selected works by Erasmus that is still widely cited for the excellence of the texts she established. It was a source of some sadness that, although she taught and tutored in Latin and Greek whenever she could and also worked at translation, she could not find a lasting position that would allow her fully to realize her evident learning and talent.

That was one of the prices my mother paid for the emigration to America. It made her still more fiercely anxious that her daughter have the opportunities she missed. My mother was always busy, from the outset of

their marriage, in assisting my father's work—typing, editing, preparing indexes—and she held a number of middle-level jobs in a variety of research centers around Yale; she also worked at the OSS (Office of Strategic Services, a forerunner of the contemporary CIA) in Washington during the war. But her true pleasures came in studying and analyzing and learning everything she could about languages and in rereading the classics, both ancient and modern. She was a romantic humanist with a deep veneration for the achievements of high scholarship and a strong desire to serve its goals; she could imagine no higher vocation than that of scholarship. When, shortly before her death and failing in memory, she asked me what I was doing, and I replied that I was president of the University of Chicago, she sighed and said, in German, “Oh dear, and I thought you had a talent for *Wissenschaft!*”

My father's report cards from the Kaiserin-Augusta-Gymnasium zu Charlottenburg show that his work was generally deemed satisfactory in all subjects except, most unfortunately, English. At university he became something of a prodigy, studying medieval and modern European history, church history, and religious thought while moving with unusual speed toward his degree. As his principal field he chose modern history and made rapid progress in the seminar of Friedrich Meinecke, who saw him as an especially promising student and gave him his fullest support.

Friedrich Meinecke was regarded as one of the truly outstanding historians of his time. A man of immense learning and range, his major works dealt with the history of ideas, relating this to the developments of political history. His book on the idea of “reason of state” and its history (*Die Idee der Staatsräson*, translated into English as *Machiavellism: The Doctrine of Raison d'État and Its Place in Modern History*) is probably now the best-known of his works. Editor for almost forty years of the principal German historical journal, the *Historische Zeitschrift*, and chairman of the Imperial Historical Commission (Historische Reichskommission), a prominent figure in public life, Meinecke retired in 1932 and was forced in 1934 and 1935 to resign from his other posts under pressure from the Nazi regime. He lived in “inner exile” from 1935 to 1945 when he returned to his home in a

devastated Berlin and helped found the Free University of Berlin, becoming its first rector. One of the few academic elders of my father's youth to survive into the postwar age, he died in 1954. He left behind a still-debated legacy, having argued that the catastrophe of the Third Reich was the tragic consequence of the "special path" (*Sonderweg*) taken by Germany over its longer history, in contrast to that of Western Europe, citing also Germany's difficult geopolitical situation and a series of unforeseen and determining contingent events. My father was, with some sorrow, sharply to criticize the implication he saw in this interpretation that Germany and the Germans might be to some degree excused, if what had transpired was partially the result of inexorable historical forces beyond their control, from some share of a collective guilt.²

Meinecke attracted a great many gifted students to his seminar. In a university world that was dominantly conservative in the political and social outlook of its professoriate, rigidly hierarchical in its structures and policies, resistant to change in its institutions, and continually inhospitable to Jews or people of liberal republican views, Meinecke took on an unusual number of such persons and treated them with tolerance and respect. Gerhard Masur, one of his students, actually heard the seminar referred to as "the Jews School."³ In addition, Meinecke did not insist that his students share his opinions and was supportive of those who went in new directions of historical method and interpretation that differed from his own. Nor, unlike most professors, did he insist on handing them their dissertation topics.

Meinecke had concluded that the republic, however unsatisfactory and however tempting it might be to yearn for the good old imperial days, had realistically, if without enthusiasm, to be accepted. Adherents to this position were called "rational" or "prudent" republicans (*Vernunftrepublikaner*). In his view, one had to commit to the new state while hoping for reforms that might strengthen its effectiveness by diminishing the role of a weak multiparty parliamentary system and increasing the power of an elected president. His moderate stance and toleration attracted many who were further to the left than he in a university environment that was

highly politicized, and in which, despite the role in university appointments taken by the federal government and those of the states that were of a more liberal tenor, leftist candidates were suspect and could easily be passed over and even denied an academic future.

