UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

OU_162158

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

OSMANIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Call No. 3a 'y5 6W Accession No. 28 29 6

Author Slochower, H.

Title No Voice is Wholly Lost.

This book should be returned on or before the date last marked below.

NO VOICE IS WHOLLY LOST

Books by Harry Slochower

THREE WAYS OF MODERN MAN

THOMAS MANN'S JOSEPH STORY [AN INTERPRETATION]

RICHARD DEHMEL

NO VOICE IS WHOLLY LOST

HARRY SLOCHOWER

NO VOICE IS WHOLLY LOST

Writers and Thinkers in War and Peace

DENNIS DOBSON LIMITED

FIRST PUBLISHED 1946
BY DENNIS DOBSON LIMITED
29 GREAT QUEEN STREET
KINGSWAY : WC2

All rights reserved

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN
in 10-pt Electra
A. L. HARMAN AND SON
STYMAN STREET LONDON N1

PREFACE

IN HIS *Republic* Plato observes that when rule is gone from the commonwealth, chaos appears in the soul of man. This book is a study of a chaotic period, demarcated by the First and Second World Wars, as reflected in forms of cultural alienation. The total conflict which has penetrated all modes of life has been bewildering. Even more bewildering have been the configurations in the realms of literature, philosophy and art, where they assume singular overtones and nuances.

The confusion appears everywhere. We find it in the very doctrines which deny confusion. Our systems of certainty are crossed by doubts and misgivings. At the same time, perhaps no other era has precipitated so much labour toward integration and unity. This strain also makes itself felt everywhere. In the philosophies of anarchic freedom and atomic positivism it is present in the reservations which they exhibit with regard to their own doctrine. The paintings of Picasso offer an outstanding instance. In their restless change of forms from impressionism and expressionism through cubism and surrealism, culminating in the Guernica mural, we have the summation of modern estrangement and agony, as well as the persistent quest for harmony, constantly frustrated and constantly renewed. Picasso's work represents, as he put it, 'a continuous struggle against reaction and death.'

The book deals in the main with two aspects of alienation in our war epoch. The first is the *terminus ad quem* of the philosophy of freedom, individualism and evolutionary progress, characterized by surrender of absolute standards. Having lost its earlier validity and relevance, this philosophy now appears as bohemian anarchy and licence, tending toward absolute doubt and cosmic exile. The absence of historic sanction tends to swing it toward forms of scepticism and traditional orthodoxy. The second overtly embraces forms of traditional orthodoxy, yielding to the communal forces which have developed in our time. But it also is seen as the *terminus ad quem* of this second trend, revealed by the strange drops of 'free' and 'individual' blood which infiltrate its homogeneous order. The book finally treats attempts at reintegrating the extremes of the individual and the communal, freedom and determinism, process and substance, culminating in the effort to synthesize 'Marx' and 'Freud.'

Acknowledgment is due to the editors of *Accent, Books Abroad, Byrdcliffe Afternoons, The Educational Forum, Negro Quarterly, New Masses, New Republic, The Personalist, Quarterly Review of*

Literature, Rocky Mountain Review, Science and Society, The Sewanee Review, The Southern Review, Twice a Year, The University Review, where some of this material first appeared. I am indebted to suggestions by friends and critics who are preoccupied with similar issues. The approach in Kenneth Burke's philosophy of symbolic action with its strategy of motivation as structure has been of particular service. I should also mention my students of comparative literature at Brooklyn College, whose discussions of these problems have often proved of value.

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION

The Chaos of Standards in Our War Culture page 11

OVERTURE

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE—The Hindenburg Line of Individualism 18

I

THE SURRENDER OF ABSOLUTES

1. Bohemian Freedom 35

Feudal Bohemia: ARTHUR SCHNITZLER 36

Bourgeois Bohemia: ALDOUS HUXLEY and ERNEST HEMINGWAY 42

2. Uncertainty as a Principle: The Negation of Substance 49

Philosophy of the Possible: JOHN DEWEY 50

Absolute Doubt: ANDRE GIDE, IGNAZIO SILONE, JOHN DOS PASSOS 61

In the Fascist Styx: STEFAN ZWEIG and ERNST TOLLER; RICHARD WRIGHT 75

Cosmic Exile: LOUIS FERDINAND CELINE, THOMAS WOLFE 88

Secular Crucifixion: FRANZ KAFKA 96

II

THE EMBRACE OF ABSOLUTES

3. The Antæan Tradition 116

The Imaginative Metaphor: PAUL GAUGUIN, KNUT HAMSUN, D. H. LAWRENCE; The Social Graph: The American Agrarians 118

4. The Medieval Tradition 129

The Catholic Return to Status: HILAIRE BELLOC and JACQUES MARITAIN; PAUL CLAUDEL and MAURICE BARRES; SIGRID UNDSET

5. The Classical Tradition of Essence 137
The Realm of Spirit: GEORGE SANTAYANA 138
Æsthetic Redemption: MARCEL PROUST 147
Aristocratic Transcendence: The American Humanists, T. S. ELIOT, STEFAN GEORGE 155
Democratic Transcendence: RAINER MARIA RILKE 160

III

FASCISM: THE SYSTEMIZATION OF CONFUSION

6. The Roman Prelude 167
7. The Aryan Finale 169
Faustian Fascism: OSWALD SPENGLER 171
The Counterfeit Substance 173
The Counterfeit Absolute 175
The Counterfeit Newness 176
8. Alienation of Art: GERHART HAUPTMANN and HANS FALLADA 179

IV

MIDWAY PASSAGE: BETWEEN THE LOWER DEPTHS AND UNIVERSAL ORDER

9. Spiritual Judaism: The Yearning for Status: FRANZ WERFEL and SHOLEM ASCH 190
10. In Quest of Everyman: JAMES JOYCE and EUGENE O'NEILL 201
11. Through the Lower Depths: CLIFFORD ODETS 210

V

TOWARD THE COMMUNAL PERSONALITY

12. The Marxist Idea of the Universal Man 216

13. The Masses and Man: GEORGE BERNARD SHAW; ARNOLD ZWEIG and LION FEUCHTWANGER; HEINRICH MANN; BERTOLT BRECHT and ANNA SEGHERS 227

14. The Communal Personality in Soviet Literature 237

15. The Promise of America: JOHN STEINBECK 242

VI

TRANSFIGURATION BY ESTRANGEMENT

16. Clash and Congruence between Marx and Freud 250

17. The Hope of Man: ANDRE MALRAUX 257

18. The Idea of Universal Culture: THOMAS MANN 267

CONCLUSION

Toward a Dialectic Humanism 296

CRITICAL BIBLIOGRAPHY 305

INDEX 318

*

Φήμη δ'οὔτις πάμπαν ἀπόλλυται, ἥν τινα πολλοὶ
λαοὶ φημίξωσι· Θεός νύ τίς ἐστι καὶ αὐτή.

No voice is wholly lost that is the voice of many men.
HESIOD—ARISTOTLE

Exiles in this world—and what noble mind from Empedocles down, has not had that feeling?
GEORGE SANTAYANA

In the end no philosophy is really humane, or avoids needless cruelty, unless it recognizes the inevitability of human suffering, defeat, death, and destruction. . . .
MORRIS RAPHAEL COHEN

We are living in . . . a moment of crisis. . . . In every branch of our spiritual and material civilization we seem to have arrived at a critical turning point. . . . There is scarcely a scientific axiom that is not nowadays denied by somebody.
MAX PLANCK

Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned,
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity. . . .
We are closed in, and the key is turned
On our uncertainty. . . .
WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

There is the world dimensional for
those untwisted by the love of things
irreconcilable. . . .
HART CRANE

We wound past armies of strangers, waving love's
thin awkward plant among a crowd of salesmen.
MURIEL RUKEYSER

INTRODUCTION

THE CHAOS OF STANDARDS IN OUR WAR CULTURE

IN 1918 THE armistice of the First World War was signed. One of Romain Rolland's later novels gives this year a characteristic name: The Year of Death. In this year, Rolland states: 'Everything was tottering, nothing was sure, life had no morrow: tomorrow the abyss might re-open—war, wars, at home and abroad. There was nothing to hold on to but the passing day. The experience of those years had ruined the authority of all the men and books respected by the previous generation.... Their confidence was poisoned.'

Every period in history has known unrest. In all ages men feared, doubted, questioned, despaired and rebelled. In every age Œdipus overrides Laius, Orestes attacks Clytemnestra and Cain turns against Abel. Groups and classes have engaged in warfare throughout recorded history. Yet by comparison with our own time, such displacements seem to have had a logic. Classical tragedy was seen as purging man of ignoble emotions; the medieval morality pointed man's trials toward the greater glory of a divine order, and Renaissance doubt was to assure highest certainty. In our period, standards cut across in riotous lines. Old gods are dead, and new gods interlock at once in harmony and in strife. The war of peoples and of doctrines has produced inner discordances such as no other age has ever known. What are the grounds for this unprecedented psychological disbelief? What materials have produced the cacophonous symphony of our war culture?

Our story has a prelude which falls roughly into three parts. The first is the break-up of timeless feudal certainties and the birth of Western man with his hope in freedom, individualism, science, the machine and capital. The second part is the bottle-neck of this development. It is the period of saturation in which the 'free' market has completed its 'time.' The third is the 'resolution' of this situation in the First World War. No free markets remaining 'without,' the system turns on itself. The prelude closes with the outbreak of social revolutions in Central Europe and in Russia.

Our story proper concerns itself with the drama following the years of these social upheavals. The first act is the violent reaction against the spectre of international socialism by Black and Brown Fascism. The second act is the period of waverings between support

of and opposition to this counter-attack by the liberal mind living in the capitalistic democracies. The third act may be said to have begun with the entry of the Soviet Union and of the United States into the Second World War. The fascist coalition would make it the last act of civilized history. But it may prove to be the beginning of a new drama in which tragedy will be purified by the elimination of fortuitous and ignoble factors operative in the old market.

I

The Greek and Roman citizen had status. Psychologically this was true of the slave as well, in so far as he was considered and regarded himself as an organic part of his society. Similar psychological status was enjoyed by the medieval serf and journeyman. Their positions were established and they were accepted as part of the 'natural' order of things. Middle-class economy of the free contract broke up this substantive relationship. The serf was liberated from his master but also from his land. The period of 'natural economy,' in which objects were desired for themselves, passed over into the 'representative' form where they became means of exchange.

The introduction of a money-economy and of specialized machine work inaugurated an era in which qualitative entities were evaluated in terms of quantitative parts. Galilean thinking arose which converted the organic into the metric. It was the birth of what Wyndham Lewis calls 'Time and Western Man.' 'The work of Galileo, John Dewey states, 'was not a development, but a revolution. It marked a change . . . from æsthetic harmonies to mathematical formulæ . . . from rest to change; from eternal objects to temporal sequence.' The world of 'reality' became 'hard, cold, colourless, silent and dead,' writes E. A. Burtt in *Metaphysical Foundations of Modern Science*. It was a realm of 'mathematically computable motions in mechanical regularity.' With the development of credits under financial capitalism, the idea of personal, sensuous value was further transformed into abstract relations. The concretion of use value was converted into what Veblen later called the 'spiritual' nature of exchange value.

In abolishing the transcendental dualism of the Middle Ages, the Renaissance introduced a dualism of its own *within* the empirical order. By reducing 'goods' to neutral media of exchange, it left out of its scheme non-convertible 'goods,' such as art and philosophy. Hence a sharp division arose between profit and poetry, money and immortality, matter and spirit. In this sense Cartesian dualism well represents the birth of modernism. The æsthetic and philosophic protest precipitated the themes of alienation on the part of modern

writers from Cervantes' Don Quixote, Shakespeare's Hamlet and Macbeth, to Goethe's Werther, Tasso, and Faust. They were attempts to 'save' the spiritual from materialistic contamination. However, as the machine continued to roll ahead, it became harder and harder to 'escape.' Growing 'divisions' of work and reward split up the whole into a pluralism of relativistic parts.[1] Technology depersonalized relationships. In the words of Professor MacIver, it

devises modes of relationship between man and man that stand as remote as its own instruments and engines from any other considerations than those of sheer utility. No ceremonies salute the time clock and the steam whistle, no hierophants unveil the mysteries of the counting house, no myths attend the tractor and the reaper-binder.... For multitudes the art of living is detached from the business of living.

Although the formula was 'correct,' the explosion of 1914 took place nonetheless. The war shattered old laws, the law of progress through mechanical efficiency, the law of wages, of exchange production and of profit. With it went the illusion of security and of faith in former authorities. And the war which began in 1914 never ceased. It continued because the armistice did not solve but aggravated the problems of the private market. It turned out to be not a war to end all wars but a war which brought on a total war. And as the average person could find no inner sanction for this continued strife, he was faced with an increasing inner war.

But the special moment underlying our post-war confusions entered in with the social revolutions of 1917-18 and the counter-revolutions of 1922 and 1933.

II

The war of 1914 was the last war fought along relatively clear lines. Here, as in previous wars, one might assume that if the one side won, the other side lost. Since 1917-18 there is no longer such assurance. The social revolutions of these years successfully challenged the private manipulation of public resources. Since then our wars have been ambiguous and three-cornered. The nature of the traditional struggle among competitors has been clouded by their fear of an enemy common to both, represented by the new social order. This united front against 1917-18 by factions which at the same time continued to engage in their former rivalries is the unique historic situation of our war years. It is the major factor in accounting for the contradictory developments in the 'twenties and 'thirties, from the war of intervention against the new Russia by its erstwhile allies to

[1] Modern specialization substituted a 'private' individualism in which man was a private cog in a machine privately owned. This was reflected in theories of cultural autonomy (Max Weber's '*Wissenschaft als Beruf*').

the policy of the Munich men by which the most menacing rival, Germany, was 'appeased."[1]

The ambiguities of the three-cornered war produced strange verbal somersaults. Franco's fascist combination which aimed at the restitution of Spanish feudalism called itself 'rebels,' while the opposition which fought the Moors with the help of the Catholic Basques was referred to as 'atheistic.' Groups aiming at concentrating power in the hands of a few banded together under the names of 'Liberty League,' 'Share the Wealth' and 'Social Justice.' Fascism with its international and imperialistic tie-up wanted to be known as national and socialist. The incongruity was increased by the fact that these terms did not simply hide their opposite. One could not get at the meaning merely by putting a minus where one found a plus. There was just enough of minimum truth in each slogan to make the confusion complete.

Dramatic exemplification of this state was provided at the time of the Munich agreement. When the pact was announced we were treated to the phenomenon of mass demonstrations in the streets of Prague and Paris calling on their governments to oppose Hitler, even if that should bring war. This was indeed a unique historic reversal. Hitherto, governing bodies had to urge, cajole and propagandize people into wars. This time, correspondents reported, people wept in the streets to be allowed to fight. This time the leaders wanted peace, while the people called for war. They called for war because the Munich peace was bought at the price of a continuing nightmare. It meant the 'stabilization' of moral nihilism.

Munich was a fatal blow at what remained of psychological order. And when the Soviet Union signed a non-aggression pact with Germany, more chaos spread over the liberal mind. The Soviet Union which had so ardently urged collective security, the state regarded as the one reliable ally in the struggle against fascism, makes peace with Hitlerism! This was for most liberals the crumbling of all political and ethical standards.

The speed with which France fell can be traced in part to the discouragement, apathy and moral scepticism which set in. It fell because its people could not wholeheartedly support a war declared by its Munich men. The people wanted to combat fascism but suspected that its own rulers leaned toward fascism. The leaders wanted to subdue their most dangerous competitor yet feared to destroy it because of the possible social consequences.

[1] Until the entries of the Soviet Union and of America into the Second World War, the 'alignments' were:
Germany, France and England against the Soviet Union.
Germany against France, England and the Soviet Union.
Germany and the Soviet Union against France and England.
Germany and France against England and the Soviet Union.

III

For some time, art, philosophy and literature had been sending out ' signals ' of the gathering storms. Artists from Van Gogh to Gauguin, writers from Balzac to Dostoyevsky and Rolland, thinkers from Schopenhauer to Nietzsche pointed to the growing instability. Even the situation in science serves as illustration. Non-Euclidian geometries have existed side by side with ' self-evident ' Euclidian propositions, and the wave theory of light has been used alongside the corpuscular theory. The idea of classical certainty, of absolute, immutable elements has been abandoned. Gone are Newton's permanent Space, Time and Matter and the conception that finality is obtainable in empirical science. ' When I was younger,' writes George Santayana, ' what was pompously called Science wore an imposing aspect. There was a well-dressed Royal Family in the intellectual world, expected to rule indefinitely: sovereign axioms, immutable laws, and regent hypotheses. . . . Now there is a democracy of theories elected for short terms of office, speaking shop-dialects, and hardly presented or presentable to the public eye.' As against the belief in eternal verities, science to-day rests on the theory of probability. Charles Peirce developed the idea that chance and probable error (the principle of ' tychism ') were an ontological property of nature which is only confirmed by ' exact ' experiment.[1] Number, weight and measure, which were the cornerstones of classical science and æsthetics, and in the system of St. Augustine, no longer hold that position to-day. What is still relatively or probably true in science appears less so in social and cultural phenomena, in modes of acting and thinking.

IV

This book attempts to unfold the varieties of reaction to this situation in literature, art and thought. It aims to picture a war culture in which all bases seem to be moving at once, in which doubt, chance, uncertainty and lawlessness appear to be the rule. Systems and programmes are broken by multilateral strains, monistic persuasions are invaded by ironic relativism. Style and subject matter show violations of traditional associations and pieties. This war culture shows an orphan generation deprived of its social-cultural heritage. Personalities have shrunk to ' hollow men ' and into schizoid characters. The

[1] Writing on the modern development of probability, Ernest Nagel states: ' The forthright admission of the probable or contingent character of even our most soundly based beliefs . . . [is a] characteristic of modern empiricism. . . . "Probable knowledge" is the only kind of knowledge we can find or exhibit. . . . The doctrine that knowledge of matters of fact is only probable is one of the central theses of contemporary analysis of scientific method.'

He notes further that 'perhaps the final coup de grâce to the claim that physical principles are indubitable and necessary was supplied when the familiar physics of continuous action was found to be inadequate for vast ranges of phenomena, and made way for the contemporary physics of quanta.'

major theme is discontinuity and solitude, the major interest the problem of the homeless wanderer, of Ulysses, of Hamlet, of Ahasuerus, of Joseph and of the less prominent 'Okies.' Every sensitive writer of to-day is an exile—not only expatriates such as Eliot, Gertrude Stein, Joyce, Santayana, Thomas and Heinrich Mann, but all who feel themselves estranged from the world they live in. The loss of material and spiritual security has made the problem of 'identity' and of 'the psychological dilemma' a dominant concern. Nor is it accidental that semantics and the question of the 'meaning of meaning' have become relevant in our time. The loss of a common reference has entailed loss of a common means of communication. Words do not mean the same thing to different people because they refer to clashing schemes of belief.

The book deals with the variety of attempts to come to terms with this situation. It treats of the 'freedom' won through bohemian forms and attitudes, of the striving to drown the nervousness and panic of exposure in a *Rausch*, and of the subsequent disillusionment of the 'morning after the night before.' This challenge of past standards also appears in the philosophies of pragmatic liberalism and in the disconsolate conclusions drawn by others who feel themselves to be universal exiles. Attempting to counteract this uncertainty are those points of view which set up permanent norms, such as Catholicism, fascism, Marxism and various other Substance philosophies. Yet these too show the effect of operating within the matrix of an unstable structure. This is most apparent in fascism. But the others also do not 'escape' the fact that their affirmations are made within the limitations of a negative framework. The problem is that of charting ideality in a non-ideal world.

Friedrich Nietzsche is our Overture to the cacophonous symphony of the war era. He contained within himself almost every contradictory facet of the next half-century. He was a thorough 'Protestant' in his demand for the completely free personality of the Superman, and as thorough a 'Catholic' in his faith in the tightly bound recurrence of the cosmic order. He was both an intransigent rebel and a pious affirmer. His was the last powerful challenge from the ramparts of cultural individualism. His social 'corrections' showed that he too was beginning to lose faith in his challenge.

About the same time Kierkegaard complained that 'clearance sales' were penetrating the world of ideas. Ibsen and Strindberg rebelled more directly against the flattening process. By the time of Spengler the trend towards levelling and depersonalization is accepted as a 'law.' If Spengler sees our age as the sunset of a thousand years of Faustian culture, Unamuno speaks of it as the passing of Christianity, Berdiajev as the end of rational mysticism, and the Marxists as the final phase of capitalism. The view of a unified world moving

in progressive stages has been abandoned for notions of irregularity and doctrines of decline. Spinoza, Newton, Spencer and Tennyson have given way to Dewey's experimentalism, Russell's picture of the world as constituted by 'spots and jumps,' Bergson's '*durée*,' Eddington's probability and entropy principle, Heidegger's '*Sorge*,' Heisenberg's principle of indeterminancy, and Eliot's Waste Land.

But Nietzsche also foreshadows the strategy of turning our dissonances into harmonies. One must have chaos in oneself, he wrote, to produce a dancing star. From this view, the heresies, restiveness and hurly-burly of our time may be seen as an 'educational' journey. The way, marked with tears, blood and terror, may end by enlarging man's consciousness of what to 'look out for,' as well as what to 'look for.' Our age is not alone that of Spengler, Heidegger, Eddington, and Céline. It is also the age of Einstein and Freud, of Steinbeck, Malraux and Thomas Mann, and of a social humanism which, on the basis of Marxian directives, is labouring toward the state which would allow the greatest individual expression within an ordered communality.

OVERTURE

Expressing it in the form of a riddle: As my own father, I am already dead, as my own mother, I still live and grow old. This double origin, taken as it were from the highest and lowest rungs of the ladder of life, at once a decadence and a beginning, this if anything, explains that neutrality, that freedom from partisanship with regard to the general problem of life, which perhaps distinguishes me. I am more sensitive to first indications of ascent and descent than any man that has yet lived. In this domain, I am master par excellence—I know both sides, for I am both sides.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE: THE LAST HINDENBURG LINE OF CULTURAL INDIVIDUALISM

IN THE WORDS, 'as my own father, I am already dead,' Nietzsche illumines in a flash his revolt against authority. And by indicating his double origin, his knowledge of 'both sides,' Nietzsche points to the ambivalence of his values: the humanity of his 'blond beast,' the conscience of his Superman, the laughter of his lions. It defines his philosophy of anarchic freedom and the aloneness he suffered therefrom.

Friedrich Nietzsche is possibly the stormiest personality in the history of thought. A spirited controversy rages on the value and meaning of his doctrines. Some philosophers see in Nietzsche merely a stimulating essayist. Others hail the originality of his psychological approach and his anticipation of Freudian and Spenglerian perspectives. The multiplicity of Nietzschean ideas has, moreover, resulted in various emphases of interpretation. Some stress the notion of the Superman with its tenor of militant progression; others, the concept of Eternal Recurrence with its circular motif of quietism. Indeed, Nietzsche provided material for 'both sides.' He who called the heart of the earth golden and polemicized against backworldly metaphysicians held to the idea of a dynamic, irrational Will that plumbs the depths of nature and the hidden recesses of man's spirit. He fought Christianity with bitterness and spoke softly of its founder. He persistently arraigned the Romantic temper and loved deepest of all the most romantic of arts, music. He called idealism the 'history of an error' and became the inspired spokesman of spiritualistic movements from expressionism to surrealism. Indeed, his dualism in turn bore various and contradictory facets. Under Nietzsche's banner are gathered Brandes, Ibsen and Strindberg, Shaw and Mencken, Freud and Spengler, Valéry and Gide, Thomas and Heinrich Mann. There is hardly a movement today which has not been affected by his thought. Perhaps the most dramatic implication of his many-sidedness is the present controversy on the allocation of Nietzsche's political philosophy in the light of contemporary fascism.

ROOTS

Friedrich Nietzsche came from a petty bourgeois background. Left fatherless at five, Nietzsche was brought up by women whose rigorous Protestantism dominated his early years. He grew up in the 'Katzenjammer' decades following the frustrated 1848 revolution that cul-

minated in the rise of Prussian nationalism. While the defeat of the Empire drove the French masses to set up revolutionary communes, the German middle class, which shared but little in the prosperity of the new Reich, voiced its protest against the weight of monopoly capital in the literary manifestos of the naturalistic movement. But so 'German' was this opposition that it was not alone confined to paper, as had been the storm and stress current a hundred years earlier; it lacked the fervour of conviction which carried the older group. Its call for the new dawn had an undertone of melancholy and hopelessness. Its protest was enervated by a determinism which regarded man as imprisoned by temporal-spatial laws. The closed view of the naturalistic writers reflected the situation of the German petty bourgeoisie, pressed between the iron ring of big business and the gathering force of the working class.

Nietzsche's pluralistic allegiances and ambiguities arise, it seems to us, out of this historical context. In warring against the passivity of the naturalists, he appeared to affirm *any* expression of militant courage. Yet he recognized that the militance of industrial capitalism, especially in Germany, was in the service of a rapacious nationalism and that its technics was making for standardization and levelling, that is, the death of culture and of art. Thus Nietzsche was obliged to fight on two fronts: against the petty philistinism of his own group which capitalism was crushing, and against the mighty dynamics of industrialism whose steam-roller was reducing the peaks of mountain cultures to monotonous valley civilizations. Yet Nietzsche represents a *late* nineteenth-century reaction to industry. He could not be satisfied with the simple antithetical approach of the Romanticists at the beginning of the century. So that, while Nietzsche opposed the technical era, he also realized that the Romantic dream of going back to a primitive agrarianism was being shattered. Progress was possible only in going ahead. Nietzsche was thus forced to say 'Yes' to the present, even while he condemned it as the dead weight of nihilism. He made an attempt to talk around his affirmation of decay by a theoretic dialectics. Decadence, he said, is a necessary antithetical stage. It must be assimilated while it is being fought. By transcending it a higher culture will be forged. But—and this is the poignant tragedy of his teaching—Nietzsche did not believe in this possibility. His voice cried 'Yes,' while his soul echoed 'No.' His affirmation became 'Dionysian' and hysterical precisely because he needed to convince himself. This contradiction explains his attempt to unite the doctrine of the Superman with that of Eternal Recurrence. But this contradiction his mind could not encompass. Friedrich Nietzsche went insane. He was the personal sacrifice to the antinomic character of the nineteenth century, specifically of the ambiguous rôle the

middle class occupied at the time. But Nietzsche did not only reflect the past. He also anticipated the multiple pillars of thought held by the middle class in the next generations. He foreshadowed the spiritual confusions of this class which took shape in its acceptance of social and intellectual doctrines from naturalism and expressionism to pragmatism, Spenglerian pluralism and its alignment with fascism.

THE TRAGIC DISCIPLE

Nietzsche began as a follower of Schopenhauer and Wagner. His *Birth of Tragedy* held to the Kantian-Schopenhauerian view that æsthetics is a means of transcending the tragic. Nietzsche's own emphasis was on the musical aspect of art, tragedy arising for him from the spirit of music. He inveighed against the rationalistic Apollonians, Socrates and Euripides, stressing the *Dionysian* element in Greek culture (Nietzsche was among the first to point out its import for the Hellenic period). This book constituted Nietzsche's opening salvo on the prosaic, bounded spirit of naturalistic acceptance. To be sure, Schopenhauer was upheld in his general view of life as struggle and in his theory that through the æsthetic experience man breaks away from the demonic entanglements of the Will. But even here, Nietzsche modifies his teacher's perspective. Schopenhauerian pessimism becomes tempered in Nietzsche's high appreciation of the Greeks, of Spinoza and Goethe, Schopenhauer and Wagner.

Nietzsche's rebellious manner becomes more evident in *Thoughts Out of Season*, which may be termed an effort to break through the pressure of history. His essay on the uses and disadvantages of historical studies is a brilliant attack on German *Gelehrsamkeit*, on the Romantic cult of the past, on the dead weight of *Historizismus*. Nietzsche thunders against the historical disease which has attacked the plastic powers of life, which is used to clip the wings of youth's imagination and its effort to mould the future. The study of history, Nietzsche urges, should be used to change the course of history. The break with Schopenhauer is already foreshadowed in the essay, 'On Schopenhauer as Educator,' which eulogizes the pessimist for his sincerity and his love of truth but, significantly enough, barely refers to the content of his philosophy. Although he seems to accept Schopenhauer's subjective theory of knowledge, coupled with the idea that truth and the objective world cannot be *known*, the inferences which Nietzsche draws are diametrically opposed in spirit to those of Schopenhauer. These differences appear in his æsthetics. For Schopenhauer (as for Kant, Hegel and the classical school of German æsthetics), art gives an objective portrayal of Reality. But for Nietzsche, Reality as such does not exist. In a passage ('*Götzendämmerung*'), remarkable for its concise aphoristic summation, Nietzsche traces the stages of metaphysical idealism up to Kant

(where Reality is 'pale, Nordic, Königsbergian . . .') and Hegel, to the point where it is exploded by Zarathustra. For Nietzsche consciousness and æsthetic perception are reactive, directing and moulding the object. Georg Lukacs has pointed out the possible mischief of this conception as manifested in fascist mythology, where the subjective norm is extended to justify arbitrary and irrationalistic constructions of history and culture. But Nietzsche himself is not guilty of this, as his historical analyses of Greek art and culture show. His militant theory was aimed against both the naturalists and the *l'art pour l'art* proponents of his day, who were at one in their conception of art as objectively neutral. The difference between classical æsthetics (including Schopenhauer's) and Nietzsche's is grounded in the historic events which lifted a backward bourgeoisie to a level where it could compete with the English and French bourgeoisie. Nietzsche's deviation appears also in his ethics. He rejects Schopenhauer's 'saint' (and later Wagner's Parsifal), replacing him with the hero.

To be sure, Nietzsche accepts Schopenhauer's voluntarism. But he places a radically different value on it. Schopenhauer denies the Will; Nietzsche affirms it. For the one, liberation can be only through complete renunciation; for the other, only by fullest self-expression. In Schopenhauer, history and change are the illusory veil of Maya, and the individual belongs to the realm of appearance. Nietzsche, profoundly affected by Darwinism, regards time as real and individualism as the highest form of existence. Finally and fundamentally: Nietzsche, accepting Schopenhauer's war-like world, given to ceaseless strivings, cries 'Yes' to it all. Schopenhauer's will to live becomes an intensified *Will to Power*. While Schopenhauer summons philosophy, art and ethics to transcend the blind course of the Will, Nietzsche shouts for us to go ahead, to whip up the pace. In the face of chaos, he laughs and sings of dancing stars. It is as though Nietzsche would refute Schopenhauer's pessimism by driving it to even further extremes. The Nietzschean man, accepting pain, would press it to his heart until it turns to joy.[1] The same motif appears, as we shall see, in Nietzsche's philosophy of culture.

'GOD IS DEAD'

This intransigence is Friedrich Nietzsche's central characteristic. He was a thorough rebel down to his metaphors, which dart like lightning flashes, dealing swift rapier blows simultaneously in many directions. He dared to replace the hallowed philosophical jargon by homespun terminology. Through it all, Nietzsche became the storm signal for almost every later revolutionary upheaval. There is hardly

[1] In the words of Richard Dehmel: 'To live means to laugh bleeding with wounds.' (*'Leben heisst lachen mit blutenden Wunden.'*)

an iconoclast of the twentieth century who does not owe something to his defiant temper.

'God is dead.' This lapidary pronouncement declared war against all existing mores. It marked the destruction of the Father-symbol for generations to come. Nietzsche repudiates his own spiritual fathers, Schopenhauer and Wagner, and Zarathustra leaves the plain for high mountain peaks to sing in lyrical monologues. In bursting the 'natural' bonds of his society, Nietzsche's Superman foreshadows the way of less heroic characters, from Mann's Castorp and Joyce's Dædalus to Kafka's K., who leave their bourgeois plain in quest of 'magical' freedom.

Nietzsche's war against yielding sluggishness also appears in his debunking of existing 'tables' and institutions. He excoriates the spirit of 'bowing and scraping to titles, orders, gracious glances from above.' He ridicules the German tendency toward compliance with dominant material powers, 'compensated' by homage paid to pure idealism. He scoffs at the gravity of the 'long-legged' German, his love of 'clouds and all that is obscure, involved, crepuscular, damp and shrouded.' For such nebulousness Nietzsche is unsparing toward Wagner.

With singular daring, Nietzsche also assailed the organized powers which fostered and used the spirit of 'thou must kneel,' the Church and State and especially the nationalistic jingoists. '"*Deutschland, Deutschland uber alles*," ' he wrote. 'I fear this was the death blow to German philosophy.' He condemned Kant's Categorical Imperative for having furnished 'the highest formula for the government official.' The unintelligent are thereby made to see in the action of the State 'the finger of God.' 'The State seeks the support of the priesthood, 'because it needs [its] most private and secret system for educating souls and knows how to value servants who apparently, and outwardly, represent quite other interests. . . . Thus, absolutely paternal government and careful preservation of religion necessarily go hand in hand.'

'Wherever Germany spreads, she corrupts culture.' The victory of 1871, with the inauguration of the Bismarckian Empire, was for Nietzsche the beginning of an artificial nationalism, of a martial law, 'proclaimed by the few over the many, requiring artifice, lying, and force to maintain its reputation.'

But did not Nietzsche time and again attack democracy? Did he not speak with contempt of 'the many-all-too-many,' of 'the sweating plebeian'? And did not Nietzsche declare socialism to be reactionary, aiming at the destruction of the individual and discouraging the 'expansive drive'?

MAN AND THE MASSES

It is a matter of record that Nietzsche had no personal contact with the social leaders or movements of his time. All his life was spent in small towns which had been spared the inroads of industrialism or of social upheavals. He seems to have relied on Treitschke for his judgments on democracy and socialism.[1]

To get at the core of Nietzsche's attitude toward democracy, we must bear in mind that his indictment of modernism was focused on its depersonalization of man. He saw decadence or nihilism in whatever tended toward equalization, levelling and mechanization. And he regarded three movements as the leading expressions of such decadence: Christianity, democracy and socialism. He understood them as tending to obliterate differences in value by pulling the excellent down toward the mediocre. In all three, Nietzsche believed, Tom, Dick and Harry were equal to the Spinozas and Schopenhauers. This trend meant to Nietzsche the destruction of the critical principle, of art and culture. Discrimination was here replaced by rule of the mob, by the 'liberal' with his 'inability to say yes and no.'

The spear-point of Nietzsche's diatribe is directed toward the bureaucratic mechanism involved in technical and financial industrialization. Mechanization became Nietzsche's devil, his metaphor for barbarism, spelling regularity, repetition, atomic specialization or the disintegration of organic patterns. 'Life no longer dwells in the whole. . . . The whole is no longer a whole. But that is the equation for every style in decadence: always anarchy of the atoms, disaggregation of the will, "freedom of the individual," morally speaking—expanded into a political theory: "equal rights for all." . . . Everywhere paralysis, hardship, rigidity, or hostility and chaos . . . The whole lives no longer at all; it is a composite, calculated, artificial, an artifice."[2] Karl Marx had also attacked the accentuation of quantity and exchange value, the 'depersonalizing effect of mechanism of capitalist society.' He contrasted (as Nietzsche did) the 'supersensuous realm of capitalism' with the Greeks, mankind's 'normal children.' Marx also saw in the rule of money, 'contempt for theory, for art, for history, for man.'

We point to this, not in order to suggest that Nietzsche and Marx thought identically about capitalist economy (they diverge sharply in their 'conclusions'), but rather to suggest that Nietzsche's attack on democracy, if translated (and Nietzsche, to be understood rightly, must be constantly translated) into his key concern, spells a plea for excellence. Nietzsche's judgments, we repeat, were aimed against the

[1] Characteristically, Nietzsche exonerated the same Treitschke for his super-Aryanism.

[2] Among the signs of decadence Nietzsche enumerates: 'Poverty, parasitism, inability for struggle.'

'little man,' the tired, timid petty bourgeois, the bureaucrat, the parasite. To be sure, with characteristic unrestraint, he tended to condemn the people as a whole, not distinguishing between the psychological 'mass' and the sociological group, a confusion inherited and developed by Shaw, Ortega y Gasset and other protagonists of the 'élite.' He was inclined in that direction by the fact that the masses in his time were pulling toward the open flat roads. Nietzsche failed to analyse the historic-social conditions of the German bourgeoisie which determined their unheroic rôle at the time. Largely ignorant of sociology, living in isolation, Nietzsche sought in the exceptional personality the source of all culture.

But Nietzsche could find no such excellence in his time (even Schopenhauer and Wagner were found wanting), and Zarathustra can talk mainly of what he is *against*. The Superman becomes essentially a *negative* personality, defined chiefly by his opposition to existing mediocrity.

The philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche is not alone double-barrelled. It is open toward both ends. From this arises his philosophy of solitude, echoes of which persist in subsequent 'negative' systems. Mere repudiation spells estrangement. Nietzsche had rejected the collectivism of theology, of naturalism and of technics. God was declared dead. The pendulum thereupon swung to the extreme. The prisoner burst the iron enclosures. But so powerful had been the pressure that the liberated soul bounded away to an ozoneless sphere. The Superman became a victim of the very closed walls over which he now soared. His splendid isolation was but the reverse side of his former boundedness. Zarathustra had been alone in the crowd; he remains alone in his mountainous desert. Deeply did Nietzsche feel the agony of solitude. He writes: 'The very eternality of the individual is but a damnation.' In time, he came to regard loneliness as his 'home.' He says of Russian music: 'I would exchange the happiness of the entire occident for the Russian manner of being melancholic.'

But Nietzsche deeply felt the need of replacement values. Realizing that the way back was closed, he was moved to accept the present in the hope of transcending its dehumanizing drift. His cry is '*amor fati*.' In contrast to Schopenhauer, who drew back, Nietzsche, a generation later, drives forward. He affirms chaos for its promise of the dancing star. He hails Wagner in this sense:

> The feasibility of a complete upheaval of all things then suggested itself to him, and he no longer shrank from the thought: possibly beyond this revolution and dissolution, there might be a change of a new hope.

Nietzsche's hope is that this 'perfect nihilism' will be transcended 'in some remote future.' But this nihilism is 'a *necessary step*, both

logically and psychologically.' The new dawn cannot come 'except *on top of* and *out of* it.'

ROOTLESS UNIVERSALISM

The psychological context for Nietzsche's doctrine of Eternal Recurrence is now provided. The idea was conceived in Nietzsche's later years, at a time when he was beginning to feel worn out by his long, disheartening struggles.

The theory of Eternal Recurrence (conceived on a high mountain in a moment of great loneliness) holds that history repeats itself in great macrocosmic periods. It is Nietzsche's attempt to replace the Father-symbol destroyed by his impious Superman, to replace the personal fathers Nietzsche lost when he renounced Schopenhauer and Wagner. It is Nietzsche's 'social' compensation for the unrestrained individualism of his Superman. It 'corrects' his earlier Dionysianism, his homage to time and to particularity, by the Apollonian serenity offered in the idea of a 'rounded' system, of a universalized 'collectivism.'

The motif of the Superman set a breathless pace. Driven on and on by the Will to Power, the Superman was offered no respite as he moved from conquest to conquest. So 'critical' was his orientation that he did not hesitate to draw the extreme inference of its non-human logic. Thus Zarathustra-Nietzsche speaks the terrifyingly confessional lines (repeated in three different contexts): 'Now I bid you lose me and find yourselves; and only when you have all denied me, will I return unto you.'

This road was bounded by an abyss at both ends. The Superman, by himself, could neither be born nor be brought to rest. The idea of perpetual surpassing left no room for a norm. And so, humanly enough, Dionysus tired of the steadily accelerated pace he had set himself in his *Rausch*, a pace that led to no discernible goal. Nietzsche too felt that a human system required the circle along with the line, belief as well as doubt.

Lief ich zu rasch meines Weges . . . ?

Nietzsche did not so much deny the existence of God as question his value. 'God is dead' is not the atheistic notion that there is no God but implies that God was once alive. As W. Schubart puts it, Nietzsche suffered from the wounds of his 'godlessness.' It was his constant passion to surmount his godless nihilism.

The concept of Eternal Recurrence was to be this substitute for God. Through it the infinite succession of moments was to be given a framework. It was to offer an ethical standard, a content to the tables of value. It is Nietzsche's attempt to lend permanence and introduce the element of immortality into his chameleon world. So

thoroughly had the Superman destroyed the old metaphysical notion of timelessness that Nietzsche is now impelled to reintroduce it with equal thoroughness. Anarchic Becoming is to be held in check by eternal Being. The pluralistic universe of the Superman is balanced by a circular monism. Nietzsche called his doctrine the 'great disciplinary idea.' In theological categories, Eternal Recurrence tempered Nietzsche's rebellious Protestantism by a closed Catholic Absolute.[1]

Nietzsche's Eternal Recurrence brings the arch-rebel near to the pious philosophy of Spinoza. He who had begun by rebelling against everything ends by accepting the All. He who had fulminated against the enslaving spirit of history immortalizes every stage of the past. He who had warred against determinism now extends it to the future as well. Indeed, the concept reintroduces something of the very bureaucratic element of sameness which had been the object of his most vitriolic attack. He had rejected hysterically; now he accepts with similar intensity. The 'lion' has become the 'child.' In his restlessness and nervous haste, Nietzsche (like Strindberg) travelled from an open system of extreme individualism to an equally closed pantheism. But in doing so, Nietzsche did not take hold of the social category that might have linked the two. Extreme wilfulness leads to alarming will-lessness. The poles of his system meet only in that in both the idea of a goal and of a direction is lacking. ('If the world had a goal, it would long ago have reached it.') Thus only Nietzsche's turbulent psyche connects the two pillars. But the strain was too much. Lacking a social philosophy, lacking human contact, the lonely Nietzsche 'surrendered.' Schopenhauer had at least the solace of æsthetic and ethical catharsis. To Nietzsche's heroic Dionysianism this door was closed as well. His mind 'resolved' the problem by enclosing the contradiction within itself.

Nietzsche's spirit had freed itself completely from naturalistic and historical contingency. But the universality he gained was rootless, as rootless and disconsolate as had been that of the pessimist Arthur Schopenhauer.

NIETZSCHE AND FASCISM

Alfred Rosenberg, the high priest of Nazi ideology, holds Nietzsche to be the precursor of racial eugenics. Moeller Bruck, an early apostle of the Nazis, makes the same claim, admitting at the same time that Nietzsche did not accept racial Aryanism. The Nazi philosopher Alfred Baumler selects Nietzsche's paganism as his Nazi-charac-

[1] Nietzsche himself would not 'admit' that his doctrine negated his earlier storm and stress. He maintained that it did not presuppose a mechanistic process, since mechanism would have long ago produced a final static condition. His world, Nietzsche insists, knows 'no satiation . . . no weariness. This my *Dionysian* world of eternal self-creation, of eternal self-destruction.'

teristic. On the whole the Nazis' '*heil*' Nietzsche's heroic realism, avoiding the question of its content and direction.

While anti-fascists combat the Nazi pretence of continuing the heritage of the Western man and their attempts to 'Nazify' such cosmopolitans and revolutionaries as Thomas Paine, Schiller, Goethe and Büchner, there is a tendency to allow the Nazi claim to Nietzsche. Georg Lukacs, possibly the keenest and most learned Marxist critic since Franz Mehring, has thus analysed Nietzsche as a precursor of Nazi æsthetics.

Lukacs argues that while Nietzsche was opposed to the technics of capitalism, he combated at the same time its liberal-democratic trend, characteristic of its early development. That is, capitalism was, for Nietzsche, not ruthless enough. Lukacs holds that Nietzsche repudiated Bismarck on the ground of his compromise with the mob. Nietzsche, writes Lukacs, 'is thus simultaneously and inseparably a romantic elegiac of past cultural epochs, as well as a herald and "prophet" of imperialist development.' Nietzsche's ideal is 'a rule of highly developed, cultivated "Roman soldier" capitalists over the disciplined army of soldierly frugal workers.' Nietzsche criticized the capitalistic structure from two opposing viewpoints, 'from that of an early capitalist past and that of a Utopia of future imperialist development.' Lukacs concludes that while Nietzsche was 'the last thinker of German bourgeois evolution in whom the traditions of the classical period were still vitally active,' he was at the same time 'the first philosophical herald of imperialist barbarism.' And it must be admitted that Nietzsche's emphasis on heroic individuality lends itself to anti-democratic use. This danger is illustrated by some of those figures who waged war against philistinism under Nietzsche's banner.

Nietzsche wrote brilliantly but often carelessly, expressing his momentary emphasis. He must be read as though he had spoken extemporaneously in the course of a heated debate against many opponents who differed among themselves as well. To be sure, interpreted with mathematical rigour, much of Nietzsche's philosophy appears as a defence of irresponsible bohemianism, moving in the direction of anarchic revolution.

However, we believe that the genuine spirit of Nietzsche's philosophy is travestied by such interpretation. Nietzsche's thorough apotheosis of the warrior was, as we pointed out, an extreme reaction to the spirit of compromise and obsequiousness in the art and *mores* of his day. He was against the plebeianism of Hugo and Wagner because their 'alcoholic drinks' encouraged and furthered the very passivity that Nietzsche decried in the masses. One might grant that, as between the acquiescence of the 'mob' and the resoluteness of leadership, Nietzsche's psychology was oriented toward the latter.

But behind Nietzsche's fulminations and sweeping condemnations lie distinctions. His Zarathustra differentiates between 'soldiers' and 'warriors,' that is, between those who fight blindly and unquestioningly and those who choose their party and standard. Zarathustra is Nietzsche's approximate ideal. And can we call Zarathustra representative of a 'Roman soldier capitalist'?

Lukacs further maintains that Nietzsche defended a kind of leisure that is 'a revolutionary apology of parasitism.' But the passage Lukacs cites is rather a criticism of an illusory or 'recreational' art in a dominantly commercial economy.[1] To be sure, Nietzsche does not analyse the social *basis* for this condition. He restricts himself to the *effects*, and thus prevents him from seeing the possibilities of cultural development in a different social frame. Yet if Nietzsche fears the depersonalizing effect of art under early capitalism, ought he not to fear the fate of art even more under fascism, where regimentation is more 'efficient'? Nietzsche's undemocratic temper is directed against uncritical worship of leadership, against timidity, muddled idealistic egalitarianism, cowardice and hypocrisy. In short, Nietzsche stood for excellence as against mediocrity.[2]

Similar considerations help to clarify the problem of Nietzsche's irrationalism. Nietzsche calls intuition the 'larger reason,' and his Zarathustra declares that he is not one of those who may be asked for their 'why.' But again, one must view these reactions in terms of Nietzsche's historical scene.

We have noted Nietzsche's censure of the German for his love of the nebulous. Nietzsche did assail an aspect of science; but it was an attack (similar to Goethe's on Newton) on mechanistic procedure. Nietzsche's irrationalism was an expression of his revolt against determinism. And his idea that truth is 'created' was in the interest of free, creative individuality. His denial of an objective world was a call to change the 'objective,' that is, the established order. Moreover, Nietzsche's analysis of the irrational, anticipating Freud, aimed at

[1] 'We have the conscience of an industrious age . . For us [art] is an affair of leisure, of recreation; we devote to it the *remainder* of our time. . . . [Art] has to rely upon the indolent and conscienceless, who are, however, precisely unfitted for great art by their very nature. . . . Art is probably approaching its end, therefore, because it lacks air and free breathing, or great art endeavours to become domiciled in this other air . . . which is really the natural element only for *little* art, for the art of recreation, of pleasant distraction. . . . In this century, the inventiveness of all higher human beings consists in getting over this *frightful feeling of desolation*. The opposite of this feeling is *intoxication*.'

[2] *The Will to Power* is sometimes interpreted as a German version of imperial pragmatism. Nietzsche did not intend it as such. He said later that he wished he had written it in French, 'so that it might not appear as strengthening any aspirations of Imperial Germany.' It seems to us that Lukacs' error stems from the fact that he does not sufficiently consider the social context of Nietzsche's thought, the existence of a passive, unorganized petty bourgeoisie without leadership.

shedding light on its actual powers. *Nietzsche's 'larger reason' was ahead of, not prior to, intellectual analysis.*

Parallels between Nietzsche and fascism lie ready at hand, if one accepts each at face value. The fascists also claim to be labouring for transvaluations. They too are against 'liberalistic subservience.' The point of the parallel breaks down under the consideration that Nietzsche stated his case badly, overstated it and drove it to extremes. The Nazis, on the other hand, formulate a programme with the skill of professional politicians. Comparisons between Nietzsche and the fascists must discount Nietzsche's case against himself and the dishonest juggling of the fascists to further their opportunistic programme.

The most dramatic, though not the most crucial, contrast is offered by Nietzsche's attitude toward racial doctrines and anti-Semitism. Time and time Nietzsche scoffed at Nordic purity and exposed the commercial uses to which the claims of racial superiority are put. He noted that the Jews were the 'scapegoats of all possible public and private abuses,' especially in nationalistic states, and saw the nadir of European culture among the anti-Semitic groups. He extolled the Jews for not being 'foolish in *our* manner, that is, nationalistic,' and called them the 'strongest race in this unstable Europe.'

> What Europe owes to the Jews? Many things, good and bad, and above all, one thing of the nature both of the best and the worst: the grand style in morality, the fearfulness and majesty of infinite demands. . . . For this, we artists among the spectators and philosophers are grateful to the Jews. . . . Among the present-day Germans there is alternately the anti-French folly, the anti-Semitic folly, the Wagnerian folly, the Teutonic folly, the Prussian folly (just look at those poor historians, the Sybels and Treitschkes, and their closely bandaged heads). . . . May it be forgiven me that I, too, when on a short daring sojourn on very infected ground, did not remain wholly exempt from the disease. . . .[1]

The juxtaposition of Nietzsche and the fascist doctrines can now be summarily stated. We must bear in mind throughout that Nietzsche lived during Germany's early capitalist development, whereas the Nazis arrived in the era of German and world imperialism.

Nietzsche called for the destruction of old 'tables'; the Nazis aim at the extension and co-ordination of prevalent economic modes. Nietzsche's master-morality championed *cultural* excellence; fascist master-morality labours toward economic expansion. (One might compare Nietzsche's views on art with those expressed by Hitler at the yearly Nuremberg congresses, to realize the difference in cultural standards, not to mention cultural levels.) He opposed Aryanism, anti-

[1] What was the reason for Nietzsche's strong, sometimes passionate, defence of the Jews? Did their uprootedness appeal to him as kinship with his own cosmic exile?

Semitism, nationalism and Pan-Germanism.[1] Nietzsche's psychological realism breaks sharply with German spiritualistic thinking which found its excrescence in Nazi mythomania. He is the first important thinker after Marx to offer a material analysis of human motivation, tracing ethics to interests. 'I am attempting,' he states, 'an economic justification of virtue.' A critique of moral values requires a knowledge of the 'conditions and circumstances out of which these values grew, and under which they experienced their evolution and distortion.' He saw values as 'results of specific perspectives of utility for the purpose of the preservation and intensification of ruling human patterns.' Change in human nature must be preceded by change of 'bad institutions.' And, almost in the spirit of Karl Marx, he demanded that philosophy improve 'that part of the world which has been recognized as still susceptible of change.' Nietzsche's ultimate ideal was a land of free men, not of yes-men, of responsible, not histrionic leadership. In short, his realistic humanism was oriented against what became the key concern of fascist rhetoric—co-ordination by magical incantation.

THE EUROPEAN MAN

We pointed out that Nietzsche did not urge a return to nature. He knew that the road to innocence was barred. What did he envisage as lying ahead?

> Is there anyone but me who knows a way out of this blind alley? Anyone who knows of a common task great enough to reunite the peoples of Europe? . . . It cost me no effort to be a good European.

That is, Nietzsche would replace the atomistic nationalistic state by a United Europe. Once we have recognized that nationalism is not

> in the interests of the many [of the peoples] . . but first of all [in] the interests of certain princely dynasties, and then of certain commercial and social classes . . . once we have recognized this fact, we should just fearlessly style ourselves 'good Europeans' and labour actively for the amalgamation of nations.

And in the period of his great Wagner enthusiasm, Nietzsche went further and hailed Wagner's revolutionary music-drama.

> The new conception of art is that it is not the fruit of the luxury of classes or individuals, but rather belongs to and owes its origin to a society which has been freed of luxury. . . . It is indeed among the poor people . . . that Wagner's art finds its firmest protection.

In his soberer moments Nietzsche moved away from his solipsistic subjective morality toward a general norm. Thus he sketched various levels of morality, from the animal to the human. At the highest

[1] He called the State 'the coldest of all monsters . . . There, where the State ceaseth—pray look thither—my brethren.' He castigated extreme nationalism as '*Hornvieh*nationalismus.' 'To be a good German,' he wrote, 'means to un-Germanize oneself.'

level the individual regards that which is of 'general, enduring usefulness, above the personal. . . . He lives and acts as a *collective individual*.' (Italics ours.) Nietzsche regarded himself as having 'thought collectively and not as an individual,' and wrote that his 'ideal self-seeking' was for the 'use of all.' He envisaged a future in which 'no highest good or highest joys exist that are not the common property of all. The odium attaching to the word "common" will then be abolished.' Such culture must be more than nationalistic, must appeal 'to mankind in general . . . to the men of the future.' He wrote movingly of how, in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, the feeling of solitude is overcome by the 'song of *passion for all things human*.' He hailed Wagner as having become a social revolutionary out of 'his compassion for the people,' having recognized that the only artistic element which had existed hitherto lay in the '*poetry of the people*.'[1] In these passages, Nietzsche is the spokesman for the idea of Universal Culture which Goethe and Marx had formulated before him, and of which Thomas Mann's Joseph story is the most recent expression. Such a culture requires a universal society.[2] 'What I am concerned with . . . is a United Europe.'

But Nietzsche lacked the inner persuasion for this higher step. His '*Pessimismus der Starke*' called for nihilism as an inevitable stepping-stone toward a higher freedom—which he did not believe was coming. At moments he confessed his defeat.

> . . . *Einsam!* . . .
> *von dir selber erjagt,*
> *deine eigene Beute,*
> *in dich selber eingebohrt. . . .*
> *Selbstkenner!* . . .
> *Selbsthenker!*

It is then that he sings his Night Song.

Something unappeased, unappeasable is within me; it longeth to find expression. . . Light am I: ah, that I were night! But it is my lonesomeness to be begirt with light! . . . But I live in mine own light, I drink again into myself the flames that break forth from me. . . . Ah, there is ice around me, my hand burneth with the iciness! Ah, there is thirst in me; it panteth after your thirst. . . 'Tis night: now doth my longing break forth in me as a fountain—for speech do I long. 'Tis night: now do all gushing fountains speak louder. And my soul also is the song of a loving one.

He had the courage to throw down the gauntlet to existing mores,

[1] Nietzsche's international trend is not in the tenor of the feudal internationalism of nineteenth-century German Romanticism. His European Man lacked the Christian-Catholic element of Novalis. Nietzsche was convinced that history could not be turned back.

[2] When the chance presented itself (while travelling in Italy), Nietzsche showed a childlike delight in associating with the common people. At that time he wrote more favourably of socialism. Nietzsche even recognized the individual element in socialism.

but the death of his God revenged itself on him 'I have sought, but not found it.' Caught between a petty bourgeoisie whose diffidence he despised and a militant capitalism whose barbaric civilization he could not accept, Nietzsche stood, like Heinrich von Kleist whom he admired, between two worlds, '*fugitivus et errans*.' He saw the 'sun sink,' and realized that he had set too fast a pace for himself.

Many facets of our epoch are reflected in Nietzsche. In his complex thought lie the roots for almost every significant current of our time: the paganism of 'flaming youth' bohemianism, the confused negative revolt of the Sons against their 'naturalistic' Fathers and the spirit of debunking that went with it, the vogue of life philosophies from Dilthey and Klages to Bergson, with the emphasis on the intuitional and instinctive. Nietzsche's attack on technics, to which so much of his temper is geared, foreshadows the arraignment of industrialism on the part of the back-to-nature agrarians from Gauguin and the Expressionists to Undset, Hamsun, Mann, Lawrence and even to Marxists such as Nexö, who recognize the therapeutic value for socialism of the seasonal perspective. And while a good deal of self-centredness and super-individualism has its source in Nietzsche's parenthetic aphorisms, the latter have also helped to give a sense of the essential loneliness of the ego, a loneliness only partly bridged by collective immersion.

Nietzsche's tragic place in modern thought issues more specifically from the fact that the disparate elements of the middle class, which he harboured, remained disrupted in an atomic disharmony. In the absence of direction, of certainty and conviction, as well as in the atomic multiplicity of his tenets, Friedrich Nietzsche became the philosopher under whose ægis arose the waves of confusion and chaos, of fear and hate.

But Nietzsche's position is not exhausted thereby. His very '*Kulturpessimismus*' is dignified by an appreciation of those extra-temporal factors which make for human tragedy. It thereby serves at once to show the limits of social remedies and to deepen the meaning of sociality. Toward the end of his life Nietzsche sought for social compensation for his estrangement:

> We homeless ones from the beginning—we have no choice at all, we must be conquerors and discoverers; perhaps it may come to pass that that which we ourselves must do without, we may leave to those who will follow us—that we may leave them a *home*.

Nietzsche himself never achieved this co-ordination. He compared himself to the flame which insatiably glows and destroys itself.

> *Licht wird alles, was ich fasse*
> *Kohle alles, was ich lasse.*

It was his fate to be both sides. He died because he could not reconcile them.

I

THE SURRENDER OF ABSOLUTES

L'absolu d'aujourd'hui . . . n'est plus quiétude, mais agitation; l'Eternel est devenu passion.

JULIEN BENDA

1. BOHEMIAN FREEDOM

BOHEMIA IS AS old as gypsy vagabondage, as persistent as the impulse toward nomadism. It is the ground of the wilful rover, scorning the main street of Babbitt. Bohemia releases the werewolf of the night to maraud the bypaths of civilization. Here the outlaw is lawmaker.

Bohemia is the liquid sphere of alienation. It is an 'anti' attitude, a free revolt against authority. Setting individual passion against collective piety, it would break conventional bonds, of parents, family, tradition, state and class. Bohemia would celebrate privilege without duty. It is the eternal recurrence of adolescence. It expresses itself in spectacular dissidence. If the dominant insignia are uniforms and fashionable clothes, one dresses out of season and on occasion discards clothes. If cities and market places are considered 'civilization,' one abandons the capitals for primitive regions. 'Keep off' restrictions on private property are countered by a life of roving in which the entire world is considered one's private realm. If legalization of personal relations is the foundation of society, one celebrates 'free' living and loving. The modes of orthodoxy are challenged by nudism, primitivism, expatriatism, above all, by violating the high taboo of the 'forbidden fruit.' Sex licence defies the principle of property in institutionized wedlock. It transcends 'ownership' while it satisfies the desire for 'possession.' The sex act answers the need for concrete personal experiencing. In it the individual functions both as subject and as object. Potency thwarted 'without' finds here its 'natural' and unrestrained outlet. Sex becomes the substance of bohemia.

Bohemianism, however, does not 'escape.' the world of authority. There is no absolute escape, only varieties of means to counteract existing situations. And the ways of such counteraction are themselves determined by the material combated.[1] When these are inadequate to meet the reality basic to the situation, bohemian lawlessness becomes formalized and its freedom illusory. When bohemia grows conscious of this fact, it assumes the very forced and unnatural features of the civilization it condemns.

[1] In *Axel's Castle* Edmund Wilson characterizes the symbolist group as indulging in 'private' musings, preferring their 'absurdest chimeras to the most astonishing realities.' In the body of his study Wilson fails to pursue these private fantasies to their public context. The work is herein guilty of the very private analysis with which Wilson charges the symbolists.

FEUDAL BOHEMIA

As an historic phenomenon, bohemia is the Saturnalia of twilight eras. The last century and a half brought the eclipse of two historic patterns, the feudal and the bourgeois. Each eclipse produced its own form of bohemia. In those countries on the continent where the feudal mores were giving way to technology and capitalism, there arose a nostalgic bohemianism which attempted to hold on to what was passing. It turned away from the commercialism of a money age towards an æsthetic, anti-utilitarian feudal past. This story begins with Werther, Heinrich von Ofterdingen, Corinne and Niels Lyhne. These early Romantic bohemians, closer to feudal values, were strongly persuaded of their æsthetics. Not so the bohemians of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. With them enters a defensive uncertain note expressive of greater reservations concerning an attitude which they could not but feel to be hopelessly anachronistic. In Tolstoy, Chekhov and Maeterlinck, in the earlier works of Hauptmann and Thomas Mann, above all in Proust and Schnitzler, there is a note of plaint over the loss of things past. This romantic chord becomes weaker as we move toward the years of the Great Wars, particularly in those countries ruled by technology. Here the bohemian protest, made by bourgeois writers, loses its softness and sweet melancholy, becoming morose and cynical.

The continental bohemians sorrowed because, with the passing of feudalism, sensuous immediacy of experience gave way to abstract relationships of credit and corporations. Yet they realized that the old was now devitalized, had itself become abstract and ghostly. While Tolstoy's Fedya leaves his sober and industrious wife for the gypsies, he is yet conscious that in both worlds he is a living corpse. Hauptmann's fairy-tale characters as well as Mann's artists would escape prosaic industrialism by climbing enchanted mountains, but they find no balance and either die on magic grounds or return to stagnate in the world of flat appearance. The most characteristic and lyrical expression of this dilemma is the work of the Austrian, Arthur Schnitzler, representing a land which held on longest to feudal values in Central Europe, even as it began to occupy a crucial place in modern cultural and political development.

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER: BOHEMIAN ICHSCHMERZ

Arthur Schnitzler re-created the last bohemian days of *Alt Oesterreich*. From the European citadel of the Imperial Idea, the Austro-Hungarian Empire had changed to an inchoate conglomeration of nationalities. It was a unity in appearance only. In reality it was a house of cards, threatening to fall apart at the first social storm. Vienna was the cultural veil in which the incongruity between the real and the apparent was shrouded.

Schnitzler's work is the graceful critique of this bohemian superstructure. Religious and political orthodoxy had long discouraged a free, vigorous social and intellectual life in Austria. And here, as in Russia, the dynamics of capital-labour were slow in developing. But Vienna, nearer to the centre of Western culture, produced its Rudins and Sanins in softer, more lyrical nuances. Vienna became the city of baroque architecture, of romantic painting and music. In this land of the Metternich tradition there appeared no *Germinal* or *Weavers*, no *Sister Carrie* or *Esther Waters*, and no *Brothers Karamazoff*. The sole mark which the naturalistic revolution made on Austrian literature was the problem of *das susse Maedel*—of the naïve suburban girl who enters the circle of Viennese bohemia expecting love and becomes a light-o'-love instead. Episodic *Liebelei*, as fugitive as was the affection that held the feudal Empire together, takes the place of love. But into the bachelor apartments of soft lights and voices, there penetrates the melancholy of a generation which feels all this to be shadowy. A note of *Weltschmerz* runs through Austrian literature from Grillparzer to Hofmannsthal, a nervous sensitiveness induced by the unstable base and fading glory of its motley structure. At the turn of the century, *Weltschmerz* turns into *Ichschmerz*, as greater weariness and a sense of futility creep in.

Arthur Schnitzler was witness to this disillusionment. But the element of cynicism which permeates the attitude of Hemingway and Huxley is absent in Schnitzler. Where these reflected countries in which the machine suggested the metaphor of mechanical mating, Schnitzler wrote in a land which retained vestiges of feudal chivalry. His characters still pretend to love, whereas the others half-realize that they are going to bed only with themselves. Schnitzler prolonged the myth (which lives on in the movies) of Vienna's soft and caressing woods, its graceful and yielding women, its inviting, carefree *Gemutlichkeit*. But he also exposed it. His work is at once the charming embodiment and the critical judgment of a patrician culture, sweet, feminine and tired

The glittering attractiveness of feudal bohemia appears in Schnitzler's pre-war work. The well-to-do Fritzes and Theodores have leisure. But this younger generation is bored with it and is psychologically alienated from its feudal ancestry. It 'rebels' by frivolous loves among the lower-middle class. Schnitzler's sphere is a world of drifting 'bachelors,' without faith in the old order and unable to find their way to the new. They but use the unspoiled Christines to refresh their jaded palates, and fight duels of 'honour' over women for whom they don't care. In *Anatol* appearance is consciously favoured over reality—Anatol refuses to put the question of faithfulness to the hypnotized Cora. Yet even Anatol feels the emptiness of his quantitative love episodes and confesses to melancholy in his

frivolousness. But Christine also lacks status. She and her family are a petty bourgeois appendage of the Viennese patrician class, wholly dependent on its courtly institution. She turns from her narrow circle to the Viennese bohemia, which holds the illusion of a free, unhampered life. This constitutes her 'rebellion.' Christine has been attracted by a dying æstheticism. Both the Fritzes and the Christines are estranged from their respective anchors and remain suspended midway.

This world of forms is treated more directly in *Professor Bernhardi*, written shortly before the war. The physician Bernhardi refuses to allow a priest at the bed of a dying girl who is in a state of euphoria and believes she will live. Bernhardi is a Jew and is thus doubly exposed to attack by the feudal hierarchy. It is to be noted, however, that Bernhardi is condemned not so much for the content of his act as for an infraction of *form*, in which his failure to observe the established decorum toward a princess plays a considerable part. The triviality for which Bernhardi is persecuted illumines the substanceless nature of the interests and values of the ruling class at this stage. On the other hand, Bernhardi offers no welcome alternative. He refuses the intercession offered by his colleagues and the Society of Freethinkers. He prefers not to disturb the euphoria-state.

Schnitzler's readers were puzzled by *Professor Bernhardi*, less by the much-ado-about-little of its theme than by the complete absence of the eroticism regarded as central to Schnitzleriana. But even later critics dwell almost continually on the sexual motif in Schnitzler's world. What has been overlooked is the shift in Schnitzler's attitude as war broke upon Europe and old thrones came tumbling down. Schnitzler not only re-created the Viennese *bohème*. He was also its sensitive artist, all the more critical toward it since as a Jew he was never quite accepted by it. Hence, while he set out to depict his 'remembrance of things past,' in which, more than Proust, he was a co-actor, Schnitzler, the Jew and neural analyst, did so with detachment. Thus even as his pre-war dramas and short stories paint the festal night of Viennese bachelordom, they suggest the hollowness felt by the celebrants in their hearts, as they mock eternal love and grow witty over betrayed husbands and lovers. As the war came on and the ephemeral love sighs were broken through by the hoarse cries of the blood feast, there entered into Schnitzler's work a stern, sober note, a warning that the time for self-delusion over the possibility of eternal rejuvenation was over. The time had come for Casanova's retirement.

Casanova's Homecoming is Schnitzler's last great picture of bohemia's sunset. Once more the Viennese author wields his magic wand to summon the old glamour. Once again the draught of potency will be drunk before the night of exhaustion comes. To rekindle the

last embers, Schnitzler has recourse to the memoirs of Casanova. But Casanova is fifty-three, no longer fired with the old passion, pursued by the restlessness of approaching old age. In his youth, Casanova's bohemianism was wedded to a political republicanism. Now he is again concerned with politics, but his position is reversed. He is now writing a book against Voltaire. And when he meets beautiful Marcolina, who champions the very republican ideals he now repudiates, Casanova resolves to capture this youth as well, to make it yield to his bacchic sorcery. But all the old tricks of the conjurer, his witty anecdotes and boasts, leave Marcolina cold. This is a new youth. Marcolina is no prude, she has a lover. But her love is personal and private. As the public lover is unable to make the least headway with her, he adopts the unheroic ruse of sneaking into her room disguised as her lover. Casanova has reached the stage where he must cheat, deny his identity and be content with embracing a body which he cannot possess. But it is his final violation of youth. Casanova is permitted to return to Venice on condition that he will assist in exposing revolutionary plotters. But he does not plan to carry out his promise. To this extent Casanova remains a heretic.

These reservations concerning the vivid moment take on a graver accent in the post-war years in *Fraulein Else*. Her parents attempt to keep up the pretence of their semi-feudal social routine by swindling and by suggesting that Else get money from a rich and elderly man. Schnitzler employs a subtle psychological impressionism in tracing the gradual disintegration of Else's morale. The action transpires in her mind, but it has already taken place in the material sphere. Else talks to herself because she cannot and will not communicate with her surroundings, which demand her surrender. In this post-war story the sex act has become a *problem*, a problem so weighty that it leads to Else's suicide. Else's alternative would be to accept a middle-class vocation. Like Christine she prefers the 'heroic' ending. In her subconscious musings she realizes that society is driving her to suicide. The end of the play-at-love is approaching.

Schnitzler's pre-war plays and narratives sketch the attraction of the graceful 'art' forms of the nobility for the petty bourgeoisie, which hopes to rise toward it. In the post-war works the reverse process sets in: the declassed nobility descends to the lower-middle class, and both are shown on their way toward a proletarian and *lumpen*-proletarian existence. Proust confined himself to showing the feudal class at the end of its showmanship. Schnitzler continues the story to the point where their dispossession lands them in what approximates the lowest depths. This story is told in the novel *Theresa*, published a few years before Schnitzler's death.

Theresa comes from a struggling middle-class family which cannot forget its baronial background. To keep up former appearances, the

free-love affairs of Theresa's mother take on the form of compulsion. She needs the money her lovers give her. Her daughter Theresa must discard even the pretence of bohemian love. She becomes a governess in Vienna, and the husbands and young men in whose households she works simply expect 'yes' for an answer. Theresa gives herself to one after another, until what at first had the illusion of love becomes a monotonous routine. The appearance of glamour in the affairs of Anatol is dispelled to give way to a colourless, mechanical act, Bohemia has been bureaucratized! Born as a revolt against the commercial attitude, bohemia has itself become a victim of commercialism.

The tragedy of Theresa is that of the uprooted feudal paupers who have no parents and no offspring. Her mother is too busy trying to live in the past to care for her daughter, while Theresa is too busy caring for the children of strangers to have any time left for her own son. Her fate reminds one of Nexö's Ditte. But Theresa lacks Ditte's disillusion about rising with the help of 'benefactors.' She becomes one of the clockworks of the metropolitan hubbub, much like the characters in Dos Passos. As in the case of Brunngraber's *Karl and the Twentieth Century*, she is smothered by the debris of post-war, crumbling Austria. Pursued, humiliated, this simple, good-natured girl is worn out at thirty-three.

The sole note of love in the novel is Theresa's relation to the poor musician who calls himself Kasimir Tobisch. Too poor to support her, he vanishes when he hears that Theresa is bearing him a child. She never even learns his real name. Kasimir, like Theresa, is post-war Europe's anonymous drifter. Theresa is dimly aware that, though he forsakes her, it is not a question of guilt, that both are victims of their social undercurrents. 'She felt a solidarity with him, as though fate had destined them for each other.' But Kasimir disappears, 'nameless among other nameless ones.' And her son never really becomes her child. Theresa is born and dies without status.

Even greater psychological dissociation is traced in the short story, 'Flight into Darkness,' where the questioning of established norms extends to the relation between brothers. Robert has been wavering between bohemian shiftlessness and normal domesticity. He has often thought of killing his home-loving wife, and when she dies he begins to suffer from persecution mania and the suspicion that his brother Otto wants to declare him insane. After he kills Otto, Robert 'escapes' into endless darkness. 'Flight into Darkness' is the story of the schizoid disharmony suffered by middle-class bohemia, torn between 'bachelor irresponsibility' and 'inescapable slavery.' Here again, Schnitzler allows a hint of social promise. Robert meets a poor piano teacher who willingly goes with him to an hotel, simply out of

loneliness. Throughout, she appears in his distorted visions. And once Robert muses that 'if there was someone he wished for, to be near him, to be at his side, it was, as he realized with astonishment, none other than that poor, faded piano teacher whom he thought he had forgotten. He felt that of all living persons, she perhaps was the one . . . whose fate truly coincided with his own. There seemed to be a hidden meaning, a prophecy, in the fact that the lines of their lives had had to cross, only to proceed forever farther and farther apart.' The future history of Austria is foreshadowed in the fact that the Fritzes, the Roberts and the Theresas were not able to unite with the Christines and the Kasimirs.

