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Johannes von Moltke

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“Der Riß der Welt geht auch durch mich”: Briefwechsel 1923–1966 by Theodor W. Adorno and Siegfried Kracauer, volume 7 of *Briefe und Briefwechsel*, by Theodor W. Adorno, edited by Wolfgang Schopf. Frankfurt am Main: Suhrkamp, 2008. Pp. 772. 52.50 euros, cloth; 32.00 euros, paper.

My dear Teddie, my dear friend!

I arrived at noon today all torn, wrapped up. Now I want to write straight away. During these two days, I again felt such an agonizing love for you that it seems to me as if I could not endure alone. Severed from you, my existence is stale, I don't know how this can go on.¹

The letter is dated 5 April 1923 and, under the letterhead of the prestigious *Frankfurter Zeitung* (was this written surreptitiously at the office?!), its sender—Friedel—implores Teddie to “please read *alone!*” (B 9, emphasis in original). So tortured, so steamy is this love letter that Friedel asks Teddie to destroy it: “[I]n any case, no word of it, this is secret, who could be allowed to see me thus in my true gestalt?” (B 11).

Fortunately for us, Teddie neither destroyed this extraordinary confession nor lost it in the tumultuous decades that followed. Preserved in the Theodor W. Adorno Archive in Frankfurt, the letter now stands as the first in a correspondence that spanned almost half a century and fills some seven hundred pages in the recently published and meticulously annotated *Briefwechsel* (Correspondence) between Theodor W. Adorno and Siegfried Kracauer: Teddie and Friedel. These two key figures in the history of Critical Theory had

met through a mutual friend toward the end of World War I. In Adorno's understated recollection from the early 1960s, "an intensive contact sprang up between" the two men after that initial meeting.² This contact would influence their respective distinguished careers as two of the leading intellectuals of the twentieth century.

Both men have achieved a measure of fame in the fields of philosophy and cultural studies, though during their lifetimes the younger quickly came to outshine his mentor. Theodor Adorno (1903–69), the philosopher, was a member of the original Institute for Social Research in Frankfurt and New York City. Together with Max Horkheimer, he became the institute's director after its return to Germany in 1949. Adorno's talent and his enormous productivity are clearly in evidence throughout these letters: with evident satisfaction he reports concluding multiple major works, simultaneously embarking on new projects and publishing at a frenzied pace—from his early monograph on Kierkegaard³ through the famous *Dialectic of Enlightenment*⁴ to his reckoning with Heidegger in *The Jargon of Authenticity*⁵ and his long-gestating philosophical *summa*, *Negative Dialectics*,⁶ not to mention the numerous anthologies of his own essays that began to be published regularly after his return to Germany. Siegfried Kracauer (1889–1966), on the other hand, had

started out as a leading cultural critic during the years of the Weimar Republic, when he worked for the influential *Frankfurter Zeitung*, editing its cultural section and supplying regular film reviews alongside important essays (later collected in *The Mass Ornament*⁷). While he also managed to publish a book on sociology and an autobiographical novel entitled *Ginster* during these years, his stature among intellectuals of his day was cemented by the influence he wielded at the *Frankfurter Zeitung*: it was journalistic first and scholarly second (though the lasting relevance of Kracauer's work resides, perhaps, in his ability to undo that opposition itself).⁸ The Nazi seizure of power forced Kracauer into exile, first in Paris—where he completed but did not publish a second novel entitled *Georg* (more on this later), and published a "social biography" of Jacques Offenbach. The latter earned him severe criticism from Adorno for what he considered its undialectical method and lack of attention to the formal, aesthetic aspects of Offenbach's music. In 1941, Kracauer managed to escape Europe via Lisbon and made his way to New York, where he would cobble together a living and a career by publishing journal articles and securing grants to support his work at the Museum of Modern Art (MoMA) film library. The latter would eventually lead to the publication of the first of his two best-known works, *From Ca-*

ligari to Hitler: A Psychological History of the German Film,⁹ which would be followed, about a decade later, by *Theory of Film: The Redemption of Physical Reality*;¹⁰ though both of these books have also received their share of criticism, they were innovative and pathbreaking in their time, and remain central to film studies curricula to this day. Kracauer's final book on historiography, which remained incomplete when he died unexpectedly of pneumonia in 1966, was published posthumously as *History: The Last Things Before the Last*.¹¹

