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# Lehmann Meets Goering



Goering, lion, Sonnemann

The typed pages shown here are from Lehmann's manuscript in which she offers an account of her meeting with Hermann Goering (also spelled Göring). The pencilled corrections may be by Frances Holden.

In [Section I](#) you can read what Lehmann's biographer, Dr. Michael Kater wrote for The Raul Hilberg Memorial Lecture at The University of Vermont for 10 November 2007: "Feigning Opposition to the Third Reich: The Case of Singer

Lotte Lehmann.” The harsh analysis is preceded by Kater’s summary of the story that Lehmann told.

The meeting took place on 20 April 1934. Historian Dr. Holger Heine writes:

Lehmann refers to Emmy Goering by her maiden name Sonnemann. Emma married Goering in April 1935. Emma enjoyed some celebrity as an actress in film and on stage, using her maiden name, so Lehmann may simply remember her as Sonnemann because of this. Related, Goering advanced Sonnemann’s career in a similar way as in his proposal to Lehmann. It is historically accurate that Goering kept a lioness (actually 6 or 7 in succession) near his living quarters until 1940 or so.

The “director” is Heinz Tietjen, the director (not conductor) of the Prussian State Opera (Berlin), who in Lehmann’s account is never mentioned by name.

If reading Lehmann’s typing is too difficult, you can find the summary of the story at the beginning of Dr. Kater’s analysis in [Section I](#).



Lehmann as she looked at the time  
of her meeting with Goering

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Goering, The Lion and I

It seems rather a stretch of the imagination to suggest that anyone could enjoy a cozy luncheon with a mass murderer. But I had this sensational if not exactly enviable experience. Scene: the Ministry of Education in Berlin. Time: around 1933, I am not sure of the exact date. Participants: Goering, at that time Minister of Education, his future wife, who was then still Emmy Sonnemann, The Director of the State Opera, - and I. The lion entered later.

I have always lived in the world of music. Particularly so when the Vienna Opera was my real home - and the whole universe seemed only the setting for this single stage to which I devoted every breath of my being. I had never been interested in politics and had assumed that the <sup>Hitler</sup> ~~Hitler~~ regime would be just another shortlived political change, never realizing for a moment that it meant the beginning of a world shaking conflict between the forces of good and evil... I knew next to nothing about Hitler as I read only the parts of the papers which related to the world of art and if ever conversation turned to him I interrupted with an impatient: "for heaven's sake, why should I bother about politics?" Even if I seem a perfect goose (and the more I write of these reminiscences the more clearly I see that I was one) I must be truthful and picture myself as I really was...

One day Berlin called me by telephone. The Director of the State Opera:

"Would you care to come to Berlin for a few guest performances, Frau Kammerzaengerin ? His Excellency Goering cordially invites you. You have not been in Berlin for a long time. Why ?"

"Oh Herr Director, I love Vienna so much, I only leave here when



it is really worth while. Berlin pays no more than Vienna, so why should I go there?"

"Let us forget about the fee, Madame."

"Oh no, that is just what I don't forget... I am an idealist when I sing, but when I make contracts my feet are on the ground."

"I mean: let us forget the amount of the fee - that is only to be arranged. Confidentially, you will receive whatever you ask."

"Come, come... Since when???"

"Since now, Madame."

I was speechless. The Director repeated "hello" several times before I could find any words with which to answer him.

"Yes, of course - if that is the case - how could anyone refuse - or should one? What is the matter? Has everyone in Berlin lost his mind? Hello... Hello.... Are you still there?" A weak and trembling voice: "Yes I am here Madame. We will discuss all that later. Please! Now when can you come for an interview. Your expenses will be paid - There is no limit in this connection. Please believe me. No limit."

"No limit? What is the matter with the Berlin Opera? Have you all become millionaires?"

"Yes - - perhaps. Please hold your questions until we meet. The main thing is that you agree in principle to giving guest appearances in Berlin. That is all which is important."

"Ye Gods - you are so ceremonious, Herr Director! Why shouldn't I agree in principle if there is no limit to the fee? What do you think I am? We are not millionaires in Vienna."

"You are quite right. Why shouldn't you agree in principle? That was a remarkably sensible answer, Frau Kammerzaengerin. You will hear the details."

"Wait - I can't come this month. I have a Premiere. But I will



be in Germany next month for concerts. I could see you then perhaps --  
Auf Wiedersehen.

"Wait, wait Madame, a moment ! Can't you cancel the Premiere ?  
The Berlin Opera would reimburse you for any costs you might have."

"Cancel the Premiere ?" ( I had almost said: "have you lost your  
mind? But one can't say that to a director. How could one imagine  
that a director could lose his mind. Impossible ! ) Can't they wait  
one month ?"

"With difficulty Madame. But if it must be... Auf Wiedersehen."

A few weeks later I sang a recital in Germany, I have forgotten  
exactly where. In the middle of a song I sensed a mounting unrest in  
the audience. This irritated me and I tried to shut it out by concentra-  
ting very hard - but suddenly right before my nose stood an usher or  
whatever he was, panting for breath and trying with every contortion  
to interrupt me in the middle of my song. He didn't know me. I closed  
my eyes and sang on accompanied by an increasing murmur of excitement  
in the audience... When finally I finished the song I leaned down  
toward the shameless intruder and very annoyed whispered: "What is the  
matter? How could you interrupt me ?"

He gave me an imploring look and I could see that he was trembling...

His Excellency, The Minister of Education is calling you on the  
telephone.

I laughed into the poor Man's face and said to his horror: "I will  
come when I have finished my group. How dare you interrupt me..."

To-day I wonder that he didn't faint and am curious whether he  
dared to repeat my harmless remark.

In any case I sang the group to an end. When I finished, the audience  
was so paralyzed that it forgot to applaud. Later I came to know the  
meaning of that awed silence and sense of foreboding. Undoubtedly they

realized that I might have fallen into disfavor and was perhaps about to be dragged away to a concentration camp. Of this I had no idea at the time though I can't understand how I could have been so ignorant.

In any case I took my time getting to the telephone. When I picked up the receiver Goering's adjutant was at the other end. With military abruptness he said: "His Excellency wishes to send his plane for you. Where do you wish it sent, Madame?"

I found this very amusing.

"Well if I am to choose - why not my hotel window?"

Stony silence...

"Hello, - are you there?"

"Madame, the plane will await you at the airport of this city punctually at 11 o'clock to-morrow morning. May I request that you also be punctual. Good-bye."

I was.

Soldiers were standing guard and when I tried to pass through their lines to reach the glittering plane, they barred my way.

But my name worked wonders: I was immediately led through their ranks as if I were nothing short of a princess - and then I found myself sitting quite alone in the immensity of the plane...

Flying was still a new and marvellous experience for me - and I hugely enjoyed being swept over the clouds toward a new fate.

But there above the clouds <sup>was</sup> ~~must have been~~ some power which protected me... Not only during this romantic flight but later in keeping me from making ~~any~~ rash decisions and falling into unsuspected traps. Yes - a power which protected me and said: "This life shall not end now... It must go on. It shall not be destroyed by the force of a criminal..." For of one thing I am certain: had I remained in Germany I would have ended in a concentration camp. I can never hold my tongue and with my

almost perverse straightforwardness and inability to restrain myself there would have been no hope for me... I was saved from a terrible fate. I am grateful to the depths of my being.

The Director was awaiting me on the landing field. He seemed different. He was much thinner and his face looked tired and strained. As we drove to Berlin he tried to make it clear to me that the times had changed enormously.

"Above everything else be careful and think before you say anything" he whispered this as he looked anxiously at the chauffeur who on the other side of the glassed window certainly could <sup>not</sup> hear a word of what ~~we~~ were saying.

"Why are you whispering? He can't hear us."

"You can never be sure, - let me do the talking, it is much better that you say nothing..."

"Unless you kill me, that is impossible..."

He looked at me with a horror which I didn't at all understand.

"Don't joke about things like that" - his voice trembled noticeably.

After a silence only broken by the sound of his breathing, he seemed to control himself: "His Excellency is very much interested in you. He wants you for the Berlin Opera - not only as a guest artist but as a permanent member."

"I love Vienna. I wouldn't dream of leaving it permanently."

"What would you say if I tell you in confidence that you can make any demands you ~~might~~ care to. Any at all - and I means this literally. Name a fee and it will be agreed upon. Mention any personal desire, make any condition, - everything will be agreed to."

I didn't understand.

"Has everyone here lost his mind?"

He gave a deep sigh. "Yes - perhaps that is true. Yes. But you



can take advantage of this craziness. Only: for heaven's sake be careful and don't say everything you think. His Excellency is very sensitive - you must never annoy him. Do you understand? You must not annoy him under any condition..."

"It sounds to me rather as though I were being thrown to the lions..."

For the first time a smile played about his mouth.

"Perhaps. His Excellency has a tame lioness. She is his favorite. It would be a good idea to say something about being fond of lions."

"I can say that, for it is a fact. I love any animal. In any case at the moment a lioness seems to me far less terrifying than your noble boss, and why are you so dreadfully formal? No one can hear what we are saying."

He only answered with an anxious glance: "I hope..."

We drove into the Ministry - everywhere soldiers, everywhere swastikas, everywhere Heil-Hitler salutes... It all seemed to me like bad theatre and I said so. The Director was seized with a violent attack of coughing. I am sure he only coughed so loudly that no one could hear what I was saying. This seemed impossible anyway...

