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**America, the Other World:  
A Comparison of Three Travelogues  
by East and West Germans**

In his work, *Das Amerikabild in der deutschen Gegenwartsliteratur*, Manfred Durzak points out that German chauvinism, already present in the portrayal of America during the last century, is even more blatant in some of the literature today. Favorite generalizations about the United States appear to have been passed on from one generation to the next: America as the country of materialism and of puritanism, where a lack of good taste, a lack of culture predominate; where the humanities are underrated and technology is overrated; where an underlying tendency to violence is ever present; where feelings and friendships remain superficial; where hypocrisy and dishonesty are prevalent. All too often, these critics tend to interpret "their preconceived notions later as travel experience."<sup>1</sup> At the conclusion of their visit, the United States appears to them "as foreign as ever and more disturbing than at the beginning."<sup>2</sup> East German portrayals of America, in addition, generally seek to justify the communist system by what they record; they tend to become tools of propaganda and to be based on half-truths, comparing the Soviet "brother" with the corrupt American racist and "imperialistic aggressor."<sup>3</sup> In this study, three travelogues will be compared: two, revealing all or many of the characteristics just described; the other, showing a surprisingly objective approach.

Walter Dietze, professor of the history of German literature at the University of Leipzig (German Democratic Republic), 1963-75, is the author of *Hier und da: Unterwegs in zwei Welten*.<sup>4</sup> Official trips and lecture tours took him both to the Soviet Union and the United States, to which country he paid several visits between 1967-72. For scenes or episodes recorded about one culture, a contrast can usually be found dealing with the other. The writer's intention soon becomes quite obvious: Where the United States is concerned, he appears to have set out with a catalogue of prejudices, all the traditional clichés listed above, and the intention to find facts and experiences to support his stereotyped generalizations,

determined, at the same time, to ignore whatever does not match his preconceived views.

Dietze's first introduction to the United States (and the capitalist system, of which crime, violence and social injustice are to be shown an integral part), is the experience of a holdup in New York (105-09). As a citizen of a communist country, he is treated like a dangerous suspect by government officials (142-49). He experiences the wretched living conditions of the Blacks and the racial prejudice against them, and explains their frustration and anger (64-69).

Then, by singling out the miserable fate of two German immigrants, he succeeds in making these appear characteristic: the working man who dies sick and uncared for (10-28) and the ex-whore who scorns not her past but her present bourgeois existence (40-48).

In the Soviet Union, on the other hand, the visitor feels welcome and at home (400). He finds real concern for the individual in place of what Americans call "individualism"—so frequently harmful, he stresses, to society as a whole. Both ordinary folk as well as Soviet officials are depicted as genuine, human, compassionate; able to accept rebuke and practice self-criticism, if need be; or to celebrate in true spirit. The conversation at a meaningless American cocktail party, on the other hand, can be found to illustrate the American counter-scene. Dietze finds American college faculty revealing their prejudice, superficiality and lack of real culture; and indifference takes the place of the cordiality and warmth demonstrated by the Russians (299-302).

He depicts the commencement exercises at Princeton University as an example of empty ritual and the hypocrisy and cant characteristic of American capitalist society (119-22). Untranslatable terms such as "cant," "underdog," "racketeering" reveal, he believes, much about the culture that coined them; and they are examined to show that American self-assurance masks a fear of failure (217-33); that not only social and political justice, but also individuality itself is sacrificed where competition, the ruthless pursuit of independence and success count as prime values from childhood on (193-98). Where true individuality is lost, however, clichés take the place of feelings and opinions. "The American way of life" and "gracious living" (representing, as it were, a minimum of culture) are given as examples of such clichés (240).<sup>5</sup>

Attitudes to work and play are also portrayed to bring out the difference between the two worlds. According to Dietze, work for Americans equals making money; and pleasure, spending it. The average American's idea of real delight, apparently, is a visit to Las Vegas, seen by the author as a slough of pleasure and sin that can appeal only to empty lives and minds (162). In contrast, the author records the dedication and enthusiasm for work and culture at Pushkin House, Institute of the History of Russian Literature in Leningrad, where literature and life are inseparable (168-81).

If the muddy Russian village street or the cold village fountain as the only washing facility do not measure up to American standards, the people themselves prove warmhearted and honest, lacking any pretense (33 ff., 128 ff.); whereas, according to the author, Americans tend

to respond with cliché expressions and a superficial, hypocritical friendliness, often just part of a business transaction (123-24). Speed, motion, efficiency are noted as further examples of a way of life that leaves little room for compassion. One refreshing exception to this otherwise bleak picture of the United States is the idealism demonstrated by an amateur group composed mainly of students in Seattle (1969), rehearsing for a show against war in general, but particularly in Vietnam (356-69).