* * *

Voluminous though it is, this correspondence remains incomplete, since for unknown reasons many of Kracauer's letters in particular have been lost. In other words, Kracauer's missive of 5 April 1923, composed upon his return from a two-day sojourn with Adorno in the aptly named southwestern town of Amorbach, could hardly have been the first letter exchanged between the two friends.¹² Nor can it be considered characteristic, *pars pro toto*, of the correspondence whose tone would shift drastically and repeatedly over the following decades. And yet, this letter sets up a utopian horizon of love—whether romantic, platonic, sexual, and/or intellectual—that inevitably affects the reading of all subsequent exchanges; undoubtedly, it

also affected their writing, and the times during which this horizon is lost from view in the exchange of petty formalities, or obscured by the bitterness of mutual recriminations merely prove its enduring relevance *ex negativo*. Indeed, Friedel's "first" letter not only intimates the bonds that connect the two men until their deaths in 1966 and 1969, respectively; it also spells out the terms, indeed the erotics, of the uneven, or "troubled" friendship that will emerge.¹³

My condition is ghastly. I fear so terribly the evanescence of that which is most dear to me, what appears to me as the meaning or fulfillment of my existence. Do you believe in the eternal duration of our friendship? It would always need to be presence, living presence, and how could that be? I tremble out of fear for its endurance, you are 19, I am 34. You are taking a turn, you need to traverse the world, at 19 one cannot vouch for oneself, not even you. In other words, it will break into pieces, and there I shall lie. Are you not much more consistent [*geschlossen*] than I? I am an abyss and like a young boy I lack a foothold. Never will I become a mature man, I know not what to do. (B 9)

Love reverses the positions: Kracauer, the older man and Adorno's

erstwhile mentor, becomes a flailing young boy and imputes to his adolescent friend the maturity (consistency [*Geschlossenheit*]) of adulthood that he (Kracauer) will never attain. The resulting insecurity on Kracauer's part, which sets the tone for the letter, would persist in various forms—whether as the gnawing uncertainty about the relationship with Adorno (which the latter names in subsequent letters as based on a lack of trust); or, in later years, as the apparent need to control his own image, to rectify and limit the ways in which Adorno (and others, by extension) could read his works.

The homosocial dimension of this friendship, too, is sounded in the first letter: the way in which the relationship between Adorno and Kracauer is triangulated, intersected by women who simultaneously sustain and threaten its dynamic: “I must also tell you that your report about your relationship with Gretel did pain me greatly. Not the fact that you had this relationship, but only that you walked by my side for so long without me knowing about it” (B 9). Little surprise, then, that the two explicit references to homosexuality in the correspondence ventriloquize female voices: on 19 May 1925, Adorno writes from Vienna that

a very intelligent young lady explained to me with determination at our second meet-

ing—and without knowing *anything* about me—that I was homosexual and absent with a distant friend; and this at a moment when I was thinking of you very intensely. In other words, I believe I am fanatically faithful to you, much more faithful than I would have thought to be, since I was, after all, beholden to your suggestion that it was now all over. (B 54)

When Adorno does report a budding affair to Kracauer from Vienna the following month, misogynist aspersions regarding the “literati girl” (*Literatenmädchen*) in question are coupled with the assurance that “she knows of us [i.e., Teddie and Friedel] and our bonds [*Gebundenheit*] what she, as a woman, can know—the fact that she obstinately subsumes me under §175 for this cannot be avoided” (B 88). The two men's relationships with their future wives, Lili Ehrenreich (Kracauer) and Gretel Karplus (Adorno), grow and become objects of the correspondence only under mutual recriminations—that is, jealousy; even after relations have normalized and greetings from and to the wives at the close of the letters have become routinized, the homosocial *taceat mulier* of the earlier letters perdures.

The friendship between Adorno and Kracauer has been a matter of public record at least since February 1964, when Adorno delivered a radio address in honor of Kracauer's 75th birthday and noted at the outset that he considered himself qualified to sketch for a postwar German audience the "objective idea of Kracauer's spiritual character" for the simple reason that "he and I have been friends since I was a young man."¹⁴ Rereading Adorno's well-known essay now alongside the correspondence, one cannot help but think that, in drafting the talk, Adorno himself also poured over those letters that survived in his possession. Seen in this light, some of Adorno's assessments of Kracauer's "spiritual character" take on personal overtones that help to explain the profoundly ambivalent effect of the generally well-intentioned laudation. For all its praise, genuine spirit of friendship, and manifest desire to make the exile and erstwhile mentor known in his home country, "The Curious Realist: On Siegfried Kracauer" is laced not only with substantive criticism of Kracauer's work but also with barbs that appear as barely veiled *ad hominem* attacks when one holds them up to the intimacy of the early letters. How else to interpret Adorno's claim that Kracauer, "a man with no skin," had an "almost boundless capacity for suffering"? That Kracauer was helplessly "reactive" in many respects? That,