Goering kept us waiting. He was at a parade and we were to make ourselves comfortable, - this was the message left for us. Comfortable... Everytime I opened my mouth the Director looked as if he was about to jump down my throat. I gradually took to silence as this seemed too stupid. My stomach also began to revolt. Parade or no parade, I wanted to eat.

I said so to the Director, whose only answer was a melancholy smile. Finally he remarked with a sigh: "One learns to wait in the ante chamber, believe me, one learns to..."

I want to be strictly truthful, so I don't want to say with certainty that the arrival of the Minister of Education was heralded

by trumpets... Perhaps my imagination betrays me. It seems to me that he didn't enter like an ordinary human being, that there was something theatrical about his arrival - but perhaps I am mistaken. I remember definitely a very heavy man in a light blue uniform who entered quickly, greeted me with an exceedingly polite and friendly manner and immediately excused himself - "just a moment, I must first exercise my horse."

Why this horse had to be exercised at this particular moment was not quite clear to me but I soon grasped the intention of the bold rider: childish enough he wanted to parade before me, to impress me, so he pranced about astride his magnificent horse, glamorously attired in a striking uniform, his bulging chest dotted with an incredible array of medals... He rode once around the garden and I watched from the balcony like a modest and romantic mediaeval maiden lost in admiration of her rider. It was very hard not to laugh. My poor stomach rumbled audibly when Goering <sup>returning</sup> ~~as he returned~~ announced that he must first take a shower.

We waited.

In the meantime Emmy Sonnemann arrived, looking very lyrical and pretty. Our conversation was halting to say the least. Of what could one talk with this swastika-decorated Bruennhilde? We were unable to establish any contact but she was very nice and tried hard to entertain me.

At last: the number one glamor boy of Germany! He wore a kind of tennis outfit. My military information is too limited to be able to say whether the light jacket he wore was part of a uniform. He was carrying a riding whip, and a broad knife was fastened in his belt. Strangely enough he used the knife later to cut his bread...

You will probably find it very difficult to believe what I tell about this unusual luncheon. This is just another of those times when the actual truth seems more incredible than the most daring lie. I shall try to tell simply and clearly what has remained etched on my memory.

Goering came to the point immediately.

"I have read of your success in America" he said as he chewed, "and I had a sleepless night on your account!"

"That was rather premature" I answered challengingly. Emmy slowly turned her head and inspected me reflectively. The Director coughed lightly.

"Yes, I was thinking about your future. Now you have earned quite a lot of money and you will probably put it in a bank in Vienna where the Jews will take it away from you."

"How could they. It would be perfectly safe there. But in any case I don't need anyone else to lose my money for me - I can get rid of it myself all too quickly. I have never been successful at saving anything..."

"Yes, but what about your future? What will become of you later on?"

"Oh there is plenty of time to think of that. Anyway I will have my pension from the Vienna Opera."

That made him laugh. It was an evil laugh and I began to feel uncomfortable.

"The Vienna Opera! Austria! Do you find it amusing to sing for Schuschnigg?"

"I don't sing for Schuschnigg - I sing for the world - but by the way Schuschnigg is charming."

Tableau!



The Director really seemed to have a bad cold. He coughed violently and I noticed that he <sup>o</sup>wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

Goering scarcely reacted to my thoughtless remark. He laid his knife and ~~winding~~ whip on the table, looked at me in a friendly way and said smiling: "For the moment let us forget about Vienna. Let us rather talk about your contract."

"Which contract?"

"With the Berlin Opera."

I don't know what egged me on. I paid no attention to the Director's imploring glance and said very quietly:

"I am not accustomed to discussing a contract in the ~~presence~~ of a knife and a whip."

Later the Director told me that I had taken my life in my hands and would most certainly have regretted this bold repartee if Goering hadn't had a weakness for me. I can't say I felt flattered. I am sure Goering was attracted to very many women. It was probably a new experience for him to be approached without any apparent fear and in a certain sense he may have found this fearlessness intriguing. Certainly ~~if~~ this was the case he very much overrated me. I am fundamentally the greatest coward imaginable and had I had any notion of the true nature of the man sitting before me, I would have fainted from fear. As it was I enjoyed the fruits of his misjudgment and really amused myself hugely with him. Now as I look back ~~upon this~~, knowing what he really was, I feel as though I had been skating over the thinnest of ice with no thought for the abyss beneath my feet...

Goering himself ~~suggested~~ the amount of the fee. I don't remember what it was but it seemed absolutely phantastic. Had I asked for double the amount he would probably have agreed but as it was I was quite overcome by its magnificence...

Goering asked me repeatedly if I didn't have any other wishes which he could fulfill. Aside from the stupendous fee, a life pension of a thousand marks a month - at that time a sizable sum, - a villa which he wanted to give me, a riding horse which was to be placed at my disposal - and incidentally included the possibility of frequent visits with him in the Tiergarten...

His friend Emmy sat through this conversation, very silent, very sweet, watching him and me. I would give a penny for her thoughts.

Again he asked if I didn't have any further wishes. I just couldn't be serious any longer and said flippantly: "Yes a castle on the Rhine..." This ridiculous remark which ~~was~~ of course <sup>was</sup> only made in fun was later quoted all over Germany: "Did you know - Lehmann actually demanded a castle on the Rhine!" This seems to me almost the best joke of the whole story...

Of course Goering had some requests of his own. He took it as a matter of course that I would not sing outside of Germany. "You shall not go out into the world" he said dramatically, "the world shall come to us when they wish to hear you..."

I did not agree.

"But doesn't an artist belong to the world? Why should I limit myself to a single country? Music is an international language and as one of its representatives I want to sing everywhere throughout the world!"

Goering turning crimson ~~turned on me~~ <sup>GAVE</sup> an icy stare:

"Before everything else you are a German, are you not?"

Just as I was on the point of giving a very vigorous answer I caught a glance from the Director. His expression of deathly horror silenced me. Later he told me that my answer would have been fatal for me and that he was grateful for my silence. A silence which was more than he dared hope for after all my thoughtless remarks, which would

certainly have spelled my doom if Goering hadn't taken to me and been in a jovial mood.

I half agreed to the contract with the Berlin Opera. I didn't take the warning about being restricted to singing in Germany seriously. Nor did I take seriously any of the things ~~were~~ were like an underlying threat. I only understood that this was a contract which no one could possibly refuse unless ~~one~~ had taken leave of ~~one's~~ senses...

Goering ordered that the contract be drawn up immediately and sent to me. Then he added: "I give you my personal guarantee for everything which I have promised you."

We then talked about critics - I have no idea how this subject came up. Goering gave a strange smile: "You will never have a bad criticism here. I guarantee that too."

"How can you? What if I have sung badly and deserve it?"

"If I think that you are good, no critic may dare to have another opinion. Anyone who dared that would be liquidated."

This seemed so absurd I couldn't keep from laughing. I never dreamed that he was bitterly serious. That seemed too much to believe. It could only be a joke, a childish one and in rather bad taste at that.

Later on when I read descriptions of Goering I thought he must have changed very much in his outward appearance. He was often described as looking uncanny and sickly. I have even read that he used make-up and gave the impression of being insane. I neither saw nor felt any of this when I met him. He was already stout and very much over dressed but he looked more like a fat good natured young man. He even had a kind of charm, strange as it may seem. At any rate he had it at that luncheon. He laughed loudly and often - and even his threatening remark about the unhappy critics seemed a joke as he made it... How could I suspect the horrors concealed behind this brow?



Emmy had scarcely spoken. Only once she had said softly and with an air of awed rapture: "And what a joy it will be for you to have the opportunity to sing for our Fuehrer!"

I don't know what I murmured in reply. I only remember the imploring, commanding glances of the Director at this moment.

But I think Emmy had taken in everything and I don't believe she took me to her heart....

Goering very cleverly arranged to get me alone with him into a corner while his Emmy talked with the Director. He devoured me with glances which it is just as well Emmy couldn't see....

"You shall have whatever you desire," he said softly and pressingly. "You will find all your wishes fulfilled before you have a chance to express them."

I felt very nervous before these eyes and was much relieved when Emmy interrupted ~~our~~ <sup>their</sup> tete-a-tete. She walked along the sunlit terrace (she had had lunch in the garden by the way) and her feline grace reminded me of a blond and beautiful lioness. A lioness! I remembered what the Director had told me.

"By the way, I have heard you have a lioness. May I see her?"

"Yes, certainly. We will go to her cage."

"Oh - I have seen plenty of lions in cages. No, please let her come here so I may see her in freedom..."

"How such a coward as I could ask anything so crazy I can't imagine. But everything had seemed so unreal and theatrical that my feeling for drama seemed to covet a climax for all this idiotic play. It must have been that. Certainly the others present did not share my enthusiasm. The Director turned pale, Emmy wrinkled her forehead and said softly: "Our Fuehrer is very concerned for the precious life of our Minister. The lioness is much too big to be a plaything. We all tremble for the life of His Excellency."

For heaven's sake - this time I really seemed to have put my foot in it! I felt rather sick - but I wouldn't for the world let anyone know it. I smiled at Goering with trembling lips and repeated

my request.

I often think that all this was only a dream.

That I have only dreamed a tremendous lioness came into the room and crept around me hissing as it moved, - that I caressed its head knowing that Goering was watching <sup>me</sup> expectantly and that the Lord High Minister of Education threw himself with the lioness upon the sofa and rolled around with her like a wild youth. Without any question the lioness loved him. Perhaps she was the only creature on earth who did love him - devotedly, without any ~~question or~~ suspicion. And without any respect. With great delight Goering told of how ~~she~~ he had recently torn off the seat of a man's pants when he was standing on a ladder trying to hang a picture.