My father's fellow students were of differing political persuasions, mainly, but not exclusively, on the republican left. My parents and many of their contemporaries were critics of a university system they considered unresponsive to the possibilities and needs of a democratic society and weighed down by outmoded and obstructive traditions and practices. They wanted to diminish the privileges and forms of power assumed by the small elite of an old academic guard whose authority they found excessive and whose scholarship might be seen as serving flagrantly partisan ends. While these Young Turks were relatively tempered in their public rhetoric, and indeed in wanting to introduce reforms from within, they looked forward with some impatience to helping bring about change in the academic universe.

It is not surprising to find that a disproportionate number of the German historians who emigrated in the 1930s were Meinecke students, given his openness to both Jewish students and political dissidents. The best known among them, in addition to my father, were Dietrich Gerhard, Felix Gilbert, Hans Rothfels, Hans Rosenberg, Gerhard Masur, and Hans Baron (and there were more).⁴ Each of these men struck out in his own scholarly directions, but all showed Meinecke's influence and retained their veneration for their *Doktorvater* and pride in the training they had received. Meinecke did not produce a "school" of history, but he provided a model of scholarship and taught a profound respect for scholarly integrity and for a breadth of inquiry that marked them all.

For my father, Meinecke's instruction and example were important in many ways. He shared with his mentor a great love of teaching and a belief in giving his students the greatest possible freedom. He was drawn to serious engagement with intellectual history, while coming to believe that Meinecke's approach to the history of ideas isolated ideas too much from their social context, and that the field required an integration of political,

social, and other dimensions—that ideas should not be treated as entities with lives of their own but understood in their historical contexts. He developed quite a different style of intellectual history while building to some extent on Meinecke’s pathbreaking foundation. He thought, as did Meinecke, that the historian should be at once an objective scholar and a scholar engaged in and having some influence on the course of public affairs. My father, deeply preoccupied with the troubling developments around him and anxious to act on his convictions, found himself conflicted. He was set on achieving success in the academic profession, but he could not entirely quell an ambition to enter public life. At twenty-two he wrote to Dietrich Gerhard: “Despite occasional doubts . . . I believe in my calling as a historian and will never abandon it. But at the same time I am tempted to participate directly in public life, a desire so powerful that my peace of mind is sometimes shaken. You are no doubt right that the two tendencies are basically quite compatible and can perhaps even be integrated as a single whole. For now I will press on with my studies; that is at present my only option in any case.”⁵

I would characterize my father as at once a realist and an optimist, a supremely intelligent man with an unerring sense for the central issues posed in any question and with a capacity for finely balanced analytic judgment. His considerations rested on an unyielding sense of the complexity of things, and an insight into the differences and conflicts of positions and interests that informed them, while never giving way to simple relativism or to the acceptance of the unacceptable. He was under no illusion that complicated problems would solve themselves or just disappear; he believed, at the same time, that most problems were susceptible to hard thought and effort, and that one could have some confidence in finding reasonable, if not necessarily perfect, solutions for most situations, and in finding ways to ameliorate incrementally what could not be changed quickly or at all. Always thoughtful, judicious, and intellectually far-ranging, he delighted in searching discussion and vigorous debate. He disdained all forms of oversimplification. His optimism in the face of the personal difficulties and of the harsh events and evils encountered in his

experience and observation of the world enabled him not to falter before the challenges of emigration, to possess a robust pleasure in the gifts of civilized living, and to take special delight in his network of friendships, many dating from his time in Berlin and Heidelberg. Felix Gilbert, in a memorial tribute, spoke of his friend's leading virtue as that of an unwavering loyalty and reliability toward friends and colleagues over the course of a lifetime.⁶

My father's memory was quite remarkable. It was as though he could recall every performance of every opera or symphony or chamber group he had ever attended. He had a profound love for and knowledge of classical music. His interest in every aspect of the academic world was inexhaustible. He possessed a taste for travel, good food and drink, and conservative neckties. He liked going places on just about everything that moved—cars, trains, ocean liners, planes—and, in the days when it mattered, knew the railway schedules in detail and the schedules (published in the daily *New York Times*) of the comings and goings of the ocean liners sailing to and from New York. Sending off correspondence destined for Europe would be timed precisely to a ship's departure date.