Dietze admits in his conclusion that he has singled out only certain aspects (401). Some of his scenes, indeed, strike the reader as somewhat unconvincing. He describes a seventeen-year-old student, for instance, who appears for what looks like an *oral* examination in German literature—one of *eight* college courses she apparently has been taking (136-37).

Even the landscape in this author's eyes reveals expected characteristics. The background in Palo Alto, California, is described as "backdrop," nature arranged, soothing, mild, muffled; where any profound feelings seem inappropriate (42-43).

How different the dramatic adjectives, verbs, and nouns chosen to depict a "magic, unforgettable" fishing expedition on the river Don—a picture with a flashing array of colors (32); or the impressive portrayal of a power plant, "a marvel" near Alma-Ata, Kazakhstan, its white, flashing pipelines magnificently adapted to the beautiful surroundings:

. . . uniqueness of nature is controlled and transformed by the human creative spirit. Above, the light blue of the sky and the rocky ridge. Below, the gloom of the valley floor. Dividing and linking them: the bold, white, powerful arch. The beauty of revolution spanning the mountains. (186)

Peter Schütt, a West German socialist-realist poet, married to an Afro-American, also visited both the United States and the Soviet Union. The latter, however, he describes in two separate books: *Ab nach Sibirien*<sup>6</sup> and *Let's Go East*.<sup>7</sup> His travelogue dealing with the United States is entitled *Die Muttermilchpumpe: Bilder aus dem anderen Amerika*,<sup>8</sup> and it soon becomes clear who the representatives of the "other America" are: all minorities, in particular the Blacks; civil rights activists; his fellow Communists; the poor and underprivileged. He does not claim to give a fully comprehensive picture; in fact, his travels are restricted to the eastern half of the United States; the big industrial centers of the North, New York, Washington, D.C., and the South. Schütt insists, however, that he has sought to portray not only the misery he encounters (107); not to draw a picture of America as a "chamber of horrors," as the "quintessence of all evil and all lack of culture," and to avoid the usual anti-American clichés (259-60).

At the same time, the work is intended to be an accusation against the capitalist system, and the "witness" supports his evidence with statistics. In the first half of the travelogue he concentrates on the slums and ghettos of the big cities from New York to Chicago, where the elegant streets, the white middle-class areas are seen as a mere façade to reality: tumble-down shacks for homes, constructed from remnant

products of the throw-away society (157); houses, where doors and stairs have been burnt to provide heat (89); the stench both of neighboring industrial works and of garbage piled in the streets—including human excrement (156); frequent fires, sometimes deliberately left unattended (159); school integration practiced only pro forma (20, 88, 216); child labor (30); insufficient medical care (84); victims of alcoholism and drug abuse (90); the shopping bag ladies (91); unemployment lines (96 ff.); the wretched condition of those seeking entry to a shelter for the homeless, with baton-swinging police standing by (124); the pent-up anger and hatred against the whites that the author, having ventured alone into the slums of Chicago, comes to experience himself (162-63).

The picture of the South, given in the second half of the book, is even more depressing: the sharp contrast between the wretched shacks of the Blacks and the villas of the landowners—white residences of white slave-owners similar to the White House in Washington in Schütt's eyes (165). But those squatting listlessly in front of their dilapidated homes display an apathy reminiscent of refugee camps (169). In Taladega, Alabama, Schütt finds the symbol for the exploitation of the Blacks in the attic of the house of his wife's aunt: the pump that was to be used as the title of his book, an instrument employed to stimulate the breast glands of the black nanny, so that the whites might feed upon the Blacks (236).

In this, the richest country of the world, he finds the most primitive forms of agriculture still in use, serfdom (sharecropping) still practiced, and extensive undernourishment (237, 253). Enormous power remains in the hands of a few, the large corporations that are able to determine the social structure (180); and both acceptance and achievement of the labor unions in America lag far behind that, for instance, in the Federal Republic of Germany. Yet, although Americans are amazed at the better working conditions in Germany, the author discovers that they frequently show fear or suspicion of communism (106-07).