for all his openness, Kracauer "lacked freedom in his relation to the object?" (CR 161, 166). If we reverse Adorno's sublimation of the erotic dimension so obvious in the letters (whereas in the radio address the "relation to the object" is explicitly couched "in Hegelian terms"), and if we reinstate the *love* object as the one toward which Kracauer ostensibly lacks freedom, then the subject that emerges from Adorno's portrait is none other than the helpless, suffering lover of the early letters.

Lest this appear too fanciful or romantic a psychologization of Adorno's "objective idea of Kracauer's spiritual character," we need only turn to the end of the article, where Adorno himself explicitly marshals Freud to psychoanalyze his friend's "fixation on childhood" (CR 177). While this is doubtless a productive notion through which to consider Kracauer's intellectual method, with its insistence on the material phenomena overlooked by routinized, adult perception, one would be hard-pressed to locate the fixation on childhood as a persistent motif in Kracauer's published writings, as Adorno suggests. It does occur, however, in the early letters, where Kracauer bares himself—skinless, shamefully—to Adorno, who would lift his friend's despair at "never becoming a mature man" from its confessional, intimate context and put it to public and pointedly ambivalent use by claiming,

with Freud, that “it is precisely the adult who is infantile” (CR 177). Designed to theorize Kracauer’s quizzical but ultimately affirmative gaze at the material world, his capacity for thinking “with an eye that is astonished almost to helplessness but then suddenly flashes into illumination” (CR 163), the motif of childhood and the infantile gaze implicitly impugns the friend for failing to grow up and let go of the (love) object. In another instance of the reversals that characterize this relationship—but veiled behind the intellectualized motif of childhood—Adorno, who came to know Kracauer at the height of adolescence, takes the latter to task for his inability to distance himself from the object. Kracauer’s shortcoming, in Adorno’s eyes, is his failure to encounter the object not through the bonds of (adolescent) love but with the ostensible freedom afforded by the folds of friendship between married men.¹⁵

* * *

While Adorno’s text has become a standard reference for Kracauer scholarship and the intellectual history of the Frankfurt school more generally, it is less widely known that Kracauer, too, strove to publicize the relationship with Adorno—albeit in a differently, because fictionally, coded form. In his posthumously published novel *Georg*, which he completed during

his years in French exile, the eponymous and autobiographically inflected protagonist falls in love with the much younger Fred, whom in particularly sentimental moments he calls Freddie (as in Teddie—here composited with Friedel, to boot) and with whom he at one point undertakes a journey to the town of Sulzbach (as in Amorbach).¹⁶ The passage describing the trip, its agonizing confessions and rapprochements in and out of bed, now reads like a prequel to the correspondence, the exposition for the story that begins to unfold with the first extant letter of 5 April 1923. (Little wonder, then, that the *Briefwechsel* at times reads like a novel.)

From the moment the two characters meet at some train station, the novel constructs a scenario of desire, focalized through the protagonist Georg, who “with enormous excitement imagined particular scenes” while contemplating his friend’s rather formal appearance and demeanor in the train compartment:

[T]heir evening walks, the act of locking the door to their room, getting undressed, conversations in bed—[he] let his mind rest on images of intimacy and anticipated possibilities that he did not pursue any further, however. How much more pleasurable to feel them only as possibilities and postpone their potential materialization into the distance.

Consequently, he was happy about Fred's self-consciousness and took care not to disrupt it. (*G* 349)

But, of course, this desirous scenario cannot be sustained, and the events at the small Black Forest resort during the ensuing week unfold as a painful disillusionment:¹⁷ the friends sleep in separate rooms, and Fred feels suffocated by the rotting foliage that seems to accompany their relationship as a motif throughout the novel. Rather than continue the discussions and readings that had bound the two friends, Fred now announces a materialist wish to "earn money as quickly as possible" (*G* 354), and he begins to flirt with the female guests at the hotel. When the two men finally do end up in bed together one night, Fred uses the moment of greatest intimacy as the occasion to confess an affair with a woman, Margot, which he had kept secret from Georg. In the novel, the two men somehow bridge the remaining two days until their departure and return to their hometown estranged. The following morning, Georg returns to the newspaper for which he works.