My father's general good cheer and easy sociability belied to some degree an inner tension and a strong drive toward achievement and recognition. He was successful, and acknowledged as unusually precocious in his profession, at an early age. He began his career on the first rung of the academic ladder as a *Privatdozent* (equivalent to an assistant professor in our terms) at the University of Heidelberg—at twenty-four, the youngest in Germany. He had already published not only his dissertation, on a topic in diplomatic history dealing with German-Turkish relations in the era of Bismarck, but a number of articles and two editions of diplomatic documents as well. He went on to gain his *Habilitation*; this process requires a substantive work of scholarship and examination by the relevant faculty to provide a postdoctoral certification for eligibility to teach at a university. It is the postdoctoral *Habilitationsschrift*, rather than the PhD dissertation, that is essential to qualifying for an academic career in Germany. For this work my father turned to writing a historical biography of Ulrich von Hutten (published in English as *Ulrich von Hutten and the German Reformation*),

the sixteenth-century German knight, humanist, cultural nationalist, and early defender of Luther, offering a new interpretation of that figure and of the relation between humanism and Reformation thought in a blend of intellectual, social, and political history.

My parents established their household in Heidelberg. My brother, Frederick, was born in 1928 and I in 1930; my grandparents were delighted to have grandchildren close by. My parents entered into Heidelberg's absorbing academic culture, finding pleasure in friendships with interesting colleagues, among them two in particular who were to share the experience of emigration, the Sanskrit scholar Heinz Zimmer and the philosopher Erich Frank. They had close relations with some of the senior faculty also, as with the philosopher Karl Jaspers and the sociologist Alfred Weber, and my father particularly with Hans von Schubert, whom he admired greatly, and whose book on the sixteenth-century figure Lazarus Spengler and the Reformation in Nuremberg he was to bring to publication in 1934. But my father did not much admire and had somewhat thorny relations with Willy Andreas, senior professor of Reformation and modern European history who oversaw his *Habilitation* and made clear that the young *Privatdozent* was, and should never forget to conduct himself as, subordinate to the Herr Professor. My father found him temperamental, demanding, and intolerant. Andreas was a conservative nationalist who held office as rector of the university when the Nazis came to power in 1933. He welcomed the new regime as Germany's "destiny," cooperated in purging the university of Jewish and politically dissident professors in 1933–34, wrote to Goebbels (who had earned his degree with supervision from a Jewish professor at Heidelberg) that he would be happy to help him in countering "foreign anti-German propaganda," and, while not a party member, remained in place throughout the Third Reich.⁷

In the years that followed, my father's scholarship continued to embrace both nineteenth-century and Reformation history while widening even more to include international relations, political thought, twentieth-century European (especially German) history, and the philosophy of history. In 1929 Meinecke, on behalf of the Imperial Historical Commission,

selected him to undertake a history of the formation of the Weimar constitution, with full access to the archives. This invitation presented a great opportunity to explore extensive but still little-known materials, to collect new sources, and to interview figures who been actors in the course of the Weimar Republic's foundation. It also offered a subject that spoke directly to political questions of particular interest and concern to the historian himself, and he accepted with enthusiasm. Not surprisingly, taking on this project made my father yet more suspect in the eyes of right-wing scholars and opponents of the republic. He embarked with energy on a series of interviews and on finding pamphlets and other literature that bore on his subject. But the book was never completed. He had to leave Germany before finishing his research, although it was well along and he did make use of his findings in a number of articles. The rare collection of pamphlets on Weimar that he brought with him to America now resides in the Yale University Library.

In 1931 my father left Heidelberg to become Carnegie Professor of International Relations and History at the Hochschule für Politik in Berlin, also holding a lecturer's appointment at the Friedrich-Wilhelm University of Berlin. His chair had been established by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and that connection, together with the Hochschule itself, brought him into networks that were to be of great importance to his future. It also opened the opportunity to combine his political and historical interests in a progressive institution of higher education.