"The fellow almost died of fear" Goering said laughing. He found this frightfully amusing...

I stood near the window. The lion crept nearer and put her paws on the window/sill. And she and Goering and I looked out together. This thought always amuses me. Goering, the lioness and I. Sometimes I should like to paint this scene. It pictures me in such an heroic light. "The German woman who knew no fear." Between two beasts of which far the least dangerous was the lioness ...

On the way back to the airport as I sat in the car with the Director I almost laughed myself to death over all these experiences. He did not share my amusement.

"That was a dreadful luncheon for me" he said. "You don't seem to have the faintest conception of what you dared."

"But the lioness was really very tame..."

"The lioness, yes, but who is saying anything about the lioness! By the way you can play with your life all you want to, but you should have realized that I was there too. I have now interest in the lioness

He turned to me with a look of strange terror. "Yes, I don't want to be torn apart by a wild beast."

I did a great wrong to the Director: when the contract arrived it contained no word of all that had <sup>been</sup> promised me, so as is my way, I replied saying quite openly and freely what I thought. He showed this letter which had been intended only for his eyes, to Goering. I was furious about this and considered it a breach of confidence. To-day I realize that he had no choice and was forced to show it. Who knows how many had read this letter before it even reached him. I am quite sure of this, for it was the way things were done in Germany in the days of the Nazis. If he had not shown the letter it would have been the end of the Director. The physical end... I know this now and forgive him with all my heart.

I had written that I did not agree to singing only in Germany. And where was the guarantee for all the extravagant promises? What would happen if Goering should lose his position or his power??? And how would there be any opportunity for guest appearances in Vienna and America which I would always love ?

The result of the letter, which I later heard was shown to the "Fuehrer", was a ban on my singing in Germany. (I am afraid the "Fuehrer's" rage over this letter cost the German Reich another carpet!)

Goering himself dictated the reply to me - a letter which was replete with insults and deluged me with a volcano of rage and hate.

This closed the chapter of Germany for me.

In later years this government tried to induce me to return to Vienna. I mean of course the Nazis. Everything would be forgiven and forgotten. I would be received with open arms. But I knew better now. My eyes had been opened to the criminality of those who ruled there and nothing could persuade me to return. I met my Viennese lawyer on the Riviera where I had some concerts. He told me he had been instructed



to urge me to return. When my answer was a decided "No" his face  
brightened and, with that <sup>turning of the head</sup> ~~look~~ so characteristic of those poor persecuted  
people who must be sure no one is listening before they dare open their  
mouths, he said softly: "I am very glad."

# Dr. Michael Kater's Version

## Kater's Summary of Lehmann's Story

The meeting with Göring had come about because she had received a telephone call in Vienna from the Opera director, saying that Göring personally was inviting her to Berlin for “a few guest appearances.” Doubting any great material benefits, Lehmann wanted to dismiss the invitation right on the telephone. But the director assured her that “you will get whatever you ask.” The singer then agreed to come to Berlin for an interview during a recital tour to Germany in four weeks’ time. Sometime later, when she was giving a concert in a German town, an official tried to interrupt her in mid-song to get her to answer a telephone call: it was the minister’s adjutant. He was brief: “Madame Lehmann, we shall be expecting you here at the aerodrome at eleven o’clock tomorrow morning. May I ask you not to be late.”

The next morning she was making her way to Göring’s plane. Soldiers were barring her, but her name worked wonders: “I was escorted as if I had been at least a princess.” After arrival at the Berlin airport, the director was waiting for her. “He looked thin, and his face seemed tired and anxious.” He was nervous, and at one time his voice was trembling, because he was afraid Lehmann would be too forthright with His Excellency. After regaining control of himself, he said that Göring wanted the singer for the Berlin Opera, “not only as a guest artist, but as a permanent member of the company.” Any conditions and personal wishes would be granted, as long as she did not anger Göring.

At the Education Ministry, Göring kept them waiting; it happened to be Hitler’s birthday. Finally, Göring’s fiancée Emmy Sonnemann entered, and then the minister, with a riding crop and a wide knife in his belt. After some bantering, which included stabs at Lehmann’s personal friend, the Austrian Chancellor Kurt von Schuschnigg, Göring broached the subject of a contract with the Preussische Staatsoper. But she said to him, under the imploring looks of the director: “I am

not in the habit of discussing contracts between a knife and a whip.” (Later the director told Lehmann this remark could have gotten her into a lot of trouble, but it was probably a new experience for Göring to be so challenged, and her fearlessness obviously pleased him.) The singer was then offered a fee, “a fantastic amount. I think I could have asked double.” She would also be given a villa, a life pension of a thousand marks per month, and a riding horse, so that she could have morning rides with Göring. When he asked for a special wish, the singer mentioned, laughingly, “Oh yes! I should like a castle on the Rhine.” This later made the rounds in all of Germany. In concurring, Göring expected the prima donna never to sing outside of Germany again. When Lehmann protested and insisted that music was an international language, Göring reminded her icily that she was, “first and foremost,” a German. At this point the director was looking on in “deathly terror.” So Lehmann half agreed to a contract with Berlin, taking the Germany-only provision not too seriously. Göring, “highly delighted,” ordered the contract to be drawn up at once, adding his personal guarantees for everything promised. Lehmann laughed at Göring’s additional remark that no critic would be allowed to write bad notices, otherwise he would be “liquidated.” Sonnemann, although suspicious of her fiancée’s interest in the diva, had been rather silent thus far, except for saying: “What good fortune it will be for you to be allowed to sing for our Führer!”

After lunch, Lehmann remembered that the timid director had mentioned in the limousine that the minister had a lioness. In order to further relieve the tension, she now asked if she could see the feline, not in the cage, but free. The director blanched, while Sonnemann frowned and averred that Hitler was too concerned over the “priceless life of His Excellency” to have it put at risk. Nonetheless, Göring delighted in telling Lehmann that the lioness had recently clawed at a workman’s trousers, so that “the coward nearly died of fright.” Then the lioness entered, came over to the singer, “and she, Göring and I looked out of the window.” On the way back to the airport, the director expressed how frightful a day this had been for him, and that she did not have the slightest idea of what she was risking.

When Lehmann received the contract, “it contained no word about all that Göring had promised,” and so she complained to the director, in a “very honest



and frank letter.” This letter, intended solely for himself, he showed to Göring and Hitler. But at the time of committing her reminiscences to paper, Lehmann had forgiven him, for he had had no choice. Because it was intercepted, the letter must have been read by many others before him. “Had he tried to keep the letter secret, it might well have meant his end.”

For in it Lehmann had said that she refused to sing only in Germany and that the guarantee “for all the extravagant promises” was missing. “And what would happen if Göring were to lose his position?” And where were the opportunities for “guest appearances” in America and her “beloved Vienna”?

The result was that henceforth Lehmann was “forbidden to sing in Germany.” Reportedly, when Hitler saw the letter, he had a fit and may well have chewed through yet another carpet. Göring dictated a reply, “a terrible letter, full of insults and low abuse. A real volcano of hate and revenge.”

Lehmann concluded her story with the remarks: “That was the end of Germany for me. Hitler’s Germany!” Later the Nazis tried to get her back with promises; all would be forgiven and forgotten. Her Viennese lawyer was commissioned to persuade her to return when she was concertizing on the Riviera. However, “my eyes had been opened to their crimes, and nothing would have induced me to return.”<sup>2</sup>

## Kater’s Analysis of the Story

...[the preceding Lehmann manuscript] was based on an actual meeting in Berlin with Göring and Heinz Tietjen, the director of the Prussian State Opera, whom she never mentioned by name, on April 20, 1934. But the course and consequences of this meeting were different from what Lehmann had written. Before she published her carefully constructed story, she had penned a few drafts to be used in building a personal legacy for Lotte Lehmann, the anti-Nazi and almost-resistance fighter against the Third Reich. In order to support this victim legend and add to her heroic image over time, she allowed bits and pieces of this tale to slip out, as soon as she thought it was both safe and expedient to do so. The legend grew, commensurate with her increasing conviction that as a professional alternative to Vienna her old haunts in Berlin were losing currency and America

as a potential playing field was gaining profile. In America, the legend had to be accepted as nothing less than truth.