An extremely uneven distribution of wealth is likely to result in a high rate of crime and violence. Like other visitors, the author is taken aback by the number of locks, the spy-hole in the door, and the barred windows of his hotel room. He is shocked by conditions in the New York "schools of terror," where teachers, apparently, have to fear for their lives (88).<sup>9</sup> He witnesses a stabbing and robbery in the street, ignored by passers-by, and is himself shortly thereafter relieved of the money he carries by his Italian cabby: "Everyday life in New York" (15-16). The police, all too visible during strike demonstrations (190) or when the author is distributing *The Daily World* (American communist newspaper) (102-03), all too ready to arrest illegal immigrants at the New York Greyhound station (39), or to disrupt a Grey Panther rally in Harrisburg (56), seem unable to curb the rising rate of crime or appear deliberately to ignore certain gangster activities when directed against the unwanted (86-87).

The views of Angela Davis, given to Schütt in an interview (61-67), examples of the prejudiced sentencing of civil rights activists (195, 217-18), and acts of violence committed by the Ku Klux Klan that go

unpunished (227-28) are all used to demonstrate the prevalence of racial injustice and discrimination in America.

The author paints hardly more positive a picture of another group of whites: the German immigrants he meets. Here he finds political prejudice and racism even amongst the Jews who show more concern for the rise of neo-Nazism in the Federal Republic of Germany than around them (18-19, 51, 118-19). He visits his uncle, an escapist intellectual with no understanding for his nephew's values (35-38). But the majority of ex-Germans Schütt meets, except for those who share his convictions, are petty bourgeois, narrow and concerned with trivialities (117-18); and they demonstrate "an American picture-book optimism" (52).

References to the white middle class tend, in general, to be negative or sarcastic.<sup>10</sup> Thus, for no visible reason, a library in central Chicago is referred to as "an alphabet temple," running "a cultural nonstop program"—apparently only for whites, while Blacks and other minorities act as attendants and cleaners (155); or he discovers Pittsburgh housewives in the library, devoutly studying pornographic magazines, while pretending to undertake research (20).

The lack of culture, the fascination by pornography combined with a puritan attitude toward a healthy expression of sexuality belong to the clichés so frequently found in descriptions of America which Schütt had hoped to avoid but which he cannot resist.<sup>11</sup> He discovers pornographic tapes, movies, peepshows (43, 72, 155, 194); but has to admit that what he finds, at least in Manhattan, is no worse—only more extensive—than in other countries (70). He discusses the apparently widespread practice of prostitution, including that of children, in the United States (73-74).

Yet, in spite of these observations, Schütt claims to love America; to have affection for land and people, many of whom, he stresses, are victims of the system themselves (259-60). He has not, however, succeeded in remaining objective, in avoiding generalizations or exaggerations. The reader is told, for instance, that, for Americans, the concepts of freedom and individuality are reduced to little more than car ownership and its possibilities (175). The Statue of Liberty is compared to an angel towering over a tomb (93). The white prostitutes he sees in Atlanta are all uglier than the black ones (213), while the white sales girls at a shopping center remind him of dolls with an "inbuilt tear and pee-pee mechanism" (230). He is convinced that Americans per day frequent the bank as often as the toilet (19). The air in an old church seems as stuffy to him as he presumes its upper middle-class congregation must be (172). He makes the unfounded allegation that the assassination of Martin Luther King was both planned and celebrated in the director's rooms of bank buildings near the civil rights leader's grave in Atlanta; and he cannot resist painting the moon in the background behind this scene "urine yellow" (212).

The beauty of the American landscape is not entirely ignored. Schütt is impressed, as any European must be, by the vastness, the expanse of land and sky (175-76, 260-61).<sup>12</sup> Such observations, however, strike the reader as an afterthought, added because "even a book about the

United States" should include some of the lovely aspects (259). These, in fact, tend to bring back memories of experiences in Russia to the author, such as the atmosphere of familiarity and closeness on a Greyhound bus, or the friendliness of people in general (41, 260).