The Hochschule was a kind of experiment. It represented a new kind of academy of higher education in Germany, one that reflected the new times in which it was created.

The school was founded in 1920 with the assistance and backing of such academic luminaries as Troeltsch, Meinecke, and Weber, and such liberal politicians as Theodor Heuss (its first director of studies and later, from 1949 to 1959, the first president of the Federal Republic of Germany). It was planned as a private and independent institution separate from the state-run universities (although there were many joint appointments with the University of Berlin in particular) and with a major program of adult

education. The Hochschule was to have three principal goals: (1) education for citizenship, an education for the public that was open to adults while also accepting younger learners, including those who had never received the *Abitur* conferred after graduation from a gymnasium (classes were held in the evening); (2) training for public service, in the hope of helping develop a knowledgeable senior civil and diplomatic service; and (3) scholarly and policy-related research in political science and international affairs broadly construed as disciplines in their own right.

The school's mission included reaching out to the general public with conferences, newspaper articles and columns, radio talks, and publications, providing a political education for an informed citizenry. The training of public servants came to involve a number of specialized programs, whether for social workers, journalists, trade unionists, or Foreign Office candidates. The principle guiding research was that it be conducted in an objective and scientific manner and, above all, in the nonpartisan spirit and method of *Überparteilichkeit* (being above parties). The school claimed its political neutrality to be a unique characteristic. It admitted students and appointed faculty of diverse political views and party affiliations. Many were Jewish. The school tended toward the liberal center and left, but it was home to some conservative faculty as well. The Hochschule was nonetheless generally regarded as left-wing and was from the outset attacked by rightist parties, journals, and groups as politically biased, even communist in orientation, staffed by Jewish advocates of dangerous views.⁸

The Hochschule aimed to serve the society of the "new" Germany, to reinforce civic commitment and understanding, to propagate the values of a healthy political community, and so to enrich and strengthen the future of the republic. The formative outlook of the school emphasized the value of political engagement for both teacher and scholar. Its faculty consisted of a full-time core together with a large number of visiting and part-time lecturers, including some very prominent politicians and government officials, and leaders drawn from the professions.

Among the scores of public lecturers sponsored by the school were many who came from other countries as well. The founders of the school were

intent on helping Germany escape from intellectual and international isolation. They were anxious to participate in the wider world community of those concerned with international affairs, and above all with such issues as disarmament and the League of Nations. The school welcomed many foreign students who attended for a time or came to lectures (among them George Kennan, who attended lectures on the Soviet Union). In its research program, the school was anxious to create something of a center for a new discipline of political science and of international relations as academic subjects in their own right.⁹

Although the school was private and insisted on its independence, it did receive support from the Prussian government and, in the lingering Depression, became increasingly dependent on its public funding. It had also to deal with the government bureaucracy and the opposition of traditional universities in order to receive accreditation, so full certification came late. Even so, the school played a distinctive and significant role, and it attracted the interest of philanthropic organizations abroad, in particular of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and the Rockefeller Foundation. Both became major investors in the school; both offered a new set of connections and assistance to the leaders and scholars who were, beginning in the spring of 1933, to become refugees abroad.

The Carnegie Endowment was most interested in the international affairs side of the Hochschule and in helping create a collaboration of effort in that area both between individuals and institutions and across borders. Carnegie hoped to influence public opinion toward a peaceful world. It established a European Center and a chair in Paris, and supported the Royal Institute for International Affairs (Chatham House) in London and the Geneva School for International Affairs, helping the Hochschule come into regular association with both.

The Rockefeller Foundation directed its grants especially to the school's social scientific research. That was in accordance with the foundation's concern with working to ease the intellectual isolation that affected post-war Germany, and with strengthening cooperation and communication among scholars and scientists internationally. These aims were achieved

partly through grants to universities in the United States and institutions abroad (for example, the London School of Economics), and partly through a highly influential program of fellowships that brought American scientists and scholars to German universities (as well as other European countries) and Germans to America and England. In addition, its Division of the Social Sciences pursued the priority of developing and strengthening the social sciences as fields of inquiry, with social scientists leading departments and research centers dedicated to their own fields. The importance of these contacts, the existence of such relationships already in place before the Central European migration, the connections to a number of institutions and acquaintance with a number of colleagues abroad, and not least the presence of foundation officials in Europe who observed developments there—all of this made a considerable difference, one that helped improve the fate of a significant group of academic refugees.