In the summer of 1934, as soon as Lehmann knew that a contract with Berlin would not materialize and certain that as a Jew he would sympathize, she informed her Paris agent, Heinz Friedlaender, that because of the “scandal” with Göring she had declined his offer.<sup>3</sup> Half a year later in America, she found it opportune to tell the influential journalist Marcia Davenport that Göring had tried to confine all her singing to German stages and that “on artistic grounds” she refused and was flown back to Vienna.<sup>4</sup> A few months later, *The New York Times* learned from her that she had not sung in Germany for the last two seasons.<sup>5</sup> To an old Hamburg friend she wrote in 1936 that she had been asked to sever all business ties with Jews—something that she did not even mention later in her 1966 story.<sup>6</sup> The story about the Jews she complemented in 1938, after the Anschluss of Austria, with the assertion that she would have left Central Europe even if she had had nothing to do with Jews.<sup>7</sup> Later that was amplified to mean that she herself had been accused by Göring of having “a Jewish junk-dealer’s soul” and that she could not have returned “without endangering my life.”<sup>8</sup> By 1940 she was telling her friends that she was banned from Germany and prohibited from singing there.<sup>9</sup>

As Lehmann slipped more and more into the role of a personal enemy of Hermann Göring, she fabricated a broader political canvas against which to view this very specific fate. Here she employed two scenarios interchangeably, an older one that artists always like to use—that of an essentially apolitical person<sup>10</sup>—and a newer and sharper one fitting the increasingly monstrous reputation of the Nazis: that of an all around enemy of fascism. She invented the persona of an outspoken adversary of Göring, who stood on principle, for her Hamburg friend in 1935, and that of an enemy of racism when writing another German friend now living in Atlanta, Georgia, whose husband was a Jew.<sup>11</sup> After World War II, her standard line was that she had always been a fanatical opponent of National Socialism, that the Nazis knew this and hence compelled her to leave Central Europe for “purely political reasons.”<sup>12</sup> She reached the apex of such argumentation when she maintained, in 1955, that many in America thought she herself was Jewish, “because I was such a fanatical anti-Nazi.”<sup>13</sup>

Lehmann's efforts bore much fruit, of the kind that she had wished to seed. Already in 1948 Friedelind Wagner, a great friend of conductor Arturo Toscanini, helped cement her anti-Nazi political reputation when she wrote that Göring had given the singer a choice "of accepting engagements in Germany only or finding the borders closed to her for ever."<sup>14</sup> This was more loosely interpreted by others to mean that Lehmann had been "summoned to Berlin" and that the man who had intercepted her song in Dresden had been an SS officer.<sup>15</sup> It was said that Lehmann had "renounced her native Germany" in 1933 and, being expressly forbidden, had not performed there after Hitler's ascension to power. Lehmann's friend Erika Mann, who simply loved her lion story, conductor Wilhelm Furtwängler's former secretary Berta Geissmar, fellow soprano Astrid Varnay, and Lehmann's first biographer, Beaumont Glass, all pandered to the last-mentioned myth.<sup>16</sup> Lehmann, just as she had made it out to be, was credited with political acumen and courage for having stood up to Göring and Hitler (who, one source said, had personally been behind the summons) by protesting vigorously against the criminal regime.<sup>17</sup> Thus, "trembling with rage, she walked out."<sup>18</sup> And she of course would have been mercilessly persecuted, had she stayed, what with her prior massive protests in the name of humanity.<sup>19</sup>

What really happened can be explained on the basis of correspondence that Lehmann later thought was lost but that, having survived World War II, I discovered in an obscure archive in Vienna in 2003. The events that transpired did so as the result of a confluence of two themes: one the planned reformation of the Prussian Staatsoper, the other the professional ambitions of Lotte Lehmann. As far as the Opera was concerned, its fate after Hitler's *Machtergreifung* was in the hands of three men: Hermann Göring, Director Heinz Tietjen, and Richard Strauss. Göring was president of the German Reichstag in Berlin after the Nazis' landslide parliamentary victory in July 1932, and even before the Nazis' final triumph on January 30, 1933, he met with Tietjen to discuss the Opera's future. Göring, with his educated upper-middle-class background, knew that he would be appointed not education minister, as Lehmann had written, knowing it was wrong, but minister president and minister of the interior of Prussia. In both capacities the State Opera would fall within his jurisdiction. By no means ignorant of traditional culture and its consumers, he desired as little change in Prussia's



cultural landscape as possible—unlike his rival Joseph Goebbels, who as Reich propaganda minister would soon assume control over most other cultural institutions in Germany. For his purposes Göring was counting on the proved expertise of the urbane Tietjen, wanting him to maintain the Prussian Staatsoper in its traditional form and, if possible, even to upgrade it, for it had suffered much during the ongoing Depression. Goebbels, meanwhile, was in charge of the municipal Berlin Opera over which Tietjen had lost stewardship in 1930, trying to propel it in a more pronouncedly National Socialist direction and thereby diluting its quality.<sup>20</sup>

Tietjen, not anything like the pusillanimous weakling as whom Lehmann had characterized him in her 1966 story (and as she herself had never known him during prior engagements in Berlin), but instead a totally controlled, manipulatively aware if enigmatic figure, seized upon this opportunity to remain in his accustomed position of influence also under the Nazis. Cognizant of standards, he could not but agree with Göring that the Staatsoper needed improvement and that Goebbels's half-baked ambitions at the municipal Opera would have to be checked. Tietjen, who had been given *carte blanche* by Göring after January 1933, also may have realized chances to shield veteran Jewish artists who otherwise would have been curtailed in their professional activities, if not driven out of the country. (He thus protected the conductor Leo Blech and others for 8 years.)<sup>21</sup> Regarding all of this, he knew himself to be in agreement with Strauss, potentially an additional check on Goebbels, because the composer had been elevated to the presidency of the Reich Music Chamber created by the Reich propaganda minister by November 1, 1933. If the State Opera could maintain, or even improve, the artistic quality of its core performers and salvage a traditional repertory, Goebbels would get nowhere with his municipal stage. Since Tietjen and Strauss were old friends, the director could introduce the composer to Göring and hence deploy him against Goebbels.

For his part, Strauss was looking for allies in achieving broader reform goals; hence while he engaged in discussions about music policy with Minister Goebbels, he also met with Hitler and conferred with Göring, in the second half of 1933 and early 1934.<sup>22</sup> He told Göring not only that his Opera would need more money, but also that the repertory would have to be moved more out of the French and

Italian realms and into the German one. For Opera singers, he deplored the low wage ceilings so long enforced by a semi-official stage lobby and, having consulted about this beforehand with Tietjen, urged the establishment of a “special class” of singers, who should receive superior emoluments, not least to forestall their notorious practice of absconding to America.<sup>23</sup> Göring responded jovially that he had already neutralized that lobby and that, in accordance with Tietjen’s views, he was planning to attract “great artists” to Berlin at once. He was especially looking to Vienna and wanted Strauss’s help in making his stage, the Prussian State Opera, “the best Opera in the world.”<sup>24</sup>

These plans fortuitously coincided with Lehmann’s personal ambition to get away from Vienna as much as possible around that time, either by singing more in the New World or, as she had contemplated so often before, by establishing a more or less permanent base in Berlin, close to her small home town. All politics aside, money and enhanced career opportunities seem to have been her only motivation. The question then arises how much she knew about the Nazis both in Austria and Germany and, if she did know, how much she was affected by moral qualms. In Vienna, she must have been aware that up to one-third of the Vienna Opera’s orchestra members were National Socialists—openly until the Dollfuss regime declared that party’s Austrian branch illegal in July 1933.<sup>25</sup> Even before Hitler’s *Machtergreifung*, Lehmann’s German concerts were reviewed favorably by the Nazi daily *Völkischer Beobachter*—at least one notice she clipped and pasted into her scrapbook like all the others but, in this case only, carefully penciled in the provenance.<sup>26</sup> One day before Hitler took power, on January 29, 1933, she was singing, with Bruno Walter at the piano, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, and two days later she was a guest of the German ambassador in Washington, while the Jewish Walter stayed away.<sup>27</sup> One wonders how she reacted to Walter’s experience of being booted out of his permanent guest conductor posts in Leipzig and Berlin in March.<sup>28</sup> Walter, already an Austrian citizen, chose Salzburg as his new European base, and there were many other German musicians who provisionally moved to Austria and could have made Lehmann think.<sup>29</sup> Her admired friend Toscanini headed a much-publicized protest against Hitler in April, which eventually resulted in his refusal to conduct at the Bayreuth Festival.<sup>30</sup> In late summer, her regular accompanist, the Jewish pianist Ernő Balogh,

described to her the plight of her Berlin agent, Erich Simon, also Jewish, whom he knew to be on the run from the Nazis and who had had a terrible breakdown, while Walter conjured up memories of the past and implored her to keep the faith. At the same time Lehmann thought nothing of writing to her Odeon record producer in Berlin, recommending a German friend for a job, whom she described as very qualified and “(very important!) in the National Socialist Party.”

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Indeed, after January 30, 1933, Lehmann continued her German professional contacts as if nothing had happened. The fact that both Strauss and Furtwängler, two of her favorite conductors, were ostensibly in the service of the Third Reich early on merely reinforced her.<sup>32</sup> That she might create Arabella for Strauss’s new opera in Dresden in July was not an issue for her, and when she canceled her role before the premiere, it was not meant as an embargo of Hitler’s regime. During 1933, she gave six performances in Nazi Germany and managed two recording dates, and she enjoyed vacationing on the North Sea island of Sylt during June and July.<sup>33</sup> That on November 9, a Nazi High Holiday, she performed at the Gewandhaus in Leipzig, Walter’s old haunt, must have been particularly galling to the conductor. On November 13, she sang in Berlin under Furtwängler’s baton, as Strauss was initiating the Reich Music Chamber there. Strauss’s friend Hugo Rasch, a Storm Trooper and music critic at the *Völkischer Beobachter*, enthused that Lehmann’s art was opening a new era of Nazi-organized music in the Third Reich, lauding her “unblemished way with song.”<sup>34</sup> But later in the month, after observing this activity, if not Walter himself, his wife Else had had enough. In an earnest letter, she took Lehmann to task for her insensitivity, merely for the sake of money, while decent artists such as Toscanini were placing sanctions on the country. “How I deplore the fact that you sing so much in Germany,” Else Walter wrote. “You know very well that all artists who have been excluded from Germany, Aryan and non-Aryan, German and foreign, heartwarmingly declared their mutual solidarity and stayed away. It would have pleased me if you, too, had joined that protest and intermittently had turned your back on Germany.”<sup>35</sup>