Arthur Schnitzler was both a lover and a critic of his feudal bohemia. As a member of the upper-middle class, Schnitzler partook of its feasts. But as a Jew he was never permitted unreserved entry. This 'distance' made possible a greater objective evaluation and analysis. His interest in medicine, which he practised for a time, and his particular preoccupation with hypnotic and telepathic effects are part of Schnitzler's critical approach. Thus viewing his Vienna from the outside, he was able to reveal the scepticism and irony beneath the surface laughter. As the whole structure stood under the ægis of death, so does death hover over his characters. Their central passion is to live, but it is not the will to live on the part of youth which has not as yet found its objective, but that of senility which has already passed beyond it. Into the 'call of life' mingles the summons of death. It is their final hour, and they would let laughter and the 'sighs of wild lust' reign. They would crowd every excitement into their dance of death, telescoping eternity into a single moment, knowing that beyond it there is nothingness. Their sex yearning is a desperate attempt to overcome their apartness. And as each sex act is followed by greater loneliness (for they never surrender to each other), they whip themselves into madder sex whirls, sink into the 'luscious, tangled skein of intoxicated bodies.' The sex act of Schnitzler's characters, as in *Hands Around*, is a way of obliterating consciousness, a death act, not a means of creating life. Schnitzler's people enact the estrangement, doubt and instability of the old Danubian Empire on its way toward 1914, 1918, 1934 and 1938.

While Schnitzler's earlier work depicts the decomposition of *Alt Oesterreich* and the soft, graceful erotica of its *Donaustadt*, his post-war output gives a hint of another Vienna which has been ignored in popular literature. It is the Vienna which produced the criticism of Karl Kraus, the music of Gustav Mahler and Arnold Schoenberg, the analysis of Freud, Jung and Stekel. However, Schnitzler stops short before that Vienna represented by figures such as Kolloman Wallisch,

those who fought and died in the Karl Marx Hof to stave off fascism.[1]

Schnitzler died while revising *The Call of Life*, an early play which occupied his attention throughout his life. In it the problem is raised whether a young daughter has the right to hasten the death of a moribund father who tyrannizes over her, demanding that she keep constant watch at his deathbed. The several versions of the play illumine Schnitzler's two-edged relations to the problem of authority as concretized in his feudal Austria: the father who was loved and the father whose death-grip negated the call to future life. Schnitzler never indicated a resolution of the dilemma. In his earlier work he preferred the encouragement of the euphoria-stage (as Professor Bernhardi does), seeing no hope of rebirth. Later, and with the arrival of the great social revolutions in Central and Northern Europe, he dropped the feudal veil to reveal the haggard faces of the Theresas. Yet he was too deeply anchored in the old to do more than write its macabre finale. He remained suspended between these two poles in a state of alienation characteristic of his epoch.

BOURGEOIS BOHEMIA

ALDOUS HUXLEY AND ERNEST HEMINGWAY

In his *American Testament* Joseph Freeman draws a parallel between the post-war bohemian and the free man of Rousseau. But Rousseau stood at the beginning of middle-class revolt against feudal stasis and bourgeois dynamics, criticizing both from without. Our twentieth-century bohemian, on the other hand, is an urban man, himself part of the pattern which he condemns. This criticism from a bourgeois platform makes for a negativism which finally turns against itself. Krutch's *Modern Temper* was the critical expression of such absolute disillusionment. In literature it is represented by the earlier works of Aldous Huxley and Ernest Hemingway.

Huxley began by repudiating the closed perspective of eighteenth-century science. This brought him liberation from the social and ethical values attached to the older rationalism. But as liberation *from* was not followed by liberation *for*, Huxley was driven on in a circular track. His dispraise of scientific rationalism was followed by a debunking of romantic bohemia, carried on from the angle of the very physiologic science he had abandoned.

Point Counter Point is the testament of this disenchantment. Here love is exposed as a matter of hormones, and the music of a violin becomes the fiddler's drawing of 'rosined horsehair across the stretched intestines of lambs.' Huxley's characters do not pretend

[1] Joseph Freeman's *Never Call Retreat* gives a dramatic and graphic picture of this Vienna.

that there is any trace of spirit in their listless embrace of 'smiling flesh.' Their promiscuity is unimpassioned, and they are all bored and weary. 'What shall I do when I'm old?' asks Lucy, as her *post coitum triste* deepens with every change of bed partner. Lucy is the bohemian 'progress' this generation has substituted for the scientific progress theory of Huxley's forebears. But here too progress lacks a norm. To the Lucys only that is exciting which is not permissible. But when the old taboos have ceased to be regarded as offences, what then? A search for more serious offences? But where would that sort of progress end? D. H. Lawrence sensed that here was the basis for a Judas cult, heading for the hell of fascism. Commenting on *Point Counter Point*, he wrote to Huxley:

> If you can only palpitate to murder, suicide, and rape, in their various degrees—and you state plainly that it is so—caro, however are we going to live through the days? Preparing still another murder, suicide, or rape? But it becomes of a phantasmal boredom and produces ultimately inertia, inertia, inertia and final atrophy of the feelings. Till, I suppose, comes a final super-war, and murder, suicide, rape sweeps away the vast bulk of mankind.

The negation of first principles indicated by the antithetical title of Huxley's novel makes his people *Doppelgaenger*. Their dry intellectualism takes form in sophisticated, sterile repartee, verbal dialectics, lacking the warmth and drive of an earlier, feudal bohemia. These post-war people are beyond nineteenth-century dualism. Their outlook has been split into a sceptical pluralism. 'The essence of the new way of looking is multiplicity,' says Philip Quarles in *Point Counter Point*, 'multiplicity of eyes and multiplicity of aspects seen.' But he who sees all cannot master the decision to move in some particular direction. Philip's chronic difficulty is the question of identity. (He is club-footed.) His mind was amœboid, 'like a sea of spiritual protoplasm, capable of flowing in all directions. . . . At different times in his life and even at the same moment he had filled the most various moulds. . . . Where was the self to which he could be loyal?' Here, as in neo-impressionistic paintings, the fixed view gives way to a variety of perspectives. But Huxley's multiplicity does not make for growth. His characters have an electric knowledge which is liquid, formless, lacking a point of reference. As in E. E. Cummings, T. S. Eliot and James Joyce, culture is seen as a pluralism of mood and language. In Mark Rampion, Huxley gropes for a Laurentian transformation. But Huxley was too much attached to the pre-war era of scientific progress to follow Lawrence's doctrine of the noble savage. In fact, *Point Counter Point* is so consistently contrapuntal that Mark Rampion, who is against education and moral principle, himself talks and 'educates' more than any other person in the story. He admits that by living among 'non-human things

and people,' he himself has become 'a pedagogue pervert.' Thus the novel questions every value. The instability of our epoch infects every stable perspective. It makes for conscious anti-consciousness, for irony and regard to irony. Everything has been bureaucratized, including the criticism of bureaucracy. Not only work—leisure, too, has been mechanized. And Huxley, aware of this as well, expresses it all in a grim, bitter cynicism. This attitude shapes the form of his novels. The structure of *Point Counter Point* (similar to that of Gide's *Counterfeiters*) is loose, inorganic. Both Huxley and Gide 'compensate' for the fleshlessness of their people by 'personally' stepping in (Huxley less directly) to discuss and explain their actions.

Huxley's all-embracing scepticism may be seen as the other pole of his earlier scientific optimism. And his subsequent attachment to unrestricted pacifism appears as a further aspect of his monism. His pacifism is foreshadowed by Gambril, senior, in *Antic Hay*, and is expansively incorporated by Miller and Anthony Beavis in *Eyeless in Gaza*. It is argued in *Ends and Means*. Cynicism gives way to acceptance. The relativity and pugnacity of *Point Counter Point* are resolved in an unqualified doctrine of non-resistance. Huxley reverts to belief in progress—progress through mystical faith rather than scientific investigation. He returns to pure orthodoxy, replacing the orthodoxy of science by that of mysticism. Complete 'vision' has moved round to complete 'eyelessness.'

Through Mark Rampion, Huxley underscored the dialectics of means and ends, when he admitted that to counteract perversity some perversity must be used. But in *Ends and Means* Huxley argues that means must be ethical, else the end will be contaminated. It would follow that once we have sinned (in our use of methods), we can never wash ourselves clean. And since the universe cannot be born anew and Huxley's own problem arises from the fact that sin already exists, it would seem that we can never attain noble ends. Huxley's present serene doctrine can thus be seen to contain a profound, radical pessimism which is continuous with his earlier tempestuous disillusionment. In both instances the position is absolutistic, denying the ambivalence of ethical standards. But even *Ends and Means* reveals irony. The essay is a *militant* argument for peace. It wars against non-pacifists. To convince his readers of non-resistance, Huxley tries to break down their resistance. Huxley's Absolute, like that of others in our era, wavers.

Bohemia came later to America, the delayed crisis of industry deferring the 'idealistic' reaction. American bohemianism followed the general curve in trying to 'shock.' 'The gospel of art,' Joseph Freeman writes, 'was the bohemian's answer to the capitalist gospel of utility; the gospel of love, the answer to capitalist hypocrisy and the marriage market; the gospel of beauty, the answer to the unendur-

able ugliness of the capitalist environment. . . . Against the capitalist misuse of the machine came the machinewreckers; against the bourgeois morality came the amoralists; against the oppression of the industrial towns came the Utopian colonies.' Likewise, Malcolm Cowley notes in *Exile's Return* that while the bohemians seceded from the old, they adhered to nothing new. The titles of their literary organs (*Secession, Transition, Broom, Playboy, Exile*) point to their negative status. These bourgeois rebels against bourgeois forms could not transcend their midway state. They criticized 'Civilization in the United States' and left for Europe. There they discovered that the Western capitalist countries were also standardized. 'We were outside the organized bourgeoisie and not yet part of the organized working class,' writes Joseph Freeman. They were exiles whether they drank absinthe in Paris or in the 'Happy Island' of Greenwich Village.

Ernest Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises* and *A Farewell to Arms* present this dilemma of the 'lost generation.' His characters turn their back on American mechanism only to become mechanical gin drinkers and lovers, mechanical anti-mechanists abroad. They counter the standardization of marriage by standardizing free love which hangs as heavy as the chain of wedlock. The freedom of the bohemians, lacking in a polar 'toward,' becomes another form of determinism.

Hemingway's technique, as well, illustrates the point. He reports events and conversations, scenes and actions, in atomic, behaviouristic sequence. His characters fight shy of evaluation. The conjunction 'and' is the leading 'judgment' in their acts and discourse. It is the formal aspect of their impotence. The following dialogue in *A Farewell to Arms* illustrates their anguished lethargy:

'I don't believe in victory anymore.'
'I don't. But I don't believe in defeat. Though it may be better.'
'What do you believe in?'
'In sleep.' [Later] 'I said that about sleeping, meaning nothing.'

Hemingway represents the later, disillusioned stage of bohemia. Not reared on Europe's Romantic tradition, Hemingway reduces bohemian sex romance to a physiological behaviourism. In *To Have and Have Not* one of the frustrated middle-class characters sums up her sex-adventures for the benefit of her 'lover':

'Love was the greatest thing, wasn't it? . . . I was your partner and your little black flower. Slop. Love is just another dirty lie. Love is ergoapiol pills to make me come around because you were afraid to have a baby. Love is quinine and quinine and quinine until I'm deaf with it. Love is that dirty aborting horror that you took me to. Love is my insides all messed up. It's half catheters and half whirling douches. I know about

love. Love always hangs up behind the bathroom door. It smells like lysol. . . . I'm through with you and I'm through with love.'

Yet the cynicism of Hemingway's characters, their promiscuity of talk, drink and sex, is a nervous covering up of their loneliness. There is a yearning for affection, kindliness and loyalty beneath the smart surface. *A Farewell to Arms* makes this longing directly apparent.

Among some Europeans on the Continent there set in a translation of bohemianism into social terms. The revolutions of 1917-18 and the counter-revolutionary fascist developments quickened European writers toward taking sides in the political battles. In America, as Freeman puts it, radicals 'revolted' against the tyrannies of contemporary civilization by mixed bathing parties in the nude. But there were exceptions, such as Joseph Freeman himself, Michael Gold and John Dos Passos, who saw the evil not in modernism as such but in the nature of modern capitalism.

It was fascism, particularly the 'non-intervention' in the Spanish Civil War, which roused Hemingway to the realization that a neutral amoralism was anti-human. Earlier, Hemingway sought masculine robustness in elemental physical aggressiveness which knows no fear of death. His favourite characters had been killers, athletes, soldiers, and his favourite theme, Spanish bull-fighting. Here, where the question of guilt was irrelevant, he saw the manifestation of genuine tragedy. Now Hemingway abandons his impassive animalism, which makes no distinction between the murderer and the murdered, for a critical humanism which differentiates between process and purpose. This development may be traced in Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

'No man is an *Iland*, intire of it selfe; every man is a peece of the *Continent*, a part of the *maine*.' This quotation from John Donne which prefaces the novel sets the distance which separates Hemingway from his earlier atomic individualism. The work is a link between his bohemianism and its channelization into the social field. The bridge which serves as the pivot of the narrative also spans Robert Jordan's academic pursuits and his political activity. It connects the intellectual Jordan with the primitive band. The bridge itself co-ordinates the motley band into an organized group. It even brings them closer to the enemy. As Jordan and Anselmo observe the fascist guards on the bridge, they see in them people, human beings much like themselves. And as Jordan listens to Pilar's story of massacres perpetrated by both fascists and anti-fascists, political distinctions recede before the ambivalent morality of human traits. 'And therefore never send to know for whom the *bell* tolls; It tolls for *thee*.' The circle has swung fully around from general apathy to universal sympathy.

The choice of scene and characters reminds one of Hemingway's bohemian past. His terrain is a wild, sparsely settled region, away from the central 'social' front. The characters are freedom-loving mountaineers, guerrillas of the countryside, wont to act for themselves and on their own initiative. They know little of politics and nothing of dialectics. The selection of this particular group to represent the Spanish Loyalist cause reveals both the old and the new Hemingway. By themselves and singly, they act somewhat like Hemingway's earlier bohemians. But here the fascist counter-revolution has drawn them together, and Robert Jordan (the language teacher) succeeds in establishing further 'communication' among them. Although these people are primitive, anarchic characters, with little understanding of the social import, they submit to centralized control and offer their homes and lives in behalf of the cause. This is the novel's great tribute to the social compulsiveness of the Loyalist struggle. The adherence by those who felt rather than knew the unambiguous justice of the Loyalist position makes the story 'representative' of the reaction on the part of the Spanish people living outside the urban centres.

Yet the older Hemingway carries over. The concentration on a few isolated characters, each of whom (with the exception of Anselmo, who is the unassuming Christian 'moderator' within the group) would go his own way, lends the story a tone reminiscent of *A Farewell to Arms*. Here too there is a sense of the ephemeral, of chance and loneliness, and here again, the compensation for loneliness is the bond between a man and a woman. There is strong irony in the fact that, whereas the guerrilla mountaineers develop into a cohesive little band, Robert Jordan develops in reverse. His political partisanship is loosened by his love for Maria. As he feels the earth moving during their embrace, Robert Jordan is awakened to sympathy with the all-human:

> That was one thing that sleeping with Maria had done. He had gotten to be as bigoted and hide-bound about his politics as a hard-shelled Baptist. . . . To be bigoted you have to be absolutely sure that you are right and nothing makes that surety and righteousness like continence. Continence is the foe of heresy.

Robert is now ready to understand the 'other side.' To be sure, he feels that 'the Communists offered the best discipline and the soundest and sanest for the prosecution of the war.' But he accepts their discipline only for the duration of the war. As for his politics, he now discovers that he 'had none.' Afterward he will return to earn his living 'teaching Spanish as before.' Jordan would go back to his practice of mediation on the neutral, syntactical plane. But the bridge' is blown up and severs the only union Robert Jordan has found, union with the little band and with Maria. The destruction

of the bridge costs his life. Where the Spanish struggle tempers the isolation of Malraux's characters, it accentuates the isolation for Jordan.

However, the story of Robert Jordan's 'three days and nights' is the projection of Hemingway's own rebirth in the Spanish War. His neutrality was an expression of general indifference; now it arises from all-human sympathy. In the bohemian period only the immediate moment had meaning; now it is affirmed as an eternal present. And the simple, powerful love between Robert and Maria is a shift from promiscuous to steadfast love. Hemingway returns to 'free' love with this difference: before, it was apathetic; here it is passionate; then it loosened; now it binds; before, it arose out of disillusionment with mankind; now it is born of and is enriched by love of man.

Bohemianism expresses the either-or temper. It would live by the law of contradiction. Bohemia is bounded by an abyss on either side, by a repudiated past and an uncharted future. The fate of Nietzsche, of Hart Crane and Harry Crosby, illumines the danger of rebellion which is not braced by a new principle of authority. The bohemian would carry on a continual excursion without coming home. He is the exile on principle. He risks ending up in what Gautier called 'the limbo where moan ... stillborn vocations, abortive attempts, larvæ of ideas that have won neither wings, nor shapes.' The bohemians grasped at the superficial aspects of Freudianism, clinging to its amoral subject matter. They made sex into a substance and tried to find communication through it, only to discover that their preoccupation led to an intensified individualism, approaching autoeroticism. Similarly they turned historic determinism into a substance, missing the freedom of the Marxian dialectic. Thus they remained on a moving platform, subject to easy absolutes. They conjured up an old dream of 'nature,' 'the individual,' and 'freedom,' in capricious disregard of their modern mechanico-social-deterministic basis. Yet out of the midst of bohemia there were to arise those who saw the necessity of the symbiosis between psychology and sociology, between individual freedom and social discipline. And the apprenticeship of their bohemian adventure was to stand by to prevent them from adopting a closed sociology.

2. UNCERTAINTY AS A PRINCIPLE: THE NEGATION OF SUBSTANCE

THE MODERN PHILOSOPHY of liberalism with its concept of freedom arose with the dissolution of the medieval substance. It was the voice of a renascent middle class which repudiated feudal corporations and their aristocratic *a priori*, persuaded that everyone could begin anew on a *tabula rasa*. In nominalism and Protestant-Anabaptism it spoke up for the individual and the particular which had vanished in the universal spheres of realism and Catholic doctrine. On the economic plane the fixed serf made way for the journeyman and merchant, as the *laissez-faire* doctrine of self-realization freed men from rigid state and church control.

As the medieval Essence of Being gave place to the modern notion of Becoming, energies held in check by feudal rigours were liberated. The universe appeared as an open and expanding domain. Time and history became the new universals. Spengler characterized this dynamic aspect of Western civilization as 'Faustian,' and Wyndham Lewis condemned it as 'time-obsessed.' 'Life' philosophies in which the historic flux replaced the logos of reality and process-thinking supplanted substance-thought became the vogue.

However, freedom has never existed in an absolute form, since public regulations have always restricted liberty of action. It has ever been a question of range. 'In the last resort,' observes Laski, 'liberty is always a function of power.' With the development of collectivism, freedom becomes more and more restricted. While Hegel's 'left' philosophy endowed the historical process with ontological status, his 'right' metaphysics held that temporal Becoming was an aspect of eternal Being. As we move into the era of Capital Trusts and Labour Internationals, individual freedom in economics is largely gone. But the form was retained in political parliamentarianism, and there remained the illusion that corresponding social and cultural freedom still existed or could at least be achieved. The call for the restoration of 'natural rights' continued after the social determinants had vanished.

With some liberals this has been a semi-conscious delusion to the extent that they demand freedom of thought and criticism even as they recognize the existence of collective forces which bar such freedom. Where consciousness becomes more fully aware of this double bookkeeping, it may well produce a kind of despair. In Nietzsche and the Expressionists the demand for individual freedom has already lost its confident note. In America, Henry Adams gave eloquent expression to this dualism. He was, in Edgar Johnson's formulation, 'dialectically the last liberal.' Adams clearly saw the check of corporations on individual enterprise. And, 'in a world,'

Johnson notes, 'where contradictories could no longer be exercised in separate compartments, without clashing—and in a mind where the self-consciousness engendered of individualism forbade their conflict—they reduced their victim to impotence and confusion.'

In his excoriation of Western time-obsession, Wyndham Lewis fails, however, to note an important dialectical moment: the fact that philosophies of time in our day reveal their modern sceptical character by indirect acknowledgment that the concept of change is insufficient. Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, for example, qualified the restlessness of the time-process, the one by his Platonic Ideas, the other by his theory of Eternal Recurrence. Spengler's temporal cycles are braced by the notion of simultaneity which constitutes the element of permanence in his philosophy of history. All this suggests that modern concepts of change are coloured by partial homage to permanence. Huxley's development toward absolute doctrine is an instance in point. The phenomenon is also exemplified in writers such as Proust, Joyce and the Surrealists, whose initial time-sense was later modified by essence-frames. Leo Roberts has argued that because such philosophies fail to account for time and change in terms of some stable category, they are driven to invoke supernatural absolutes. Thus Lloyd Morgan finds it necessary to construct a *Res Completa* to bolster his pyramid of emergent evolution. Croce attempts to save the past by making it an eternal part of the present, and Gentile would cement his concept of Becoming with an eternal Now. One might, however, characterize this phenomenon by reversing Roberts' formulation and saying that these philosophies 'account' for time and change precisely by their invocations of absolutes.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE POSSIBLE

JOHN DEWEY

In America, liberal thinking has stood largely under the ægis of John Dewey. His work is an attempt to 'reconstruct' philosophy by denying the absolute character of things and events. However, as we shall attempt to show, absolutistic 'compensations' appear in his approach as well.

I

The incidence of Dewey's thinking breaks with the metaphysical quest for monistic systems. His argument is that metaphysicians have isolated one aspect of experience or one element of the universe and treated it as *the* real, thus taking the part for the whole. But their proof that a transcendental principle rules the Cosmos left truth and error, goodness and evil unchanged in our actual experience. In fact,

their 'block-universe theory of social causation,' Dewey argues, constitutes a 'betrayal of human freedom.'

To counter this idea of 'force,' Dewey advances the notions of interaction and continuity. Truth, reality, value depend on the *context* in which they are found—and context reveals interdependence. Essence and existence, theory and practice, means and ends, body and mind, freedom and authority are continuous with each other, interact and interlock. Now context, Dewey continues, varies with time, place, the specific reference and the nature of the elements involved. The contextual approach shows that all experiencing is partial and multiple. Hence philosophy's search for fixed certainties, rules and systems is futile. Because they ignored the 'reality of the uncertain,' traditional systems not only failed to render existence less uncertain; their bias in favour of an eternal reality also tended to perpetuate the existing state. Experimental pragmatism, on the other hand, denies absolute knowledge and final values, 'so that frail goods shall be substantiated, secure goods be extended, and the precarious promises of good that haunt experienced things be more liberally fulfilled.'

The time-sense in Dewey's programme enters into his analysis of means and ends. The argument against the subsistence of Being is carried over to a denial of the subsistence of ends. Ends too depend on context, depend on means by which they are reached. Throughout, Dewey replaces classical bifurcations by the idea of continuity. A limitless series bridges their dualistic chasms.

Interaction and continuity represent the process of reality. The tool for discovering the process Dewey calls Intelligence. Intelligence is critical method of adjustment. Criticism in turn tends to be identified with philosophy itself, as when Dewey writes that philosophy is 'inherently criticism . . . a criticism of criticism . . . the critical method of developing methods of criticism.' Replacing a *system*, philosophy becomes critical, experimental *method*.

Dewey's thesis, similar to James' 'ever not quite,' is that 'the future is always unpredictable.' In his thought the realm of possibilities is almost infinitely extended. 'No one,' writes Joseph Ratner in his introduction to Dewey's writings (*Intelligence in the Modern World*), 'has ever defended the cause of possibilities more vigorously and more consistently than he. He has championed possibilities in season and out.' Following this lead, we might term John Dewey's thought the 'philosophy of the possible.'

In making change, continuity and unpredictability focal, Dewey has 'liberalized' the old metaphysics with its aristocratic separations of categories and classes. The denial of First Principles in nature and experience makes absolutist procedures indefensible. There is, indeed, a direct connection between his concept of means-ends, his liberal

programme for achieving democracy by 'consultation, persuasion, negotiation,' and his argument that 'democratic ends require democratic means for their realization.' Both the manner and the tone of Dewey's thinking have encouraged the give and take of discussion. Its attitude makes for psychological readiness to allow voice to the opposition and thus makes it possible that we become the gainers from whatever positive and valid assertions the other side may advance. Above all, Dewey offers palliative adjustments to an imperfect world. Holding that *the* problem of existence cannot be grasped or solved and that complete, lasting cures are unavailable, he would centre attention on limited areas to alleviate the distress of finite man exposed to limitless hazards.

The strength of Dewey's position is generated by his naturalistic stress that value is not determined by 'pure' abstract norms divorced from practical affairs, nor by subjective standards geared at best to a partial objective reference. His repeated emphasis on relating philosophy to civilization has been a salutary antidote to that ghostly metaphysics which shuns the compulsions of time. Dewey is the first important thinker after Marx to develop the thesis that

> ideas have been in fact only reflections of practical measures that different groups, classes, factions wished to see continued in existence or newly adopted, so that what passes as psychology was a brand of political doctrine,

and to argue that doctrines in turn are instruments for changing material conditions. He has consistently attempted to indicate the import of existing practices on the problem of evil, aware that many of our ills stem from the fact that 'we live in a money culture . . . that our technique and technology are controlled by interest and private profit.' While sharp differences remain between Dewey and Marx, particularly on the relation of means to ends and on the question of a systematic theory of values (suggested by the comprehensive study of Howard Selsam on *Socialism and Ethics*), he meets with Marx in his naturalistic orientation and in his historico-social perspective, as when he observes that the metaphysical division between subservient means and liberating ends rests on the 'social division into a labouring class and a leisure class, between industry and æsthetic contemplation.'

The 'open' nature of Dewey's doctrine has made for various shifts in his own thinking. If at one time he appeared to stand for the 'old individualism' of John Stuart Mill, he later urged that liberalism which is sincere in achieving its goal must to-day accept a form of collectivism. 'Regimentation of material and mechanical forces,' he writes, 'is the only way by which the mass of individuals can be released from regimentation and consequent suppression of their cultural possibilities.' The 'new' individualism recognizes that 'we

are in for some kind of socialism, call it by whatever name we please.' His own term is 'functional socialism.' Still later, under the force of collectivistic impacts, Dewey once again shifted his accent. 'I should now wish to emphasize more than I formerly did that individuals are the finally decisive factors of the nature and movement of associated life.' If, earlier, Dewey inveighed against 'pure' philosophy, he later acknowledged the appeal of the 'music of ideas.' In these instances Dewey responds to the various pressures of the day.

Dewey's moving and changing universe has been viewed as following the curve of American development, in which feudal authoritarianism never took deep root, and as attuned to the genius of a young land which placed a premium on work, results, on the practical need of getting things done. In the absence of medieval tradition, this 'typical' American philosophy is concerned with the 'business' of making history and not with the Substance view *sub specie æternitatis*.

As we have noted, Dewey has occasionally acknowledged the æsthetic function of philosophy apart from empirical verification. On the whole, however, and certainly in terms of his representative influence, Dewey is the recognized spokesman of a temporal instrumentalism. Thus he writes in his recent book *Freedom and Culture*: 'The only *ultimate* result is the result that is attained to-day, to-morrow, the next day, and day after next.'

II

In *Experience and Nature* Dewey quotes Gilbert Murray's characterization of the Greek return to supernaturalism as the 'failure of nerve.' In his contribution to a symposium bearing this title, Dewey criticizes absolute principles which rest on a literal mysticism and supernaturalism or rely on personal insights and personal faith. Here Dewey performs a service in exposing 'systems,' such as fascism and its clerical and obscurantist adjuncts which by-pass the critical faculty and seek central categories 'outside of nature.' This raises the question as to Dewey's substitute principles *within nature*. What does he mean by Experience and Nature? How does the function of his Intelligence differ from that of idealistic absolutes in classical systems? What is the meaning of 'future' which determines meaning? The answer to these questions brings us to the limitations of Dewey's scheme. Specifically, analysis reveals that: 1. The meaning of Dewey's central terms Experience and Nature swerves between denoting neutral, all-inclusive absolutes (Being) and selected norms of value (attitudes). 2. Dewey's Intelligence has the value-character of an absolute, idealistic category. 3. Dewey's attempt to unite his absolute, idealistic Intelligence with his relative, practical operationalism (which distinguishes his scheme) results in, 4. A major

dilemma in his programme. 5. The resolution of this dilemma entails a mode of argument characteristic of the very metaphysics Dewey sets out to repudiate. To put it differently: Dewey would replace the old metaphysics by a 'naturalistic metaphysics' of Experience and Nature in which Intelligence functions as an idealistic regulator. The result is an equivocal mixture of traditional Idealism and Absolutism with a new relativistic operationalism requiring 'metaphysical' explications.

1. In many places Dewey's Experience embraces the totality of events and situations: 'Experience denotes what is experienced, the world of events and persons; and it denotes that world caught up into experiencing, the career and destiny of mankind.... We mean then by experience something at least as wide and deep and full as all history on this earth.... Experience denotes whatever is experienced.'

Elsewhere, and possibly more frequently, Dewey distinguishes various types of experience: 'There is ordinary experience and *an* experience. 'We have *an* experience when the material experienced runs its course to fulfilment.' There is 'first and immature' or 'primary' experience, 'content simply to enjoy,' and 'intelligently directed experience.' And Dewey calls for 'faith in experience,' when thus directed. As used here, experience is not subject matter but 'method,' a method which includes error, illusion, evil, confusion, as well as 'that bent which keeps one from learning from experience.' It is 'the only method for getting at nature,' and 'intellectual piety' toward it is 'a precondition of the direction of life and of tolerant and generous co-operation among men.' Its value seems to consist in providing a base making possible scientific manipulation 'for the sake of the direction of further experience.' Morris R. Cohen, one of Dewey's most incisive critics, comments on this situation in his *Reason and Nature*: 'The use of the word *experience* without any ascertainable meaning is perhaps the outstanding scandal of recent philosophy.... Without an alternative term to denote what is not experience it cannot have any pragmatic meaning."[1]

The meaning of Dewey's Nature is, if anything, more vague. Although six of ten chapter headings in *Experience and Nature*

[1] Dewey has attempted to show that he avoids the marshes of monism by drawing the analogy to the terms zero and infinity. To this, Cohen has replied, 'Zero and infinity indicate at least definite directions. They indicate which of two definite terms is to the left or right of the other in a series. . . . The term "experience," however, in Professor Dewey's thought, is equally applicable to everything that is an object of consideration.' Cohen also argues that Dewey's anti-dualistic scheme involves a dualism of its own in that it sets up an unqualified opposition between classical final truths and pragmatic norms. Cohen's championship of logical and ethical criteria within the historical flux of experience offers him a strategic post for criticizing Dewey's 'anthropocentric naturalism' (Cohen's term). Cohen himself leans in the opposite direction, toward the eternal and cosmological. Our essay 'John Dewey and Morris R. Cohen' (*The Thinker*, Sept., 1931) offers a juxtaposition of other features in their approach.

contain the term 'Nature,' we have been unable to find anywhere in the text a clear statement of what nature signifies, apart from it being a general framework for *all* existence. We read of 'objective nature,' and of the fact that life and nature are connected. We are told that man and organisms are *in* nature, and that consciousness is a manifestation of existence 'when nature is most free and most active.' Reflection is a 'natural event occurring *within* nature because of traits of the latter.' But history can be more truly known than mathematical and physical objects 'because nature is what it is.' Here Dewey stresses the *neutrality* of nature: it is neither rational nor irrational, neither good nor evil; it encompasses both the precarious and the stable, mind and matter, cause and effect. Indeed, it seems to represent the complete history of man and events, being even more inclusive than experience. 'Experience is of as well as *in* nature. It is not experience which is experienced, but nature—stones, plants, animals, diseases, health, temperature, electricity, and so on.' Ratner interprets Dewey's nature as

> an inclusive history of multitudinous ongoing histories, the comprehensive interactive continuum consequent upon the interactivities of an infinite number of interactive continua of an indefinite number of general kinds.

But if everything is nature and no existence or event is outside of nature, what service does the term render?

Elsewhere Dewey seems to endow the term with *valuable* characteristics. Arguing the case for 'Naturalism,' Dewey writes that it is 'human nature itself.' Likewise, he would 'release . . . the possibilities of human nature.' And we are not sure whether he means *any* expression of human nature or only *good* human nature. The first meaning should lead to an acceptance of the very views Dewey is opposing, since they too are expressions of human nature. A clear distinction between desirable and undesirable human nature is not provided. The second meaning (as tested by 'future consequences') introduces a difficulty of its own, to be discussed presently.

2. The meaning of Dewey's Intelligence is less ambiguous. It is used throughout honorifically, as a universal good, at least as a 'better method than its alternatives.' Dewey makes distinctions here, too, between individual intelligence and 'organized,' 'collective,' 'corporate,' 'co-operative' intelligence. However, whether individual or social, Intelligence is a value. In its social form it is a greater value in that here it has the function of adjustment in group problems and becomes one with liberal method. 'What I have called the mediating function of liberalism is all one with the work of intelligence.' In Dewey's work intelligence occupies the highest value, which brings it close to a religious force. 'There is such a thing as faith in intelligence,' Dewey writes, adding that this gives intelligence a 'religious' quality which perhaps explains the 'efforts of some religionists to

disparage the possibility of intelligence as a force. They properly feel such faith to be a dangerous rival.'

Ironically enough, the crucial position of intelligence in its function of regulating experience and in its rôle of liberal adjuster (ethical ends requiring ethical means) brings Dewey near to the very idealistic, indeed, Kantian systems which he opposes. Now, to be sure, the unique character of Dewey's thought is its attempt to interlace these traditional concepts with his pragmatic, futuristic operationalism in which reality is not constituted by thought. But the attempt to combine these two strains introduces a major dilemma to the extent that Dewey would give his operationalism a basic rationale, suggesting that if it does not aim at 'final,' then it is directed at least at universally broad aims. To clarify the nature of this dilemma, it is necessary first to analyse the implications of Dewey's futuristic norm.

3. Meaning, value and so on, in Dewey have reference to operational processes involving future consequences. The value and validity of things 'reside in what proceeds from them.' What the method of intelligence will accomplish 'is for the result of trial to determine.' But how are these consequences to be ascertained? What determines the temporal and spatial demarcations, the when and where 'trial' begins and ends? Above all, when do we *have* the future that can be investigated for the consequences? The meaning of the future in the traditional as well as in Dewey's sense is that it is ahead of us. To be sure, the future becomes a present, but Dewey's principle of continuity requires that we look for future consequences which the 'present' future produces in the 'future' future. Similarly, means become ends, and ends become means for subsequent ends and means. And since the future, in Dewey's words, is 'always unpredictable,' it should follow that we can never know the 'result of trial.' Even in terms of Dewey's method in which problems are restricted to limited fields, we face the difficulty of agreeing on *which* consequences are to be considerd *relevant*, and at what stage (shorter or longer view) we regard them to have been representatively gathered. Suppose we take the problem of evaluating the Russian Revolution. If we reject an over-all norm, what is to guide us in the choice of which results are pertinent? One might give priority to the question of political democracy and free inquiry, another to economic security, literacy, and the peace programme, another to the sense of individual and social worth, and so on. Or, in terms of future demarcations, one might stop at the years of chaos following the overthrow of the old system, another at the stage of relative stabilization before the outbreak of the war, another at the non-aggression pact with Hitler, still another at the present effort to co-operate with all anti-fascist powers, and so on. The criterion of consequences, tested by the 'future state of society,' becomes an elusive infinite. Nor do

Dewey's terms, 'more,' 'growth,' 'expansion,' 'liberation from,' help us in the absence of firm positive and superlative norms.

Cohen has characterized this approach as one which entails

being continually on the go, without regard to the places whereto it is worth while to go in order to stay rather than merely to pass through.... We in America are especially in need of realizing that perpetual motion is not the blessed life and that the hustlers may not be the only ones, nor perhaps even the first, to enter the kingdom of heaven.

Whitehead has gone so far as to call 'pragmatic reason' the root of evil. Its reason is that which 'Ulysses shares with the foxes.... [It] is reason criticizing and emphasizing subordinate purposes of nature which are agents of final causation.' To George Santayana, Dewey is the 'devoted spokesman of the spirit of enterprise... of modern industry.'[1] One critic (Randall) even sees Dewey's use of the past as something to build 'further' the germs of a power philosophy.[2]

In the course of replying to the criticism that his criterion of 'growth' is lacking in direction, Dewey acknowledges that a man may grow efficient as a burglar, as a gangster or as a corrupt politician. But, he asks, 'what is the effect of growth in a special direction... for development in other lines?... The conception [of growth] is one that must find universal and not specialized limited application.' It would seem fair to conclude that a state in which men 'grew' in a manner making for complete individual and social harmony would constitute a 'final' aim within Dewey's unfinished world. Similar criteria are indicated when Dewey interprets progress as 'reconstruction adding fullness and distinctness of meaning,' and values as 'intrinsic qualities of events in their consummatory reference.' In a section entitled 'The Economic Basis of the New Society,' he states, 'The ultimate problem of production is the production of human beings.... Discovery of individual needs and capacities is a means to the end, but only a means. The means have to be implemented by a social-economic system that establishes and uses the means for the production of free human beings associating with one another on terms of equality.' In such passages, 'fulfilments,' 'universal application,' 'consummatory,' suggest final values within Dewey's experi-

[1] Marx's characterization appears relevant here: 'Modern industry never looks upon and treats the existing form of a process as final. . . . It is continually causing changes not only in the technical basis of production, but also in the functions of the labourer, and in the social combinations of the labour process'

[2] The connection between motion and action as absolutes and fascist imperialism has been noted in the programme of the Italian Futurists. However, Dewey's general temper stands in opposition to compulsive procedures. But the argument advanced by a contributor to the Symposium that the naturalistic position induces a liberal and tolerant attitude is contradicted by the tenor exhibited by some of its adherents, even as they claim that they 'do not jeer at the mystical swoon of dumb rapture.' There is no necessary connection between a given philosophic standpoint and a given individual or social attitude. As has been pointed out, both naturalists and supernaturalists are to be found in the fascist as well as in the anti-fascist camps.

mentalism. Here, Dewey approaches that final end which Marx called 'human society,' making possible 'the whole human being.' Dewey's realization that 'growth' does not distinguish between cancerous and wholesome development leads him here to widen the sphere of reference to 'universal' and 'consummatory' application. Yet if such application is taken seriously, there arises a basic challenge to Dewey's instrumentalism.

4. Two central prongs in Dewey's thought are that democratic ends require democratic methods and that validity and value are determined by future results. In the first the primary connection is the antecedent; in the second it is the subsequential. It is our contention that if Dewey stands by the one, he cannot hold to the other, and his attempt to embrace both constitutes a major inconsistency in his thought. An example will make the point clear. Suppose that the war results in a society of 'free human beings' Judged by the pragmatic norm of consequences, the means employed would be validated, although they comprised a violent war and one fought, moreover, with the help of the Soviet Union which Dewey considers undemocratic. ('The end justifies the means only when the means used are such as actually bring about the desired and desirable end.') By the same standard, if the use of persuasive means results in violence (one might think of Chamberlain's efforts to 'persuade' fascism), then this method has been proved inadequate. On the other hand, if the principle of persuasive means is made focal, then the result would have to be condemned where such means are not employed—and this should include our American Independence, the overthrow of feudalism through the French Revolution or the abolition of slavery through our Civil War. In sum, if Dewey makes intelligence (as liberal method) primary, he cannot consistently adhere to his operationalism, and if he makes his operationalism primary, he cannot consistently argue that his persuasive intelligence is always a good. It also follows from Dewey's uncompromising opposition to final systems that he cannot consistently uphold democracy as an ultimate value.[1]

5. It has been suggested that Dewey's scheme offers a way out of this dilemma: where persuasion results in violence, it does not point to its invalidity, but only means that the specific approach was not persuasive *enough*, and that wherever persuasive methods are *rightly* employed, the consequences will not be violent. Thus one might

[1] In the theory of education, Dewey's school takes a corresponding position. The teacher is to use 'method' and impart 'content.' He must not 'indoctrinate'—apparently not even democracy. This point is well argued in Kenneth Burke's discussion of Dr. Kilpatrick's views in Burke's *Philosophy of Literary Forms* and in V. J. McGill's 'Pragmatism Reconsidered' (*Science and Society*, Vol. III, No. 3).

argue that Chamberlain failed in his Munich mission because he did not use the most expedient form of consultation, that the results, indeed, show that this was so. Likewise, to the extent that violence enters into revolutionary movements, there follows a violent carry-over exhibited in subsequent development. We must grant that in this form Dewey's position is indeed unanswerable. But it is unanswerable only because it then takes on the character of the very type of metaphysical explanation which Dewey repudiates. For this method 'explains' *no matter what happens*. Temperate means are validated if they produce temperate consequences; if they produce intemperate consequences, the means can be said to have been insufficiently temperate. Similarly, if hard methods bring about undesirable events, they are condemnable; but even where the results are partly acceptable, it can be argued that they would have been *more* acceptable if softer methods had been resorted to. As a whole, then, Dewey's position offers a choice between an inconsistent instrumentalism and a consistent rigid metaphysics.[1]

This situation centres the difficulty in interpreting Dewey's work. One might also formulate the difficulty by saying that Dewey fluctuates *between partial and inclusive views*. More crucial perhaps is the fluctuation in the use of his major terms as *descriptions* of what factually transpires in the historic process of events, as well as *judgments or attitudes* about the valuable or desirable in the process. This fluctuation would seem to follow from his position that means and ends interact in a continuous sequence, the one constantly replacing the other.[2] Now, means are necessarily partial, limited, specialized. And ends, as Dewey defines them, have 'universal application' and are 'consummatory.' That is to say, ends are inclusive. But when means become ends, they pass from a partial to an inclusive frame, and when ends become means, they are converted from an inclusive to a partial frame.

While the tenor of Dewey's own persuasions is marked by sincerity and integrity, the lack of firm norms in his scheme allows use (or misuse) for a justification of opportunistic shiftings. Let us take the hypothetical example of one who, say, was a Marxist before 1933, who then became a Deweyite anti-Marxist, and later abandons his Deweyism for something else. In terms of 'consequences,' he points out that the successes of international fascism after 1933 showed

[1] One of Dewey's followers (S. Hook) points out that it is 'absurd' to interpret Dewey's position as counterposing force to intelligence, that Dewey is only against 'violence,' that is, 'unnecessary or unintelligent use of force' This, obviously, begs the question The issue is simply shifted to when is and when is not force 'necessary.'

[2] 'Every condition that has to be brought into existence in order to serve as means is, *in that connection*, an object of desire and an end-in-view, while the end actually reached is a means to future ends as well as a test of valuations previously made' (Dewey)

Marxism to be invalid, that his Deweyism (especially with an anti-Marxist tinge) was serviceable for a 'progressive' programme when anti-fascism became a vogue with the capitalistic democracies. And in the event of a fascist victory, he could regard Deweyism as then devoid of 'fruitful' consequences. We are not suggesting that shifts in position necessarily involve catering to fashion. But unless one has firm principles, using 'opportunities' may become simply opportunism.

When Descartes raised criticism to a principle, he sounded the Renaissance, middle-class liberation from feudal forms. But where in Descartes criticism led to certainty, in Hume it issued in scepticism. Dewey's philosophy too is not free from scepticism. For it, knowledge can never be knowledge of the objective world or of ultimate values. In his recent *Logic*, Dewey rejects both the logic of Aristotle and the dialectic as having a closed character. For him, consequences, not antecedents, supply meaning and truth.' This is a denial that tradition can supply us with the meaning of man's way. 'Change rather than fixity,' he writes, is now a measure of "reality."' And: 'Aside from mathematics, all knowledge is historic.' This is a surrender of the 'eternal in man.' It opens his universe at both ends, in assumptions and conclusions. In his war on frozen substances, Dewey dissolves principles into liquid operations. Noting the undesirable consequences of some systematic structures, he condemns all systems of thought. Despite its sobriety and practical orientation, this philosophy of release takes on the aspects of a 'free,' liberal bohemianism in matters of primary concern. It is true, as Dewey says, that 'the idea that unless standards and rules are eternal and immutable they are not rules and criteria at all is childish.' But the notion that you can have a series of shifting principles without a leading principle is no more mature. The choice is not between a fixed substance and a mercurial process. The metaphysical involvements which arise from Dewey's effort to wed his piecemeal instrumentalism to his inclusive intelligence are due to the absence of a *substantive dialectic* in which specific conditions determine the nature of means but in which means are used with a view toward an ultimate goal. Seen as an isolated finality, a particular act may lead to undesirable consequences. In long-range terms, it may be the dialectical lever for the attainment of all-embracing harmony. All this points to the need for a union between our Western heritage of freedom and change and the more traditional concept of law and permanence. The alternative, suggested by both academic Aristotelians and non-academic Marxists, is a system of primary categories reached through and constituted by the aleatory process of temporal change.

ABSOLUTE DOUBT

ANDRE GIDE, IGNAZIO SILONE JOHN DOS PASSOS

In the period between the two great wars, absolute, particularly Marxist, principles exerted a tremendous appeal. However, the shifts in Marxian political tactics, induced by the fluidity of historical events, led many to suspect the 'purity' of its doctrine and method and to turn their critical eye against their late allegiance. The resultant is usually characterized as a simple return to their former critical liberalism. Yet it is questionable whether any major persuasion can be completely nullified More often than not, the very form of withdrawal testifies to the former attachment which lives on, as a moment, in the later dissident stage. In many writers one may note an element of guilt carried over from their past 'surrender,' as well as uneasiness over their subsequent repudiation. The phenomenon may be illustrated with reference to André Gide, Ignazio Silone and John Dos Passos.

ANDRE GIDE

It is to the bastard that the future belongs.

Gide's work is the record of a debate between reality and truth. Reality postulates cosmic, systematic unity, expressed by metaphysics and art. Truth sees things in terms of empirical data possessing particular, multiple and partial character. It notes the unfinished and qualified nature of existence. In Gide's writings the debate shows now one, now the other side to be right, but no decision is rendered. It suggests an irresolvable antinomy about which the axis of life revolves.

I

Since, traditionally, art and metaphysics have striven toward showing the ultimate unity of things, Gide's emphasis has been on debunking this claim. His novel *The Counterfeiters* would violate the characteristics of the 'artistic' novel. It would be life itself, all of life, portrayed in its immediate character with all its haphazard fluctuations. As against the canon of representative selection, Gide would not choose at all but include 'everything.' Instead of the author's planning the story, inventing plausible situations and directing the plot, Gide insists that the author should be neither present nor visible anywhere—thus going even beyond Flaubert's difficult requirement. In *The Counterfeiters* the author would eliminate himself altogether and let the events, in their 'natural' irresoluteness, tell themselves. Gide's self-effacement goes to the ironic limit of having one of the characters, Eduard, 'write' *The Counterfeiters*. This am-

biguity between the creator and the created is also present in the events and in the relationship among the characters. Conventional practices are disclosed as 'counterfeit' and illicit ties as genuine morality. But one is never quite certain which is the 'truth.'

The story opens with an act of withdrawal. Discovering that he is a bastard, Bernard leaves his parental home, disavowing uncompromisingly his former 'legitimate' status. Following a similar route, the other characters become estranged from parents, wives, lovers and friends. Yet by being marked men they can better develop their individuality. This ideal of self-development is most completely realized in Eduard, who is 'perpetually forming, unforming, reforming himself.' That Eduard, the 'author' of the novel, as well as the character about whom the others move, is himself a 'loose' personality gives meaning to *The Counterfeiters* as the celebration of alienated existence.

Gide's law is illegitimacy—illegitimacy in art, life, morals and politics. His characters live on border lines. Among the stable, they are drawn toward anarchy; among the dissident, they veer toward conservatism. Self-expression is proved by self-destruction, as in the suicide of Boris. To show that they are free, they commit murder, as in *The Vatican Swindle*.

The nerve of Gide's antithetical attitude is fear of losing the self in organized authority. 'Early in life,' he writes in the *Journal*, 'I put myself on guard against beliefs I owed to habits encouraged by my parents, to my Protestant upbringing, and even to my own country.' His æsthetics and ethics were formed in opposition to bourgeois conformity. In time, opposition to any kind of conformity became his 'occupational psychosis.' While the Soviet Union was countering traditional mores, Gide hailed it. In the later, *organizational* stage of its development, Gide condemned it as denying the critical and the individual principle. An item in his *Journal* illumines the psychological basis for Gide's shift. '"I'm not a Marxist," they say that Marx himself exclaimed toward the end of his life. I like this sally. To my way of thinking it means: "I bring a new method and not a recipe, nor a finished system which thereupon exempts man from further effort (I mean: from any effort of thought). Therefore do not be limited by my words but go beyond them."' In *Nourritures Terrestres* Gide gives similar expression to this Nietzschean self-rejection: 'Nathaniel, throw away my book.... Do not think that your truth can be found by someone else ... throw away my book ... search out your own.' The formula of his life, Gide writes, consists in piety toward the unique. 'God Himself might Himself hold in horror that uniformity against which nature protested.' And in his autobiography, *If It Die*:

I persuaded myself that every being or at least every one of the elect, had a part to play on earth, which was definitely his own and resembled no other; so that every effort to submit to a common rule became in my eyes an act of treason, which I compared to the great sin against the Holy Ghost 'that shall not be forgiven.'

Gide's recent *Imaginary Interviews* continues this attitude. 'To resist,' he states here, 'is a form of action.' In his essay on Goethe, he hails the Protestant element in Goethe's work. He sees Goethe's secret power in his affirmation of the individual, in continuous self-liberation following upon satisfaction. Such self-correction and patient opening similarly evoke Gide's praise of Hugo, Hemingway and Faulkner. To be heroic, for Gide, is to be without dogma or faith, 'supported only by . . . a simple probity of spirit.' The Journal he kept at Tunis, where he lived in hiding, maintains this critical temper. There is but slight difference in tone between the pages written while the fascists ruled and those written after the Allies entered the city. And when he is asked to lend his voice in behalf of the forces which liberated Tunis, he refuses, for he does not feel 'qualified for political action, whatever it might be. . . . I cannot take part nor do I wish to get entangled in the struggle that can be foreseen. I fail to see what "declaration" I could make which, if it remained sincere, would not be of a nature to offend all parties.'

II

Writing of Nietzsche, Gide noted his 'horror of rest, of comfort, of all that threatens life with diminution, torpor, sleep.' With regard to himself, he states, 'To disturb—that is my function.' Gide begins with doubt. But unlike Descartes he ends with doubt. Yet it is the very irony of criticism to be critical of itself. In *The Counterfeiters* Bernard engages in a debate with an angel on the question of authority versus freedom. The angel urges that it is necessary to know what one is seeking as well as what one is discarding. Bernard insists that he must first know who the authority is to whom he might bow. His wrestling with the angel results in a draw. Thrown back on his own self for final counsel, Bernard observes that the self in turn is complex and contradictory. How is one to find out what is best in oneself? Turning to Eduard he is told: 'You can only learn how you ought to live by living.' However, this Gidean maxim is not the same as Goethe's '*Der Zweck des Lebens ist das Leben selbst.*' While every one of Faust's empirical quests turns out to be illusory ('Man errs as long as he doth strive'), Faust is saved partly because he believed in and sought for a unifying principle. A similar emphasis suggests Gide's relationship to Thomas Mann. Mann too is deeply conscious of the dilemma in which the spirit places man. But Mann has always striven toward revealing the existence of organic relation-

ships in nature and in art. Gide's suspicion of syntheses is extended to fear of the unity between flesh and spirit, as shown in *Strait Is the Gate*. Here is also the context of Gide's personal attitude toward mingling with the 'other' sex. While Mann has gone from the 'purity' of homosexualism (Aschenbach) to the 'mixture' of marital and communal love (Jacob and Joseph), Gide has held fast to a near asceticism. It is the extremist 'conclusion' of a critical individualism. 'The way Thou teachest, Lord,' Alissa writes in *Strait Is the Gate*, 'is a narrow way—so narrow that two cannot walk in it abreast.'

Gide would salvage something from his absolute doubt. The unrest it brings has elements of the divine state. Gide hails Goethe's '*Das Schaudern ist der Menschheit bestes Teil*,' and calls Dostoyevsky's agony an example of noble longing for salvation. Doubt is for him a form of humility, criticism an expression of sympathy. The state of dialogue, Gide notes, did not result in sterility for him. 'It was, on the contrary, leading me on to a work of art, and it immediately preceded the act of creation, and ended in balance, in harmony.'

But Gide is also cognizant of the danger in such sleepless awareness, knows that freedom too can be 'counterfeit.' In such 'weak' moments, Gide negates his negativism. The hero of *The Immoralist* realizes at the end that freedom must have an object. It is not enough to be released; one must be released for something. The habit Bernard had formed of rebellion 'incited him to rebel against his very rebellion.' It is generally overlooked that *The Counterfeiters* ends with Bernard's *return to the father*. Here Gide expresses his doubt over doubt, admits the psychological agony in being set apart. 'To feel that one is an "abnormal" person—I wept distractedly when I first made this discovery,' he writes in the *Journal*. In the *Imaginary Interviews*, he writes that culture 'implied a continuity, and therefore it called for disciples, imitators, and followers to make a living chain: in other words, a tradition.' And he recognizes that 'our present task is to unite, to be united.' He voices a 'constant need for reconciliation,' the reconciliation between truth and reality.

It is true that there is no psychological truth unless it be particular; but on the other hand there is no art unless it be general. The whole problem lies just in that—how to express the general by the particular—how to make the particular express the general.

Likewise, he would resolve contradictions in social life.

I would like to marry Heaven and Hell, à la Blake. . . . 'Individualism and communism . . . how can you pretend to reconcile these two antagonists even within yourself?' my friend R. M. de G. laughingly said to me. 'They are water and fire.' But from their marriage steam is born.'

[1] Similar ironic reservations may be noted in the form and structure of *The Counterfeiters*, Gide's 'only' novel. Far from containing 'everything,' the story is limited to the acts of a selected social group. It is intended as a 'natural,' true account, yet strikes one

In the character of Eduard, Gide comes closest to picturing the unification between the dissident and the concordant. As the 'author,' Eduard creates the characters. By participating in the events themselves, he also acts as the *principle of mediation*. And as the only major character who has relationships with both men and women, Eduard is the closest approximation to the binding category in the book.

Thus alienation in Gide takes on the complex form of an inability to reconcile onself to irreconciliation. In the *Imaginary Interviews*, he states that men such as Malraux fill him with 'hope that we are leaving the rut. . . . Dignity, heroism, and nobility of heart find their echoes, I believe, among the new generation.' Gide, too, has experienced the pull toward unity and is unable to rest content in a system of the unsystematized. He feels it to be humanly bankrupt:

> There is a tragic need to *hate*, which I feel everywhere nowadays; a need to set in opposition everything which should be understood and completed and fertilized and united. The most intransigent opposition. Only destruction is born of this fostering of hate.

IGNAZIO SILONE

To be at odds with his times—there lies the *raison d'être* of the artist.

In André Gide doubt assumes a high level of general circumspection. In Ignazio Silone and John Dos Passos it is transposed into a more concrete political character centring in the relation between individual apartness and communal alignment. Gide's interest in the social field came relatively late, and from its beginnings his work is wary of assent and attachments. Silone's formative years, on the other hand, fall into the period when fascism was beginning to exert its compulsions. Hence the works of the younger writer show a more direct preoccupation with the problems of society. And where Gide long confined himself to mere counterposition, Silone began with replacing the rejected authorities by a new Father-principle—the people.

Fontamara was a homage to this new principle. It is a folk story, told by the *cafoni* themselves, with the author content to relegate his artistic personality and let the people speak. But this parallel to *The Counterfeiters* only accentuates the difference in their political accents—for Silone *organizes* the story so that it becomes a clash between the native cohesion of a peasant people and the artificial coordination of Italian fascism. But this native cohesion of the peasants still needs to be transposed to the political level. Their strong men, like Berardo, defy the fascist state by heroic but futile acts. In prison

---

as a somewhat forced and difficult manipulation. It would confine itself to 'truth,' and introduces the 'reality' of the angel.

Berardo's individualistic ethos is converted from self-destruction to self-sacrifice for the communal good. The story ends with the gathering of the peasants to consider 'What Is to Be Done?' *Fontamara* has an elemental passion derived from the fresh naturalism of the peasant characters. Their agrarian way of life lends them an anti-bureaucratic sense and a conservatism before which the 'revolutionary' formulas of the fascists appear ridiculously impotent. In this small epic there is a groping toward a union of individual initiative and group planning.

Between *Fontamara* and *Bread and Wine* lie the discouraging years of Nazi ascendancy. The success with which fascism manipulated mass psychology engendered distrust of 'the masses,' issuing in 'Warnings to Europe' against 'The Revolt of the Masses.' The march of fascist collectivism led some to a questioning of collectivism as a whole. But their very questioning received its momentum from their earlier communal persuasion. In the case of Silone the result was an anchorless swinging between the two poles *Bread and Wine* exhibits this pendular psychology.

The story begins in a sustained, epic mood reminiscent of *Fontamara*, but soon falls apart into a series of only partially connected episodes. But even this opening, in which Don Benedetto receives his former students, hints at the incomplete communication to follow. While Don Benedetto has retained his humanistic outlook, these young men have all been co-ordinated with the fascist regime. Those who did not submit are either dead or have disappeared. The old master is really alone in this scene, and his conversation with his former students is limited to reminiscences. The rest of the book is lacking in even this form of communication. The closely knit structure of *Fontamara* breaks up into a number of separate stories. The disconnected sequence is the technical aspect of the split in Silone's new persuasion.

The link which connects the various episodes in the book is the anti-fascist effort of Pietra Spina, Don Benedetto's favourite student. Spina was brought up as a Catholic. Later he joined the socialist movement because Marxism constituted for him a *moral* condemnation of existing property relations. When fascism came he was forced to flee Italy. But tiring of an exile's life and impatient to help his people, he returns, dressed as a priest and assuming the name of Paolo Spada. Paolo's work is in the main a pilgrimage of good deeds. He rarely talks politics and instead attempts to enter into the personal problems of people. His work is psychological therapy. It suggests that at a time when politics has become petrified doctrine, it is necessary to return to the way of the early Christian Fathers and by personal example rekindle the ethical and social spark in the hearts of men.

When Paolo's preaching begins to have *practical* consequences, he replaces his clerical garb with civilian clothes, becoming Spina again. The continual Spina-Spada conversions reflect his ambiguous relation to anti-fascist organizations. Spina returns alone to Italy, having cut himself off from the party apparatus. Yet he keeps in touch with the underground movement. He tells himself that his return was basically an attempt to 'get away from the Marxist bureaucracy'; but his efforts are partly directed at forming a Marxist *organization* in Italy. This duality points to Silone's own oscillations between his political and ethical emphasis.

Paolo's psychology is opposed to any kind of regimentation. He fights fascism because it most violently and thoroughly forces men to 'adjust' themselves at the cost of their native genius. Fascism is the high point of modern tragedy. In it the Fate of the ancients has turned into a ferocious demon which plays with men's lives, 'like a drunkard playing with dice.' Spina is witness to a demonstration in which this monster exhibits its propitiatory magic. Without seeing or hearing their Duce (he is not even a name to them), not knowing what the gathering is for, acting on mere suggestion, masses of people shout, cry and chant in frenzy. It is as if a herd of animals had been collected in an arena and all found a common sound in which to mingle their common complaints and hopes. Their enthusiasm is artificially created and mechanically carried out. The content and object of their homage have taken on an irrelevant anonymity. At the will of the master-magician, their allegiances are shifted from one platform to another. They shout '*Duce*'; but it might just as well be the mechanically reverse, and to Spina the rhythmical cry begins to sound like '*Chay Doo*,' the two syllables 'losing all ordinary, intelligible significance.' The scene is an act of collective hypnotism through which a whole people is overwhelmed and stupefied.

As Spina listens to the dirge-like monotony of these hysterical incantations, his arms sink in despair. The contrast between his single effort and the social enormity of the task becomes painfully clear to him. But what social means can he employ to combat this social wrath? The Church has allowed the teachings of Jesus to become atrophied, has itself become an organization supporting existing orders. The Marxist camp now also has become for him another orthodoxy tyrannizing over individual thought. And his own efforts are pathetically futile. It takes nine chapters for Spina to make his first contact—who is then promptly arrested. The one man he thought to have convinced thoroughly turns out to be deaf and dumb. Spina meets his former teacher, and to the young man's perplexed question: 'What then is to be done?' Don Benedetto can only reply that we need to show men 'a different way of living.' But to the author of *Fontamara* the answer cannot be enough. Spina had

tried this way, only to find that he was called upon to resolve personal imponderables. He had been more of a tourist than a social force.

The novel states the agony of the critical mind which would maintain individual distance while recognizing the necessity of adjustment. Spina breaks with his society, as well as with the Marxist movement which attacks this society. But he breaks with neither cleanly.[1] His tragedy lies in his inability to *live* his dualism. He can neither breathe the stagnant air of co-ordination nor exist in the 'pure' atmosphere of negativistic withdrawal. The point is made in the story as a whole and 'incidentally' through Bianchina. The girl loves Spina without reservations. Although she has no understanding of his politics, Bianchina is ready to accept his doctrine, whatever it may be, simply because she accepts his person. Bianchina is the experimental 'success' of Spina's effort at conversion by good deeds. Yet her very readiness to *follow* him irritates Spina as an expression of the obedient temper he is struggling against in the field of politics. The following scene brings into relief the dilemma of 'consistent' criticism:

Bianchina: 'Are you sorry I want to have the same ideas as you? Do you want me to think differently from you? If so, you've only got to say so. What more do you want of me?'

Spina tried hard not to lose patience. 'I want you to act according to your conscience and think according to your reason and common sense.'

'If that is what you want. I shall do it,' said Bianchina. 'But in return, will you love me?'

Spina got up, seized his hat, and made hurriedly for the door. Bianchina watched him in surprise, thinking he was joking. But when she saw he was really going out, she had only had time to call out: 'You're not a man but an ostrich.'

Since his return to Italy, Spina has been suffering from a tubercular condition. Now, toward the end of the story, he plans to work in a gas factory.[2] It is in the nature of a retributive act. Not only will he expose his diseased lungs—he who would not adjust himself to party organization is to become as well an organized cog in an industrial machine. But before he can engage in this act of penance, Spina must flee again from his political enemies. The scene in which Christina, the orthodox Christian, follows him through the snow-covered mountains with warm civilian clothes is the novel's *tour de force* ending, a mystical bridging of politics and spirituality. As in Werfel's *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh*, the 'resolution' between action and morality is achieved only in cosmic silence.

[1] Spina's illness likewise hovers midway. He never gets much better or worse.

[2] As in the case of Proust, Kafka, Lawrence, Schnitzler, Hamsun, Mann, and others, the air-metaphor points to isolation from the social climate.

The title of the book suggests the theme of communication. Spina's work is an attempt to counteract the mechanical roarings of fascism which drown human speech. In *The School for Dictators* Silone argues that socialist theory has neglected 'man's inward life.' *The Seed beneath the Snow* would exemplify this inwardness concretely in the later life of Pietra Spina. Here Silone's critical attitude toward politics and organization is extended to a complete negation of civilization and culture, at least in its modern forms.

Bread and Wine ends with a kind of castration scene in which Spina is left on a snow-covered mountain. In the later book he reappears through a process suggesting an immaculate conception. The 'rebirth' comes about through the labours of love administered by his grandmother, and through living in a stable with a donkey, with mice and a deaf-mute. Here in the kingdom of the 'underground,' Spina is rejuvenated by simple and true forms of life, protected from the 'plague of rhetoric' and 'empty abstractions.' Here he is spoiled neither by culture, defined as 'the primacy of the superfluous,' nor by the mysticism of Italian fascism.

Silone would reach 'bottom' in this work. The story is dominated by the phthisical metaphor which is connected with the idea of morality. ('In our dialect, "ethical" comes from the same root as "phthisical" and means "tubercular."') Spina's central preoccupations are taking care of Susanna, the donkey, and Infante, the deaf-mute, and reflecting on the indestructibility of mice.

But Spina's pure living produces nothing. It only negates him as a living character in a story. The same is true of most of the other characters. The talk is flat, the action static and the representation literal. The structure and form reflect the phenomenon of a still rebirth. The autistic withdrawal on the plane of communication is formalized in aesthetic congealment.

The final episode, the sole dramatic act in the book, reveals the dialectic irony of Silone's ethics. The deaf-mute kills his 'Americanized' father, who, it is hinted, has tried to 'use' him. As Spina arrives on the scene of the murder, he cries out: 'Why?' This question the deaf-mute cannot answer. Indeed, the question would seem to be disallowed by Silone's identification of nature and morality. There is further irony in that Spina's grandmother (the rock of his churchly existence) dies when Spina leaves her. At the end Spina performs his one decisive act. Having identified himself with the deaf-mute, Spina assumes responsibility for the murder and surrenders himself to 'authority.' With this step he emerges from his underground isolation. The sociality is neither the Catholic nor the Marxist —both of which Spina has repudiated—but the Fascist State. His act is an embrace, in reverse, of authoritarianism.

In justifying his book, Silone points out that he has chosen to fight 'on the Third Front'—the ethico-psychological—as 'an isolated Partisan attacking the enemy behind his own lines.' In the course of this article, Silone tells

> of the hermit who, in order to give himself wholly to God and renounce his earthly desires, castrated himself with his own hand. He was, it is true, delivered from certain inner conflicts, but at the same time he lost the energy of his love for God; and he was for evermore incapable of returning to normal life.

The tale seems peculiarly relevant to Silone's own emasculated hero. Spina removes himself from civilized society and would 'start with simple hay and clear water.' But even a seed, sunk deep and long enough in the snowy underground, will not lie fallow but will simply rot. As a directive in modern political battles, the principle of isolated religious simplicity appears thoroughly 'innocent.' And criticism from this pure base can be carried on with little responsibility. Spina confesses as much to his grandmother:

> An outlaw's life . . . is . . . not so hard. . . . Perhaps the only bad thing about it is that it's easy, too easy and comfortable. Aside from a few material disadvantages, a few dangers that aren't to be taken too tragically, it's so easy, when a man is an outlaw, to say no to everything, always no, only no. . . .

Silone once admitted that an intellectual must 'either bend the knee and enter the ranks of the dominant clerks, or resign himself to hunger and defamation and be killed off at the first favourable opportunity.' Spina's final 'Yes' contains the suggestion of a dangerous alternative to a zealous 'No.'

As in the case of Gide, Silone's criticism of conformity turns against itself. Even as Spina had become Spada to avoid codified party organization, he noted that the fate of every idea was to start in imagination and grow into rules. To be taught and preserved, every new passion has to be formalized. 'Thus every new idea invariably ends by becoming fixed, inflexible, parasitical, and reactionary.' History is the account of single apostles preaching the gospel that is then turned to mercenary purposes. With this decay there arise once again mysterious travellers who meet in cellars and collect an ever-increasing flock of followers. These in turn establish a church. The process is eternally repeated. It is the story of man forever seeking rejuvenation of spirit in the catacombs and forever requiring co-ordination and adjustment. The ideal would seem to be a dynamic balance between mass homogeneity and individual differentiation, between class and human morality. It would constitute a 'union between Marx and Jesus.'

JOHN DOS PASSOS

Are we no greater than the noise we make
Along our blind atomic pilgrimage
Whereon by crass chance billeted we go
Because our brains and bones and cartilage
Will have it so? EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

The hero of contemporary literature is mediocre. Sister Carrie, Leopold Bloom and Hans Castorp, the Cashiers and Zeros of expressionistic literature, lack the Promethean grandeur of the Hellenic heroes and the Faustian titanism of Shakespeare's and Goethe's characters. Hence the lament voiced by some critics that the great tragedy and the great novel have passed together with the traditional heroic personality. Such is the 'waste land' view represented by Spengler and other cultural pessimists. It is reflected in science by those for whom the second law of thermo-dynamics is proof that the energy of the universe is constantly running down.

This entropist attitude differs from traditional pessimism. While Œdipus submitted to Moira and the Renaissance man to 'Nature,' there was dignity in their capitulation, in that they fell before noble and titanic powers. Modern man, on the other hand, is seen as pushed about by ignoble trifles and bagatelles, over-powered by mechanistic pressures such as geography, heredity, race and economics. Jules Romains' *Men of Good Will* is perhaps the most complete contemporary picture of such depersonalization. It is frankly dedicated to those

who have lost all desire, but are too lazy to do away with themselves, to those who come home from work with lowered head and heavy shoulders and find each evening as sorrowful as the night before, to those who are rich and bored; to those who are poor and full of bitterness *(Manuel de Deification)*.

This attitude is an extension of the naturalistic movement which began by mirroring the confinement of the 'middle man,' caught between the organization of big business and that of the working class. This closed pattern was followed by the polar complement of a free expressionism. Absence of consciousness was replaced by the 'stream' of consciousness, rigorous conventionality by bohemian heresies, uniformity by irregularity. Some of the bohemians found such libertarianism wanting and sought to integrate it with the deterministic nature of social life. In America Malcolm Cowley's *Exile's Return* indicated this road back to the naturalistic battlefields.

John Dos Passos was among those who 'returned.' From a Harvard æsthete he became a participant in the First World War. The immediate result was an unresolved duality of æsthetic bohemianism and social radicalism, a movement in which the traditions of Gautier

and Gorky were joined to produce a curious mixture of cubism and communism. In Dos Passos' style the duality took form in the juxtaposition of the æsthetic 'Camera Eye' and the social 'Newsreels.' The record of his journeys between the two extremes is his trilogy *USA*.

USA is the story of three depressive decades, beginning with the turn of the century and ending with the year 1929, the first year of the depression. The novel gives a cross-section of the American middle class which is moved by 'things,' the nature of which it does not understand. Joe Williams, Richard Savage, Evelyn Hutchins, Daughter and Charley Anderson see only a vague connection between world events and their private lives. They are hit by something that comes from without and that is as unknown to them as was Ananke to Œdipus and Prometheus. With this difference: While the classical characters realized that they were pitted against grandiose and unvanquishable powers, the people of Dos Passos are dimly aware that they are being defeated by a petty, mean enemy to whom no awe is due and who could—if only one knew how—be eliminated. But Dos Passos' people don't know how. They do not understand the chaotic winds of doctrine in which they are whirled about like shavings. Dos Passos creates this atmosphere by the technique of separating the account of their lives from the social determinants, the 'Newsreels' and 'Biographies.' The characters of Dos Passos appear as products and effects. Both their sorrows and their joys are outwardly determined. The story of these will-less marionettes is balanced by the biographies of 'great men,' by the leaders in politics and business on the one hand, and by the social radical spokesmen on the other, both of whom battle for the bodies and souls of the little people. Likewise, the 'Newsreels,' with their public, atomic juxtapositions, are balanced by the 'Camera Eye' which records the impressionistic and expressionistic consciousness of the characters.[1]

The 42nd Parallel appeared in 1930. Conceived in the pre-depression years and dealing with the pre-war scene, the story has greater continuity, the characters are more of one piece, and the mood is more buoyant. Uncle Tim advises his nephew to read Marx and to remember that he is a 'rebel by birth and blood.' Fainy follows at first the pattern set by his uncle. But his revolt peters out when he attaches himself to the charming adventurer, Doc Bingham.

Dos Passos' trilogy *USA* is a panorama of the uprootedness which the American middle class experienced as a result of the First World War. In 1919, the most powerful of his works, Dos Passos achieves

[1] The shift from deterministic naturalism to free uprootedness is a general characteristic of modern literature and art: In Ibsen, from *Ghosts* to *When We Dead Awaken*; in Strindberg, from *Miss Julia* to *The Dream Play*; in Hauptmann, from *Before Sunrise* to *And Pippa Dances*; and in painting, from Monet and Liebermann to Signac and Kokoschka.

the greatest balance in structure and in form. The novel is perhaps the most composite cross-section in American literature of bohemian revolt in the war years. And it goes beyond this, suggesting the translation of this revolt into integrated social channels. The characters begin in blind rebelliousness. Joe Williams, the sailor, and Richard Savage, the intellectual, brawl and booze. Evelyn Hutchins, a minister's daughter, rebels by way of sexual promiscuity. And again, as in Hemingway and Huxley, the rebellion becomes 'organized' into conventional routine. Sex and drink are the only means these characters know of *socializing* their life. As the novel progresses the bohemian characters undergo a social transformation. The influence of the Debses, Reeds, Hills and Veblens counterbalances that of the Morgans and Taylors. Evelyn Hutchins reads Barbusse's *Under Fire*. The 'Daughter' of an upper-middle class Southern family turns from *Lorna Doone* to Veblen's *Theory of the Leisure Class*. During a strike riot she sees a policeman kick a girl full in the face. 'Daughter never remembered what happened except that she was wanting a gun and punching into the policeman's big red face.'