The ethos and program of the Hochschule must have been very appealing to my father. He was back in Berlin and at the university, with easier access to the main archives he needed for his work on Weimar and now active at the center of current events, while enjoying a position at a progressive institution of higher learning. He was one of a group of younger men joining the elders who had founded the school. These colleagues included Sigmund Neumann and Franz Neumann, two major scholars who were to have considerable influence in the field of political science in the United States, and whose key works dealt with the development, impact, and characteristics of National Socialism and with Weimar's multiparty and parliamentary systems and their weaknesses. The younger men were, on average, of greater scholarly distinction and more geared to pursuing fundamental research than were their seniors, but they participated in the school's other programs as well.

Some 50 percent of the entire Hochschule faculty were to emigrate after April 1933. Seven went to the University in Exile; they became the core of the Graduate Faculty of the New School for Social Research.¹⁰ One might recognize a few parallels between the Hochschule and the New School. Among other prominent members, Sigmund Neumann went to Wesleyan,

Franz Neumann to Columbia, and Arnold Wolfers (director of studies at the Hochschule in my father's time) to Yale.

At the Hochschule my father gave and then published public lectures on such politically sensitive subjects as "The Origins of the Weimar Constitution as a Problem of Foreign Policy" (*Die Entstehungsgeschichte der Weimarer Verfassung als aussenpolitisches Problem*) and on Article 231 of the Versailles Treaty in his "War Guilt and Reparations at the Paris Peace Conference of 1919" (*Kriegsschuld und Reparationen auf der Pariser Friedenskonferenz von 1919*).¹¹ He participated in a number of international conferences and in the project of defining the field of international relations as it might be understood in disciplinary terms. He became acquainted with a number of people outside Germany, in part through his Carnegie connections as well as through visitors and students from abroad.

My father had come to the Hochschule at a time rapidly darkening for the supporters of democracy and the rule of law. The Hochschule faculty increasingly felt the impact of political battles that came to be internalized within the school itself as student politics mirrored and mimicked those of the world outside its walls. Hitler's party had surged with dramatically larger numbers of Reichstag deputies in the September 1930 elections; they were now second only to the Social Democrats. As the crisis of the Depression escalated still further, vast unemployment had overtaken the country and intensified its social unrest and disorder. The issue of reparations was increasingly at the forefront of the German and international political and economic agenda; the burden of reparations was seen by many Germans as the root cause of all that had gone wrong, and they laid the blame for their problems on intransigent foreign powers (and, in some cases, on their conspiratorial allies, identified as Jews). Those who saw little hope for their own future were ready to enact within the universities their resentful sense of being helpless victims of alien forces determined to destroy a Germany governed by the weakest of leaders and the least effective of political institutions.

By 1931, the Weimar Republic's Chancellor Brüning had invoked the emergency decree powers written into the Weimar constitution; his coalition was

governing with broad executive authority and very little popular support. Brüning's successor as chancellor, Franz von Papen, in his rule by emergency decree and by his extraconstitutional abolition of the Prussian government, merging Prussia into the central state, caused still greater alarm among those fearful that the republic was being replaced by an authoritarian state. A short-lived ban on the paramilitary organizations attached to political parties had been lifted, and open violence, all too rarely curbed by the police and the courts, became the norm.

Berlin's public spaces were filled with mass meetings, the city's streets with constant marches and demonstrations and, very often, with hard-fought battles, especially between brown-shirted Nazis and Communists. Jews were being subjected to increasing and frequently physical harassment and intimidation. In the universities, the disruption of classes, boycotts and shouting down of teachers, and vilification hurled against liberal and Jewish faculty became common occurrences. It has been rightly said that "it was the students who formed the vanguard of the Nazi campaign against the universities," and that "while most professors condemned the rowdiness of the Nazi students, . . . they sympathized with their motives and were anxious not to be thought to be out of touch with the current mood or to appear 'political.'"¹² Students were to play, and were asked by the party to play, a central role in the "purification" of universities and in the public displays of book burning in 1933.