Although the major purpose of this book is not, as it is for Dietze's, to offer such comparisons, they do occur, even more frequently so in the travelogues to the Soviet Union; generally to the detriment of the United States. The Ford motor works in Detroit, for example, represent "smell, . . . noise, . . . stress, . . . unemployment," and there is no escape during working hours from the conveyor belt (130-33). Where American efficiency operates at the expense of the individual, working conditions in Russia, as Schütt presents them, seem much more pleasant. In *Let's Go East*, he describes a plant in Siberia: "Compared to the technical perfection" of the Ford plant in Detroit, the farming equipment factory in Frunse appears "charmingly chaotic." It shows nothing of the inhuman "assembly line regime," the "cold automatism" of the Ford works. The entire site, in fact, strikes the visitor more like "a park run wild." There is none of the hectic rush to which workers are driven, but, instead, more of an atmosphere of dawdling, muddling on.<sup>13</sup> The workers can determine the pace, take a break, switch off, need not fear dismissal and come to experience "a feeling of solidarity simply unimaginable under capitalist conditions" (199). A general cheerfulness appears to pervade the work atmosphere everywhere, because good effort finds recognition and workers are able to identify with the projects and are involved in determining their own future (33, 115, 126). Overtime or voluntary work is, Schütt remarks, readily undertaken (47, 128); and in the cotton or tobacco collectives, the hard work is not left to the old folk or the children, as in Virginia (212). Strikes, he is told, are prohibited, but found quite unnecessary; and neither prostitution nor pornography exist in the Soviet Union.<sup>14</sup> Living conditions everywhere appear very adequate, and do not show the vast difference between rich and poor as seen in America (e.g., 191-93).<sup>15</sup>

The title *Let's Go East* signifies that Russia, for Peter Schütt, has come to replace the American dream. He quotes reports and discussions that reflect the Soviet Union as a country of religious freedom (125, 180), its inhabitants as a happy blend of nations and races—a German ex-prisoner of war included (64-66)—sharing an enthusiasm for culture and education.

Any criticism of the Soviet Union is clothed in mild terms or given only marginal reference. Clouds of polluting smoke in Russia are "not made of pure cotton" (84). Inefficiency is termed "organization not yet functioning satisfactorily" (114). At a collective farm, someone confesses that, originally, his participation was "not entirely voluntary"—indeed, he admits that his father committed suicide when expropriated from his farm (187). The slower pace, which Schütt finds so healthy, enables people even in Moscow to accept the need to line up "with amazing composure" (37).

It may be that the author was influenced by this composure, this absence of the Western rat race, when writing his two books about the

Soviet Union. He seems more at leisure himself, pauses over lengthy descriptions of scenes, records more conversations in detail and describes many more visits to people's homes in Russia than in the United States. Everywhere he experiences a feeling of closeness to the people he meets in spite of his constant need of the interpreter who must accompany him everywhere he goes. In America, on the other hand, he is the critical observer. Here he gives no detailed account of the "limitless hospitality of the great majority of people" which, he declares, he experienced in both countries and of which, in his travelogues on the Soviet Union, descriptions abound (*Let's Go East* 20). It should also be noted again that in *Die Muttermilchpumpe*, Schütt's visit is, in the main, limited to the problem centers in the eastern third of the United States.<sup>16</sup>

It seems that this author, like Dietze, succeeded in finding in each country what he set out to find. The reader is again left with the impression that the work contains not so much the summary of conclusions derived from experience, but that it offers all too many preconceived ideas supported by a special selection of people, places and conditions. However, where Dietze's at times shows a sarcastic note (see, for example, his chapter heading: "Depth Psychology, Haw-Haw," 136), Schütt's book about the United States is written with genuine compassion and concern for those in need. He also admits that a good part of the romanticism of Western man in our era is still rooted in America, and he shows the anger of a disillusioned man who has lost the dream of his youth (45, 260).

The third travelogue, *Der andere Planet: Ansichten von Amerika*, was written by the East German poet Günter Kunert, who served as visiting professor at the University of Texas, Austin, from September 1972 to January 1973.<sup>17</sup> In 1979, four years after this work was published, he came to live in West Germany, finding the situation in the East intolerable for a writer. *Der andere Planet* consists of forty-four "travel pictures" in which the author has captured impressions, reflections and atmosphere. He admits in his foreword that remembering and writing are a "questionable process of selection, repression, assessment, judgment," that tends to alter facts "at times, until they are unrecognizable" (7). Nonetheless, to be objective (which he considers impossible in spite of every effort) remains Kunert's aim throughout. He is aware of his limitations, including his lack of fluency in the English language; aware that a visitor comes with questionable expectations (12), "correct, yet false, concepts" (14); and that to capture the varied, ever-changing image is beyond his ability (32).

No doubt in defense of his approach, less critical than that of other East Germans, Kunert explains that his familiarity with poets like Masters, Sandburg and Whitman allowed him to feel his visit as a homecoming (15), that the attraction for him of America, this "other planet," this "strange entity beyond the Atlantic Ocean," might perhaps be due to the fact that his great-grandfather had lived here; and had the family not returned to Germany, the author might actually have been born an American (204-08).

