

Hans Fallada: Hans in Luck**Key Audio Animation/Title (Action)**

(Hans Fallada plucks away rigorously at his typewriter. He is writing a novel.)

He is writing his last novel in which he will finish in 24 days only 43 days before his death. This is how he writes. He is a man with many lives. He is a man who will have many deaths. What is unfolding in the art, the lives of those portrayed you cannot trust. You cannot even trust the author. This is the life of Rudolf Ditzen, Hans in Luck.

What Now? Search for Self**July 21st 1893 in Greifswald.**

I was a born to my father, a magistrate, and my mother, an educated woman. They were in love, and would play piano together and read their children literature.

Children Laughing (Run around the desk pick up Newspaper)

I scanned the newspaper reports passing my father's desk. Cases of Arson. Rape. Assault. All charged against the common man.

(Sit at the Desk) My father wanted me to follow in his footsteps. (Open Newspaper) We both wanted a singleness of purpose.

“All through my childhood and youth I was dogged by exceptional bad luck”

(Walk to the Front) I was accident prone, a walking disaster.

1901 Finally, I attended school, The boys called out “*Thrift clothes/Your family must be poor / You have girl's hair*”

I would pretend to be sick to get out of it. At home I would escape through books; Karl Marx, Zola, and Dickens. I wanted an escape. I wanted to be free. *The world of my imagination offered not only an escape, but also an alternative and more attractive version of reality.*

After taking confirmation classes I began to question the religion I was raised on, but I never received an answer. No explanation, thus doubt set in.

“Whenever I have done something really good and great, I will not say, as the Christians do, ‘I thank you, God, for giving me the strength’, but rather: ‘Ah, you beautiful, beautiful world, I thank you that your beauty was strong enough to enable me to develop the beauty that is in me’”

(At the table with books) I stuck to my studies. I wanted to get ahead. I studied night and day. A big test coming up. Must study/all day /all night. // I headed out on a bicycle trip to the country

***What Now? The Horse Accident** horse noises then kicking noise (knocked to the ground)*

The Horse Accident, was to have such a decisive effect on my life and completely turned my world upside down.

bumping sound effect, getting rolled over by cart

I lay clinging on to life. All I could ask myself.

WHY ME?

“If you are God then I now know what sort of God you are. Leave me alone for I cannot stand the sight of you”

Fade to Black in Animation

I returned to school where I met a young man, Hanns Dietrich von Necker. *Hallo Rudolf. Ich bein Hanns.* We had a common interest in literature and soon became good friends. The work load of the new school piled on.

Star pupil Friedrich Hanmer committed suicide apparently the “*unsuitable reading material*” effected the “*balance of his mind*” **Animate Banned Books/Fire. Fade to Black in Animation.**

The adolescent struggle to establish an identity.

During a trip in the summer to Holland, I returned with Typhoid disease. I was suffering. The burden of the horse accident still aching my body. I became reliant on pain killers. (Pour pain pills on table)

I was a cynic. I was obsessed with Dorian Grey. (Hold copy of Picture of Dorian Grey) The art and beauty of the disastrous consequences of extreme aestheticism. I was Lord Henry Wotton, I took on the nickname Harry and Hanns was my Dorian. I was clever, witty, amoral, and detached. He was lively, outgoing, he was my beauty.

From then on I was restless, nervous, brutal, and shut myself off from the rest of the world. I started drinking and smoking heavily.

(Write a letter) I wrote to Hanns about my thoughts in Autumn of 1910. He said he could help.

Christmas Time came around and my gift from Hanns was a bottle of poison.

What Now? Suicide?

I drank the poison. I survived. I cut my throat. I survived. Why me?

1911 came around and another student committed suicide since he no longer had the strength and courage to go on living. I wanted that escape. I wanted to die. *Why me? Why can't I die?*

I had grown up in the age of Spring Awakening and entered manhood when I had sex with a housemaid. It was nothing special. I wanted out. I wanted distance. I had a compulsion to hurt the people who I loved. I preferred to die than to hurt those around me.