The contact between Lehmann and Göring was facilitated, over several months in 1933 and 1934, by Furtwängler, Tietjen, and Robert Heger. Heger had been at the Vienna Staatsoper as a deputy conductor since 1925 and was heard in



competent performances during several German seasons under Bruno Walter at London's Covent Garden. He and Lehmann had become good friends. Strauss was dismissive of him, because of the uninspired way in which he handled his operas.<sup>36</sup> He had been born 1886 in Strasbourg when it was part of Bismarck's Reich, but now it was the capital of French Alsace, which Heger could not accept. Driven by nationalism, he was in the process of creating an opera, *The Lost Son*, which had as its main theme "the swarming of peoples back into their home-specific landscape spaces."<sup>37</sup> Embedded in such convoluted language was a *völkisch* theme in the manner of the Nazis, who were now constantly wallowing in blood-and-soil propaganda. Indeed, after the political sea change in Germany Heger had given notice to the Vienna Staatsoper, so that in September 1933 he could start in a new deputy conductor post under Tietjen in Berlin. (He formally joined the Nazi Party four years later.)<sup>38</sup> Since his relationship with Furtwängler was as excellent as his relations with Lehmann, he eagerly supported the maestro's attempt to engage the soprano for Arabella performances in Berlin.<sup>39</sup>

While these appearances did not materialize, on October 30 Lehmann concertized with the Berlin Philharmonic under Furtwängler, and in preparing for this event, the two artists' mutual respect deepened.<sup>40</sup> The concert itself, in which Lehmann sang three Strauss songs, was a huge success.<sup>41</sup> Meanwhile Heger had learned, whether from Tietjen or Furtwängler, about the Strauss-backed reformation scheme involving the Berlin Staatsoper. Sometime in November, after he had set some of the singer's own poems to music, he got together with her to discuss this matter, and since Lehmann did not wish to appear too eager by approaching anyone in Berlin directly, they decided that Heger should speak with Furtwängler about her possible relocation to Berlin. Furtwängler immediately approached Göring, who was totally in favor. An opera lover himself, Göring naturally knew who Lehmann was; but the fact that the actress Käthe Dorsch, a former intimate, was the singer's friend may also have helped. Heger had suggested a Berlin engagement on a trial basis—guest performances at the Berlin Staatsoper for at least 1,500 marks each, which was Lehmann's current German rate, and she agreed that this was a good starting point.<sup>42</sup>

The matter then took its course. In early February of 1934 Tietjen telegraphed Lehmann in New York, asking her if she could return to Vienna via

Berlin to discuss these prospects. In two subsequent letters he explained that the Staatsoper was seeking an exclusive contract with her (to eclipse Goebbels's municipal Opera), and that she should try to reserve as many non-Vienna vacation days for Berlin as possible. The Prussian minister president was enchanted, and her honorarium would be generous. Back in Vienna in late March, Lehmann talked to Tietjen on the telephone and, extremely pleased, in principle agreed to a forthcoming contract.<sup>43</sup> On April 2, Göring personally sent her a telegram, expressing his delight and offering to fly her to Berlin in his private airplane, to meet with her in person and calibrate the contract.<sup>44</sup> Lehmann cabled him thanks with all her heart and asked him for his plane on April 20, in the morning at the Leipzig airport, if she could be back that night in nearby Dresden.<sup>45</sup> Ironically, on the very day of her telegram, her former Vienna agent Rudolf Bing, who as a Jew had also been forced out of Berlin, wrote her that he had just accepted a posting in Glyndebourne, England, where he had been asked by the millionaire John Christie to organize a new, permanent music festival; would Lehmann not be interested? This represented the singer's last chance to escape from the Göring affair: had she been as leery of the Third Reich as she later claimed she was, she could have chosen Bing's over Göring's invitation, thus avoiding the hot spot she was now getting herself into.<sup>46</sup>

Shortly before April 20—it would be Hitler's forty-fifth birthday—it was clear that Lehmann had to do a recital on the nineteenth in Dresden, and another one on the twenty-first in Leipzig. She would have to take a train from Dresden to Leipzig early on the twentieth and then be back in that city for the concert the next day. And so it actually happened. Göring's aide phoned during the Dresden recital to give last-minute instructions for catching the flight in Leipzig the next morning. Early on April 20, as Lehmann walked to Göring's swastika-adorned plane, "Richthofen D-2527," someone took three photographs, which show a smiling Lehmann surrounded by at least two SS guards. Upon arrival at the Berlin airport, Tietjen was waiting for her with a limousine.<sup>47</sup>

What exactly Göring, Tietjen, and Lehmann discussed at the official residence of the Prussian minister president is not known, for no minutes have survived. But much can be inferred from later comments. That a lioness was present is possible, for the eccentric Göring was known to surround himself with

lion cubs at Karinhall, his retreat in the heath northeast of Berlin, and possibly kept some near his office in cages. Lehmann could have made this up as part of her yarn, but then she would not have asked Tietjen after the war whether he remembered the “lions.”<sup>48</sup>

After the conference, which must have taken place around noon and most certainly included lunch, Lehmann sent her Vienna-based husband Otto Krause an “urgent” telegram saying: “meeting astonishingly positive. Fritz will tell all. A thousand kisses.”<sup>49</sup> She had communicated with her brother Fritz Lehmann, a voice teacher, before her husband, because his situation had been an integral part of the conversation.

Lehmann must have read much into her talk with Göring, for after her recital in Leipzig the following day, as she was proceeding to take part in the regular German season in London, she and Krause remained jubilantly expectant.<sup>50</sup> Toward the end of April and into May, as she was waiting for something final in writing from Tietjen and Krause was holding out in Vienna, she acted toward others as if the whole thing was a done deal. In particular, she gave the exiled Berlin agent Simon, who now could use the money badly, the impression that he would soon collect commission on the first twenty Berlin performances. (The poor refugee thereupon felt impelled to commend her on having secured such a wonderful arrangement with the Nazis.)<sup>51</sup> As the days were passing, Lehmann and her husband were becoming nervous to the point that Krause considered traveling to Berlin to speak with Tietjen. But the director, in control as always, let them know that such a visit was unnecessary.<sup>52</sup>

After Tietjen finally sent what he took to be a first contractual draft to London for Lehmann’s consideration, she was sorely disappointed. As far as she could discern, there was a discrepancy between what had been mentioned in Berlin and what she now was reading on paper. Her negative reaction may have been due to three factors. In Berlin, she could have taken some of Göring’s jocular remarks too seriously, as when he was promising her a castle on the Rhine. Second, by now this diva had such an elevated opinion of herself that she imagined the highest emoluments as being due her as a matter of course, both during the Berlin discussions and thereafter, hence considering them granted when they had barely been mentioned. Not least, this process was abetted by the bane



of her professional existence, which by now was greed. And third, while Göring had done all the wooing and charming at the table, Tietjen the realist had been standing silently in a corner taking notes and, after the chatting, had calculated what was doable.

Tietjen's April 26 communication to Lehmann in London consisted of a contract proposal offering her twenty guest performances per Opera season from the beginning of September, 1934, to the end of August, 1937, and more, after agreement with Vienna. Lehmann was to sing exclusively at the Staatsoper and show up regularly for rehearsals. All performance dates were to be set by mutual agreement, and she was to receive RM 550 plus a complement of 450 per event (1,000 marks combined).

What bothered Lehmann was that in order for her minimal honorarium of 1,500 to be met, an extra RM 500 was to be paid from a special minister president's fund contingent on Göring's person. "For example, he could die," she wondered in her answer, and in that case, would the Staatsoper revert to the meager basic contract? Also, her brother Fritz's appointment at the Berlin Conservatory, which she had stipulated during negotiations, was not expressly mentioned. And what about a six-room flat, should she decide to move to the German capital, and why was there no word of her being anointed a Preussische Kammersängerin? On the other hand, she had no problem certifying instantly that her pedigree was fully "Aryan."

On May 16, Tietjen's reply to this, her letter of the eleventh, was devastating. He indicated that many of the clauses in question had been inferred and not put in black and white and that she was taking excessive liberties by making assumptions, such as the gift of an apartment. Hence Göring had been furious that "a racially arch-German artist," who was a quasi-Berliner, did not feel German enough to consider serving the German people a special honor. Her sentiment as outlined, that singing only in Germany did not interest her, had struck the minister president as cynically businesslike and something one could not possibly make public in the German Reich. Besides, one had talked about a preliminary contract first and a more permanent arrangement later and mentioned that under any circumstances she would receive sufficient vacation time to sing abroad. For Göring himself had an interest in exporting the fame of

the Prussian Staatsoper, apart from fully understanding that she wanted to reap personal dividends from her international standing. As far as the money was concerned, did she not remember that there had been talk about a special bonus for her and that beyond that the Führer and Göring were in the process of establishing as a guarantee for artists like Lehmann a permanent, and generous, life pension? Regarding her brother Fritz, Tietjen had received him immediately after the audience, for a pedagogical appointment at the conservatory. This understanding, however, would now have to be revoked, as would the entire attempt to attract her services to the Prussian Staatsoper. And so, forthwith, the offer was withdrawn.<sup>53</sup>

Back in Vienna, Lehmann was shocked by Tietjen's response. On May 20 she sent a long telegram to Göring, regretting the "misunderstanding" arising from her letter and assuring the minister president that "my purely idealistic, artistic conception of my life's work is, and always has been, to carry German art into the whole world." This was part and parcel of her "international career," which she viewed not as a business, but a vocation. She pleaded with Göring to believe her and to consider the letter she had, simultaneously, sent to Tietjen.<sup>54</sup> To him she admitted having erred. By confusing the guest proposal with a subsequent permanent one, she might have given the impression of a purely business-minded woman, which, however, did not describe her true nature in the slightest. Business was a "necessary evil," rather than something to live for. It would be painful to condemn her error, for "every error is excusable."<sup>55</sup> Notwithstanding these apologies, Tietjen curtly advised her on June 5 that Göring had decided to decline her "offer."<sup>56</sup>