One critic, Nancy A. Lauckner, believes that America appeared to Kunert as "the other planet" not because of its positive, but because of its negative aspects; that he wrongly represents the latter as unique to the United States, and that his gently chiding, often ironic tone masks the criticism which far outweighs his positive observations.<sup>18</sup> Lauckner, I feel, misunderstands this writer's method and intention. Although there is only marginal reference to East Germany (23, 63, 155), the title of the book immediately invites comparison, and criticism is by no means directed solely against the United States. In chapter 22, the central chapter, containing Kunert's surrealistic, science-fiction-like description of desert and rocket ranges at White Sands, New Mexico, the "other star" is clearly associated with man's ability—but not just American man's ability—to destroy himself. Kunert's willingness to think in terms of "we all" instead of simply "they," is characteristic of him and makes him stand out amongst his fellow compatriot writers.

Kunert's discussion of violence in the United States does not, I feel, reveal his communist sentiments, as Nancy Lauckner suggests.<sup>19</sup> He stresses that crime in American history seems to have been granted a major place in the museums he visits (44-46, 79); but one of the gruesome scenes immediately reminds him of a similar one from the German—no doubt recent—past; and this German crime, he surmises, may well be presented in a wax museum of the future (46). Like the other travelogue writers, Kunert notes the daily threat of crime in New York, the extra locks on the doors, the number of police patrols, the risk of walking through downtown Manhattan. But, as the other writers neglect to do, he reports that, in other locations, people apparently need not even bother to lock their doors (129).

The crime he experiences takes place in a dilapidated Baptist church, where he is taken by a white lady, a professor's wife, who befriends some of the black members. After the service, he is, fortunately, only bruised when a black youth shoots at him through the windowpane. The motivation? "Probably because he was black and I was white" (65). He, too, takes note of the poor living quarters of the Blacks (84), and he is struck by the paradox that many of the writers of the Declaration of Independence—symbol of liberty—themselves kept slaves, for whom America proved the most oppressive police-state ever thought of (88). But Kunert later reminds his readers of the recent Fascist/National Socialist era, where law, order and crime were also intimately connected (178, 208).

The German tourist, while in New York, naturally seeks out the "German Quarter," East 86th Street, nicknamed "Sauerkraut-Boulevard," with its cafés and stores carrying some of the traditional goods (154). There is a suggestion of kitsch here, as in his description of the lower Broadway, which reminds him of sections of Berlin where the petty bourgeoisie, "wholesale businesses selling worthless stuff, criminality . . . social decline" can all be found together (175). This is another example of Kunert's repeated attempt to balance any criticism with the reflection that conditions are not, and have not always been perfect at home either.



The East German is overwhelmed by the affluence he encounters, finding "a world in which there are more things" than you ever dreamt of with "your socialist book learning"—if one can afford them (23). But, unlike his fellow writers, he tries to discover cause and origin of American commercialism and the high priority given to money. He finds them in the utilitarianism and puritanism of the pilgrim fathers, "whose prime values were work and economy" and for whom wealth represented "the visible proof of God's grace" (182). When Kunert sees these convictions also as the source of modern American sexual problems, however, it becomes clear that he, too, has not entirely escaped the influence of traditional cliché concepts (181-83).<sup>20</sup>

Kunert discovers an apparent preference in the United States for what is temporary, makeshift, synthetic (50). Mass-production and mass-society threaten uniqueness and individuality; but he fears that this "interchangeability" has also "long since infected [us] like a disease . . ." (128).

Of the three writers, Kunert is the only one to admit that he is impressed by the freedom of expression permitted to the public; be it for a Nazi rally or a demonstration against the war in Vietnam (155-56; 197). He is even more impressed by the number of individuals encountered showing a true sense of democracy and justice, such as the elegant lady collecting signatures against the Vietnam War; a spirit found particularly among certain American women, which is unrelated to social position and which he clearly admires (197-98).

Where Dietze sets out with his list of prejudices that he intends to substantiate, Kunert, drawn to the United States by what he calls a perhaps inherited inclination, comes with a much more open mind and is awed by its vastness, technical achievement and the variety of impressions. He also draws attention to materialism, puritanism, crime, the frustration of the Blacks, the philistinism among some German immigrants, but his criticism is expressed in the form of puzzled queries; he seeks to analyze the cause for social pattern and human behavior; or he recalls a similar situation at home; and the dark side for him is only one part of the entire picture.