Toward the end of the novel Dos Passos introduces a new character, Ben Compton. He is the first to be aware of the social drifts which are moving people, and the first to counteract them with deliberation and wilfulness. With his appearance the novel discontinues the technique of breaking up the story by the 'Newsreels.' Ben Compton *knows* the connection between his personal life and social history. He is involved in an I.W.W. strike and is sent to the Atlanta penitentiary. 1919, however, foreshadows the later disillusionment of Dos Passos. It closes with a satire on the Unknown Soldier and not with the steel strike of 1919 suggested by the book's title.

The Big Money continues this negative mood. It is a bitter book on the false prosperity and hope of the twenties. As 1929 was to show, the gigantic edifice of organized monopoly, ruled by speed and accumulation, was built on quicksand. It was a period of bluff, of physical and spiritual inflation. Charley Anderson is the little man who falls prey to the illusion that he too can cash in on 'the big money.' He is called 'the guy with the know-how,' because of his tips on the market. But these tips are decided by the flipping of a coin. Actually Charley Anderson is a cog in the machine. He does succeed in getting some of the big money, but he never feels it to be *his*. He has not *earned* his wealth, and he does not know what to do with it. It buys him cars and mistresses, but these only increase his loneliness and loss of identity. The high point of his depersonalization is reached in the scene where Anderson enters a brothel:

'Hello, Dearie.' He hardly looked at the girl. 'Put out the light,' he said. 'Remember your name's Doris. Go into the bathroom and take your clothes off and don't forget to put on lipstick, plenty lipstick.' He switched

off the light and tore off his clothes. In the dark it was hard to get the studs out of his boiled shirt. He grabbed the boiled shirt with both hands and ripped out the buttonholes. 'Now come in here, goddam you. I love you, you bitch Doris.'

His lady friend Doris has disappointed him. But Anderson 'had money on him, he could do any goddam thing in the world.' He could buy 'Doris,' force her to love him.

With the crash of 1929, the success story of the little men comes to an end. Charley Anderson is killed trying to beat a train across the tracks. He was not going anywhere in particular; only the Will to Speed was driving him onward. But Anderson had been a victim of mechanical demons long before. The quantitative metaphor in the titles of the three novels, *The 42nd Parallel*, *1919*, *The Big Money*, sounds the motif of an era ruled by numbers.

The Big Money closes with the Vag asking for a ride. He is on his way to the West, the land of 'opportunity.' Overhead, an airplane drones by. To the transcontinental passengers the world below consists of indistinguishable, uniform things. Probably they cannot tell the difference between the Vag and a tree stump. Their thoughts are on their contracts and profits. They are 'free' in the air, while the Vag is the 'free' wanderer on land. The extremes meet. The passengers and the Vag, at home everywhere, have no anchor anywhere. The Vag is Dos Passos' somewhat decolate counterpart of the big-money man. But what has happened to Ben Compton?

The answer is *The Adventures of a Young Man*. Glenn Spottswood follows the route from bourgeois bohemia to political revolution and becomes a member of the Communist party. In *1919* Ben Compton retains his critical individualism. In *The Big Money*, however, party affiliation makes for the same kind of personal anonymity that shaped the characters of *1919* into by-products. Ben Compton plays here a parenthetical rôle, appears bitter, naïve and mechanical in his human relations. Glenn, however, is to be saved. He refuses to submit to party discipline and is expelled. But the story does not end with Glenn's severance of party alignments. As in the case of Silone, Dos Passos' earlier political orientation carries over, throwing doubt on the efficacy of mere withdrawal. Following his expulsion, Glenn joins the army of the Spanish Loyalists. He is now motivated by the desire to fight the Communists within the Loyalist ranks. Yet after a short imprisonment on suspicion of such dissident activity, Glenn volunteers again. This free decision, which 'co-ordinates' Glenn, once more presents an insoluble antithesis for Dos Passos. He ends the story with Glenn's death while 'marching.'

Dos Passos' way has taken him all the way 'round': from anarchic bohemianism to sociologic determinism, back to critical individualism. But whereas Dos Passos' earlier bohemian protest was

buoyed by hope in the road ahead, his later negativism seems lacking in social objectives. This makes itself felt in the artistic execution of the novel. Glenn never rises above modiocrity, and the story itself lacks definite structural development. When Dos Passos sends Glenn to Spain, *he begins his story all over again*, as though he were trying to find a more satisfactory ending. Glenn again refuses to be a follower. But instead of leaving Glenn in his heroic isolation, Dos Passos sends him on to join the fighting ranks once more. There he is struck by a bullet which brings the circular process to a ' dead ' end.

The hesitancies in Dos Passos stem from his wide but indiscriminate interests. What Glenn really wanted was to look at animals, to observe them, ' noting down their characteristic feeding habits and habitats and protective coloration.' He is interested in ' workers, farmers, fishermen, sailors, capitalists, finks, scabs, prostitutes, bureaucrats.' It is such wide, Whitmanesque absorption in life's rich variety that raises the work and art of Dos Passos above mere cynicism and dispraise.

IN THE FASCIST STYX

STEFAN ZWEIG AND ERNST TOLLER; RICHARD WRIGHT

The dilemma which confronts the writer who is an exile from fascism has no historic parallel. Plato, Dante, Heine did produce great organic works in exile. Yet aside from their native genius, they had the psychological incentive which comes from being singled out for banishment. They were thus evaluated as representative men even outside their fatherland. The unprecedented fascist strategy of forcing a *mass* exodus of its writers, artists and thinkers has deprived the exiles not only of their field of action at home but of their distinctive rôles as well. This complex has introduced hesitancies and dislocations in their art.

Upon the initial impact of Nazi terrorism, these writers feverishly turned toward the subject of their immediate disturbance. The fascist steam roller had so savagely forced itself into the foreground as to drive symbolic pointing to the wall. The imaginary vision, necessary for fiction and the poetic fantasy, was pressed back. Most of the exiles (Becher, Bredel, Langhoff, Wolf) concentrated on realistic documentation of Nazi brutality in the torture houses and the concentration camps. The fascist pattern was not so much presented as assailed or caricatured. Many shifted from ' art ' toward a ' call to arms,' in the form of the polemical essay and manifesto. As the paralysis which followed Hitler's assumption of power gave way to grim resistance, the cultural expression of the anti-Nazis began to

gain in æsthetic objectivity. Yet even here their severance from home grounds, introducing schizoid elements into their lives, has produced difficulties in their art. The point may be illustrated with reference to the problem of identification.

'Sympathy' in art must extend to the enemy as well. The adversary has to be a noble opposition if catharsis is to be effected. The dramatic tension and morality of classical literature issues from organic inclusion of the 'black' elements. Now, fascism is such barbarism that, by comparison with it, oppressive systems of the past appear almost humane. The fascist scene thus places greatest strain on a writer who would meet the æsthetic requirement of lending distance to his theme, of presenting acts in their human motivation. Some anti-fascist writers have attempted to avoid identification with the contemporary enemy by treating historical or mythical themes as analogies to the present. But even here (as we shall see), artistic alienation is not avoided.

Among those who were forced to leave Hitler Germany there were many who did not understand the nature of the enemy that persecuted them. They regarded themselves as *Denker und Dichter* and were merely baffled and bewildered by what happened to them. While forced out by Nazidom, they yet carried with them the burdens of their former neutral æstheticism, their individualism or their mystical faith-pantheism. In some it produced a mental No-Man's Land gripped by a nameless anxiety. In others it resulted in a savage, masochistic indictment of the German character *an sich*. Some fell victims to a bottomless despair, as did Ernst Toller and Stefan Zweig. Others, such as Erich Mühsam, Kurt Tucholsky, and Carel Capek, remained steadfast and became heroic sacrifices to the monster. But, for the assimilated Jew, for the unpolitical liberal, Hitlerism is a dark, anonymous enemy, as anonymous as the 'Jew' and 'Bolshevik' are to Nazidom.

Peter Mendelssohn's *Across the Dark River* is an account of such complete bafflement. The novel is based on an actual historical incident which occurred in the spring of 1938 in the little Austrian village of Kittsee near the Hungarian and Czechoslovakian border. One day all non-Aryans and part-Aryans were ordered to leave Kittsee. But the neighbouring governments, fearing diplomatic complications, refused them entry. And so they were driven back and forth from one border to another until they found temporary refuge on an old, foul, abandoned barge. Mendelssohn's account tells of the well-nigh unbearable physical wretchedness of these men and women who cannot even be refugees. But deeper still is their inner bewilderment, for this group does not know why it is being thrown about, is unable to particularize its enemy and is haunted by fear of the unknown. The result is a psychological paralysis which makes them grateful for the

'home' afforded by a prison. As one of the characters, who later commits suicide, sums up this impotence before the ubiquitous foe:

> This is not a war and I don't want to fight it. . . . It's not a war. War is when you see and know what you're fighting against. But I don't know whom or what I'm fighting. I can't see my opponent. I have no weapon in my hand. I don't know who is against me. Where do I find him? How do I attack him? I cannot fight a thing that hides in the dark under bushes and in the undergrowth. I cannot fight a thing that tramples upon me in the night and is gone with the morning mist. I cannot fight the air, the rain, the thunder, the voices, the thoughts that besiege me day and night and yet are never there. I cannot fight something that runs away from me and never stands up to me. I cannot fight the darkness, because it's everywhere. Nobody can.

A similar presentation of this midway state appears in Bruno Frank's *Lost Heritage*, in Walter Schoenstedt's novel of the '*Wandervögel*,' *In Praise of Life*, and in the work of Klaus Mann. The most melancholic note is struck in Erich Maria Remarque's *Three Comrades*.

In this novel the social criticism in Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front* and *The Road Back* gives way to a sense of complete futility. Although it deals with pre-Hitlerite characters, the psychology of anchorlessness is that of the post-1933 years. The dislocations of the war have undermined their faith in social and political affiliations. The three comrades have no belief in parties, standards or causes and live without purpose or plan. All the more do they cling to personal friendship and love as the only remaining certainty. The knowledge that they can depend on one another simply because they are buddies is their one tie with life and the world. They have freed themselves from outside bonds. But their new liberty is empty, and in the manner of Hemingway's people (though with more German *Ichschmerz*), they attempt to drown their loneliness in endless drinking parties.

Their sole link with the world is 'Karl,' their automobile. Karl is a patched-up car, but his powerful motor, speed and ready 'obedience' give them a sense of belonging and power. But their life is as mechanical as is Karl's life, and they are driven about by the social currents of their time. Their life too consists of fragmentary parts which they try to piece together. But they are helpless against the newly organized brown 'comradeship' which is gathering about them. They are themselves affected by the lawless psychology of fascism, and when one of the comrades is killed, they refuse to take the matter to the courts; they insist on settling it themselves. The war years have alienated them from society; finally even their individual comradeship comes to an end.

In *Flotsam* the scale of tragedy is increased. Where there was comradeship at least on a personal plane in the smaller group, the hundreds of refugees in the later novel lack such cohesion. They are

mere drifting flotsam. The absence of a perspective affects Remarque's art in this work. It is less a story than a travelogue in which a more or less undifferentiated mass of humanity is driven about, much as in Mendelssohn's *Across the Dark River*. Here, too, the characters have lost the passion of resentment. Even the adolescent *Ichschmerz* felt by the three comrades has atrophied.

STEFAN ZWEIG AND ERNST TOLLER

In Dostoyevsky's *The Possessed*, Kiriloff calls his independence an attribute of his divinity. 'I shall kill myself,' he says, 'to prove my independence and my terrible new freedom.' What is metaphysical anxiety with Dostoyevsky becomes social compulsion under fascism.

The suicide of two renowned German writers, Stefan Zweig and Ernst Toller, illumined in a flash the bottomless estrangement suffered by the contemporary exile, and the German exile in particular. Neither of the two men was baffled by the nature of the enemy. Both understood the historic conditioning of their uprooting. Nor were they pressed by immediate economic hardships. Stefan Zweig was, indeed, well to do, was one of the most translated of modern writers, accepted if not admired almost everywhere. Yet neither Zweig nor Toller could go on living. Their suicides dramatically revealed the complex by which life becomes a value to men.

Suicide is a private act. In the final analysis it involves the unknown formula, the unpredictable, the incalculable factor of the unique personality. How can we judge this act? On what basis can we condemn it? Suicide amounts to a rejection of the cards given to man at the pre-critical level. One plays with them as long as one knows how, realizing that there is no second deal in this game. Ultimately, the will and the faith to live are a mystery.

Yet in all tragedy history plays a part. Leaving aside the coincidences which prompted Zweig and Toller to exercise what they may have thought were their wills, let us examine the forces which operated around their 'free' acts.

Stefan Zweig himself provided us with the key term which furnishes the clue to his final deed, when he wrote that the artist of to-day finds it more and more difficult to practise 'concentration.' The practice of concentration is conditioned by psychologic, social and philosophic persuasions, by faith in *concentrated values*, the values of one's own work and its relevance to the world by which it is received. Every artist in our time knows the resistance and the obstacles in the way of such identification. For Stefan Zweig the problem carried a special burden.

Zweig's roots lay in Vienna. Here old Austria had retained vestiges of that cosmopolitanism of feudal culture which is associated with Goethe's Weimar and Voltaire's Sans Souci. The 'Idea of the

Empire,' as Werfel put it, lay in the direction of moulding the vast conglomeration of nationalities, languages and cultures into an international union on the model of the Holy Roman Empire. It was this patriarchal, international idea which had won the attachment that Austrian writers from Grillparzer to Schnitzler and Werfel felt for the Empire. They saw in it the ground for a broad tolerance, for catholic interests and sympathies. Particularly for the Jew, as a national exile, this cosmopolitanism offered the possibility for the widest kind of concentration.

However, for some time the Empire had been losing its former hold until only the *form* of its cosmoplitanism remained. And as nationalism and technics advanced over Europe, the Empire became less tolerant and less cosmopolitan. Its outer unity easily fell apart under the impact of the First World War. In literature, this decomposition was foreshadowed by a thin, nervous æstheticism, nostalgia and *Weltschmerz*. As seen in Schnitzler and particularly in Hofmannsthal, Austrian letters turned more and more toward a sensitive impressionism which fought shy of making decisions.

For Stefan Zweig this cosmopolitanism was rendered even more hollow by the events of 1933-34 and by the Munich surrender. But the elements of homelessness made themselves felt even earlier in Zweig's life and work. After Vienna ceased to be a cultural centre, Zweig became an international traveller to the leading capitals of the world. Likewise, his works branched out into every literary genre. Zweig wrote novels, short stories, dramas, essays, criticism. Above all, it is the idea of translation which is at the centre of Zweig's efforts. For in all of his works Zweig tries to 'translate.' Everywhere he tries to understand and mediate through the stylistic medium of an ever-wakeful sensitiveness. Nowhere does he judge. His 'appreciation' has something of catholic compass. It encompasses the realism of Balzac and Dickens, the spiritualism of Dostoyevsky, the romanticism of Kleist, Goethe's Marienbader love episode and Lenin's sealed train journey from Switzerland. Throughout, he seeks out the universality of his subject. But just as the international traveller nowhere found a home, so the universal critic never concentrates on a central norm of evaluation.

The year 1914 found Stefan Zweig true to his international persuasions. Unlike Toller and Dehmel, Hauptmann and Thomas Mann, Shaw and Bergson, Stefan Zweig did not support this war and took his stand by the side of Heinrich Mann, Barbusse and Rolland. Yet unlike the latter, Zweig could find no new international allegiance to replace the one which was shattered for him by the war. He founded a 'World' Library, but it was not the 'Free' Library of anti-fascist books which Heinrich Mann sponsored in Paris. Zweig did not find it possible to back the *militant* humanism

which many liberals saw as the only effective means of combating the enemy of man. He continued his efforts as 'translator' across national, literary and personal borders without finding an anchor himself. He could write with haunting overtones of Judaic lore, as in *The Eternal Candelabrum*. He could present appreciations of the Catholic Queen Mary of Scots and of the socialist writer Gorky. Yet he was unable to identify himself with Zionism, Catholicism or socialism. He remained triply exiled, as Jew, as *Alt Wiener* and as anti-fascist. Although he was an all-embracing translator, he was unequal to the task of translating his æsthetic internationalism into a social internationalism. His cosmopolitanism remained without roots. It was unanchored to the point of including sympathy for Vargas as a 'human' dictator. But—and here lies his personal defeat—Stefan Zweig himself no longer believed in the relevance of this unconcentrated internationalism for the war of the worlds. His style and interests became more and more dispersed and distraught. He continued to 'work'; but the work was eclectic without central motivation. Even as he persisted in his passive resistance, he was apperceptive of its futility. Shortly before his death, Zweig was at work on his autobiography. Did the search for his past finally reveal to him that the roots had been cut? Zweig once wrote a book on 'mental' healers, Mary Baker Eddy, Mesmer and Freud. His own final act 'within' was in its way a confession that the world was not to be healed by such means.

In a sense Ernst Toller was an exile long before the rise of Hitlerism. Born in an anti-Semitic community, 'dirty Jew' were almost the first syllables he learned to understand. At the same time, his family enjoyed exclusive social privileges. Thus from the beginning Toller was confronted with a complex which recurs throughout his life: moral resentment against social injustice, crossed by the attraction of the personal conveniences offered by the existing social state. This was perhaps the root of his guilt sense, guilt over his penchant for middle-class forms. 'Yes, I loved money, but with a guilty conscience,' Toller writes in his autobiography. And the Woman in *Man and the Masses* is drawn to her bourgeois husband, with whom she wants to stay even as she feels 'shameless.' His autobiography is astonishingly laconic about his home life and his parents —except for one incident. Toller tells of the last words his father addressed to him: 'It's your fault.' And Toller adds: 'I shall never forget them, although I know they were spoken in delirium.'

As happened to many middle-class intellectuals, the War of 1914 acted as a socializing momentum to Toller. He was abroad, disporting himself in bohemian revels. Toller eagerly grasped the opportunity to co-operate at home. He insisted on joining the infantry rather than the artillery in eagerness to come to corporeal, immediate

grips with his object. And his individualistic temper became apparent when he asked to be changed to the air force, 'not from any heroic motive, or for love of adventure, but simply to get away from the mass, from mass living and mass dying.' Here we see the seeds of Toller's dilemma. He had plunged into the war out of a social conscience. But in it the individual lost 'the very sense of identity.' Moreover, he soon realized that this was an anti-social war. Following the murder of Kurt Eisner, Toller, a mere youth, with only his boundless enthusiasm and fervent idealism to recommend him, was placed in charge of an army battling for a socialist Bavaria. His record in that dramatic event reveals the deadlock which he never resolved: how to bring about a co-operative sociality without the shedding of blood; how to support parties without submerging individual values; how to follow collectivist lines while maintaining critical awareness. His account of the Bavarian revolution accentuates his individualistic doubts with regard to mass action. 'The Soviet Republic [Bavaria] was a foolhardy coup de main on the part of the bewildered workers.' His references to public meetings stress how the mass is easily swerved from one position to another.

Man and the Masses and the expressionistic lyrics of *The Swallow Book*, written in prison, sum up the conflict he felt throughout between man as an individual and man as part of a group. To be sure, Toller had advanced beyond the problem of the machine against man, raised in *The Machinewreckers*. But the issue of technics returns in the form of organizational mass control thwarting the individual ethos. Yet Sonia (the only character bearing a name, that is, possessing individuality, in *Man and the Masses*) admits her guilt to the Nameless in refusing to sanction the hard means necessary to liberate her: 'You . . . are . . . the Masses. You . . . are . . . right.' It is this indecision which leads to her death—a kind of suicide. And Toller confesses: 'The problem seemed to me insoluble. I had come up against it in my own life, and I sought in vain to solve it.'

In this irresolution, Toller summed up the problem central to the expressionistic movements. The expressionists reversed the naturalistic homage to time, space and causality, presenting characters and situations freed from determining co-ordinates. But their universal types were as much testimony to the loss of personal identity as to their representation of the classless 'Man.' Their timeless essences were as much a surrender as a challenge to historic forces. They hid a despairing impatience with actuality, a helplessness in dealing with existing factors. Their 'Man,' free in the universal ether, was as bound to his 'freedom' as Hauptmann's weavers had been to their handlooms, and his ecstatic stammering was as inarticulate as the broken dialect of the naturalistic characters. In repudiating their heritage, the expressionists were extreme Nietzscheans. Their re-

bellion against the past was 'thorough,' as though they had come into the world through self-generation. Nietzsche stated: 'As my own father, I am already dead, as my own mother, I still live and grow old.' Toller writes similarly in one of his poems:

I died
Was reborn
Died
Was Reborn
I was my own mother...

To be sure, Toller went beyond his expressionistic colleagues who regarded technics as the whole of man's problem and who continued to cry for some vague universal Man to be born in prayer. Yet even as Toller moved toward the Marxist perspective, he emphasized its directive of *humanizing the individual.*

No political revolution can do without force. But as with all political means, there are distinguishing emphases. I believe that the Socialist revolutionary never employs force for his own sake. He hates it, finds it abhorrent, and when he turns to it, he feels that it is a frightful, tragic, necessary expedient. Therefore, only in unavoidable circumstances would he employ it. It is the virtue of the Socialist revolution to be magnanimous and humane. Yes, I believe in that instinct for freedom and humanity which for thousands of years has dwelt in mankind, which has at certain periods of our history been destroyed but has always manifested itself again. Nowadays people laugh at words like humanity and freedom, call them pathetic philistine expressions, forgetting that in 1918, after fifty-one months of war, they stirred our hearts and made clear our reasoning.

His socialism was, already in this pioneer stage, of an aristocratic tenor. 'Men who are politically, socially, culturally able, will form an aristocracy, not of birth but of the mind, an aristocracy of duty, not of "material privilege."' At the same time, *Toller realized the limits of individuation.* Thus, his individualism tended to move toward the collective pattern, and his ethical persuasion admitted the sometime necessity of hard compulsion.

The peace of 1918 brought neither *Kultur* nor Prussianism, but a compromise. Toller complained that the Republic reserved its militance for the left and that it imprisoned him for his socialist heart. While in prison, the chirpings of swallows that had nestled in his cell drove thoughts of suicide away. The swallows were a promise to him of freedom from legal paragraphs, from mechanical rule. Toller was less happy after he was freed.

While confined, he was a celebrated martyr for humanity, was allowed unrestricted communion with his spirit and for a time the company of his 'free' swallows. In his last year in prison, he actually 'dreaded the duties and responsibilities' which would call him. With

his release, there entered into his life a distracted, nervous will-lessness, broken spasmodically by explosive calls for militance. His verse stammered and cried in a feverish staccato. It was as if his fire lacked material for its objectification, as if it were feeding on itself. His works became quick precipitates, revealing restlessness of form, impatience with concrete situation and characters. They are, like most of the expressionistic dramas, youthful stormings, nervous short cuts toward the great consummation. Toller's Hinkemann, a physical giant emasculated by the war, asks his socialist comrade: 'But look here, supposing a man had something the matter with him inside—or outside, for that matter—that could never get better—would it make him happy, if there were to be sensible social conditions?' The tragedy of the Hinkemanns is their physical inability to produce. It is the theme of post-war impotence, dwelt upon by writers from Lawrence and Eliot to Wassermann and Thomas Mann.

Nazism brought disciplined soul-lessness, automatic mass rule—the end of the individual. And Toller was rendered homeless once more, now disinherited from his geographic and lingual roots as well. An increased feeling of guilt arose to torture him as his family was being persecuted and hounded in Germany. 'But it is we who are to blame.' He felt his guilt all the more as he continued his emphasis on the inner, personal effort. He came to America and found a friendly reception. He went to Spain and again met comradeship. It was mainly such international bonds which had kept Toller's spirit intact. So long as he had that faith, he could continue the struggle despite his personal difficulties.

Indeed, Toller's reaction to the victory of Hitlerism was spectacularly forceful. In his open letter to Goebbels he wrote that Nazism taught him the moral necessity of militance: 'We are not guiltless. . . . We have made many mistakes, the greatest of which was our patience. We will, thanks to what you have taught us, correct our mistakes. And that is your contribution.' In *No More Peace*, written in America, Toller's earlier creed of love and peace is modified. St. Francis is converted to the belief that the wise must act and quotes the line written by 'a rebel' to the effect that our task is not merely to explain the world but to change it.

Yet despite its playful humour, *No More Peace* is 'dangerous' comedy. It presents the masses as easily swayed by mob psychology, directed by clever ministries of propaganda. 'The people themselves,' Toller writes in his autobiography, 'not their opponents, are their own greatest enemy.' This indicates that Toller still lacked confidence in mass reaction, even while he hoped for a fusion of love and power. Fascism seemed to have still further undermined his faith in the people.

Still, his last act (in connection with Spain) was a social act. But just when he had succeeded in persuading a number of governments to feed the Spanish people, Franco was allowed to enter Madrid. This must have struck him as a repudiation of himself, for he had Spanish blood. It may have symbolized the frustration which he felt with regard to his own later work. It is significant that his post-Hitlerite autobiography closes with the revolution in Bavaria. Did he feel that this had been his last significant deed? Was his suicide a confession that the individual, lonely way leads nowhere on earth? Was the only militance his sensitive nerves could organize, militance against his own person? Toller's suicide was his final effort to break through the suffocating network of things, to show that here at least man can act out his will.

Throughout his work, as in that of the expressionists, the gas metaphor predominates. It was the cry for air on the part of a generation which felt itself choked by the collectivistic pressure of monopoly technics. Toller could not breathe in a world of hypocritical appeasements, of bureaucratic walls, of diplomatic sphinxes. Together with Wassermann, Ossietsky, Mühsam and Carel Capek, Toller was a victim of the post-war mind in exile, for which Hitlerism provided the most brutal contingency. There are suicides which are acts of murder.

But Toller's last gesture has its positive note. We know that Toller laboured with burning moral fervour for a democratic order. His death was a summons toward the restoration of a home for the exiles, of *their* home, then occupied by the brown robots: a summons to work for a world in which the Ernst Tollers might be able to live.

RICHARD WRIGHT

The justification for treating *Native Son* as part of the Fascist Styx comes from the author himself. In his account of how Bigger was born, Wright states:

> But more than anything else, as a writer, I was fascinated by the similarity of the emotional tensions of Bigger in America and Bigger in Nazi Germany and Bigger in old Russia. . . . Bigger had in him impulses which I felt were present in the vast upheavals of Russia and Germany. . . . I felt that Bigger, an American product, a native son of this land, carried within all the potentialities of either communism or fascism.

Wright presents Bigger as a native son disinherited by his native land. Bigger is a 'black Jew' of the New World, excluded from the white world and unable to unite with his own community. But he does not react in the manner of the characters in Remarque, Mendelssohn, Toller or Zweig. There the victims are a relatively civilized, intellectual, articulate group. This, together with the organized ruthlessness of their oppressors, lames their will to act, even to hate their enemy. Bigger's reaction only begins on a plane of

apathy. Wright's Bigger is no pastoral Negro of the 'dark laughter type. His initial indifference is only *suppressed* fear, anger and hate, *suppressed* impatience and tension. And once the lid is off, there is an elemental explosion of demoniacal proportions. In contrast to the victims of fascism, Bigger reacts violently against his taunters. His way is more like that of Tom Joad, of Hemingway's guerrillas and of Seghers' Georg Heisler. But where the Joads, Hemingway's mountaineers and Seghers' hero find backing among their fellow sufferers, Bigger stands alone. Where they channelize their anger into soberly organized opposition, Bigger can at this stage neither seek nor find alignments with his own group or with those whites who would stand with him. Hence his anger and his hatred are *individual* and *destructive*. The problem of Bigger is that of a relatively primitive individual whose behaviour is traced by the author in terms of primitive symbols. His 'primal fear and dread' approximate man's initial fear when first exposed to the world. Here, Wright notes, reside the springs of religion and rebellion. But Bigger, clothed in the tattered rags of American 'culture,' never had a chance to protect his fear by religion. It remained naked, 'unprotected by trade or profession, faith, or belief.' Thus it takes form in rebellion.

Perhaps the nearest psychological equivalent to Bigger's situation is old Russia, and the emotional tensions which produced its variety of nihilistic characters. In particular, there is an analogy between *Native Son* and the world of Dostoyevsky. In both we have the complex of apathy and rebelliousness, of *nichevo* and the demoniacal. In both, the characters *kill in order to prove themselves*. The will to murder in Raskolnikoff, Rogoshin, Ivan and Dmitry is an expression of their will to live and be. Denied normal participation and belonging, their force is diverted into *warped participation*. To be sure, there is the difference between Bigger's primitive state and the relatively intellectual cast of Dostoyevsky's rebels. Dostoyevsky's characters are tortured not only by sense of physical oppression but also by their psychological laceration. They know more (although they don't know enough) of the forces which dominate them, and they are torn by their ambivalent attitude toward the Father principle. And because they cannot completely justify their parricidal acts, their self-probings become self-torture. Bigger's problem moves mainly on the physical plane. He suffers less than they from a guilt sense, and what elements of the guilt theme are introduced into *Native Son* were woven in, as Wright tells us, after the first draft was written.

Bigger begins where many anti-fascist victims are shown to end: he accepts his state of alienation as something 'given.' *This state of exclusion is his only status.* Hence when Mary and Jan treat him as though there were no difference between blacks and whites, he hates them. His resentment issues from his nascent feeling that they are

disturbing the only security he possesses, that of a black man as *against* a white man. When treated like a 'nigger' he knows and recognizes his place. 'Why didn't they leave him alone? he was not bothering them.' Their very human attitude makes Bigger conscious of his black skin—a strange and terrifying reaction it is which makes the friendless resent those who would befriend them.

Bigger kills Mary while in a kind of drunken state. Yet, though he smothers the girl unintentionally, he is correct in insisting later that it was no accident. It was no accident in the sense that Bigger was bound to commit a crime. Wright's character is not mediocre. He is no good-natured stooge of the 'Rochester' type presented in our movies. He has desires to do the things the whites do, to fly, to be near the sun, as he puts it in the opening scene. Powerful impulses are astir in him, and the more they are persistently thwarted, the more likely they are to burst out. In this sense, his 'very life' was a crime. But Wright's character refuses to acknowledge the crime of his life as 'original sin.' Like Kafka's K. he is accused of a crime he did not commit. But Bigger does not yearn for redemption. Moving on a 'younger' plane, he defies the 'Law' and the 'Castle.'

After his act, Bigger feels an almost joyous liberation. His murder is an act of daring. He has done something which identifies him with the class which to him is a class of murderers. It is a parricidal act 'worthy' of the White-Father-God. He has now done that which had been reserved for the masters. Hitherto, his kind have been treated as though they were murderers. Now that he has justified the charge, he feels the living buoyancy of the daring. It liberates him from his former impotence, from the feeling of being enclosed 'in the stifling embrace of an invisible force.' He now feels that 'his whole life was caught up in a supreme and meaningful act.' The 'meaning' of his act is not merely negative. Bigger can now regard himself as a part of the world he lives in, a sharer in its mode of behaviour. His sense of exclusion is gone. His killing is a form of participation in the authoritative code. It is a form of embrace and 'mating' by the death kiss. As in Dostoyevsky, his murder is a warped expression of his social interest.

But Bigger has acted alone and remains the sole member of his new communal world. Having gained social standing by violence, Bigger must go on killing and destroying in order to maintain this status. But what he is after he does not know.

> There was something he *knew* and something he *felt* . . . and never in all his life, with this black skin of his, had the two worlds, thought and feeling, will and mind, aspiration and satisfaction, been together. . . . Only under the stress of hate was the conflict resolved. He had been so conditioned in a cramped environment that hard words or kicks alone knocked him upright, and made him capable of action—action that was futile

because the world was too much for him. It was then that he closed his eyes and struck out blindly, hitting what or whom he could, not looking or caring, what or who hit back.

Bigger's murder of Bessie has been generally passed over, but from our interpretation of his identification with the white enemy, it becomes significant for his new state. While he might have murdered Gus or even Bessie earlier, he could not have done it with the calm deliberateness and callousness which finally characterize his murder of Bessie. In the scene where Bigger attacks Gus, he has to work himself up into a fever of excitement to execute the attack. But after he has achieved white status, Bigger can go about coldly planning the death of Bessie, from whose race he now feels separated 'forever.' He now becomes a fugitive from all society, continuously consumed by 'hot blasts of hate.'

Throughout the work runs the motif of fire which gives the novel a primitive character and power. The furnace in the cellar is the fire on the 'underground' level. In burning Mary, Bigger slays the 'White Father,' burns his past and his fear of it. It gives him a new freedom, previously afforded him by the mechanics of 'hot' drinks and the 'warm' feeling of the pistol pressing against his skin. But the furnace fire only illuminates the darkness in the cellar of his existence, a darkness brought out into the open when he next sees the flaming cross on the church, the foreshadowing of his retribution and the other pole of the furnace ritual. This elemental fire in Bigger is extinguished by water and ice, with the pistol, his last personal fire, dropping out of his hands.

With capture, Bigger's anarchic combustion dies down. And in the pit of his new cellar, his self-centred blindness gives way to a dim awareness that his individual deeds involve others, his own people and white people. He awakens to the need for understanding the all-human context of his fate. The furnace was the initial light-crucible through which he began to 'see' around him. What he really wanted was to identify himself with the community, 'to merge himself with others and be a part of this world, to lose himself in it so he could find himself, to be allowed a chance to live like others.'. As he listens to his attorney, he hears, for the first time in his life, an attempt to understand his crime. He begins to sense that it was not necessary to rely on the scorching method in order to realize himself.

The medium transforming fire into warmth is suggested in the sun motif with which the book opens and closes. At the beginning, Bigger and his pals speak of the sun as giving more warmth than the old radiators at home which the white landlords provide. And at the end, as Max speaks to him of the light which comes from the fire of social dynamics by which he and his movement are warmed, the sun

breaks through his prison bars. It is the greatest power of all, strong and mild, irresistible and persuasive.

Bigger cannot 'escape,' as Tom Joad can, for he cannot find the community which the Joads discover on the road. The only community he faces is a machine-like mob, white and black. Yet the 'machine' does not overpower Bigger's personality. It does not render him passive or nerveless, as it does Clyde Griffiths, another character in the 'American Tragedy.' In Bigger, the collective pressure serves only to produce individual counter-pressure. Although tortured, mutilated and warped, he never surrenders his identity and never waives his human dignity. He remains a passionate protester. He dies because he has not learned to direct his passion 'upward.' But as he dies he senses the meaning of life in his death, the meaning of the self in the whole.

Another impulse rose in him, born of desperate need, and his mind clothed it in an image of a strong, blinding sun sending hot rays down and he was standing in the midst of a vast crowd of men, white men and black men and all men, and the sun's rays melted away the many differences, the colours, the clothes, and drew what was common and good upward toward the sun.[1]

COSMIC EXILE

LOUIS FERDINAND CELINE AND THOMAS WOLFE

All that lives was maimed and bleeding, caged or in blindness,
Lopped at the ends with death and conception, and shrewd
Cautery of pain on the stumps to stifle the blood, but not
Refrains from all that; life was more than its functions
And accidents, more important than its pains and pleasures,
A torch to burn in with pride, a necessary
Ecstasy in the run of the cold substance. . . . ROBINSON JEFFERS

Naked and alone we came into exile. . . . Which of us has known his brother? Which of us has looked into his father's heart? . . . Which of us is not forever a stranger and alone? THOMAS WOLFE

[1] The theme of warped co-operation in the 'white' world appears in Benjamin Appel's *Power House*—one of the most forceful American novels dealing with the power-cloaca in the post-1929 depression. The 'big money' is no longer available, and Appel's 'Brain-Guys' turn to organizing the underworld, to strike-breaking and 'hooking' or spying. Appel's focus is on the 'kids' who are being drawn into this world out of a need for 'participation.' He creates them with something of the warmth and abandon of Gorky's characters, and shows them as never quite developing a gang 'morality.' Most of them remain critical and inwardly dissatisfied with their 'social' rôle. This is especially true of Ray, with whom the book opens and closes. Ray is sickly and sensitive, and his discontent takes form in complete cynicism. At the end, he throws the tear-gas not against the strikers but against Brain-Guy. In Catherine, the Catholic character, Appel indicates the plus of this desire for participation. Catherine co-operates by joining the strikers.

Blaise Pascal, one of Franz Kafka's favourite authors, writes in his *Thoughts* that it was the study of geometry and mathematics which gave him a sense of the infinite and of man's midway position between infinity and nothing. These studies revealed to Pascal man's ambiguous and bottomless status and led him toward the embrace of religious redemption.

In the three centuries since Pascal, such faith in transcendental values has been shaken. The 'scientific' modern cannot muster the former faith in authority. However, by the beginning of the twentieth century, many began to voice doubt about the empirical order as a substitute value. For them the very fact of regulated knowledge revealed man's abysmal limitation. The new *physical* laws seemed to spell human *chaos* in which man felt infinitely alone. A sense of cosmic exile was also known to Pascal; but since his world had not been completely chartered, he could find the way to the safety of a personal God. Even Kierkegaard managed, three hundred years later, to resurrect a remnant of such personal support. Toward the end of the nineteenth century, this had become more difficult. Friedrich Nietzsche laboured for an alternative framework by wrapping himself up in the scientific web of eternal recurrences. But this was subterfuge and psychological evasion. It was fear and trembling which drove him into his metaphysical cocoon.

Herein lies the dilemma of many a modern: He cannot muster the faith in the older authority; nor can he fully accept empirical institutions which reduce the individual to a mechanical agent. But to reject all authority is to be cast out into a sea of chaos, is to invite disintegration. This problem takes on complex psychological ramifications in the work of Ferdinand Céline, Thomas Wolfe and Franz Kafka.

LOUIS FERDINAND CELINE

By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,
Where an Eidolon, named NIGHT,
On a black throne reigns upright,
I have wandered home but newly
From this ultimate dim Thule.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Louis Ferdinand Céline belongs with the most unreserved negativists in all literature. In his work one does not find any of the 'escapes' offered by traditional pessimists. Céline's people are seldom released by weeping or laughter. They are never raised by the dignity of the tragic which brings solace to Leopardi. Æsthetic and ethical identification, which tempered Schopenhauer's martial world, are barred to Céline's non-communicative characters. Among contem-

porary negativists, such as Robinson Jeffers and Faulkner, there is a suggestion that man's defeat at the hands of monstrous powers gains him at least human status. For Céline, the struggle is against mediocrity and meanness carried on in the miasmic atmosphere of a universal cloaca. In Kafka and Thomas Wolfe, aloneness is relational. In Céline, it is absolute. 'It's maddening,' he writes, 'to realize how completely men are walled away from each other, like so many houses.'

As with Kafka and Wolfe, Céline's isolation consists of his inability to get away from the 'I.' 'Try as I might to lose my way, so as not to find myself face to face with my own life, I kept coming up against it everywhere. I met myself at every turn.' This feature makes itself felt as well in the 'personal' structure of Céline's novels, where it is difficult to distinguish between what the 'I' thinks is happening and the objective occurrence itself.

I

Journey to the End of the Night and *Death on the Instalment Plan* are autobiographical accounts of his proletarian origin and of his participation in the First World War from which he came away with a roaring in his head which, he notes, has never left him. These experiences have possibly provided the emotional source for Céline's bitter attack on modern mechanism as either suppressing individuality to the point where it induces mental anarchy, or permitting 'order' by making man into a galley-slave.

> The position of Man, in the middle of his rubbish heap of laws, customs, desires, tangled and suppressed instincts, has become so perilous, so precarious, so artificial, so arbitrary, so tragic and so grotesque that literature has never been so easy to conceive as at present, but also never so difficult to sustain.

Journey to the End of the Night is a travelogue through the gutter of the twentieth century. It is a journey through a hellish terrain in which everything is at war with everything else. Céline's Parisian underworld is more consistently 'underground' than are Joyce's Dublin pubs, Doeblin's *lumpen*proletarian Berlin, Farrell's Chicago slums or Dos Passos' American lower depths. Suspicion, avarice, hypocrisy extend to all, even to parents and friends. They form the pattern for our whole civilization, for colonial Africa as well as industrialized America. After completion of his *Journey*, Céline went to the Soviet Union. His evaluation of its efforts is a singular exposition of his satanistic monism.

Mea Culpa (which records his appraisal) begins by hailing the Soviet elimination of the privileged classes. He himself exhorts us to 'stamp out this whole rotten filth!' But, Céline continues, the Soviet system has merely substituted another form of regimentation:

'Slightly different rubber stamps, that's all!' If anything, injustice is now more horrible 'because it is even more anonymous, watertight, perfected, intractable.' Alongside the argument that the Russians have been standardized, Céline complains that they have also been made too individualistic. 'This basic individualism directs the whole farce, in spite of everything, undermines everything, corrupts everything.' To the dual charge that the Soviets have both collectivized and individualized everything, Céline adds another which possibly suggests his basic resistance: the assumption that social conditions, not man's nature, are responsible for his sewer life, the assumption that happiness *is* possible. But man cannot become better, Céline declares. The 'Real Revolution,' he maintains, would consist of confessing that we are all 'despoilers, cheats, slobs.'

In the *Journey*, evil is concretized in Robinson, the narrator's friend and double. Robinson has the face of a murderer and he kills mechanically. His is realistically drawn, yet the way he suddenly bobs up out of nowhere and suddenly disappears points to a 'rôle.' Robinson approximates conscienceless brutality, physics without ethics. His recurrent criss-crossings of the narrator's path suggest the inevitability and ubiquitousness of evil in the nature of things. He is Ferdinand's *alter ego*, his 'tough,' insensate self, the 'man of guts,' without a sense of guilt. (At the end of the novel, Robinson is killed, but the bullet remains in his spinal column.)

In *Death on the Instalment Plan*, Céline discards the dualism of Ferdinand-Robinson. Society and human nature as a whole become the vehicle of evil. In this novel Céline goes back to his childhood and adolescence, as if to examine the base of the night journey. It is shown in still blacker colours. The road back as well as the journey forward lead into an endless darkness, and life appears as a process of dying in instalments.

II

Céline's conception of human nature is a kind of truncated Catholicism. 'The practical superiority of the great Christian religions,' he writes, 'was that they did not try to sugar-coat the pill. . . . They just seized man in his cradle and broke the bad news to him, without reservation. They told him: "You little shapeless stinker you, you can never be anything but filth. By birth you are nothing but *merde* . . . so filthy, so excremental, so unbelievable."' He characterizes the communist assumption that all men might be good and happy as the 'big fraud.' Even if it were possible to perfect man, it would be bad because men need the scapegoat, need to have somebody 'to crack down on.' Their only virtuous passion is the passion for extirpation. 'When even the right to destroy is taken away . . . that would make life intolerable.'

Céline's favourite metaphors communicate his 'evacuative' scheme of values. They are cathartic, ejaculative, scatological; they are a series of discharges; they spit and eject. They are the idiom of his universal purge. The sole remedy for our sewer world is a hygienic 'cleansing by the Idea.' This Idea calls for

> wars for which one can never know why and wherefore. . . . More and more devastating . . . leaving no one untouched . . . with everybody dying . . . a clean sweep of the Earth.

Céline's cloaca lacks the Ecclesia. His original sin precludes the possibility of grace and redemption. His only value is the value of Satanism. Paul Valéry, likening mankind to 'a swarm of insensate and wretched insects,' yet acknowledges its capacity for lucid reasoning. And amidst his negativism, Robinson Jeffers has recourse to the metaphor of the eagle—captive, blind, yet with a vision of 'the greater world.' Céline makes no such concessions.

It is tempting to stop here and join the critics who see in Céline simply a universal debunker. However, such judgment rests on the case which Céline makes out against himself. But it is precisely Céline's own thorough self-castigation which suggests a dialectical reservation. Céline is eager to condemn mankind and himself—so eager that his work takes on the nature of a *long confession*. It is not the confession of a penitent. The admission of sin and crime is made in the manner of a provocative challenge. He confesses with a snarl and a 'do-something-to-me' impudence. Despite the mechanistic devil, his characters are not passive resultants, as is the case in Dos Passos. Céline's people are *truculent*. They react with passion, spite and treachery. There is an explosive tension in his style, an impatient spewing of venom. People behave as devils in a world ruled by Mephisto. They have been mechanized, but mechanized to act devilishly alike.

Céline's dénouement is too virile and violent for mere misanthropy. His manner lacks the cool detachment and distance of our great satirists. Céline *wraps himself* up in his object as he snaps at it. He embraces it feverishly as he smears it. He keeps coming back to the same point, as if he needed, again and again, to convince us—and himself. Céline's syntax does not have the 'breaks' of Joyce, Doeblin and Dos Passos. His method is to crowd his metaphors, to press the whole into one long sentence of fierce ejaculations.

Céline's constant and exaggerated self-exposure expresses the Gargantuan agony of man living in a destructive scheme. He traces it to the nature of things and of man. But as he wallows in the mire into which he would drag us as well, there is an unspoken hope that somewhere at the end of the turbid road there may be a clearing. More direct clues are offered by Céline's personal biography. His

doctoral dissertation was on the life and work of the physician Ignaz Philip Semmelweis. The dissertation is a tribute to a man who, as Céline states, was moved by 'his consuming pity for the physical and spiritual distress of his patients.' Céline clearly justifies himself with Semmelweis, whom the world refused to accord recognition. His life, the author would show, 'demonstrates for us the danger of too much good will toward men.' Céline himself later practised medicine —a profession directly concerned with the alleviation of suffering— among the poor in Montmartre.

In his novels, to be sure, Céline discloses a minimum of such 'weaknesses.' Yet here and there he allows a flash of loyalty and tenderness to shine through his darkness. When, in *Death on the Instalment Plan*, Ferdinand is for the first time in his life consulted about his work, he feels warm gratitude for being considered a part of a world in which he may share and co-operate. Then there is in the *Journey* the pledge made to Molly, the waitress, whom Ferdinand met in America.

> Good admirable Molly. I should like her, if she ever reads these lines of mine, to know for certain that I have not changed toward her, that I love her still and always shall, in my own way; that she can come to me here, whenever she may care to, and share my bed and my furtive destiny. If she is no longer beautiful, ah well, no matter! The more's the pity, we'll manage somehow. I've kept so much of her beauty with me still, so warm, so much alive.... If to-morrow death came to take me, I know I should not be as heavy, or as ugly, or as hard, as the others are, because of all the kindness and the dreams Molly made me a present of during those few months in the United States.

One senses in such incidents that Céline reacts so violently because he would participate so fully, that he scorns mechanical disunity so much because he yearns for unity. *Mea Culpa* contains a passage which reveals an almost Catholic norm. 'During the Middle Ages,' Céline writes, 'we were much closer to becoming united than we are to-day. The myth was much better in a framework of living poetry, much more intimate.' Céline is an atheist in spiritual agony, an anarchist disgusted with egoism. His arraignment is self-flagellation. He calls the work which contains some of his bitterest judgments *Mea Culpa*. He scorns the world and life and assumes the pseudonym 'Céline'—the name of his mother. Thus did Joyce-Dædalus begin by repudiating his mother and end with affirmation of Molly, the Earth-Mother.

Céline's inverted humanism makes it difficult to credit the rumours of his conversion to fascism. One can understand that he might feel a kinship with the fascist contempt for the masses, its anti-Semitism and nihilistic 'Idea.' But Céline's *total* disbelief cannot well be harmonized with fascism's avowed positive norms of 'Blood and Soil.'

faith in leadership and in historical rejuvenation. Céline's unqualified denigration is more representative of the disillusionment and absence of affirmative belief which contributed to the collapse of France. Even here, Céline's truculence stands in the way of identifying him with the apathetic resignation which accompanied this collapse. Reports have it that Céline has been confined to a sanatorium. Neither fascism nor the Vichy surrender seems to have 'integrated' the author of *Mea Culpa*.

THOMAS WOLFE

This day before dawn I ascended a hill and look'd at the crowded heaven,
And I said to my spirit 'When we become the enfolders of those orbs, and the pleasure and knowledge of everything in them, shall we be fill'd and satisfied then?'
And my spirit said 'No, we but level that lift to pass and continue beyond.'

WALT WHITMAN

Thomas Wolfe's recurrent lament was that his life always seemed to shift 'between the poles of anchored loneliness and foot-loose voyagings.' Yet Wolfe was not a European, exiled from his home and cultural tradition. He was not a Jew, burdened by historic ostracism. Nor did he suffer material insecurity. Wolfe felt himself as cosmically isolated as did Kafka, Rilke and Céline. Yet his plaint was not the expression of Kafka's metaphysical loneliness, of Rilke's fear of the world or of Céline's Satanic denigrations. Neither was Wolfe's feeling of insufficiency due to baulked heroic pursuits:

> He did not want to reform the world, or to make it a better place to live in: his whole conviction was that the world was full of pleasant places, enchanted places, if he could only go and find them.

Wolfe's situation seemed ordinary enough. He enjoyed middle-class status with the opportunity to study, travel and write, and his work received general acceptance. That he nonetheless regarded himself as 'lost' makes his work representative of many contemporaries who feel, in Saroyan's phrase, that there is 'no foundation all the way down the line.' It is this that partly accounts for the wide identification which many young Americans have found with Thomas Wolfe. Wolfe's work succeeded in conveying the feeling during the period between the two World Wars of being friendless and homeless in the midst of men and houses, hungry in the midst of plenty, unsatisfied in the moment of indulgence. The sense of insecurity in the act of securing, of instability in a world of apparently firm institutions became the leading motif of Thomas Wolfe's life and work. Wolfe 'repeats' Walt Whitman's embrace of the whole, but he lacks Whitman's roots and his faith in the goodness of the whole.

Look Homeward, Angel and *You Can't Go Home Again* enclose the two poles of Wolfe's credo. His first novel is on the naïve plane,

suggesting the theme of regression. It voices hope that man might find comfort and status in return to his original starting point. Thought and passion are here seen as devouring man like a beautiful disease, whereas health is to be found ' in the steady stare of cats and dogs.' While Wolfe's imaginative characters suffer from the ' savage chaos of life,' people such as Eliza, whose life is centred in the accumulation of physical objects, stay ' triumphantly healthy.'

Yet nature was never an idyll to Wolfe. From the beginning it had for him a primitive-mystical character. Eugene, we read, belonged ' with the Mythmakers,' and Bella Kussy has called attention to Eugene's ' goat-cry,' reminiscent of Franz Werfel's mythical goat-cult. Even as he embraced ' nature,' Wolfe felt its ambiguity. With animals ' love ' has an even, sustained rhythm. But in human expression it assumed the form of explosive, driving passion which was ' unfathomable and inexhaustible.' It was not only man's original virtue; it was also his original sin—particularly as it manifested itself in sex:

> And when he embraced young girls and women he felt a desperate frustration: he wanted to eat them like cake and to have them, too; to roll them up into a ball; to entomb them in his flesh; to possess them more fully than they may ever be possessed.

It was his dissatisfaction with the ' naturally given ' which impelled Thomas Wolfe to become a ' Far Wanderer.' In Germany he thought to have found the nearest equivalent of a home. Here he met warmth and genuineness, and the German countryside seemed to him the loveliest in the world. But once more this ' nature ' which produced the wizard Faust, was no simple resting place. It, too, proved to be ' an unfathomable domain.' When Nazism came to this land, it concretized for Wolfe the element of primeval bestiality within the realm of nature. Wolfe writes of the deep pain he suffered over this realization. At the same time it brought him the conviction that ' you can't go home again.' In the confessional letter at the close of the novel, Wolfe courageously asserts that man can defeat time and that we in America ' shall be found.' But it would seem that this negation of the regressive features in his immediacy cult was merely a conceptual effort made with little inner persuasion. In his last works Wolfe did make the attempt to introduce a critical approach, striving for greater organization and objectivity. Most critics have claimed that Wolfe succeeded in this, but one should add that he succeeded at the cost of a devitalised art. This point has been well made by Bella Kussy:

> Just as Wolfe had not the kind of intellect that could powerfully analyse the present or envisage a future for society, so he had not the kind of literary art that could compensate for loss of momentum by structure .. [Hence] it is hardly accurate to say that he 'found himself' by attaining objectivity at the expense of all that had been himself.

Thomas Wolfe felt that 'lostness' which Franz Kafka formulated in a detached and cold analysis. Kafka's realm is dry and hard, and man's knocking on the wall finds but a hollow echo. Kafka places himself on the outside, attempts to narrow the field of battle by drawing geometric lines about it. Wolfe's world is rich, wide, open and full of soft promises. Kafka's style is severe and Spartan, aiming at bare essentials. Wolfe's manner is to sink himself into the living flesh of experience. He is as full of passion as Céline; but where Céline constantly attacks and foams at the inimical world, Wolfe approaches it with sentimentality, intimacy and warmth. Kafka, Rilke and Céline all make a virtue of human limitation. Kafka and Rilke would convert man's individual boundedness into a condition for his salvation. Céline expresses savage satisfaction in being alone. Wolfe bewails his aloneness. Céline is satirical over the possibility of friendship, comradeship and a benign authority; Wolfe never lost hope of finding personal and social values. Kafka's favourite metaphor was the stone, Rilke's the silent object, Céline's the sewer. Wolfe's metaphor was the river. Kafka's metaphor pointed to his onanistic withdrawal, Rilke's to his celebration of Non-Being, Céline's to promiscuous mating which was in the nature of a war in the world's cloaca. In Wolfe's metaphor there is both the inchoateness and the creative promise of nature worship. None managed to get away from their personal selves. Wolfe tried hardest; Kafka succeeded most. Kafka projected his personal dilemma into a high view of universal structure. Wolfe tried to translate the structure of the universe into his personal dilemma. Both the limited relevance and the vital immediacy of his work derive from this effort.

SECULAR CRUCIFIXION

FRANZ KAFKA

We began to philosophize out of exuberance and thereby deprived our selves of innocence. We noted our nakedness, and since then we philosophize out of our need for redemption.

JOHANN FICHTE TO F. H. JACOBI

Every father is Laius, begetter of Œdipus; every father exposes his son on the barren mountain, fearing that he will deprive him of his authority —in other words, that the son will become *something different*, take a different line in life, not pursue his father's aims or ideas, but reject, deny and overthrow them to set up his own in their stead.—And with Œdipus, every son kills Laius his father.

FRANZ WERFEL

[They] undid their deed by declaring that the killing of the father substitute, the totem was not allowed, and renounced the fruit of their deed by denying themselves the liberated women. Thus they created two

fundamental taboos of totemism out of the *sense of guilt of the son*, and for this very reason these had to correspond with the two repressed wishes of the Œdipus complex.

SIGMUND FREUD

The ambivalent character of authority was embodied for Franz Kafka in the person of his own father. Kafka's father was a man of powerful physical stature, the head of a large family and the skilful manipulator of a wholesale business concern. From Kafka's accounts, he seems to have been a dominating personality whose word was law in the household, who brooked no opposition or criticism. Here authority was in the flesh, the will to conquer made manifest daily and hourly. The father appeared to have the qualities that called for both fear and reverence. In his long confessional letter to his father, Kafka ascribes to him, with something of a son's pride, 'strength, health, appetite, power of voice . . . self-possession, sophistication, perseverance, presence of mind, knowledge of people . . . unlimited self-confidence.' But Kafka continues:

> From your armchair, you ruled the world. Your opinion was the right one; every other was crazy, exaggerated, abnormal. . . . To me, you seemed to have acquired that mysterious quality which is possessed by all tyrants whose privilege is based on their personality, rather than on reason.

This tyranny of personality was wedded to business. And while the father was rooted in it and seemed to find it humanly satisfactory, the son did not. Franz regarded himself as stemming from the mother's family, the Loewis, who were dreamers with tendencies toward the eccentric and the exotic, and leaning toward a life of seclusion. There was admiration for the father's self-centredness and balance but not for that to which it was applied.

This tyranny of bureaucratization characterized the social and political constellation of Kafka's realm as a whole. He was born in old Austria, the last country of Central Europe to hold on to a feudal, courtly hierarchy. The Austrian Empire was economically dependent on the European industrialized countries. It was composed of motley nationalities and states, most of which were larger than the centre which ruled them. It was a kind of huge, ill-balanced body led by a tiny head. The head resorted to paper-legalities, to detailed rulings, to 'documents,' as means of controlling its kaleidoscopic subjects. This dependence was double in the case of the Czechs, a minority state within the Empire. But Kafka was a Czech Jew. Thus he bore this oppression triply compounded. Upon the Jew, more than upon the Czech and the Austrian, rested the heavy burden of controlled restrictions. From birth to death, every step was formalized and legalized. The frozen character of Austria's petty bourgeois 'shopocracy' reached its apex for the Jew. There was no 'air' in this atmos-

phere. The air-metaphor became fixed for Kafka's whole way of feeling and thinking.

Max Brod tells of Kafka's fear of new clothes. Kafka preferred to wear old garments, in which he carried himself awkwardly as though to emphasize the fact that the clothes did not fit his body. This attitude, like that of Kierkegaard (who was made to wear old-fashioned clothing by his father), suggests Kafka's relation to the whole material body of civilization, the world of forms of which he was in such great and deep fear. But Kafka not only feared his milieu; he needed its support. While he wrote that 'our laws . . . are the secret of a small group of nobles,' he added that we must hold on to them, for they are the 'only visible, indubitable laws that are imposed upon us.' He could not but admire those like his father, who grappled and grappled successfully with the material world. This polar attitude situates Kafka's guilt complex, his inner reservations with regard to his questioning of the Father-symbol. In the story 'Metamorphosis,' this guilt sense takes on the extraordinary form of a son changing into a huge insect who slowly starves himself to death, as he notes not only that he is not missed, but that with his own decline, the father's stature assumes its former power. We have here the reversal of Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac.[1]

It is one of Freud's tenets that the more civilized a man is, the greater his conscience, and the greater his conscious horizon, the deeper his unconscious. In old Austria with its overwhelming burden of outer pressures, psycho-analysis found a ready soil. Freud himself was an Austrian, and Otto Weininger, Stekel and Jung wrote in Vienna. In Hofmannsthal, Doerrmann and Schnitzler, Austria produced the most renowned psycho-erotic literature of Central Enrope. The failure of *public participation* found its outlet in compensatory symbolic eroticism. Schnitzler expressed the direct and more obvious aspect of the copulative metaphor. The negative, repressive form of the sex act is the characteristic of Franz Kafka's writings.

Kafka was attracted toward women, was engaged for five years, but never married. In the letter to his father, he writes that he dared not marry, since he did not possess the qualities of his father, who convinced the son at every point of his own 'incapacity.' Sören Kierkegaard's biography reveals a similar attitude. He too broke off his engagement because he felt lack of confidence. But in his case we have the reverse rationale. Kierkegaard felt that it was his 'extraordinary duty' to redeem his father's sins, to approach him 'with averted face, so as not to see his shame.' With Kafka the problem arose from his inability to identify himself with his father's strength.

[1] Kafka's guilt sense is not, as some critics state, similar to Kierkegaard's. It is rather the reverse. Kierkegaard's guilt feeling came from an identification of himself with his father's early sins.

'I had lost my self-confidence before you, and exchanged a boundless feeling of guilt for it.' He loved his bride, 'but this love is buried to suffocation beneath fear and self-reproaches.' Writing to Max Brod, Kafka confesses, 'The idea of a honeymoon fills me with dread.' When he developed a tubercular cough, he remarked that at least it rescued him from marriage.

Fear of the outside world made Kafka shrink more and more within himself. It led him toward the construction of happiness by and for himself. This self-satisfaction is an onanistic feature of Kafka's work. Almost every one of his narratives and anecdotes shows deep preoccupation with auto-erotic and masochistic symbols. Max Brod has not reprinted complete any of Kafka's letters to women, but those from which he quotes in his biography show a singular absence of the erotic note. Those addressed to his male friends Oskar Pollak, Max Brod and Oskar Baum reveal another and complementary tendency. These letters are illuminating for the manner in which terms such as 'teeth' ('I believe one should altogether read only such books as bite and prick one') and 'axe' ('a book must be the axe for the frozen sea within us') are suddenly introduced apparently out of context. In one extraordinary letter, Kafka writes that he is sending his friend a small stone as a birthday gift:

> I send you the stone, and I shall send it to you as long as we live. If you keep it in your pocket, it will protect you. . . . For you know . . . my love for you is greater than I, and lived in more by me than it lives in me, and besides it has a weak support in my uncertain nature, but in the little stone it will have an abode of solid rock . . . even if only in a crack of the cobblestones. . . . A stone cannot bore you (as a book can); such a stone cannot be destroyed. . . . In short, I have found for you the finest birthday gift and present it to you with a kiss, which is to express to you my impotent thanks for the fact that you exist.

And in another letter:

> If you want to come to-morrow . . I will show you my new overcoat, if it is finished, and if we have moonlight.[1]

Franz Kafka is generally presented as a metaphysical writer whose themes and problems were strangely unaffected by the time in which he lived. He has been compared with Bunyan, Kierkegaard, the cabalistic and mystic writers, without reference to men and events in Kafka's own historical period. Indeed, the First World War, the political shifts in Central Europe and the Soviet Revolution are nowhere mentioned in the text published by Brod. Kafka was certainly preoccupied with the perennial issues of man's existence. Yet

[1] In the short story *In the Penal Colony*, the apparatus used for torture has a harrow, teeth and a bed. The prisoner is stripped and made to lie on his stomach while the harrow and the teeth penetrate his body. The whole clearly suggests a sexual act, in which the mechanical apparatus serves the function of a masturbating medium.

no man can escape his time. No one can remain unaffected by the historical complex into which he is born. We have indicated the bearing of Kafka's Austrian-Czech-Jewish co-ordinates on the problem of authority in Kafka. But Kafka's work is not conditioned only by his milieu in general. Within his work one can trace a development roughly demarcated by the 1914 era, the First World War and the subsequent social changes. These three stages may be followed in the novels *Amerika*, *The Trial*, *The Castle*.

THE NAIVE SYNTHESIS

Kafka's pre-war years were, by comparison with his later life, marked by hope and gladness. He was freeing himself somewhat from the hypnotic effect of his father. He planned to give up his clerkship in an accident insurance concern and to devote himself fully to writing. And these were the years in which he became engaged to be married. Courtship was, for Kafka, a daring, fateful step. That he undertook it signified that the Father-Mother dominant was losing its earlier hold on him. Kafka was moving toward sociality, was preparing to live outside himself. During this period he composed the fragmentary novel *Amerika*.

Amerika is the only novel in which the hero *has a name*. It is the only one wherein events are relatively free from eerie, macabre overtones. It contains elements of simple humour and ends on a clearly hopeful note. But to accomplish this, Kafka places his story far from the old world of hierarchical encasements, in a country which he has never seen. Kafka takes his hero to America, the land which Goethe and Heine had sung of as free from the heritage of medieval spookiness and fossilized legalities. It is a land where one can start from scratch, unburdened by Europe's original sin. Here Kafka's poetic imagination can freely disport itself.

Karl Rossman is sent to America by his parents because he was seduced by a servant girl who bore him a child. Karl has unwittingly broken the conventional *mores* and must leave old Europe. The masterly opening story of the stoker continues this social motif. Karl becomes involved in defending a stoker who is denied the recognition due him. Karl is in the naïve, innocent stage, and his sense of righteousness is stirred, especially when he learns that the case against the stoker depends on ' documentary ' proof. Karl passionately insists that ' this surely cannot be the question in a case of justice.' (The scene is strongly reminiscent of Dimitry Karamazoff's reaction to the formal proofs offered against him in the courtroom.)[1] A number

[1] The motif of sinning against the world of the Fathers is further suggested in Karl's loss of his father's trunk when he lands in the new world. Karl does not succeed in helping the stoker, and as he leaves the ship, his trunk and umbrella are recovered by Schubal, the man responsible for the stoker's difficulties.

of episodes follow which have something of the weird character of the later novels. Karl leaves his rich uncle in America, who has urged him ' not to go too far, and to learn to realize his position.' He gets employment in an hotel that is so large as to suggest a huge modern metropolis. But this hotel is too mechanized to offer Karl's unspoiled abilities a chance for development. The final episodes relates Karl's attempt to find a position in a ' nature theatre ' in Oklahoma. A poster invites everybody to join the theatre. *Everybody*. That means Karl, too, will be accepted. Here is democracy. ' What propertiless, suspicious people had gathered here, and yet all were well received and protected.' It is something of a *people's* theatre. Karl reports as an engineer. Although he only *wants to become* an engineer, and lacks all identification papers, Karl is apparently accepted.

This novel is Kafka's pre-war dream of a free country, a land where anybody, regardless of station or past transgressions, has a ' chance.' Even the question of ' experience ' is waived. It contains Kafka's freely conceived synthesis between art and nature, morals and industry. To his friends, Kafka indicated that his hero was to find in this ' almost limitless theatre,' a profession, liberty, rootedness, even his home and parents.

But even this youthful fantasy contains Kafka's questioning note. In the hotel episodes and in the electioneering scenes, Kafka produces an expressionistic critique of uniformity and of mechanical efficiency straining toward absolute limits in a land that has inherited no ' conscience ' about technical expansion. The war and fateful personal events made Kafka more aware of the grave ambiguities in this ' efficiency.' They resulted in *The Trial*.

MAN'S TRIAL

The story of *The Trial* is disingenuously baffling. Joseph K., a junior manager of a large bank, is arrested one morning, ' without having done wrong.' K. is not informed of the charge against him, and although he is under arrest, he is allowed to continue his work at the bank. K. hires a lawyer, sees judges, receives advice, yet never gets an inkling of the wrong he is accused of. He is referred to one judge after another but never gets to see the High Judges. Finally K. is stabbed to death in a gruesome scene. After all the dim, indefinable threats which hover over him through the ' trial,' the execution, which is the one certain and decisive act in the story, is something of a relief. The novel illustrates Kafka's unique technical genius. As in the other expressionistic literature of the period, the story is filled with dream pictures and with events which seem to have no causal nexus.

At the same time, Kafka's art deviates from the stream-of-consciousness technique. Its distinguishing characteristic is a *realistic*

approach to the fantastic. Kafka's strange visions are presented in simple, clear language. The incongruous and weird are given precise, concrete form. Unlike James Joyce, Alfred Doeblin, Gertrude Stein and the expressionistic dramatists, Kafka scrupulously avoids syntactical surprises, new coinages and the conscious juxtaposition of unrelated events. In Kafka 'free association' is not used to obfuscate the grammar of language. In the spirit of Freud's analysis, Kafka attempts to lead us *back* to the materials of language. His doubts over reality take the form of examining reality itself. His subdued horror stories occur as in a dream, with the startling difference that, no matter how phantom-like events appear in retrospect, they are made 'natural' by the device of treating them as though they were matters of fact and by making each separate step appear *determined.* The invocation of 'good' counter-magic, possible in the traditional ghost story, is barred by Kafka's categories. This method of presenting the free and the determined as *simultaneous* circumscribes, as we shall see, Kafka's entire view of life.

The war situation enters into *The Trial,* although the story does not refer to any specific historical situation. Here, too, an 'explosion' takes place—K.'s 'arrest' constitutes his war with himself and with society. For many years a bank official, his life has been ruled by numbers, similar to that of Georg Kaiser's Cashier in *From Morn to Midnight.* And just as Kaiser's Cashier is roused from his lethargic life and Mann's Castorp from the regular variations in his flat existence, so K. 'wakes up' to find himself under arrest. It is clear that we are dealing with psychological awakening and self-analysis. Deadened by the monotonous routine of his bureaucratic life, K. is roused to critical consciousness, to questioning the meaning of his 'stable' existence. That we are confronted with psychological guilt is also shown by the fact that K. is allowed to go about free, that he is not asked to report at any particular time or place, and that he makes his way to the courts on Sundays, the day when his mind is freed for reflection on his humdrum existence.[1]

With the arrest begins K.'s 'freedom.' But Kafka's character is not content with his bohemian status of boundless liberty. He would seek out the authorities who have freed him, eager to defend *himself.* But who are his Accusers and where is the High Court?

Kafka interweaves K.'s psychic dilemma with social guilt. K. discovers that the court lies on the 'other side' of the town among the tenements of the poor, and not within the bank district. K.'s appearance before the court constitutes admission of guilt. He himself realizes that 'it is only a trial if I recognize it as such.' In his opening address K. takes the offensive, charging that behind his arrest 'there

[1] The theme of false arrest appears similarly in E. E. Cummings' *The Enormous Room.*

is a great organization at work.' This organization ' not only employs corrupt warders, stupid Inspectors, and Examining Magistrates . . . but also has at its disposal a judicial hierarchy of high, indeed of the highest rank, with an indispensable and numerous retinue of servants, clerks, police and other assistants, perhaps even hangmen.'

His uncle, a simple person not bothered by the problems facing his nephew, advises him to employ an advocate. This is a strange advocate indeed, bed-ridden, poor and representing the poor, confining his counsel to expatiating on the difficulties in the trial. The only sensible thing, he advises, is to adapt oneself to existing conditions. ' Even if it were possible to alter a detail for the better here or there—but it was simple madness to think of it—any benefit arising from that would profit clients in the future only, while one's own interests would be immeasurably injured by attracting attention of the ever-vengeful officials. Anything but draw attention to oneself from above! One must lie low, no matter how much it went against the grain.' In this organization, everything is interlocked and remains unchanged, ' unless, indeed, which was very probable, it became still more rigid, more vigilant, more severe, and more ruthless.' Subordinate officials do not know whence cases come nor whither they pass. Cases are suddenly taken out of their hands, often vanishing into ' remote, inaccessible courts.' To meet the secret charge, ' the whole of one's life would have to be passed in review, down to the smallest actions and accidents.' K. hears that the case, in which ' no document is ever lost,' may go on indefinitely.

In his efforts to have some light thrown on his case, K. goes to see an artist who lives at the other end of the town from the law courts. But although he has the ' pathos of distance ' required for symbolic representation, the artist too is caught in the meshes of the court hierarchy. (His pictures are all of the same kind, most of them unfinished portraits of the judges.) The artist, apparently in closer touch with ' Reality ' than the Advocate, is even more discouraging about K.'s case. The only hope, he tells K., is for postponement, which consists in ' preventing the case from ever getting any farther than its first stages.' But the advantage of not coming up for sentence is offset by the fact that this prevents an actual acquittal.

By employing the Advocate, K. has only involved himself with a series of intermediaries threatening to destroy what ' rebellious ' spirit is left in him. He dismisses the Advocate. K. is now ready for the inner communion, represented by the strange sermon in a cathedral held for his private benefit. In an expressionistic setting, powerful in its eerie magic, a priest preaches from a small side pulpit to K., who represents the congregation. K. listens to a lengthy discourse about the doorkeeper who prevents entrance to the Court. While in the dark church, K. feels that possibly the priest might secure his

acquittal 'by circumvention of the case.' But while he leaves open the possibility of acquittal, for man is 'insatiable,' the priest himself is but the first doorkeeper. He, too, belongs to the Court. Religion, as well as law and art, prove inadequate in K.'s 'trial.'

The cathedral scene is followed by K.'s execution. He is led out by two men, dressed alike in frock-coats. K. notes that he is expected to plunge the knife they have drawn into his own breast, but he refuses to relieve the officials of this task. Moreover, he lacks the strength for the deed. Suicide is, in a sense, a free act, founded on the belief that life is not worth living. K. lacks the remnant of freedom necessary for this act, lacks even the faith to disbelieve. The officials themselves must take the responsibility of piercing his heart. K. dies, dies without a hearing, on his thirty-first birthday (Kafka was thirty-one when the war broke out).

Kafka's *Trial* defines the difficulties on the way toward spiritual freedom. The road is clogged with an endless series of bureaucratic steps. As suggested, this characterized old Austria with its petrified formal gradations. But more than Austria: the whole realm of technics, of mechanical gadgets and red tape, the pattern of industrialism itself, are included in this indictment. Nietzsche, too, had extended his revolt against petty bourgeois narrowness to encompass standardized mechanics. But Nietzsche's world contained the rebellious Superman. In Kafka's world there was no space for such challengers. Kafka saw the cosmos held down by continuous stages, impenetrable and irremovable, and lost in an infinite regression. Within this labyrinth the air hangs dull and heavy, stifling every daring effort. Everywhere the little man is threatened by dark forces as in a nightmare. The feeling of oppression never leaves one and is intensified by the very fact that the dreaded blow is *not* struck but continues to hover about. The Goddess of Justice turns out to be a Goddess of the Hunt, and the life of man an Inferno and a Walpurgisnacht, with the difference that in this sealed world, the voice of the Lord and of Faust is not heard. Even the psychological catharsis of martyrdom is excluded, for the 'cause' itself is ambiguous. It is a guilt story in which guilt is questioned.