March 11th 1911. I left home.

“Now the world of childhood was really closed to me, but I was not sorry. And I was no longer at home with my parent’s. I had departed from them and I was glad”

I was still suffering from dizzy spells, vomiting, and headaches. Apparently nicotine poisoning.

I was weary of life. Sort of above it all. I couldn’t die apparently. Couldn’t escape this life. I couldn’t be with my Hanns.

What Now? My Dorian

October 1911 I suggested a suicide pact to my Dorian Grey Whoever could write a better piece of literature got to live, the one who lost, got shot. Hanns knew he couldn’t win and wanted to stage a Duel, my true Dorian. Hanns wrote to his mom

“I love my friend Harry Ditzen very much. He exercised a strange power over me, he was able to subject me completely to his will. The mistake I made, which is responsible for all the terrible things which have happened, is that I was too weak to break off our friendship when that was still possible. Once I had fallen under his spell, it was too late, and Harry can’t help the way things have turned out. Please don’t be angry with him. I do not go willingly to my death, I was so happy...My word of honor, given so carelessly, is to blame for everything. I beg you, dearest mother, forgive me.”

We went to the forest with red ribbons marking the location of our hearts. Hanns a revolver, and I had a rifle. Kissed one last time

(Walked 10 paces/whispered) “Ich liebe dich” (*FIRE*)

(Checks body, sees Hanns fine Reload)

Round 2

“Ich Liebe Dich” (*YELL*)

(Hanns gets shot Runs to Hanns) (Picks up gun and *shoots self in chest twice*)

They found me in the woods some time later, I woke up in the hospital with handcuffs on. I was declared mentally ill and sent off to a psychiatric hospital.

What now? Rudolf

In the course of a few months I began to recognize my limitations, control of myself, deal rationally with my emotions, live an ordered life and devote myself to my practical activity.

I was discharged to work on a farm in September

Christmas 1913 I was putting the nightmare of puberty behind me.

(Walk around the table) *“All this time - and I only discovered this decades later - I was learning, learning to become what I was going to be one day: a writer. For I spent nearly all my time with other people, I stood behind the endless rows of chattering women wedding beet or lifting potatoes and I heard these women and young girls chatting away all day. Then at the end of the day the boss chatted to me and the dairyman chatted over their cows and the labourers over their animal feed in the barn. I could not help listening and I learnt how they talked, what they talked about, what their worries were, what sort of problems they had...”*

I had escaped the isolation and self absorption of my teenage years and learned to live and work with a wide range of people, sharing their joys and sorrows.

Animate Transition to WWI “While the war has brought much unhappiness to many people, it has done me nothing, but good, for in peacetime nobody would ever have considered entrusting me with such a responsible job.”

“I became an expert in growing potatoes. At the peak of my powers I was able to distinguish 1,200 varieties of potato, and not only by name but also by their appearance, eyes, the shape and colour of the tube” **Animate Potatoes**

November 1916 I Returned to Berlin, it was “my only home, although I wasn’t born there”

Early 1917 I announced my engagement to a woman of humble origins. My Aunt tried to dissuade me, because of “*my quickly changing moods and my quite unfound acts of hostility towards those close to me*”

I Broke it off (While Writing)“In order to conjure up that glorious dream I had after I broke off my engagement to Jagusch. Jagusch!- strange, it seems such long time since I thought about her. and now her name flows from my pen, but it brings back nothing of the happiness of being in love which we must once have shared, only the excruciating helplessness and tearfulness of parting.”