Dietze and Schütt seek to give examples from American life where freedom is curtailed or has lost its meaning. Yet the right to oppose the government is taken for granted; and they ignore the fact that the protest and civil rights rallies they attend are part of the "American way of life," of the system they reject. Dietze, the literary historian and critic, accepts the official view of America presented by his government and writes from this perspective. Schütt's observations are guided by his political conviction that socialism alone will solve problems of injustice and discrimination, creating a world of joyful cooperation.

Kunert writes as a poet. His work is briefer than the others. What he gives are general impressions to capture the fleeting image, a feeling, an atmosphere, the nuance of a scene in language that is frequently close to poetry. His book is dedicated to his friends in America and, undoubtedly, written with the hope that his German readers will take a new and less prejudiced look at that country. Kunert considers the United States

a great nation which has not reached the end of its course of development (10). Where Dietze's travelogue only helps to widen the chasm between the two worlds to which its title refers, Kunert's metaphor, "the other planet," implies (as Osterle puts it) that there are two planets, together circling and forming one system; sharing one world order, of which each is only a part.<sup>21</sup>

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### Notes

<sup>1</sup> (Stuttgart: Kohlhammer, 1979) 192. All translations in this essay are my own.

<sup>2</sup> Durzak 81.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Jack Zipes, "Die Freiheit trägt Handschellen im Land der Freiheit. Das Bild der Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika in der Literatur der DDR," *Amerika in der deutschen Literatur: Neue Welt—Nordamerika—USA*, ed. Sigrid Bauschinger, Horst Denkler, and Wilfried Malsch (Stuttgart: Reclam, 1975) 329-31.

<sup>4</sup> (Halle/Saale: Mitteldeutscher Verlag, 1977). Subsequent references to this work will be given parenthetically in the text.

<sup>5</sup> The reader is informed that the source for this analysis of "untranslatables" is a "Hans S.," a former German with twenty-five years of experience of life in the United States (Dietze 191).

<sup>6</sup> Subtitle: *Bericht einer Reise in die Zukunft oder Auf den Spuren von Egon Erwin Kisch* (Dortmund: Weltkreis Verlag, 1977).

<sup>7</sup> (Dortmund: Weltkreis Verlag, 1982).

<sup>8</sup> (Dortmund: Weltkreis Verlag, 1980). Subsequent references to this work will be given parenthetically in the text.

<sup>9</sup> See also Schütt, *Let's Go East* 25.

<sup>10</sup> The one major exception is a woman physician who shows real responsibility and true social concern in spite of her prosperity (Schütt, *Die Muttermilchpumpe* 52-56); and Schütt seems equally surprised by white middle-class participation in a demonstration during his later visit to San Francisco (*Let's Go East* 8-9).

<sup>11</sup> For example: "Saint Puritan was, as everybody knows, a North American" (*Let's Go East* 207); or the detailed description he gives of two masturbatory devices in order to support his views (*Die Muttermilchpumpe* 71).

<sup>12</sup> See also *Let's Go East* 19.

<sup>13</sup> Schütt, *Let's Go East* 196-97. Subsequent references to this work will be given parenthetically in the text.

<sup>14</sup> Schütt, *Ab nach Sibirien* 20, 173.

<sup>15</sup> Adequate—with the exception of one dirty village, Schuschenskoje, where Lenin was exiled and where the shabby homes remind Schütt of the U.S. South (*Let's Go East* 144).

<sup>16</sup> His later visit to San Francisco is described briefly in *Let's Go East*, chap. 1 (see n. 10 above). It was followed by a drive across the country to New York, to which the author dedicates only ten pages.

<sup>17</sup> (München/Wien: Hanser, 1975). Subsequent references to this work will be given parenthetically in the text.

<sup>18</sup> "Günter Kunert's Image of the USA: Another Look at *Der andere Planet*," *Studies in GDR Culture and Society III: Selected Papers from the Eighth International Symposium on the German Democratic Republic*, ed. Margy Gerber (Lanham, MD: Univ. Pr. of America, 1983) 128-32. See Heinz D. Osterle's analysis of both positive and negative functions of the planet metaphor in "Denkbilder über die USA: Günter Kunerts *Der andere Planet*," *Basis: Jahrbuch für deutsche Gegenwartsliteratur* 7 (1977): 145-47.

<sup>19</sup> Lauckner 130.

<sup>20</sup> Cf. also Osterle 154 and Lauckner 132. One of the devices referred to in n. 11 above is also mentioned by Kunert 181 to illustrate his point.

<sup>21</sup> Osterle 147.