The Hochschule prided itself on remaining a calmer and more orderly place as compared to the universities, but it had to pay close attention to the various student organizations associated with political parties in order to maintain the peace, and it saw disturbing outbursts of student rhetoric directed against members of the faculty and the academic posture of the school itself. Communist and Nazi students alike called for "parity" in the teaching of certain subjects. In 1932 Communist students objected to the presentation of the Soviet Union by a specific lecturer; Nazi students produced a leaflet excoriating the school as "un-German" and "saturated with foreigners and Jews" and "Marxist" professors. Faculty members tried to moderate these conditions and to create educational opportunities from such

events by organizing lectures, forums, and discussions around the issues being raised.

Public accusations of political bias were at the same time mounting in volume. Hochschule students tended to the left, with Social Democrats in the majority, but after the accession of the von Papen government in 1932, the rightist organizations took heart and were heard more loudly. A National Socialist *Bund* had been established at the school in 1931, and it began to participate in student elections in 1932. These Nazi organizations were making substantial gains generally at the universities. It took somewhat longer at the Hochschule, but in the end, the Nazi organization, calling in the Berlin SA (the *Sturmabteilung*, known as Storm Troopers or Brown Shirts) to help with hostile demonstrations, took over student government just as had its parent party in capturing the government of Germany.¹³

In October 1932 my father spoke in Leipzig. The occasion was a meeting of university professors who had come together as the Weimar Circle of German University Teachers (Weimar Kreis der Deutschen Hochschullehren), a group created in support of the Weimar Republic in an environment of higher education ruled more generally by conservative opposition to or, at best, by a passive or lukewarm acceptance of the struggling republic. My father's topic was "Weimarer Reichsverfassung und Freiheit der Wissenschaft" (The Weimar Constitution and the Freedom of Learning).¹⁴

He focused his discussion on Article 142 of the republic's constitution. That article reads: "Die Kunst, die Wissenschaft and ihre Lehre sind frei. Der Staat gewährt ihnen Schutz und nimmt an ihrer Pflege teil" (The arts, knowledge and its teaching are free. The state guarantees their protection and takes responsibility for their cultivation).

The lecture described how this clause had evolved, and analyzed its import for the current situation in Germany. My father argued that only within a genuinely democratic society and legitimate free state could the academic and artistic freedoms guaranteed by this constitutional right be sustained, that the two were linked closely together ("freie Wissenschaft und freier Rechtsstaat sind auf besondere Weise verknüpft").¹⁵ He pointed to recent political developments as threatening to end in the emergence

of a one-party authoritarian state, maintaining that the greatest and indeed imminent danger did not lurk in the extreme Left, however much the Communists were to be feared, but was arising actively from the extreme Right represented by the National Socialists and their allies. After a sharp critique of the Nazi Party's ideology and conduct, he ended his lecture with a warning that their victory would inevitably mean the death of academic and artistic freedom in Germany.

The Leipzig lecture was published as a pamphlet in January 1933. On the 30th of that month Hitler became chancellor, and the swift, systematic demolition of the Weimar constitution was underway. By July that document had become a dead letter as the regime proceeded step-by-step to consolidate its dictatorial power, sweeping away civil rights and political dissent, the freedoms of the academy, artistic expression, and the press, while also mounting and encouraging harsh anti-Jewish actions. February and March saw successive waves of terror under the SA's aegis.

On April 7, 1933, the regime issued the "Law for the Restoration of the Professional Civil Service" (Gesetz zur Wiederherstellung des Berufsbeamtentums). Its provisions covered everyone who held civil service status. That, of course, included all university faculty members, given the German system of state universities. The law specified that Jews (with exceptions for men with a record of honorable military service in World War I or who had lost sons or fathers in the war) and persons who were "politically unreliable" be dismissed.