I wanted to take a literary year to write a doctor in Mecklenburg said, “*I am still of the opinion that it would be better, from the point of view of your health, if you had a practical job which*

provided material security rather than engaging in such an uncertain activity as literature which will adversely affect your nervous system and may possibly cause your psychopathic predisposition to assert itself again.” and “stop that stupid smoking”

There were two conditions given by my father

- 1) *you must leave Berlin and spend the year in the country*
- 2) *You must publish the novel under another name*

Hans Fallada Name Explained Still needs written

August 12th 1918, My brother Ulrich Ditzen died in the war.

The **November Revolution** came I was Supporter of national change, a new world. I was a lover of the revolution

I first tired morphine undergoing treatment for stomach ulcers a direct effect of my brother's death in the war. (Morphine mimed with Pencil/Pen)

August 1919 I Went back to Tannenfield to try to cure my morphine addiction.

At age 26 I was introduced to alcohol, the socially acceptable drug with disastrous effects.

I was back in the Sanatorium for treatment, Discharged **November 1920** , and back to work on a farm 1921

At the same time Adolf Hitler was starting to get in with the right wing party

My new work **Anton und Gerda** was coming along. Gerda, she was my first independent female character who provided for her weak and ineffectual men. She was an outsider, a sinner. She was out to expose the hypocrisy, moral cowardice and duplicity of church and state

flashback Sequence

“I bend down. The gaunt figure he’s moaning on the ground, the three bullet holes gleaming phosphorescently which I ...Oh, its lunacy...That was so long ago... I and down and lift my friend who has been shot dead.

(Carries body to a cemetery, place it in the ground corpse already there, learning he is carrying his own heart in his hand.)

Since Then I’ve lived a thousand live. I’ve died a thousand deaths”

What Now? Hans Fallada

October 1922 I was arrested for trading large amounts of grain on the black market, for drug money. *“For I cannot go without, I am trapped by this luxury and the days are gone when I thought of living simply in a house in the woods... and I’ll most likely not be spared the worst: stealing and being punished”*

1923 came about with social, industrial, and political unrest in Germany and rapid inflation

October 1923 came with the installment of the New Regime under the new Chancellor, Wilhelm Marx who implemented emergency legislation and brought inflation under control

June 24th 1924 I was expected to Greifswald Prison by 6pm I arrived to the prison not entirely sober. There I kept a "Prison Dairy", while dealing with cockroaches, and adjusting to the work regime.

It turned out dreaming, was "much better than morphine"

Animate transition into dream sequence "and yet I remember very well the gentle green meadow and a willow tree with hanging branches to the left of the man shooting at me".

"I have never been treated so decently in any sanatorium or mental hospital as I am here. As long as I do my work, no one bothers me. I'm in my cell, I can read, sleep, write, sing, walk up and down: no one interfere. And the wonderful peace here..." I got out over a month early since was willing to squeal on other inmates. *"But that's life. I have to survive. Let stronger men be heroes and martyrs, I have only enough talent to be a small scale coward"*

(Back to Present, Each Line on A Different Page)

“Despite all of my books, despite all my opinions; I am born bourgeois, I always side with authority. But that isn’t the whole truth either: I think I do it because I enjoy doing it, and because it makes me feel importance. I’m a born spy, who acts in a mean way not for the sake of my own advantage but for the sake of the meanness itself”

“It would be hard if I didn’t have this joy in the evening of being able to write. It is almost as if I lived on for this”

“How the brain must work while we’re asleep! “It is indeed the most incomprehensible and thrilling experience I have ever had”

“I really ought to find out more about ordinary people (das Volk). There must be more to them than their smutty jokes and obsession with eating. But I know nothing about it.”

November 3rd 1924. I was released and began focusing on writing about the little man with wider range of themes, including the law, the criminal underworld and prison life.

September 1925

(Back to Present)

A letter from the estate manager to my mother asking her about my whereabouts. They were looking for me. I had forged a check for 10,000 marks and cashed it. The state manager found my certification of release. That’s how my parents found out that I had served a prison sentence. I

gave myself up in Berlin and made a full confession, not only had I embezzled 14,000 marks, but I said I stole 5,000 marks and had committed a further 7 crimes of embezzlement before my addition to morphine”

I had to exaggerate it. Everyone loves a good story I was entered into a plea of guilty and was sentenced to two years in prison.

