

charming life. Julian, who had always found it easy to make friends, had prepared for my arrival. Everybody invited me, small parties were given for me, everyone made me feel at home. Soon I was drawn into the rather active radical student life at the university. It was there that I met Paul Massing.

There had been a great deal of talk about Paul Massing in our little circles around the institute. Karl August Wittfogel had mentioned him to me as being unusual in every way. He was considered a brilliant student, handsome, a great success with women. His background was different from most of the students who congregated at the institute. He had grown up in a small village which did not even have a railroad station and could hardly be found on the map. He had walked for miles in order to get to school. At the time I met him, he had just spent a year at the Sorbonne in Paris preparing for his Ph.D. and was about to finish. He was a leading member of the Marxist student group but refused to be a party member because he could not see himself toeing the party line. This was as early as 1928! He was voicing doubts in political discussions continuously, but was liked by the Communists in spite of it because he was so well read and was a good speaker. Julian thought him a rare combination of peasant boy and intellectual and was so interested in him that he helped to tutor him in preparation for the orals before his doctor's examinations. These sessions were at our house and it was then that I got to know him better.

I did not think him so exceedingly good looking at first. Neither did I think him so outstandingly brilliant as I had been led to expect. He had a quick wit and a great capacity for laughter—a loud and attractive sort of laughter. I liked his rakish way of wearing his little French cap, and the way