My father belonged quite clearly to the category of the politically unreliable, and his position at the University of Berlin was at once untenable. In addition, my mother was Jewish by race. The edict of 1933 did not originally outlaw "Aryan" persons with Jewish spouses; that was to come a bit later, and with the passage of the Nuremberg Laws in 1935 non-Aryans were also stripped of citizenship and the exemption for Jewish veterans removed. But my parents found the handwriting on the wall perfectly legible. They read it correctly. Equally important, the Hochschule für Politik, condemned by the regime as a nest of leftists and Jews, was also under attack.

Already on April 3, 1933, a form letter of termination had gone out to the Hochschule faculty informing them that the school would be formally dissolved on April 27. The Hochschule was taken over almost at once and placed under Goebbels's jurisdiction, becoming a training school in Nazi ideology for future party leaders.¹⁶

On April 1 there had taken place a planned boycott, national in scope, of Jewish businesses and Jewish practitioners of law and medicine and other professions. On that morning my mother's brother, Hans Bettmann, a young and outspoken lawyer, was roughed up by brown-shirted SA men and dismissed from the court in Heidelberg where he was already serving as a junior magistrate. He went to his parents' house and was outraged to see at the entrance a group of SA men and anti-Jewish placards denouncing his physician father. A concentration camp (it was the first) had just opened at Dachau to receive—the term used was “in protective custody”—the growing swarms of political prisoners. Hans Bettmann anticipated that he would shortly be placed under arrest, likely to be imprisoned there. That afternoon, he shot himself.¹⁷

His death, and his written statement, as one who had considered himself a patriotic German, of defiance, anger, and despair received wide publicity and became a symbol both of opposition to the regime and of its utter futility.

By the end of summer, my father had departed for England, not to return—and then as an American citizen—until after World War II. His life as an émigré had begun. He was one of some eleven or even twelve hundred scholars and scientists, representing perhaps 16 percent of all academics throughout Germany, who had left or been dismissed from their institutions since April. Another thousand (at least) were to follow. Academics were to constitute about 2,200 out of the 11,000–12,000 members of the intelligentsia—scholars, teachers, researchers, physicians, lawyers, journalists, writers, publishers, artists, architects, musicians, actors, filmmakers, and the like—who went into exile.

Not all who were let go from their positions left Germany, or did so immediately, and some who did imagined that they might be returning home

again in the foreseeable future. Not all believed at first that the Nazi regime would last for long or that, if they chose to depart, they would face permanent exile. Some even hoped that they could somehow be exempted from the worst harassments at home. Those who left Germany (and, later, fled from Austria and other Central European countries) were often to find themselves moving from one country to another and then still another, coming to rest only after a period of years and after enduring unstable conditions of life and frequently daunting prospects. About half the German academic refugees came ultimately to America, many after detours to other places, especially France, England, and Palestine, but also to such destinations as Turkey, Shanghai, and Cuba, among others.

In general, the erstwhile university colleagues of the dismissed professors sat by in silence. There were singularly few attempts to offer support or to protect and retain even the most distinguished fellow faculty. Yet an official party publication announced that

the victory of the revolution in higher education has, with few exceptions, been achieved with no credit due to the university teachers and on occasion in direct opposition to them. The official upholders of German scholarship felt themselves committed to a concept of scholarship whose ideas of absolute objectivity derive from a rationalism which has long been superseded. . . . The academic representatives of classical liberalism were bound to respond with instinctive hostility to a movement which had adopted as its programme . . . the synthesis of scholarship and politics.¹⁸

Academic freedom had indeed died with the republic. In his inaugural lecture as rector of the University of Freiburg in May 1933, the philosopher Martin Heidegger had declared: "The much praised 'academic' freedom shall be driven out of Germany's universities, for this freedom, being merely negative, was not genuine. What it meant primarily was unconcern, was a capricious exercise of intentions and inclinations, was non-commitment."¹⁹

On the eve of departure, my father wrote to Dietrich Gerhard (who was later also to emigrate):

We do not want to be forced to violate in any way what we regard as our life's work and as an obligation to our heritage and our intellectual goals. . . . Naturally, things may (and probably will) develop in such a way that we might have to begin again from scratch. . . . For now, the situation simply calls for one to remain true to one's profession and to oneself and, in this spirit, to make the best of one's fate. So I am trying to think of our journey as a kind of education and study trip, one that will eventually bring us back home again.²⁰