What had happened was that, because of Lehmann's behavior and Göring's change of heart, a contract had never materialized, as Tietjen drily observed after World War II.<sup>57</sup> When that reality had sunk in during June and July 1934, the singer had to take stock of her situation and decide what to do, vis-à-vis not only her business contacts in the Third Reich but also her new partners in America. For at the very time her recordings were being advertised in German trade magazines, she had a number of German concert dates in her appointment book, including one for Berlin in September.<sup>58</sup> Would it be politic to return? While she was pondering this dilemma, telling her Atlanta friend that the Berlin guest

performances had been voided by “a great clash,” she received a letter from a Zurich-based emergency association representing anti-Nazi refugees, asking her to join. None other than Bruno Walter had added in his handwriting that “it would be very nice if you could lend your name.” It is highly doubtful that Lehmann replied as Walter had wished, for then a carbon copy or draft of that letter would have survived in her records. Although the dealings with Göring were now over, perhaps there were other interests in the German Reich that could be salvaged—for instance, her regular income stream from the Odeon recording firm.<sup>59</sup> After Lehmann had told Erich Simon what was safe for him to hear, already in the mold of her legend-in-the-making, he advised her from Paris that for now it might be wiser not to concertize in Berlin.<sup>60</sup> But in order not to burn all her bridges at once, she accepted a recital date in Reichenhall, Bavaria, for August, which she actually kept on the twenty-fourth, and she also sang in Munich on October 17. These turned out to be her last appearances on German soil.<sup>61</sup>

At the end of August, Heinz Friedlaender informed the singer that Wolff und Sachs, Simon’s and Lehmann’s old agency in Berlin, had been instructed by Nazi authorities in a circular dated August 16, 1934, that henceforth, “a performance by Frau Lotte Lehmann in Germany was not desirable.”<sup>62</sup> That was the official death knell for her planned recital in Berlin, and it signaled that the Prussian government had briefed the Reich propaganda ministry under Goebbels, which oversaw the rest of Third Reich culture. Late in October, when Lehmann sang again in London, she mentioned in a newspaper interview that although she had been born in Germany, she could not perform in that country as it was today. This was picked up by the Nazi leader Alfred Rosenberg’s spies and carefully stored in Goebbels’s Reich Music Chamber files.<sup>63</sup> By now it was obvious that to the extent that the Nazi rulers came to resent Lotte Lehmann, she herself wanted to be seen by the world as an enemy of the Third Reich.

Yet she still had to tread lightly for two reasons. One, her brother Fritz still resided on the German island of Sylt, although he later moved to Vienna; but Austria was annexed by the Nazis on March 13, 1938. Second, she had unfinished business in Vienna. Even after the Anschluss, Lehmann wished to rescue the pension that had accrued for her at the Vienna Staatsoper and to which she was legally entitled. So she decided to risk a double game. Although persona non grata



with central authorities in Berlin and in the process of reestablishing herself in New York, she correctly surmised that far away in Vienna at the Opera, she would still be remembered fondly. Hence in April 1938 she asked the Opera administration to be officially pensioned, indicating that she was currently living in the United States.<sup>64</sup> The Nazi chief (Gauleiter) of Vienna himself granted her this request, although Opera officials held that she, because of frequent absences, could hardly be said to have fulfilled her contractual obligation since her last contract (still under Chancellor Schuschnigg) of December 1934. The other qualms aired at that time touched on her failed negotiations with Göring. Local Vienna politicians had heard that she had wanted to move to Berlin but that this had been prevented, “because the material conditions, which the artist established, were supposed to have been unacceptable.”<sup>65</sup> Nonetheless, because everybody in Vienna lovingly remembered “Our Lotte,” she was scheduled to receive a pension of 588.40 marks a month, later of varying amounts, beginning September 1, 1938, which was placed for her in escrow. Since Lehmann could not convert anything into dollars for use in the United States, the money was transferred to her mother-in-law Betty Krause in Partenkirchen, minus some taxes she owed. The funds were paid into the account until August 1941, by which time the singer had collected, altogether, close to 17,000 marks. When she met with the lawyer Alois Klee in Deauville on the French Riviera during the summer of 1938, it was not because he wanted to persuade her to return to the Reich, as stated in her lioness story, but to settle the details of her pension transfer. Her reason to meet him there was to look after her tubercular husband, en route to the United States; she did not concertize.<sup>66</sup>

In light of the fact that Lehmann, not yet a U.S. citizen, as a naturalized Austrian had automatically regained her German citizenship after the Anschluss of March 13, 1938, and Germany was at war with the western Allies by September 1939, her Vienna special treatment until August 1941 was quite extraordinary. And Lehmann did everything in her power to keep it that way. After the outbreak of war, she sent a declaration to her Viennese lawyer Klee, for use with the authorities, explaining: “My intention to visit Vienna this fall had to be reversed on account of the beginning of hostilities. I am therefore forced to continue my stay in America for the duration of the war. Because there is no other

possibility for me to return to the German Reich any time soon, I am asking for permission to retain my pension as Kammersängerin of the Vienna Staatsoper in the German Reich, despite my foreign residence.”<sup>67</sup> In February 1941, the Nazi Reich Finance Ministry expressly allowed Lehmann to reside—as a German citizen—in the United States while she was collecting her Viennese pension in escrow.<sup>68</sup>

Why the money transfer should have ended in August 1941 and not in December, when Germany declared war on the United States, can only be explained in terms of incrementally negative intelligence on her that the Gestapo was collecting and copying to Goebbels’s files as of 1940. Already in December 1938, and unbeknownst to the Viennese, who were still trying to steer an independent course from Berlin, especially in cultural affairs, the Gestapo and the Reich propaganda ministry had colluded to place Lehmann’s autobiography, *Anfang und Aufstieg*, published 1937 in Vienna, on the index. Ostensibly, the reason was that she had composed a paean to Walter and favorably mentioned other Jewish artists.<sup>69</sup> By 1942—Fritz was now safely ensconced in New York and Lehmann a recognized voice against the Nazis—the Gestapo had effectively denaturalized the singer, confiscating her property in her two Vienna residences (although in the basement of her villa near Vienna and in Fritz’s rented apartment some of her possessions had remained, including the Göring correspondence).<sup>70</sup> Owing to the Nazis, Lehmann was technically stateless from 1942 until June 1945, when she acquired American citizenship.

While in early 1934 the prima donna was hoping for a meeting with Göring even from New York, she had to be careful how she broke any of this news to her newly acquired American friends, especially since the United States was also poised to offer her professional opportunities. At this time, and until she received the disappointing tidings from Tietjen early in June, she ideally would have wanted to stay based in Vienna for security reasons, with the freedom to work as much in Nazi Germany and the United States as feasible. It became obvious to her that she would want to move from Vienna to Berlin only if the German conditions were far superior and, this was important, if she could continue her sojourns in America. The latter possibility was indeed guaranteed to her by Göring. Alternatively, in the first half of 1934 a complete move to the United States could

become viable only if she were to be overwhelmingly welcomed there (which had not exactly happened from 1930 to 1933) and if eventually she received an offer from the Metropolitan Opera in New York, which was nothing short of spectacular. As it turned out, she decided to stay in the United States permanently only in 1938, once she knew she was not wanted in the Third Reich and Vienna had become part of Hitler's empire, where her four "non-Aryan" stepchildren, from Otto Krause's first marriage to a Jew, were endangered.

Even before she sailed for America in January 1934 and then met with Göring back in Germany in April, Lehmann was perfectly aware of the disposition especially of her New York audience and of her sympathetic collaborators there. Already in 1930 it could not have escaped her that of the city's close to seven million inhabitants, up to two million were Jewish, and that New York's musical public had grown from a predominantly German-American to a German-Jewish-American one. The New York Times, which was hugely influential as a base of expert music critics, was published by the Jewish Adolph S. Ochs.<sup>71</sup> Toward the end of 1933, when the extent of Hitler's first acts of anti-Jewish discrimination had become sufficiently known, the Times was running scathing reports on the interrelationship between the decline of Berlin's musical culture and the persecution of its Jews. Ironically, Lehmann's name even figured in some of that reportage as that of one of the few foreign artists who actually consented to perform there (thus propping up the city's musical quality).<sup>72</sup> In September 1933, Lehmann's accompanist Balogh wrote her from New York that the "mood against the political Germany of today has grown considerably here." Her German Atlanta-based friend, who despite her Jewish husband became increasingly pro-Nazi, wrote her how Germany was lately being harassed in the daily U.S. press and that it was getting worse with every passing day.<sup>73</sup>

After Lehmann had left New York again at the end of March 1934, Balogh worked closely with New York manager Francis Coppicus and publicity agent Constance Hope to arrange further concert and opera dates for the 1934-35 season. All three were Jewish, as was Hope's business partner Edith Behrens. Hope and Behrens were writing sentimental letters to the singer telling her how much they missed her, and no doubt they meant it.<sup>74</sup> Lehmann's personal charisma, on and off the stage, which had already captivated thousands of Europeans, had not



failed to work on them. Apart from what might happen at the Metropolitan, which for the time being chose to keep silent, they were planning an extended tour across the Midwest to the West Coast, where Lehmann was to sing in San Francisco and Los Angeles. As Hope was writing Lehmann, in mid-April, about an assured net profit of 800 dollars (around 2,000 marks) multiplied by fifteen individual events, thus totaling about \$12,000 within two months, Lehmann fully realized her income potential in America, which could later have given her pause as she was comparing this with Göring's figures.<sup>75</sup>