K., like every one of Kafka's major characters, is a bachelor. Kafka himself did not marry. Here lie, as Max Brod points out, Kafka's guilt roots. The repeated references to nightshirts and the washing of dirty linen are symbolic self-castigations. K., the individual, is on trial as an 'alien,' who has remained outside the 'law' of social participation. Only when he meets women who are attracted to him is there a glimmer of hope. But for K., women are only a means of getting to the judges. Whatever erotic passions transpire arise suddenly, reach the stage of precipitation just as suddenly and vanish without 'memory.' There is impatience in the embraces of Kafka's

characters (as in those of Strindberg, whose works were favourite readings of Kafka at this time), as though they were uncertain of their ground and had to come to the 'point' at once, when the 'point' appears to have been largely irrelevant. The sex act of his characters has the nature of a sadistic struggle, of competition, rather than of surrender. Kafka once drew up a ledger of the advantages and disadvantages of wedlock. On the one hand, he felt incapable of bearing by himself the 'charge of the time and of age.' On the other hand: 'I must be alone a good deal. Whatever I have done, is only a result of my being alone.' To marry means to give up 'purity,' constitutes a diversion from the Absolute.[1]

The psychological conflict which the *The Trial* depicts is that of the sensitive and 'awakened' man during the war, when the vision of what is right and wrong was obscured by the clouds of 'documents' that covered every step of a man's way, when stale paragraphs became the secular equivalents of the classical Furies. Thomas Mann's Castorp, similarly suffering from lack of air (there is even the parallel of the k-sound in his name), 'resolves' his dilemma by physical action on a communal battlefield. Kafka's K., lacking Castorp's patrician background and the stability of his 'Christening Basin,' can war only against himself. His is the vain quest of the modern man for standards.

THE COMMUNAL CASTLE

Between *The Trial* and *The Castle* lie the end of the war and the social revolutions in Central Europe and in Russia. In the work of Thomas Mann these events produced a great shift in emphasis from a falsely oriented sociality (when Castorp joins the collectivity of the war) to the genesis of Joseph's social humanism. Kafka never reached the point where he was able to let his characters enjoy happy dreams. To the end, his stories remain anxiety dreams. Yet even in his case the upheavals of the time brought a change.

In this period Kafka broke his engagement and experienced the first effects of his tubercular affliction. The first freed him from his private conflict of marriage, the second from his hated profession. They also freed him toward a symbolic charting of a public resolution. It was the time when the peoples of the world were swept by the hope

[1] Kierkegaard writes similarly in *The Banquet*: 'It is man's function to be absolute, to act in an absolute fashion, or to give expression to the absolute. Woman's sphere lies in her relativity.'

Kafka was fond of Kierkegaard's *Fear and Trembling*, in which the Danish philosopher writes of the paradox and agony of Abraham's faith when he led Isaac to the Altar. In Kierkegaard's account, it is the *father* who suffers and, in a sense, dies for the son. Kierkegaard saw himself in a similar relation to his own father, who died 'for me, so that there might yet, perchance, become something of me.' K., on the other hand, is hounded and killed by his paternal authority.

which lay in the overthrow of despotisms and in the rise of social orders that promised to establish a humane authority.

The change appears in the theme of *The Castle* itself. K. has been asked to come to the village to work as land-surveyor for the authorities of the Castle. He appears, and although he is not recognized as land-surveyor, is refused admission to the Castle and denied even the privilege of settling in the village, he continues his efforts to be recognized by the Castle and to be accepted by the village. In *The Trial*, K. stands as the accused, and the authority of the Judges is never free from the suspicion of double-dealing. Here K. takes the initiative and *asks to be admitted*. 'I don't want any act of favour from the Castle, but my rights,' he insists. We are not told when these rights were conferred on K. and are led to assume that the right to work was simply his birthright. From the ending which Kafka sketched to friends, the Castle authorities were to relent and allow K. to live and work in the village.

But it is mainly K.'s persistent aggressiveness, despite repeated setbacks, which constitutes the note of progress in this novel. The *content* of his aim is limited enough: to be land-surveyor, to find lodging in the village, to marry and to become an accepted member of the community. Brod has called *The Castle* Kafka's *Faust*. But compared with Faust's stormy demands for the macrocosm and for power over nature and men, K.'s request for ordinary human consideration illumines the 'development' of the bourgeois man.

Upon his arrival K. immediately sets out for the Castle. But its hill is hidden, 'veiled in mist and darkness, lying above in an illusory emptiness.' K. must content himself with finding quarters at an inn, but even this is difficult. K. is regarded as an 'outsider,' an alien. (The term 'Jew,' as Brod points out, occurs to one throughout, although the word itself does not appear in the novel.) He is neither repulsed nor invited, but treated with suspicion and reserve. 'We small people stick to our tradition, and you can't blame us for that.'

K.'s attempts to make contact with the Castle are facilitated by two opposed groups, the Barnabas family and Frieda. The first represents the rebellious element in the community. Amalia, one of the daughters, was once summoned to come to one of the officials. But instead of complying with what she regarded as a shameful proposal, she tore up the letter of the messenger. For this, the whole family is punished with social ostracism. They are now 'free' from all social ties, and infinitely alone. This rebellious way is balanced by the connection K. secures through Frieda. Frieda is a barmaid at the inn, and through her K. is allowed to catch a glimpse of Klamm, the all-powerful official. While Amalia in her pride rejected an official of the Castle, Frieda answered the summons of Klamm, regarding it as an honour to become his mistress. Frieda (somewhat like Senta in

The Flying Dutchman) at once falls in love with K. and follows him about in a kind of somnambulistic state. Along with the two curious assistants, she is K.'s 'innocent' support in his struggle, supplementing the critical Barnabas family and his own casuistic approach.[1] In Frieda's surrender to K. (the only *real* sex-union in Kafka's work, suggesting K.'s progress and possible redemption), she almost repeats Amalia's act, giving up Klamm, whose call she now ignores.

K.'s arrival has thus reversed the natural order of things. The landlady, one of the staunchest champions of Klamm and of the old order, derides K. '"But who are you . . . ? You are not from the Castle, you are not from the village, you aren't anything. Or rather, unfortunately, you are something, a stranger, a man who isn't wanted and is in everybody's way, a man who's always causing trouble . . . whose intensions are obscure."' His way is to advance in the teeth of 'every rule and tradition,' sticking to his own opinions.

As in *The Trial*, the way here is barred by numberless officials and countless documents. This makes for efficiency within each separate department—but let a document lose its way and go to a wrong department and 'in an organization as efficient as ours its proper destination must be sought for literally with desperation.' But this formalism does not exhaust the administrative apparatus. More than in *The Trial*, the Logos of authority is shown as sensitive to human desires. Along with its precision, the apparatus admits error, chance, freedom and love. It may happen that 'in a flash the decision comes in. . . . It's as if the administrative apparatus were unable any longer to bear the tension, the year-long irritation caused by the same affair . . . and has hit upon the decision by itself, without the assistance of the official.' But for K., such decision is far off. The sole official he sees is Klamm, and then only when he is asleep. (Klamm's permanent formal clothes, his mechanical handling of women and of cases suggest him to be 'sleepy' authority.)

K. begins by advancing on the Castle. Step by step, he is made to retreat: from the Count to Klamm, to Barnabas, to several of Klamm's secretaries. In his way 'back,' K. reaches the very bottom of the educational ladder, when he becomes school janitor. On this level he no longer needs his naïve aides, and he dismisses the assistants. But he also loses Frieda when he visits the Barnabas family against her urgent counsel. It had been her sole dream, Frieda says, to be in K.'s company. But he persisted in his 'roundabout' way, merely using her as a tool for his ends. 'I know,' she tells him finally, 'you can disprove anything, but in the end nothing is disproved. . . . We came together from two very different worlds.' She leaves him to live with one of the assistants, a playmate of her childhood. Frieda

[1] The two assistants are 'in appearance good, childish, merry, irresponsible youth, fallen from the sky, from the Castle, a dash of childhood's memories with them too.'

(like Faust's Gretchen) can take him only to the critical level, not beyond it.

It is regrettable that the English edition of *The Castle* ends at this point. For there follow two episodes which underscore the hopeful note of the novel.[1] While looking for one of the secretaries who were to examine him, K. strays into a wrong room. He finds another secretary who promptly proceeds to 'instruct' K. in the secret powers of the Castle. But by this time K. has tired of such talk, and the longer the secretary talks, the sleepier K. gets. K.'s walking about in the hallways was itself an infraction of the rules, and K. hears that he is a man who 'disregards the law as well as the most ordinary human considerations with a dull indifference and sleepiness.'

The other episode centres in Pepi, the chambermaid. In contrast to Frieda, Pepi does not want to rise above her station. Frieda and the landlady loved Klamm, the high official. Pepi, on the other hand, would never think of giving herself to him or trying to rise in station through him. Pepi is the only warm character in the novel, and it is to her that K. comes for advice at the end. Pepi tells K. that she loves him and that her love is independent of any honourable position he may attain in the world. From the start, K. appears to her as a hero, an emancipator of women. What has induced him to go after so-called important things, and to neglect 'the nearest, the best, the most beautiful right near him'? 'Have you no advice for me?' K. asks. Pepi replies, and for the first and only time in this novel, there is sympathy, cheer, warmth in the spoken word, and full clarity in its import. 'We are both betrayed, let us stay together. Come down to the girls. You will like my friends, you shall have such a cosy home with us, and you can help us with our work. . . . Come to us! . . . It's so warm and close in there, and we snuggle up even closer; no, even though we have only each other, we haven't tired of one another; on the contrary, when I think of my friends, I am almost glad to go back. Why should I rise any higher than they? It is just this that held us together, that the future was equally closed to all of us. . . . Come, please, oh come to us!'

Pepi is a kind of Amalia of the lower classes. Both refuse to curry favour with those above them. Following her rebellion, Amalia too is reduced to chamber work in caring for her ailing parents. But while Amalia accepts her punishment sullenly, Pepi is happy to return to her circle, where she is loyal and devoted to her comrades. K. was not satisfied with beginning as a worker but sought to get to Klamm. Now, at the end, he is advised to start at the underground level with the lowest of manual workers, to go down to the bowels of the earth, to the 'Mothers.' But K. can no longer take the simple way 'back.'

[1] These have been translated in part in *Franz Kafka: A Miscellany*, New York, Twice Year Press, 1940.

When Pepi tells him he need not stay with them all the time, only through the winter, K. asks: 'How long is it before spring comes?' And at this point the landlady, the special and oldest devotee of Klamm, opens the door. As she leaves, she calls out to K.: 'Tomorrow, I get a new dress; perhaps I'll call for you.' With this suggestion that K. is still held in her grip of formal hopes, the fragmentary novel closes.

As in *The Trial*, the problem arises for K. in so far as he poses it himself. Without human consciousness and conscience, there would be no Socratic dilemma. But K.'s discursive rationale requires the simple immediacy of Frieda and of Pepi. Through contact with the people, the optimistic ending which Kafka indicated is made possible.[1]

As a whole, Kafka's work is concerned with the frailties and absurdities of human beings. It is dominated by the Catholic notion that the more one knows, the more one realizes the limitations of one's knowledge. The more K. and Joseph K. find out about their cases, the further they are removed from reaching their goals. The extension of this Catholic thought also tends to save Kafka's characters. They become 'guilty' through knowledge; but to the extent that further knowledge reveals to them their ignorance, they can be saved. That is, Kafka's characters are saved by virtue of their guilt. It is this blend which gives his tragic situations a humorous undertone.

'Chronos, who devoured his sons, [was] the most honest father.' The dead rule the living. Kafka inverted the Œdipus theme. The world, his world, seemed to Kafka an endless labyrinth, choked by bureaux. Kierkegaard, Nietzsche and the expressionists had thrown themselves against this wall, breaking through by a kind of tour de force. Kafka lacked their impatience and was too mature to be content with rebellious gestures. *Kafka possessed a cultural conscience.* He realized that the new can rise only on the basis of the past and present.

Yet tradition was riding man, blocking individual initiative. Kafka found himself between two fronts. His tragedy lies in that he was suspended between two realms, neither of which he could wholly embrace or banish. Kafka managed to draft a letter of accusation against his father, but this letter contains Kafka's answer to his own indictment. He regarded reflection as the advice of the snake; and he called it good and human. ('Without it, one is lost.') He saw too much divine order for disbelief and not enough for wholehearted

[1] The contrast between Kierkegaard and Kafka appears here again. Kierkegaard begins by identifying himself with his father's sins and develops into an outspoken individualist with contempt for the masses. Kafka, in an effort to identify himself with his father's strength, seeks resolution in a paternal and maternal sociality.

belief. Man is barred from knowledge of ultimate causes and final ends, restricted to grasping at what lies between. Bounded by an infinite, reaching back into the past and forward to eternity, man's knowledge is limited to an uncertain middle sphere. The dilemma of man consists in his not being 'enough.' Joseph K. and K. awaken from their dull uncriticalness but remain suspended in a No-Man's Land. Kafka characterized himself as 'without ancestors, out of wedlock, without descendants, with wild eagerness for ancestors, wedlock and descendants.' Does man, after all, long for freedom from authority? When K. is left standing in Klamm's courtyard, 'freer than he had ever been,' he feels that 'there was nothing more senseless, nothing more hopeless than this freedom, this waiting, this inviolability.' Man cannot live without faith in something indestructible in himself. Yet 'both the indestructible as well as the faith can always remain hidden from him.' Kafka's questions contain a maximum of irony. Kafka reaffirms the paradox of co-existing opposites expressed by nineteenth-century thinkers, notably by Julius Bahnsen and Sören Kierkegaard, and in our own time by Morris R. Cohen's principle of polarity. In Bahnsen and Cohen the paradox is embedded in the nature of reality. For Kierkegaard and Kafka the emphasis is on the nature of consciousness. All bar the easy reconciliation of a Hegelian synthesis. All try to make themselves at home in a homeless borderland.[1]

Baffled by the 'authorities' from below and from above, Kafka withdrew into himself. Even in art, he never got away from himself. (His initial recurs in his main characters, Karl, K., Klamm.) He tried to attain purity within the 'limited circle.' But a sense of guilt accompanied his autoistic withdrawal in bachelorhood. He quotes the Talmud: A man without a wife is not a human being. 'Solitary life is disgusting,' he writes, and 'to be alone only brings punishment.' Why did he not marry? 'When I pushed forward toward the girl, I first fell into the spears of my armed forces.' He calls his case one where 'the right hand does not know what the left does.' Kafka turned not only within but even against himself, as was dramatically illustrated by his nihilist insistence that Max Brod destroy every line he had written.

The result of not being at home with either the innocent or the fully conscious was metaphysical fear and loneliness. Kafka's work de-

[1] Bahnsen sums up his '*Realdialektik*' thus: 'It does not suffice either for complete annihilation or for full satisfaction. The child of Gaa is born between heaven and hell, now ready to camp with the light-shunning creatures of the Chthonic darkness, now ready to flutter upwards to the heights of splendour.' Kierkegaard calls Abraham 'great through the strength whose power is weakness, great through the wisdom whose secret is folly . . . great through the love which is hatred of one's self. . . . It is great to surrender to one's hope, but greater still to abide by it steadfastly after having surrendered it."

picts this lonesomeness of the individual in a world where hierarchical impediments are intertwined with the nature of existence. Human existence appears as a series of tortuous compulsions and crucifixions, exacted by an anonymous, ubiquitous enemy. The aloneness and helplessness of the modern orphan generation, of the alien and alienated, in short, of the Jew, has nowhere been as sustainedly expressed as in the works of Franz Kafka.

Kafka tries to save himself from this disconsolate isolation by a piously realistic idiom. The expressionists broke up the world of fast relations into stammering, stuttering cries, defying the rules of grammar and syntax. Kafka religiously adheres to formal literary structure. And if the expressionists converted natural events into magic, Kafka attempts to show the magic within the simple course of events. Yet Kafka does not escape the philosophic as well as the artistic implications of his cosmic arrangement. His works, like those of the expressionists, remain fragments—confessions that the author has not found the 'what.' Kafka's novels are *non-dramatic*, occurring in a terrain that is not approachable from the *outside*. Kafka fails to *particularize* the enemy. Hence his stories soon develop into semi-allegorical pointers. Climactic resolutions are rendered difficult because the enemy is everywhere. Again and again Kafka tries to track down the silent adversary by careful adherence to the objects of the material world. But the enemy always eludes. Hence Kafka's art *cannot present real situations, real characters, individuation*, and character *development*. His art is more than allegory and less than symbol. The scenes in the artist's home and in the cathedral, for example, begin as stories but soon become discourses on the nature of K.'s judges, the possibility of acquittal, all matters which have not been, and in the nature of Kafka's problem, *cannot be concretely presented*. Similarly in *The Castle*, we learn about the unreachable Castle from Olga's long recital of her brother's experiences and from various interpolations made by the superintendent and by the landlady. Kafka is forced to such forensic, 'outside' resolutions because he fails to locate the co-ordinates of his problem within the specific historical material about him. We are therefore led to conclude that *possibly* Kafka is profound. But you cannot tell from his circular approach to the silent wall. Remaining in his own self, Kafka all the more 'safely' indicts the world and life, specifically the necessary collective means which are an unavoidable form of every social state. From Kafka's dark corner, the 'nearest truth' appears to be the pressure 'against the walls of a windowless and doorless cell.' Kafka does not separate inescapable evils from those due to historic forms.

Critics have stressed Kafka's apartness. Yet withal, Kafka felt the limitations of individualistic withdrawal. The lonely man is no hero to him. He does not exult but suffers over his exclusiveness. To be

sure, Kafka could not accept divine reconciliation, as could Pascal and Kierkegaard. Yet Kafka was not just to himself when he wrote that he represented 'the negative elements of his age.' *For his agony was due not alone to the fact that he could not affirm, but as much to the fact that he could not doubt.* While he asked Max Brod to destroy his books, Kafka lacked the negative conviction to burn them *himself.*

Kafka realized that the lacerations of individuality could be circumvented only by communal attachment. We have seen this note in *The Castle.*[1] The story, *The Great Wall of China*, written in 1918-1919, likewise sounds this motif. Here a whole *people* work together to erect a protective wall against their barbarian enemies. The 'I' becomes a 'We.' Kafka's divisive pattern strives toward harmonization. 'Unity! Unity! Chest on chest, a dance of the people; blood, no longer locked up in the weak circulation of the body, but coursing warmly, and yet returning through boundless China.' China appears as a communal state in which leadership is embodied in trusted personality. In the form of a legend about the old emperors, the story suggests Kafka's distinction between the ideal of authority (the old emperor), and its practical, bureaucratic translation (the present ruler). Max Brod writes of a plan Kafka sketched for a workers' collective. It is the kind of paternalistic feudal socialism to which Sigrid Undset and Franz Werfel hold.

Max Brod has detailed the social roots of Kafka's tragedy, stressing his dreary office work that prevented him from devoting himself to his art. What was a symbolic statement in other writers, for whom the problem of the dichotomy between business and art arose from the general structure of the system rather than from their own private status, became for Kafka a practical, personal issue. He wanted to write but had to work in a social insurance office. 'Now these two professions cannot be reconciled,' Kafka writes in his notebook. According to Brod, the recurrent irritations and difficulties connected with his distasteful work brought about the tubercular condition which finally killed him. In one of his last stories, '*Ein Hungerkünstler*,' an artist would attract attention by starving himself. As in Andreyev's *He Who Gets Slapped*, the artist hires himself out to a circus, but the crowd passes him by, attracted by a panther. Interest in art magic is displaced by fascination for brute power. Kafka's artist dies not because he spurns the crowd. His problem is not that of

[1] We might also mention the peasants who are contrasted with the officials. When K. appears, the peasants gape at him 'with their open mouths, coarse lips, and literally tortured faces—their heads looked as if they had been beaten flat on top and their features as if the pain of the beating had twisted them. . . . Perhaps they really wanted something from him [K.] and were only incapable of expressing it.' It is also interesting to note that whereas in *The Trial*, K. leans for support on people in some way connected with the court, in *The Castle*, K. turns in the main to people rejected by the Castle.

Romantic exclusiveness. 'Had I found the food,' he says in his last words, 'I would have eaten fully, just as you and all do.' Franz Kafka died a choking death, a death caused by the lack of the social air needed by his body and soul.

Throughout his life, Kafka was an exile, a pre-fascist exile, who sought to rehabilitate himself. He admired Goethe and Tolstoy but did not have their natural roots. He read Pascal and Kierkegaard but lacked the guide of the 'now heavily sinking hand of Christianity.' Kierkegaard saw an 'abysmal, qualitative difference' between God and man and based his philosophy of faith on this dualism. Kafka's work was a vain effort to bridge this chasm. Through Brod he came in contact with the Zionists but was not steadied by the 'flying prayer-shawl of the Jews.' From his ultimate perspective, Kafka saw an irresolvable antinomy between the abstract, absolute ideal and the transposition of this perfection into material practice, with its corollaries of contingency, error and waste.[1] It is the disparity Cervantes, Shakespeare and Goethe presented in the characters of Don Quixote, Hamlet and Faust.

Kafka's agonized cry for redemption, with its Kierkegaardian motif of fear and trembling, contains a quiet suggestion of the deep pain that goes with final irreconcilability toward human limitation. If we can discount his implied humble surrender, we can find in him that sense of the tragic which allows a sensitive and tender relation to the simple and wholesome. Man's fate does not rule out those social tasks which Kafka was unable to meet. Together with acceptance of man's permanent limits, such tasks lend man his full dignity.

[1] K. is said to be better versed theoretically in the intricacies of the Castle than anyone else, 'but when he is to apply his knowledge, he somehow goes wrong.'

II

THE EMBRACE OF ABSOLUTES

We can deliver ourselves from all suffering just as well through present objects as through distant ones whenever we raise ourselves to a purely objective contemplation of them and so are able to bring about the illusion that only the objects are present and not we ourselves.

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER

This is the thing that is at present the most troubling and if there is the time that is at present the most troublesome the time-sense that is at present the most troubling is the thing that makes the present the most troubling.

GERTRUDE STEIN

THE EMBRACE OF ABSOLUTES

MAN CANNOT LIVE solely by doubt, criticism, opposition and denunciation. He cannot merely except and dissent. He must also accept and assent. Human existence is distinct and separative. Yet it is linked to the past and to the future. Although limited and changeful, it is a pattern according to the recurrent prototype.

In all eras, no matter how torn by strife, men have clung to the idea of the prototype. This is true of our own day as well. Insurgence itself calls forth its dialectical compensation. Total exposure generates the desire for total protection. Extreme impiety tends to swing toward extreme piety. Even as Goethe challenged medieval timelessness, he could not save his Faustian rebel by temporal surpassings alone. The Catholic framework of Faust's Assumption suggests his need of grace for his sometime confusion between history and God. Likewise, Schopenhauer admitted the necessity of counteracting the will's incessant transgressions by æsthetic and ethical transcendence.

In our war era, a number of absolutes would offer such status. Of these, what we call the Antæan tradition—carried forward by the Gauguin vogue, by Hamsun, Lawrence and various agrarian movements—has the longest ancestry. In an age of technical modes, it reminds us that man's basal needs are still dependent on earth and sun. The Catholic tradition claims an even older ancestry, but its historic formulation is relatively modern, and its exegesis has taken on a more sophisticated form. This appears particularly in the doctrines of Essence related to it—Santayana's Inward Landscape, Proust's hermetic universals, the transcendences of time as represented by the humanists in America and by Stefan George and Rainer Maria Rilke on the continent.

We also have the 'system' of fascism. It consists in the 'systematization' of confusion. Its primitive appeal and transitory historic function place it outside the great traditions. Finally, there is the Marxian system. Marxism would transform the classical and medieval absolutes as well as the modernistic notions of change through the medium of its dialectic.

Common to the Antæan revival, the Catholic tradition and the doctrines of Essence is a break with modernism and its quantitative norms. All hark back to the qualitative unity adumbrated by preindustrial epochs. Yet—and this is the perspective from which they are treated here—each receives its characteristic feature from the *modernistic context* in which it operates. In their attempt to stem

philosophies of exile, they themselves become exiles. Gauguin and Lawrence travel about to discover the untainted primitive; Santayana, Eliot, Gertrude Stein and Ezra Pound abandon their homelands; Proust shuts himself up in his nursery room; Stefan George builds a wall about his person and his circle; Rilke would live on his 'little island of life.' Surrounded by winds which defy tradition, they are themselves affected by untraditional vogues. The naturalist Hamsun accepts a Panzer version of 'blood and soil,' and Lawrence argues for phallic consciousness. The relation between 'essence' and 'existence' in Catholic doctrine is beset by greater ambiguities than were present in its medieval formulation. Today it fluctuates between homage to the 'eternal in man,' and the celebration of selected historic epochs, with the defence of specific social organizations.

Thus in one form or another the heresy of process infiltrates the essences of our modern and contemporary traditionalists. The attempt to resurrect 'natural,' feudal or classical norms in a modern framework results in either a contradictory or an anæmic naturalism, feudalism and classicism. The absence of a congruous material base renders their absolutes nostalgic and irresolute.

3. THE ANTÆAN TRADITION

The ore is homesick. It is eager
to leave the mints and turning wheels
that offer it a life so meagre.
From coffers and from factories
it would flow back into the veins
of gaping mountains whence it came,
that close upon it once again.

RAINER MARIA RILKE

MYTHOLOGY RELATES THAT Antæus, the son of Terra, was invincible as long as he preserved contact with his mother. From every fall he rose renewed in strength and thus succeeded in conquering all his enemies. All but one. That one was Hercules, who was to become the champion of man on earth. Hercules vanquished Antæus by strangling him in the air.

The Earth as stability, as man's 'basic' security, is a recurrent and universal persuasion. Gospels of 'return to nature' receive particular response in times when 'airy' abstractions and relations tend to alienate men from their substantive roots. Thus Rousseau found a deep echo at a time when sterile feudal forms and a young, conscienceless industrialism were stifling personality, when the 'vision of numbers' was obscuring the view of qualities. As rococo forms, correct scholastics and congealed rituals gave way to the complex

mechanics of civilization, the simple and the concrete were rediscovered even as they were being pressed 'inward.' Goethe's Faust is drawn to Gretchen, Andreyev's He and the Baron to Consuelo, Schnitzler's Fritz to Christine. In the Pan-Slavism of Dostoyevsky and of Tolstoy, we have the most impressive statement of the reservations against nineteenth-century technical pressures. Dmitry Karamazoff prefers Siberian imprisonment to refuge in America. Tolstoy's Pierre likewise gains peace in his prison-pit and in the physical community of the war, discovering its concretization in the harmony of the simple peasant, Platon Karatayev. Nietzsche's extreme challenge to the threat of depersonalization by the 'small reason' closes the century.

In our own era, the machine became to many the modern incarnation of anonymous evil. The tendency has been toward a devil's theory of the machine which does not distinguish between use and exploitation, between enslavement by the machine and enslavement by the manipulation of machine production.

This is still a widespread confusion. Yet the machine presents a problem which is distinct from social organization, a problem inherent in technics itself. By its very *thoroughness* and *efficiency*, the machine threatens to deprive man of *work*, not merely of unpleasant and unrewarding work, but of all work. But man is *homo faber*. To have a feeling of possession and of enjoyment, he needs contact, the physical, immediate contact got by personal labour. As technics becomes more and more proficient, contact tends to assume the character of a 'delegate,' of an instrumental intermediary between man and his object. (This is where the Agrarians see the atomicity of technics translated into the political sphere under the form of mechanical democratic representation which destroys the sense of personal responsibility.) This tends to make for physical as well as for moral alienation. For when we can gain power by moving levers, we have the condition for a morality through which we 'get something for nothing,' and man is deprived of *earning* his living. It is argued that once the social relations of technology are humanized these problems will receive corresponding adjustment. But many critics continue to fear that personal desiccation will result from any type of super-organization, even when it is freed of social inequities. Hence, these critics urge a pattern which would permit greatest *immediacy*, immediacy of awareness and way of living. The attitude aims at re-establishing man's umbilical ties to his sources, at counteracting the divisive interpositions of automatic representations.

Every movement in our day expresses this fear in some way. From Henry Adams and Spengler to Kenneth Burke, from Van Gogh and Picasso to Karl Hofer, from Rimbaud and D. H. Lawrence to Georg

Kaiser and James Joyce, from Thomas Mann to Doeblin and Hemingway, from conservative agrarians to radical socialists, warnings are sounded against the menace to man in the monolithic centralization of our modern Babylons.

THE IMAGINATIVE METAPHOR

PAUL GAUGUIN, KNUT HAMSUN, D. H. LAWRENCE

La Barbarie est pour moi un rajeunissement. Je me suis reculé bien loin, plus loin que les chevaux du Parthénon . . . jusqu'au dada de mon enfance, le bon cheval de bois. PAUL GAUGUIN

After he became a 'bad European,' Gauguin wrote to Strindberg: 'Your civilization is your suffering. My barbarism is health to me.' He argued that the civilized conception of Eve makes us woman haters. 'Only the Eve which I paint can pass before us in the nude. Yours would be brazen in this natural state, and if she is beautiful, she would become the source of suffering and evil.' In Martinique, and later in Tahiti, Gauguin thought that he had found a sensuous primitiveness and the 'nude simplicity of the pagan.' He settled in Tahiti, sealing the relationship by marrying a native.

Gauguin did not live primitively but in relative civilized comfort. The girl he married was fifteen, and Gauguin was about sixty years old then. A good deal of sophistication was involved in this 'natural' step. Was it not argued that European intellectualism and power stimuli drove men to reach out beyond their natural orbits to patterns of living alien to their native requirements? Gauguin 'proved' all this by his civilized primitiveness and by marrying a girl forty-five years younger than himself. Not long afterward Gauguin reversed his naturalism. He returned to the West. Here he again 'went primitive,' attached himself to a mulatto girl, was involved in brawls with drunken sailors on her account and lost a leg. He returned to Tahiti a cripple and retired to the island of Dominica, an even more secluded wilderness.

Meier-Graefe writes of Gauguin that every fibre in him 'belonged to cursed Europe.' He calls attention to Gauguin's last work, a snowed-under village—painted in the midst of a tropical spring! Gauguin's nostalgia for his Western roots, his own questioning of the primitive cult is expressed in this painting. Gauguin's rigid angles and linear arabesque express similar reservations in his technique. Modern primitivism must operate in a non-primitive sphere. The idyllic vision arises in the midst of our teeming thoroughfares. Its individualistic plea is made within an expanding collectivistic hubbub. Hence it becomes *neo*-primitivism. The very structure which it would alter be-

comes part of its own pattern. These reservations are, indeed, an indirect reflection of the naturalist's doubt with regard to his own programme as meeting the evil of modernism.

KNUT HAMSUN

To defy the unbending morality of technics, Gauguin went south. His alternative to hard forms was a southern sensuousness, loose and undisciplined. In Knut Hamsun, the anti-mechanistic metaphor is northern, restrained, forceful and moralistic. His art is auditory rather than visual and as in the case of Rilke is dedicated to little things. *The Growth of the Soil* is a lyrical pæan to

> the daily round, little matters that are all important to the settlerfolk themselves. Oh, they are not trifles after all, but things of fate, making for their happiness and comfort and well-being, or against them.

Here and in *Pan*, earthy living, living within a periphery which is limited yet allows for fullness and intensity, is offered as Antæan compensation for a feverish, devitalizing industrialism. But simple reversions are not possible in the organic realm. The past may be 'recaptured' in moments of mystic vision, but it cannot be *relived*. The naturalists 'know' that, and they reveal this knowledge in many indirect ways. In the work of Hamsun, this testimony may be detected in the very style and composition of what is perhaps the most eloquent artistic statement of the 'natural life' in our time, *The Growth of the Soil*.

The novel was written during the First World War. In the midst of this inferno, Hamsun writes a kind of idyll in prose; during a period of disorganization, he pictures the growth of family ties. As anonymous millions frantically expend themselves in uprooting, Isak and his wife and their children work to enrich the soil which in turn enriches them. This extreme 'repudiation' reveals the novel's polar relation to its discordant situation. Hamsun circumvents the enormity of the realistic obstacles by placing his character in a somewhat mythical setting. While a war is being fought because free land is no longer available, Hamsun's man

> comes, walking toward the north. He bears a sack, the first sack, carrying food and some few implements. . . . Maybe the man has been in prison, and is looking for a place to hide; or a philosopher, maybe, in search of peace. This or that, he comes; the figure of a man in this great solitude. . . . The morning shows him a range of pasture and woodland. . . . He nods, to say that he has found himself a place to stay and live.

The novel closes in a pagan mood of 'prayer.'

> Isak at his sowing; a stump of a man, a barge of a man to look at, nothing more. Clad in homespun—wool from his own sheep, boots from the hide of his own cows and calves. Sowing—and he walks religiously bareheaded to that work. . . . 'Tis Isak, the Margrave. . . .

'Twas rarely he knew the day of the month—what need had he of that? He had no bills to be met on a certain date; the marks on his almanac were to show the time when each of the cows should bear. But he knew St. Olaf's Day in the autumn, that by then his hay must be in, and he knew Candlemas in spring, and that three weeks after then the bears came out of their winter quarters; all seed must be in the earth by then. He knew what was needful.

A tiller of the ground, body and soul; a worker on the land without respite. A ghost risen out of the past to point the future, a man from the earliest days of cultivation, a settler in the wilds, nine hundred years old, and, withal, a man of the day.

Nothing growing there? All things growing there; men and beasts and fruit of the soil. Isak sowing his corn. The evening sunlight falls on the corn that flashes out in an arc from his hand, and falls like a dropping of gold to the ground. Here comes Sivert to the harrowing; after that the roller and then the harrow again. Forest and field look on. All is majesty and power—a sequence and purpose of things.

Kling . . . eling . . . say the cow bells far up on the hillside, coming nearer and nearer; the cattle are coming home for the night. Fifteen head of them, and five-and-forty sheep and goats besides; threescore in all. There go the women out with their milk-pails, carried on yokes from the shoulder; Leopoldine, Jensine, and little Rebecca. All three barefooted. The Margravine, Inger herself, is not with them; she is indoors preparing the meal. Tall and stately, as she moves about her house, a Vestal tending the fire of a kitchen stove. Inger has made her stormy voyage, 'tis true, has lived in a city a while, but now she is home; the world is wide, swarming with tiny specks—Inger has been one of them. All but nothing in all humanity, only one speck.

Then comes the evening.

Pan and *Growth of the Soil* are in the nature of Platonic correctives offered in a time of empirical disorders. They are dream wishes and exhortations conditioned by doubt as to their pragmatic efficacy. An anecdote related by Hamsun's biographer, Walter Berendsohn, has bearing on this point: Knut Hamsun once received a letter in which a person describing himself as a neurasthenic asked Hamsun whether he might be allowed to spend some time with the author of *Pan*. He felt it would help him to quiet his nerves. To this request Hamsun's wife replied that the house had enough with one neurasthenic.

Hamsun's subsequent work, written in a period of even greater dislocations, reveals these perplexities more directly. The Settler, Isak, gives way to August, the Wanderer. The glamour of the Glahns is gone. Hamsun's new characters are more obviously disturbed. They swerve between rootedness and vagabondage. These later novels more readily admit that the open spaces are being closed by the steely ring of technics. Abel, in *The Ring Is Closed*, is a pale shadow of Hamsun's earlier heroes. Hamsun would set him off against the

modern climbers and the calculating, profit-seeking townspeople. But Abel is shown as himself affected by the internecine Cain-civilization in which he lives. He has killed and suffers from a sense of guilt, is himself a restless, wandering Cain. He is attracted not by the home girls but by sophisticated Olga. At the end, he leaves, not for some primeval northern woods in the manner of Isak, but for industrialized America.

Since *Growth of the Soil*, Hamsun's style has become more complex. The former epic and patient mood is disturbed by a halting, rambling narrative. His earlier substantive idiom of 'noun' sentences becomes conditional, his sentences beginning with qualifying adverbs and clauses. Walter Berendsohn has called attention to the fact that even Hamsun's earlier nature world lacks plastic character. His metaphors are for the ear and the mind, addressed to the 'inner' world. Hamsun's recent work continues the diatribe against industrialism with greater impatience, approaching irritability. It expresses Hamsun's own modern awareness that the road back is closed. Isak had been able to find a sunny retreat, a wife and human companionship. In *Look Back on Happiness*, written under the shadow of fascism, Hamsun's 'nature' is the bowels of an earth pit, a deserted hut of peat 'into which I must crawl on my hands and knees,' and his sole companion is a mouse.

D. H. LAWRENCE

For God's sake, let us be men,
Not monkeys minding machines.

The passion of D. H. Lawrence was directed against Europe as the embodiment of scientific and technical rationalism. Lawrence repeats the challenge of Tolstoy and other neo-primitivists, charging that our abstract atomism is emptying man of the biologic and the personal, of wonder and awe. But Lawrence's protest, coming later and being voiced in highly industrialized England, shows greater awareness of its futility. Lawrence's challenge takes form in an Orphic expressionism which tries hard and in vain to convince itself first of all.

The spear-point of Lawrence's critique is that modern man is 'possessed.' In the 'idyllic' feudal relations (as represented by Gerald Crich's father in *Women in Love*), the owner considered the welfare of the workers first of all. For his son, business production and power are the end; the workers have become means, atomic cogs, indistinguishable from one another. The machine is the 'first great step in undoing.' Together with the intellect, it constitutes 'the great neuter . . . the eunuch of eunuchs.' Whatever had been still intact was destroyed by the war. Nothing is left 'but the herd-proletariat and the herd-equality mongrelism, and the wistful poisonous self-sacrificial cultured soul.'

To counteract this disintegration, Lawrence puts forward his doctrine of Phallic Reality. Through it, he thought, man might recover genuine self-expression.

The way, he argued, lies in yielding to 'the darker, older unknown Man is to be cured of his abstract intellectualism by physical 'touch in the darkness. Sex must be rehabilitated. His argument against having 'sex in your head, instead of down there where it belongs,' was not in the interests of animal indiscriminateness. Lawrence was early disgusted with the 'sniffing' love schemes of Schnitzlerian Casanovas, as well as with the masochism of disillusioned bohemians. For them sex was dope. For the English miner's son it was to be converted into magic balsam. Lawrence saw the sex act as a mystical experience which brought man into immediate contact with reality. In the flesh, in woman, he wrote in his Foreword to *Sons and Lovers*, we know 'God the Father, the Inscrutable, the Unknowable.'

To banish the blinding white of scientific consciousness, Lawrence called for 'mindless' existence and sensuality. He would have men follow the way of Persephone to the 'sightless realm where darkness is married to dark.' The sick European is to be revived by the 'nocturnal touch.'

But there lurked a danger, for Lawrence, in the embrace of the night. It was that of losing the self through its being 'possessed.' The loss of identity which Lawrence decried in European civilization was also threatened by the pantheistic unity in the love process. William and Paul Morel are thus thwarted by their mother's affection. Birkin is similarly possessed by Hermione, Aaron Sisson and George Mellors by their wives. Mother, mistress and mate love prove perilous to the self. Woman, the American woman in particular, came to stand as the enemy of man's *self*-expression.

Aaron Sisson, Lawrence's strongest character, succeeds best in not submitting to class, society, sex, even friendship. The novel opens with Aaron giving up his work as secretary of the miners' union. He frees himself from the clinging, dominating love of his wife, skirts the various social groups he meets on his travels, not even succumbing completely to Lily, the nearest personification of Lawrence's own doctrine. He never quite gives himself to anyone, not even in the most passionate of sexual embraces. He remains true to his 'rod,' his flute, the representation of his phallic reality and of his lyrical self. He goes contrary to every stream. 'By the innermost isolation and singleness of his own soul he would abide though the skies fell on top of one another, and seven heavens collapsed.'

Lawrence's principle of absolute individualism, his programme of abolishing social classes in favour of 'natural' classes, again reminds one of Nietzsche. Both turned against the tables of their time. Yet their extreme recipes themselves pointed to these writers' uncertainty

about the aristocratic uniqueness they set up. Nietzsche 'conceded' this by his 'democratic' recurrence theory. Lawrence acknowledged his doubts even more explicitly. While he protested that he hated the 'people,' he added that the aristocracy was just as pernicious and 'much more dead.' Even as he preached 'passionate disquality,' he sought the 'primeval societal instinct' among primitive communal tribes. He tired (as Nietzsche did) of his solipsism:

> *I was so weary of the world.*
> *I was so sick of it,*
> *everything was tainted with myself . . .*
> *I was a lover, I kissed the woman I loved,*
> *And God of horror, I was kissing also myself.*
> *I was a father and a begetter of children,*
> *and oh, oh horror, I was begetting and conceiving in my own body.*

The development of Lawrence's own art contains the dangers against which he warned. *Sons and Lovers* was still in the tradition of realistic character creation. But with *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*, Lawrence began to substitute disembodied 'essences.' As in the expressionistic literature of the time, his people are ideas, and they begin and end with 'intelligible' characteristics. Lawrence's men and women are sex *symbols*. But the parallel to Thomas Mann (suggested by Horace Gregory) does not apply altogether. In Mann the types are distinct from one another. In Lawrence they are often interchangeable, merging in the 'darkness.' Lawrence reacted so violently to mechanical identification that he landed in mystical oneness.

A similar reservation may be noted in the manner in which the characters of Lawrence love. While he protested against the artificiality of European living, his own people hardly make love naturally. Lawrence's love scenes are carried by mystical charges. Emotions become final mysteries. 'Fierce electric energy' flows from nearly every handshake. Rupert Birkin's incipient love consummation turns him into an 'Egyptian Pharaoh . . . seated in immemorial potency, like the great carven statues of real Egypt.' Lawrence's characters are 'suspended,' their love highly complex and sophisticated. Sex was really a mystery to Lawrence, a natural mystery.[1]

Proust never advanced beyond the infantile regression toward things past. And he remained a passive victim of his air-tight world. Lawrence fought against his confinement. He emerged from the mother-womb of *Sons and Lovers* to the Phallic Reality of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Lady Chatterley does not 'possess' Mellors as Paul was possessed by his mother. She is rather the instrument

[1] In *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, Lawrence 'corrects' this tendency by a literal naturalism which is so extreme and repetitious that it becomes somewhat humorous and artificial.

whereby Mellors gains his male confidence. The introverted, narcissistic love of William and Paul has been normalized.

> *You are a seed in the night-time,*
> *I am a man to plough*
> *The difficult glebe of the future*
> *For seed to endow.*

Yet there is something naïve in this testament of the phallic cure. He who had protested against mechanical reduction himself reduces all recipes to a single formula.

Translated into the social interest, Lawrence's 'darkness' reaches out toward the West African savage and his own coal miners. Despite his Nietzschean attitude toward the 'herd proletariat,' this miner's son realized that while the upper bourgeoisie had passed beyond wholesome contact with physical reality, the workers of the earth might still rise toward it. This note is sounded early, in *Sons and Lovers*. 'From the middle classes one gets ideas, and from the common people—life itself, warmth,' Paul says to his mother. Here are the roots of Lawrence's deep 'societal instinct.' Throughout his life he sought to gather a small group of people with whom he could found an ideal social colony, an Ark in the industrial chaos. His wanderings to Australia, Mexico, Taos and Italy were in search of such a nucleus for a socialist experiment. In his introduction to Lawrence's letters, Aldous Huxley stresses his profound dissatisfaction with isolation. 'It was,' Huxley writes, 'the sense of being cut off that sent Lawrence on his restless wanderings round the earth. His travels were at once a flight and a search: a search for some society with which he could establish contact.' Lawrence himself admitted this a few years before his death. 'What ails me is the absolute frustration of my primeval societal instinct . . . I think societal instinct much deeper than sex instinct and societal repression much more devastating. . . . I am weary even of my own individuality, and simply nauseated by other people's.' Lawrence's social vision approximates a kind of Utopian, feudal communism in a patriarchal frame. Particularly during the war, his thoughts turned toward founding a colony where 'the struggle shall not be for money or for power, but for individual freedom and common effort towards good. . . . It is communism based, not on poverty but on riches, not on humility but on pride, not on sacrifice but upon complete fulfilment in the flesh of all strong desire, not in Heaven but on earth.'

Lawrence found his West African savage wanting. As Gauguin returned to the civilized West, so Lawrence returned to his own 'men of England.' The miner, Aaron Sisson, and the gamekeeper, Mellors, are his heroes. As Horace Gregory puts it, Lawrence's men of England survive 'climbing out of the darkness of the pit, white, maimed, trembling, but still alive with the power that is theirs alone.'

They are his vital 'Gods of the living Darkness, powers of the night,' capable of rescuing the upper classes.

But Lawrence's 'darkness' was also the darkness of European civilization, and Lawrence was part of it. Nor do his characters escape it. Paul Morel's autarchic mother love ends in his drifting toward death. The characters in *Women in Love* exhaust themselves in probing the night of their souls, and Aaron Sisson's adventures in the night are carried on among Europe's futile post-war generation.

Lawrence himself never descended to the pit of his miners. His 'new' men, Birkin, Aaron, mingle with the aristocrats, and Mellors finds his freedom above his station. Lawrence regarded the class of workers as the 'men of the masses,' deadened by organizational control and insensitive to culture (Aaron's flute is shattered by a mob). Lawrence saw the human problem essentially in terms of nature and the individual, not history and society. He made a complete revolution from the womb of *Sons and Lovers* to the tender sex darkness of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, from protest against possession by sex to possession by any group. 'Lawrence's Protestantism,' writes Gregory, 'swung round in a full circle enclosing himself within it, watchful, wary of all panaceas for human ills.' Essentially negativistic, Lawrence's revolt brought him 'round' to the dark Mothers. 'You can't fight it out by running away,' he wrote of Melville. 'When you have run a long way from Home and Mother, then you realize that the earth is round and if you keep on running you'll be back on the same old doorstep—like a fatality.'

Lawrence's lyric prophecies were sounded in Europe's post-war cacophony. And the 'outlaw' gradually grew uncertain of his creed. His life became a mercurial shifting from one place to another. His art and his letters reveal the same tenor: restlessness, quick transition, impatience. Lawrence heaps his metaphors with multiple adjectives, 'hoping' that some may fit his meaning.

In the last years of his life, he vaguely flirted with the idea of joining the 'revolutionary socialists.' He even planned to go to the Soviet Union (learning Russian for this purpose). He became more and more embittered over the industrial system 'piling up rubbish while nobody lives. . . . We want a revolution,' he writes, 'not in the name of money or work or any of that, but of life . . . you've got to smash money and this beastly possessive spirit.' He wanted to take part in a 'deadly revolution' if only he 'knew how.'

But Lawrence did not know how. He was caught in the very industrial meshes he combated, caught in the decline he castigated. Lawrence called for the communal magic of primeval agrarian forms, but he knew that the materials were gone or were not yet ready, finally admitting that no white man of our time could find happiness among primitives, any more than Gauguin and Melville were able to

do so. Feverishly he struck blows at the category of possession through money and ownership. Yet he himself was unable to master his personal and public dilemmas. Tubercular, he wrote as in a fever, in hectic impatience. His reactions grew more and more extreme as he realized with growing agony that he was a febrile passenger on the 'ship of death.' The sense of doom deepened at the 'thought of the old world which I loved—and the new world means nothing to me.' The phallic resurrection was not to be spring-like rejuvenation. He sang

> *. . . of autumn and the falling fruit*
> *and the long journey toward oblivion.*

Lawrence too wanted freedom for the natural man, complete freedom from group restraints. In this, as Caudwell has pointed out, he with many others of our time harked back to the early ideals of the middle class, unable to reconcile himself to the collective control of our day. Lawrence's neo-primitivism is troubled with graver doubts than was that of Tolstoy. Tolstoy lived in agrarian Russia into which industrialism had barely begun to penetrate. Lawrence lived in England at a time when the machine, eliminating the labour of men, was accepted as progress. Hence, where Tolstoy's people are sensuous bodies moved by their animal energy, the characters of Lawrence are expressionistic souls seeking roots which are no longer available. Yet among the bohemians, expressionists and neo-primitivists, Lawrence stands out by not being content with negation. He saw the necessity of categories other than those set up by past and present society. His vitality and electric influence draw from these sources.

THE SOCIAL GRAPH: THE AMERICAN AGRARIANS

> The peasant is the soil. All great cultures have been rooted in peasantries, I believe, such as the English yeomanry before the fourteenth century: they have been the growth of the soil.
>
> ALLEN TATE

Tolstoy rejected both Czarist feudalism and industrial capitalism. And he baulked at socialism. Its planned, organized destruction seemed to him 'Western.' The socialist analysis in terms of wages, rent and capital, argues Levin in *Anna Karenina*, does not apply to Russia, where the peasant received food as wages, where there was no rent and little capital. Tolstoy opposed both organized collectivity and free individualism. He gravitated toward a sociality centring in a kind of small middle-peasantry, a system of limited private property which would permit communality, or 'living for one's soul,' as well as individual spontaneity. In sharper outline, this approaches the programme of the American Agrarians.

The central motif of the Southern Agrarians is the call for repersonalization. This is the common axis of their attacks on monopoly

capitalism, communism, the machine and the structure of credits. Their symposium, *Who Owns America?* is a passionate indictment of the abstract structure of ownership in the form of coupons, documents and other neutral media. The technique of public exchange drives out personal use. The *contact* between work and reward is being lost, as the collective property system is destroying the concept of individual value. There is no tangible friend here who might be loved and no concrete enemy who can be fought. The sense of moral responsibility on the part of the individual is reduced by the collective pattern. 'The standard of international morality,' writes John Crowe Ransom, 'is lower than the standard of personal morality, and the code of big business is lower than that of little business.' This depersonalization of values ensues in any collectivity. Hence the Agrarians also oppose socialism. Indeed, Tate like Belloc sees a tie-up between big business and communism. 'Corporate structure,' writes Tate, 'strives towards the condition of Moscow.' In place of this trend, they urge 'personal' ownership of concrete goods. Allen Tate regards the choice as not between property and non-property, but between one kind of property and another, between big and small ownership. The latter preserves 'free initiative and free prices' and precludes sovereignty over the individual. Translated into a social programme, repersonalization means private property on a small scale, mainly in the form of land and farm tools.

However, when the Agrarians develop this programme, it turns out to be a much more modern version of Tolstoy's agrarianism. The firmer hold which industrialism has taken in America introduces greater complexity. The American Agrarians more readily allow the partial inclusion of machine methods and of some general control. They more readily admit that the 'personal' method is applicable only in a restricted sphere. This agrarian group does not hold up the pre-industrialized era as a complete model. Agar, for example, clearly sees that the simple back-to-the-land movement is impossible, and grants that the programme is to provide for urban communities as well. He goes further and concedes that certain industries (railroads, electric power utilities) function best under the monopoly system. That is, the Agrarians allow for some industrialization. They are also for some public control, admitting the dependence of the individual upon social organization. Yet although they grant that modern life necessitates general regulation in some measure, they seem to ignore the obligations which the individual in turn owes to the regulative public body. Kenneth Burke has neatly formulated this stand as 'representation without taxation.' This non-reciprocal approach also makes itself felt in the attitude toward the issue pertinent to the South, the relationship between the whites and the Negroes. The Symposium is silent on this problem, except for the observation that

there are those men whose 'courage and intelligence entitle them to own, and also the men whose natural quality fits them to work for hire.'

In the position of the Agrarians we meet again with a form of modern irony. There is a call for freedom, personality and natural 'rights,' a call that contains the overtones of reservation which recognize the necessities of collective transcendence.

But literal returns are impossible, and such doctrines only tend to encourage distorted forms of regression, as when infantilism is identified with wisdom, and babbling rhythms with poetic metaphors. Pure reversals would negate the whole of our Western heritage. Where this may lead is seen when the doctrine is transposed into the principle of 'Blood and Soil.' Such transposition appears to have been made by Knut Hamsun. The creator of idylls has been urging co-ordination with the heavy Nazi machine.

Fascist distortions have been made possible, however, because the Blood and Soil slogan touches on a genuine modern need. It is a need for First Principles by 'recollection' of man's elemental origins. The recognition of this need is not confined to our simple naturalists. It is present in the philosophy of George Santayana, in much Catholic and even socialist writing. In the theme of 'Father-Imitation,' it has taken form in our contemporary myths of Joyce's Earwicker, Werfel's Jeremiah and Thomas Mann's Joseph, with their motif of permanent attitudes which have their prototype in the infancy of man's history. The call here is for refuelling from the base, for rediscovery of man's simple, irreducible requirements, of 'the truth, the old truth.' It would seem to be the persuasion of our contemporary writers that this truth can be seen most purely through the unsophisticated forms of agrarian living. How else interpret the fact that every major work of our time which succeeds in the artistic moulding of a powerful personality (in or out of tune with his community) operates within an agrarian setting? For this holds true not only for the almost purely regressive themes of Proust and Undset. Even the 'smiling future' which Thomas Mann looks toward is envisioned in agrarian surroundings (Castorp's dream, the story of Jacob and Joseph). More telling perhaps is that this agrarian predilection is found even among writers of socialist leanings. Thus, Nexö's Pelle returns at the end to 'Daybreak Farm,' Silone's *Fontamara* and *Bread and Wine* deal with the Italian peasantry, Malraux's *Man's Hope* closes with the chapter on 'The Peasants,' and even the motorized journey of Steinbeck's people begins and ends in non-urban settings. However, in these instances, particularly in Mann, Malraux and Steinbeck, we have no mere 'return to nature.' Their cultural conscience disallows any flat rejection of historical continuity. These writers avoid the dangers of mere 'repetition' by

taking the way 'round.' A state of balance cannot be reached by the negation of history or by the 'burning of books,' but only by amalgamation and integration. Even the German Romantic poet, Heinrich von Kleist, recognized that we must continue the journey in the hope that we may enter by the back door. In the very interests of completion, man must somehow be integrated with what has become an ineradicable moment of his biography, the technical contribution of history. For good or for ill, man has left the idyll where he drew strength from the earth alone. Even our ancient myth recognizes this. It tells that Hercules, not Antæus, became champion of the earth. To be sure, it was only by standing with his feet on the ground that Hercules was able to vanquish Antæus.

4. THE MEDIEVAL TRADITION

IF WE CONDEMN the principle of diversity or polarity in history, and demand an abstract uniform civilization which will obviate the risk of wars and religious schisms, we are offending against life in the same way as though we condemned the differences of the sexes, as many heretics actually have done, because it leads to immorality. . . . Catholicism was the matrix out of which Lutheranism and Calvinism emerged and Catholicism co-exists with them to-day. . . . CHRISTOPHER DAWSON

THE CATHOLIC RETURN TO STATUS

In Dostoyevsky's *Brothers Karamazoff*, the Grand Inquisitor states the problem of religion in terms of a dilemma between freedom and happiness. Combating the Protestant heresies of individualism and freedom, he harangues Christ, whom he accuses of having originally introduced such doctrines. 'Nothing,' he says, 'is more seductive for man than his freedom of conscience, but nothing is a greater cause for suffering.' Freedom places upon men the burden of having to make a decision, and this brings unrest and uncertainty. Freedom induces men to rebel, and 'how can rebels be happy?' Men do not want to be free individuals. What they crave is community of worship. Only by 'uniting all in one unanimous and harmonious antheap,' can the universal happiness of men be planned. Fortunately, the Inquisitor continues, Christ handed down the work to the churchmen, who have corrected his teaching by miracle, mystery and authority. 'And men rejoiced that they were again led like sheep, and that the terrible gift that had brought them such suffering was, at last, lifted from their hearts.' The work of limiting freedom and individual expression must be continued if men are to be happy.

The most painful secrets of their conscience, all, they will bring to us, and we shall have an answer for all. . . . It has long to await completion

and the earth has yet much to suffer, but we shall triumph and shall be Cæsars. . . . Hadst Thou taken the world and Cæsar's purple, Thou wouldst have founded the universal state and have given universal peace. . . . We have taken the sword of Cæsar, and in taking it, of course, have rejected Thee and followed *him*.

During this exhortation, Christ is silent. His silence constitutes *his rôle*, affecting the trend and tone of the disquisition. The Inquisitor's argument moves from one dramatic level to another, as though he *had* been answered. The answer lies in Christ's silent presence itself, which bespeaks his hidden power over the Inquisitor. In Ivan's fable, Christ is the voice *within* the Inquisitor which questions the very argument he is setting forth. His monologue is self-laceration. And Christ acknowledges the inner torment of his accuser by his only overt move in the drama, when, at the end, he approaches the old man and softly kisses him on his bloodless aged lips.

The fable points to the co-existence of dual elements in the Catholic religion, of the church as an eternal body and as an historical institution. It is a distinction between its 'essence,' or its ideal co-ordinates, and its 'existence,' which entails translation into political and social tactics operating in a world of contingency. In practice, the fable suggests, the church has tended toward merging with the Cæsaristic state, demanding submission of the individual in the interests of a worldly body. However, Christ's silent reappearance at the very time when his doctrine is being 'corrected' also suggests that the original principle has only been outwardly silenced. It continues to be 'secretly' effective.

VARIETIES OF EXEGESIS

The post-war period has brought a great revival of Catholic and Thomist doctrine, as is testified by the Anglo-Catholic movement, the neo-Scholastics in France and Canada, and related trends such as American Humanism. The *communal* stress in Catholicism is more nearly attuned to the collectivistic development of modern life than are doctrines of free individualism. Of like moment is its offer of a common moral authority, of definite standards, of system and tradition. In a time of drifting, fluctuation and soft deliquescence, Catholicism provides prime categories and a firm rule. The power of this appeal extends even to Protestant writers, some of whom urge that the doctrine of individual freedom must be revised. In *Nature and Destiny of Man*, Reinhold Niebuhr admits that 'Protestantism has frequently contributed to the anarchy of modern life by its inability to suggest and to support relative standards and structures of social virtue and political justice.' He adds that Catholic theory is 'infinitely superior to the Lutheran relativism and moral scepticism.' In its emphasis on communality and a unified system of values, Catholicism

also meets with the modern movement of communism. It dissociates itself from Marxism in its spiritual interpretation of history. Where Marxism holds that progress is possible by the manipulation of economic-social factors, Catholicism regards such a view as materialistic or atheistic. Catholicism is shaped ultimately by love of God, knowledge of death and the acceptance of original sin. It distinguishes between empirical and transcendental causality holding that the 'final' cause must remain a mystery to man. Hence, where Marxism considers men and events as largely determined by history and subject to temporal change, reason, science and empirical procedure, Catholicism regards evil as ontological. Marxism ultimately places its hope in the work of man, Catholicism in the grace of God.

However, despite insistence on its original system, modern Catholic doctrine has been affected by both Protestantism and Marxism. Two leading contemporary Thomists, Jacques Maritain and Etienne Gilson, trace the development of their thought to Bergson's philosophy of Becoming. Another telling fact is that some of the most renowned Catholic writers of our time from Maurice Barrès, Sigrid Undset and Chesterton to Jacques Maritain and Hilaire Belloc are converts to Catholicism. Indeed, the complex nature of our scene has resulted in the phenomenon of *Catholic* Protestants and of *Protestant* Catholics. If the Protestant Niebuhr criticizes the anarchy of individual standards, the Catholic Maritain argues for a 'pluralist' society. And in his *True Humanism* Maritain admits the correctness of much Marxist doctrine, including its principle of the class war. These are further illustrations of the fact that our warring culture has introduced waverings within doctrines which had long prided themselves on being firm systems.[1] In Catholicism, the dichotomy may be illustrated by a comparison between Belloc and Maritain in critical theory and Claudel, Barrès and Undset in belles-lettres.

HILAIRE BELLOC AND JACQUES MARITAIN

In *The Crisis of Civilization*, Hilaire Belloc presents his view of the reasons for the instability of the modern era. He traces it to the 'Protestant explosion,' which introduced the 'anarchic, diverse, loud, confused' doctrines of liberalism and freedom. When it substituted contract for status, Protestantism destroyed the 'Proprietal Society,' in which classes were held together by a common bond. In place of

[1] Many critics harp on the discrepancy between the Catholic blue-print and its worldly practice. They point out that in almost every historical struggle, the Church has stood on the side of existing property relations, defending the feudal structure, and to-day, the capitalist order. Its blessing of Franco and the support of the Nazi war by German Catholic bodies are cited as showing that it defends the principle of status quo even where this entails helping fascism. The Catholic answer admits that churchmen may be 'corrupt,' but holds that the Church's worldly aspect as 'existence' must be sharply separated from its otherworldly 'essence.'

the older paternalism and its concrete human relations, Protestantism brought an abstract, contractual, and therefore insecure relationship. Protestantism becomes Belloc's common denominator for the negative, rebellious and 'protesting' temper which is, to him, the essence of the present crisis.

Belloc contrasts our instability with the High Middle Ages, in particular the thirteenth century, which produced St. Thomas and Dante and the promise of 'permanent Christian order through justice.' Glossing over the fact that this century was filled with racial and religious strife directed against the Church itself, Belloc describes its order as having offered men that which they need to feel secure and happy, namely *status*.

> A man's position was known, the duties and burdens attaching to it were known, as also the advantages and they were in a large measure fixed; for the spiritual force and motive underlying the whole business was an appetite for security: for making life tolerable on its material side so that there should be room and opportunity for men to lead the good life, as the Greeks put it, or, as the Catholic Church put it, to save their souls.

Everyone, from the serf to the lord, overlord and craftsman in the towns, took his position for granted and accepted it. There was exploitation, 'but it worked by fixed rules and inheritance, not by competition.' The serf could not be removed from his hereditary holding and was insured against being rendered destitute. To this Belloc adds a critique of capitalism. In freeing the serf, capitalism also 'freed' him from the land and the economic security he enjoyed therefrom. It brought political freedom without economic freedom.

Ironically enough, Belloc uses this criticism to defend the capitalist system of private property. The root evil of capitalism, he argues, is not private property but its 'abuse'; not the profit function (profit is seen as the 'legitimate reward attached to the saving of capital and the intelligent use of the same for human needs'), but its misuse; not its competitive features (for competition 'is in the very nature of Society'), but excessive competition. The basic evil of capitalism, according to Belloc, lies in its promise of political freedom. This promise has resulted in the emergence of a *proletariat, which is a 'protesting' element* disturbing the existing status. Political freedom has awakened it to consciousness of and to rebelliousness against social injustice. It is this rebelliousness which constitutes the menace to civilization. 'Political freedom without economic freedom is almost worthless, and it is because the modern proletariat has the one kind of freedom without the other that its rebellion is now threatening the very structure of the modern world.' Belloc does not argue for the *extension* of economic freedom. His issue with capitalism is

simply that it provided political freedom and thus made possible the emergence of a conscious proletariat demanding such extension.

However, Belloc's Catholicism is not free of ironic elements which testify to the existence of the very Protestant and modern elements it castigates. Indeed, the effects of the 'Protestant explosion' made themselves felt from the beginning, as evidenced in the nominalistic and individualistic heresies of the Franciscans. And George Santayana complained before the First World War that Catholic minds have made 'some strange conjunctions and compromises with the *Zeitgeist*,' accepting Copernicus' heliocentric, non-moralistic view of the world and supporting national wars which contradicted the gospels. In Belloc an element of individualism appears in his agrarian critique of corporations and his advocacy of a differential tax that would favour small property holders and investors.

An examination of Jacques Maritain shows sharp differences between him and Belloc. Where Belloc regards class consciousness as the root of our evil, Maritain calls it the 'arousing of a consciousness of human dignity, rebuffed and humiliated.' And while opposing class warfare as secessionist, he allows for the use of means 'even when they are perforce harsh,' adding that 'to stain our fingers is not to stain our hearts.' Belloc extols the High Middle Ages in that they provided men with fixed canons which they all followed. Maritain permits a questioning of the authoritative principle. The ultimate aim of the 'law,' he states, is to free man from every servitude, 'even, St. Paul says, from the servitude of the law, because he does spontaneously what the law demands.' His 'integral humanism' is not restricted to the values found in the High Middle Ages, and his future Christian society admits of a more varied strain and of 'pluralist' elements.[1] In Belloc's more authoritative position, status is central to his Catholic scheme of values. Maritain, on the other hand, writes of the values of estrangement. In *A Christian Looks at the Jewish Question*, Maritain calls attention to the spirituality of Jewish nonconformity and alienation. He sees it as stimulating the movement of history.[2]

[1] Opposing Karl Barth and those who hold that religion should be politically neutral, Maritain urges that the rôle of Christianity must be positive and effective in earthly civilization. And while he insists that in the realm of faith Catholicism is immutable, he readily notes the diversities and conflicts among Catholics in the realm of human applications. Maritain has been among the most outspoken Catholic critics of what he calls the 'upper Catholic bourgeoisie,' the supporters of Franco and Pétain. He speaks of a 'kind of non-Christian Catholicism' which is allied to a non-moral power politics, exploiting religion for the 'worldly benefit of classes or parties.' He holds that this is the 'very antithesis of the genuine spirit of the Church,' in contrast to its 'living reality' existing in those Catholic groups opposing such alliances.

[2] Thus a great gulf separates Maritain from some of his German fellow-Catholics, such as Taeschner and Stonner, who support Nazi raciology. Stonner even maintains that the 'Führer' principle accords with the spirit of the Gospels

THE ÆSTHETIC CONFESSION

PAUL CLAUDEL, MAURICE BARRES AND SIGRID UNDSET

The more lasting works of Paul Claudel were written before the era of the Great Wars. Yet the force and persuasiveness of his poetry has continued to exert itself to such a degree as to make it representative of our time. Specifically *The Tidings Brought to Mary* remains the high modern expression of the Catholic constant in dramatic poetry. For a fuller undertaking of Claudel's position, it should be noted that his activity has not been confined to literature. Paul Claudel has also served as French Ambassador in Tokyo, Washington and other centres of world politics. His work seems to repudiate such practical concerns, pleading for submission to miracle, mystery and authority. Yet the genuineness of Claudel's poetry breaks through the frame of his avowed medieval doctrine to reveal modern directives.

The setting of *The Tidings Brought to Mary* is the Great Schism in the Middle Ages. There is a crisis in State and Church as a result of a developing Protestant threat. Unhappy over the splits in temporal and divine guidance, Anne Vercours leaves for Jerusalem to suffer and atone. Likewise, his daughter, Violaine, embraces suffering. She renounces her earthly lover, Jacques, kisses a leper, is herself stricken with leprosy, and finally is a willing sacrifice for her sister Mara who is in love with Jacques. Violaine is 'saved' by suffering, and her self-sacrifice coincides with the return of Anne and with the passing of the crisis. The Schism comes to an end, 'and once more the Throne rises above all.'

The play ends with the religious justification of Violaine's self-effacing personality and with condemnation of Mara's self-centredness. Religiously, Mara is saved by the mystery and miracle of grace. Dramatically, however—that is, as a character—Mara has been 'saved' before, for she is easily the most vivid personality in the drama. As if to underscore this point, Claudel allows Mara to present a deeply persuasive argument for her Protestant wilfulness and her earthly, possessive love for Jacques.

What have I done after all that I must defend myself?
Who has been the most faithful to him, I or Violaine?
Violaine who betrayed him for I know not what leper, giving in, said she, to God's counsel in a kiss?
I honour God. Let him stay where he is! Our miserable life is so short! Let him leave us in peace!
Is it my fault if I loved Jacques? was it for my happiness, or for the burning away of my soul?
What could I do to defend myself, I who am not beautiful, nor agreeable, a poor woman who can only give pain?

That is why I killed her in my despair!
Oh poor, unskilful crime!
Oh disgrace to her that no one loves and with whom nothing succeeds!
What ought I to have done, since I loved him and he did not love me?

The 'Protestant' element in this Catholic play appears also in Jacques, who is torn between his love for Violaine and his submission to Mara. Even the 'Father,' Anne Vercours, who most closely approximates the synthesis of the divine on earth, reveals his individualism in laying stress on the cathedral being *his* work and *his* creation. Claudel's Catholicism aims at stabilization, at correcting vacillation and liberal waverings. But his art confesses the Protestant character of his modern Catholicism.

Maurice Barrès' *The Sacred Hill* serves to illustrate similar ironies. Here again there is rebellion against established authority, followed by recantation. And once more we find the artist's æsthetic limiting the religious plea. The hill of Zion-Vandemont in Lorraine serves as Barrès' regional choice for depicting the dramatic struggle between order and defiance. Its chapel calls for unity with ancestral tradition, but the hill arouses the soul toward adventurous daring. Three brothers, Leopold, Francis and Quirin Baillard, gripped by its spirit, defy the established church, which they consider antiquated and caught in the mesh of spiritless mummery. Their rebellion takes the form of reckless expenditures and commercial ventures. Later their rebelliousness veers into mystical channels under the influence of Vintras' preaching, which combines primitive Christian notions of individual liberation with the social ideals of the 1848 revolution. The result is confusion. Vintras' gospel of self-confidence only awakens a desire for the 'poetry of evil,' for wild pagan orgies. Toward the very end of the novel, Leopold, Vintras' closest follower, is reconverted to orthodoxy. But this last-minute recantation appears as a mechanical *deus-ex-machina* device, only reinforcing the powerful effect of the heretical doings with which the novel as a whole is concerned.

Sigrid Undset's monumental *Kristin Lavransdatter* would also get to the centre of man's relation to his world. Like Claudel and Barrès, she too leaves the distracted present to find in the past the exemplification of fundamental principles. And as in their case, Undset's past approximates the divisions and dislocations of our own time. The period in Norwegian history which she chooses corresponds to the schismatic era of Claudel's and Barrès' settings. Life in her fourteenth-century Norway shows an intermingling of pagan and pious rituals, of Viking individualism and Catholic self-effacement. The ensuing confusion of loyalties is traced in the stormy life of Kristin. She begins by wilfully asserting her personal preference for her romantic lover, Erlend, in defiance of her father's insistence that she marry Simon, the man chosen for her. In the end Kristin returns to the traditions of

her past, repudiating the new individualism as manifested in the more commercialized and brazen manner in which her son Gaute woos and lives with the woman of his choice.

The ironic reservations in Undset are more marked than in Claudel and Barrès. We have elsewhere discussed the fact that those who rebel are drawn with more artistic power than are those who renounce. Kristin the challenger of the traditional idea of marriage and the family is more colourfully depicted than Kristin who accepts the 'Cross.' Moreover, the forces of repudiation and of conformity coexist in *both* the worldly and the godly characters. All are torn by the clash of warring elements within themselves. This appears even in Lavrans, the 'Father' and central stabilizing force in the novel. In marrying the woman chosen for him by his parents, Lavrans has only sublimated his Eros. He has recourse to constant physical exertion which, on occasion, assumes pagan form (as in the scene where he kills the bull that attacked little Ulvhild). He is shown as fond of Erlend, the pagan lover. It is the element of freedom in Erlend—the freedom that Lavrans has denied himself—which makes Erlend attractive to him and finally leads him to submit to Kristin's desire to marry Erlend. The spirit of wilful passion is more directly evident in Simon, the 'ideal' husband, who can never renounce his sensuous desires for Kristin. Wilfulness enters into Kristin's last hours as well. Her insistence on giving Christian burial to those stricken by the Black Plague is an expression as much of self-assertiveness as of piety.[1]

Undset's work shows deeper questioning of the Father-Principle than that of Claudel and Barrès. Claudel argues for loyalty to God, Pope and King. In Barrès the authoritative principle is joined to regional attachment. Both stand for submission to the reigning symbols. In Undset there is no such narrowing down of the Absolute. 'Industrial capitalism and free competition,' she writes (*Stages on the Road*), 'have resulted in the majority of members of society having lost all security for their economic future. People who own nothing but their capacity for work and have to live by letting it out for daily, weekly, monthly wages or a yearly salary may at any moment be rendered destitute at a word of another person.' Where Belloc holds up the Middle Ages as a great harmony, Undset freely admits that it was filled with ceaseless revolts against the authority of the Church. 'The history of the Middle Ages swarms with political hypocrites, traitorous princes and traitorous vassals, disloyal friends and kinsmen—princes of the Church and temporal lords feign friendship while meditating treachery against one another.' And if Belloc's central complaint is the existence of a rebellious spirit, Undset writes with sympathy of the Peasants' Revolt, as due to intolerable distress,

[1] A more complete discussion of Undset appears in a previous work, *Three Ways of Modern Man*.

even though it was aimed against the owners of estates, 'including the great clerical landowners.' In Claudel and Barrès, patriotism and nationalism are almost identical. Undset writes that

it is good Catholicism to put one's country's welfare higher than one's own life, but it is not Catholic to put one's country's welfare above the cause of Christianity—poisonous nationalism is un-Catholic, as patriotism is Catholic.[1]

Catholicism, writes Willa Cather, satisfies the 'universal yearning for something permanent, enduring, without shadow of change.' As in Undset (whose position she approximates in America) modernism has no place in her universal scheme. However, despite their argument for exclusion, their art does reveal what Dostoyevsky called the 'furnace of doubt.' In the case of Catholic criticism, the need of Catholic integration is more directly recognized. Thus, as we have seen, Maritain would fuse his Integral Humanism with the individualism and humanism of the post-Reformation period. Etienne Gilson pleads for a union of metaphysics with religion (what he calls an 'existential' metaphysics) which would include the contributions of science. For him, it is the temper and direction of the divisive method which are decisive. 'Whereas,' he writes in his recent *God and Philosophy*, 'Thomas Aquinas distinguished in order to unite, Descartes divided in order to separate.'