Where Kracauer then penned a letter, his alter ego continues the discussion with "Freddie" in an inner monologue on his next business trip; but whereas Georg eventually "liquidates the relationship" with Freddie,¹⁸ Friedel holds onto Teddie, continuing the corre-

spondence across periods of estrangement and great proximity for the rest of his life. It is, as I have suggested, a correspondence with great caesurae—some temporal, as in the apparent two-year gap between March 1939 and 1941, and some emotional, as in the noticeable chill that pervades the letters as both men gravitate toward their future wives during the mid-1920s. And, of course, there are the profound intellectual disagreements that Martin Jay has chronicled,¹⁹ including a falling-out after Adorno's radical redaction of a text on propaganda that Kracauer had composed at the behest of the Institute for Social Research for publication in its journal (he would withdraw the text, accusing Adorno of having "not edited my manuscript but used it as the basis for a work of your own" [*B* 398]); disputes about the use of concepts central to the elaboration of Critical Theory, such as "ideology," or "utopia;"²⁰ or the testy discussion of "The Curious Realist" after Kracauer had received the printed version in October 1964. And yet, the balance of the correspondence is suffused with a profound friendship, evident in the way both will share generously the details of their lives apart (in Frankfurt and Berlin during the early 1930s, or in New York City and Frankfurt after Adorno's remigration in 1949 until Kracauer's death in 1966), in discussions of mutual dedications of their works,²¹ or in

the way Adorno patiently wields his growing influence in postwar Germany to help Kracauer find a publisher and recognition in his home country.

On some occasions, though, the steady friendship is punctuated by a less (self-)protective, more direct tone that allows its patently erotic origin to flash into illumination. Some of these are moments of intense insecurity, unguarded for once as in the desperate letter that Kracauer sends on the eve of his embarkation for America. Adorno, already in New York, had worked tirelessly and creatively to help secure the necessary assurances for Kracauer's emigration, apprising Kracauer of his options in numerous letters to France. Now, on 28 March 1941, Kracauer writes to "Mr. Teddie Adorno" from Lisbon, c/o Wagons-Lits Cook:

Dear Teddie, these words are just to tell you that we hope to sail with the *Nyassa* on April 15. . . . It is terrible to arrive as we will—after 8 years of an existence that doesn't deserve the name. I have grown older, also within myself. Now comes the last station, the last chance, which I must not gamble away, lest everything be lost . . . I will arrive a poor man, poorer than I have ever been.

Referring to the house in which he had come to know the young

Adorno, Kracauer closes by emphasizing how much he

look[s] forward to seeing you, the more time elapses, the closer does the Seeheimer Straße appear to me—nothing can change that. We both send greetings to Gretel, and please accept Lili's and my greetings yourself. Until soon, Teddie—if all goes well, which nobody can say. (B 427)

Other, less urgent, moments of renewed intimacy tend to be birthdays, Kracauer's protectiveness of his own chronological exterritoriality notwithstanding. On 7 February 1949, presumably still from California, Adorno writes to Kracauer in New York:

Dear Friedel, tomorrow is your birthday and, if I'm not badly mistaken, it is your sixtieth. For this festive day, I wish you all the very best. As arbitrary as such caesurae may be by any standards of nature, they do have a great symbolic power within the human realm. . . . Let me therefore join you in spirit and celebrate with you with all my heart, in faithful knowledge of a thirty-year-long friendship. There are two wishes I have for you above all. The first: that a solution can be found that finally lets

you rise above all material uncertainty. The second: that you have the opportunity to bring home everything that has matured in your spiritual existence. I can think of no other person for whom it would be more apt if his decisive achievements came in old age, after sixty—there is a reason why you always used to say that August was your favorite month. And more than anything, what gives me the hope that you will find the fulfillment of that which you have “steadily meant” by your very existence, is the unforced nature of everything you have produced, your receptivity to experience without the overhasty drive to finish. Only too well do I know how much this fulfillment depends on that of my first wish for a dignified material basis, without the fear of how to go on. But I believe that there is something in the rhythm of your life that will allow the externals and the internal finally to meet; after all, you, too, have been guided by this belief yourself. Please forgive me if I speak a bit more ceremoniously than is customary between us—I blame the strong feeling that befalls me in view of this day, as well as the absence of that quotidian empirical [presence] that could put the pa-

thetic in its place. So: I wish you everything good, loving, and beautiful all the way into the pianissimo of oldest age. With the most heartfelt greeting to you and Lili, also from Gretel, your old Teddie. (B 442)