As the meeting in Berlin approached, the Krause couple had to be especially careful with Hope, who then was infatuated with both. So it was at first decided to dissemble. Two days before Lehmann's Berlin date, as she was on her way to Dresden, Krause wrote to Hope that his wife had left that day for London.<sup>76</sup> Coppicus then cabled on April 28 that a San Francisco Opera engagement was in the making for November 23, with others to follow.<sup>77</sup> This startled Lehmann, who thought—her audience with Göring over—that such scheduling might interfere, that early, with the beginning of her new Berlin routine. Coppicus was in touch with the Metropolitan's Edward Ziegler, who constantly corresponded with Simon. As Lehmann's German agent, Simon knew of the Berlin arrangements at least in principle; hence the singer reasoned that it would only be a matter of time until Hope learned the truth. She therefore told Hope on May 4 that she had seen Göring and that the first twenty Berlin commitments would interfere with San Francisco; thus the West Coast had to be skipped. The news struck Hope like a thunderbolt: "Frankly, I was very much upset." Hope tried to make Lehmann change her mind, spelling out to her that a no-show on the West Coast would cost her at least \$9,600. Of course the agent, like manager Coppicus, stood to lose much money in that case herself, but Hope got to the heart of the matter when she asked what would happen if Americans learned Lehmann's reasons for the cancellation. "I am very much afraid that there will be some unpleasant publicity about your singing there. As you know, there is a somewhat strong feeling about the matter in this country. I do not believe it will affect your concerts so much out of New York, but I am afraid that it will affect your appearances here." Hope sounded a more than cautious note when she warned her friend: "I do wish you would consider this matter very seriously, as your career in this country is at such a

critical point.” There were enormous opportunities right now but they could easily be scuttled.<sup>78</sup>

On May 24, Lehmann was informed that the German-American soprano Elisabeth Rethberg had accepted the San Francisco assignment.<sup>79</sup> Lehmann, still in London, must have felt terrible, for while—after Tietjen’s first discouraging letter—she was still holding out for a last chance from Berlin, budding opportunities in America seemed to be vanishing, and her friendship with the New Yorkers was endangered. To make matters worse, by early June, after having been informed of Göring’s final decision in the Berlin matter, she received notice from the Metropolitan that she would be reengaged, but only in the relatively minor role of Octavian in Strauss’s *Rosenkavalier* and for a pittance of 330 dollars, plus insufficient funds for the crossing.<sup>80</sup> A few days later, the Metropolitan offered her four evenings at the Opera at 700 dollars each but, still short of money, continued to hedge on the fare.<sup>81</sup> It should now have been clear to Lehmann that reaching for the stars, while making a pact with the devil, had its price. After Berlin had fallen through, the Metropolitan finally came around but with less-than-perfect conditions, even though the cross-country tour looked attractive, save for the Rethberg factor. Still unreservedly on the plus side, however, Lehmann’s acolyte Hope finally wrote in June that she was “frankly, very glad that your other plan has not gone through.”<sup>82</sup> With that, the Göring episode was history.

Lotte Lehmann’s case is important, because as a famous opera star she had invented her resistance to Nazism and the Third Reich, for nothing but personal gain and career reasons. Trying to enter into a deal with Göring was bad, but covering it up as a failure for which her own avarice had been the motive was worse. None of this had been necessary, as she was now passing herself off as a refugee from Hitler. Her life had never been in danger, especially not from the safe haven she still had in Vienna and anticipating lucrative prospects in New York. Opportunistically, she was playing professional chances in Hitler’s Germany against those in the United States; that the former was a tyranny and the latter a democracy based on the inalienable rights of man never entered her mind. The historic tragedy is that she stole the legacy of moral and political resistance and used it when she did not deserve it.

As historians are working more on memory, in particular memory after the Holocaust, they are finding that Lehmann's case was not an isolated phenomenon. In artistic circles alone, one can point to several additional examples, although each one is different. After the composer Carl Orff had collaborated increasingly with the Nazi regime, he claimed, after 1945, to have been a member of the Munich student resistance led by the Scholl siblings, in order to avoid an American-imposed work boycott, and ever since, his postwar reputation as an anti-Nazi has been floated on this legend.<sup>83</sup> But until today, German historians choose to ignore this.<sup>84</sup> Equally ignored, in a recent anthology of essays on German exiles, is the behavior of Dresden conductor Fritz Busch, under whom Lehmann had premiered Christine in Strauss's opera *Intermezzo* in 1924. Busch pretended after World War II that he had been driven from his conductor's post by Saxon Nazi leaders in the spring of 1933.<sup>85</sup> Although he had been dismissed by Saxon Gauleiter Martin Mutschmann in March, it was not for ideological reasons, for Busch had never been pronouncedly anti-Nazi. Instead, Busch had committed book-keeping and scheduling errors and the chemistry between him and Mutschmann was not good. Before Busch settled in Buenos Aires, Copenhagen, and finally in British Glyndebourne, he too attempted to use Göring already in 1933, whom he knew from republican times, to get a prestigious conductor's position in Berlin. Göring demurred, but Busch was sent on a propaganda journey to South America, only to try with the minister president again in 1934. Twice unsuccessful, Busch ultimately turned his back on Nazi Germany. But in his subsequent memoirs and those of his wife Grete Busch, he appears as a stalwart resister.<sup>86</sup>

Lehmann, Orff and Busch were guilty of various degrees of collaboration with the Nazi regime, Orff probably more than the others. A variation on this theme of legacy theft could involve cases of persons who had no record of Nazi complicity, but used the evil empire to portray themselves as victims, for the sake of undeserved publicity. They are no less guilty of dishonoring the memory of sufferers from Nazism than are Orff, Lehmann or Busch. As we now know, Jerzy Kosinsky's gruesome memoir *The Painted Bird* mendaciously recounted the terrible sufferings of a young, brave Jewish boy in Poland.<sup>87</sup> Before exposure, the legend of that false victim had impressed too large an audience. Some time ago



Raul Hilberg became involved in the case of one Benjamin Wilkomirski, who also published a book, in which he claimed to be a Polish-Jewish child survivor of the Holocaust—again Wilkomirski turned out to be a fraud, something that the real child survivor Hilberg had suspected all along.<sup>88</sup>

In contrast to Lehmann, it is instructive to see how Hilberg, who singlehandedly created the new academic discipline of Holocaust Studies starting in the early 1960s, has made use of memory.<sup>89</sup> He abided by stern procedural rules, for instance when he chided fellow authors Lucy Dawidowicz and Hannah Arendt for ignoring historical evidence.<sup>90</sup> His rules would have been most damning to the likes of Wilkomirski and Kosinsky, but also to Fritz Busch, Carl Orff and, especially, Lotte Lehmann, who was making her way to world fame in the Austrian capital at the very time that young Raul was growing up there. He observed: “Among the practices that give me discomfort is the creation of a story in which historical facts are altered deliberately for the sake of plot and adventure.”<sup>91</sup> Hilberg employed memory impressively, morally soundly, and, always, verifiably. Here is how he remembers the entry of Hitler in Vienna in March 1938, when he was all of twelve years old: “Then came a man who imparted to everyone a powerful demonstration of historical presence: Adolf Hitler. The impact of his appearance was unmistakable. In the hallway a Christian neighbor was crying because her thousand-year-old Austria had ceased to exist. The next day giant swastika flags were draped from the upper stories of apartment houses; photographs of Hitler were hung from windows; and marching youths with drums were moving through the streets. Jews, huddling in their apartments, breathed the ominous air and wondered what would happen to them if they did not emigrate in time.”<sup>92</sup> The recollection of those impressions has as much plasticity as Lotte Lehmann’s lion story, but it possesses the undeniable advantage of being true. Hilberg himself was fortunate enough to escape from Nazi Germany at the last minute, eventually to show us a new and constructive way of remembering, and recording, the terrors of the Nazi period. Lotte Lehmann, on the other hand, pretended to show us a sensation, falsely setting herself up as a martyr. This caused no damage to her integrity as the wonderful artist as which she is remembered, but it did put into question her character as a member of the human race.

## NOTES:

1 For a comprehensive portrait of the singer, see Michael H. Kater, *Never Sang for Hitler: The Life and Times of Lotte Lehmann, 1888-1976* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2008). The text of this paper was adapted from chapter 4 of this book.

2 Lotte Lehmann (LL hereafter), “Göring, the Lioness and I,” in Charles Osborne, ed., *Opera 66* (London: Alan Ross, 1966), 187-99.

3 LL to Friedlaender, Aug. 29, Sept. 20, 1934 (quote), Archiv, Theatermuseum Wien (ATW hereafter)/18.

4 Marcia Davenport, “Song and Sentiment,” *The New Yorker* (Febr. 23, 1935): 22. Davenport repeated this in *Too Strong for Fantasy* (New York: Scribner, 1967), 246.

5 *The New York Times*, Nov. 10, 1935.

6 LL to Hansing, Sept. 5, 1936, General Correspondence, Lotte Lehmann Collection, Special Collections, Davidson Library, University of California at Santa Barbara (GC hereafter).