February 1928 I recovered from alcoholism and drug addiction. I was released and a new beginning, a new life beckoned. While in prison, Germany experienced economic prosperity

Crime to me became another mean of rejecting and escaping from society, like alcohol, morphine and cocaine, it, too, leads to an institution for society’s outcasts. After prison I felt like “a traveller returning from an unknown part of the world”.

My alcoholism and drug dependency, the legacy of my troubled past, as well as my rootless existence, resulted in a preoccupation with my own concerns.

Once out of prison and transition into the new Germany I thought that, *“Prisoners who have served long sentences should not be released without adequate preparation. A man who has not been allowed to move without permission, who for years and years has had to suppress every independent thought or action, cannot cope with the onslaught of feelings, worries, impressions on the outside. Transitional arrangements... so that the prisoner, regardless of their status, can learn to feel free, to move freely and to handle money.”*

I moved to Hamburg and became a member of the social democratic party. I had a desire to find a place inside society rather than to be on the edges and that year I got a type writer.

October 13th 1928

In the “Phoenix Lodge” I met Anna Issel, Suse, she was tall, fair haired, and 27 years old. She was a woman of the people, a working class girl... she had the willingness to help a reformed alcohol. I asked my friend Kagelmacher to consult his astrological charts about the suitability of Suse and I, it was described as *“quite excellent”*

What Now? Factory Strikes

They all seemed to be closing down. I got a part time job at a newspaper company, the “General Anzeiger”.

December 26th 1928

I got engaged to Suse at 3:30am. “I’ve never been so happy in my whole life’. We moved into a two room place. My first time having my books back since 1925. A *“Sign of a new order, the symbol of a new beginning in my life”*. At work, I squealed on my boss, who took 2,000 marks, in return he was fired and I got promoted. *“It was apparently your year”* Kagelmacher told me.

April 5th 1929

Suse and I married in Hamburg and she was pregnant that summer. *“If I have loved another human on God’s earth, then Suse is the one... I have a wonderful wife. She is goodness, tranquility, gentleness, calmness in person; There can be no better, more loyal, more courageous partner in the world.”* I was 35 and I embraced domestic harmony. “Reading aloud to my wife in the evening, just like my father did”

What Now? Bankruptcy! The Wall Street Crash

“A job in Berlin! Working with Books! Time to write this novel! The same salary for fewer hours work! What a Christmas Present! “The ghosts of the past had been exorcized; I had not touch alcohol, morphine, or cocaine in over 4 years, nor did I feel any desire to do so”

March 14th 1930

My son, Ulrich Ditzen, named after my brother was born after a long, difficult labour. “The boy... is terribly like me. He has quite the Ditzen nose and thick fair hair”

Political landscape of a democracy in decline in Germany. “If I had the money, I would buy a farm right away. I’m a bit fearful of the winter. I think there will be trouble, especially as the General Election is not expected to produce a working majority and people are talking in terms of a dictatorship.

Election Day

“Who knows whether things will get better? It all looks so dismal and everyone I know, office workers, like myself, trembles at the thought of the day each month when we can be issued with notice of dismissal”. “The whole place here is buzzing with rumors. First one dictatorship, then the other, first a coup with the army, then a coup without the army; It’s going to be a terrible winter.”

(Back to typing)

“Too much work and too much coffee have turned me into a bundle of nerves”. “There is widespread misery nowadays which we are helpless to combat”

Suse fell ill and Uli was sent to live with Suse’s sister.

“These people live here as if there was no misery, no unemployment, no struggle being wagged in Germany. Pleasure, theatre, dancing - that’s all they are interested in. And such a lack of understanding about social issues - of I’d rather no talk about it, it makes me so angry”

What Now? Freelance Writer

There was a demand for more Hans Fallada. I wrote 12 short poems about farming, social problems in the big cities, and prison life. I thought the stories were good to make money, but it turned out to be a waste of my talent.