Modern Catholicism may thus be seen as itself having been affected by the very confusion which it aims to stabilize. As Santayana has pointed out, an anti-worldly religion can affect the world only by becoming part of it. The process of changing involves being changed.

5. THE CLASSICAL TRADITION OF ESSENCE

My heart rebels against my generation,
That talks of freedom and is slave to riches,
And toiling 'neath each day's ignoble burden,
Boasts of the morrow.
No space for noonday rest or midnight watches,
No purest joy of breathing under heaven!
Wretched themselves, they heap, to make them happy,
Many possessions.
But thou, O silent Mother, wise, immortal,
To whom our toil is laughter, take, divine one,
This vanity away, and to thy lover
Give what is needful . . .
For all things come about in sacred cycles. . . .

GEORGE SANTAYANA

[1] One might also contrast the attitude toward anti-Semitism of Undset and Maritain with that of Barrès and Belloc.

I feel that there is much to be said for the Celtic belief that the souls of those whom we have lost are held captive in some inferior being, in an animal, in a plant, in some inanimate object, and so effectively lost to us until the day (which to many never comes) when we happen to pass by the tree or to obtain possession of the object which forms their prison. Then they start and tremble, they call us by our name, and as soon as we have recognized their voice the spell is broken. We have delivered them: they have overcome death and return to share our life.

MARCEL PROUST

THE REALM OF SPIRIT

GEORGE SANTAYANA

O for a chamber in an eastern tower,
Spacious and empty, roofed in odorous cedar,
A silken soft divan, a woven carpet
Rich, many-coloured;
A jug that, poised on her firm head, a negress
Fetched from the well; a window to the ocean,
Lest of the stormy world too deep seclusion
Make me forgetful!

FOR GEORGE SANTAYANA, tradition, custom, language are perhaps a 'prerequisite to complete harmony in life and mind. His own philosophy has consistently leaned on the Greek tradition, on Spinoza and on Catholicism.

Despite these admitted allegiances, it is difficult to situate Santayana's thought. He calls himself an Aristotelian but denies Aristotle's teleology. He pays perhaps most tribute to Spinoza, yet makes 'the authority of things,' rather than the necessary relation among things, the principle of his philosophy. He insists that he is a materialist, even as his materialism entails non-subsisting essences and leads to contempt for the 'world.' The *Realms of Being* states that religiously his philosophy may be regarded as a 'reduction of Christian theology and spiritual discipline to their secret interior source.' And he calls Catholicism the most human of all religions, corresponding most adequately to the 'various exigencies of moral life, with just the needed dose of wisdom, sublimity and illusion.' But Catholic criticism rejects Santayana's essences, his symbolic approach to God, nature and matter, and his repudiation of cosmic purpose. Santayana himself admits that, unlike Catholic dogma, he views *all* moralities as natural choices. He records his attraction for the life of a 'wandering student,' alongside his preference for 'solitude.'

One of the problems encountered in defining Santayana is the pervasiveness of his pictorial and musical thinking. Not since Plato has philosophy been argued by such extensive recourse to analogy, metaphor and anagogy. Santayana would more persuade by imagery than convince by rigorously defined categories and closely reasoned

propositions. 'From childhood up, I had lived in imagination, being fond of religion and poetry....To imagination the reader must appeal in turn if he would understand the argument.' Yet his adventurous and romantic metaphors suggest at the same time an outlook of serenity and mellowness, as they carry us on the wing above the local pressure of things.

A clue to the dispersions in Santayana's philosophy is offered in his recent autobiography, *Background of My Life*. It suggests that his doctrines have been profoundly shaped by specific materials of his background and his personal experiences, even as he avows that his thought hovers above the exigencies of the world. Analysis of his later work, particularly of *The Last Puritan*, further reveals that the great upheavals of our age, especially the First World War, have induced a shift in his values and have fixed certain ambiguities in his outlook. In this, Santayana's work is part of modern hesitations.

Santayana's background contains an unusually diverse mixture of Old World, particularly Spanish, indifference and New World adventurous wilfulness.[1] Santayana's father was a Castilian who possessed the virtue of 'Spanish dignity in humility.' He did not understand the English and did not like America. However, 'Castilian indifference to circumstances, to externals,' had in his case deteriorated to a negative form. It had reached the stage of 'genteel poverty,' which it accepted in unheroic passivity. It had no 'inner unrest or faith,' and no ideal inspiration. His father, Santayana writes, 'saw nothing worth fighting for,' and was 'inclined to abdicate.' His was an apathetic Nirvana-liberalism.

If Santayana's father harked back to 'old' Spain without any longer believing in its values, his mother was a 'new' Spaniard, a Catalonian and Deist, brave and wilful. She detested the hollow dignity of Spain's titular nobility and later came to prize Boston's 'aristocracy of commerce.' Yet she was unable to renounce her Spanish background altogether. In practice, she could play no part in the New England world and later turned toward a 'post-rational morality' which combined 'contempt of the world' with a hard, practical determination. Thus neither of Santayana's parents was at home either in the old or in the new world.[2]

The rootless wanderings of the parents were repeated by their son. Santayana made thirty-eight 'fussy voyages' across the North Atlantic. From Spain, where he was born, he came to Boston. Later he returned to Spain but was even less at home there than in America.

[1] The import of Santayana's Spanish roots has been suggested to me by M. J. Benardete.

[2] Santayana regards their marriage (at nearly forty and fifty years) as 'irrational. . . . It was so ill-advised a union that only passion would seem to justify it; yet passion was not the cause.'

Back in Harvard, as professor of philosophy, he found himself between Royce's idealism and James' pragmatism, both of which were distasteful to him. Although he lived thirty years in America, he never identified himself with its spiritual climate. Education in Boston involved for him a 'terrible moral disinheritance . . . an emotional and intellectual chill, a pettiness and practicality of outlook and ambition, which I should not have encountered amid the complex passions and intrigues of a Spanish environment.' It is significant, however, that when he finally left Boston, he did not return to Spain but settled in Rome.

Santayana's work consists of two major phases: *The Life of Reason*, written in America, and the *Realms of Being*, composed in the post-war period abroad. The 'link' between these phases is *The Last Puritan*, which goes back to the Harvard days but was completed in later years. In all of Santayana's works one discerns an attempt to harmonize the inchoate mixtures of his tradition. Within this persistent quest there occur shifts, in part brought on by what Santayana calls the 'fire of contemporary discussion.'

I

In *Background of My Life*, Santayana describes his early home life at Avila as 'crowded, strained, disunited and tragic.' It did not offer that natural habitat which Santayana regards as necessary for balance. *The Life of Reason* may be viewed as a compensatory effort to show the need of mutual accord between physics and ideality. It rested on a wholehearted acceptance of the passions and of man's animal basis as the ground for an ordered life. It argued that imagination must be adapted to facts and that the function of reason is not to deny but to harmonize the passions. In its homage to the natural roots of values and to the compulsion of things, Santayana's philosophy was here at one with modern anti-idealism which acknowledges the authority of our material pressures. And its view of the interacting relationship between matter and spirit was in the manner of modern dialectic thinking. 'Fulfilment is mutual, in one direction bringing material potentialities to the light and making them actual and conscious, and in the other direction embodying intent in the actual forms of things and manifesting reason.'

However, even in this phase, Santayana dissociated himself from pragmatic 'reconstructions.' He reaffirmed the rationalism of Aristotle and Spinoza, and proclaimed that he was 'a Platonist in logic and morals, and a transcendentalist in romantic soliloquy.' Santayana rejected the Romantic indetermination of the later James which seemed to deny that sensations were conditioned by something outside. At the same time, he held that the immediacy of sensation cannot be explained. Through a reading of Fichte and Schopenhauer

he was led to the position that 'we must oscillate between a radical transcendentalism, frankly reduced to a solipsism of the living moment, and a materialism posited as a presupposition of conventional sanity.' He urged that there was no opposition between recognizing the material conditions of existence and a Platonic or even an Indian employment of this knowledge for human freedom. Moreover, wide as Santayana's 'nature' was, it did not encompass the temporal and societal manifestations of nature. And as our epoch moved into the period of the World Wars, Santayana turned toward a post-rational morality through which spiritual minds find a 'freer course in solitude than in society.' The shift roughly coincided with his growing distaste for the new world.

Shortly before 1914, Santayana published *Winds of Doctrine*, in which he spoke of the moral confusion which had penetrated the mind and heart of the average individual. He concluded with the note that proper happiness did not depend on 'any fortunes that may await . . . in the outer world,' but on the interest and beauty of the 'inward landscape.'

> *We behold, from those eternal towers,*
> *The deathless beauty of all winged hours,*
> *And have our being in their truth alone.*

Alongside this tendency which led to his doctrine of essences, Santayana began to emphasize the element of caprice and irrationality in the world of the senses. The preface to the second edition of *The Life of Reason*, written after the war, suggests the changed perspective: 'What lay in the background—nature—has come forward, and the life of reason, which then held the centre of the stage, has receded. . . . The life of reason has become in my eyes a decidedly episodical thing, polyglot, interrupted, insecure.' Driven by circumstances to lead his inner life alone, the philosopher advances a doctrine of essences in which happiness is realized in the intellect, 'as alone happiness can be realized.' If earlier Santayana urged that the passions be harmonized, he now advocates weaning ourselves from them. Rational ethics gives way to post-rational morality. Before, Santayana had tried to catch the 'murmur of nature,' which he called reason. Now he reverses the philosophic telescope to discover the patterns of nature. In *Scepticism and Animal Faith*, natural impulses are viewed as wayward and inconstant. And since all systems of thought are ultimately based on such impulses, it became Santayana's matured conviction that 'no system is to be trusted, not even that of science, in any literal or pictorial sense.' But all systems may be trusted as symbols. There results from this view a detached attitude, less eager to choose and judge values than to distinguish them.

The position which Santayana evolved entails a relativity of knowledge. Absolute truth is beyond our range, for apprehension presup-

poses a specific perspective, station and interest. And Santayana regards this doctrine as 'at once blessing and purging all mortal passions.'

However, this radical scepticism has not 'put to sleep' what Santayana calls his earlier 'scholastic dogmatism.' Even as he presents the case for relativism, Santayana continues to plead for *his own* doctrine and continues his pointed criticism of other doctrines. 'If any community can become and desires to become communistic or democratic or anarchical,' he writes, 'I wish it joy from the bottom of my heart.' But he doubts whether such ideals are realizable, and he has qualms over their illusion that they are exclusively right. With regard to his own standpoint, he thinks it 'reasonable to suppose that the beliefs that prove inevitable for me, after absolute disinterested criticism, would prove inevitable also to most human beings.' Here again Santayana's philosophy discloses an impure mixture between 'new world' attachment to specific interests and 'old world' cosmic neutrality.

Critics have confined their analysis of the shift in Santayana's position to his philosophic writings. It seems to us, however, that the more conclusive and concrete evidence of this shift can be found in *The Last Puritan*. Now, to be sure, this work deals with events and characters of the Harvard years. For this reason it has been accepted as a statement in novel form of Santayana's earlier persuasions. But the actual execution of this work extends into the time when the *Realms of Being* had begun to appear. *The Last Puritan* is a *memory and later perspective* of his former doctrine. It is precisely this complex which makes the book a fruitful study for tracing *Santayana's own reservations* on his earlier views which have intruded themselves in his subsequent thinking. The art framework of the novel, furthermore, allows interplay among opposing characters and ideas, and hence more easily permits a dramatic display of the various and clashing standpoints. Analysed in this way, *The Last Puritan* may be seen to contain a *statement and a criticism* of both Santayana's naturalistic emphasis in *The Life of Reason* and the spiritual accent in *Realms of Being*.

II

The Last Puritan is the story of Oliver Alden's conscious exile from his twentieth-century New England. In the manner of Joyce's Dædalus and Mann's Castorp, Oliver Alden is alienated from his native grounds, whose forms have become static. In Santayana's language, they are no longer puritan. Puritanism is a sense of moral integrity and inner penetration. Such puritanism no longer exists in Oliver Alden's immediate ancestry. His grandfather was a 'hard landlord and a miser, grown rich on uncertain and miserable pay-

ments wrung from the poor,' and his uncle was a cold, petrified, methodical man. The inner spirit has oozed out of the puritan ethic, now wedded to a bourgeois content.

A reaction against this frozen moralism sets in with Oliver's father, who leaves his New England home to travel and to roam the seas. But his son realizes that this swing from a tightly closed to a wide open universe was also a form, and the reverse side of his previous bondage. This way of revolt was 'dope . . . the very denial of courage, of determination to 'face the facts, a betrayal of responsibility . . . a wretched parody of Nirvana.' Oliver observes that his father is not at home on the seas either. He decides to leave his homeland, not to travel in such spiritual irresponsibility, but to find his way back to the older puritan values. Somewhat in the temper of Joyce's Dædalus, he would recreate the living essence of his past.

But out on the sea with his father, Oliver can find no justification for any specific morality. The vast immensity of water covering three-fourths of the world calls for a wide cosmic view in which human standards appear trivial. The old Calvinists had not climbed high enough on Jacob's ladder; they had stopped midway, and from there they measured things in terms of their personal vantage ground. But, 'free and infinite spirit, in a free and infinite world could never stop short at any point and say: This is truly right, this is perfect, this is supreme.'

For Oliver, this unrestricted attachment is even less satisfactory than it was for his father. He is more aware of the 'rational' demands made by his body for material concretion of his spiritual morality. Oliver does try to give specific content to his values in his relations to sex and society. But his efforts fail as his comprehensive norms continue to question any particular allegiance. His approach to women is awkward and ridiculous. In the manner of Gide's hero in *Strait is the Gate*, Oliver feels more love when he is not with a girl than when she appears in person. When he finally proposes to Rose, she tells him to go back to his old governess. 'I would rather . . . live in a lock-keeper's cottage with his wife and children. They work and suffer and worry, but they know their wants. . . . But you, who are all enquiry and criticism, who ought to be all freedom, you are entangled in your knowledge and in your riches, far more painfully than they in their poverty and ignorance. Can't you see that I would rather die than marry you?'

Oliver's dilemma appears on a more tragic plane in his involvement with the fateful social event of his time, the First World War. His education had not prepared him for an understanding of the war. In his philosophy there was no account of *this* aspect of nature. His teacher, Santayana, had always paid eulogies to the sanity of nature and to the material world. 'Why should these currents of groundless

passion, of perversity, of rhetorical nonsense, sweep so devastatingly through the minds of men?' Moved to give the volcanic eruption a natural explanation, Oliver falls back on his aristocratic puritanism, translated into social and individual differences among men. His friend Mario suggests to him that the war was a revolt against mediocrity and hollow parliamentarianism and that it might bring 'our natural leaders again.' However, Oliver soon realizes that the war was itself the rule of the conscripted mind. Nonetheless, Oliver feels that 'he must do something,' and he enlists. The step is not taken from inner persuasion. Indeed, by attaching himself to a specific, partial cause, Oliver Alden repudiates his 'puritanic' code. A few days after the armistice, Oliver is killed when he runs into a milestone. For some time he felt that 'he had come to the end of his rope.'

The Last Puritan is a story of loneliness and lamed vitality—the consequence of uncharted reference. Oliver Alden infinitely preferred truth and beauty to 'this motley experience and the treadmill of bitter amusements.' His body and spirit pay the price in a heavy tiredness. The work reaches a higher ironic level in that Oliver is aware of the disparity between his ethical precepts and the natural world.

> But if man's moral nature contradicts the world and runs counter to it, ought not that moral nature to be transformed and made harmonious with the reality? Why nurse this unhappy moral rebellion with all sorts of fables and sentimental regrets?

But Oliver found nothing to hitch his star to. He frowned on his parents and his riches, on women and on society. He remained an ascetic without faith, a moralist without norms, a puritan who rejected every puritanism resting on a concrete base. 'Any future worth having,' the Epilogue concludes, 'will spring . . . not from weedy intellectuals or self-inhibited puritans. Fortune will never smile on those who disown the living forces of nature.'

The Last Puritan echoes the criticism of a denaturalized morality outlined in *The Life of Reason*. But the force of the earlier work derived from the fact that it also contained a statement of an alternative ethics. Such an alternative is not offered in the novel. Santayana makes only a half-hearted attempt in this direction through the characters of Lord Jim and Mario. But they are only the 'naturalistic pole of Oliver, almost completely lacking in spiritual sensitiveness. Neither Oliver nor they are altogether 'accepted.' The book juxtaposes their animal preference, which is blind, to Oliver's all-seeing vision, which is empty. The dialectic combination of attachment and detachment which Santayana regards as the good life fails to materialize in the characters and the events. *The Last Puritan* swerves between a selected perspective and an absolute relativism, between the rational ethics of *The Life of Reason* and the post-rational morality of *Realms of Being*.

III

In *The Realm of Spirit* which concludes the series *Realms of Being*, the ambivalent appraisal of the 'inward landscape' appears once more. Again Santayana urges that spirit is an 'emanation of animal life,' that his ontology is no metaphysics, for it regards all material life as ideal implications of the physical world. Hence physics not metaphysics, 'reveals to us, as far as it goes, the *foundation of things*.' Still, he emphasizes more than before that nature is limited. It 'suggests and approaches' beauty and perfection and constantly 'misses' it. Spirit lives 'by transcendence from its centre,' and there remains a profound gulf between the blindness and flux of existence and the spirit which feels 'the co-presence of the successive and the inter-relation of the distant.' Hence dignity and inner security can be attained only by detachment and renunciation. The spirit's union with the Good is achieved 'not by physical possession or identity, but by intellectual worship, in which spirit, forgetting itself, becomes vision and pure love.' To the spirit that has renounced all things,

> all things are restored: and having renounced itself also . . . it embraces them all in the eternal object of its worship, not as they may have existed in the world in passing and in conflict, but as they lie ideally reconciled on the bosom of the Good, at peace at last with themselves and with one another.

And while the 'bosom of the Good' belongs to the animal psyche (and for that reason, Santayana does not object to being called an 'atheist' like Spinoza), he urges that his four realms of being transpose 'the doctrine of the Trinity into terms of pure ontology and moral dialectic.' Matter or power corresponds to the Father, essence or form to the Son. And when matter and form have become actual, we have 'the third dimension of reality,' the Holy Ghost or spirit.

In his autobiography, Santayana writes that he was always out of his element 'in teaching and in society.' The Stranger tells Avicenna in *Dialogues in Limbo* that he ought not to feel sorry not to be in this world, now ruled by 'business and love and opinion.' Elsewhere, Santayana hails Freud's Thanatos principle which directs man toward the ancient starting point, rest and death, as an 'admirable counterblast to prevalent follies,' specifically to the uncritical homage paid to doctrines of élan vital with their wilful progressing ways. While he writes in *The Realm of Essence* that he aspires to be a 'rational animal rather than a pure spirit,' he also insists that the spiritual life is a disintoxication from the influence of values. 'Spirit is withdrawal from time and indifference to all existence of whatever moral quality.' Proust, whose general pattern of life and thought strongly resembles Santayana's, evolved a similar notion, and Santayana acknowledges that he shares Proust's belief that 'life as it flows is so

much time wasted, and that nothing can ever be recovered or truly possessed save under the form of eternity.' Santayana's philosophy would thus point toward a thorough disaffection from all attachments which entail compromise with surrender to God or with the vision of truth. It is such compromise which he castigates in Protestantism, liberalism and socialism. In them, union with God takes place at man's level. They detest 'union with God at God's level, proper to asceticism, mysticism, Platonism, and pure intelligence."[1]

Describing his home life, Santayana likens it to a monastery, with strict communality in externals, while 'in fact each member remains inwardly a hermit.' What was lacking here and in the unsettling migrations in his life was precisely that 'fixity of tradition' which Santayana holds to be a precondition for harmony. He claims that his hermetical existence at home suited him perfectly. Yet in the same passage he admits his doubt whether solitude is good in youth. 'Animals are born and bred in litters. Solitude grows blessed and peaceful only in old age.' And the *Realms of Being* closes with a kind of prayer that Spirit may sometime be translated into social communication:

> The speculations of intense and consecrated minds . . . remain fountains of wisdom and self-knowledge, at which we may still drink in solitude. Perhaps the day may return when mankind will drink at them again in society.

Dialogues in Limbo speaks of 'homesickness for the world.' And Avicenna, 'vainly revolving his thoughts,' feels himself to be a shadow among ghosts. He is eternal by virtue of his intellect; but who would not choose rather to be young? 'Barren my intelligence must remain in me here, impotently pining for the flesh in which it grew.' The passions not only entangle us. They also 'quicken the mind' and thereby 'are favourable to the discernment of essence; and it is only a passionate soul that can be truly contemplative.'

Santayana's essences themselves take on a 'modern' character. They are differentiated from Spinoza's single, unvaried Substance in that they are diverse and infinitely multiple. The traditional monistic substance has been 'liberalized' to the point of anarchic relativism and having no 'implications' or 'pregnancy.' In the same breath, Santayana insists that his position is 'simply the orthodox scholastic one in respect to pure logic.'

His autobiography expresses this two-fold aspect of his thought by noting that he would embrace both Apollonian calm and Dionysian

[1] Santayana's 'ascetic' virtues also appear in his youthful passion for architecture, especially Gothic, in which he sees '"vaulting ambition" in stone, original sin thinking it could glorify repentance.' His autobiography records that it was his half-sister Susana who influenced him in the direction of loving 'church functions and the mysteries of theology.' He notes that she was 'the strongest power, and certainly the strongest affection, in my life.'

frenzy. The frenzy comes from the 'chaotic but fertile bosom of nature.' It represents the 'primitive wild soul, not at home in the world, not settled in itself, and merging again with the elements, half in helplessness and half in self-transcendence and mystic triumph.' Here, the 'stormy world' intrudes on the serene inner landscape.

ÆSTHETIC REDEMPTION

MARCEL PROUST

Father, O father! what do we here,
In this land of unbelief and fear?
The land of dreams is better far,
Above the light of the morning star.

WILLIAM BLAKE

In Marcel Proust, the mixture of tradition and change is grounded in his personal biography. Proust was brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, but his mother was Jewish. The elegant circle of the Faubourg Saint-Germain accepted him, but with reservations. After his mother's death, Proust became an invalid, confined to his cork-lined room and cut off from the present as well as any future forms it was bringing forth. The past to which his realm of experience was limited came to constitute his world as a whole. Proust tended to identify this world with his mother. Her Jewish descent generally imposed a mediative function upon her, and in Proust's own life the mother was the link between himself and his father. In identifying himself with his mother, Proust was pledged toward such mediation himself. His work as a whole was to become an artistic mediation among the disparate forces of his experience. Physically excluded from the world of his mother, he was to 'return' to it by picturing it in its essential forms, undisturbed as he now was by vicissitudes of history. In the 'free' time granted him by his illness, Proust laboured to recapture his prenatal essence. At the end, however, he was to admit that such pure regression, which would exclude the time process, was not possible.

The French title *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* indicates Proust's two-fold aim: to present time as *lost* and time as *regained*. With Bergson, Proust was persuaded that the intellectual faculty could not catch the irreversible nature of time. In the dream process, however, the past is also 'present' in that the 'I' merges with its own and its communal history. In the dream we get to 'know' what is not known through discursive reasoning. It brings us knowledge on a two-fold plane. On the one hand, events appear as discontinuous with the law of causality apparently suspended. Here time may be said to be 'lost.' On the other hand, the very disconnected sequence

hides a secret continuity which, once seen, reveals the mnemonic connections among the dissociated parts. It is then that we have caught the essence of things and have regained time.

Proust's technique corresponds to this dual facet. He employs an analytical impressionism which shows the nobility of the Faubourg Saint-Germain in the process of dissolution and falling apart. It no longer possesses its former daylight stability and now 'goes to bed early.' Proust's impressionism is the reverse of that practised by the painters of a pre-war era. These worked outdoors and aimed at breaking up the fixed object by the *introduction* of light. Proust himself worked in a room from which light was barred, and he shows us his objects at sunset, by moonlight, or within closed doors as though seen through a magic lantern. His method is to exclude or break up light. His art is a kind of Debussyesque colour symphony which conjures up the liquid sequence of sleep and dream. The colours split and merge, producing a shifting kaleidoscope. Proust repeats the technique of Strindberg, Schnitzler, Hauptmann, Joyce and others who likewise suggest the passing of an epoch through dream-regression. The decomposition of the Faubourg Saint-Germain which Stendhal and Balzac had begun to show is completed by Proust. Its people now live on a horizontal, æsthetic plane, and their feudal castle is a ruin. They are in the stage of 'appearance,' use twilight methods to produce the illusion of their former glamour.

But by abrogating time and space the dream also brings us the 'essence,' shows us the castle in its former glory, to which even its ruins testify. Here we see the unity of things in their organic concatenations. In such moments temporal causality is suspended and change becomes permanence. In the incident of the madeleine, Proust tells us how a sensation recalled past experiences to him by association which he saw as eternally present. He could now return to the past, feeling safe that he would not be lost in it. He could reach down into the catacombs of his society to discover its immortal tradition. He feels safe in beginning with the 'I' in its infantile stage, in going back to Combray, to the womb of his time, for the 'I' is now at one with the 'All.' Yet Proust is not merely the dreamer. He is also the observer of his dream. In this way he can carry out the function of the artist: to mediate between the state of dream and the state of consciousness.

'Swann's Way' and 'The Guermantes' Way' are the two corresponding planes along which the novel moves, at first in parallel lines, later simultaneously. Swann's Way, with its lilac trees and hawthorn blossoms, the odour of which is 'invisible and unchanging,' leads to Odette and the Verdurins. It is the shorter, 'practical' route taken in threatening weather. The other way leads along the winding river aflower with water lilies and the gilded expanse of buttercups,

creating in the mind a 'fresh example of absolute, unproductive beauty.' This brings one by a longer route to the castle of the Guermantes, descendants of France's royal hierarchy.

The Verdurin and the Guermantes circles are Proust's projections of two alternative ways. The Guermantes, once active in ruling a feudal France, have now become 'bores,' instinct with piety. Of their former vitality only the gesture and form remain. They have become 'art,' in its æsthetic, passive stage. The 'faithful' circle of the Verdurins, on the other hand, has 'life.' But this *haute-bourgeoisie* is concerned, not with creating its own culture, but with imitating the forms of the aristocracy. They live by speculating rather than working. Their hustle and bustle is without spiritual direction. If the Guermantes pattern is empty, that of the Verdurins is blind.

Odette is the living 'essence' of the Verdurin circle—the embodiment of all that which is fickle, transitory and elusive among the upstarts and parvenus. There is no unity to Odette, who is different things to different men and women. Hence Swann can never be sure of her. He can own but not possess her. Her love does not fulfil but empties; does not satisfy but tortures; does not release but arrests. It is 'without respite, without variety, without result.'

Swann and Saint Loup are the characters who try to bridge the two ways. Swann is the earlier liaison between the Verdurins and the Guermantes. He is himself, however, a split figure, half-Jew and half-artist, accepted by both circles but only conditionally. Because of his sensitiveness, self-alienation and sense of insecurity, he cannot rest content in either group and becomes the wanderer between the two classes. 'Ideally,' his rôle is that of uniting the fleshly vitality of the Verdurin with the formal essence of the Guermantes, of bracing the fugitive life of the one by the formal stature of the other. This seems to give meaning to his insistence on seeing in Odette a likeness to one of Botticelli's figures. It is his effort to Platonize or give a permanent art form to her ephemeral nature. His marriage to Odette may be seen as his final, somewhat desperate formal expedient of 'holding' her.

If Swann is the link from the middle-class fulcrum, Saint Loup is the link from the Guermantes centre. Swann acts out his mediative function by marrying Odette, Saint Loup by marrying Odette's daughter, Gilberte.

But mediation is the essence of art itself. And Proust's own function in his story is not *to choose* between the two ways he presents, as has been the traditional interpretation, but *to mediate* between them. To be sure, Proust recognizes the element of distinction in the Guermantes which, as an artist, he prefers to the vulgarity of the Verdurins. But as the creator of both, he cannot reject either, for both are needed for his total canvas. Both ways, the Meseglise and

the Guermantes, the author tells us, were the deepest layers of his mental soil, became the firm sites on which he was to build his novel. It is Swann and Saint Loup with whom Proust identifies himself most directly. They meet with their creator in their common attempts to bridge the two ways.

I

The Faubourg Saint-Germain was Proust's main personal experience. Prevented by his physical fate from evaluating other historical patterns in the process of formation, he was confined to seeing the entire world in its image. And as it was his only world, he could not but dwell on it at length. In the first books, dealing with his boyhood and adolescence, the magic hold which this past exerted over Proust is strongly felt. As one continues to read volume after volume, however, it becomes clear that the magic is wearing off. It soon becomes evident that Proust is repeating himself, that he is drawing out the story, dwelling on every minutia of his experience. Knowing that his story is his only theme, he continues to fondle the memory of it, loath to surrender his object. The first six volumes are Proust's sustained effort to postpone the inexorable reckoning of the end.

While the author is engaged in recollecting the past of his characters, attempting to live outside the historical present, time has not been standing still. In 1914 the great explosion breaks the vial in which they have been living a sealed existence. And in the final volume, concluded shortly before his death, Proust at last confesses that time has affected the two groups. The war breaks through Proust's æsthetic realm, rends the veil of illusion, disclosing a revolting and terrifying truth. During sleep, time has been at work, 'developing' both the Guermantes and the Verdurins. It shows the Guermantes as dignified corpses who no longer believe in themselves. They have surrendered to the Verdurins who have now married into their circle. Their decomposition has been passive. They capitulate with as much grace as is still at their command.

When the war comes the Guermantes can find no grounds for supporting either side. The war is being fought by two rival industrial groups in which the feudal Guermantes have no vital stake. If anything, their leanings are toward Germany, which has preserved something of the feudal internationalism in the old imperial idea with its sense of distinction and personal dignity. Whatever vitality remains in the Guermantes is expended, as in Monsieur de Charlus, against itself. The Baron is the Guermantes' last autonomous figure, who proves the 'civil' nature of the war by making war against himself, demonstrating his virility in Sodomic self-tortures. Having exhausted their historic function, they turn on themselves in a manner

which, in the case of the Baron, recalls to Proust 'all the rich store of medieval scenes, crucifixions and feudal tortures which the imagination treasured.' And the author comments that Monsieur de Charlus' 'desire to be chained up and beaten, for all its ugliness, betrayed in him a dream as poetic as does in other persons the desire to go to Venice or to keep a chorus girl as a mistress.' What is 'poetry' with the Baron is ordinary routine with most of the others at this time. Homosexualism and other aberrations which in the earlier volumes have been treated as a restricted and semi-private matter now appear as widespread and public.

The Baron's nephew, Robert Saint Loup, is a younger and more completely disillusioned Guermantes. He has retained their charm, grace and tact, but has lost all conviction of the futurity of their tradition. He scorns the wealth and titles of his caste, turns to the study of Nietzsche and Proudhon, and even exhibits 'socialist aspirations,' speaking of the heroism of the 'common people, working men and shopkeepers.' He exposes the decline of the Guermantes by marrying the daughter of Odette. And although he too cannot identify himself with the French patriots, he enlists in the war. It proves to be a kind of suicide. Long before the war, Saint Loup had said to the narrator: 'My life? Oh, let's not talk about it; I'm a doomed man already.' Monsieur de Charlus and Robert Saint Loup concretize the *Götterdämmerung* of the Guermantes.

Yet there remains for Proust an honourable quality in the Guermantes which appears in their very way of reacting to the war. Despite his 'participation' on the French side, Saint Loup insists on the high value of German art. Describing a Zeppelin raid, he speaks of it as a spectacle of great beauty and takes pleasure in comparing the aviators to Valkyries. While Saint Loup's appreciation is testimony that his group has now but an æsthetic interest in the war, it appears noble in comparison with that of the Verdurins. The war is a source of financial profit for them. They are its jackals, who stay at home, gossip about the news and continue to hold their barbarous receptions. The morning when the newspapers announce the sinking of the *Lusitania*, Madame Verdurin is at breakfast. Proust then gives this priceless account of her reaction:

> While dipping the *croissant* in her coffee and giving her newspaper a fillip now and then so as to make it lie open without her having to interrupt the dipping process, she exclaimed, 'How terrible!' But the drowning of all those people must have impressed her with only the millionth part of its real horror because, even while making these deeply grieved comments with her mouth full of *croissant* and coffee, an expression of sweet contentment suffused her face, due probably to the pleasing savour of the *croissant*, so effective against headaches.

II

We can understand that as an artist Proust should have favoured æsthetic over commercial interest. He saw the regality of the feudal tradition superseded by the opportunism of a business *nouveau riche* who merely copy the outer gestures of the nobility. But as a critic he was aware that the nobility too was now a society of ghosts. In the last volume he admits that the past, to the 'remembrance' of which he had devoted his entire life, was moth-eaten. He now sees the highly lighted drawing-room of the Princesse de Guermantes 'flowerbedecked and forgetful, like a peaceful cemetery.' His story turns out to have been an autopsy. Yet the two ways exhausted the whole of Proust's experience. To have rejected them would have constituted self-repudiation. Proust was impelled to save their 'essence,' as a means of salvaging his own life.

Proust interweaves his theory of essences with the account of the reception tendered by the Princesse Guermantes, at which both the 'bores' and the 'faithful' are now present, having been united through time. But the union appears as a union in disintegration, and the reception a macabre 'Last Supper.' Yet, the reception is described with an objectivity and neutrality, as though the objects alone were present and their central mover no longer bore a living relation to them. Proust seems to have abandoned his mediative function which has heretofore provided him with a dramatic attitude toward his characters and their fate. It is as if he already knew of his coming death and had completely accepted it. Indeed, the two mediators within the story itself, Swann and Saint Loup, are already dead. The reception is the 'fruit' of their mediative efforts. With their deaths, Proust himself ceases to be the supreme mediator among his characters and can now view them without 'caring' for them. He seems in this scene a ghost moving among living corpses. Having abandoned his temporal efforts on them, he can observe them impartially as an eternal essence. The dreamer is now fully awake and envisages the whole with maximum consciousness. It is this vision which serves him as a talisman. It makes for the silent triumph with which the artist who feels himself outside the 'curve of time' can view his object. He is now 'indifferent to death,' for he is freed from the tyranny of time.

In his theory of essences Proust repudiates a focal aspect of Bergson's philosophy with which he has been identified. One might distinguish between them with reference to the spatial (or eternal) nature of Proust's essences and the temporal quality of Bergson's durée. There is a *qualitative* eternality in Bergson's moment in that it is perceived as unique. Yet while it partakes of the eternal, it is not lost in it, precisely because it is unique. Proust's moment is an abiding universal which holds the past and the future captive. To be sure,

in the early volumes, Proust's time conception is independent of space. Here memory of the past is more than or at least different from the past, with both the present and the past seen as in flux. But at the end (and, we should note, at the very moment when the 'I' for the first time experiences the flux of history—the First World War), Proust's theory sinks the past and the present into an enternal now. At this stage, Proust's 'memory' becomes in his own characterization 'visual' or spatial. To be sure, there remains their common evocation of the non-intellectual faculty in 'knowing.' While Proust approaches his people partly from the 'outside,' detailing their physical and environmental situation, his final insight into their 'intelligible' character is telepathic or 'intuitive.' Withal, his artistic or sensuous perception focuses on the unique and qualitative. Yet his final stress on the recurrence and mythical eternality of time runs counter to Bergson's 'creative evolution.'

Proust's denial of creative evolution may also be seen in his structural scheme. The story opens in Combray at the time when Swann is already married to Odette. It is followed by the account of Swann's wooing of Odette. (The pattern of the Swann-Odette relationship is then almost literally repeated in the relationship between the narrator and Albertine.) A similar regression technique is used by Werfel, Joyce and Mann. The method used here is in contrast to the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century novel where events appear in chronological sequence. This technique corresponded to a growing economy in which time was a factor making for development and progress. The later novels treat of groups to whom this growth is no longer possible. However, in the work of Joyce, and particularly of Mann, the circular process is not complete, history and time accounting for crucial variations. Proust, on the other hand, is writing of a group which has completed its cycle.[1] Hence there are no new stages but only slight variations of the old.

The literal nature of Proust's regression is further suggested by the central place which the incident of the mother's kiss has in the novel. The boy's intense need for the kiss of his mother and his agony at being deprived of it are far from normal. The account suggests elements of incest and parricide. The importance which is given to the incident in the Overture and at the close of the novel points to its connection with Proust's central theme: the quest for original mother-security. But this regression to the womb was not with an eye toward re-emergence. The catacombs of the night were not to be abandoned. 'Once in my room,' Proust writes, 'I had to stop every

[1] The circularity is suggested by the geographical situation of the two 'ways' as well. Starting from the narrator's house, one might take the road leading toward Swann or the Guermantes. By continuing the walk on either, one can come back to the original starting point, having completed a circle. One might see the narrator's home as the 'mediate' point between the two.

loophole, to close the shutters, to dig my own grave as I turned down the bed-clothes, to wrap myself in the shroud of my nightshirt.' Proust lived the greater part of his life in the nursery room. And he died there.

Proust's keen critical eye recognized the circular nature of his route. He was aware that his essences were not derived from man's eternal sources but extracted from a particular phase of social experiencing. Where Mann's Joseph story goes back to a period which is on the borderline between the historical and the legendary, Proust confines himself to a definite historical phase. Where Joyce attempts to show in Bloom and in Earwicker modern variations of Everyman's experiences, Proust limits himself to the temporal periphery of his Faubourg Saint-Germain. Hence where Earwicker can be led through his nightmare to the waking day, and Joseph can break through his æsthetic and metaphysical vials to participate in the activities of the day, Proust's characters are left at their posts of death.

Proust's work is an æsthetic approximation of the *Decline of the West*. Spengler identified the decay of feudal-bourgeois culture with that of all culture. Proust's hermetical existence did not permit him to hope for historical rejuvenation. Where, as early as *The Magic Mountain*, Thomas Mann visualized the possible development of a bourgeois-socialist culture, Proust could see no such distant light from his dark room. Yet it is misleading to interpret his work as complete identification with his past. As half-Jew, and as a sensitive artist and critic, Proust was something of an exile from his world. He could be at home in *neither* of the ways he knew. Even as he attempts to mediate between them, his art reveals but a choice between feudal-æsthetic sterility and bourgeois-commercial blindness. The air-metaphor which dominates Proust's work pertains to people living in an *asthmatic world*, cut off from the fresh winds of the social atmosphere.

The section in which Proust develops his theory of essences has been cited as indicating Proust's identification with the Guermantes. However, it should be noted that here the form of the narration is broken. Proust himself steps into his story, comments on it and attempts to justify his work. This 'personal' justification would not have been necessary had Proust felt that the story spoke for itself, that he had fulfilled his mission through the *medium of his art*. Proust himself admits in this very volume that 'a book in which there are theories is like an article from which the price mark has not been removed.' These passages with their introduction of an *outside* perspective, it seems to us, point to Proust's lack of conviction that he had actually accomplished what he had wanted. Or, to put it the other way: Proust had accomplished what he had set out to do. But

what he had aimed at was to regain that which he knew was lost. In this way, Proust illustrated the complex alienation of personality.

There is a genuine sense, however, in which Proust may be said to have saved himself: as an artist. Proust's writing represents the most extreme sensibility (in the French connotation of the term) in its recording of human and natural phenomena. The most evanescent of impressions, sensations and experiences become real by virtue of his genius of showing them as vital, creative qualities. He is perhaps unequalled, even in French literature, in probing the passions, particularly the psychology of love and jealousy. And beyond his preoccupation with specific groups and relations, there remains his masterly depiction of invariant attitudes in human relations. Through such consummate craftsmanship, Proust fulfilled his function of æsthetic mediator. He saved himself as an artist. He could not save the life of his society. One should add that he did not do so because he felt the lack of *moral* sanction. In the final analysis, the compulsion of morality intrudes on Proust's æsthetic realm. The illusion of æsthetic distance is dispelled by the disillusion of ethical time, and Proust's vision of the æsthetic good is disturbed by his moral vision of evil.

ARISTOCRATIC TRANSCENDENCE

THE AMERICAN HUMANISTS, T. S. ELIOT AND STEFAN GEORGE

Among the early voices which were raised in America against absence of standards were those of a small and, for a brief period, influential group known as the Humanists. Their focal criticism was directed against the pervasiveness of 'Rousseauan licence'—liberalism in politics, pragmatism in philosophy, naturalism in ethics and coreless personalities in art. Our literary characters, they complained, have 'no will, no purpose, no inhibition, no power of choice.' They are 'merely a medium through which passes an endless, unchecked, meaningless flux of sensations and memories and impulses.' They decried that 'smartness' (represented by the early Mencken) which sneered at every established tradition. Irving Babbitt called it a 'purely insurrectional attitude' justifying all kinds of excesses. In Brownell's judgment, this was being unbuttoned, not emancipated.

The Humanists made clear that they were against the immoral 'rush.' They were vague on their own positive standards. They emphasized control but did not examine the material to be controlled and failed to specify how far and to what end control was to be carried. They began by inveighing against divisiveness, but their nega-

tivistic norms led to divisions among themselves. Babbitt upheld a non-religious Hellenism in which moral standards were dissociated from their natural sources. On the other hand, Paul Elmer More leaned toward a religious interpretation of Plato. All, however, agreed that the institution of property is posited by 'genuine justice and genuine civilization' (Babbitt), trusting that 'decorum' and a 'sense of proportion' would restrain the property class from using its power 'naturalistically.' This advocacy of private property was the externalization of their 'private' ethical criteria which were determined autonomously by an 'inner check.' Their 'inalienable authority,' More explained, was not 'of nature.' But the source of their sanction was left obscure, residing in laws 'that transcend . . . the temporal process.' On this ground, they were supported by the French Catholic group of Maurras, Massis and Maritain.

T. S. Eliot has also called for return to tradition. Condemning America as dominated by a sterile mechanism, he went to England. He became, as he put it in *For Lancelot Andrewes*, a classicist in literature, an Anglo-Catholic in religion and a royalist in politics. In the manner of Catholic writers, Eliot bewailed the absence of a common authority:

> *Oh father, father, gone from us, lost to us,*
> *How shall we find you, from what far place*
> *Do you look down on us? You now in Heaven,*
> *Who shall now guide us, protect us, direct us?*
> *After what journey through what further dread*
> *Shall we recover your presence?*

However, Eliot's greater relevance to the issues of our time stems from the fact that he has experienced more directly the state of exile. While he repudiated modernism, he sang of his repudiation. His *Waste Land* was at once satire and *æsthetic redemption*. To be sure, Eliot too has been more explicit in stating his opposition to anarchic liberalism than in his delineation of an alternative Absolute. In *The Idea of a Christian Society* (where he acknowledges his indebtedness to Maritain), Eliot is less concerned with his own belief than with the excoriation of no belief:

> By destroying traditional social habits of the people, by dissolving their natural collective consciousness into individual constituents . . . by substituting instruction for education, by encouraging cleverness rather than wisdom . . . by fostering a notion of *getting on* to which the alternative is a hopeless apathy, Liberalism can prepare the way for that which is its own negation: the artificial, mechanized, or brutal control which is a desperate remedy for its chaos.

Yet in contrast to the Humanists, Eliot brings to issues a dialectical treatment which leads him to consider modernism as an organic part in the final scheme. With a greater sense of *critical* responsibility, he

proposes a 'simultaneous order' in which past and present culture form an integrated composite. Neither liberalism nor conservatism is sufficient. 'If the former can mean chaos, the latter can mean petrifaction.' He goes beyond simple adherence to tradition. 'Novelty,' he writes, 'is better than repetition.'

Eliot's philosophy of history thus carries over elements from his secessionist experience. His Christian Society draws almost heretical conclusions from the disparity between essence and existence. He not only admits that Christian principles in no way assure Christian acts; he also writes that the unity of his Christian Society allows for conflict with the State, even with the hierarchy of the Church, for 'any organization is always in danger of corruption and in need of reform from within.' There will always be tension. 'And this tension is essential to the idea of a Christian society, and is a distinguishing mark between a Christian and a pagan society.' The 'pattern' is flanked by the wheel of 'action.'

> *That the pattern may subsist, for the pattern is the action*
> *And the suffering, that the wheel may turn and still*
> *Be forever still.*

STEFAN GEORGE

The American Humanists were a learned and earnest group, but their general attitude, most often regarded as snobbish, militated against their movement in a country of democratic traditions. T. S. Eliot has found a greater following, but it derives more from his poetic suggestiveness than from his critical doctrine. In Germany, on the other hand, a similar trend, attended by even greater punctilious formalism, gained powerful sway over literary, critical and cultural directives. It centred in the personality of Stefan George.

Stefan George, Richard Dehmel and Rainer Maria Rilke were the poets who captured the imagination of Germany's youth in the present century. Dehmel's poetry and criticism won him a representation in Germany similar to that which Thomas Mann was to achieve after the publication of his *Magic Mountain*. However, Dehmel's dynamic naturalism was particularly attuned to pre-war Germany. Among the poets in the post-war years, George and Rilke were the symbolic carriers of two central attitudes toward the problems confronting German youth. Rilke's poetry sought quiet identification with the ordinary things of existence. It spoke for those whose dissatisfaction took a 'waiting' form. Rilke was the chanter for that group in the German middle class which bore patiently and invoked moral sanction for its passivity. George's stately verse, his assumed position of leader, master and ruler, attracted those who were discontented with a flabby naturalistic æsthetics and with what they called the spine-

lessness of democratic compromise. George called to the militant challengers and would-be heroes.

In his 'circle,' Stefan George has the repute of a modern Dante. (One of his followers refers to him as '*Sonnessohn*.') The legend has been induced by George's detached, Olympian bearing, by his withdrawal into an 'austere and solitary realm,' in short, by an attitude of uncommonness which extended to his choice of theme, typography and orthography. His subject matter of Oriental-Latin-Hellenic mythology, cast in severe æsthetic form, makes him one of the most unapproachable of German poets. The whole suggests an elegantly cold marble statue of utmost compression and inflexible firmness. To be sure, in his later poetry George would interweave beauty and greatness by use of anthropomorphic metaphors. Yet the *formal attitude* clearly dominates over the human argument with rarely a glint of humour or of relaxedness softening an austere solemnity. 'The renewal of poetry *was* in itself a renewal of the flame,' his disciples declared. George's unbending pronouncements stand in contrast to Dehmel's and Rilke's unbinding pleadings, and his reserved Apollonianism to Nietzsche's effervescent Dionysianism. This carries over into the content, which is restricted to apocalyptic pointings from afar, leaving the objective reference vague.

In a temper similar to that of the Humanists, George expressed immovable opposition to the positivism and social naturalism of the age, to the atomism of liberal democracy and to the attitude which regarded the latest as the best. In 1913 he called for a 'holy war' against current modes:

> *Too late for patience and cure*
> *Ten thousand must the holy madness seize*
> *Ten thousand must the holy pestilence slay*
> *Tens of thousands the holy war.*

But here again one could find only cryptic allusions to replacement values. The 'circle' employs terms such as *Gestaltung, Schicksal, Vollendung, Geschlossenheit*. Above all, it is fond of *Ur-* words (*Urbegriffe, Urformen, Urgestalt*) most of which are untranslatable. They wrote apotheoses of Napoleon (Vallentin), Nietzsche (Bertram), Plato (Friedemann), Frederick II (Ernst Kantorowicz). But aside from the notion of wholeness (in the Gestalt sense), they covered more than they uncovered. Only Friedrich Gundolf (whose study of Goethe and the monumental two-volume analysis of Shakespeare represent perhaps the most seminal of modern German criticism) rose above the nebulous categories to participate in the critical battles of the day—and he was later considered not to be part of the inner *Bund*. The others continued to inveigh against every manifestation of our age, particularly bourgeois modes, naturalistic licence and rela-

tivistic process thinking. The only value they clearly sponsored was a timeless formal How: decorum, dignity, inner discipline. These were the 'law' and made for leadership. The stress on timelessness led some Catholic writers to envisage the possibility of carrying on 'dialogues' with the circle. But George's aristocracism and Hellenic paganism and his cult of self-development could not be reconciled with Christian ideas of communal salvation, admission of human frailty and hope for other-worldly salvation through an attitude of humility.

The anti-liberalistic elements in George have led many to regard him, together with Nietzsche, as an apologist for Prussianism and as a forerunner of Nazism. But this disregards the factual record and George's intransigent rejection of *all* modernistic forms. In his authoritative book on the movement, Friedrich Wolters declares that, in their view, Prussianism is inimical to art and culture. The Prussian is the 'non-artistic, unbelieving man in Machiavellian completion.' The Prussians are 'Spartans with the mechanical step and equanimity [*Gleichschritt und Gleichmut*] of the ancients, but without Gods, without love and without the arts.' It is the combination of 'belligerent might and economic rivalry' which has produced hatred of the Germans. While some of his followers supported the First World War as certifying the 'imperishability and eternality of the German,' George himself wrote of the war as a manifestation of a sick world. (Only Hindenburg was hailed for having saved Germany from the Eastern menace.) And although in *Das Neue Reich* George presented a picture of a future Germany reborn out of blood and spirit, his reference was to the Gods of Greece and not to the Nordic deities. After his death, Hitlerism laid claim to George. But Morwitz, George's friend and disciple, establishes the fact that George remained cool to the Nazis and that he died a voluntary exile in Switzerland. As in the case of Nietzsche, he is removed from the Nazis by his standard of *cultural* excellence and leadership, his anti-nationalism and anti-racism (among George's closest friends were Gundolf and Wolfskehl, both Jews), and above all, his unreserved resistance to co-ordination. George's aristocracism shrank from mass movements of the right or left ('*Schon eure zahl ist frevel*'), and his Catholic-Latin roots made him unsympathetic toward temporal ameliorations. For some time, even Nazi writers have ceased to regard George as a 'German' poet.

Even as George was satisfied that his work was above time, his followers resented the charge that it was irrelevant to the problems of his age. They called attention to the fact that in the youth Maximin George had found concrete promise in his own time of the 'Greek ideal':

ich seh in dir den Gott
Den schauernd ich erkannt
Dem meine andacht gilt.

They also pointed with pride to their own wholehearted support of the war and to the fact that men such as Max Weber thought it necessary to warn against their influence. Unfortunately they are right in this. While George consistently restricted his aristocratic demands to the closed sphere of a timeless formalism, many of his following translated them into support for a mythical nationalism. Their timeless homage served some of the worst of temporal powers.

DEMOCRATIC TRANSCENDENCE

RAINER MARIA RILKE

Commenting on the German situation in 1923, Rilke writes that Germany is 'holding back the world,' because she has failed to renounce her 'falsely developed prosperity.' Although she lost the war, Germany could have 'shamed and shaken the whole world through an act of deep sincerity and conversion.... She has not created for herself that dignity which has as its root the most profound humility. .... She wanted to act and to come out clear and on top, instead, according to her inmost nature, of bearing and enduring and being ready for the miracle.... What is one to do? Let us remain each on his *still* quiet, *still* trustworthy little island of life, doing our own work on it, suffering and feeling what truly concerns us.' Save for 'one's last inner resistance,' he writes a year later, one has no refuge from wrong.

Rilke's humility and surrender set him off from the challenging pronouncements of the George school. Where George deals in mythical patterns, Rilke dedicates himself to the 'unpretentious words which live in the commonplace world.' In Italy, Rilke wakes up one spring morning and sees before him a whole field of flowers where only the day before there had not been a single flower. His initial pleasure dissipates, however, as he reflects that where the eye is confronted with clusters, it cannot do justice to the individual entity. 'What does one little flower matter here,' he writes, 'where a million flowers bloom?' Rilke's poetry would rescue the particular, homely object, lost in the statistical collectivity of modern life.

Yet Rilke's piety for things is not in the interests of naturalistic identification. Objects, to Rilke, are similes and metaphors, bearers of eternal and elemental forces. No element is ever equated with another but is always 'like' something. His most frequently used word is *wie*. Rilke's impressionistic realism serves to produce expressionistic essences. There is an incantatory quality in his musical rhythms which would expose the spirit immanent in things.

So klangen Knaben an wie Violinen
und starben für der Frauen schweres Haar;
so gingen Jungfrauen der Madonna dienen,
denen die Welt verworren war.

To be sure, Rilke as well as Kafka differs from the expressionistic writers in that their art would track down the elusive object by a precise and exact determination of the naturalistic environment. They follow each thing and event in an effort to describe its mystery accurately. In the end, however, both admit the futility of this quest.

It is in this anti-naturalism that Rilke meets with George. But where George would derive his Law by exclusiveness, Rilke would discover intrinsicality by inclusive observation of the humblest phenomena. George sought his models in the tradition of aristocratic Hellenism; Rilke found them in Tolstoy's Russia, which gave him a 'four dimension of existence.' 'If ever and anywhere I might acquire something like a home,' he writes, 'it will be there, in this wide suffering land.' The *Book of Hours*, written under the impact of his Russian experience, bears the mark of Tolstoy's piety toward nature. Whereas in George nature is viewed as an aspect of the heroically human, in Rilke man's greatness consists in his abdication to nature. The highest function of art is to return nature to God.

und Maler malen ihre Bilder nur,
damit du unvergänglich die Natur,
die du vergänglich schufst, zurückempfängst.

Nature becomes another term for God.

Rilke's central approach might be characterized as an attempt to rescue space from time. Time means succession, evanescence, incompleteness. Space is simultaneity, permanence, maturity. Time is divisive and partial; space is objective and absolute. Rilke's yearning is 'to have no home in time,' to carry on 'soft dialogues with eternity.' His recurrent river and sea metaphors are his projections of life as spatial continuity finding its ultimate unification in an oceanic totality.

To Rilke modernism was a particularly offensive concretion of the temporal process. Its evils are the great comfortless cities where children are alone and girls wither and men live in pale slavery to heavy aims. The noise and flattening drive of metropolitan life stifle man.

For, Lord, the crowded cities be
Desolate and divided places . . .
And men who dwell there heavy and humbly move
About dark rooms with dread in all their bearing . . .
And every child must be a saddened child.
There blossom virgins to the unknown turning . . .
And do not find for what their soul is burning,
And trembling, close their timid buds again.

Industrialism has incarcerated nature. The ore is homesick, eager to leave the mints and turning wheels to return home. Rilke's orientation is agrarian. The age he hails is that of 'herdsmen and tillers of the soil.'

But it was not Rilke's manner to urge change. His values lay in submission and resignation, at most in 'one's last inner resistance.' Perfection or God is associated with silence and darkness. Here, it seems to us, is the context for Rilke's *identification of God with death.* (God is the 'Death Producer'—'*Tod-Gebärer.*') Death and greatness, he writes, often seem to him but one word. Death is great in that it says not, 'This am I,' but, 'No This is.' The high goal of all being is non-being. Life is the process of flowering and flourishing, but this is still the imperfection of becoming. What we desire is ripeness, maturity, the final fruit and fulfilment—and that is death.

> *. . . Sie wollten blühn,*
> *und blühn ist schön sein; doch wir wollen reifen,*
> *und das heisst dunkel sein und sich bemühn.*

Rilke's favourite picture is the kneeling and surrendering man or woman. Song, as God and nature teach it, is not desire, not a striving for finite reaches.

> *In Wahrheit singen, ist ein andrer Hauch,*
> *Ein Hauch um nichts. Ein Wehn im Gott. Ein Wind.*

Absolute understanding, timeless vision are gained not by wilfulness and self-assertion but by the patience of centuries.

> *Not till a purest Whither*
> *outweighs boyish insistence*
> *on the complex machine,*
>
> *will he, who has travelled thither*
> *be, in the farthest distance,*
> *all that his flight has been.*

Rilke's apotheosis of death in the *Book of Hours* coincides with the dynamic effect of his meeting with Tolstoy and Rodin. These men are great *moulders,* as personalities and as artists. Rodin in particular overwhelms Rilke and dominates the God-Death in the poem. Rilke marries one of Rodin's pupils and later becomes his secretary. But by 1906, both men have tired of each other. It is only now, after severance from his master, that Rilke feels able to write again. Stimulated by a Cézanne exhibition, Rilke's art now strives to emulate the physical and visible character of sculpture and painting. His poetry takes on a less feverish tone, and the monk from the *Book of Hours* is replaced by the artist. The secretary to the Rodin-God becomes 'secretary' to the Art-God.

It is at this point that Rilke transcends his democratic communication with all things to salvage his personal and private values. Rilke

now tends to identify himself, as man and artist, with the godly. The elements of fear, want, limitation and loneliness, which placed Rilke at a disadvantage in his relation to the raucous, possessive world in which he lived, are redeemed by his equating them with God's own qualities. His humble offer to serve as the 'bee of the Invisible' is a reverse form of God-identification. Moreover, in that Rilke, as poet, graces the godly qualities, he becomes indispensable to God's existence. Rilke expresses this most directly in the famous lines:

> *What will you do, God, when I die?*
> *When I, your pitcher, shattered lie?*
> *When I, your drink, go stale and dry?*
> *I am your garb, the trade you ply,*
> *you lose your meaning losing me.*

Rilke's 'neighbourly' relation to God also appears in his insistence that there is no need for a mediator between man and God. But Rilke deviates from traditional mysticism in what, at first, seems an amazing contention, namely that the greatness of God *precludes* his being a Father. The Father stands for that which is gone, for outmoded gesture, dead custom and ashen hair. No, Rilke writes, God is the Son, that is, the future and the heritage. God is the created, not the creator. If God is the Son, who then is the Father? Rilke replies directly: 'I am the Father.' Rilke would be the Father who through his poetic recreations creates God, the Son. Later Rilke tends to take over the characteristics of the Son as well. An examination of Rilke's sea simile is revealing. In the passage where Rilke speaks of God as the Son, he likens him to the sea. But in the later 'Sonnet to Orpheus,' he speaks of himself as the sea, and 'many a wind' now becomes his Son.

> *Einzige Welle, deren*
> *allmähliches Meer ich bin; . . .*
> *Wie viele von diesen Stellen der Räume waren schon*
> *innen in mir. Manche Winde*
> *sind wie mein Sohn.*

Rilke has now identified himself with a kind of Trinity—Father, Son and 'many a wind.'

In the later Rilke, death likewise experiences a subtle shift from passivity to passion. In a letter to Heise he writes that 'only from the point of view of death . . . is it possible to do justice to love,' qualifying, 'if one does not consider it a state of extinction, but rather thinks of it as the intensity altogether surpassing us.' Herein also lies the source of Rilke's strength as a poet: he turned the tentativeness and indecision of little things into metaphors which suggest their transcendence.

In *Wilhelm Meister*, Goethe wrote that 'time is a gift of God.' A century later, Rilke inverts this homage to state that 'time is my

deepest sorrow.' Despite the elder Goethe's reservations toward temporal progress, he sends his Faust and Wilhelm Meister out to win the objects of this world and by winning them to *raise* their individual selves to an all-embracing Absolute. Rilke approaches things to *lower* them and himself toward democratic timelessness. For Feuerbach, religion attributes to God those qualities which man desires but lacks. Rilke endows God with man's limitations. Unable to withstand the pressure of historical time, Rilke deifies those victimized by it. As in the case of Kafka, man's very limitation becomes the source of his salvation. That is, man is *saved* through his finitude.

However, Rilke did not gain the peace of the medieval mystics and of Spinoza to whom he has been likened. The very intrusions which he would negate invade his pattern as well, preventing that full acceptance which he prayed for. His piety has the nervous restlessness of the modern. His approach to God is less a wooing than a passionate wrestling to possess and mould him in his own image. In a letter, he writes that he hopes to compose a poem in which every passage will be made into an 'angel.' He will let himself be subdued by the angel and 'force him to bow me down, although I have made him.' Something of social impatience makes itself felt, as in the *Book of Hours* where Rilke speaks of the rested hands of the poor which will some day rise, when the hands of all classes and people will have become tired. His endless invocations of 'silent' values themselves suggest doubt about these values. Brought up as a Catholic, Rilke continually breaks the frame of his passivity by protesting passion. The midway position between faith and doubt, humility and pride, awareness of time and Orphic timelessness, which characterizes our absolutes, constitutes his modernism as well.

III

FASCISM: THE SYSTEMIZATION OF CONFUSION

The helmet is hollow!
The metal is empty! The armour is empty! I tell you
There's no one at all there: there's only the metal:
The barrel of metal: the bundle of armour. It's empty!

ARCHIBALD MAC LEISH

In *Fascism for Whom*, Ascoli and Feiler ascribe the origin of fascism to the 'unfulfilled promises of democracy.' They refer to the pre-fascist capitalist democracies in which political freedom failed to bring economic and psychological security. In his authoritative study *Behemoth*, Franz Neumann develops the point more fully. In Germany, he points out, the Social Democracy avoided the main issue: the exploitation of the German middle and working class by German monopoly capital, and its imperialistic designs. In Feiler's formulation, the regime 'left all the old social forces . . . in power.' It held to the theory that history was governed by irrefragable laws heading for the socialist goal; in practice, it compromised with the generals and Junkers and experimented with piece-meal reforms. Neumann writes:

The Social Democratic party was trapped in contradictions. Though it still claimed to be a Marxian party, its policy had long been one of pure gradualism. It never mustered the courage to drop one or the other, traditional ideology or reformist policy. . . . The Socialists therefore retained this ambiguous position and they could not create a democratic consciousness. . . . The crisis of 1932 demonstrated that political democracy alone . . . without the abolition of unemployment and an improvement in living standards, remained a hollow shell.

Many, particularly among the younger generation, became impatient with this combination of mechanical theory and flabby practice. They demanded action based on a unified programme leading toward socialism. But the bitter war between socialists and communists dissipated the strength of the Marxist groups. The Weimar Republic, moreover, was tolerant toward the reactionary right but harsh with the militant left. Neumann sums up this anomalous procedure:

Every adherent of the [Bavarian] Soviet Republic who had the slightest connection with the unsuccessful coup was sentenced. The contrast with the judicial treatment of the 1920 right wing Kapp *Putsch* could not possibly have been more complete. . . . Not one person [was] punished.

And with regard to Hitler's Munich *Putsch* of 1923:

Although section 9 of the Law for the Protection of the Republic clearly and unmistakably ordered the deportation of every alien convicted of high treason, the Munich People's Court exempted Hitler on the specious argument that, despite his Austrian citizenship, he considered himself a German.

Hitlerism exploited the unfulfilled promises of the socialist regime and of the other opposition parties in a two-fold manner: it criticized

the gap between their programme and practice; at the same time, *it appropriated their positive appeals.* Hitlerism 'united' the various promises made by the separate parties into one general promise—with one qualification: it was to be fulfilled only by and for the 'German.' Through the verbal incantation of this term, it cut across existing conflicts to combine all groups and classes into a mystical whole. The 'philosophy' of National Socialism became a bastard coalition of planks taken over in a loose manner from current doctrines, particularly those of the absolutist systems: Its 'Blood and Soil' slogan addressed itself to the primitivistic vogue. Its sensuous mystic rituals and the dogma of its tenets were to evoke a Catholic, religious note. But its greatest effort was spent toward winning over the large Marxist groups by stressing its opposition to capitalism and imperialism. It even invoked democratic values. Mussolini called fascism an 'organized, centralized and authoritative democracy,' and Hitler declared that 'the people is the primary aim.' Through all this, fascism offers the certainty of an earthly millennium. It exacts but one condition: the individual must renounce his personal choice. In this sense, fascism may be said to re-enact the rôle of Mephistopheles: it promises absolute and eternal happiness, with the price remaining the same—surrender of the soul.

6. THE ROMAN PRELUDE

ALTHOUGH ITALIAN FASCISM preceded Hitlerism, it did not draw general attention until its later stages, especially after Nazism translated it into Teutonic *Schrecklichkeit.* There were substantial reasons for this. Italian fascism was, at first, a diluted compromise. It lacked the condition for a thoroughly organized dictatorship—a highly developed industrial capitalism. The largely agrarian basis of Italian fascism gave it a character nearer to that of traditional feudal absolutisms. The absence of large-scale industry made for a weak state. Italian fascist theory found it necessary to make the state supreme. 'Fascism,' Mussolini declared, 'conceives of the state as an absolute in comparison with which all individuals or groups are relative.... The state ... is ... in its origin and development a manifestation of the spirit.' In Italy the state was to offset and correct all existing evils. In Germany a relatively strong state already existed, and German fascism invoked a different magic absolute—the racial party. It had the advantage of providing the non-Aryan scapegoat for the graver industrial crises. While racialism is therefore focal to Nazism, it had but a negligible part in Italian fascism, and the attempts to stir up

anti-Semitism in Italy were largely artificial.[1] A longer tradition of individualism coupled with a practical realism further differentiates Italian from German fascism. In its recourse to vague hypostatizations, Nazism exploited traditional German idealism.[2] By this method it obfuscated its nature and posed as a socialist negation of capitalism. Mussolini relied more on theatrical gestures, and Italian fascism frankly declared private enterprise to be the 'most practical and feasible means for serving national interests,' and the capitalist order the best 'method of production.'

These elements (along with the fact that Italy had no proportionate Versailles grievances) made for a radically different tempo and development. Nazism was in complete control almost from the beginning. In Italy anti-fascist parties existed for three years after the March on Rome. As late as 1926 a philosophical congress dared censure the government. The cabinet was at first a coalition including Catholics and liberals. Mussolini even invited the socialists to join. After the murder of Matteotti, fascism in Italy became more tightly dictatorial. But at no time were there the wholesale dismissals, mass murders and thorough suppressions which marked Hitlerism from the start.

Italian fascism presented but half-hearted claims to a consistent ideology. Indeed, Mussolini's own 'development' made this difficult. At one time he attacked the state and spoke of the 'ever-consoling religion of anarchy.' In 1910 he declared that 'the proletariat has no fatherland,' and envisioned a peaceful international society. As late as 1921, he wrote, 'We go back to the Manchester state. In economic matters we are liberals.' Where Hitler made fanatical pronouncements of demonic principles and talked about the final millennium, Mussolini barely concealed his opportunistic approach. He called fascism

> a super-relativistic movement . . . following its ever-changing individual intuition. . . . We Fascists have always expressed our complete indifference towards all theories. . . . From the fact that all ideologies are of equal value, that all ideologies are mere fictions, the modern relativist deduces that everybody is free to create for himself his own ideology and to attempt to carry it out with all possible energy.

[1] The supremacy of the Nazi party over the state became official doctrine only after the Brown Shirt purge of 1934. It is stated, however, in *Mein Kampf*. For this reason, Hegel's philosophy of the state cannot be regarded as the basis for Hitlerism, and most Nazi critics reject Hegel, in whom there is no room for the racial myth and whose 'rationalism' is opposed to Nazi 'dynamism.' Neumann calls attention to the fact that Hegel denounced the reactionary state-view of the Restoration following the French Revolution as 'fanaticism, mental imbecility, and hypocrisy.' Herbert Marcuse's *Reason and Revolution* presents a more detailed refutation of the thesis that Hegel is the forerunner of Nazism.

[2] This important feature is developed in the chapter on Fascism and Culture in *Three Ways of Modern Man*.

On occasion he referred to the instrumentalism of James and called Sorel the most important inspirer of fascism. But there is only superficial connection between Sorel's notion of direct action, his idea of the myth, and fascism. Sorel's syndicates were to be composed of productive labour only, not to include employers as in the fascist corporation. Pareto stands closer to fascist amoralism in his notion of 'science' in government and politics as excluding ethical judgments.[1]

7. THE ARYAN FINALE

IN THE CASE of Hitlerism, popular criticism has spread the notion that it is a natural outgrowth of German background and character. Some even contend that Nazism is part of a long-standing German conspiracy reaching back to the Order of the Teutonic Knights. Indeed, the argument as usually presented suggests that the German people suffer from an original anthropological sin. The view is unfortunate. It indirectly supports the Nazi notion of a unique national soul and is in itself a totalitarian approach ignoring the mixture of forces (fascist and anti-fascist) operating in German history. It is true that modern Germany has exhibited a particularly aggressive form of nationalism. The reasons for this fact, however, are connected with Germany's late entry into European history and the subsequent dynamic tempo of industrial development in a competitive capitalist market.

The Germans were still nomadic tribes at a time when other European countries were able to draw on their continuity with Latin culture and the Christian heritage. This social and political backwardness spelled a belated development, particularly of the German middle strata. Its Renaissance did not come until the eighteenth century, and it expressed the call for freedom in æsthetic and philosophic imperatives rather than in social demands. While middle-class nationalism was already on the march in other European states, German classical writers celebrated the *international* values of Christianity and the Hellenic age. This retardation might have meant an early education of international values, if Germany had skipped the nationalist stage. As it turned out, this backwardness had an unfortunate consequence: the Wars of Liberation in the early nineteenth century and the nationalistic unity of 1871 were not achieved

[1] In contrast to the mystical scaffolding of Nazism, Pareto disallows hypotheses. He does make the assumption that 'human nature remains the same,' which prepares the ground for the leader-principle. His indifference curves introduce a division between the masses and the élite. The latter are characterized by their absolute convictions justifying their use of either force (as 'lions') or ruse (as 'foxes').

by the bulk of the German people. They were won by and served the army and the Junker-industrial barons. In short, German nationalism was unaccompanied by social emancipation. The liberal and radical groups fought against the exploitation of imperialistic nationalism which followed, but because of the undeveloped stage of the middle and labour classes, they had but a narrow base for support. This spelled the defeat of the progressive forces.[1]

This development also determined the late arrival of German economy on the imperialistic scene when the world's markets were already divided up. German business sought to convert this disadvantage into an asset. It made use of the newest technical manipulations and quickened its tempo to catch up with and out-distance its competitors. In cultural theory, this was reflected in notions of dynamic 'Becoming,' of national autonomy and mystic destiny. Economic nationalism, which experienced an unprecedented vogue in all countries in the post-war period, had a particular emotional appeal in a defeated Germany which felt the depression years especially keenly. The Nazis converted the misery of the population into hatred of the 'dark international conspirators' who framed the Versailles *Diktat*.

Neumann maintains that 'no philosophy can be held responsible for National Socialism.' But the reason he offers suggests another conclusion. Neumann writes that Nazism is incompatible with 'any rational political philosophy' because 'there exists a fundamental antagonism between the productivity of German industry, its capacity for promoting the welfare of the people and its actual achievements.' His study establishes the thesis that 'Germany's imperialism is primarily the policy of its industrial leadership, fully supported by the National Socialist party.' But imperialism, as Neumann himself shows clearly, antedates Hitlerism. And if fascism is the continuation —to be sure, an aggressive and conscienceless continuation—of monopoly capitalism, there seems to be no basis for Neumann's sharp distinction between the political theories of Nazi and pre-Nazi Germany. The fact of the matter is that National Socialism has failed to evolve a distinct philosophy of its own and that it leans heavily on those thinkers of the past who, in part, were the theoretical apologists for the practice of German big business. Of these, it was Spengler in *Decline of the West*, written even as Germany was suffering defeat and immediately preceding the rise of Hitler, who furnished German fascism with its more telling negative critique and with some of its positive doctrine.

[1] This question receives a more detailed discussion in the article 'There is More Than One Germany' in *Tomorrow*, December, 1944.

FAUSTIAN FASCISM: OSWALD SPENGLER

Spengler's philosophy of history was an apologia for the negative convictions of a war generation. Spengler deployed his eloquent, metaphorical idiom and encyclopædic apparatus to paint the devils of the time: mechanization, parliamentarianism, reason, democracy, bureaucratization, or in his key term (borrowed from Nietzsche) 'civilization.' Civilization was *der Untergang*, the fall and downfall of the West. This thesis Spengler pronounced to be a law, the Law of History, and it had a dual appeal. At a time of suspended values and standards, it presented a system of indubitable certainty. It offered, furthermore, 'justification' for the moral frustrations of the war, in particular for the patriotic Germans who had gone forth to save *Kultur* in 1914. *Der Untergang des Abendlandes* proved for them that they could not have succeeded because the death of culture was an astronomical absolute.