7 LL to Lachmann, Dec. 10, 1938, ATW/Teilnachlass Lotte Lehmann.

8 Marboe memo, Nov. 10, 1955, Lotte Lehmann Foundation Archive, Kailua/New York (LLFA hereafter) (1st quote); LL to Burgau, July 31, 1956, GC (2nd quote).

9 According to “The Education of Frances Holden: Frances Holden with David Russell,” ms., Davidson Library Oral History Program, University of California, Santa Barbara, © The Regents of the University of California, 1998. Also see LL to Bruno Walter, Jan. 14, 1956, GC.

10 Example: LL to Mann, Nov. 28, 1968, Erika-Mann-Archiv in der Handschriftenabteilung der Stadtbibliothek München (EMA hereafter)/914/78. See Christa Ludwig, *Und ich wäre so gern Primadonna gewesen: Erinnerungen* (Berlin: Henschel, 1994), 79.

11 LL to Hansing, Apr. 10, 1935, and to Hecht, Febr. 14, Nov. 23, 1938, GC.

12 LL to Bundestheaterverwaltung, Jan. 18, 1955, LLFA (quote); LL to Klee, Febr. 28, 1955; LL to Shawe-Taylor, Nov. 22, 1974, GC; *Kurier*, Jan. 22, 1955.

13 LL to Marboe, Dec. 29, 1955, GC.

14 Friedelind Wagner, *The Royal Family of Bayreuth* (London: Eyre and Spottiswoode, 1948), 121.

15 Vincent Sheean, *First and Last Love* (Westport, CT: Greenwood, 1979), 238 (quote); Shirlee Emmons, *Tristanissimo: The Authorized Biography of Heroic Tenor Lauritz Melchior* (New York: Schirmer, 1990), 160.

16 David Ewen, *Men and Women Who Make Music* (New York: The Reader's Press, 1946, 1st pr. 1939), 148 (quote); Berta Geissmar, *Musik im Schatten der Politik* (Zurich: Atlantis, 1985), 244; Erika Mann in *Thomas Mann, Briefe, 1937-1947*, ed. E. Mann (Frankfurt am Main: S. Fischer, 1963), 622; Astrid Varnay, *Fifty-Five Years in Five Acts: My Life in Opera* (Boston: Northeastern University Press, 2000), 6; Beaumont Glass, *Lotte Lehmann: A Life in Opera and Song* (Santa Barbara: Capra, 1988), xvi. See Mann to LL, Jan. 11, 1967, EMA/722/96.

17 *Münchener Merkur*, Febr. 27/28, 1988; Susan Miles Gulbransen, "Lotte Lehmann on the Wings of Emotion," *Santa Barbara Magazine* (July/Aug. 1989): 22; *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, Aug. 30, 1996.

18 Lanfranco Rasponi, *The Last Prima Donnas* (New York: Knopf, 1982), 484.

19 *Weltpresse*, Dec. 16, 1954.

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21 Kater, *Muse*, 83, 89-90.

22 Strauss to Knappertsbusch, Dec. 9, 1933, Bayerische Staatsbibliothek München/Ana/485/I; Göring to Strauss, Jan. 5, 1934, Richard-Strauss-Archiv, Garmisch (RG hereafter).

23 Strauss to Göring, Jan. 9, 1934, RG.

24 Göring to Strauss, Jan. 19, 1934, RG.

25 Clemens Hellsberg, *Demokratie der Könige: Die Geschichte der Wiener Philharmoniker* (Zurich: Schweizer Verlagshaus, 1992), 464.

26 Review "Schon die Stimme," *Völkischer Beobachter* [Oct. 1932], Newspaper Clippings, Lotte Lehmann Collection, Special Collections, Davidson



Library, University of California at Santa Barbara (NC hereafter). Also see *ibid.*, Oct. 12, 1932.

27 Erik Ryding/Rebecca Pechesky, *Bruno Walter: A World Elsewhere* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2001), 218; Gary Hickling, "Lotte Lehmann Chronology" (ms., Kailua, 2004-6, Author's Private Archive) (Hickling hereafter); *The New York Times*, Febr. 2, 1933.

28 Kater, *Muse*, 115.

29 George E. Berkley, *Vienna and Its Jews: The Tragedy of Success, 1880s-1980s* (Cambridge, MA: Abt Books, 1988), 213.

30 *The New York Times*, Apr. 2, 1933; Harvey Sachs, *Toscanini* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott, 1978), 222-26.

31 Bruno Walter to LL, Sept. 5, 1933, ATW/15; Balogh to LL, Aug. 13, 1933, ATW/14; Ziegler to Lauterstein, May 16, 1933, Metropolitan Opera Archives, New York; LL to Wysocki, July 13, 1933, ATW/12 (quote).

32 On Furtwängler, see LL, *Anfang und Aufstieg: Lebenserinnerungen* (Vienna: Herbert Reichner, 1937), 210.

33 Hickling; LL to Krause, June 21, 1933, ATW/7.

34 Fragment, *Völkischer Beobachter*, [Nov. 1933], NC (quote); Hickling.

35 Else Walter to LL, Nov. 29, 1933, ATW/15.

36 Günter Brosche, ed., *Richard Strauss—Clemens Krauss Briefwechsel: Gesamtausgabe* (Tutzing: Schneider, 1997), 102.

37 Heger to LL, July 9, 1933, ATW/15.

38 Bundesarchiv Berlin (BAB hereafter), Reichskulturkammer (RKK hereafter) Heger.

39 Heger to LL, June 6, July 7, 29, 1933, ATW/15.

40 Furtwängler to LL, Sept. 13, 22, 1933, ATW/15.

41 Review, "Lotte....," [Oct. 1933], NC.

42 Heger to LL, Nov. 11, 1933, ATW/15; LL to Heger, Sept. 15, ATW/15, and Dec. 7, 1933, ATW/12.

43 Tietjen to LL, Febr. 2, 5, March 31, 1934, ATW/17.

44 Göring to LL, Apr. 2, 1934, ATW/17.

45 LL to Göring, Apr. 2, 1934, ATW/17.

46 Bing to LL, Apr. 2, 1934, ATW/17.

47 LL to Tietjen, Apr. 17, 1934; unsign. photographs, [Apr. 20, 1934], ATW/17; Hickling.

48 LL to Tietjen, Nov. 11, 1955, Archiv, Akademie der Künste Berlin (AAKB hereafter), Nachlass Tietjen/corr. LL, 80/70/258-260.

49 LL to Krause, Apr. 20, 1934, ATW/15.

50 LL to Krause, Apr. 22, 1934; Krause to LL, Apr. 22, 27, 1934, ATW/15; Hickling.

51 LL to Hope, May 4, 1934, Constance Hope Papers, Columbia University, New York, Rare Books and Manuscripts, Butler Library (CU hereafter)/1; Simon to LL, May 5, 1934, ATW/18. 52 LL to Krause, Apr. 23, 30, 1934, ATW/15; Tietjen to Krause, May 4, 1934, ATW/17.

53 Tietjen to LL, Apr. 26, 1934 (2nd quote), and attachments: contract [draft], Aryan certification (sign. LL May 1); LL to Tietjen, [May 11, 1934] (1st quote) [draft]; Tietjen to LL, May 16, 1934, ATW/17.

54 LL to Göring, [May 20, 1934], ATW/17.

55 LL to Tietjen, [May 20, 1934] [draft], ATW/17.

56 Tietjen to LL, June 5, 1934, ATW/17.

57 Tietjen to LL, Dec. 12, 1955, AAKB, Nachlass Tietjen/corr. LL, 80/70/258-260.

58 Skizzen (June/July 1934): 15; Friedlaender to LL, June 6, 1934, ATW/18.

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60 Simon to LL, July 4, 1934, ATW/8.

61 Brentano to LL, June 25, Aug. 25, 1934, ATW/18; Hickling.

62 Quoted in Friedlaender to LL, Aug. 29, 1934, ATW/ 18.

63 NS-Kulturgemeinde memo, Nov. 19, 1934, BAB, NS/15.

64 LL to Kerber, Apr. 4, 1938, Österreichisches Staatsarchiv Wien, Archiv der Republik, Bundesministerium für Unterricht, Österreichische Bundestheaterverwaltung (OSAW hereafter)/GZ4083/1939. 65 Corr. OSAW/GZ2624/1939/1940 (quote Eckmann to NS-Gauleitung Wien, July 12, 1939).

66 Reichsstatthalter Wien memo, Febr. 17, 1943, OSAW/Personalia/LL/378a; Finanzministerium Wien memo, Dec. 2, 1955; Klee to Fellner, Jan. 30, 1956, LLFA.

67 Attachment, n.d., with Klee to Juch, Nov. 27, 1939, OSAW/GZ4083/1939.

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74 Hope to LL, March 26, 1934; Behrens to LL, Apr. 4, 1934, ATW/18.

75 Hope to LL/Krause, Apr. 11, 1934, ATW/18.

76 Krause to Hope, Apr. 18, 1934, CU/9.

77 Coppicus to LL, Apr. 28, 1934, ATW/18.

78 Hope to LL, May 17, 1934, ATW/18.

79 Metmusic to LL, May 24, 1934, ATW/18.

80 LL to Simon, June 6, 1934, ATW/18.

81 LL to Simon, June 19, 1934, ATW/18.

82 Hope to LL, June 20, 1934, ATW/18.

83 Michael H. Kater, *Composers of the Nazi Era: Eight Portraits* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2000), 118-43.

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90 Idem, *The Politics of Memory: The Journey of a Holocaust Historian* (Chicago: Ivan R. Dee, 1996), 153-57.

91 Ibid., 139. 92 Ibid., 42.