My novel **Little Man - What Now?** (book in hand) was written to expose the shortcomings of the health insurance scheme, showed the reality of the unemployment and housing shortage, and highlighted the social welfare system.

(Present)“Perhaps I did once - at the very beginning - I really cannot remember now - want to write a novel about unemployment, but gradually and imperceptibility this book became a tribute to women.”

October 1931 was also a good time for Adolf Hitler, He had helped in the foundation of the Harzburg front.

The National Oppression

“To preserve our country from the chaos of Bolshevism, to rescue our political life from the whirlpool of economic bankruptcy by means of effective self help, and willing to assume responsibility through nationally - led governments in Prussia and the Reich”

Adolf Hitler was “who answered the call of the German Nation” and refused “to shed one drop of blood in support of the current government and the current ruling system” If the Nazis come to power, the newspaper I write for will be finished and I will have no income. With “The Little Man” - I had touched the nerve of the age; The “Feeling that things can’t go on like this much longer without me collapsing”

(Heavy Breathing)

“It seems as if happiness always has a swollen cheek; if it smiles on one side of its face; the other side is twisted.

“Little Man - What Now” June 1932

Launched and sales boomed. But, “The Nazis and Communists both tore my work to shreds.

That will do no harm, for I don’t want to write party political books. But, “I am a little afraid of the long dark winter; the book I am writing is also very melancholy, the times are miserable. I don’t know if I wanted to remain here in Germany”

What Now? Germany

January 1933

We moved to a house in the country and I started drinking again as Hitler became Chancellor Berlin has been full of panic rumors with witch hunts against opponents of the Nazi Party

April 1933

We bought a house, our money worries were over, our future secured. That Easter Sunday I was denounced as a conspirator against Hitler, and taken off to Prison. My house was searched, and they found nothing. I was released. The Nazi Party Members felt free to rein to their impulses of cruelty, envy, and revenge.

What Now?

What Now?

What Now?**The Book Burning of May 10th 1933**

In University Towns through out Germany Becher, Brecht, all Burnt.

July 7th 1933, Suse was back in labour with twins.

The lovely Lore... and Edith, who died 3 hours later. *"...time will help both get over the disappointment, time heals so much and more quickly... than we ever believe possible"*

What Now?

My livelihood, I need to publish while other writers were getting arresting or escaping Germany.

I need to publish. A Letter came from my Father

" Since the 21 July is your 40th birthday, let me say a word about the past and the present; we cannot forget, but we can and we want to forgive without reservation. Let us draw a line under the past and make a new start. As a first step we out to see each other again, visit.

What Now?

"My nerves are in shreds... I really don't want a repeat of the breakdown I've had years ago.

"Everyone is afraid of you. No one knows what you are going to do next"

What Now?

"If stupidity and coarseness were to go unpunished, what would become of this world, what sort of world would it be?"

July 1934 Hitler is in Full Power

(Bright then dark)

“What makes you, dear friend, so very worthwhile and fascinating is the fact that every nerve of your body, and even, your intellect, your mind, is constantly vibrating and trembling and always reacting to everything all the time. That is why you will never... be short of material. You will always have new ideas for new books, for your ideas come in quick succession. That is something quiet magnificent”

I starting taking sleeping pills. I thought I was going insane from the hallucinations

14 days of no memory

“the terror which pursued me through all of my hallucinations is still with me”

June 1935 “My main job is to finish the novel because our financial position is bad”

September 1935 I’m Declared an undesirable author and couldn’t be published while The Nuremberg laws began stripping Jewish people of their citizenship

November 1935 Depression Relapse. This is “The kind of history which does not justify or glorify the present but the kind which calls it to the present” “There is no point talking about these attacks. It feels as if it is open season on Hans Fallada. But now I must draw the logical conclu-

sion from all of this. So we are going to try - we have just taken the first step to sell the house and the we'll see what we'll do.