What distinguishes Spengler's historical construction is a triad of nihilistic absolutes: absolute discontinuity, the absolute death of cultural cycles and the final extinction of historic cultures in our own day.

The notion of discontinuity is a reversal of both the linear conceptions (from St. Augustine to Hegel and Marx) and the circular theory (from the Hindus to Kierkegaard). In the first, past, present and future form a connected democratic pattern, each contributing toward and carrying on the historic process. In the circular view, values are preserved in that the past recurs. In Vico's spiral theory and in Nietzsche's dualism of the Superman and Eternal Recurrence, elements of the linear and the circular combine to save the past. Spengler held that when a culture dies it does not bequeath anything of its essential features to the next culture. Spengler's cultures live in aristocratic aloofness from one another and develop in autarchic self-sufficiency. They have neither parentage nor offspring. They inherit nothing, pass on nothing, and they die in loneliness. No communication is possible between one culture and another, for each possesses a unique character which bars a common language. Spengler's cultural 'souls' are akin to the expressionistic characters who likewise break all bonds with the past. In both, there is the will to be reborn by spontaneous generation.

Applied to specific cultures, the principle of discontinuity means that each is foredoomed to pass away. Translating biological categories into a mode of historical understanding, Spengler argues that cultures, like organisms, have their childhood. spring and summer maturity, followed by autumnal decay and wintry death. This law of development postulates the eternal recurrence of death. The only

continuity' in history is the recurrent 'simultaneity' of these seasonal stages.

Lastly, Spengler sees one exception to the sequence of pluralistic cycles. If, in the past, history somehow generated new cultures (apparently ex *nihilo*), this process comes to a dead end in our own time. Our Western culture is the last cycle of all.

This apodictic nihilism goes beyond Schopenhauer, for whom æsthetic and philosophic contemplation are able to free the ego from the capricious pressure of the Will. It goes beyond Nietzsche's *Kulturpessimismus* which saw in nihilism the antithetical transition toward future resurrection. Schopenhauer found value in the remnants of a feudal culture, and Nietzsche hoped for the transvaluation of capital-labour dynamics into cultural levels. Spengler cannot believe in either. Feudalism is now irretrievably gone, and Faustianism, which once produced cultural monuments, has been bureaucratized by technics and money. The Faustian power drive can now lead only to 'dynamic evolution and catastrophe.' The possibility of a new culture arising out of the proletariat is precluded for Spengler, who sees the proletariat as the slave labour of mechanical civilization. Rooted in the feudal-Junker tradition, Spengler located the seeds of decay in metropolitan hustle and industrial specialization.

While Spengler presented our downfall as in the nature of things, he was actually voicing the 'good' motivations of Prussian agrarianism.[1] But in Spengler's time agrarianism was already bound up with 'bad' Ruhr-Saxon industrialism. And it is this impure mixture which accounts, in part, for Spengler's despair and for the inconsistencies of his system. Spengler claims absolute certainty for his thesis. At the same time, he argues that subjective selectivity is the necessary method of historical analysis. He maintains that no culture can understand another culture. Yet he (the expression of a specific cycle) essays to explore the meaning of other cycles. There is finally an inconsistency in his designation of Faustianism as a *Kultur*. He characterizes the Faustian soul as infinite striving, as dynamic restlessness, exhibited in Gothic and Baroque architecture and in Galilean physics. Yet *Kultur* signifies to Spengler balance, equilibrium, rootedness.

Spengler's philosophy of history concludes the line which begins with the Renaissance and reaches its high point in the perfectability theories of Condorcet and Spencer. Spengler stands at the 'fall' of the free market, now thoroughly organized. Identifying the passing of a particular culture with the end of all culture, Spengler speaks for those who feel that the creative momentum of history has been spent.

[1] His agrarian preferences led Spengler to regard feudal Czarist Russia as the land with a possible future. This hope appears only in the first edition of his work, written before the Soviet Revolution.

In his Jeremiad, Spengler meets with the Waste Land generation, for whom the energy of the universe was running down.[1]

Spengler's philosophy of history provided the Nazis with their more characteristic diatribes. Their warfare against 'materialism' finds support in his irrationalism in which spiritual essences determine material existence. They are at one with his translation of autarchic cultures into the nationalistic *Volk*-concept and with the corresponding excoriation of the 'Internationals': Jewry, democracy, Marxism and humanitarianism. Their principle of leadership finds support in Spengler's notion that man is a 'beast of prey.' His thesis that Western civilization is doomed reappears in their doom of Western democracy, and his principle of discontinuity becomes the basis for their contention that National Socialism is a completely new pattern of history, with the burning of the books symbolizing its disengagement from the past. Furthermore, Spengler frankly advocates the social measures which the Nazis practise even as they verbally disavow them. He urges lowering of wages and abolition of social security. He draws a snobbish line between the leader and the masses, which the Brown Shirt is to conceal. In other words, Spengler openly calls for the reactionary programme which Nazism carries out under the veil of revolutionary phraseology. To be sure, Spengler's Cassandra prophecy of downfall crosses the Nazi jubilee of a resurrected Nordicism.[2] But this is offset by his *defiant* Spartanism and his Cæsarist doctrine. When he declares that energy can now be spent only in brute force and destruction, Spengler prophetically states the later dynamic of fascist nihilism. His Faustian Winter foreshadows the nature of fascism: hard, frozen co-ordination, the blind, steely robot automaton. The metaphors of the final stages of Spengler's culture become the body of the Black and Brown International.

THE COUNTERFEIT SUBSTANCE

Another mode of Spengler's thought—and this has been overlooked—is central to Hitlerism: his disavowal of abstraction in favour of concrete-physical immediacy. Spengler connected Marxist, democratic and Jewish internationalism with emasculated theory, abstract

[1] In his *Education*, Henry Adams foreshadowed Spengler's main thesis. While he did not hold to a cyclical theory, his analysis of history as a process in which energy was being used up approximates Spengler's view. According to Adams, the exceptional, excellent and heroic (Spengler's *Kultur*) no longer had place in our business world (Spengler's 'Civilization'). Adams wrote of will-frustration at a time when a money structure made for spiritual entropy. Unable or unwilling to take the way of challenge, Adams too looked back to medieval 'unity,' as a contrast to the 'multiplicity' of the present. Yet Adams knew that history does not repeat itself exactly, and he lacked the faith of the twelfth century. 'While he hung tenaciously to his obsolete prejudices, in favour of an earlier century,' observes Parrington, 'the pugnacious realism of that century was oozing out of him.'

[2] Count Keyserling's writings are, in this respect, more nearly akin to the fascist spirit. In *Europa* he states that 'Fascism means a rebirth, a new heroic era, that opposes sickly parliamentarianism.'

proof, the spirituality of money and technics and other ghostly categories. Spengler is essentially a *feudal fascist*. Now, to be sure, Hitlerism with its *Panzer*-methods, represents the high gear of industrial manipulation. Its economic blueprint for the decentralization of the European continent is in the interests of feeding a completely mechanized German plant. However, its propaganda is committed to stressing the physical-agrarian and the irrationalistic approach.[1] Exploiting weariness with theoretical exegeses, it urges thinking with one's 'blood.' Instead of reasoned arguments it stages colourful pageants in the night. Instead of demonstrating that certain books should not be read, it burns the books. In sum: *the enemy is particularized and embodied.* It does not speak of original sin or transcendental redemption or give learned accounts of historical materialism, surplus value and 'the system.' Cutting through all such abstractions, Hitlerism pins the faceless, ubiquitous foe down to a specific devil: 'the Jew.' Here is an enemy one can see, identify—and act upon with immediate *visible* results. Here, Hitlerism met the need of an uprooted generation for simple concrete formulas. The many nature-cults, from the nudists to the *Wandervögel*, could thereby fit into the Hitlerite orbit.

Nazi writings, particularly *Mein Kampf*, centre in this point. Hitler traces his hatred for the Habsburg Empire to its abstract unity, its international conglomeration of states which differ in language and in 'blood.' The Empire became his first objectification of the 'enemy.' Its eclectic universalism and multiple parliamentarianism were for him synonymous with liberalistic chaos which offers no home.[2] Later, Hitler discovers the same additiveness in Judaism. 'From a feeble cosmopolite,' he writes, 'I had turned into a fanatical anti-Semite.' From hatred of the Empire and of Judaism, Hitler

[1] No Nazi theoretician has presented the case for industrialized fascism. The nearest spokesman for this fascism is Lawrence Dennis. Dennis' equivalent for Spengler's 'civilization' is 'capitalism.' In *The Dynamics of War and Revolution*, he criticizes the capitalism of our day for its loss of 'dynamic,' for its 'democratic' forms, allowing competition in industry, international free trade and parliamentarianism. That is, for Dennis, the stagnation of capitalism consists in its being too 'free,' or not monopolistic enough. Dennis would replace capitalism by 'socialism.' But his socialism (involving public ownership and the 'pyramid-building' of government construction projects) does not exclude but permits the system of private monopolies. Dennis' scheme is not to be run by a socialized community but is to be led and administered by an 'élite,' which 'may be capitalists, politicians, priests and soldiers.' The 'socialist' Dennis argues that 'there never has been and probably never will be a society without subsidies, monopolies and favoured classes.' He frankly terms his scheme 'socialist imperialism.' He calls for 'folk unity' and holds to the inevitability of endless wars, as a means of preventing stagnation. 'The probabilities are that war will continue, as in the past, to be a normal and necessary human way.' One distinguishing mark between Dennis and European fascist writers is his use of the democratic Americanism 'probable,' where the others insist on 'certain' and 'absolute.'

[2] Before Hitler, the Austrian sociologist, Othmar Spann, a precursor of the corporative idea, wrote of 'mushy equality,' and Alfred Rosenberg attacked the 'mechanical system of interchangeable units' in the older concept of 'nation.' Spann impugned democracy for its 'invisible' and 'intangible' manœuvrings.

passes on to related diffusions, especially liberalism, for which he reserves perhaps his most bitter epithets. He damns it as the 'Babylonian realm,' as a 'cattle-trading,' 'babbling' and 'cackling' institution. Its parliamentary forms have produced a 'hybridized and negrified world' of compromisers. On the basis of 'no compromise,' he opposes 'race-crossing.'

Hitler's simplest reductions are induced by a kind of impotence to deal with the complex features of an abstract dialectic. Writing of his experiences in debating with socialists, Hitler confesses his irritation at not being able to meet their 'slippery' arguments.

> Wherever one attacked one of their prophets, one's hand seized slimy jelly; it slipped through one's fingers only to collect again in the next moment.... How difficult I found it myself to master the dialectical lies of this race.... I gradually began to hate them.

It became psychologically necessary for him to find a 'nest and homeland.' The idea of 'folkish Fatherland' provided that specific fulcrum. In *Deutsche Kultur im Leben der Völker*, Karl Trebs writes, 'The deeper meaning of the term fatherland, *patria terra*, is this, that it is not merely a land where our fathers have lived but that it is the land which is our father—the primal basis and source of our existence.'

In the concrete metaphor, National Socialism combines its Satans and its angels. It serves to point its embodied programme, envisaged in roads, buildings, bonfires. It carries this stress over into the spoken word, as against the indirection of documentary communication. It is even translated into the field of the natural sciences, where 'Aryan' science is defined in terms of physical experimentalism. On this ground, Professors Lenard and Stark condemn Einstein's Theory of Relativity as theoretical 'Jewish' physics.[1] Fascism resurrects Esau. It translates its principle of 'visibleness' into primitive substance.

THE COUNTERFEIT ABSOLUTE

Another powerful appeal of Nazism was its posing as a system of absolute certainty. Distressed by the chaos of post-war years, confused by the multiple hesitant platforms, many supported Hitler in the hope that at last problems would be *finally* solved—at least for the next thousand years. But no sooner did Hitlerism come into power

[1] Nazi physicists admit that the Theory has some merit, but claim that one Fritz Hasenherl (an Austrian physicist who died in 1915) is its real genius. How strong an appeal this principle of 'visibleness' exerted is illuminated by the fact that even Leftists called for some such bodily emphasis. While he was regarded as a Marxist, Gottfried Benn wrote, 'The cerebrum has lost its importance as compared with our organism as a whole and all its biological principles: In a word, as compared with our body, which presents an ever-recurrent mystery.'

than it forced an even more bewildering pace. Chameleon-like changes in the programme, purges and an accelerated tempo harassed the frayed nerves of the German people still more. The inner and outer war which Hitlerism promised to abolish became the rule. This was inevitable. For in fascism, motion and change are the norm. Its eternal principles are a blind for a shifting tactic. Its theory is not proved in Praxis, as is maintained, but is exhausted in actionism. Its absolute is derived not from a total view but from the requirements of the immediate moment. Geared to the opportunistic strategy, it is suspicious of theory. As the German title of Horvath's *Age of Fish* suggests, Hitlerism breeds a 'youth without God' (*'Jugend ohne Gott'*).

The basis for this restlessness is that fascism is fundamentally a philosophy of business pragmatism on the power level. Aided by big business, it 'lives' by business conquests, even as it rants against 'Jewish materialism.' Posing as a system of final values, fascism is unprincipled expediency. In Alfred Rosenberg's formulation: 'I act in order to act.' Fascism is Mephistophelian operationalism without Faustian corrective. The Faustian temper as represented by Goethe, Wagner and Nietzsche aimed at the spiritualization of matter. Fascism is spiritless materialism. It is the business form of Schopenhauer's demonic will allowing for no respite. Its doctrine does not reverse Ahasueran 'Jewish' rootlessness but itself decrees that the German Wanderer must forever be on the march.[1] Taking advantage of post-war drifting, fascism becomes the vessel of the frustrated and confused. Fascism may be summed up as the *organization of confusion.*

THE COUNTERFEIT NEWNESS

An element which contributes toward this confusion is the claim of fascism that it is a young and completely new doctrine. It would have itself regarded as a miraculous birth having only oppositional relationship to modern trends. Fascism would burn the past. But history cannot be negated, and the nature of fascism has itself been shaped by the very movements which it counters.

As we have already observed, the avowed programme of fascism was a distortion of existing ideologies. Its anti-mechanistic 'Blood and Soil' slogan became a lurid 'make-up' to produce the illusion of youth and strength, its mystic rituals a travesty of Christian sym-

[1] In this sense, Rauschning's characterization of fascism as 'action pure and simple,' as 'directionless revolution' is apt. But when he writes that its revolution is 'merely for revolution's sake,' he fails to distinguish between symptoms and causes. It is true that fascism must keep going. But it must do so because of the social scheme it would preserve and extend. To invoke a 'spirit' of fascism which is disconnected from its social base constitutes the kind of explanation which fascism itself offers.

bology. Above all, fascism is a distortion of democratic and Marxist thought.[1]

A century of political democracy and some three-score years of socialist teaching precede fascism. These historic forces are not destroyed by fascism but, *in a warped frame*, become its ingredients. It appeals to the masses in the name of *socialism*. Dietrich even refers to the Marxist theory of labour-value, speaking of 'human labour' as the 'centre of economic power.' Hitler himself makes parenthetical acknowledgments to its historical materialism, granting that 'sound social conditions' are the basis for the individual's education to nationalism, and at one point includes trusts in condemning the 'internationalization of German economic life.' The dictatorship addresses itself directly to the masses and adopts the outward insignia of the worker, the black and brown shirt. In *Mein Kampf*, Hitler admits that 'without the enormous power of the masses of a people, no great idea, no matter how sublime and lofty it may appear, is realizable.' If Nietzsche, George and Spengler maintain an aristocratic distance from the masses, Hitler would lead them toward *their* national and racial goal. To be sure, he expresses contempt for their mentality, observing that clever propaganda can sell them heaven as hell. He refers to their 'feminine psyche' which can be made to surrender to the male power of the leader. Yet while Hitler's metaphor suggests the act of rape, there remains an element of wooing—at least in the preliminary approach.[2]

Of equally important moment is the *radical temperament* which fascism fosters. The slow, legalistic mechanisms of social democracy, it argues, are cumbersome, evasive, and stifle personal initiative. Its communality is atomic, literal and faceless, its parliamentarianism flabby, will-less talk. Hitler emphasizes the personal, the qualitative. So strong is his antipathy to the half-measures of the liberal bourgeoisie that he prefers leftist extremism. 'It is understandable,' he remarks, 'that one capitulates to a Robespierre, Danton, or Marat,

[1] The 'æsthetic' foreshadowing of this method is given by Thomas Mann in the characters of Aschenbach, Cippola and Mut. Aschenbach stops at the pre-war stage of appearance. Cippola is already deformed, and has recourse to force by magic, and Mut, desperately trying to win Joseph's youthful body, becomes a raving 'bitch.'

[2] The socialist tenor was more clearly discernible in pre-Hitlerite formulations, such as those by Moeller-Bruck and by a group known as National Bolshevists, represented by Ernst Junger. The limitations of Kolnai's scholarly study *War against the West* lie in its failure to recognize the radical socialist planks of Hitlerism. Kolnai names Schlegel, Hoelderlin and other German romanticists as forerunners of Nazi anti-individualism. But the communal order which this group stood for was not, as Kolnai maintains, a 'negation of the Western idea of a community of free, equal and well-defined personal beings,' but a negation of an anarchic individualism which they saw in the new order of 'free' capitalism. Their ultimate goal, however, was free individuality. Hitler's *programme*, on the other hand, calls for individual freedom, and his *practice* consists in automatizing the individual. The difference between the German romanticists and Hitler stems from the fact that they spoke for an æsthetic feudalism while Hitler acts for a pragmatic industrialism.

but it is catastrophic to have gone down on one's knees before the lean Scheidemann, the fat Erzberger. . . .'[1]

It is manifest that National Socialism caricatures both Marxist and democratic values. In Neumann's formulation it perverts the Marxist labour theory to the fetishism of money, its doctrine of economic conflict between capital and labour to a conflict between 'proletarian nations' and capitalist nations, the classless community to the people's community, the proletariat as the bearer of this goal to the German race as the vehicle. It calls itself the revolution against capital and maintains its power with the aid of German big business. It wants to be known as 'National Socialism,' even as it is encouraged by international monopolies and functions as their armed protector.[2] Through demonstrations and pogroms, it gives the individual the illusion of being a 'revolutionary,' while barring him from making personal decisions. It offers a simplest denominator for combining its contradictory attack on capitalism and communism: 'the Jew' as the satanic bearer of both. Likewise, National Socialism distorts the democratic idea. It ridicules its bureaucratic representation and itself institutes the tightest bureaucratic machine in history. Its action, in Neumann's term, is 'pseudo-action,' in which the Nazi machinery directs every move of the individual.[3] In Silone's words, fascism is a mythic caricature of democracy. Dennis 'gives away' the anti-democratic tenor of fascism when he writes that it aims to replace the 'élite greedy for money' by an 'élite greedy for power.' This power-sense is not an expression of the democratically human but the resurrection of the Hunter, brought up to date in the dress of the iron

[1] Dennis' attack on democracy is similar. Fascism, he writes, provides a *meaning* for suffering which capitalist democracy does not. 'If a man suffers in war, he is a hero; if he suffers for his faith, he is a saint; if he suffers under capitalism, he is a sucker. There is dignity as well as fulfilment in being a hero or a saint, but not in being a jobless failure under capitalism. There is a vast difference in suffering *for* something and suffering *from* something. . . . The worker in the bread line has as much regimentation as the soldier, but the latter has regimentation with dignity.'

[2] In his concept of the 'managerial revolution,' James Burnham has introduced but a new term for the collective nature of capitalism. His 'revolution' is also based on 'state ownership.' The new feature, Burnham argues, is that exploitation takes place 'through control of the state by the new ruling class' (the managers). He appears to equate 'control' with 'rule.' But this kind of rule (by technicians, engineers, etc.) has long been exercised by capitalism. Burnham's counterposition of 'capitalist' to 'managerial' is related to the distinction between the older form of capitalism ('free initiative') where ownership and control were individual, and the present collective forms. In the chapter, 'The Monopolistic Economy,' Neumann presents detailed data to refute the notion that the Nazi structure is maintained by managers rather than capitalists. He shows that the market has not been abolished, that private capital plays a dominant part and that the profit and expansionist motives are decisive and are not under control. The Nazis attack financial, not industrial capital. And banking capital no longer has any central significance since industry has become financially almost self-sufficient, even dominating banks and insurance institutions to its needs.

[3] Neumann refers to Nazi terminology in which the impersonal pronoun supersedes the verb, reflecting the magical psychology in which things 'happen' by virtue of the Leader's magical will—a point suggested by H. Paechter.

machine. At the same time, by its forced recourse to 'militant democracy' and socialist motivation, fascism has been contributing to the radicalization of those groups which once helped it to power to prevent the Bolshevization of Germany.[1]

We have examined the socio-psychological devices by which fascism, through its backstage engineers, makes its appeal to various strata of people. The understanding of this 'false consciousness' and objective reference should aid us not only in discriminating condemnation; it should lead us to use what the fascists *abuse*. We study its employment of black magic the better to employ white magic, and its extremism of action might serve as a corrective of indecisive deliberations. Its technique of visibleness can remind us that the method of abstract conviction is not enough for persuasion. Its nationalism can lead us to consider that internationalism might gain a firmer basis by encouragement of specific cultural variations within its polity.

To be sure, these 'values' of fascism can be used only if we recognize that fascism itself stands in the way of their realization. History may record that, like Mephistopheles, fascism has willed evil and done good. But this recording will be possible only if we realize that fascism plans not to do away with the economics of exploitation but to perpetuate it by making it seem 'natural,' that it works not for the personality but for its effacement, that its essence is not a 'new order' but the systematization of disorder.

8. ALIENATION OF ART

THE QUESTION OF what happens to art under fascism generally receives unilateral treatment. The argument is simply that the two are mutually exclusive. Art, it is pointed out, aims at the presentation of objective reality, whereas fascism lives by distortion. Conversely, it is maintained, those who escape from the fascist *Hexenküche* are thereby enabled to produce on an even richer plane.

The actual picture, however, is more complex. To be sure, in its thorough suppression of opposition values, fascism has no predecessor. But fascism is unique mainly for its brutal *proportions*, not for its

[1] The possibility that Hitler's followers might translate this socialist myth into practice has been the fear of such men as Rauschning who supported Hitler in 1933. When Hitler failed to turn East after Munich, Rauschning warned that his movement might develop into a 'socialist revolution aiming at a classless society.' The party 'has trained the masses in revolutionism, a thing the Social Democrats never tolerated.' In his *Revolution of Nihilism*, Rauschning only bewails the fact that Hitlerism did not follow its early trend when it was supported by Krupp and Thyssen. 'Never,' he concludes, 'did a government have a finer chance of serving both the recovery of its own nation and the creation of a common super-national order than the new German government of January, 1933.'

general attempt at co-ordination. For no historic society has ever enjoyed sufficient harmony to permit the artist unrestricted freedom. This consideration, as we have seen, is not without bearing on the work of exiled writers as well.

On the other hand, social repression has never succeeded in total silencing of the æsthetic dialectic—not even in Czarist Russia, as the examples of Dostoyevsky, Tolstoy and Gogol, among others, testify. For the attempt to regiment art brings into play more elusive factors than those operating in the co-ordination of political expression. Dictatorial platforms can prescribe what subject matter may or may not be treated. They may also proclaim that it should be handled with scorn or acclaim. But they cannot compel the persuasive how. Just as fascism can order people to laugh but cannot force them to *feel* like laughing, so it can legislate the theme but not the passion which, in the final analysis, 'tells' us whether or not the artist is giving inner support to his theme. Fascist dictatorship can exert compulsion only over the *direct* act, the outer, public gesture. The unique character of the artistic method, however, is *indirection*. It makes its point through analogy and metaphor, through *overlap* situations and *overlap* values. Its 'reality' is embedded in its poetic and fictionalized pointings. In short, its language and theme are 'secret' and 'underground.' And it is because art employs hidden weapons that the political *Diktat* ultimately fails to meet it at the centre. Even political writing is able to mask itself by use of special vocabularies. What the political revolutionary does deliberately, *happens* to the artist.

A number of smaller talents have bowed to the Nazi Moloch, but it is significant that Hitlerism has failed to co-ordinate a single outstanding German writer. In 1933 the Nazis claimed the allegiance of Stefan George, Georg Hauptmann, Ernst Jünger and Hans Fallada. As noted, it is to-day established that George never accepted the Nazi offers, that he died an exile in Switzerland. Hauptmann, to be sure, was too old to turn directly against Nazism, but he was also too old to be converted from his lyric-dramatic humanitarianism. Jünger was one of the abler writers to embrace Nazism. Yet even he reveals in his latest work a growing sense of estrangement and disillusion.[1] The development of Fallada is even more startling. The simple and lovable characters of his earlier work have turned into masochistic power-men. These examples illuminate the inexorable law of high art: Its æsthetic imagination—that is, its inner enthusiasm—cannot

[1] Jünger had apotheosized war as developing 'noble beasts of prey,' and saw in Nazism the promise of a precise realistic style. In 1940 he published *Auf den Marmorklippen*. It is a weird romantic tale involving a cruel and desperate Chief Forester. His strength is shown to lie in his own fear which he transfers to paralyse those who oppose him. He is described as an evil physician who fosters a disease for the purpose of carrying through an operation he has in mind.

be forced. Nazism has failed to gain the support of the great German writers. It has succeeded only in making exiles of them, has produced what is known as an 'inner emigration' of its best writers.

Yet political compulsions leave marks of strain. The conscious or unconscious effort to 'hide' may lead to a forced or obscure symbolism. If, in addition, the writer vacillates with regard to social values, his symbolism tends to be deployed in tortured incidents. This phenomenon is illustrated by Hauptmann and Fallada.

GERHART HAUPTMANN

The drama of Gerhart Hauptmann has recurrently dealt with borderline characters. The types as well as the *Sonderlinge* exhibit mimetic uniqueness testifying to an isolative individualism straining toward integration. The ground for this borderline status lies, for Hauptmann, in Nature herself and in man's 'natural' demoniacal urge toward the adventurous.

As a poet of unusual sensitiveness, Hauptmann himself has always been conscious of his 'exceptional' status. In his autobiographical notes he tells of his isolation in the family circle and particularly of his strained relationship to his brother Carl, whose literary talents lay in a more realistic direction. Hauptmann notes further that his background and early life made him familiar with the social form of the fratricidal war in that they brought to his attention the division between the middle class and the common people. He adds that when he became aware of this division, he thought it to be his mission to mediate between the two spheres. Indeed, Hauptmann's dramas are a lyrical response to the social wars and confusions of his time. They picture a kind of civil war in a human family where fathers, sons and brothers turn against one another. The Cain-Abel motif and the parricidal theme of Hamlet recur in his work.[1]

Hauptmann's post-Hitlerite work shows a more tortured preoccupation with the Cain-Abel theme. The reference is less direct, the form and setting more legendary. *Die Goldene Harfe*, Hauptmann's first drama in the Hitler era, indicates this development.

The work was conceived as the wars within the German social democracy were crystallizing into the victory of Nazism. It treats of a conflict between a weak and a strong brother, both of whom woo the girl who plays the golden harp. The fraternal war is resolved when the weak brother voluntarily surrenders his claim, in the conviction that the prize 'rightfully' belongs to the stronger. Now, in the past, those of Hauptmann's male characters who were vital and in league with elemental nature usually emerged victorious, especially in the

[1] The Cain-Abel theme is first explicitly treated by Hauptmann during the First World War. The war among brothers appears, however, in many of his dramas, notably *The Sunken Bell*, *Indipohdi*, *Veland*, and most elaborately in the epic of *Till Eulenspiegel*.

sex war. But his pagan conquerors carried within them a Christian note which justified their victory on ethical grounds. No such morality is present in *Die Goldene Harfe*. Indeed, toward the end one feels that by his renunciation the weak brother exhibits a disciplined power which is more difficult to sustain than the unrestraint of the strong brother. Hauptmann's autobiography records an incident which is relevant to this point. He tells of a time when he was assaulted on the street. After a while the combatants mutually agreed to stop fighting. But as Hauptmann got up, the man struck him in the eye. And Hauptmann comments: 'Which of the two was the vanquished? . . . He had the victory of brutality, the victory of a broken promise, the victory of injustice in every sense; in short, he had the victory of baseness. I, on the other hand . . . had the victory of strength, the victory of chivalry, the victory of conciliation.'

Despite the fact that Hauptmann did not leave Nazi Germany, it would seem that he was not co-ordinated with Hitlerism. As heretofore, he is still concerned with the differential character, with what he once called the 'adventure of the unique.' In *Die Tochter der Kathedrale*, he has recently expressed once again his abhorrence of war. Further striking confirmation that Hauptmann has kept to the 'old truth' is offered by his latest autobiographical volumes (*Das Abenteuer der Jugend*) which, although published in 1937, are filled with thinly veiled heresies.[1] One of their leading motifs is the excoriation of Prussianism and of regimented discipline. The Bismarckian Empire, we read, 'blinded not only the Germans but the world.' On the other hand, Hutten's and Schiller's idea of spiritual freedom come in for a panegyric. 'We saw in him (Hutten) the fighter for a pure independent German spirituality, that is, for free research, free thought and free art.' Hauptmann pays tribute to Chamisso (a poet of French descent), calling him the 'most German poet.' Perhaps most telling is Hauptmann's favourable reference to Heine and his selected quotation (without comment) from Heine's revolutionary song of the weavers:

> *Old Germany, listen, ere we disperse,*
> *We weave your shroud with a triple curse.*

HANS FALLADA

In *Little Man, What Now?* published shortly before the Hitler rule, we find the following characterization of the Nazi Lauterbach:

He had no interest in anything. It was thus he joined the Nazis. In street fights he proved himself an extraordinarily astute young man who used his fists with almost artistic feeling for effect. Lauterbach's yearning

[1] That despite such heresies the Nazis took no action against Hauptmann may be due to his age and to the acknowledged place he occupies in the history of modern letters.

for life was satisfied; he could get a fight almost every Sunday and sometimes on a week-day in the evening.

A year later, Fallada was apparently co-ordinated. But one cannot abolish one's past by a signature or by verbalizations. When Fallada 'went over,' he necessarily took with him his former anti-Nazi persuasion. The resultant seems to be a divided allegiance, a reserved obedience, revealed in Fallada's post-Hitlerite novels. These exhibit the violence inflicted on his personality by his outer and partial 'yes.' Fallada's earlier works, conceived in the 'chaos' of the social democracy, are by comparison quiet tales of modest, simple people. The novels written during the Nazi order deal with weird characters, people of extreme passions bordering on madness. These stories are crowded with eerie happenings and are set in macabre tones. The structure is loose, the symbolism tortured and weighted toward the masochistic. The motifs of devouring rats, of haunting owls and of man hunted by wolves crowd these novels. The artist seems troubled by the 'Blood and Soil' he has accepted. His novels appear to be in the nature of symbolic retributions for guilty acts. *Once We Had a Child, Sparrow Farm, Wolf among Wolves* may be taken as illustrating the 'rats of remorse,' plaguing the unco-ordinated Nazi author.

The theme running through most of Fallada's post-1933 novels is the reconquest of home grounds. In Hannes Gäntschow, the hero of *Once We Had a Child*, the method used to regain the ancestral farm is bare ruthlessness. But the victory Hannes gains by his savage means leaves him more alone and isolated than ever. In the Gäntschow ancestry self-sufficiency had long been the family's aim. Hannes' grandfather had set up a notice on a pole:

> *This is Malte Gäntschow's house.*
> *Nothing bought—nothing sold.*
> *No visitors received.*

In old Gäntschow this autarchical trait extended beyond the natural limit. He fell in love with his daughter and after her death identified himself with her to the point of wearing her clothes, sleeping in her bed and finally inviting hungry house rats to devour him as he lay chained to the bed. Gäntschow's self-sufficiency is supplemented by an expansionist drive. Like their dogs ('true progeny of the German sheep-dog'), the Gäntschows find the farmyard too small a field for their energy and voracity. They regard themselves as a 'race of men,' for whom women exist only to bear children and to mind chickens. In fact, they are 'drunkards and wreckers, poachers and lechers. (Their grandfather used to say: "We became Christians only yesterday.")' Hannes follows the ways of his forebears and by his strong technique gains his objective. Fallada's novel expresses sur-

face admiration of the power and wild eccentricity of its hero. But its artistic objectivity passes another judgment, for it tells the story of a 'hero' whose brutality ruins his marriage and deprives him of whatever he has desired. At the end he realizes that 'he had never loved a single human creature except himself, and now it was too late. His whole life lay before him, clear and cold, a desolate expanse of snow and ice.' The grandfather awoke to the possibility of love late in life. Likewise Hannes:

> He also discovered, too late, that he was capable of love, and must now submit, in fetters of his own making, to be devoured by the rats of remorse.

Sparrow Farm seems at first glance a harmless fairy-tale and bird allegory. The bank clerk, Guntram Spatt, tired and dulled by mechanical documentary work, is advised by the clerk Bubo to change into a sparrow and fly to Sparrow Farm, of which he is the rightful owner. By means of a 'brown hair,' the clerk Guntram is transformed into a free sparrow. But as this metamorphosis takes place he notices that an identical Guntram Spatt has taken his place at the desk. The 'original' Guntram flies to Sparrow Farm, experiencing a number of amusing and weird adventures. He learns that, owing to the law of primogeniture, there had been a curse on the property, which was broken by an act of love on the part of his father. But Guntram finds that the farm is once again in the possession of sinister forces led by Councillor Asio.

On the farm Guntram is confronted by many strange coincidences, the most baffling of which is that every character appears to have two faces. Guntram confuses Aunt Cecelia (who takes on the shape of a magpie) with his lovely cousin Monica. Most perplexing of all, Guntram meets his double on the farm, the other 'Guntram' he left at the desk. In the end, the original Guntram defeats the motley enemy and is united with Monica.

Sparrow Farm can be thoroughly enjoyed as a fairy-tale, but it is clearly more than that. Its imaginative framework has fairly definite relevance to the brown magic and double bookkeeping operating since 1933.

Central to the story is the *Doppelgänger* motif. With the exception of the sinister plotter Asio, every actor in the story is split into a 'good' and a 'bad' character. (Bubo occupies a kind of midway position. He reminds Guntram of his ancestral heritage, encourages his sparrow adventuring, and in the end helps him to defeat his enemies.) This duality affects Guntram most; for while he is freed by the magic of the brown hair, his 'real' self remains fettered to the desk in the form of his double. 'Yonder he sat and wrote, exactly as his habit was.' Only one side of him had got away from the 'purgatory of paper.' At Sparrow Farm, Guntram is confronted by his *alter*

ego who claims the inheritance, pretending to be the real Guntram. With the aid of Asio, the Master-Councillor, who in the guise of a malignant owl forges documents and concocts devilish schemes, the false Guntram attempts to gain possession of the farm and of Monica. This *alter ego* is the evil aspect of the sparrow 'movement. This is given point by the Interludes with which Fallada breaks up the narrative and where the false Guntram states his theory of the sparrows as a superior race.[1]

> There is no older, braver or more intelligent race upon this earth than the sparrows. . . . All must serve his purpose by the will of the great Arch-Sparrow.

He holds that

> certain depressing human qualities . . . have wholly died out—such as truthfulness, justice, generosity and kindness.

And he proclaims the right of the sparrows to conquer the world by any means:

> We sparrows—we do as we like with the possessions of this world. . . . We sparrows care nothing what another thinks of us: we take and do what we like, and on that principle we became the mightiest race upon earth.

Finally he expresses their nihilistic aims. The sparrows have now reached the 'third' and highest stage of pecking, namely

> pecking for pecking's sake at which we sparrows are past masters . . . and the greater the devastation, the more glorious is the achievement.

Sparrow Farm may thus be regarded as depicting the split character and ambiguity of the forces around the 'little man.' It is the story of the brown magic used to give him the illusion of liberty while actually keeping him bound. But the fostering of these illusions has unloosed forces which, in Fallada's fairy-tale at least, result in his actual freedom and in conquest of the Mephistophelian pretenders. Guntram, like Hannes, wins his ancestral farm; but where Hannes lost his beloved by his 'heroic' ruthlessness, Guntram wins his Monica.

In *Wolf among Wolves* Fallada leaves the magic world of *Sparrow Farm* and the legendary island community of *Once We Had a Child* for the historic realism of the post-war German inflation. Once again, Fallada depicts his 'little man.' The hero in *Little Man, What Now?* still had the illusion of his white-collar status. Here the inflation with its crazy fluctuations makes for completest dislocation. The one pillar which had not been affected by the war—money as a fixed common denominator of value—now also crumbles. In the ensuing chaos of valuation, Fallada's men and women are tossed about much as are

[1] These interludes clearly violate the framework of a fairy-tale and most obviously suggest the 'real' theme.

the characters of Dos Passos and Doeblin. The rule of chance has enervated them to the point that they are hardly conscious of their suffering. Even if they had enough spirit left to resist, they would not know whom to strike at. It is an age in which there is no trust and confidence in men and things, a devouring age of hunters and hunted. 'Sons turned against parents, one hungry pack bared its teeth against another . . . Youth against Age, recklessness against slow deliberation, blood against cold flesh.' The world is daily becoming poorer in values, even as the machines are making it richer by the zeros of the inflation. The theme of the inflation becomes the metaphor of the life led by Fallada's people. In the case of the central character Wolf, it is more than a metaphor. He takes to reckless gambling itself, not as an adventure but as a pattern of living. This 'freedom' is carried over into the novel's structure. The story is broken up into disparate segments, moves back and forth somewhat in the manner of Dos Passos' *USA*.

Wolf Pagel drifts away from the formal world of his mother, the aristocratic countess with her sense of strict decorum. He goes to the other pole, to the lowest depths, where he meets Petra; but before he can be finally united with her, Wolf must himself go through the gamut of the social pit. A series of fortuitous misunderstandings leads Wolf to abandon Petra. He leaves to take a position on a country estate.

But the instability of the city extends to the country. Here too the gambling spirit rules; here too there is no rest or security. Fallada's long-cherished agrarian talisman is no longer effective. The country still produces concrete 'goods,' but the oscillations of the *Valuta* render them almost valueless in 'exchange.' The land too is afire, and fear invades the peace of the fields. The old Geheimrat of the estate is also busy, calculating and brutal with his workers, and all without a sense of direction.

What saves Wolf from disintegration is the image of the girl he has forsaken. Without his being aware, it is her stability and personal dignity which give him strength to hold out. Her lowly roots make her sensitive to living values. Long ago, and at the very time when everybody was feverishly concerned with money, she made the discovery that to be without money need not spoil one's existence. Wolf returns to Petra, the 'rock' of his existence. The mark is now stabilized, and order and authority are re-established. Wolf's rehabilitation is further indicated by his plan to become a doctor of mental diseases.

There are some extraordinary features in this novel of Germany's inflation period. One of the main arguments of Nazidom was the disorder and chaos of the inflation due to the schemings of Jewish financiers and a criminal 'red' regime. The Nazis kept constantly dinning this point into the ears of the Germans, knowing that they

would prefer almost anything to a repetition of the mad dizziness they had experienced. Yet *Wolf Among Wolves* does not contain a single reference to the Jew as the devil in this scheme, and only passing reference to the Weimar Republic.[1] Instead, the enemy is located in the Junker nobility and the irresponsible speculating of the period.

In view of Fallada's neglect of those factors which the Nazis made focal in their historical analysis, it seems pertinent to suggest that Fallada's depiction of the gambling spirit, the temper of living on chance and risks, is translatable into the mode of Nazism itself, gambling everything in the interests of the next 'thousand years.' The novel's relevance to Nazidom is further suggested by the account of a *Putsch* organized against the government. It is not *called* the famous Hitler *Putsch* which turned into a fiasco, yet almost all the elements which entered into that *Putsch* seem present in the one Fallada describes with ridicule. 'The Reichswehr and the Black Reichswehr were in it; that is, the old soldiers and the young ones, against a government which printed worthless money, which had given up the Ruhr fight, and which wanted to 'agree' with the French. One didn't need to reflect about such things—the *Putsch* was in order.' This organization contains treacherous and opportunistic elements which include the lieutenant who casts a devilish charm over fifteen-year-old Violet, seduces and then forsakes her. The *Putsch* fails, and the lieutenant believes that its failure is due to the fact that Violet has disclosed the hiding place of an ammunition dump. At this point, the author introduces the following parenthetical comment:

> But neither the lieutenant nor his superior, now talking of treachery, arrived at the thought that a thing must indeed be rotten to be overthrown by the chatter of a fifteen-year-old girl; that it could only be an adventure without any life-giving spark of an idea; that they themselves were all trapped by the glittering and corrupt enchantments of a wicked age, and were thinking of the moment instead of the eternity beyond—even as the bank-note machines in Berlin were working only for the day and the hour.

The dualism which runs through Fallada's work is an aspect of a split within the personality of the artist in his relation to his past and present scene. He too must be glad that the post-war inflation came to an end. Yet the co-ordinated rule which came about a decade after the mark had been stabilized brought a new and an even more disastrous inflationary temper. With it the Nazi conception of the hero became a public imperative. But Fallada's work has ever been in sympathy with the simple and modest, and has remained so. He is

[1] The novel is also significant for other omissions. The passive Ruhr resistance is mentioned but not the rôle which the Nazi hero Schlageter presumably played in it. Also, there is no reference whatsoever to the Nazi movement, which got under way at this time.

more at one with them in their misfortunes than he is with the heroic success-characters. In the new order Fallada's little men and women count for naught. Here they can neither take nor give; that is, they cannot be human.[1]

It has been argued that the appeal of dictatorship rests on its re-establishment of childhood dependency and on its sanctioning of the infantile urge to act without considering the consequences of the action. Not only does fascism allow the primitive wish to destroy the 'enemy' physically—it *commissions* the destruction. In a liberalistic polity this urge is restrained by the authoritative censor and is either forestalled or punished, the punishment taking the form of guilt feelings to the extent that the perpetrator identifies himself with the authority principle. In fascism the authority not only does not hinder; it orders the sadistic act. Hitler expressly takes the legal and moral *responsibility* for such acts. The leader assumes the office of a sacrificial priest.[2] This promise of removing restraints and inhibitions fascism has kept 'with deadly earnestness,' as Kolnai remarks.

Yet it is well to note that fascism has exploited but one aspect of the primitive urge. The infantile desire for destruction co-exists with the infantile desire for creating and co-operating. Under fascism co-operation is mainly for the purpose of suppression. Similarly, its accent on the bodily is a warped version of man's nature, its wild, blind and sterile form. The 'Blood and Soil' of fascism does not offer the equilibrium of the earth but the restlessness of the machine. Its primitive absolute, having a modern character, is conscious, planned, dressed in metal.

History has decreed that we travel through the fascist depths. Thomas Mann's Joseph is also enveloped by the Egyptian night, almost consumed by the primitive passion, the body of the Egyptian sorceress Mut. The legendary tradition has persuaded Mann that Joseph will be saved by his memory of the critical, the international and human principle, that he goes on to serve mankind as a 'nourisher.' And we are to derive solace from the fact that his Egyptian servitude is of pedagogic value to Joseph. It teaches him the danger of trying to rule the body by the mind, as well as the danger of allowing the body to override the spirit.

[1] In his recent novel (*Kleiner Mann, Grosser Mann—Alles Vertauscht*), Fallada presents another variant of this theme. A simple insurance official becomes heir to millions, but his wealth stifles him, and he becomes the butt of his subordinates. Only after he has given up his millions does he regain his former security.

[2] In his essay 'The Rhetoric of Hitler's "Battle"' (*Philosophy of Literary Form*), Kenneth Burke discusses the distortion of religious categories in Hitlerism.

IV

MIDWAY PASSAGE: BETWEEN THE LOWER DEPTHS AND UNIVERSAL ORDER

There are abandoned corners of our Exile,
Remote, forgotten cities of Dispersion,
Where still in secret burns our ancient light,
Where God has saved a remnant from disaster.

CHAIM NACHMIN BIALIK

The stranger that sojourneth with you shall be unto you as the home-born among you . . . for ye were sojourners in the land of Egypt.

THE TALMUD

9. SPIRITUAL JUDAISM: THE YEARNING FOR STATUS

ALIENATION IN JEWISH existence has long been recognized. Thorstein Veblen spoke of the Jew as 'a disturber of the intellectual peace . . . a wanderer in the intellectual no-man's land, seeking another place to rest, farther along the road, somewhere over the horizon . . . never complacent nor contented.' But is not restlessness and discontent, reluctance to tarry with the moment, a sign of the critical and spiritual principle itself? In this sense Jacques Maritain, writing of Jewish persecution, declares: 'Spiritually, we are all Semites.' From this view the devil's theory of the Jew which has assumed such tragic proportions in our day may be regarded as an attack on the discriminating mind itself, which refuses to accept verbal and surface assurances established by authoritarian decree. Yet so much more intensive and cruel has been the wrong inflicted on the Jew in our time (he is doubly exposed, as a critic and as a Jew) that many of our writers have been impelled to concretize the estrangement of modern man through the symbol of Jewish characters. Of these, Proust's Swann, Joyce's Bloom and Mann's Naphta, Jacob and Joseph are outstanding artistic projections.

The unsettledness and exile suffered by the Jew has produced its dialectical opposite—a deep yearning for communal status and integration. Spinoza's thought illustrates this tendency. In his system, personal and spiritual exposure is enveloped by a universal enclosure in which body and mind are or can be at home anywhere.[1] In Leo Naphta, Thomas Mann presents the complex of Jew, Jesuit and communist, who moves from individual and social disintegration (he loses his parents and home in a pogrom) to theoretic rehabilitation in the theory of scientific Marxism and from there to concrete status in the physical home of the Catholic Church. However, this twentieth-century Jew cannot accept this order either and ends in tragic apartness.

The Jewish phenomenon moves in a polar rhythm of identification

[1] In Josephus' psalm of World Citizenship, this temper is translated into a cosmopolitan internationalism:

> 'Praise God and be ye dispersed among the nations,
> Praise God and scatter yourselves over the seas.
> Praise God and lose yourselves in infinite spaces.
> A slave is he who binds himself to a single country.
> The Kingdom that I promise you, its name is not Zion,
> Its name is the earth.'

and transcendence. This feature has militated against its nationalism's becoming parochial and its internationalism's remaining abstract. This dual aspect is perhaps most closely approximated by spiritual Judaism.[1] It has more of the restless *Geist* element than political Zionism, for its goal lies in a futuristic Messianic realm.[2] Its collectivistic direction brings it close to Catholicism and socialism, yet it differs from Catholicism in that, not having been codified into an organized Church, it retains a certain 'Protestant' flexibility. And it deviates from Catholicism further by its earthly emphasis, derived from the Old Testament notion of God's immanence.[3]

For some Zionists, taking their inspiration from Moses Hess, this terrestrial City of God comes close to the socialist idea. They see a close parallel between Jew and the worker. Both have long been in bondage, have suffered alienation and been made the victims of the scapegoat technique. In both, emancipation is contingent on the liberation of all mankind. Finally, both would acquire status by placing their homeland *in the future*. The difference lies in the methods to be pursued, and perhaps also in the specific nature of the goal. The Messianic future of spiritual Zionism is more 'open' than is the socialist concept of the classless state.

Post-war developments provided a dual hope that the Jew's long-winding Ahasueran road might come to an end. The Balfour Declaration gave promise of a Jewish national state. The Soviet Revolution declared itself for the emancipation of all oppressed minorities and for the elimination of anti-Semitism as a psychological lightning-rod to divert attention from social difficulties. To the spiritual Zionist neither seemed wholly satisfactory. In the one case the Holy Land was to become industrialized and remain under the protection of Great Britain. In the other there was the fear that the emphasis on *social* status (the Jew as productive worker rather than as Jew) would 'solve' the Jewish problem by eliminating the unique traits of the Judaic psyche. On the one hand, there was the danger that the Jewish state would develop into another capitalist nation with the class war now carried on among Jewish industrialists and workers; on the other

[1] It might roughly be said to be represented in theory by Achad Ha'am, Martin Buber, Ludwig Lewisohn and Waldo Frank.

[2] It is interesting to note that even political Zionism (which along with other national movements in the nineteenth century was a middle-class expression) was led by *assimilated* Jews (Herzl, Nordau, Zangwill). Their conception of Jewish culture thus allowed for a compound variety of facets.

[3] Sholem Asch's *The Nazarene* dwells on the social redemption on earth. It contrasts this aspect of Judaism with individual redemption after death in Christianity. On this basis Lewisohn distinguishes between the Christian repudiation of man and nature and the Jewish humanization of the natural. It would seem that these demarcations hold true mainly with respect to the earlier doctrines of Christianity.

hand, the Soviet programme presented the possibility that the identification of the Jew with the worker would dissolve the specific Jewish character. The status contained in these national and international patterns was unsatisfactory, especially to those who sought for a resurrection of the metaphysical and the ethical in Judaism.

FRANZ WERFEL

In *Embezzled Heaven*, Theo, the narrator, confesses to the Roman Catholic priest, Johannes:

> I recognized at a very early age that the revolt against metaphysics is the cause of all our misery. . . . You know that I stand *extra muros*, but you will also have realized that I regard every faith, especially the Roman Catholic, with the greatest sympathy.

By the 'revolt against metaphysics,' Werfel means the positivistic, nationalist and pragmatic temper. Here, time, work and money exclude total perspective. But,

> without perspective everything is meaningless, and when everything is without meaning our natural human rights have no meaning either, even the right not to be killed. Consequently there is to-day only one right, namely the so-called power of facts, or the law of the jungle.

From its beginnings Werfel's work has been concerned with man's striving toward unification in the midst of divisiveness. In his lyrical period Werfel dealt with the problem of individuation, which he regarded as man's defection from divine origins, and the source of his guilt sense. An abstract intellectualism and an atomic individualism have separated man from man and from God. In terms of social structures, the modern nationalistic state, with its cult of private property and self-assertion, was to him the insidious manifestation of the individualistic heresy. Here Werfel was at one with the body of expressionistic thinking and with writers such as Wassermann, Doeblin, Georg Kaiser and Waldo Frank in leaning toward some non-mechanistic, all-inclusive Whole as an antidote to isolative modernism.

In Werfel's early work this unity is located in the integrated reactions of the child and the childlike. Later it is translated into the Father-Mother motif (Barbara in *The Pure in Heart*, Teta in *Embezzled Heaven*, Domenico in *The Pascarella Family*). On the social plane it takes form in the notion of the patriarchal communality. The nearest modern equivalent of this sociality Werfel finds in the old Austrian Empire. And in an astounding prologue to his *Twilight of a World*, Werfel defends *Alt Oesterreich* as having embodied 'the highest possible personal freedom within a highly responsible com-

munity.' Austria appears to Werfel to have constituted the last European bulwark against nationalism, industrial capitalism, materialism and class warfare. In the Empire people lived their 'common life' and found their earthly happiness, serving the while the higher idea. The last representative of the 'transcendent idea' was Franz Joseph, a father to his people, standing for order, peace, culture, for 'universal humanity.' This principle was doomed when 'modern nationalism and its scientific theories overshadowed the imperial idea of Occidental Christianity.'

Franz Werfel illustrates the phenomenon of a Jew who *wants to, but cannot* be a Catholic, of a modern who desires but knows it is impossible to return to the thirteenth century—for he himself has been conditioned and moulded by the scientific attitude and the analytical procedure which he would repudiate. The result is that even as Werfel espouses primitiveness, metaphysics and Catholic permanence, he also questions them. This is especially evident in the dramatic nature of his art, where the opposition is accorded greatest justice. His primitive characters, such as Domenico Pascarella, Barbara, Teta, often appear pathetically futile, their naïve immediacy requiring the help of sophistication. The release of the animal in *The Goat Song*, which acts as a momentum liberating the peasants, is made possible by a doctor, a student and the ethical sensitiveness of a woman. Similarly—in *Juarez and Maximilian*—while Juarez, the Aztec Indian, is victorious, the defeat of Emperor Maximilian is suggested as partly due to his civilized understanding of the situation as a whole, which lames his will to act. What saves the Armenians in *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh* is Bagradian's knowledge of modern warfare and his organizational technique. The value of civilization reaches an ironic shade in this novel in that it is Bagradian who chooses to stay on the Mountain of Moses, while the primitive Armenians take to the Allied ships to live on somewhere as aliens in modern surroundings.

Werfel's *Embezzled Heaven* reveals most sharply how the quest for a primal absolute is affected by the modern spirit. Teta, a simple, pious peasant, wants to be sure that she will go to heaven. It seems to her that she might follow the example set by the Lord, who sent down a Mediator to help mankind. Perhaps if her nephew Mojimer became a priest he could thus act as her mediator. Thereupon, Teta arranges to finance Mojimer's education for the priesthood. Thus Teta would *buy* her way to heaven. Furthermore, she thinks only of her personal salvation, never consulting her nephew, for whom she bears no particular love. Teta is cruelly punished for her modern heresies by modernism itself. She discovers later that Mojimer has

never been ordained, has instead squandered her money and turned to petty racketeering.[1]

While none of Werfel's people achieves Catholic status, the Christians come nearest to it. The Jewish characters 'succeed' only in trying. This contrast is shown between Engländer and Ferdinand in *The Pure in Heart* and between Johannes and Theo (who, while not a Jew is, with Werfel, the 'narrator' of the novel). Unlike Johannes, Theo has no home or family ties and leads a kind of tourist's existence. His life, like Teta's, has been 'open.' (Further identification between the cook and the narrator is suggested by their names.) Teta's attempt to gain heaven by money and by imposing her will fails, but she achieves status by service to man and God. Theo would also acquire status by 'service,' in his rôle of intermediary in telling Teta's story; but this civilized messenger lacks the faith of simple Teta and of the ordained priest Johannes. Toward the end, Theo admits to the priest: "You have a firm faith, and my faith is confused.' Where Teta gains communion at last, the narrator remains an exile.

The desire for homecoming is thwarted. But perhaps homelessness is no absolute tragedy, is in reality God's way of saving man's spirit from making itself at home in the wrong world. Possibly exile is the alternative to enslavement. In the prophet Jeremiah (*Hearken unto the Voice*), Werfel presents a Biblical prototype who *sought* exile. Finding himself surrounded by an exploiting and rapacious materialism, Jeremiah hears the call of God and isolates himself from the 'herd.' Jeremiah chooses alienation as his home in an age when status means servility and humiliation. His alienation becomes the 'burden of the mysterious law of sanctification.' By thus distancing himself from the people, he serves them by prophesying the downfall awaiting the expansionist mores of his time. Such conversion of loss into a gain is also proclaimed by the Angel of the End of the Days in *The Eternal Road*:

> *Be grateful for sorrow, your sorrow's cause*
> *In divine strength rooted still upward draws.*

In this sense Werfel has seen his exile as a 'summons to renewal.' *The Song of Bernadette* is Werfel's most recent homage to regenera-

[1] Mojimer's 'evolution' from would-be priest to his unstable profession becomes a representation of Austrian history in which feudal clericalism was succeeded by petty bourgeois business in the post-war period. Even Rome is shown as having suffered similar invasion. On her way to the Eternal City, Teta discovers that what she had thought of as a pilgrimage has become a comfortable trip in highly fashionable cars, with business rather than piety motivating the pilgrims. Modernism has infiltrated even to the Vatican, as suggested by the account of the sharp, new-model razor which the Pope has received as a gift, the use of which exhausts him on the day when he is to receive the modern pilgrims. The point becomes relevant in that Teta is here identified with the Pope, both of whom die at about the same hour, exhausted by the labours imposed upon them by the new times.

tion by ' metaphysical faith.' In this novel Werfel returns to his early lyrical mood when the child was held forth as the high instance of integration and faith—with this difference: here he would support his belief by the scientific data of history. The novel purports to be nothing more than a poetical restatement of the recorded visions of Bernadette and the miraculous cures which were subsequently to have taken place at Lourdes. The self-questioning note with which Werfel treated his post-lyrical characters has disappeared. The author does not simply state that Bernadette *claimed* to have seen visions. He would *justify* the claim by re-creating her visions in a manner to suggest them as unquestionable matters of *fact*. Through laboured verisimilitude, he would *persuade* the reader that it was all actually so. Werfel clearly identifies himself with the child, and it is as though he himself were experiencing the visions. The emphasis is on the complete normalcy of Bernadette's behaviour and condition (she falls into a trance only *after* she has seen The Lady). The cures are presented as having the indubitable character of miracles, since they take place *immediately*. Werfel also regresses to the technique employed in *The Goat Song* and *Juarez and Maximilian*, where the protagonist or prime mover of the action remains invisible throughout. The Lady is ' seen ' only by virtue of the novelist's own imagination.

Werfel's method of countering a sophisticated, rationalistic age of disbelief is here of utmost disingenuousness. The limitation of modernism is seen in its failure to share the faith of Bernadette! It is such unqualified, simple faith by this highly conscious writer which raises questions as to its representation of his actual credo. The æsthetic and technical function of The Lady's literal appearance and of the miraculous cures is similar to that of the heaven in Hauptmann's *Assumption of Hannele* and of the church miracle wrought in O'Neill's *Days Without End*.

The novel itself provides some clues that Werfel's return to the ' song ' of his beginnings is disturbed by the cacophony of his modern experiencing. Werfel himself records that the question of Bernadette's normalcy was raised because her visions transpired during the critical period of her adolescence. (Indeed, the category of disease hovers over the entire story and is organically bound up with faith.) Moreover, it is The Lady's beauty rather than her goodness which attracts Bernadette. Nor does the vision make her a better or a more socialized person. To be sure, as in the case of the Goat and of Juarez, The Lady's appearance leads to a kind of ' people's ' revolt. And once again the same aristocratic distance is maintained between the leader and the following. Bernadette remains alone and separated from everyone, even as she returns to the ' anonymous mass from which she arose.'

Seen in its total context, Werfel's work admits that the recapture of a primitive, socialized absolute is no longer possible. The new metaphysical unity can be reached only by travelling along the road of exile. But Werfel continues to have troubling doubts as to whether there is an end to the 'eternal road.' Where, in the Joseph myth, Thomas Mann chooses a story with a happy ending, Werfel's Jeremiah myth deals with an exile who remains embittered with the world.[1] And while Mann's Joseph, travelling through Egypt's Realm of the Dead, attempts to establish communication with his fellow men, Jeremiah avoids 'the community of men, the coarse, turbid world that had forsaken God.' Hence, where estrangement in Mann's later characters is pointed toward bringing about their own and their people's socialization and humanization, in Werfel there is a kind of spiritual aristocracy in play which approaches a snobbishness toward the average and the ordinary. Werfel's spiritual characters remain essentially alone, communing either with themselves or with mystical essences. Werfel's quest for status remains unrequited. He drifts between a past social paternalism which he knows cannot be recaptured and a scientific socialism which he calls a 'kind of aspirin.'

Man certainly does not live by bread alone, but neither does he live solely by the spirit. In rejecting the materialist heresy one is in danger of falling into a spiritual heresy. When at last will the great man arise who is able to reconcile socialism with metaphysics?

In his later work Werfel suggests an ideal of social justice which lies somewhere between the Judaic-Christian heritage and Marxism. This idea is more explicitly formulated by Waldo Frank in his notion that Judaic justice unites 'the realistic logic of Marx and the immanent divinity of Spinoza. . . . If Marx carries on Moses and Ezra, Spinoza carries on Isaiah and Jesus.' The problems arising out of this two-fold allegiance receive epical form in the work of Sholem Asch, particularly in *Three Cities*.

SHOLEM ASCH

Three Cities is a kind of Jewish *War and Peace*. Like Tolstoy's novel, it is the story not so much of individuals as of a collectivity, of families, tribes and groups. And while Zachary, the Jew, is a paler version of the massive Russian Pierre, both are dissatisfied with and estranged from the reigning symbols of authority. Both are inwardly at war during the peaceful period, and both achieve stability through the wars of their societies by identifying themselves with the anonymous masses. The contrast lies in the different status of the main characters which determines their final stages. Tolstoy's Pierre is nearer to the centre of his community and at the end is shown hap-

[1] Also. Mann introduces daring 'additions'; Werfel's myth is an almost literal regression to the Biblical story.

pily married, content in the daily round of household routine. Zachary Mirkin finds only the formal categories for security. At the close he is still in quest of social integration.

Zachary, like Pierre, belongs to one of the richest families in Russia, but where Pierre only gradually becomes aware of his estrangement from society, Zachary feels himself from the outset to be 'quite alone in the world, without a family, without a fatherland, without a home.' His mother is dead, and his father has brought him up neither a Jew nor a Christian, without love or hatred for his country. In Czarist St. Petersburg Zachary cannot find the strength he needs. Here the glamour of social position and of money determines human communication. It is a world of hollow paternalism, of wealth expended in whimsical desires to be served 'cherries in snow.' Unable to live in this atmosphere, Zachary leaves heavy, rich St. Petersburg. He goes to Warsaw to live in the community of its poor Jews. It is a way similar to that taken by Wassermann's Christian Wahnschaffe.

The first book, 'Petersburg,' has the feeling of solid, heavy timber. It is like a dark, thick wood in which one discerns giant trees dominating and choking the growth of the forest. 'Warsaw' has the character of a vast and deep ocean where numberless human families move and huddle together. Petersburg exhibited power; Warsaw exudes warmth and generosity. It has the cohesion of water particles.

In Warsaw, Zachary meets various shades of Jewish aspirations, from those who argue for 'Enlightenment' to Zionists, orthodox Jews and socialists. However, it is not any one doctrine which captures Zachary's heart but rather the communal body of the Jewish masses. Socially they belong to no 'class.' Barred from the land and the factory, they are neither peasants nor proletarians and eke out a precarious existence by an amusing variety of non-productive pursuits. What draws Zachary to these masses is the 'essential communism' of their life. Precisely because these Jews belong to none of the warring classes, they have salvaged a sense of 'classlessness'; because they are outcasts, they have drawn together. And in the daily routine, and in hours of need, Zachary finds a warm readiness to help, finds an attitude of universal kinship. It is in their midst, Zachary writes his father, that he knows happiness at last and through them hopes to find salvation. 'I was sick and now I am sound. And I tell you quite frankly, Father, that I have regained my health and found the meaning of my life, the idea of my existence, the subject matter for my creative force, among the most wretched of the wretched, the most forsaken of the forsaken: the Jewish masses.' In their collective bosom, Zachary succeeds in losing his former self-conscious and vacillating identity.

Rachel-Leah Hurvitz is the embodiment of this humanity. Her place is that of a mother—mother to her household, to the community and to Zachary. Rachel-Leah has no understanding of the dialectical discussions which take place in her home. She does not know any theories whereby the destitute are to be emancipated. Her apperception is immediate and sensuous; her way is pure physical help and comfort. When the community is threatened with starvation, she busies herself organizing soup kitchens, and when she appears before the authorities, she asks for 'potatoes and coal,' not for her constitutional rights. It was Rachel-Leah who urged Zachary to come to Warsaw, and it is through her and in her home that he learns the meaning of communal morality.

When the Russian Revolution breaks out, we find Zachary in Moscow fighting with the Bolsheviks. He is driven to their side not by economic necessity but by ethical persuasion. The Bolsheviks seem to him identical with 'the down-trodden and suffering Russian masses... the poor, the suffering, the enslaved,' of whom the Jews are a part. He supports the Revolution for its ethical goal to liberate the communal striving in man. 'Moscow' appears to him the means of actualizing and universalizing the co-operative spirit he saw struggling in 'Warsaw.' Like other Russian intellectuals, Zachary envisages the aim of the Revolution as Messianic. He believes that in the dawn to follow, all humanity will be redeemed, 'much as pious Jews believe that when the Messiah comes it will be possible to walk unharmed across bridges of paper.'[1]

But Judaism has no organized church and no conception of the church militant. And as Zachary sees the October Revolution harden into dogma with some, and as he hears arguments for the absolute justification of force in dealing with class enemies, he begins to be gnawed by doubt. His 'race' begins to stir in him, the blood compounded of love for those who are now the suffering. Doubt and fear become synonymous for him with sympathy for the 'other side.' Zachary engages in an internal dialogue in the course of which he tells himself that

> so long as fear prevailed in our blood, man was a genuinely human, religious being who created good for himself and knew love and humility. ... And to restore the equilibrium of the world, to recover the supremacy of Love and Goodness, the first thing needful is to rouse again in humanity that divine spark—the feeling of cowardice and fear.

For a period Zachary saw in the Revolution the embodiment of morality. He came to it, as he had come to Rachel-Leah and to the

Singer's *The Brothers Ashkenazi*, where Tevyeh, the son of a Talmudic father, turns social revolutionary. His call for a strike is couched in Talmudic imperatives for human justice. He terms scabbing a religious violation, for 'this action may be likened to murder, as if a man were to rise up in the field against his brother and slay him.'

[1] A similar transposition of Biblical admonitions into social beliefs is contained in

masses in Warsaw, as a son to his mother. But the practices of the October Revolution seem to him lacking in such 'motherly love.' (It is interesting to note that the third book, 'Moscow,' lacks the personalization of events which characterizes the other books. Its 'metaphor' is neither the static density of 'Petersburg' nor the oceanic flow of 'Warsaw,' but rather the punctuating sound of machine-guns.) Zachary returns to Warsaw, now under a Polish nationalist regime. He returns to Helene, the daughter of Rachel-Leah, who throughout these upheavals has stayed quietly at her task of teaching and comforting little children. Amid the political holocausts, Helen continues in her steady modest service.

Zachary's way from Petersburg to Warsaw to Moscow and back to Warsaw appears as a circular route. In Warsaw Zachary came to the conclusion that the only way the Jewish masses could be restored to health was by enclosing them within the productive life of modern industry, run on a co-operative basis—the goal which Moscow aimed at. Asch closes the story with Zachary's arrival in Warsaw, leaving the reader to wonder what kind of activity, aside from that of a Samaritan nature, is open to Zachary. To justify his rejection of Moscow Zachary attempts to equate 'cowardice and fear' with love and goodness. Yet in the narration of the events themselves, Zachary's ethical doubts appear in an awkward setting. He raises his objections to the use of force at the very time when White Guards threaten to replace 'Moscow' by 'Petersburg.' Indeed, throughout the novel, Zachary is drawn as a weak and vacillating character. Asch's graphic account of Rachel-Leah's revolutionary son David is a startling contrast to the depiction of Zachary's nervous and fumbling personality. David accepts death with more affirmation than Zachary ever accepts life.

These 'doubts' which the author appears to express with regard to Zachary's way suggest that Warsaw is not simply another stage in the Ahasueran road, for Zachary will now necessarily see Warsaw from the perspective he has gained in Moscow. His regression to Warsaw is on the same plane as his reunion with his father. And the father to whom he is now drawn has accepted the Revolution both as a Jew and as a Russian. For, to Mirkin, Russia represents the morality of 'all-togetherness,' and as such it merges with the idea of Judaism. Both Russians and Jews have lived so long under oppression that they have developed a 'common ideal of freedom and an intense longing, a thirst for justice, a bond that is stronger than religion.' Hence, to old Mirkin, the objectives of the Revolution are expressions of the Russian and Jewish soul, and despite personal sacrifices and the loss of his wealth, he supports it to the end—a conversion which is easily the most impressive turn in the story of 'Moscow.' Toward the close the son recognizes the strength and

dignity in his father's bearing. In going back to 'Warsaw,' Zachary takes that 'Moscow' with him which has taught him and his father that 'we Jews can only be redeemed by the last victory. For we are the last of all.' This is suggested by Zachary's return to the house of Rachel-Leah. The Biblical allusion of her name (as that of her husband, Jacob) points to her as the Mother of Mankind. Rachel-Leah is the bond between Warsaw and Moscow. She is the mother of David and Sosha, who dedicate their lives to the Revolution, and of Helene, who stays at home in self-sacrificing attendance to her daily task, caring for those in immediate need of human solace. Asch's recurrent concern with the Mother-theme suggests the values of the communal matriarchy.

The work of Werfel and Asch illumines variations of that spiritual Judaism which seeks an integration that will permit transcendence. This co-mixture points to its fusion of Protestant and Catholic directives. Historic co-ordinates have contributed toward the Jew's 'protesting,' critical approach, his open universe allowing for 'reformations.' But this questioning temper is joined to a profound desire for order and system, for a Catholic or universal view and state. The conjunction of these elements prevents dissidence from becoming cold negation, and acceptance from taking the form of frozen dogma. At this hour the Jews, along with the many whose spirit cannot sanction dictatorial co-ordinations, are wanderers in a no-man's-land. This makes for disquiet and wretchedness. But in it there is the throbbing of the blood in the adventure of creative beginnings and destinies. In *A Christian Looks at the Jewish Question*, Jacques Maritain writes: 'Like an activating ferment injected into the mass, [Judaism] gives the world no peace, it bars slumber, it teaches the world to be discontented and restless as long as the world has not God; it stimulates the movement of history.'

10. IN QUEST OF EVERYMAN

JAMES JOYCE AND EUGENE O'NEILL

I believe in the future resolution of those two seemingly contradictory states, dream and reality, into a sort of absolute reality, a ' surréalité ' if it may be so called.

ANDRE BRETON in his *Manifeste du Surréalisme*

JAMES JOYCE

JOYCE BEGAN BY rebelling against the Thomist and Irish traditions on which he was reared. Yet throughout his life he retained the Thomist passion for system, and even as he was repudiating Ireland he translated two of its representative poets, Yeats and Synge. Indeed, seen as a whole, Joyce's graph is plotted by the categories of apostasy and faith. It describes Joyce's own characters who challenge authority, wander through the pit of defection and return by the cyclical route to the authoritative principle. The case is similar to that of Proust, Santayana and O'Neill, with whom physical alienation also brought closer attachment to the abiding features of their heritage. However, Joyce's exile was more thorough than that of the others. Joyce was never to return ' home.' He did move from the subject of *Exiles* (the title of his early drama) to that of ' Everyman ' in his last work. But he died while still ' in progress.' To the end Joyce remained a wanderer between homeless differentiation and cosmic identification.

Joyce left Dublin because it offered him only a choice between stale scholasticism and bureaucratic commercialism. But in Trieste, Rome and Zurich, where he worked in a bank and taught languages, he was oppressed by dry rituals similar to those for which he had condemned Dublin. Here too the atomism of time and money dominated his life. The element of quantitative divisiveness which pursued him both in Ireland and on the Continent was constantly to warp the timeless essences of which he was in quest.

Joyce's language became the most elaborate communication of such multiplicity straining toward an integrated totality. It strove to give at the same time the evanescent impression and the enduring principle. But human speech only rarely makes itself heard above a Babylonic pandemonium, and consciousness barely maintains itself in migrations among catacombic passages. Joyce became our supreme Mephistophelian semanticist, depicting the jumble, restlessness and disjunction of our unclassical Walpurgisnachts in which feeling and reflection are dismembered and dispersed. Joyce's syntactical heresies also contained social and moral challenges. They corresponded to the political heresies of the Parnell movement through which the Irish petty bourgeoisie turned against the middle and upper strata of

Ireland and England. Young Dædalus announces his independence from 'home . . . fatherland . . . church,' and in *Ulysses* practises this impiety in refusing to pray for his mother. Dædalus is here echoing Joyce's own early apostasy from his Catholic-Irish foundations.

Ulysses, begun in 1914, was a semantic and cultural declaration of war against Western styles and *mores*. It became the rallying work of the *transition* group which wanted to burst the 'metallic age' by uncompromising defiance of its entire law-structure. Once more, the result of such insurgence was alienation.

In *Exiles*, Joyce early indicated his awareness that absolute liberation was self-defeating. Joyce's Richard would have his wife act as though she were completely free. She complies and gives herself to his friend. Having broken all conventional rules of friendship and connubial fidelity, Richard confesses that he is tired of his extremist transvaluations. Likewise, young Dædalus suffers from drifting in the labyrinthine unknown. He senses the relevance of Shelley's lines to his own 'barren shell':

> *Art thou pale for weariness*
> *Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,*
> *Wandering companionless . . . ?*

In his diary, young Stephen Dædalus records his mother's prophecy that he would come back to faith because he had a restless mind. *Ulysses* is the first stage of this return. In it he becomes critically conscious of his dissidence. At the hallucinatory close of the brothel scene, an atheist appears, dressed as a priest with the vestments turned inside out. Dædalus smashes the chandelier, screaming out the word 'Nothung.' This is his last blasphemy against the principle of Wotan-authority. He is now ready for realignment.