Five days later, Kracauer responds in kind:

Dear Teddie: I was so touched by your letter. And it did arrive on the day itself; I found it at home in the evening. What a great joy for me—and for Lili, as well. As if I had not known, I was newly overwhelmed at the fact of our thirty-year-old friendship and the old images that we drafted of ourselves, which contained so much truth. I thought of the days in Oberrad [their old Frankfurt neighborhood], of our reading of Nietzsche and countless things, small and large, from those years in which we were still very young, young enough in any case to know of transitoriness only what one knows of many things. I am truly grateful to you for your memory [*Gedenken*] and for your words, which conjured up the encapsulated life of the past. It is a consolation to know that you know and preserve within yourself what we shared. That gives

me a feeling of home [*Geborgenheit*], of not-being-lost, for now. And thus I know of you. (B 444)

Such openly and unguardedly pathetic reminiscences bring into relief the persistent importance of the early, erotically charged years of Kracauer and Adorno's friendship. But, as I have hoped to suggest, that importance transcended the intimacy of letters exchanged and preserved among friends, and found an outlet in their published work, even if only posthumously. Kracauer returned to those years when writing *Georg* in Paris in the early 1930s, and Adorno picked up the thread again in Germany with "The Curious Realist" another thirty years later. In doing so, both authors would mine the beginnings of their relationship and the letters of those years for their lingering passion, as the bedrock of their friendship and as the intimate foil on which to project each other's image, its fictional or its "objective idea," respectively, for a reading public. If it weren't already poignant enough, Adorno's penultimate missive to Kracauer—a postcard dated 7 October 1966, from Naples—picks out the early threads from a tapestry that time, age, love, and friendship have woven:

Dear Friedel, here again for the first time since 1929, I recollect with great emotion how we were here

in 1925 and stayed at the Vesuvio. Incredibly much has changed since then, the triumph of cleanliness and order is unstoppable. But more than that, what impresses itself upon me is how life literally rushes by—I feel as though the days here, in Capri and Positano, had been yesterday, so clearly do I still see everything before my inner eye—I even still know my way around the city entirely—and meanwhile, without knowing how, one has grown old. Here's wishing that we haven't *truly* aged. With much fondness, to Lili as well, yours, Teddie. (B 719)

Kracauer would respond with only one more letter, which he describes apologetically in closing as merely a "sign of life." It would be Friedel's last after almost half a century of letters exchanged with Teddie.

—University of Michigan

NOTES

1. Theodor W. Adorno and Siegfried Kracauer, *Der Riß der Welt geht auch durch mich": Briefwechsel 1923–1966* ["The rupture of the world passes through me, too": Correspondence 1923–1966], volume 7 of Theodor W. Adorno, *Briefe und Briefwechsel* [Letters and correspondence], ed. Wolfgang Schopf (Frankfurt am Main:

- Suhrkamp, 2008), 9; hereafter cited parenthetically in the text as *B*. All translations are my own.
2. Theodor W. Adorno, "The Curious Realist: On Siegfried Kracauer" (1964), trans. Shierry Weber Nicholsen, in "Special Issue on Siegfried Kracauer," *New German Critique*, no. 54 (1991): 159–77, quotation on 160.
 3. Theodor W. Adorno, *Kierkegaard: The Construction of the Aesthetic*, trans. Robert Hullot-Kentor (1966; repr., Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1989). First German edition: *Kierkegaard: Zur Konstruktion des Ästhetischen* (Tübingen, Germany: J. C. B. Mohr, 1933).
 4. Max Horkheimer and Theodor W. Adorno, *Dialectic of Enlightenment: Philosophical Fragments*, trans. Edmund Jephcott (1972; repr., Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 2002). First German edition: *Dialektik der Aufklärung: Philosophische Fragmente* (Amsterdam: Querido, 1947).
 5. Theodor W. Adorno, *The Jargon of Authenticity*, trans. Kurt Tarnowski and Frederic Will (Evanston, IL: Northwestern University Press, 1973). First German edition: *Der Jargon der Eigentlichkeit* (Frankfurt am Main: Suhrkamp, 1964).
 6. Theodor W. Adorno, *Negative Dialectics*, trans. E. B. Ashton (New York: Seabury Press, 1973). First German edition: *Negative Dialektik* (Frankfurt am Main: Suhrkamp, 1966).
 7. Siegfried Kracauer, *The Mass Ornament: Weimar Essays*, trans. Thomas Y. Levin (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1996). First German edition: *Das Ornament der Masse: Essays* (Frankfurt am Main: Suhrkamp, 1963).
 8. Siegfried Kracauer, *Ginster: Von ihm selbst geschrieben* [Ginster: Written by himself] (Berlin: S. Fischer, 1928).
 9. Siegfried Kracauer, *From Caligari to Hitler: A Psychological History of the German Film* (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1947).
 10. Siegfried Kracauer, *Theory of Film: The Redemption of Physical Reality* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1960).
 11. Siegfried Kracauer, *History: The Last Things before the Last* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1969).
 12. Decades later, Adorno would write upon his return from another visit to Amorbach,