Wolf Among Wolves / End of 1936

(Read From Book)

“I would like to withdraw into my shell like a snail and cut myself off from the world. “The desperate situation of a desperate nation, every desperate individual acts in a desperate way. “I used to think that courage meant standing up straight when a shell exploded and taking your share of the shrapnel... now I know that’s mere stupidity and bravado, courage means keeping going when something becomes completely unbearable” “to give people courage, the courage to face life, is probably the best gift a writer can bestow. The courage to face life is different from the courage to face war. In the same that to withstand an attack is more difficult than to launch one”

November 5th 1937

Hitler starts the process for replacing power in the armed forces with Party Members. While the same night I get a glowing review of Wolf Among Wolves. (Hold Up Book)

“We never give up hope. We may fall but we do not have to stay in the gutter. That is no reason to give up, we must keep on going!

March 4th 1938 Suse when back into the hospital for stress and strains and the **next day** the German Army Marched in Austria

What Now? Leave

My publisher was banned from publishing. I've decided we are going to emigrate to England, most of the writers already had. We packed up. It was our time to leave Germany. I just needed one more walk in the Bohnenwerder. I went into the woods. Memories of my childhood flashed through my head; *I couldn't leave Germany. Couldn't leave my home land. I couldn't leave. It represented all I had achieved. I didn't want to throw it away. "I'm German and I prefer to go under with this accursed and blessed nation than enjoy an illusory happiness in a foreign country" "What is an author who is not heard in his own language and cannot write in another" ... "I am a German, my homeland will not release me I'm like a tree - in Germany planted which will wither there, too, it needs be."*

August 27th 1939 (Hide under the table)

Rationing started and we prepared for the worst and set up in the bomb shelter. The war severed connections to my readers abroad. "I am not satisfied with what I'm doing and haven't been since Wolf... I cannot act as I want to - if I want to stay alive - and so a fool gives less than he has"

What Now? Paper Shortage

Carwitz was becoming a prison. The world was growing harsh

"I'm convinced of the imminent collapse of the Hitler regime"

4 years pass and no sign of halting and I'm back in the clinic. "It's the worst I have ever known.

A veritable mountain of unresolved and practically unresolvable problems inside me; then illness and lack of sleep - as well as the terrifying air - raids which were the worst of all". In Berlin

"Sometimes you see houses which look completely uninhabitable and ready to collapse and there

are people squatting in them”. “How many people will break down when this war is over and the tension which is keeping them going now disappears”. I have decided to divorce Suse. “I have made serious mistakes, I bear a heavy burden of guilt, but all this could have been worked out, could have been forgiven (as it had been forgive before) a friendly relationship could have been established, for the sake of the children, if it had not been for my wife’s dear relations and friends and sad to say, my own mother”. “I’m not enjoying my work any more... I’m tired of life. What’s the point of going on? My dream of becoming a great artist is shattered. I’m only a writer like so many others. Perhaps I was too interested in money and success, I don’t know. Everything is hopeless, everything is gloomy, nothing excites me any more.”

What Now? Ulla Losch

“I may have found something to fill my days with joy again, let’s see”. A Newly widowed, 22 year old, with a youthful exuberance

August 28th 1944

I had a fight with Suse in the kitchen. I was in the heat of rage. I had been drinking that night. I pulled the gun out of the drawer and fired. Suse ran to me, took the gun, hit me on the head, ran out of the house, and threw the gun in the lake. I was a man at the end of the road, an alcoholic, a writer unable to write, an emotionally and physically wreck. I was once described as ***“A writer who gives us real insight into the hearts and minds of human beings, especially these considered ordinary and uninteresting, deserves the highest praise” - Johannes Becher.***

But all of my good fortune had turned to bad. I was removing alcohol from my body once again. A terrible detox. I was distanced to tackle my personal problems, which thankfully saved me from Goebbels' total mobilization of men. I kept a low profile in the psychiatric prison, I had to be a model patient from fear of euthanasia.