Leopold Bloom becomes Stephen's new father. Bloom's practical realism is to supplement and steady his intellectual imagination. But the new father is himself a homeless man, a 'Wandering Jew,' a baptized Protestant in an Irish city and a cuckold in his home. Bloom is a little man, badgered in public and in private. Although he moves about energetically, he has no destination. Bloom is Joyce's 'Noman,' a stunted and humbled Everyman. Yet this 'Noman' was intended by Joyce to overshadow the other characters. Precisely because of his Jewish homelessness, Bloom is meant to be most representatively human. 'Jews,' we read in *Ulysses*, 'are of all races and most given to intermarriage.' Indeed, at one point Joyce likens Bloom's sufferings to those of the Saviour.

As in the case of Proust's Swann (also a half-Jew), Bloom's function is to interweave the events and characters and to act as the mediative principle. But not only is the form of mediation of this man, who solicits advertisements of goods he does not own and in which he is

not interested, on a lower plane: this modern Ulysses fails in his central mission of becoming a father to the lost son. He fails not only because he and Dædalus are separated by many differentiating elements in their historical antecedents, but also because he is essentially diffident and unheroic. Bloom and Dædalus have mainly negatives in common: their heterodox resistances and their alienation from home, family and cultural tradition. Bloom is inadequate as a father as well as a husband and a businessman. His one successful mediation is that of bringing Stephen and Molly Bloom together. And in Molly Bloom's universal soliloquy, the composite nomadism of Stephen and Bloom is to be rehabilitated, her unqualified 'yes' enveloping and resolving all their antinomical 'nays.' But in its structural relation to the story, this sudden resolution is not foreshadowed. It is a mystical *tour de force*, a strained precipitation following on long, tortuous withdrawals.

Finnegans Wake might be regarded as an attempt to correct this over-hasty compensation on a more ambitious scale. Earwicker begins as a continuation of Bloom. He too is an alien. In Joyce's intent, he is to develop into the complete Man. The semi-narcissistic perspective of young Dædalus and the multiple consciousness of *Ulysses* are here broadened to a simultaneity of universal spatial-temporal perspectives. In this 'All World's Symphony,' Joyce's earlier split souls are to be redeemed by Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker, as Everyman, and by Anna Livia Plurabelle, as Every Woman. The proletarianized petty bourgeois Earwicker is to fuse all polarities, natural and human, conscious and subconscious. As the product of everything which history and the myth have bequeathed to mankind, he is meant to portray the interweaving of temporal continuity with circular recurrence. (According to one enthusiast, Joyce's task is an æsthetic re-creation of the whole universe. 'He has telescoped time, space, all humanity, and the universe of gods and heroes.') In short, *Finnegans Wake* aims to be the *Summa* of human culture, moving through the four agrarian cycles, corresponding to Vico's Four Ages of Man. This is not a return to primitive categories as some have asserted. Not only is Joyce's manner, with its analytical and Freudian probings, highly sophisticated, but the intent of his 'regression' is also to show the *final identity* of patterns throughout mankind's history.

The notion of mythical recurrence suggests the comparison with Mann's Joseph story. Both Joseph and Earwicker are aliens. The one is a Hebrew in Egypt, the other a Protestant Scandinavian in Irish Catholic Dublin. And as Joseph's heritage of his forefather's futuristic vision is the promise that he will arise out of Egypt's night, so Earwicker's critical Protestantism contributes toward his awakening from the long nightmare. As the Saturday night Saturnalia gives

way to the serenity of Sunday morning, Earwicker is freed from his aberrations. He is no longer in love with his son. His 'wake' is followed by an awakening to a new existence.

Joyce's work appears as a monumental effort along several planes. Negatively it is a 'body blow to the traditionalists' (Jolas). The destruction of the old world is followed by migration through purgatory. In Joyce's intention, Earwicker is to move toward a fusion of dream and analysis, of heresy and faith, of Protestant individualism and Catholic communality. A new Phœnix (Vico's term for civilization) is to arise from the debris. However, the parallel with Vico's spiral theory (suggested by Joyce himself) breaks down at an important point. Joyce's polysemantic vocabulary aims at creating a *cosmic and eternal simultaneity*, suggestive of Spengler rather than of Vico. To be sure, Earwicker's experiences repeat themselves in spiral variations, and where Spengler sees historical darkness finally closing in on man, Earwicker is brought through the night. But just when Earwicker awakens Joyce ends his story. *Finnegans Wake* is in the main the account of man's eternal night.

The demarcation between Joyce's art and philosophy of history and those of Thomas Mann appear at this point. Mann's story of Joseph is *public*. He has not chosen it as much as it has been bequeathed to him, and Mann himself does not depart from the main lines of the Biblical story. Only his genius of suggestion shows Joseph's story as having relevance to the history of mankind as a whole. Mann's language is also public. Even as he touches on the abyss in man's fate, Mann avoids grammatical and syntactical somersaults. His aim of preserving cultural tradition has its correlate in his preservation of linguistic tradition as well.

Ulysses and *Finnegans Wake* would also communicate the hidden import of our traditional lore. But the means chosen tend to deepen the 'secret.' Where Mann's constructions are geared to the traditional legend, Joyce constructs an elaborate and painstaking scheme to 'tell' us that *Ulysses* parallels the Homeric story and that *Finnegans Wake* follows the teachings of Vico. But not only are the parallels forced; they are also *arbitrary*, in that Joyce has simply chosen to *invent* a story and to develop it in such a manner *that it would* show the parallels.

Joyce's work, called the *Summa* of our age, is more 'summation' than synoptic integration. *Substance* is precisely what fails to materialize in Joyce. It is absent in his characters, who are pointed to with sophisticated analogies, only occasionally relieved by sensuous creation. It is absent in his story, which is a bewildering crisscross of mythical allusions. Herein Joyce, whose main work was written between 1914 and 1939, emerges as the summary expression of a displaced era connecting the two great wars of history.

Joyce's aim was to brace the Ahasueran nature of the temporal dialectics with the pillars of a simultaneous dialectic. But Joyce has omitted an essential category: the public character of social time. Joyce ends his story with his hero's 'wake,' in which the element of rebirth is more of a prayer than a promise. Yet into this prayer went one of the most immense and imaginative efforts of our time to unlock the secret of man and of his relation to the world. Joyce presented the secret in the form of a nightmare, and it was Henry James who wrote that from a nightmare world 'there is no waking save by sleep.' And Joyce's world of sleep often vibrates with warm, lyrical rhythms, and his antinomies are tempered by the comic perspective.

She was just a young thin pale soft shy slim slip of a thing then, sauntering, by silvamoonlake, and he was a heavy trudging lurching lieabroad of a Curraghman. . . .

EUGENE O'NEILL

Policeman: What you been doin'?

Yank: Enuf to gimme life for! I was born, see? Sure, dat's de charge. . . . (addressing the gorilla): On'y yuh're lucky, see? Yuh don't belong wit 'em and yuh know it. But me, I belong wit 'em—but I don't, see? . . . I ain't on oith and I ain't in heaven, get me? I'm in de middle tryin' to separate 'em, takin' all the worst punches from bot' of 'em.

The Hairy Ape

Through the character of John Loving in *Days Without End*, O'Neill recapitulates his own stormy development from anarchic defiance to pious recantation. O'Neill's vogue in America, similar to that of Hauptmann in Germany, stems from the representative character of his shifting allegiances. The difference between O'Neill and Hauptmann consists in the more realistic and passionate statement of these vacillations by the American dramatist.

Lionel Trilling has noted the religious tenor of O'Neill's work. One should add that it has a 'modern' quality in that it contains a minimum of religious submissiveness. The passion of O'Neill's characters is not the passion of Christ. It is the passion of business, ownership and acquisitiveness. 'Somethin'' drives them on to seek freedom. But it is a freedom which disturbs, unsettles, demanding a restless pace. Where the Greek man might find release in æsthetic or ethical catharsis, and the medieval man might place it all in the lap of God, O'Neill's sceptical and disillusioned moderns can find no such resting points. Their appeal is to science and to psycho-analysis. But the 'Dynamo' does not answer, and analytic probings only render communication more confusing. When they try the way 'downward' toward innocence, they discover that it is too late for

that. They have been driven out from the naïve plane, and know too much to be content with not knowing enough.

The specific nature of O'Neill's problem derives from his concern with characters who stand in an unsteady midway position. In fear of losing their power, they are nervous, fretful, discontented. In Chekhov (where this group never played a leading rôle) they just talk about it apathetically. In Odets they react forcefully to the threat but are finally released after they have lost their illusions of power. O'Neill's people cling to their positions tenaciously. Hence, where in Chekhov the characters develop passively, and in Odets they are transformed radically, in O'Neill their transformation is partial, jittery and interrupted. Where it is thorough it remains barren because they lack the substitute norms which save the characters of Odets. The efforts of O'Neill's people are concentrated on rising to or holding on to their middle position. Brutus Jones and Jim struggle against being driven back to their original colour lines. Yank accepts the embrace of death rather than sink back to his pit of not 'belonging.' In Nina and Lavinia the will to power is so extreme and insistent as to reach near hysteria.

Brutus Jones, Yank and Jim reach out from 'below,' Nina and Lavinia from 'above,' with Brown, Dion Anthony and John Loving occupying an intermediate position on the intellectual-poetic level. But their rebellion, being incomplete or negative, proves inadequate to cope with their situation. The result is that these characters are invaded by doubts which split their personalities. It was O'Neill's startling innovation to give *theatrical* form to the dissociated personality through the visions in *Emperor Jones*, the masks in *The Great God Brown*, the 'double talk' in *Strange Interlude*, the change of personality in *Mourning Becomes Electra* and the *Doppelgänger* motif in *Days Without End*. Brutus Jones repudiates and is repudiated by both blacks and whites. What is here projected through the twilight consciousness of one person is dramatized in the later plays, where O'Neill extends the technique of dissociation to the point where it becomes a *naturalistic form*. In *The Great God Brown* he would have us *see* the split in his characters by their use of masks; in *Strange Interlude* he would have us *hear* the evidence of their duality, and in *Dynamo* and *Days Without End* we are both to *hear and see* the absolutes toward which O'Neill's desperate people finally veer. In the one we hear and see the Dynamo refusing to give up its secret; in the other we hear Loving's prayer that he may find peace. And in the silent Christ statue we see the 'granting' of the prayer.

In O'Neill's two major plays, *Strange Interlude* and *Mourning Becomes Electra*, the action pivots on a war scene which serves as the background for the inner wars of the characters. Nina rebels

against her father's intervention which kept her from consummating her love for Gordon; Lavinia and Orin trespass all natural boundaries in defiance of their father's strict morality. But their warlike challenge is wild, explosive and blind. Nina would transvaluate all values. Deprived of love, she rejects love itself, giving herself to men and marrying without love. Even her child is conceived in loveless 'scientific' planning. Having freed herself from all outer authority, Nina is trapped by the authority within herself. Her desire for possession ends in herself being possessed. Each new act only leaves her more a prey to guilty feelings. They are the Erinyes of middle-class conscience.

In *Strange Interlude* the characters still manage to live and talk themselves out. Nina enjoys afternoons with her lover Darrell, bears a son and stays married to Sam Evans. In *Mourning Becomes Electra*, all expression is turned inward. Here, love is for oneself, sinful and guilty love of daughter for father, son for mother, brother for sister. It is the sunset stage of the 'upper' development. (All the events in this play occur toward evening or at night.) 'We renounced the day, in which normal people live—or rather it has renounced us. Perpetual night-darkness of death in life—that's the fitting habitat for guilt!' The 'rich exclusive Mannons' feel guilty in no longer being capable of productive love. They snatch at love stealthily from those below, from Marie Brantome, the nurse girl with the joy of life (reminiscent of Regina in Ibsen's *Ghosts*), and her son, Brand. Nina was still able to produce 'in secret.' The Mannons cannot do even that. The war has maimed them, and after the public civil war is over they continue a private civil war within themselves. Even as they succeed in keeping the murders from becoming public, the acts carry on their secret 'publicity' within the characters themselves. The result is the *secular* tragedy in which suffering constantly mounts without alleviation. Lavinia, the master will in all three murders, hopes by her acts of 'removal' to free herself for simple love. But what Lavinia cannot control is the effect of the action on herself. With each physical removal, she adds to her inner burden. The dead souls rule the living ones. She retains her wilfulness to the very end, refusing to atone, but the confession and atonement take place nonetheless in the form of her self-rejection. 'There's no one left to punish me. I'm the last Mannon. I've got to punish myself.' With these words, she enters her church of hell to practise love of hatred on herself.

In Nina and Lavinia, O'Neill presents the ultimate in self- and social-alienation. Both are the masochistic products of modern rationalistic probing. Both attempt to wield and possess people's lives, as if they were 'god and had created them.' Nina renounces at the end. Lavinia remains defiant even in her acceptance of suffering.

Her very self-surrender and self-immolation have the character of challenge and insubordination. She remains in the grip of the Furies.

In the midst of their sophisticated schemings, O'Neill's characters yearn for the state in which there is no knowledge of sin, where man is not tormented by 'dreams of greed and power.' But this return to innocence is thwarted, for it is inevitably invaded by the modern spirit of doubt. The conversion is rather the other way. 'Have I done this to you already, Peter?' Lavinia cries, as she notes that his eyes have taken on a suspicious look through contact with her.

One of O'Neill's characters, Marco Polo, does begin and end in innocence. In the Epilogue, Marco is shown as having seen a performance of O'Neill's play about himself. He appears dressed as a thirteenth-century Venetian merchant, still 'sure of his place in the world.' In his preface, O'Neill states that he wanted to exonerate Marco Polo as a liar and adventurer. He shows him as the 'best' in the bourgeois ethic. Marco lives in the immediate present, has no imagination for love or death, has no secrets and no fears, knows no passion or loneliness. In short, he lacks soul and spirit. And it is only because he has a minimum of conscience that he can accept life and his commercial ethic uncritically. To be sure, if this Renaissance hero lacks the Faustian metaphysical drive, he is also incapable of Mephistophelian plotting. Because he has remained 'pure,' he can be neither spiritual nor treasonable. He keeps his promises because he does not 'know' any better. He holds to his bargain of simply watching over the beautiful princess, keeps the promise made to his girl, marries her even though she is no longer young or beautiful. In short, O'Neill's 'happy' story is made possible by isolating his 'worldly' character from the world.

The business characters in O'Neill's later plays become problematical in that they question their status. Brown doubts that he is 'the great God Brown'; Sam Evans inherits Marco Polo's innocent acquisitiveness, but his success is illusory and planned for him by the sensitive and guilty characters, Nina and Darrell. He himself no longer enjoys the robust health of Marco, and while the insane streak in his family passes him by, he dies a sudden 'non-natural' death. What was an 'instinct' of acquisitiveness with Marco Polo becomes neurosis with Nina and Lavinia. What was simple reasoning with him becomes tortured self-analysis. Marco Polo was intent on accumulating information and goods. The modern characters, having gathered them, question their meaning, want to know what lies 'behind' them.

Dynamo presents the inadequacy of the answer given by modern science and Protestantism. The Fife house of 'science' and the Light house of Protestant religion are seen simultaneously with both their living-rooms and bedrooms exposed to the public. Theirs is an

open world in which there are few secrets. Reuben Light leaves his father's home to discover the new God, electricity. But his 'protesting' upbringing leads him to ask for its hidden formula. Yet although the new god is the product of man's reason and the nature of science is to give precise and complete answers, the dynamo remains incommunicable. Reuben's demand for *absolute* knowledge is answered only by the unbroken *continuity* of the rhythm of the dynamo.

But the state of living with two faces is painful. As Cybil tells Brown: 'You've got to go to sleep alone.' Most of O'Neill's people at last confess that they are in need of grace, not 'justice.' Brown dies with Cybil's prayer, 'Our Father, who art.' Reuben's final cry is, 'I only want you to hide me, Mother.' Nina tires of the attempt to enjoy father, lover and husband all in one, is 'contentedly weary with life,' as she delivers herself to the fatherly protection of 'good old Charley.' Only Lavinia refuses to bow, remaining 'woodenly erect' in her defiance. In the Greek drama the Erinyes are followed by the Eumenides which augur the beginning of a new age. But O'Neill lacks the faith of a new order. This appears in O'Neill's dramatic technique. With few exceptions, the end of his characters is foreshadowed at the beginning. They begin with a 'curse' from which they cannot escape. Locked up in their original sin they have recourse to original faith.

In this sense, *Days Without End* is the sequel to *Dynamo* and *Mourning Becomes Electra*. From the secular church of the Dynamo and the secular purgatory of the Mannon house, O'Neill returns to the 'old' church. He would resolve the ever-mounting despair of the Electra theme by religious grace. John Loving takes the path of O'Neill's other characters, going through the 'seven periods of life,' as they are characterized in *Lazarus Laughed*; the simple, the eager, the self-tortured, the proud, the hypocritical, the revengeful, the resigned. But here resignation is complete and final. John Loving finds refuge in the walls of the church against his own and the world's fires of revolt. Beginning in extremist negation, he ends in absolute affirmation.[1]

The final scene in *Days Without End* recalls Hauptmann's *The Assumption of Hannele*, where a heaven is naturalistically projected on the stage. In both the technique is one of *physical* demonstration. In Hauptmann's play verisimilitude is gained by the fact that the character who imagines herself to be in heaven is a little girl. John Loving's conversion to simple faith is less convincing, inasmuch as he has gone through the stages of doubt. The unification granted to

[1] The church as the universal 'Mother' suggests the function of the letter 'M' which recurs in O'Neill's plays from the universal 'openness' of *Marco Millions* to the universal 'closedness' of the Mannons.

him omits all the complexities of his situation. It is a kind of Christian idyll on the religious plane corresponding to the pagan isles which O'Neill's characters have never been able to get to. The peace achieved is unreal. Behind the silence and submission there remains the underground passion of O'Neill's men and women, the dynamite of Yank and the power of Reuben's Dynamo.

11. THROUGH THE LOWER DEPTHS: CLIFFORD ODETS

What am I good for? Who needs me?
Who wants me? STEVE in *Night Music*

MUCH OF AMERICAN literature in the post-war years deals with an extension of the issues which writers such as Ibsen and Strindberg had broached on the continent as the peculiar dilemma of the middle class: the incongruity between its morality and its mores. They still press what Ibsen called the 'claim of the ideal.' But as the social prerequisites for the claim are withdrawn, this group gradually loses faith in the ideals themselves. It continues to fight for them, but on the whole this is a rhetorical battle carried on with little conviction.

This psychic impasse receives less idealistic treatment in America, where the feudal-romantic tradition of the Europeans is lacking. The people of Dos Passos, Sinclair Lewis, James Farrell, Ernest Hemingway, do not express themselves in moralistic imperatives and invectives. Even O'Neill's people, who are more articulate and have more insight into their position, have few illusions left, and their struggle is without buoyancy.

Odets' characters are distinguished by their relative faith in themselves and their fellowmen and by their eagerness to fight for 'human possibilities.' Their 'tough' speech is but a protective device to cover up their sensitivity, their exaggerated cynicism but a veil for their will to believe. Odets loves his characters. He loves them not only because he knows and feels with them, not only because he regards their weaknesses as human, but also because he believes they are worth saving. And in Odets they can be saved by virtue of their willingness to step out of their middle sphere toward an identification with those below them. The sense of doom in many of Ibsen's, Strindberg's, Chekhov's and O'Neill's plays is not present in Odets (or, one should add, in Gorky, Friedrich Wolf, Lawson, Maltz, Lillian Hellman) precisely because of this ability to convert defeat into rebirth. O'Neill's people refuse to accept loss of their upper status, hold on to it by might or mysticism. Odets' people see

the possibility of widening their humanity precisely by this renunciation.

Harold Clurman has protested against the comparison between Odets and Chekhov, asking, 'Why not Lawson, O'Casey, Gorky, or whoever?' He is right in opposing the simple formula which couples the two dramatists in terms of middle-class decay, for it leaves out the distinguishing elements in nineteenth-century Russia and contemporary America. Yet the points of contrast become more meaningful when we consider their common pivot. Both dramatists show a warmth for their characters even as they picture them in a stage of disintegration. Chekhov loves his people because they are well-meaning in their helplessness and because they are passively and tragically conscious of their futility. Odets loves them because they continue to fight with passion against their encirclement. In both we have the dramatic technique of the sudden flash which lights up the grey scene. In Chekhov the flash makes no difference. The Russian situation offered no real 'light' to the middle class, which never had a 'renascence.' The flash turns out to have been an accident or an illusion, and at the end their condition appears more disconsolate for the intervening illumination. Chekhov's sustained dramatic power was doubtless due to his genius as a craftsman; but he was aided by the fact that he pictured characters as patiently waiting for the next two or three hundred years, when they would be able to 'work.' Odets' plays lack this mature deliberateness. The pace is less even, and there is explosive action almost from the start. This abruptness and nervousness of action, the twisting and turning of the characters, are in part due to Odets' dramatic impatience. But they are also due to the ferment of his people. In Chekhov the characters express the disparity between what they envisage as possible and what is actual by an inconsequential dialogue in which there seems to be no connection between question and answer and between one remark and another. In Odets it appears in the *incongruous metaphor* which *disturbs* by coupling things generally thought apart. It is a debunking device which would tear through the illusion of idealistic harmony. Yet the fundamental note beneath it is 'ideal.' Moe calls out to Henny: 'Listen, lousy.' But he says it in a tone of 'I love you.' And behind the cynicism of Mr. Prince and of Steve Takis there is genuine affection and tenderness.

The leading plaint of Odets' characters is that they are *not wanted*. Cooper in *Rocket to the Moon* complains: 'Where will it end if they can't use the millions of Coopers? Why can't they fit me in, a man of my talents?' The Coopers, the Ralphs, the Steves and Fays offer themselves, want to be used and loved. But they feel that no one wants them. They are aliens, both the foreigners and native sons. Those who are at the bottom—Schlosser the garbage man, Pike

the furnace tender—have fewer illusions and suffer less from homelessness. The others, situated midway, feel suspended and inadequate. They are truncated personalities, one-legged men like Moe Axelrod, one-armed men like Joe Bonaparte, divided between respectability and romance like Ben Stark, half-awake and half-asleep like Julie Gordon, partly attached to the authoritative code and partly drawn to those who are its victims, like the detective Rosenberger. They feel a moral obligation, but 'don't know what to do,' as Ben says in *Rocket to the Moon*. Harold Clurman has given a concise statement of the social situation in Odets' plays.

> The peculiarity of the middle-class conflict derives from an absence of a tangible 'enemy'—an enemy it can recognize and attack; its drama lies in its inability to engage in a conclusive action; its tragedy results from the fact that its weapons are merely a hodge-podge of thoughts that no longer relate to concrete things. The middle class begins to distrust its own values; it cannot by itself generate new ones. It begins to despair, to grow cynical, even vindictive, or it dreams of shadowy satisfactions—mirages of a past happiness, rationalizations of childhood illusions. Middle-class life gradually becomes a 'remote' life, for even while it exists in the present and is oppressed by it, its consciousness is not altogether attuned to it. Its 'heroes' are romantic and futile, and they are all a little mad. Middle-class life is enveloped by a mist of twilight nostalgia.

Kenneth Burke has analysed Odets' *Paradise Lost* as 'Ice, Fire and Decay.' However, Odets' work, as a whole, appears in wider terms suggestive of all four elements, earth, water, fire, and air. And each is treated on a double plane, as deadening or quickening. At the bottom are Schlosser the garbage man and Pike the furnace tender. Schlosser, one might say, is beneath the bottom itself, earth that no longer produces but rots. (The author notes that 'he has lost his identity twenty years before.') In his dull confusion and inarticulateness he reminds one of Gorky's Kleshtsch in *The Lower Depths*. Pike is a step higher. He is more vocal and more accepted 'upstairs.' On the next plane are characters such as Myron Berger, Sam Feinschreiber, Belle Stark, who are under water 'like an iceberg,' live in monotonous marriage where 'the nights and days are just a congregation of sodden hours,' do 'one thing at a time,' save carefully, try to keep things going the old way. But among them are those like Joe Bonaparte and Ben Stark who rise above the surface, 'catch fire' and desire to fly 'to the moon.'

Leo Gordon refuses to 'catch fire,' declines to cash in on the suggestion made by Mr. May, the 'fire bug.' Joe Bonaparte in Odets' next play, *Golden Boy*, yields to the temptation of leaving the settled frame of his home and goes out on the firing line in the war of the boxing world. *Golden Boy* is the story of the 'fire' of revolt applied *within* the framework of the prevalent business mode.

Joe is a musician, but music has little exchange-value now, and Joe sees himself as becoming an ordinary obscure fiddler. Here the musical profession has become part of the humdrum of business. The older romantic relation between art and life has been reversed. Joe's rebellion takes the way from the business of music to the romance of business. He enters the field where he thinks the individual is given a chance to express his native ability, where he can prove himself by his own hands and with least pretence. Joe would prove his power in a power civilization. But he finds out that this world does not allow real competition. Joe learns that he is owned, that others have 'shares' in him. *Qualitative and personal* distinction, disallowed in the business of music, is barred here as well. It is a hard and calculating field in which neither love nor music may enter. It is a world of communication among males only in which 'love' can have no issue. It maims the musical self. Here fire has only a consuming function.

But there is another kind of fire. Odets' first play, *Waiting for Lefty*, showed it through characters who are forced to relinquish their middle-class position and strike against their social base. Odets has never returned to this theme, except in passing, where Joe Bonaparte's brother Frank is shown as engaged in a *co-operative* fight as a union organizer. (Even in his first play, the one character who presumably does not vacillate, Lefty the leader, never appears in the play itself.) In his next dramas, Odets confines himself to the middle class, and while he would save its characters, his dramatic objectivity depicts their stationary rhythm. (Technically this appears in the device of a single set for the entire action.) They retain their fighting spirit, are determined to change the world so that life would not 'be printed on dollar bills.' But how and in what context are left vague. That is, in these plays Odets does not gear their struggles to any specific social condition. In *Golden Boy* there is 'movement,' but Joe is stopped dead. In *Night Music* Odets returns to a theme nearest to that in *Waiting for Lefty*. He deals here with characters who are completely dispossessed, who belong to none of the major classes. It is a kind of American *Lower Depths*.

This type of 'classlessness' is the base from which Odets' characters are reborn. Having reached the lowest pit, they 'arise and sing.' It is only after the middle-class characters have experienced 'Paradise Lost,' have recognized the illusory nature of their security and have eliminated the psychological distance between themselves and those below them that they are in a position to gain a wider communality. Ralph can sing out only after Jacob dies. Leo Gordon's affirmation comes after he is deprived of hope that the old days might return, and after his gesture made to the two homeless men is rejected. Cleo at last speaks articulately and hopefully after the rejection by Ben

and her refusal to 'rise' by marrying the elderly, rich Mr. Prince. And Steve Takis in *Night Music* can discard his bitter cynicism only after he is deprived of the small job.

These instances of rebirth distinguish Odets' characters from those of Chekhov and O'Neill. In Chekhov 'nothing' happens. There is no climax, no catharsis and no rebirth. In Odets rebirth is made possible because his characters finally reach the point where they lose their illusion of being able to maintain material and spiritual security by enclosing themselves in shells while the sea roars about them. They regain their free, native will to construct their lives in harmony with the love of 'human possibilities.' Odets' later characters, Steve and Fay, are the projections of this undying youth in man which will not be denied. Nor do they stand alone. Rosenberger the detective joins them, suggesting alliance between middle-class ideality and the young activist spirit which will labour to put it into realization.

Odets' work envisages a union between 'marriage' and 'music,' as combining the cohesion in human relationships with the fire of passion and enthusiasm reaching out for the 'rocket to the moon.' The ideal would be to 'sing at work and love our work.' Music is smashed in Joe, and in Ernst (*Till the Day I Die*). There is hope that it may be saved in Steve Takis. In *Waiting for Lefty* Odets pictured the non-lovely means by which 'love and the grace to use it' might be gained. But even in that play of young social enthusiasm, Odets could not present Lefty himself—only 'waiting' for Lefty. Odets' work is an attempt to bridge the divisiveness in this day of stresses. The bridge is still only halfway across. But there is passion and will in the work in progress.

V

TOWARD THE COMMUNAL PERSONALITY

The people know the salt of the sea
And the strength of the winds
lashing the corners of the earth.
The people take the earth
As a tomb of rest and a cradle of hope.
Who else speaks for the Family of Man?
They are in tune and step
with constellations of universal law.

CARL SANDBURG

We gather strength in the springs of the iron mountains,
We take for ourselves and our futures the forges of Vulcan.
We toilers of the white fires of youth . . .

S. FUNAROFF

The independence of the individual and sacrifice for the community. Marx and Gandhi. The 'still voice' of the eternal soul, daughter of God, and the grandiose 'Ananke' of historic materialism, with the anvil and the hammer, that forges and reforges society.

ROMAIN ROLLAND

12. THE MARXIST IDEA OF THE UNIVERSAL MAN

To be radical means to go to the root of things. And the root of things is man himself. KARL MARX in *Critique of Hegel*

MARXISM MUST BE considered one of the pivotal forces which have shaped the history of the last hundred years. Its special appeal in the post-war chaos derives in part from the fact that it is a fully co-ordinated *system*. It differs from the systems of Catholicism, fascism and other absolutistic frameworks by a more radical transformation of both the older concept of tradition and the newer modes of liberation. Through the medium of its dialectic Marxism would transcend the closed classical and medieval absolutes as well as the open modernistic notions of change. It has also been able to claim greater consistency, in that it has not laboured under the same stress of translating its theory into institutional practice. Marxism, however, is a philosophy of Praxis. Hence the concrete application of the two-fold element in its dialectic has been geared to the fluctuations of specific events. Sometimes the stress has been on its absolute element, the *science* of history; at other times on its relative element, the *history* of science. The dialectic as a whole, however, requires the simultaneous application of both aspects.

American criticism has generally viewed Marxist teaching mainly in terms of its social-historical perspective, thus tending to relativize the Marxian system. This means that such criticism has missed both its absolute notion of man and its anti-totalitarian concept of the individual, and has, finally, obscured the humanistic criterion of its ethics.

I

Marxism arose in counterposition to the fixed permanent categories in traditional metaphysics. This historic context has weighted the dialectic toward emphasizing the opposite: motion, change, process, development. Counterposing dialectics with metaphysics, Engels wrote that the world

> is not to be viewed as a complex of fully fashioned objects, but as a complex of processes, in which apparently stable objects . . . are undergoing incessant changes. . . . In the eyes of dialectic philosophy, nothing is established for all time. . . . All nature is in a constant state of coming into being and going out of being, in a constant flux, in a ceaseless state of movement and change.

In his polemic against Heinzen, he argued that communism is not a doctrine but a movement. 'It does not proceed from principles but from facts.' Similarly, Lenin identified objective reality with 'moving matter.' In his *Philosophic Notebooks* he defined dialectics as the 'study of the contradiction *within the very essence* of things,' remarking that Heracleitus' view of the world as a living flame was a 'very good exposition of the rudiments of dialectical materialism.' The use of 'dynamic' metaphors in Marxist writing suggests this preoccupation with the process of becoming. Its favourite terms are 'growth,' 'development,' 'release.'

Now, a philosophy which makes the historic flux supreme without relating it to some standard which is not in flux entails a relativistic perspective, such as we have found in pragmatism. The interpretation of the Marxist dialectic as making a fetish of change reduces it essentially to Deweyan experimentalism.[1]

However, even as Marxists define the dialectic as eternal movement, they deny that this pledges them to an open pragmatism. They point out that theirs is a *system* bound together by basic categories in which truth is objective. Thus Lenin states that to be a materialist

> is to acknowledge objective truth revealed by our sense organs. To acknowledge as objective truth, a truth independent of man and mankind, is to recognize absolute truth.

Similarly, he writes that human thought 'by its nature is capable of giving, and does give, absolute truth.' To be sure, in its focus on 'Praxis,' through which truth becomes known, Marxism distances itself from the old metaphysics. The specific conditions for realizing truth change, and since practice is limited by specific conditions, we can never *know* absolute truth. But it exists, and man is drawing nearer to it all the time.

> The relative limits of our approximation to the cognition of the objective, absolute truth are historically conditioned; but the existence of this truth is unconditioned, as well as the fact that we are continually approaching it. . . . Human thought then by its nature is capable of giving, and does give, absolute truth. . . .

The weight which Marxists have placed on the dialectic as movement is due, as suggested, to the necessity of combating the idea of changeless substance and the 'idealization' and 'eternalization' of feudal bourgeois forms. Marxists counterpose to ideal substance and fixed laws not an absolute flux but rather *material* substance and *material* laws. For Marx and Engels, the dialectic is a *systematic material logic of historical relations*. Engels defines it as '*the science*

[1] Thus one of Dewey's followers was 'consistent,' when in an exposition of Marx, he interpreted him as a kind of pre-Deweyan pragmatist, and in a summary of Dewey's thought, presented him as a kind of American Marx.

of the general laws of motion, both of the external world and of human thinking.' And Marx writes, 'The only immutable thing is *the abstraction of movement*' (italics ours). In a letter to Kugelmann he states:

> No natural laws can be done away with. What can change, in changing historical circumstances, is the *form* in which these laws operate. . . . Thinking that really comprehends must always be the same.

It is clear that even as Marx centres attention on historic change, he holds that there are also *laws* of change and *invariant* relations. The unique character of Marxism lies in the particular manner through which it welds its systematic nature to its doctrine of historic motivation. It is this which distinguishes it both from a substanceless liberalism and from traditional monism.

II

Further striking evidence for Marx's universal thinking exists in his anthropological references. These have recently become available by the publication of his *Okonomisch-philosophische Manuskripte* and his *Holy Family* from the years 1844-45. The leading motif of these works is characterized by such terms as: Nature, Human Nature, Universal Man, the Free Individual.

Marx regards nature (plants, animals, stones, air, light, and so on) as part of human consciousness in that it is an object of natural science and of art. As such it is also part of human activity. But he distinguishes between nature and human nature. Animals produce only under the stress of immediate physical needs. Man's activity is conscious, planned and directed. His most characteristic production lies in freedom from physical needs. Herein, Marx notes, lies man's 'universal essence' ('*Gattungswesen*') and his 'free being.' The universality of man 'appears in practice precisely in that universality which makes all of nature his *inorganic* body. . . . Man knows how to produce in accordance with every genus, knows how to apply the criterion proper to each object; that is, man produces in accordance with the laws of beauty.'

The *human* essence of nature only appears in *society*, where it exists in union with man.

> Only here, has [man's] natural existence become his human existence and nature has become man for him. Society therefore is the complete essential unity of man with nature, the true resurrection of nature, the completed naturalism of man and the completed humanism of nature.

Marxism means to go to the root of things. And the root of things, Marx writes, is man himself. At the same time, his insistence that man's essence appears only in his social relations distinguishes his universal man from the abstract-metaphysical concept of man.

However, the social category does not exclude the individual.

Marx makes this anti-totalitarianism in his scheme absolutely clear. 'Above all,' he writes, 'one must avoid setting "society" up again as an abstraction opposed to the individual. The individual *is* the social entity [*das gesellschaftliche Wesen*]. His life . . . is therefore an expression and verification of social life.' Man is 'a *distinct* individual, and his very distinctiveness makes him an individuality, a real *individual* collective being [*Gemeinwesen*].' Here again, Marx's focus on the social context of the individual separates his notion from the atomic, unrelated and egotistical individual of classical and bourgeois doctrine. Yet the individual is thereby not negated. In Marx's persuasion, his societal relation liberates him toward completest and richest personal fulfilment. *The ultimate goal of socialism is the individual,* or in Marx's terminology, 'the association of free individuals.'

Marx's central argument against capitalism is that it prevents this union of man and nature, prevents man from conducting himself as a universal and hence as a free individual being. The indignation of the proletariat stems from the fact that capitalism contradicts its 'human *nature*.' It converts the 'personal individual' into a 'class individual.' Here, 'human individuality, human morality itself becomes at once a commercial article and the fabric [*Material*] in which money operates.' Class societies set a premium on a *dehumanized, egotistical* materialism. Capitalism, in particular,

> estranges man from nature, from himself, his own active functioning . . . from his *universal essence*. . . . It makes his essence into a mere means for his *existence* . . . it estranges . . . his spiritual, his human essence . . . [it results in] the alienation of man from man.

The emergence of 'the truly human' and 'true individuality' is conditioned by the classless society which Marx defines as the 'real appropriation of human essence through and for man.' The problem, states *The Holy Family*, is 'to organize the empirical world in such a manner that [man] experiences in it the truly human, becomes accustomed to experience himself as man . . . to assert his true individuality.' It entails 'a new activization of essential *human* power and a new enrichment of *human* nature.' The goal is man's return to his 'universal nature in a universal manner, that is, as a total human being.' Human nature is to be transformed, even as it persists, as identity in difference.

III

From the foregoing it is evident that Marx's criticism of class orders is not confined to their economic and political structures and that it moves over into the moral sphere. He expressly distinguishes between 'political' and 'human emancipation' and enjoins us 'to leave the plane of political economy' to consider the moral aspect.

The compulsions of the historical context have often made it seem that Marxist ethics is antithetical and relativistic. Questions of 'right' and 'good' are sometimes answered by 'right and good *for whom?*' Hence Marxism is reproached with having a partisan morality, upholding the interests of the proletariat as *against* those of other groups, and the doctrine of the class struggle is condemned as generating or at least fostering social conflict. In answer to these charges, Lenin points out that the idea of the class struggle 'was not created by Marx, but by the bourgeois *before* Marx, and that therefore, it was simply untrue that the main point in the teaching of Marx is the class struggle.' Furthermore, Marxism does not *preach* the class struggle, but simply *accepts the fact of its existence*. Finally, far from welcoming it, Marxism aims to *eliminate* class conflict. This point, focal to Marxian thought, is clarified by reference to the category of *alienation* which Marx borrowed from Hegel.

Marx's use of the term 'alienation' is not confined to the social and economic areas. Rather he employs it in his economic analyses with definite *ethical* implications. They express moral resentment against the depersonalizing consequences of capitalist production. The section on 'The Working Day' in *Capital* speaks of the 'civilized horrors of over-work' and the deterioration of 'normal, moral and physical development.' Marx's complaint is that under capitalism man produces only to *have*, and moreover, to have *for himself*, thereby violating his universal human function. He raises the question of use-value or of how the economic process satisfies *human* needs. The section on the fetishism of commodities in *Capital* argues that capitalism treats price as an objective commodity, not as a social relation between human producers. 'A definite social relation between men . . . assumes . . . the fantastic form of a relation between things.' The result is that the worker is regarded only as a worker, not as a human being. Capitalism evaluates labour power in terms of what it costs to maintain the worker and his family. It thus reduces man to a commodity and alienates him from his work, his fellowmen and himself. And while he does not dwell as much on the evil effects of the system on the ruling class, Marx does note that absentee ownership and control also divide the owner from the object. 'The owning class and the proletariat represent the same human self-alienation. . . . The former possesses through it the *illusion* of human existence.' Alienation warps the 'natural' human function and dehumanizes the owner as well. In *True Humanism*, Jacques Maritain acknowledges this universal moral element. Marx, he writes,

> had a profound intuition, an intuition which is to my eyes the great lightning flash of truth which traverses all his work, of the conditions of heteronomy and loss of freedom produced in the capitalist world by wage-

slavery, and of the dehumanization with which the possessing classes and the proletariat alike are thereby simultaneously stricken.

Far from being an amoralist, Marx (referring to the doctrine of the French Enlightenment) speaks of '*the original goodness and equally intelligent endowment of men*,' observing that their 'necessary connection with communism and socialism' lies in their interaction with 'experience, custom, and education' (italics ours).[1] His indignation is over a state in which 'the process of production has the mastery over man, instead of being controlled by him,' over an economy which decrees the 'rule of dead matter over men.' His opposition is to 'all relations, all conditions in which man is a humiliated, enslaved, despised creature.' The supreme being for man is 'man himself.'[2] In terms of Herbert Marcuse's excellent summation in his *Reason and Revolution*, Marx's absolutism 'once and for all separates dialectical theory from the subsequent forms of positivism and relativism.'

However, in the question of method, Marxism breaks sharply with idealistic ethics of the Kantian and Deweyan persuasion. If the latter would use means which are of the same nature as the end, Marxism insists that historic conditions, not personal moral preferences, determine method. Here again, Jacques Maritain finds himself in agreement with Marxism. To make men aware of their humiliating status, he observes, is to arouse in them a 'consciousness of human dignity, rebuffed and humiliated.' It is a question of ultimate directives. And the Marxian aim is to abolish the very conditions which make the use of harsh means necessary. The final goal is the classless or 'human' society.

Marx justifies his focus on the working class as the bearer of this ethical goal by noting its distinction from other historical classes. Where those were concerned with establishing their own mastery, the proletariat is labouring to abolish not only the capitalist order but also 'its own supremacy as a class.' It cannot emancipate itself without 'at the same time, and once and for all, emancipating society at large from all exploitation, oppression, class distinctions and class-struggles.' In his critique of the Hegelian philosophy of law, Marx writes that as the proletariat represents the '*complete forfeiting* of humanity itself,' it can redeem itself only 'through the *redemption of the whole* of humanity.'

Both Protestant and Catholic writers pay tribute to this humanistic tenor. Reinhold Niebuhr credits Marx with having recognized

[1] This all-human criterion in Marxist ethics is developed in Howard Selsam's *Socialism and Ethics*

[2] These references easily dispose of the thesis of those (such as S. Hook in *From Hegel to Marx*) who say that Marx held all truths to be class-truths and that he offers no appeal to a higher ethical standpoint. This version would allow only the Machiavellian choice between fraud and force.

'the profound paradox of human spirituality and morality: that the interests of the self cannot be followed if the self cannot obscure these interests behind a façade of general interest and universal values.' And Jacques Maritain quotes in approval Gorky's statement:

> For the first time in history the truth of man's love has been brought into action [organized] as a creative force, having for its aim the emancipation of millions of workers.

The use of the term 'materialism' has provided critics (particularly of Catholic doctrine) with the charge that Marxism is atheistic, that its materialism is a denial of man's divine birthright, for it supposes that man lives by and can be fulfilled by physical comforts. However, what Marxian ethics *aims at* is anything but what is popularly meant by 'materialism.' For Marxism strives to arouse *anti-materialistic motives*, exhibited in the willing sacrifice of personal comforts and possessions. Its ultimate objectives are ideal values, with the materialistic analysis serving as the lever necessary for their attainment. 'The more scientific French communists, Dézamy, Gay, etc.,' Marx notes, 'developed, as did Owen, the doctrine of *materialism* as the doctrine of *real humanism* and as the *logical* basis of communism.'[1] The proletariat, he wrote, regards 'its independence and sense of personal dignity as more essential than its daily bread.' The future society 'produces man in this whole richness of his nature, the *rich* and *completely perceptive* human being as its constant reality.' The 'human society' not only will offer all its members physical security, but, in Engels' formulation, will 'guarantee to them the completely unrestricted development and exercise of their physical and mental faculties.'

Seen as a whole, Marxism views the material and the ethical, the social and the individual, the relative and the absolute as correlates. In *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism*, Lenin states that 'for dialectical materialism there is no impassable boundary between relative and absolute truth.' Or in Marx's formulation: 'Philosophy cannot realize itself without abolishing the proletariat; the proletariat cannot abolish itself without realizing philosophy.' It summarizes the Marxian dialectic as a fusion of class values and classless values, determinism and freedom, the particular and the universal, the subjective and the objective, existence and essence.

The 'universal man' of Marxism also has its historic prototype. It exists in the primitive communal order. The classless society reverts to the old communality even as it transcends it by that which

[1] Some have argued that Marxism undermines the idea of Humanity, in that it identifies liberalism with capitalism, urging that the one will vanish with the other. Marx's own contention is that humanistic liberalism was restricted to the 'free' phase of capitalism. In the monopolistic stage, 'freedom' is used by privileged groups to maintain themselves in power.

history has since bequeathed: science, technics, freedom, individuation and the conscious manipulation of nature. The future goal is the past ideal of harmony, translated into the complex relations of a world economy—the rounded man who is both brain and hand labourer, theoretician and mechanic, statesman and person.

IV

In his criticism of Hegel's philosophy of history, Marx makes the point that, as *philosophy* (postulating an eternal order), it is irrelevant to his history, and as *history* (tracing the particular events), it negates his philosophy. Here Marx touches on a difficulty inherent to all systems which would hold to a *timeless logic* and do justice to the *temporal process*.

It has been our contention that Marxism, considered as a *dialectic system*, offers an organic interplay of change and law. This means that while specific temporal factors condition the nature of things and values, they do not exhaust them. From this it follows that class orders possess not only a 'false' consciousness (due to their societal contradictions) but also elements of 'true' consciousness which carry over into the new society. It likewise follows that certain limitations of a lasting character will persist after social maladjustments are resolved. Some Marxists, however, are loath to accept these inferences.[1]

It is argued that ethics (and by analogy, art, science, philosophy and psychology) in class societies are 'ideologies,' constituted by special interests. They reflect the frustrations, uncertainties and antinomies generated by social conflicts. In contrast, the classless order tends to eliminate ethics as the formulation of such dilemmas. Irreconcilable divisiveness in the one is succeeded by absolute concordance in the other. This approach rules out any elements of universal applicability within class organizations and bars any forms of inescapable limitation in the new structure. In substance, this view combines a relativistic determinism with regard to class eras and an absolutism with regard to classless eras.[2] Such analysis precludes that any part of the 'good' order can come from any part of the 'bad' order. The socialist state is thus deprived of any positive connection with the past and is left without parentage. In other words, by its implicit denial of organic continuity, this approach involves a kind

[1] This resistance is developed by Lewis S. Feuer (*Science and Society*, Vol. VI, No. 3).

[2] Similarly, in an otherwise discerning analysis of 'Dialectic and Economic Laws' (*Science and Society*, Vol. V, No. 4), Feuer begins by noting the predictive quality of Marxist theory whose dialectic laws 'are not themselves propositions of some particular science, but rather forms which under special circumstances may be applied within any science.' Yet the article as a whole argues that according to the dialectic method, 'there are no universal laws' of political economy, and that 'dialectical economics is disequilibrium economics.' From our view, dialectical economics and philosophy cover both equilibrium and disequilibrium.

of *creatio ex nihilo* explanation of the classless order. It also faces the difficulty of establishing the *value-* and *truth*-elements in Marxist teaching itself, since it was generated in a class epoch.

Marx's own view was that the past is the source of good as well as evil heritage. He held that despite their divisive nature, historic eras have made positive contributions which go over into and can be manipulated by the human society. In the Preface to his *Critique of Political Economy*, he designates the Asiatic, the classical, the feudal and the bourgeois forms of production as 'progressive epochs in the economic formation of society.' In Lenin's formulation, Marx 'continued and completed' the great ideological currents of the nineteenth century, classical German philosophy, English political economy and French socialistic thought. Although the Greeks had a slave society, Marx notes that their art provided a standard for future evaluation. He defended Goethe and Balzac against those who identified them with their repressive environment, and he, as well as Engels, repeatedly pointed out the permanent insights in Hegel. That is, they were cognizant of both the oppositional and integrative *continuity* between pre-Marxist and Marxist epochs.

V

The principle of dialectical continuity also has important implications for those ineluctable evils which abide in any human order. It suggests that the abolition of class conflict will not do away with all conflict between the self and society, as is maintained by some.

Marxism stands opposed to the mechanistic view that the laws of history rule out individual expression and initiative. Marx's dictum, 'Men make their own history,' is its freedom-correlate to the doctrine of historical determinism. Nor is freedom restricted to social entities (the revolutionary bourgeoisie and proletariat). Unless one holds that Marx, Engels and other great personalities were simply resultants of their milieu (in which case, why only one Marx and Engels?), it follows that the determination by society is counteracted by individual resistance to it. The *critical* temper in Marxism postulates the transcendence of social determinants. The *will* to change pledges it to assign importance to critical differentiation.

This raises the question: what happens to the critical element in the classless order? Granted that conflicts between the individual and society are conditioned by the anti-social and anti-individual character of competitive schemes and that some of these conflicts will disappear altogether and many more will be tempered by a co-operative sociality; granted that the *contradiction* will be abolished or reduced: will there not remain a *distinction*? If the dialectic is

taken seriously, that is, as operative in post-class eras as well, does it not involve a *differential* between the individual and the social interest?

The assumption made by those who see the classless society as governed by complete harmony is that when those evils due to social disarrangements are dissolved, there is left no other basis for conflict. But might there not remain dissension on the value to the social body of certain types of music, literature or painting? Might there not be disagreement between those who favour unrestricted mechanization and those who see in this possibilities of physical atrophy? [1]

The position furthermore assumes that a fool-proof 'scientific' approach is possible with regard to all problems in human relations. The argument is that in a socialist state the individual's concessions represent no real repression in that they are made for the good of the whole which in turn benefits the individual. But the question remains: might there not arise honest differences of judgment as to *what* is to the good of the whole? Only on a positivistic assumption that the universe can be manipulated in an absolutely scientific manner can there be *but one possible method* of bringing about the general good. But the universe offers unlimited possibilities. These preclude the certainty of unanimous agreement, even where all desire the identical result. The fact of *choice* remains.

The element of choice introduces a tragic surd in human existence. The Red Army man has the choice of holding a position 'at all costs,' say at the cost of being crushed by an enemy tank, or of not holding it. Even where he feels absolutely sure that the first choice will lead to final victory, there is tragedy, at least pity, in the loss of his personal existence. But he might not be certain of this ultimate benefit to his society. It might suggest itself to him that, were his life spared, he would at some future time be more instrumental in the defeat of the enemy. Thus a conflict might arise within himself, or between him and the command which has decided that his sacrifice involves but a 'concession' for the mutual good.

[1] 'If social antagonisms are eradicated,' Feuer writes, 'those thought-ways which were their reflection "wither away."' But Engels' 'withering away' refers to the State, as a social agency of coercion. The 'reflection' of *this* coercion may well wither away. Feuer extrapolates the thesis of historical materialism and maintains that *all* conflicts in the superstructure are altogether due to discords in the social base, and that *all* differences between the individual and his group can be harmonized to the complete satisfaction of both. An example offered by Feuer itself illustrates the point: 'Soldiers in a barrack often have only one radio. Some may wish to listen to a play, others to music, still others may want to have the radio off. Agreements are often worked out. They involve concessions to mutual preference.' The term 'concession' grants the differential we are urging. To one who wants to listen to Beethoven, the concession to hear a crooner is a compromise which may not be 'worked out.' To be sure, in the realm of *practice*, all contradictions are finally 'resolved'—by either compromise or conflict. Even where no overt conflict ensues, a form of 'unresolved contradiction' remains between the 'mutual preference' and the individual evaluation of this preference.

This tragic residue takes on an even more unconditional character in a classless structure. In a class society one can attribute all fear and insecurity to the social situation. It can be regarded as the devil responsible for one's inadequacy. Here one can gain psychological catharsis from the thought that the individual's intrinsic possibilities have been thwarted only by preventable historic evils which will some day be completely removed. In a classless society this devil does not exist and cannot be held accountable for one's frustrations.

The problem of human choice is hereby raised to a new and, we may add, an immeasurably higher level. Where judgments and decisions are not directed or imposed by intractable social pressures, man can be said to be making *his own choice*. It follows that in this situation the individual must hold *himself responsible* for his fortune and fate. In his æsthetics Hegel makes the point that 'it is the honour of great characters to be guilty.' The guilty person has a *right* to be punished. The conception of punishment as a threat or deterrent is one which treats men like dogs and not like rational beings. A similar notion is suggested by Aristotle's principle that the 'error of judgment or frailty' on the part of the noble character is not one of 'vice and depravity.' It is for this reason that Prometheus, Œdipus, Eteocles, Antigone and Electra willingly accept the punishment for their deeds, and it is this willing acceptance which renders the tragic character heroic or, in Aristotle's term, 'renowned.' Now, the classless society can at last translate Hegel's and Aristotle's 'ideology' into the realistic idea. By eliminating social determinants, it permits acts to take on a 'free' character for which human beings can and must assume responsibility. It is only now that 'error' and 'wrong' can assume unambiguous meaning. Hence it is only now that ethics really becomes possible.

To be sure, human acts and choices can never be wholly free. There remains the great realm of natural necessity, unconditioned by history and man. There remains the 'error of judgment and frailty,' due to man's finite knowledge, vision and power. This 'frailty' is inescapable. In this sense tragedy takes on an unhistorical quality. To the extent that the classless society can obviate suffering due to ignoble, temporal contingencies, it makes possible the freedom of human choice. It cannot eliminate natural decay and death and the tragedies which they may bring. In a classless society, tragedy comes nearest to being absolute and pure.

Yet when evil and error do not flow from avoidable mismanagement, man's good and bad fortune are raised to the plane of dignity. It is the stage at which the high tragedies of Œdipus, Hamlet and Faust, as well as the high comedies of Lysistrata, Prospero and Mephistopheles can be re-enacted, stripped of the fortuitous elements which cling to these heroes of restricted social frameworks.

13. THE MASSES AND MAN

THE SWING BETWEEN extremes, characteristic of our war culture, springs from special difficulties in the attempt to interweave law and freedom, society and the individual. We have noted that if we *begin* with the deterministic view that the individual is tightly bound, we may *end* with the Utopian demand that the individual be completely free. In the complete equation, both terms enter. The problem consists in finding the proper relation between them.

The writers discussed in this last section of our study would join together two great historic contributions: the Faustian individual and the collective man, the Renaissance ego and the communal individual who identified himself with the group in man's early history. Finally, they would integrate the moral consciousness bestowed by the Catholic synthesis and the pragmatic values of industry and technics.

Nineteenth-century realistic literature had attempted this fusion. Balzac, Dostoyevsky, Tolstoy and Zola were concerned with salvaging individuality even as they depicted the process which engulfed it by environmental forces. But Balzac's Vautrin is caught, Dostoyevsky's Mitya finally submits, and Tolstoy's Anna Karenina ends in self-surrender. Zola's Etienne survives, but only by leaving the field of battle. Even Nexö's pre-war Pelle reveals hesitancies, for his success becomes possible only because the author minimizes the real force of the enemy. The difficulties which Pelle encounters are chiefly those within his own group. Nexö's autobiography, *Under the Open Sky*, written during the war epoch, has a more chastened character. Here the author writes of his 'struggle with chaos,' of doubts and fears, of hearing the constant 'tick of a deathwatch.'

During the period of the Great Wars, the collective emancipation of the social revolutions seemed to some a harbinger of the 'universal man.' But to others, from Ortega y Gasset to Shaw and Thomas Mann, 'the revolt of the masses' was as disturbing as it was promising. The fact that fascism came to power with mass support raised questions with regard to leaving decisions in the hands of the people. On the other hand, the fascist leader-principle demanding somnambulistic obedience was recognized as catastrophic for both the individual and the community. We have noted this complex in Gide, Silone, Dos Passos and Toller. Such wavering can be discerned, to be sure, in lesser degree in those writers more directly associated with the Marxist persuasion.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

The oft-cited contradictions of George Bernard Shaw may be traced to the co-existence of clashing elements in his background.

Shaw was born in Catholic Ireland and lived in Protestant England. He read Marx (who, he said, 'made a man of me') and turned to Fabian socialism. His Irish background itself contained the tradition of Catholic communality and that of political dissidence.

As a Fabian, Shaw was pledged to renounce the 'delightful ease of revolutionary heroics' in favour of 'practical reform on ordinary parliamentary lines.' Georg Lukacs pointed out that Shaw has been concerned with the *results* rather than the causes of social difficulties and hence centres his attacks on poverty and the system of distribution. However, as state ownership and democratic parliamentarianism proved ineffective in eliminating these maladjustments, Shaw shifts toward a call for 'Supermen.' Herein he follows the pattern of Nietzsche, whose condemnation of effects (the many all too many) rather than causes, led him to the apotheosis of heroic leadership. The 'life force' of the Shavian hero remains a value, regardless of the direction which it takes. Undershaft, the millionaire munitions maker, Major Barbara of the Salvation Army, and Joan of Arc become Shaw's prototypes by virtue of their personal vision and courage rather than because of what they stand for. As King Magnus perorates in *The Apple Cart*:

> I stand [against] . . . the ignorance and superstition, the timidity and credulity, the gullibility and prudery, the hating and hunting instinct of the voting mob.

Shaw abandoned 'mechanistic' Darwinism for the creative evolution of Lamarck. Similarly, he repudiated what he regarded as Marx's mechanical conception of labour value for Jevons' theory of marginal utility, which shifted the emphasis to the subjective and individual desires of the consuming public. At one time Shaw praised Mussolini and defended Hitler, even as he continued to see in the Soviet Union the great social hope of to-day. These shifts are aspects of Shaw's vacillations between his Fabian sociality and his cult of the personality.

ARNOLD ZWEIG AND LION FEUCHTWANGER

Similar wavernngs appear in the work of exiled German writers on whom the mass hysteria for fascism wrought more immediate fateful consequences.

Arnold Zweig's *The Case of Sergeant Grischa* (the first of a series of novels centred in the war scene), published in 1928, had an air of optimism. Although Grischa falls a victim to the war bureaucracy, he finds stout champions, and the novel closes with the promise contained in the social revolution in Russia. *Education before Verdun*, written after the victory of Nazism, was less of a story and had less concentration on character development. *Crowning of a*

King, executed while fascism continued its march, is even more congested history. In these works Zweig aimed at tracing the 'education' of the common man by the war to the point where he recognizes that the 'communality' and 'leadership' of the war-machine must be displaced by genuine communality and leadership in a peaceful world. Bertin (the character who runs through the entire series) begins by regarding the war simply as tragic 'necessity.' He also holds to a romantic view of 'genius' incorporated in German generalship. His experiences gradually lead him to reject cosmic laws and puncture his admiration of the military leaders. In *Crowning of a King* Zweig contrasts the 'uniform' of Prussian bureaucracy with the 'civilians,' the Bertins and the orderlies such as Lebehde (with whom the story opens and ends). And it is these self-sacrificing, simple people who give point to the title of the novel. The surface reference of the title is to the question of which German prince is to be made king over Lithuania (the setting is the Eastern Front of the German General Staff in the final months of the war). Zweig's novel, however, has for its major concern the actions and reactions of the little men, the forgotten and unassuming people, particularly the orderlies in the army. At the same time the story sounds the echoes of the Russian Revolution. While the German generals squabble over the problem of a Lithuanian King (who we know will not assume the throne), the coronation of another King, that of the common people—a King without a uniform—is taking place. This is Zweig's avowed ideological orientation. Artistically, however, his novels do not portray the people as 'King.' Rather, they show the people as almost buried by the trifles and bagatelles involved in the mechanics of collective activity. In this way his art reveals the hesitancies within his social creed.

In the work of Lion Feuchtwanger the theme is interwoven with the Jewish issue. As Pharisee and Sadducee, as an international alien reaching out for national roots, Feuchtwanger's Jew appears as the carrier of wider problems involving individual power and social identification. In *Power*, *The Ugly Duchess* and *The Pretender*, Feuchtwanger tried to present the 'rebelling of the highly individualistic being against a social order which is becoming increasingly irrational.' As in the case of Arnold Zweig, Feuchtwanger's earlier works, such as *Power*, show greater narrative force and stronger depiction of colourful personalities. The later novels (*Success*, *The Oppermanns*, *Paris Gazette*), which deal with the rise and development of fascism, introduce a multitude of characters who do not act as much as they are acted on. Despite his alien status, Jud Suess (in *Power*) does succeed for a time in gaining power in his social hierarchy. The later characters are dispersed and divided among

themselves. *Paris Gazette* is the story of their further dehumanization in exile. The effect of the Nazi drive is not only to render them physical and spiritual aliens but to produce war among the exiles themselves. 'Many of the emigrants grew brazen and quarrelsome, without any consideration for themselves or for others, aggressive because of their very wretchedness.'

The effect of fascism on the concept of personality is most subtly presented in Feuchtwanger's *Pretender*. At first glance the novel seems to be a satire on sawdust Cæsarism. Terence, the potter, is made into an impostor-dictator, representing the dead Emperor Nero. His rule is prepared by Reichstag fires, Van der Lubbe trials, and marked by violence and race persecutions (the Christians occupying the position of the Jews at the time). But if *Success* and *The Oppermanns* condemned fascist characters to the point of caricature, *The Pretender* offers a more human symbol of dictatorship. Terence-Nero plays the game as directed, but his heart is not in it. Upon becoming 'Nero' (a kind of death through loss of identification), he constructs a burial chamber for himself and spends his 'real' moments among his bats in the dark. Indeed, following his inner breakdown the author treats him with distinct sympathy, as a simple man not without culture whose impersonation makes for personal exile. In the end we find him a lonely, Ahasueran wanderer in a strange world. In Terence-Nero, Feuchtwanger has created a composite symbol of estrangement. It points to the split character of dictators, but it also suggests the alienation suffered by the exile, forced to chart his way in foreign lands.

HEINRICH MANN

While most writers oppose Hitlerism to-day in one form or another, historic justice calls for particular tribute to those who, long ago and at a time when it was unfashionable and dangerous, recognized both the voice and the hands of Hitlerism as those of Esau. They are those German writers who understood the mythy nature of fascism's claims from the beginning and held their ranks throughout the trying years of its triumph, those whose challenge remained militant, realistic and unambiguous.

We have already discussed Ernst Toller, Arnold Zweig and Lion Feuchtwanger. There is also the Bavarian novelist Oskar Maria Graf, who has created elemental characters, stubborn in their native resistance to demagogy—Graf who replied to the Nazi wooings with the challenge to burn his books. There is Ferdinand Bruckner, whose drama *Races* was an early warning against the blood-cult. We have Alfred Kantorowicz, whose ringing manifesto in 1933: Ger-

many is in our camp! was a rallying cry in a time of despondency.[1] And there are Heinrich Mann, Bertolt Brecht and Anna Seghers.

Heinrich Mann has been called the Zola of Germany. He continues the realistic tradition of Lessing, Heine, Hebbel and Dehmel—that is, of those who fought against the Romantic orientation in German letters. Back in 1914 and again in 1933, Heinrich Mann clearly indicated that the problem of the German people is bound up with that of human beings everywhere, with the people of France, of England, of Russia, of America. His novels around King Henry of France are the first positive counterstatement to fascism in mature artistic form. They suggest the continuity in man's struggle for emancipation and are a foreshadowing of the organic harmony between the great personality and the common man.

Mann depicts Henry as the first king who sought to represent the interests of the people. His politics aimed at a united Europe consisting of nations enjoying equal rights. Henry's collective representation is here joined to his own heroic personality. Henry breaks with the feudal idea of the divine ruler, where the king was conceived as standing above classes, embodying a higher principle of justice due to his native, personal character. Yet Mann's Henry does not become a democratic 'delegate' who merely carries out the instructions of his people. His sense of responsibility to others is wedded to personal responsibility and initiative. In short, Henry the democrat was a *personality*. He vanquished his enemy, 'not only with his hands, he showed them his face, which spoke of majesty and power.'[2] In King Henry, majesty has been made manifest from within and without. He stood for the unity of the King and the Kingdom, which was more than 'a territory and a domain, it was the very essence of freedom and justice.' Henry was both prince and people.

Yet Mann's narrative does not quite succeed in making this point through its story. In the first novel, *Henry of Navarre*, Henry is pictured as impetuous, reckless and irresponsible in his personal dealings, especially with women. Moreover, Mann's story deals in the main with Henry's heroic biography and not with the masses. Now, the sequel is the story of *Henry the King*. Henry has matured. He abandons his earlier light-o'-loves, marries Gabrielle d'Estrée and would raise her to the status of queen over court and church opposi-

[1] There are many others worthy of note: the eminent critic and philosopher Ernst Bloch; the poets Johannes R. Becher, Walter Mehring, Erich Weinert and Berthold Viertel; the dramatists Friedrich Wolf, Carl Zuckmayer and Fritz von Unruh; the novelists F. C. Weiskopf, Hermynia zur Mühlen, Hans Marchwitza, Ludwig Renn, Bodo Uhse, Walter Schoenstedt, Stefan Heym, Wolfgang Langhoff; the critics Wieland Herzfelde, Friedrich Georg Alexan and Egon Erwin Kisch.

[2] This notion is well depicted in the film *Juarez*, where the Mexican leader walks unarmed through a crowd of hostile people, holding them off by his 'person.' In *Chapayev*, the Czarist officers try the same method, but they 'succeed' only to the extent of their declined prestige.

tion to her lower descent. Henry is ready to organize and husband his energies in his own and his people's interest.

But his time, just as ours, knew no rest. The peace Henry achieved was no peace, and his victory brought no stability. 'Paris, Paris was his, and acknowledged to be his.... And what did that mean? That he would have to toil as hard as ever, be still more upon his guard, turn mishap to a good issue; and Paris—he would never conquer Paris while he lived.' Such elements of tragedy run through both volumes. Mann writes that Henry's violent death was to be expected, for he combined, as Lenin did, the spirit of reconstruction with an active temper. Daring and innovation court disaster. 'Did not Henry himself foresee that ... his active humanism consecrated him toward a tragic death?' These are questions which arise from a *complete* consideration of human issues. And they are resultants of the inner misgivings which come with exile. The way toward emancipated humanity must be taken through the no-man's-land of estrangement.

Yet despite these difficulties, Heinrich Mann has produced a great anti-fascist novel, the first work in our exiled literature which does not merely inveigh but points the affirmative direction. One may question Mann's choice of the particular character as a historical analogy; one may feel that he has not quite succeeded in showing the development of King Henry toward his humanistic perspective; one may note that in this novel it is again Henry the individual rather than the people's leader who stands out. What remains, however, is the promise and the hope in the hearts of men like Heinrich Mann that history and the myth provide an approximation of our social hope: the state in which men will act as personalities with a sense of individual and communal responsibility. In the French epilogue, King Henry prophetically encourages us against the enemies who have arisen to-day in another guise. For Mann, his King did not die. 'We do not die. As is made very clear in sleep. We end indeed; but the shadow of our consciousness passes over into other brains, and thence into others again. What we stood for will think and act.' In this sense, Heinrich Mann's novel takes its place with the great body of literature which is a foreshadowing of the organic harmony between man and the masses.

BERTOLT BRECHT AND ANNA SEGHERS

The writers discussed in this section early recognized that fascism was not a fulfilment but a caricature of representative leadership. They also saw that the confusion which it exploits is the ruling character of fascism itself, that its avowal of infallibility was the reverse aspect of its own perplexity and that its brutal terror expressed its panic over the ubiquitous opposition. A subtle depiction

of this unstable Nazi psychology appears in the work of the poet-dramatist Bertolt Brecht and the novelist Anna Seghers.

Bertolt Brecht's verse, dramas and novels place him in the tradition of our great satirical writers. His dramatic cycle on the Third Reich, *The Private Life of the Master Race*, is a deft exposé of Nazism's inner nervelessness and uncertainty. Of these, *The Informer* and *The Judge* are especially revealing.

The Informer is a sketch of complete human and familial alienation in Nazi Germany. A teacher of history (who now claims that he had predicted the whole thing 'as early as 1932') is perplexed because the rapid changes in official interpretation make it difficult for him to know what 'they' want him to teach. Jittery and unhappy, he is making some 'unco-ordinated' remarks to his wife when he notices that their son has left the house. Husband and wife are almost hysterical with fear that the boy has gone to the Hitler youth 'to tell.' The man now voices his suspicion that the maid, perhaps even his wife, are plotting against him. A few minutes later the boy comes back, saying that he had gone out only to buy candy. 'Do you think he's telling the truth?' the man asks his wife as the curtain is lowered. Not only is the question as to whether the boy did inform not answered on this occasion. One feels that this doubt will hover over the man every time the boy leaves the house, every time he comes back and reports that he has done nothing unusual. That this fear and uncertainty cannot be resolved makes for the nightmarish existence under fascism. One feels that any certainty, even that the boy *had* informed, would be relieving. The never-lifting suspicion makes for perpetual unnerving.

The Judge is a broader picture of the same situation. Storm Troopers have beaten up a Jew and robbed his jewellery shop. But the jeweller's partner is an Aryan, and the judge is in a dilemma. To blame the Jew or an unemployed 'Marxist' for the robbery would entail loss of the jewellery for the Aryan partner as well, and to declare the Storm Troopers guilty is unthinkable. *And no one can advise the judge how to decide.* He is trapped because of the trap Nazi justice is in when the racial code is crossed by economic considerations. In vain does the judge plead that some one 'higher up' tell him what decision would be in the interests of the State. No one can tell him because the authoritarian state has no unambiguous authority. The Law in the Leader's realm lacks leadership. The verbal abolitions of the class war have only produced greater confusions in fact. As the play ends with the judge walking into the court room, still at a loss how to decide, one senses that men cannot live in this situation. They do not even have the inner preparation for death, for they can never definitely know that such or such an act will condemn them. The fascist promise to replace the pluralistic

standards of the past by an eternal Nordic Law turns out to be a will-o'-the-wisp, more unsettling than the most hesitant of liberalisms.

The greater the æsthetic objectivity among anti-Nazism writers, the more the story emerges of how fascism temporarily succeeded in paralysing the forces of its opposition. Anna Seghers' *The Seventh Cross* probes this situation in a sensitive narrative. At the same time, her insight into the fundamental unsettledness of fascism gives her novel a buoyant strength and direction.

The larger part of *The Seventh Cross* is an account of the extent to which Nazism succeeded in benumbing and terrifying the rival movements. The opposition appears as an inert body mutilated by Nazi cannibalism. Of seven prisoners (roughly representing various shades of anti-fascist forces) who try to escape, six are soon caught and nailed to crosses. One, however, George Heisler, eludes his pursuers. In the main, the novel deals with his flight and with the raging attempts of the Nazis to catch the fugitive.

The frenzy of the Nazis over this escape is grounded partly in their failure to have rendered Heisler submissive:

> Always, at Heisler's grillings, in the end there had remained that certain look, that smile, that indefinable light in the man's face, no matter how many blows had been rained upon it.

But more than that: it is of utmost psychological necessity for the Nazis to capture *all* the prisoners, lest the myth of their totalitarian thoroughness be questioned. The escape, if successful, would show a crack in the supposedly unbreachable Nazi Panzer. If one can find a hole, perhaps others can. They must catch George Heisler to continue their myth.

Now, the startling feature of the novel is that George Heisler, who is clearly the focus of the story, is drawn less concretely than any other character. To the end he remains a non-defined force. His heroic function does not appear in terms of specific tasks performed in the past, or in what he accomplishes in the course of his flight. Nor does the author depict him with any marked emotional sympathy. Still, nearly all who come in direct or indirect contact with George try to help him at considerable personal risk. Seghers' conception of George Heisler is a dramatization of the elusiveness in the fascist opposition, at the core of which there is 'something unassailable, inviolable.' Wallau is George's physical counterpart. Wallau, the friend with the powerful body, is the organizational embodiment, the 'voice' which encourages George on practical stratagems.

George Heisler is the novel's projection of the spiritual substance that eludes and baffles the careful schedule and corporeal measures which the Nazis employ. Their failure to capture Heisler becomes a failure to enchain a principle.

In most cases the taste of power had been wellnigh perfect. But in a very few, at some of the questionings—especially of that fellow George Heisler—things had not gone entirely according to schedule. Ah, if only there weren't that delicate slippery thing which in the last analysis spoiled one's whole taste because, supple like a little lizard, it slipped between one's fingers, elusive and unseizable, unkillable, invulnerable.

At the end, the Nazi commander senses that 'he was pursuing not an individual but a featureless and inexhaustible power.'

George's escape is a triumph of courage, will and hope—all imponderables. Physics alone cannot explain it. Time and again it seems that George's body must collapse from sheer fatigue. But something keeps him going, something of that extra-physical momentum which moves Zola's miners to continue climbing the endless rungs of the ladder which leads upward out of the pit.

But George's story is not merely one of individual heroism, for it takes place in a social medium. Indeed, the account of his flight develops into a picture of the psycho-social climate in Nazi Germany. And it is the neutral attitude and the direct assistance by Germans of varied social persuasions which finally make George's escape possible. George is aided not alone by the militant strategy of his political comrades. The assistance extended by a political people is even more relevant. There is the boy in the field who recognizes George but does not report him, the priest who burns George's bundle which would identify him, and above all, the unostentatious, self-sacrificing help by the middle-class Roeders. It even extends to the Nazi ranks in the youth who denies that the jacket which George has stolen is his own. This readiness to help appears as a societal motive. It is as though people were grateful to George for an opportunity to express a co-operativeness which existing co-ordination had long thwarted.