[T]he old Amorbach that you, too, are familiar with, where we spent a few long overdue days of vacation and where so little has changed that for the first time I experienced something like a feeling of home [*Heimat*], to the extent that such a thing still exists, and should be allowed to exist, at all. (letter, 17 October 1950, B 452)
 13. Long before its publication, Martin Jay scoured the correspondence between Adorno and Kracauer in the archive. First published in *Salmagundi* magazine in 1978, the resulting article now appears as "Adorno and Kracauer: Notes on a Troubled Friendship," in Martin Jay's *Permanent Exiles: Essays on the Intellectual Migration from Germany to America* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1986), 217–36. Where Jay's reading of the letters emphasizes their manifest importance for intellectual history, with a particular focus on the years around 1930, 1960, and 1964, my aim here is to foreground the erotics of this lifelong friendship.
 14. The address was published, in barely revised form, as "Der wunderliche Realist" in *Neue deutsche Hefte* in 1964 and soon included in the third volume of Adorno's *Noten zur Literatur* (Frankfurt am Main: Suhrkamp, 1965); English version: "The Curious Realist: On Siegfried Kracauer," in *Notes to Literature* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1992), 2:57–75. Prior

- to the publication of the latter in English, the essay appeared in *New German Critique* 54 (1991) as “The Curious Realist” (cf. note 2), from which I quote here (159) (hereafter cited parenthetically in the text as CR). At Kracauer’s insistent bidding not to disclose his age, Adorno and the radio station made no mention of the birthday that occasioned the address. This issue takes up multiple letters that again betray a profound insecurity on Kracauer’s part, formulated as “the deep-seated need to live exterritorially—both as regards the intellectual climate and in relation to chronological time” (letter, 8 November 1963, *B* 621). For more on this aspect of the exchange, see Jay, “Adorno and Kracauer.”
15. For a differently angled discussion of the role of friendship in Kracauer’s work, which predates the publication of the correspondence, see Gerhard Richter, “Siegfried Kracauer and the Folds of Friendship,” *German Quarterly* 70, no. 3 (1997): 233–46.
 16. Siegfried Kracauer, *Georg* (Frankfurt am Main: Suhrkamp, 1973; reprinted in *Werke*, ed. Inka Mülder Bach and Ingrid Belke [Frankfurt am Main: Suhrkamp, 2004], 7:257–516); hereafter cited parenthetically in the text as *G*. The novel was completed in 1934 during Kracauer’s exile in Paris.
 17. Kracauer describes the novel itself as one of disillusionment in an “Analysis of my Novel,” written in 1934 and intended for prospective publishers (see *Werke*, 7:603–5).
 18. *Ibid.*, 605.
 19. See Jay, “Adorno and Kracauer.”
 20. For the latter, see also Kracauer’s notes on his “Talk with Teddie” (12 August 1960). A facsimile of its first page is included in *B* 734; the full text will be included in *Affinities: Siegfried Kracauer’s American Writings, 1941–1966*, ed. Johannes von Moltke and Kristy Rawson (Berkeley: University of California Press, forthcoming).
 21. Adorno dedicated his *Kierkegaard* to Kracauer; Kracauer dedicated *The Mass Ornament* to Adorno, and it would appear that no article, book, or reprint crossed the Atlantic without a meaningful handwritten dedication on the title page.