(Animate Paper with Tiny/Tiny words)

On 92 sheets of lined paper I wrote essays about the Nazi Regime, 3 short stories, a novel *The Drinker* in tiny, compact, almost indecipherable hand. I was able to also fit 2 short stories in the tiny margins, and my memoirs. I was "spinning the web of my revenge even higher and more tangled, in the cold glitter of the stars". It was the act of writing that helped me escape. The guards caught me writing. (Hands Up, Show them the papers) "It's only children stories. It's only children stories" I left prison with the papers under my shirt and went back to Suse, she was all I had. "I have effected a reconciliation with her, but there are still some problems"

I left a few weeks later to break it off with Ulla Losch while Suse spent the entire night waiting for me to come back home. I did not, I didn't come back the next day. It took seeing Ulla and all I wanted to do was marry her. We got engaged and Ulla with morphine had me back under her spell once again.

February 1st 1945

Our wedding day in Berlin, as we were standing in the crumbling church building getting ready to say our vows, we were interrupted by an air raid. (*bombing sound effect*)

Feldberg fell to the Soviet Army thus being waves of suicides, rapes, and murders. Germany was being to be de-militarized and began to re-educate the German People. To my surprise I was appointed temporary mayor of Feldberg for 18 months.

“In no way did the mayor look like a writer. He looked more like a stiff, German Civil Servant, carefully shaven and combed, wearing a worn but well - ironed grey suit with a silver watch chain in his waist coat”

August 14th 1945.

The morphine got to me again and I collapsed. I was taken to the hospital and Ulla soon followed me shortly after a suicide attempt. After that we moved to Berlin illegally, we had no ration cards and lived off the black market. I was finally able to publish again and was soon making some money for being a writer.

October 1945 I decided to stop taking morphine, however Ulla couldn't manage without it. The horror of yesterday brought a brighter tomorrow, “a seed of decent has survive. It is our duty to preserve this seed of decent, to pass it on, to sow a whole field from this one seed” “It is the artists job to describe that reality the way it is” **Animate Seed/Plant**

What Now? Morphine

Morphine addiction struck again in 1946 followed by a breakdown in May. “I long to write a decent novel again. I long to get involved, to play my part and not just stand halfheartedly on the sidelines” “I would lose all of my strength and enthusiasm for work if I stayed with Ulla”

We all Die Alone (hold up book)

“But we do not want to conclude this book with death; it is dedicated to life, irrepressible life which triumphs again and again over humiliation and tears, misery and death” “My crime was thinking I was so clever, eating to act alone, when I know that the individual is ineffectual. No, what I did was nothing to be ashamed of, but the way I did it was wrong... I had to fight and I would do so again and again. Only differently, quite differently”

What Now?

“Determination of a young man to find personal fulfillment in becoming a useful member of a new society.

What Now?

‘a complete breakdown, abuse of sleeping pills, always the same story’

What Now?

“I have not much appetite for life any more and even the pleasure of finishing a successful novel does not last very long when you are in urgent need of five pairs of shoes and there’s no coal left to heat the house”

What Now?

“I am the guilty one, I am the man. I should have giver her a lead and helped her instead of stupidly giving in to her everything wish. She is such good child, has a really good heart and she loves me very much”

What Now?

“Some part of me have been completely finished, something is missing, with the result that I’m not a prop man, only a human being who has aged, an old grammar school-boy, as Erich Kastler once said to me ... *“I know I’m weak, but not bad, never bad, but that’s no excuse, it’s poor enough to at 53 to have become nothing more than a weak man, to have earned so little from my mistakes.”* Crawling back up each time and crashing to the floor once more. My body was unable to handle it.

What Now? What Now? What Now?