

**Leo Lania: Today we are Brothers. The Biography of a Generation.**

Translated by Ralph Marlowe. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company 1942

Chapter 19,

p. 322-323:

Emigration meant not only living from hand to mouth, but from the morning paper to the evening paper. Every day might bring measures against the foreigners, special legislation affecting them.

Emigration meant a life between hotel rooms and suitcases, in a permanent state of alarm. How long would your *carte d'identité* be valid? Would it be extended?

Emigration – for me it meant losing the chief implement of my trade: the German language. I spoke and wrote French fluently, but I did not for a moment imagine that I could be a French writer. I // could have my articles and books translated, but the isolationism of the French press and publishers was hard to break through.

p. 336 (Schluss):

My farewell to Europe caused me no pain. It had hurt me to leave Capodistria, Vienna – there I had lost something. I had lost fragments of my life.

But when I looked back at Lisbon from the deck of the American ship, I knew that there would be a new life in exchange for the one I had left behind. A new home, not just a temporary haven.