Anna Seghers' novel thus points to the anti-fascist potential existing in the very non-political elements of the German population. The fight against Nazism appears as a struggle for the human idea itself. It is this feeling that anti-fascism is not merely a political problem but a universal human concern which forms the basic motivation of those who help George. His appearance acts as a catalytic agent precipitating their hemmed-in desire for participation.

As George continues to foil his pursuers, what seemed a corpse before, or at most a body with severed organs, comes alive. It is as the fascists feared. Once the break in the totalitarian armour becomes visible, the separated members, who regarded themselves as wholly isolated and walled in, begin to recognize their mutual and cohesive existence. It is the confirmation of Wallau's heartening words to George:

You have plenty of good company. It is somewhat scattered now, I know, but that doesn't matter. Heaps of company—dead and alive.

George's 'company' is shown regaining its collective consciousness and will to counteraction. Heisler's escape awakens them to their former values which they thought had been destroyed. And, by helping Heisler, they regain for themselves these older values. As in the case of Kassner in Malraux's *Days of Wrath*, it is the communal body which helps George across the dark river.

The terror which struck Mendelssohn's characters is here reversed. It is the Nazi machine which, the more it succeeds by direct terror, becomes aware that it is missing 'the thing in itself.'

It is illuminating to compare Seghers' book with recent novels by two other exiled writers, Franz Werfel's *The Song of Bernadette* and Ignazio Silone's *The Seed beneath the Snow*, as pointing to the focal differentiations *within* our anti-fascist writers.

All three abandon the simple rationalism of the realistic novel. We have already discussed this aspect in the case of Werfel and Silone. It also appears in Seghers' motif of the 'cross,' in the 'spiritual' conception of the central character, in the factors of benevolent chance or 'grace' which enter into Heisler's escape and in the non-conscious motivations on the part of some of the characters. However, Seghers delimits this extra-rational aspect by disclosing the 'rationale' in the objective situation which makes for the anti-fascist social body. Werfel's motivation is restricted to and exhausted by the miraculous. Spina is likewise saved miraculously by his grandmother. And both Bernadette and Spina act alone, the former at a detached, almost aristocratic distance from others. All three characters exhibit steadfastness to an ideal. Werfel's faith is in an invisible supernatural mystery, Silone's in an equally impenetrable 'naturalism.' Seghers' faith is in an invisible human spirit which is, however, made manifest (as in Wallau) in societal acts. In her case, individualism and faith are a function of and not in contradiction to society and knowledge. Hence, where Bernadette ends by compromise with the church organization which deprives her of 'visions,' and Spina by surrender to the fascist police, Heisler emerges victor over an artificial organization through the medium of a counter societal organism. Bernadette and Spina begin as 'exiles' and end by being 'integrated.' They are destroyed in this process and are 'crucified.' Heisler finds his way out of exile, eludes the fascist 'seventh cross,' and experiences social resurrection by identifying himself with his human communality. Werfel's 'child' and Silone's 'Infante' point toward simple regression and passive innocence. Anna Seghers' Heisler faces the hard and unavoidable task of reintegration by courageous consciousness. In Werfel and Silone, human relationships move between the individual

and the religious. In Seghers, they are bound together by the socially human.

The writers around Heinrich Mann and Anna Seghers carry forward the critical German tradition, that of Thomas Münzer, of Lessing, Schiller and Goethe, of Beethoven and Büchner, of Heine and Boerne, of Marx and Engels, of Herwegh and Freiligrath. They are the Germans who prefer the concentration camp, exile at home and abroad to slavish obedience. They are living refutation of the racial myth which would divide peoples along artificial lines. Their work has been forging human harmony against inhuman discord. Theirs has been the struggle to supplant the dark Erinyes by the social Eumenides.

14. THE COMMUNAL PERSONALITY IN SOVIET LITERATURE

FROM LUNACHARSKY AND GORKY TO EHRENBURG AND SHOLOKOFF

WRITING OF THE first phase of Communist Society, Marx noted that it must bear the 'birthmarks of the old society from whose womb it sprang.' This suggests that every revolution carries over elements from the past which resist efforts at complete revaluation.

Applied to Russia, the 'birthmarks of the old society' present a unique problem. The primitive agrarian economy of old Russia did not allow the development of a dominating middle class and the concomitant emergence of the Western *uomo singulare*. Despite the efforts of Peter the Great, Russia remained largely untouched by the individualism of the Protestant Reformation and the European Renaissance. It produced no works celebrating conquering heroes. Its great literature rather consisted of sagas and epics, and its art was best expressed not by the portrait but by the ikon. It was this communality (represented also in the economic organization of the Russian *mir*) which lent itself more easily to a translation into the socialized programme which transpired after 1917.

Lunacharsky's pre-revolutionary treatment of the Faust theme reflects this collectivist orientation. Comparison with Goethe's *Faust* illumines the difference. Goethe's hero rebels against medieval enclosures, and while his individualism is restricted by his social ventures and by the city which is being built, they do not enter into his final vision of a 'paradisaical land.' Lunacharsky's *Faust and the City* begins where Goethe's *Faust* ends—with a benevolent ruler building a city. In the course of the drama, Lunacharsky's Faust divests him-

self of his last exceptional prerogatives. As he dies, the enlightened monarch is fused with the socially enlightened mass: 'I am you—all of you! I am all the others.' Lunacharsky's Faust swings around from middle-class individualism to complete identification with the community. The principle of excellence and of leadership embodied in Faust passes over into 'all the others.' The Faustian 'subject' is eliminated in favour of the communal 'object.' Lunacharsky's pre-1917 work is a kind of prayer-chart for a future collective genius. The drama has a mythical setting and its verse a Messianic ring. Its 'unconditional' form further testifies to the Utopian nature of a state in which the entire community is leader and follower in one.

After the Russian Revolution the anti-individualistic note is translated into realistic social literature. Dramas and novels appear (*Roar China, Armoured Train, Cement*) in which characters are merged with mass groups and are depicted as either white or black. A favourite theme is the sacrifice of the individual for the common good. (In post-1929 American literature we meet with a similar phenomenon: Maltz's and Sklar's *Peace on Earth, Stevedore,* and the many 'strike' novels.) All this reflected the honeymoon period of the Revolution, when the zeal for 'communism' overrode the moment of individuation.

However, this young fervour soon brought its dialectic reaction. Bulgakov's *Days of the Turbins* presents the 'enemy' with understanding and sympathy. Gorky's post-1917 dramas go back to the problems of the middle class. Nor are they a reiteration of the Chekhovian melancholy mood and static technique. Gorky's Yegor Bulichev is shown as alive, energetic and worth saving. In general many of these later works deal with the rehabilitation of the 'sinner.' The earlier idealization of the worker and the revolutionary with the corresponding disparagement of the bourgeois is modified by a deeper psychological probing of both groups as exhibiting common human traits. At the same time an element of self-criticism emerges. Glebov's Inga thinks that her duty as a communist is to exclude all private emotions from her life. In the interests of efficiency she would even organize taste and the artistic imagination. The mature communists in the play regard her as a laboratory product of the early period of 'War Communism.' As one of them says: 'Industrionization.... How can one catch fire from a thing like that?' The Ingas are being outdistanced by the 'old-fashioned' characters, the Glafeeras, who remain women and individuals amidst their communal attachments. They are the promise of the family-idea which Inga's hard decisiveness obstructs. *Inga,* as well as Kataev's *Squaring the Circle,* is a criticism of the attitude in which the 'comrade' obscures the friend and lover, and social categories blind one to psychological and personal differentiations.

Such criticism assumes a more fundamental tone in Afinogenov's *Fear*. Professor Borodin (a dramatic approximation of Pavlov) is attacked because his psychological analysis cuts across class lines toward basic human attitudes. He holds that the ground of physiologic stimuli is fear, a fear grounded not only in social but also in individual insecurity. He interprets the attack made on him as in itself manifesting fear of science and of criticism. Borodin represents the 'old' approach in terms of categories, and he is opposed by the 'new' thinking in terms of processes. Toward the end of the drama a modification of both extremes is enacted, more through Borodin's flexibility than by the uncompromising 'Vydveezhentsy' who assail him. He admits the dialectic co-existence of opposing eternal drives: 'I joyously greeted every manifestation of fear and . . . failed to notice fearlessness.' However, Borodin's last-minute conversion is a *deus-ex-machina* technique that fails to do away with the effect of the total dramatic process which argues against 'smashing the differentiations in the collective mortar of politics,' as well as against regarding a 'picture of the Crucifixion [as] religious opium.'

On a broader canvas and with more subtle craftsmanship this problem appears in Ehrenburg's *Out of Chaos*. Ehrenburg's Volodia is the Dostoyevskian 'lag' in the period of the Five-Year Plan. He is an introspective intellectual, an Ivan turned mystic in his opposition to the new 'culture' of gadgets and social conformity. But his very scepticism leads him to doubt his own intransigent attitude. He can accept neither the old decadent culture nor the new 'ant' civilization, and commits suicide. Now in earlier Soviet literature such characters were rejected without reservation. Here, on the other hand, Volodia's problem is treated as a real dilemma. Volodia dies, but so does Shore, the hard-working and faithful communist—the one because he is completely removed from the new work that is being done, the other because he overstrains his weak heart by complete identification with the work. Here too there is a suggestion that both elements are needed in the new culture, that the Volodias, with their appreciation of Plotinus and Dostoyevsky, represent a value which will loom larger as the necessary labour on the physical plane is mastered. Volodia's value is that of a cultural catalyst, and his suicide is the element of tragedy in the book.

A similar sense of inevitable tragedy is present in what is perhaps the greatest and most powerful literary work which has come out of Soviet Russia to date, Sholokoff's epic trilogy *And Quiet Flows the Don*. It has been rightly compared to *War and Peace*. Like Tolstoy's novel, it has a patient flow and rhythm, suggesting the movement of an inexorable force. Paradoxically enough, however, where Tolstoy the nobleman intended the Russian people as the embodiment of this power, Sholokoff makes Nature the carrier. The river Don,

flanked by its vast steppes, is the silent eternal background and foreground against which the passions of men appear as nervous and loud interludes. Nature and Man are the basic motifs in this story of revolutionary upheavals. Even as he relates the conflict between the whites and the reds, Sholokoff is concerned with what they have in common, their emotions of love, hatred, jealousy and kindness. This gives point to his choice of a central character who fights with *both* the reds and the whites. What emerges in his depiction of Gregor Melekhov is the human constant throughout his changing allegiances. To be sure, Sholokoff shows that Gregor's supreme desire is for a social world in which he might live at peace with those he loves and by whom he is loved.

The problem of the relation between the individual and the communal is given point by Sholokoff's selection of Cossack characters during the period of Soviet transformations. The Cossacks offered a special problem in Russia. They were the nearest approximation to Western individualism in that they had not known the serfdom of the *mujik* nor the socialized form of the old Russian *mir* and were therefore least prepared for the socialization which the Soviets introduced. Descendants of Stenka Razin and Pugachov, they led a 'free, restless, nomadic life. The theme of the Cossacks once more suggests Tolstoy and his early novel *The Cossacks*. In Tolstoy the Cossacks are finally led to modify the 'war' of their individualism in the 'peace' of simple communal living. Sholokoff's Cossacks are also chastened by the collectivism brought in by the Revolution. Yet their strong individualism is not 'liquidated' but is merged with the new socialist spirit.

Sholokoff's civil war is not merely a historical phenomenon. It is also a war of emotions within the characters themselves. It is a wild struggle carried on in the wild terrain of the Don region among people who have long led a life of unrestraint. Sholokoff's epic takes sides only against those forces which tend to unbalance things, against extremism of both the white Korshunovs and the red Koshevois, against the fierce cruelty of the Cossacks who refuse to be constrained by social determinants and against the procedure of political zealots who ignore the psychological moment in their efforts at 'conversion.'

The whole has a mood of tenacious relentlessness, the slow relentlessness with which the Don flows into the sea. It is the irresistible force in nature and history which moves people inevitably and compellingly. The flow of the river and the illimitable expanse of the steppes speak of the quiet eternality of nature in both its physical and its human expression. Gregor Melekhov's wish to live peacefully on his land is finally granted—but only after a devastating war in which his beloved Aksinia is killed. It is only then that the Don

accepts his rifle. The infinite canvas of nature's landscape spells the relative futility of wilful, busy activity.

On the steppe stealing in a flood of green to the very edge of the orchard, and in the tangle of wild flax around the borders of the ancient threshing floor, he [Gregor] could hear the incessant quiet rattle of struggling quails; marmots were whistling, bumble bees were humming, the grass was rustling beneath the sunset, and, to confirm the grandeur of man's place in nature, somewhere a long way off in the valley a machine gun stuttered insistently, angrily, hollowly.

High comedy is nearest to tragedy. Both accept the inevitability of human defeat. Comedy may even be placed higher, in that it does not take human defeat as solemnly but sees it as the 'justice' meted out to man for his limited function in the natural and social world. And through humour it would raise man above his fate and save his dignity. For this reason, Schiller and many æstheticians since have regarded high comedy as the most mature expression of self- and social-criticism. While Soviet literature has still to produce its Aristophanes, Molière and Shaw, self-criticism appears on a modest scale in such works as Kataev's *Squaring the Circle*, Ilf and Petrov's novels, *Little Golden Calf* and *Little Golden America*. These works are a strong satire on the 'dictatorship of the machine' and on bureaucratic forms. Likewise there are signs that Soviet literature is transcending the treatment of man as either bound (the little man) or anarchically free. Citing Platanov's *The Immortals* as an example of this trend, Georg Lukacs writes:

The ideological repudiation of bourgeois individualism, as well as of the bourgeois abstract movement against individualism, signifies in literature the tendency to refrain, on the one hand, from mechanically deducing the singularity of this new type of man from a so-called environment and, on the other hand, from explaining it psychologically as something purely individual.

A more mature approach would consist in the consideration of attitudes as an expression not so much of 'bourgeois' or of 'proletarian,' as of *human* society. The difference between this and the traditional approach is in the insistence that the *specific* expressions of human traits need to be and can be transformed through social channelization. Bender in *Little Golden Calf* has ingenuity, cleverness and persistence. He uses these qualities, however, to acquire easy money. He discovers that in the new society the ownership of money does not mean the possession of social goods, that it only acts to alienate one from his group. In Ilf and Petrov's novel, Bender's personal qualities are treated as *values*, unfortunately warped by the occupational psychosis handed down from a past in which money, made by tricky methods, was considered a social triumph. Similarly, Ilf and Petrov's American travelogue has high

praise for the precision of the American worker and for the efficiency of the Ford factory, even as it satirizes the ends to which they are put. Here and in Ehrenburg's *Out of Chaos*, iron in the service of man is counterbalanced with gold, alienating men.

The promise in Soviet literature is the self-critical note in its humour. In Ilf and Petrov, in Kataev and other writers, there is laughter at oneself and at human shortcomings—a poking fun at absolute measures in the face of the recurrent 'human all too human.' All this suggests that a classless economics will not produce a classless, frictionless psychology. It will not eliminate rivalries, if only in the fields of 'play' and 'love.' Above all, it cannot do away with the 'unprotectedness' with which man comes into the world and the aloneness with which he goes out of it. At the same time social and economic harmony can reduce and temper those psychological dilemmas which are fed by poverty and physical insecurity. In the modern myth such temporal moments are seen as modifying the notion of eternal patterns. It was Gorky who recognized that there was a place in the new society for the myth interpreted in this light. Speaking before the All-Union Congress of Soviet Writers in 1934, Gorky stated that the task is

> to invent means to extract from the totality of real existence its basic idea and to incarnate this in an image; thus we obtain realism. But if to the idea extracted from the real is added the desirable, the potential, and the image is supplemented by this, we obtain that romanticism which lies at the basis of myth and is highly useful in that it facilitates the arousing of a revolutionary attitude toward reality, an attitude of practically changing the world.

15. THE PROMISE OF AMERICA. JOHN STEINBECK

Facts stay fastened; facts are phantom.
An old one-horse plough is a fact.
A new farm tractor is a fact.
Facts stay fastened; facts fly with bird wings.
Blood and sweat are facts, and
The commands of imagination, the looks back and ahead,
The spirals, pivots, landing places, fadeaways,
The signal lights and dark stars of civilizations. CARL SANDBURG

FOR THOMAS WOLFE nature became a problematical force only toward the end of his life. John Steinbeck's art has always viewed nature as a neutral setting rather than as an ethical element. In *Of Mice and Men*, nature is indifferent to values—Lennie strangles the girl in 'innocence.' *The Grapes of Wrath* widens the concept to include the 'natural' workings of the machine.

This novel states Steinbeck's broader directive: to show nature and consciousness, impulse and mind, society and the individual as parts of an inclusive whole. It points back to the idyllic state in *Pastures of Heaven* and ahead to the frozen Panzer-situation of *The Moon Is Down*. It forms a link between them in its two-fold conception of the machine as human power and of the human as mechanical power.

The Grapes of Wrath opens with the motif of the dust storms and of the machine. The two combined force the tenant farmers off the land. Their effects are visible, but their 'beginnings' are hidden. Both move automatically, unconcerned with human desires. Steinbeck soon drops the motif of the storms (to return to it only at the end) and shifts toward the machine as the *modern* form of the 'natural enemy.' The machine appears as a barren intermediary, preventing a sensuous and reciprocal relationship between man and the earth. It works in the manner of self-indulgence:

> Behind the harrows, the long seeders—twelve curved iron penes erected in the foundry, orgasms set by gears, raping methodically, raping without passion. The driver sat in his iron seat and he was proud of the straight lines he did not will, proud of the power he could not control. And when that crop grew, and was harvested, no man had crumbled a hot clod in his fingers and let the earth sift the growth. Men ate what they had not raised, had no connection with the bread. The land bore under iron, and under iron gradually died; for it was not loved or hated, it had no prayers or curses.

Estrangement from the land is greatest with the owners who have no personal contact with it. The business groups *own*, but they *don't possess*. They are jittery, haunted by a vague fear, suspecting a ubiquitous enemy to whom they give the collective name, 'the reds.'

Steinbeck's characters are an agrarian people who have not grown up in the 'paradoxes of industry,' whose senses are 'still sharp to the ridiculousness of the industrial life.' When the machines pour out at them, they are not easily pushed out. There is no absolute *law* for them in the movement of the machine, however much they are told that they must submit to its command. This non-acceptance is the *note of freedom* which runs through the book. In the opening chapter, the women, worried by the destruction of the corn by the dust storms, watch the reactions of the men. And when they notice their faces going hard and resistant, then 'the women knew that they were safe and that there was no break.... Women and children knew deep in themselves that no misfortune was too great to bear if their men were whole.' This resisting will on the part of the dispossessed buoys up the entire story, brings a growing murmur of hope and makes possible a relaxing humour. It is the promise that the

people will some day return to the land from which they have been driven.

Grampa, with his mischievous boisterousness, represents this freedom on the elemental, physical nature-level. He refuses to be moved from the land. His death early in the story (like that of Steinbeck's previous nature-characters) marks the end of an older, undeviating agrarianism. What is now needed is both to hold and to discard.

The spirit of stasis, supplemented by flexible manœuvring, finds quiet embodiment in Ma. She defends the idea of the family while recognizing and accepting the break-up of its older idyllic character. She is not the traditional romantic mother. In the course of the journey she develops somewhat like Gorky's Mother, ready to use hard and forceful methods to preserve her family. She approximates the social idea of from each according to his ability and to each according to his needs. She even senses the solace derived from the continuity of the social nucleus. When Noah leaves the family she consoles her daughter with words which touch on the notion of mythical representation:

> 'When you're young, Rosasharn, ever'thing that happens is a thing all by itself. It's a lonely thing. I know, I 'member, Rosasharn.' And Ma went on, 'They's a time of change, an' when that comes, dyin' is a piece of all dyin' and bearin' is a piece of all bearin', an' bearin' an dyin' is two pieces of the same thing. An' then things ain't lonely any more. An' then a hurt don't hurt so bad, 'cause it ain't a lonely hurt no more, Rosasharn. I wish I could tell you so you'd know, but I can't.' And her voice was so soft, so full of love, that tears crowded into Rose of Sharon's eyes, and flowed over her eyes and blinded her.

What is dimly felt by Ma is articulated by Casy. He is the 'voice' of their critical awakening to the communal idea. Casy is the dialectic ethical element in the world of neutral matter. His turn from preaching to 'talking' is the transposition from an esoteric theology to the secular religion of a social humanism. His rebellion stems less from the pressure of material forces than from moral resentment against a pattern in which human beings are driven like inert matter. He is the element of freedom on the discursive plane, showing the 'way' to instinctive rebelliousness. In the course of his journey with the Joads, his talks take on the character of sermons in which the roll of thunder becomes audible. Beginning as the reverse side of Tom, the 'acter,' Casy moves toward an identification with Tom, until he gives himself up in his stead. At this point Casy, who has broken loose from the church, becomes one with a secular congregation. His collective identification (similar to that of the prisoner in Malraux's *Days of Wrath* who gives himself up to save his comrade) is a sacrifice of the Father for the Son. He dies with the Biblical admonition, 'You fellas don' know what you're doin'.'

The novel pivots about Tom. The story opens with his release from prison.[1] As he comes out, he asks a driver for a lift despite the fact that his truck carries the sign 'No Riders.' It is Tom's first 'free' step after his conformity to prison rules.[2]

Tom's reaction to the fate which has overcome his family is a simple attending to what must immediately be done. His personality is mainly a physical presence in the background. Not until he witnesses the brutal murder of Casy is his older bohemian 'drunkenness' resurrected. Tom kills again. But there is a difference, even though he insists to Ma that he too did not know what he was doing. For in the interim conscious *social experience* has made him aware that his fate and the fate of his family are one with the fate of the thousands streaming across the continent. He knows that this time he acted not to revenge a personal insult. As Casy sacrificed himself for the promise which lies in Tom's physical power, so Tom would now sacrifice himself for the *ethical* direction the preacher showed him. Tom, identifying himself with Casy, now takes over his rôle. He becomes the dialectical fusion of Casy's conscience with his own natural impulse. When his mother asks him what he is aiming to do, Tom recalls to her the socialized government camps. There 'our folks took care a theirselves.... I been a-wondering why we can't do that all over. All work together for our own things—all farm our own lan'.' He consoles Ma over the fact that he will now be an outlaw. 'They gonna drive me anyways. They drivin' all our people.' The individual loss which the Joad family suffers in Tom is converted into a gain for the Joads all over the country.

'I'll be ever'where—wherever you look. Wherever they's a fight so hungry people can eat, I'll be there. Wherever they's a cop beatin' up a guy, I'll be there.... An' when our folks eat the stuff they raise an' live in the houses they build—why, I'll be there.'

Conclusions present a special problem for realistic art. It can use neither the classical notion of catharsis, accepting defeat as the inescapable destiny of man, nor a happy ending which is at odds with actual conditions. Steinbeck's novel avoids an acquiescent, defeatist naturalism as well as a Utopian transcendent symbolism. In the final

[1] The theme of emergence is a characteristic in contemporary literature. Franz Kafka's K. and Thomas Mann's Hans Castorp and Joseph abandon prison-like existences to enter on their spiritual and physical adventures. Doeblin's Franz Bieberkopf enters Berlin Alexanderplatz after four years in prison. In all these cases, the characters emerge when at the age of 'critical' awakening.

[2] Tom also drops the turtle which he had intended as a gift to the family. The turtle has the patience, doggedness and perseverance of the driven, but it lacks the flexibility of *manœuvring*.

In passing, it might be noted that in *USA* Dos Passos leaves us with the Vag beckoning for a ride that is to take him away from home. Steinbeck begins with Tom being taken to his home. To be sure, he will soon be again on the road but not as a Vag. He will be with his family.

chapter, however, the realistic tone maintained in the story as a whole is suddenly dropped and gives way to a scene which verges on the mythical.

The account of the flood suggests the punishment of a sinful generation, with the barn in which the 'family' takes shelter serving as a kind of 'Ark.' Here in the barn or 'stable' a father and his son are rescued from starvation and experience a rebirth. (Castorp's hut which saved him from the primeval snow on the Magic Mountain served a similar mythical theme.) Rose of Sharon's milk, intended for her own baby, is dedicated to the stranger who has been reduced by six days of starvation to the condition of a weak suckling. Her act amounts to an immaculate conception—on a social plane, in which the unknown man becomes the 'collective' substitute for her departed husband and child. The man in the barn is a 'continuation' of Grampa, who refused to make the journey, where this man took the way through the 'desert.' Grampa was unwilling to make the sacrifice his family asked for, refused to leave with them. This man starved himself to save his son.[1] The story which begins with the 'waste land' setting of the dust storms ends with the flood, in the midst of which a human family lives on dry land, forming the nucleus of a future humanity.

Steinbeck deals with people whose economic status is infinitely below those of Dos Passos, yet his work is, on the whole, filled with cheer and humour. Although his people are also caught in the whirlwind, they react with growing clarity and consciousness. Man is determined by his work, but 'he grows beyond his work.' He retreats but never the full distance. Steinbeck's faith that man helps to make his history lends his work power and beauty, gives his realism an imaginative overtone. It makes it possible for Steinbeck to love his people and to believe in their coming liberation. And where some see collectivism only as stultifying, Steinbeck pictures the creative effects of *group co-operation*. He presents families on the road who bear the common burden by 'socializing' their situation. (This is touchingly brought home in the incident of the candy-sale in the gas-station. The social act of the truck-drivers is a remarkably economic sketch of American 'tough-minded' generosity.)

Yet Steinbeck does not escape the limitations of the situation in which his characters find themselves. He is more successful in picturing the general forces which press his people than in the creation of characters who react to them. Casy 'lives' by talking. Most members of the Joad family are barely sketched, and some, like

[1] The reincarnation of Grampa is also suggested by the theme of the grapes. Grampa had looked forward to squashing the grapes of California on his face, 'a-nibblin' off it all the time.' The man in the barn is reduced to such baby-acts, 'practising' them as he drinks Rose of Sharon's milk. The grapes have turned to 'wrath,' indicated by the fact that the first milk of the mother is said to be bitter.

Noah, remain strange, ill-defined shadows. Tom, the hero of the story, never becomes quite real. Ma and Grampa are the nearest approximation to living characters. Their *physical* personality gives the author his greatest opportunity for sensuous representation. With the exception of Casy, Steinbeck's people themselves do not *know* the wider import of their story. These factors give point to the rationale of the sections where the author presents *his own commentary* on the meaning of what is taking place. Toward the end, when the characters begin to realize the possibilities of their communal strength, the explanatory sections take on a less didactic form.[1]

These reservations take on a graver aspect in *The Moon Is Down*. The Invaders are the Lennies of the *Panzer*-era, 'playing war as children play "Run, Sheep, Run,"' killing as in a 'great grey dream.' They are not 'soldiers,' we are told, but 'engineers,' pulled by strings from the 'capital.' But a similar sleep-like action characterizes the other side. Mayor Orden is also unable to act from his individual centre and waits for directions from his 'capital.' He is lovable and kind but also somewhat helpless in his old age and is treated by his wife in a manner reminding one of the treatment of Grampa in *The Grapes of Wrath*. The others are no better defined. They are barely sketched as a non-cohesive community waiting 'underground.'

To be sure, there is a difference between the two 'capitals.' The Invaders are directed by a capital which does not represent them. Hence, as Dr. Winter says, they know that 'ten heads lopped off will destroy them.' On the other hand, the Invaded are a free people. 'We have as many heads as we have people, and in a time of need leaders pop up among us like mushrooms.' *The Moon Is Down* has been criticized for showing that the Invaders are also 'people,' whom a Cæsaristic capital has temporarily hypnotized into committing nightmarish deeds. Some of them can quote Plato and Heine, and feel 'lonely to the point of illness.' Through contact with the invaded community arises their human need for communication. What Steinbeck seems to be saying is that a change of the capital-situation makes possible at least a partial readjustment of their distorted humanity. To deny this is to invite as an alternative the necessity of exterminating all Germans or all deluded Nazi followers. Steinbeck's hope seems to lie in the people's aroused awareness that their capital is unrepresentative.

Steinbeck's work is part of the vast theme of man in exile. He deals with people in flight, with pirates and migratory workers, with refugees and men of war. Steinbeck's 'Okies' suffer the fate of anti-

[1] Steinbeck's agrarian preferences seem to make him altogether suspicious of machine-technique. This appears particularly in his comparison between the horse and the tractor.

Nazis in Germany. They are the Huguenots in Heinrich Mann's *Young Henry*, the Christians in Feuchtwanger's story of Nero, the Armenians of Werfel's *Musa Dagh*. And Steinbeck's stories likewise contain the motif of loneliness stressed by contemporary literature. In *Of Mice and Men* the homelessness of the ranch workers is broken through by the comradeship between George and Lennie. George's 'story,' in the telling of which Lennie co-operates, serves as the social theme of the narrative ('because I got you to look after me, and you got me to look after you'). The dream of the outcasts, Lennie, George, Candy and Crooks, of 'a little house and a couple of acres an' a cow and some pigs . . . an' live off the fatta the lan',' foreshadows the co-operative bond of Steinbeck's later wanderers. In *Of Mice and Men* this is still mainly talk, talk which consists for the most part of separate monologues. Here the characters cannot communicate with one another, and the bridge between Lennie's impulsive physicality and George's considered rhetoric is not established. *The Grapes of Wrath* points to the conditions of such sociality. They await the day when the nightmare of *The Moon Is Down* shall have passed away.

VI

TRANSFIGURATION BY ESTRANGEMENT

The whole of history is nothing but the progressive transformation of human nature.

KARL MARX

Ideology is a process accomplished by the so-called thinker consciously, but with a false consciousness. The real motives impelling him remain unknown to him.

FRIEDRICH ENGELS

In every one of the neuroses it is not the reality of the experience but the reality of the thought which forms the basis for the symptom formation... The hysteric repeats ... occurrences which have taken place only in his phantasy, though in the last analysis they go back to real events or have been built up from them.

SIGMUND FREUD

Sleep is a suspension midway
and a conundrum of shadows
lost in the meadows of the moon.
The people sleep.
Ai! ai! the people sleep.
Yet the sleepers toss in sleep
And the sleepers wake.
Ai! ai! the sleepers wake!

CARL SANDBURG

16. CLASH AND CONGRUENCE BETWEEN MARX AND FREUD

IN THE PAST the ideologies of Marx and Freud were considered so far apart that it seemed they could not meet even for purposes of a clash. More recently the question of their relationship has come to be seriously considered. Some (Osborne, J. Rapoport) have argued that Marx and Freud are almost completely in apposition. Others (Jackson, Bartlett) see irreconcilable antitheses between them.

It is clear that no two systems can be merged *as* systems. Nor can they be opposed to each other without reference to a *situation common to both*. Moreover, the problem need not be restricted to the precise formulations made by Marx and Freud but may be viewed in the light of the 'legitimate implication' (the term is J. F. Brown's) of their thought-ways. From this angle it can be shown that their perspectives are varied accents of a common set of interests, that they employ a congruent strategy and that in their extreme emphases, each presents a partial truth which the other needs to temper its own emphasis, and to fill the gap left by its underweighting.

The common reference which has provided the impetus for the discussion of the relationship between Marx and Freud is the emergence of fascism, for fascism could not be accounted for either by the simplest Marxist category of monopoly capitalism or by the simplest Freudian category of neuroses. The explanation of fascism as an exclusive product of social conditions fails to touch its psychic aberrations, which, to be sure, arise from a social base—but which, once arisen, lead a more or less autonomous existence. Fascism has exploited the power of excrescent myths and symbols and falsified their relation to actual physical needs. It is here that psychological analysis is most relevant. On the other hand, the Marxist insistence that the fascist myth operates within a material context which conditions and limits its form and direction is a naturalistic corrective to explanations in terms of complexes and traumas. The compulsions of fascism have brought home the need of considering 'objective' conditions along with 'subjective' illusions as parts of the total situation. The notion that psychic states are an aspect of the 'material' field is one of the crucial insights which recent psychology has contributed to sociology. The need is for a psychology of politics, as well as for a sociology of psychic life.

I

Psychology as a special study is a modern phenomenon. In Aristotelian thought, as Kurt Lewin has indicated, psychological concepts are not separated from non-psychological. Just as in its logic judgments are either true or false, so in its psychology there are no border states, and phenomena are seen as either normal or pathological. In the Baconian epoch the notion of logical and psychological antithesis gave way to the idea of fluid transitions and concepts of graded continuity (seen most clearly in Leibnitz). However, Renaissance freedom introduced ambiguities and difficulties of its own, centring in the problem of *sanction*. In the medieval scheme man had his assigned place, and whatever urges he had were divinely sanctioned and divinely punished. The devil was *outside* and could be exorcised from without. With the abolition of the two-world pattern, the older dualism is translated back into the empirical realm. The devil is now *within*, and he bears the name of 'guilt.' In the new freedom man becomes the sole authority. Sanction now coming from man himself, punishment takes place within as well. Outer ghosts and furies were banished only to be pressed inward. The ghosts of Shakespeare and Goethe testify to their concern with what was happening *within* their characters, even as they were freed toward their Faustian expansionism. Freedom, as Erich Fromm has argued, appears as an ambiguous gift. The opening up of infinite possibilities induces restlessness, disquietude and unsettledness, since the status formerly provided by accepted authority is now lacking. This marks the beginning of modern psychological alienation. In literature the problem appears in the dualism between poetry and business, between overt and unconscious motivation. Its first direct treatment occurs in Diderot's *Rameau's Nephew* and Lessing's *Emilia Galotti*. In a more accentuated form it becomes the subject of the Romantic movements, especially in Germany. There, owing to relative industrial backwardness, we find a more sustained 'inner' resistance against the standardization of private values. The theme appears in Kleist (particularly in his drama *Amphitryon*—a favourite subject of dual personality study), Grillparzer, E. Th. A. Hoffman, and in the musical alienations of Richard Wagner. In Russia, where suppression was more ruthless and where the middle class had even less backing than in Germany, the lacerated personality and the anguish of repressed desires became the central preoccupation of Dostoyevsky, Chekhov, Artsybashev and Andreyev. Hegel was the first philosopher to place alienation in the centre of his system. Hegel dealt with alienation mainly as a metaphysical category. Marx took the term over from Hegel, applying it in ethical, economic and social contexts. Neither dealt with it as a psychologic phenomenon. Marx was concerned

with psychological alienation only in so far as it pertained to social movements in which he detected the operation of 'false' consciousness. For the Romantic philosophers like Schelling, unconscious states, along with aberrations, were interpreted as spiritual entities. Nietzsche (partly anticipated by Schopenhauer's voluntarism and Hartmann's Philosophy of the Unconscious) was the first philosopher to consider the psychological and the illogical as having a 'logic.' It was Nietzsche who spoke of the 'wisdom of the body,' and of the unconscious as the 'larger reason.' On the other hand, in these thinkers there is little consideration of the sociologic as a concomitant of metaphysical and psychic alienation. This is also true of Bergson's intuition theory and Heidegger's concept of 'Sorge' in our own time. The same neglect appears in the first stages of Freudian doctrine.

II

The trend in Freud's *earlier* analysis was the psychological foreshadowing of Spengler's prophecy that Western Civilization was doomed and his equating its fall with that of civilization itself. At first Freud held that man is natively abnormal and that his greatest urge is toward death. This pessimistic bent appears in Freud's interpretation of art and of consciousness. Art was first seen as illusion and as 'substitute gratification.' In it man charts his denied wishes through dream forms. This was a correct formulation of our magic art, of which *The Magic Mountain* became the highest achievement. In this stage Freud also tended to see consciousness as obstructing the regressive nature of the instinctive life. *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* stated, 'The rudimentary creature would from its very beginnings not have wanted to change, would, if circumstances had remained the same, have always merely repeated the same course of existence.' The child in the womb is content. And man's way to happiness lies in return to an 'ancient starting point, which the living being left long ago, and to which it harks back again by all the circuitous paths of development.' Freud flatly declares: 'The goal of all life is death.'

Most of our literature stands under the shadow of this earlier Freudianism. The themes of sleep and dream, the diseased and the dubious, magic and myth saturate the works of our writers, artists and thinkers. They are reflected in our Literature of the Night in which the irrational is not seen as a stage on the road but is embraced as the eternal and ultimate reality. They appear in our frustrated, split and alienated characters. This Freudianism is further mirrored in the bohemian celebration of the libido, its nervous intoxication with night life, rarely followed by the morning after. Eros is identified with the erotic, tending toward the erratic and neurotic.

If we may permit ourselves a pun, Freudianism becomes the sanction for *Freud'* in the dark. Stylistically, Freudian free association manifested itself in impressionistic, expressionistic and surrealistic rituals freed from the logic of syntax and grammar. Likewise, literary and artistic criticism interpreted objects as 'symbolic.' A mountain, a cat and a war became anything but a mountain, a cat and a war. The nature of the physical world was swallowed up in symbolic darkness.

Most criticism of Freud harps on this phase of his work. Similarly, much of the criticism directed against Marx centres in the deterministic features in his scheme. Thus each has been attacked as holding to a one-to-one correspondence between objective conditions and the symbol (the superstructure, in Marx). In both, it is argued, the universe is closed, the laws of history in Marxism corresponding to Freudian unchangeable nature. The one is seen as reducing all ills to complexes, rooted in man's biological structure; the other as reducing all forms of frustration to social oppression.

However, this attack hits only at the periphery of the two movements. It misses their *freedom* element in which the determining situation functions only as a realistic *condition*. The view of Marxism as closed determinism runs counter to its militant practice and its call to change the world. Likewise, Freud's therapeutic practice repudiates his alleged doctrine that man is chained to an eternal inferno of complexes. It has also been generally overlooked that the later Freud modifies his theory as well. Freud's earlier notion that in art man turns from reality is qualified by the observation that the artist 'finds a way to return from this world of fantasy back to reality.' Freud now notes the factor of social reception in art, at least to the extent that the artist becomes aware that the dissatisfaction which he feels is shared by his audience. There is a similar shift in Freud's concept of the libido. From being a sex instinct it is extended to include friendship and even attachment to abstract ideas. In *Totem and Taboo* he indicates the connection between social institutions and moral obligations, a point stressed in his last work, *Moses and Monotheism*. Here Freud continues the attempt to bridge the gap between individual and social psychology, begun in his *Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego* and in *The Future of an Illusion*. Freud's *Civilization and Its Discontents* analyses the Super-Ego as a product of social conditions, as the uneasy conscience of 'civilized' groups. And if he once gave priority to the principle of Thanatos, Freud later sees a positive force counteracting the death-urge. 'It may now be expected,' he writes, 'that the other of the "two heavenly forces," eternal Eros, will put forth his strength so as to maintain himself alongside of his equally immortal adversary.' His earlier pessimistic doctrine is qualified by the belief that through

knowledge and manipulation of his materials man can achieve relative freedom. In short, the later Freud no longer views man as eternally shackled. Here he repudiates the Spenglerian doctrine of decline.

III

Although Freud's system can therefore not be dismissed as mechanistic, it diverges considerably from Marxism in the function assigned to knowledge and to change. These differences between Marx and Freud are due, in the main, to their respective starting points.

Freud's patients came largely from the middle classes. Their problem is that of a group midway between the relatively unenlightened proletariat and the conscious region of authority. It oscillates between allegiance to the ruling forces (of which it considers itself a part) and doubts over the justification of its allegiance (since its rule is at most only 'mediative'). Its problems seem to derive from 'personal' difficulties and from the general constitution of human nature rather than from social maladjustments. Freud's prescription of *individual* treatment by the 'inner' method was in tune with his specific subject matter. Marxism, on the other hand, arose from the issues confronting the working class, and its approach of studying *group* conditions by the direct 'outer' method was determined by its particular material. Marxism conceives the historical task of the proletariat to be the abolition of the capitalist class, as well as of itself as a class. Hence it has emphasized the *temporal function* of the working class. As the philosophy of the *dominated*, it has made *change* focal. Freud's main subject, the relatively dominant middle class, is less inclined to regard its difficulties as due to its social status. As the philosophy of the relatively *dominant*, Freudianism has tended to view its difficulties in terms of man's *permanent* nature. From this variation in their respective bases, there follow the different functions each assigns to human nature, to knowledge and to methods of change.

Marxism is committed to the neo-Rousseauan view that man is natively co-operative and that historic-social factors largely account for the wars among men. Freud's theory assumes that man has 'normally' abnormal tendencies. That is, where Marx sees evil and 'sin' as historical phenomena, Freud sees them as 'original.' Evil being historical for Marx, consciousness is in a position not merely to recognize its existence but also to design a strategy for eradicating it to the end of evolving the 'universal man.' For Freud, evil being rooted in man's 'nature,' consciousness can only shed light on these roots. Action can result at most in alleviating, not in 'liquidating.' Freud sees more of the constant in human relations, thinks more in

terms of recurrence and identification, where Marx thinks more in terms of historical differentiations. Marx takes into account mainly those psychological factors which affect social groups, and centres on those elements relevant to them as a group. The psychology of the individual falls outside his preoccupation. He slights the factor of human fallibility which Freudianism regards as man's original and permanent endowment. Hence, where Marxism takes a 'radical' position toward evil and sin, Freudianism is 'tolerant' toward them.

IV

However, the differences between Marx and Freud need not be thought of as contradictions. They can be viewed as different weightings of the foreground and the background. By cross-translations and by considering each in its wider 'legitimate implication,' we can note areas of overlap in subject matter, in strategy and in ultimate aim.

Both are concerned with 'disease' issuing from basic insecurity. Marx writes of man's insecurity or 'alienation' resulting from *sociological unemployment or misemployment;* Freud, dealing with individuals who are not directly oppressed by social conditions yet are psychically affected by the general dislocation, writes of *psychological unemployment* or *misemployment.* Marx stresses conscious and material motivations. Yet the element of unconscious motivation enters into his analysis of 'false' consciousness where the ideas of the ruling group become the ideas ruling or suppressing the ideas of the dominated group. In both, human situations are seen in terms of *conflicting interests.* Freud's psychology analyses neuroses as issuing from a dialectical clash between desire and the law. It is also materialistic. While Freud deals with contradictions within the psychic processes, his method for explaining these contradictions follows a materialistic strategy. In contrast to 'essential' Aristotelian laws, modern psycho-analysis seeks out the specific, the local and (in the case of Horney, Fromm and others) the social situation. In place of an abstract average, its laws are derived from an examination of the total concreteness in the particular situation. Freud sees a continuity between experience and the dream, and his method is to trace the 'superstructure' of dreams and of neuroses to the actual background and experiences of the individual and the family. Thus for both Marx and Freud, culture is determined by physical factors, and both seek to discover the connection between the 'body' and the 'mind.' Freud's thesis that neuroses are a consequence of repressions is the psychological equivalent of the notion that social and personal disharmony results from suppression by social authority.[1]

[1] This interplay between the Marxian and Freudian approach may be seen in Joseph Freeman's novel, *Never Call Retreat.*

The dialectic interaction which Freud traces between instinct and consciousness makes possible his faith in analysis. 'There is nothing arbitrary or undetermined in the psychic life,' writes Freud. On this basis he sees the problem as subject to *scientific* treatment. And, as against the irrationalist who would lead man back to the womb of the night, Freud's central motivation is to lead man *through* the darkness, to bring that which is hidden to light. He describes the Id as 'a chaos, a cauldron of seething excitement,' in need of control. He aims at the 'organization of the Id,' that is, at rationalizing the irrational, at making the unconscious conscious. In a parallel sense, Engels distinguishes between the 'unconscious blind agents' in nature and the 'active agents' in society, endowed with consciousness, working 'toward definite ends, with thought and passion.' The Marxian formulation that freedom is the cognizance of necessity has its Freudian counterpart in the notion that consciousness of the causal factors leads man to free himself from their neurotic effects. One might go further and suggest an analogy in their final objectives. Marxism envisages a state in which authority will be harmonious with individual expression. Freud's work aims at harmonizing human wants ('wishes') with the authority of the 'censor.' Nor does Freud limit the Super-Ego to being a 'bad' authority. He notes that our 'good' efforts also stem from it. In Marxism the working class advances from the stage of a repressed element to becoming a 'good' dictatorship (a Super-Ego exercising repression in the interests of the common good), to the final stage where it is dissolved into classless harmony (the Super-Ego now in harmony with the Id and Ego). 'Where Id was, shall be Ego,' writes Freud. He calls his theory of dreams 'a bit of scientific new-found land won from superstition and mysticism.'

There is also a connection between Freudian regression and the Marxist philosophy of history. The stress in Marxist theory is on progressive change toward the classless society. Yet the future order has its historic prototype in the primitive commune. To be sure, Marxism is more insistent on the 'difference,' on what comes between. It points backward in order to point ahead. But it points ahead by pointing backward.

The juxtaposition of Marx and Freud illumines the distinction between what we might term the 'temporal' and the 'simultaneous' dialectic. In politics, things are seen as occurring *successively* in time. In art and philosophy, they are seen *coincidentally*. But at its best politics is an art. Likewise, the more complete view of art shows it as operating within a political framework. The success of fascism is the price paid for not using the art of politics and for ignoring the politics of art. If treating the doctrines of political leaders as psychic aberrations was 'empty,' treating them as historic forces alone was

'blind.' To see Hitler simply as an agent of late imperialism, or as a lunatic, was to miss the 'truth' in his myth, as seen by his earnest followers. What is needed is a study of the psychological constant in its interplay with the sociological variation.[1] Human beings, whether they be fascists or anti-fascists, materialists or idealists, whether they belong to the middle or working class, not only are different. To the extent that they go through analogous stages, they react in analogous ways. Universal traits and individual characteristics are part of the 'material' conditions which must be manipulated in any effective course of action.[2] Such manipulation can lead us to understand, predict and counteract the enemy's actions and reactions. They also prepare us for the unavoidable limitations which will accompany the 'universal' man.

17. THE HOPE OF MAN

A man of action is always ruthless; no one has a conscience but an observer. JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

The individual stands in opposition to society, but he is nourished by it. And it is far less important to know what differentiates him than what nourishes him. . . . A soul is just as valuable as a differentiation. Every psychological life is an exchange, and the fundamental problem of the living individual is knowing upon what he intends to feed. Preface to *Days of Wrath*

ANDRE MALRAUX

MALRAUX'S WORK IS concerned with the secret of individuality within the compass of its public relations. The problem arises from the fact that Malraux's characters are revolutionary socialists who have reached the *post-intellectual* stage where they have to make a *decision*. As socialists they recognize the necessity of communal solidarity and action. But as revolutionaries they cannot completely identify themselves with the collective

[1] Karen Horney's work is useful in noting the bearing of competitiveness, inequality in possession and opportunity on modern neuroses. But her contention in *New Ways in Psychoanalysis* that the problem lies in the relation between 'the quality of cultural trends and the quality of individual conflicts' slights Freud's substantive approach and seems to involve a cultural and psychological relativism. In her subsequent essay, 'What Is a Neurosis?' Horney qualifies this position, noting that *Urangst* is a 'fundamental human phenomenon.' Yet even here she holds that cultural conditions 'ultimately' engender individual character difficulties.

[2] This perspective is a leading characteristic of Kenneth Burke's work on symbolic action and human attitudes. On a formal-technical plane the notion appears to be implied in the modern 'field' theory.

interest. This is so because in Malraux the revolutionary is an individual of heroic stature and vision. As such he can never be completely at one with the law and can never altogether accept a 'party line.' In this conception Malraux comes close to the problem as seen by Gide and Silone. But, where they treat individual apartness as a final necessity, Malraux sees the problem as only beginning at this point. Because his people are exceptional, they are lonely. But because they are lonely they feel the need for communication all the more. Their exceptionalism at once separates them from and brings them close to the group. Malraux's basic problem is the *differential* between organized control and unique expression. Malraux begins with individualist characters (Ch'en, the Spanish anarchists) and ends with integrated personalities (Katov, Manuel). But his central problem is focused on those in whom both forces operate simultaneously (Kyo and Magnin).

Malraux's three major novels, *Man's Fate*, *Days of Wrath* and *Man's Hope*, treat historic events. In all of them social forces condition the action and passion of the characters and give point to the dramatic situation. Yet in each novel Malraux introduces characters who tower over their situation. They represent a three-cornered war. One is waged by revolutionaries against the fascist international. Another is carried on by the revolutionaries against co-ordination in any kind of collectivity.

I

Man's Fate is weighted on the individual formula, with the opening scene setting the tone of Malraux's preoccupation. Ch'en has been sent out by his party to seize papers from a man who must first be rendered defenceless. From the angle of the *political* task, the papers, the man and the act to be performed are general elements. But Ch'en has experienced terrorism in his own family. His great need is for *personal* revenge. He must feel the act to be *his* act, and he must come to sensuous grip with the living body. But the man he is to kill is sleeping. As Ch'en stands in front of him he hesitates, hoping that the man will wake up and fight. He considers lifting the mosquito netting which covers the identity of the sleeping body. So involved is Ch'en in his emotional conflict that he forgets the political objective altogether, that of procuring the document. But his personal anguish is irrelevant to the organizational objective. And when he appears before his comrades, he simply reports, 'It's done.'

This opening scene sounds Malraux's larger theme, the tragedy of crime and guilt. In Ch'en the guilt sense is a compound of his Christian upbringing and his social alignment. Ch'en is the extreme limit of the revolutionary, the revolutionary as terrorist. His

anarchistic self-obsession is the psycho-social facet of his homosexualism. Ch'en is unable to shift responsibility to the social body by accepting its authority. Because he must take the full weight of responsibility upon himself, he suffers the most intense guilt agony and the deepest solitude. For this very reason his craving for communication is bottomless. It must be as complete as the gaping loneliness which calls it forth, and it leads him to seek it in the absolute communication of death. His plan to kill Chiang Kai-shek is made with a view as much toward the general's death as toward his own. It is the 'completion' of his masochistic Eros straining toward Thanatos.

Ferral, the head of the Franco-Asiatic Consortium, approximates the Ch'en dilemma on the side of the 'enemy.' Despite his position, Ferral too lacks status. He is too proud to be a conformist or a hypocrite, refuses to join the Legion of Honour and is only half-heartedly accepted by the French Tories. In his case, terrorism takes on the form of lust. And as Ch'en must have physical contact, so Ferral must have visible proof that he is achieving communication, as when he insists on the light being turned on while he is embracing his mistress, Valérie. And when, outraged by this act of humiliation, Valérie writes him: 'You will die, dear, without having suspected that a woman is a human being,' Ferral recalls stories of revenge on faithless lovers which remind one of Ch'en's terroristic method. Ferral realizes that he never went to bed with anyone but himself. There is only a formal difference between Ch'en's homosexualism and Ferral's auto-eroticism. He understands that his 'will to power never achieved its object, lived only by renewing it,' that the only thing he was eager to possess was 'himself.'

At the opposite pole stands the Russian Katov, one of the organizers of the revolt. Katov has also experienced suffering in his personal and political life. But Katov has 'absolutely' (his favourite term) succeeded in submerging his self in the social task. Where Ch'en and Ferral are preoccupied with the problems of their ego, Katov appears as the most self-effacing revolutionary in the story, and this self-effacement at the same time provides him with the greatest self-assurance. The high point of his self-assurance is reached in the scene where Katov gives up the cyanide he has reserved for himself. This act is one of supreme self-sacrifice (similar to that of the comrade in *Days of Wrath*), for Katov knows that now he will be burned alive.

The full complexity of Malraux's problem is embodied in the character of Kyo. His split origin (he is half French and half Japanese) makes at once for his alienation and the need for integration. When his wife May tells him that she has gone to bed with another man, Kyo shrugs his shoulders. As an enlightened com-

munist Kyo theoretically grants such rights to his wife. Actually he suffers the searing torment of the wound dealt to his person. And as he walks out to carry through a crucial revolutionary task, he is lashed by the 'solitude, the inescapable aloneness behind the living multitude like the great primitive night behind the dense, low night under which this city of deserted streets was expectantly waiting.'

'The great primitive night' in Kyo's socialism is the 'secret' of his individuality. Kyo is not an organizer who simply carries out orders, like Vologin. The revolution to him is not a matter of names and items on index cards. It is a living thing for him, sunk into his skin 'with its weak points like wounds.' In Kyo's revolutionary doctrine, Will and Individuality operate as free factors within his frame of social determinism. Going beyond the Spinozistic-Hegelian notion of freedom as the cognizance of necessity, Malraux urges that, through consciousness and knowledge, man can also *choose* and hence also determine. This constitutes man's dignity. The driving force behind Kyo's revolutionary fervour is 'to give to each of these men whom famine, at this very moment, was killing like a slow plague, the sense of his own dignity.' He fights fascism because it does not allow man to choose either his life or his death. When Kyo is asked by Koenig, the chief of Chiang's police, 'You want to live?' Kyo replies, 'It depends how.' And when Koenig prods him on the meaning of dignity, Kyo defines it as the opposite of humiliation. But a moment before he thought of it in positive terms, as 'my life.' Kyo retains his dignity in death because he can choose death. Precisely because it is his alternative to serving as a stool-pigeon it becomes the highest expression of his life. 'What would have been the value of a life for which he would not have been willing to die?' Kyo's notion of individual freedom also appears on the political plane. He is shown as not in full accord with the tactics of his organization and is opposed to his party's decision to hand over the arms. When Vologin urges that the 'only logical attitude of a militant communist' is obedience, Kyo inwardly agrees with Ch'en's reply that 'it's not through obedience that men go out of their way to get killed—nor through obedience that they kill. . . . Except cowards.'

That Kyo nonetheless remains within the ranks can be traced to his own view that his movement has a *futuristic* dynamics. Marxism encourages the 'exaltation of a will,' allows for revolutionary innovations by the individual and is, as such, the opposite of a fixed order which dehumanizes man by imposing its will on him. That is, to Kyo the Marxist movement calls for both individual spontaneity and societal attachment. In it he can combine his ethics with his politics.

Kyo's political reservations thus appear as part of the novel's

psychological burden. Seen from this angle, *Man's Fate* is profoundly non-political. Although the story involves the clash between personalities who belong to opposing international factions, it deals in the main with the personalities themselves. 'Society' hovers in the background only. The focus is on psychological individuation shown precisely at the point where it overlaps the general social and political interest. There is the feeling that any kind of political strategy entails human and ethical injustice, that politics cannot deal adequately with the emotions, least of all with those of a Ch'en, and only a little better with those of a Kyo. Private suffering cannot be eliminated by the social body, for it issues from the fact of individual existence. This is '*La Condition humaine*.' Those who recognize its inevitability and adjust their acts accordingly can be saved. For those who drug themselves with power into the illusion of self-sufficiency, the novel offers no grace.

Man's Fate deals with the inescapable Unknown, the Sphinx in human existence which renders tragedy inevitable. It is the tragedy of man's solitude issuing from the 'exposure' of that which cannot be protected by the collective netting. Yet there are different levels of solitude and different qualities in the efforts to establish communication. Clappique seeks refuge in his mythomania and in sex. But he fails to banish fear and remains lonely, for he knows there is no identification to be found in the 'women who open their thighs and their hearts while thinking of something else.' Ferral likewise is alone. He too knows that there can be no self-transcendence in his autoistic relationship with men and women. Ch'en's auto-eroticism is somewhat checked by his attempt at social identification. He at least seeks to 'die on the highest possible plane.' His absolute of death in action meets with the absolute of passivity achieved by Gisors through his opium. In all there is denial of life and a forgetting, a dissolving of the self, rather than its organization. Lacking all social faith, they are left helpless when faced by individual frustration. Thus when Ferral is confronted by Valérie's rejection, he is completely emptied. The only urge left in him is toward violence and humiliation. On the other hand, even as Kyo is tormented by May's act, he can be consoled by the fact that to him she is not simply a woman but also a comrade.

> The embrace by which love holds beings together against solitude did not bring its relief to man; it brought relief only to the madman, to the incomparable monster, dear above all things, that every being is to himself and that he cherishes in his heart. . . . My kind are those who love me and do not look at me, who love me in spite of everything, degradation, baseness, treason—*me* and not what I have done or shall do—who would love me as long as I would love myself—even to suicide.

II

In *Days of Wrath* Malraux shifts the accent from the differential to the integral. The impetus for the inverted emphasis was the emergence of fascist collectivism. Under its threat of completely walling up individual expression, Malraux's novel transfers the problem from revolutionary differentiation to social consolidation. Kassner's Nazi prison is airtight, silencing human speech and activity. Barred from communication outward, Kassner is at first driven to self-communication. But the monologue in *Days of Wrath* gradually becomes a cosmologue. Where, in *Man's Fate*, we have a number of voices, each with its private speech, here all is merged into the unified voice of humanity. In the earlier novel the theme of dissociation is communicated by a staccato idiom. The story is broken up, demarcated by calendar dates and clock time. Here we have the continuity of a movement, a wave-like rhythm carrying the theme of completest identification. The dramatic action of *Man's Fate* is replaced by pantheistic meditation.

The theme of integration is consummated on three levels. It begins with integration in reverse, with Kassner entombed in the Nazi dungeon. The torture which he suffers stems from the threat to his identity. At the point of madness (that is, of being deprived of self- and social-consciousness), he hears the knocks in the next cell, spelling out 'comrade' and 'courage.' The anonymity of the language and of the person suggests that it is the anti-fascist movement rather than an anti-fascist individual which is communicating with him. Kassner now moves to integration with the communality opposing the fascist collectivity. But on this plane, Kassner's specific personality is submerged, although his life is saved. And when the guard tells him that 'Kassner' has given himself up, he 'suddenly recalled the scene of two Red guards sprawling on the ground at the entrance to a village—their sexual organs had been crushed between two bricks.' By accepting the sacrifice Kassner accepts the death of his name. It is the death of his former personality described as romantically individualistic. During the nine days in the cell he is reborn, and he feels himself now separated 'once more from the world.'

Days of Wrath is the extreme communal counterpoint to the collective nightmare of fascism. Where in fascism the individual is a forced sacrifice, here the individual makes the sacrifice freely. The musical motifs which banish Kassner's insanity indicate the difference in communication. At first music was to Kassner like death, liberating man from time and articulate speech, 'mingling all its manifestations even as life and death merge in the immobility of the starry sky.' Its initial meaning is similar to that which '*Der Linden-*

baum' had for Hans Castorp on the Magic Mountain, the all-enveloping veil shrouding his active self. Later, when Castorp sings it on the battlefield, it becomes an expression of his relative distance from the collectivity of the war. Likewise, Kassner gradually begins to feel that his music is more than fatal integration, that its universal appeal is that of 'human fellowship.' It seems to unite in a common bond 'all the voices of that subterranean region in which music takes man's head between its hands and slowly lifts it up toward human fellowship.' The music which issues from the depths of his enclosure has movement, harmony and freedom. The musical notes and the vision of the Greek Orthodox ritual suggest the eternity of life and not the eternity of death. Such self-effacement is enacted in every character in the novel: the comrade who gives himself up, the aviator who risks his life to carry Kassner out of danger and the wife who is once more ready to bear the sacrifice of Kassner's returning to carry on illegal work in Germany.

However, the very polar relation which this novel bears to *Man's Fate* points to their psychological kinship. Malraux 'succeeds' in solving the problem of individuation in *Days of Wrath* by presenting his characters as prototypes rather than as individuals. Kassner is an impersonal representation of the tortured man. The prisoner in the next cell is simply a tapping on the wall; the comrade who gives himself up as 'Kassner' is an unidentified sacrifice and the aviator a kind of disembodied messenger. Now once Kassner is rescued from the Nazi prison and becomes an individual, the problem and perspective of *Man's Fate* reappear. When he arrives at the anti-fascist rally he sees it as a 'sea of heads and necks all alike.' In this undifferentiated collectivity, he is unable to find his wife. And as Kassner observes the mass-meeting, with all 'waiting for the slogans,' he feels that here too there is something which is 'full of menace.' At this point the image of the corpses with their crushed testicles passes before him again.

However, the dilemma of individualism and organization is a minor theme here. The stress is on self-submission as the road toward higher self-realization. Kassner loses only his older, romantically inclined self. By his sacrifice the comrade (who performs the most heroic act in the novel) bequeaths his own anonymous name to Kassner. This would be the third stage of Kassner's development, the story of the communal personality.

III

This fusion is the theme of Malraux's next novel. *Man's Hope* combines the narcissistic and the authoritative mode. The individualistic characters from *Man's Fate* are socialized by the comrade from *Days of Wrath*, and the latter emerges to assume an identity.

Malraux's name for the resultant character is *the people*, who have gathered from every corner of the world to oppose fascism. These people are not a 'sea of heads and necks all alike.' Although they become part of a uniform war-machine, they retain their specific character. They are distinguished by the fact that they have not been conscripted but have *volunteered*. They have freely chosen an action consistent with their nature. This lends their acts moral dignity.

However, this very morality raises the issue posed in *Man's Fate*. The international groups are united in fighting fascism, but their reasons vary. Economically speaking, there is little difference between the Catholics, the anarchists, the socialists and the communists aligned against the fascist coalition. But this economic invariant does not spell psychological uniformity. The attitudes, grounds and motives which activate the various groups differ and clash with one another. Malraux is once more concerned with the differential between economics and psychology.

Malraux concretizes the problem through the medium of the Spanish anarchists. They join the struggle because fascism chokes individual freedom, and they fight in the same manner: freely, individually, spontaneously. Their means are of the same nature as their ends. The anarchists (such as Puig and the Negus) are the carry-over of Ch'en from *Man's Fate*. For them the revolution has meaning while it is in its romantic-individualistic stage of careless rapture.

The opening chapters convey this 'free' method of opposing fascist organization, the diffusion of structure and plot corresponding to the anarchic individualism and unorganized defence at the beginning of the Spanish War. There is a multiplicity of theme and style, a jumping back and forth, a feverish discontinuity suggestive of the unco-ordinated way the volunteers were meeting the co-ordinated enemy. It is as though the rigidity of Kassner's passive resistance had been loosened under the stress of action.

But emotional enthusiasm is not enough in a mechanized war. Spain, Garcia points out, 'is littered with barricades—to resist Franco's warplanes!' As he listens to the sounds of enthusiasm coming in through the window, he admits that 'they stand for one of the most moving things on earth, and one of the rarest.' But, 'all of that's got to be transformed—or perish.' When Magnin, the leader of the International Air Force, insists (we are reminded here of Ch'en) that he does not see men giving their lives for organization and discipline, Garcia urges that fervour by itself spells defeat. He tells the Negus: 'When one wants to make the revolution a way of living, for the mere fun of it, it usually becomes a way of dying. And in that case, old fellow, one ends up by being as satisfied with martyrdom as with victory.' The apocalyptic mood is good and neces-

sary as a first stage, but it clamours for everything right away—and there is the danger. 'It's in the nature of an apocalypse to have no future. . . . Even when it professes to have one.' The task is to 'organize the apocalypse.' (One is reminded here of Freud's 'organization of the Id.')

The story depicts such a transformation. The stage of 'play' gives way to conscious planning, idealistic self-indulgence to hard discipline. The apocalypse is organized. The elements for the transformation are present in the disciplined organization of the communists and socialists, as well as in the communality of the Catholics. They even exist in the Spanish anarchists. For these are anarcho-syndicalists who, in trade-union activity, take their stand on Sorel's syndicalist teachings. Thus is formed the 'incredible fraternity' of Catholics, socialists, communists and anarcho-syndicalists, united in a social battle against social poverty and degradation.

Man's Hope blends the differentiated individualism of Ch'en with the pantheistic sociality of the Unknown Comrade-Soldier. The fusion can be traced in Magnin and Manuel. They begin at opposite ends, Magnin as sceptical of the value of organization and discipline, Manuel as a faithful 'party man.' In the course of the story they approach each other. Magnin modifies his psychological individualism, and Manuel's party thinking becomes qualified by his awakening to general human attitudes. When he sees one of his men writing on the wall with the blood of a dead fascist, Manuel realizes that in the new Spain such men will be no easier to handle than the present enemy. It marks the birth of responsibility for him. He notes that every step he takes toward greater efficiency estranges him from himself and his fellowmen. He becomes aware of the antinomy between politics and ethics. Yet his consciousness of the antinomy acts as a release. The book ends with Manuel playing Beethoven.

> As the strands of melody took form, interwoven with his past, they conveyed to him the selfsame message that the dim sky, those ageless fields and that town which had stopped the Moors might, too, have given him. For the first time Manuel was hearing the voice of that which is more awe-inspiring even than the blood of men, more enigmatic even than their presence on the earth—the infinite possibilities of their destiny. And he felt that this new consciousness within him was linked up with the sounds of running water in the street and the footfalls of the prisoners, profound and permanent as the beating of his heart.

The vessel for uniting Magnin, the fighter in the 'air,' and Manuel, the politician and soldier on 'land,' is the peasants with whom the novel ends. The section in which the peasant helps Magnin locate a field of enemy airplanes, followed by the march of peasants bearing the wounded to the valley, is Malraux's dramatic tribute to the

'Unknown Soldier' of the people. The peasant ('Where has Magnin seen that face before? Everywhere') had never been up in an airplane before. When asked whether he won't get panicky, he does not understand. He has less knowledge than the technicians and less fear. But he 'knows' his land. The account of his going up in an airplane and of the subsequent march of the peasants carrying the litters of wounded aviators becomes a high artistic fusion of the primitive and the conscious, the earth and the sky, the free and the determined.

> The solemn, primitive march of that line of stretchers had something as compelling about it as the pale rocks that merged into the lowering sky, something as fundamental as the apples scattered on the ground. . . . And the steady rhythm of their tread over the long, pain-burdened journey seemed to fill the vast ravine, down which the last cries still came floating from the birds above, with a solemn beat like a funeral drum. But it was not death which haunted the mountains at that moment; it was triumphant human will.

In *The Royal Way* and in *Man's Fate* death and destiny were questioning mysteries, cosmic phenomena. Their agents were *things* carrying secret and deadly powers: Ch'en's dagger, the mosquito netting, Gisors' opium. In *Man's Hope* things become functions in an *activistic* context. Searchlights go 'stabbing through the sky,' and panes cave in 'like drum-heads.' The novel interweaves the individual and the situational in a point-counterpoint technique, and shows them as resolved in Praxis. In *Man's Hope* men also die through inanimate objects. But they die by choice and for one another. Here death is *socialized* and has lost its 'metaphysical validity.' The blood of comrades becomes the metaphor of their communion in life, and their death a sacrifice for the immortality of the human value. Basically they are dying for an old way of life, for the 'dark underground communion' once provided by Christianity.

Yet throughout, the rift between politics, as social consciousness, and culture, as psychological consciousness, remains as a tragic undercurrent. Man has to act in terms of politics, and since action must be specific, it rules out alternate avenues of action. For an intellectual and for an artist, the choice is a tragic one. Where the politician condemns a dissenter as an outlaw, the intellectual and artist have a tremendous sympathy for the outlaw. For they aim at a total reality, in which all possible alternatives have their legitimate place.

> The great intellectual is a man of subtleties, of fine shades, of evaluations; he's interested in absolute truth and in the complexity of things. He is—how shall I put it?—'antimanichean' by definition, by nature. But all forms of action are manichean, because all action pays a tribute to the devil; that manichean element is most intense when the masses are in-

volved. Every true revolutionary is a born manichean. The same is true of politics, all politics.

In Hernandez, Malraux incorporates the tragic conflict between 'efficiency' and 'justice.' Garcia, thinking of Hernandez, comes nearest to formulating the over-all position which would be just at once to the temporal dialectics of politics and the simultaneous dialectic of thought and art:

> The path that leads from moral standards to political activity is strewn with our dead selves. . . . For a thinker the revolution's a tragedy.

But

> for such a man, life, too, is tragic. And if he is counting on the revolution to abolish his private tragedy, he's making a mistake—that's all.

There remains 'hope' in the approximate translation of the dream into actuality in the 'future.' Hope lies in the infinite possibilities of man. But because they are infinite, they must be limited, conserved, channelized, organized. Hope is grounded in man's consciousness, in his converting the largest possible range of his experiences into conscious thought. By getting to know why he lives and must die, by getting to know how much he can hope for from social amelioration and how much tragedy inevitably remains, he can to that extent control his fate and thus become his own excuse for being. That is, he can retain that value without which human life lacks meaning and freedom—dignity. The ethical justification of fighting for the new social structure is not that it automatically creates nobility of character but that we may expect from it favourable conditions. No social system can bring about equality, but it can bring about fraternity. And fraternity is the opposite of humiliation.

18. THE IDEA OF UNIVERSAL CULTURE

> *Lasst alle Völker unter gleichem Himmel*
> *Sich gleicher Gabe wohlgemut erfreun!*
>
> JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

> Man is a universal essence . . . in that he conducts himself as a universal and free being. . . . Alienated work estranges man . . . from his universal essence.
>
> KARL MARX

> We should just fearlessly style ourselves 'good Europeans' and labour actively for the amalgamation of nations.
>
> FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

THOMAS MANN

THOMAS MANN'S DISTINGUISHED position in contemporary letters derives from a liberal manipulation of the catholic values in world culture. Perhaps more than any other writer to-day Mann would at once preserve the link with our ancestral heritage and meet the demands of the hour. The key-terms for this dual aspect in Mann's work are 'association' and 'identification.' In his case, again, war and fascism made for variations in range and degree.

Mann's pre-war identification was mainly with the Germanic *Kultur* tradition of a musical æsthetic and an idealistic dialectic, which was suspicious of Mediterranean civilization geared to practical concerns. It is the period of *Tonio Kroeger, Buddenbrooks, Death in Venice,* culminating in the essay on Frederick the Great and Mann's war against the political internationalism of his brother Heinrich. It is dominated by Schopenhauerian æsthetics and voluntarism, Wagnerian Nirvana mythology, Nietzschean metaphysics of disease and Freudian probings into chthonian regions. The First World War closes Mann's aristocratic *Kultur* association. *The Magic Mountain* and the critical essays of the 'twenties embody Mann's painful leave-taking of Germanic idealism and bring him closer to the social-pragmatic values in the Latin and European tradition. The arrival of Hitlerism completes this development. It frees Mann toward World Citizenship, which he discovers in the Hebraic-Christian heritage. These international values are embodied in the Joseph cycle. The whole marks the transition from an æsthetic attitude to the ethical act. Yet—and this is the unique feature of his *Weltanschauung*—Thomas Mann does not discard his past. His present outlook is deeply permeated by his former allegiances.

THE PROBLEM OF ESCAPE AND THE ÆSTHETIC CONSCIENCE

In Thomas Mann's pre-war work the nineteenth-century battle between commercial and spiritual values is fought out to an æsthetic conclusion: the characters retreat to the realm of artistic and philosophic freedom. Thomas and Hanno Buddenbrook elude the financial schemings of the Hagenströms by embracing Schopenhauer's static pantheism and Wagner's musical dialectics. Spinell and Frau Kloeterjahn resist the prosaic robustness of old and young Kloeterjahn by losing themselves in the love-yearning of the *Tristan* score. Aschenbach is liberated from a close-fisted Prussianism by Tadzio's exotic beauty which he enjoys 'purely' from a distance. Young Castorp is saved from the technics of engineering by a hermetically sealed Olympian mountain. There he 'grows,' feeding on cerebral

talk and formless Walpurgisnachts, rendering piety to disease and romantic music. If Tonio Kroeger still yearns for the simple, the blond and blue-eyed, if Spinell and Thomas Buddenbrook maintain some contact with the material world of the Kloeterjahns and Hagenströms, Gustav Aschenbach and Hans Castorp break almost completely with the 'real' world. Here Mann pictures the ultimate stage of alienation which began with the Germanic *Kultur* dualism between matter and spirit, existence and value.

But is there an 'escape'? Do not empirical compulsions themselves condition ascents to enchanted castles, and do they not continue to operate and affect the 'escapist'? Do those who flee become immune to happenings in the spatial-temporal concretum? That was the persuasion of nineteenth-century romanticism. But this persuasion was weakened in the next hundred years, in which the reality of technics and industry intruded upon the 'ideal.' Modern writers sense that there is no escape. They send their heroes 'away,' but do so with a bad conscience.

Such reservations already appear in Mann's early work. Tonio Kroeger envies the simple and uncomplicated. His final æsthetic consolation is mixed with nostalgia and regret. Detlev Spinell is pathetically helpless before the robust physicality of Kloeterjahn. Thomas Buddenbrook turns to Schopenhauer, but the latter stills his agony for only a brief moment. He dies, having lost his past and without hope in the future. *Death in Venice* is Mann's last stand at the Hindenburg line of æstheticism. Even here the 'truth' flashes before Aschenbach when, at the end, he observes Tadzio's beautiful face being pressed down into the sand. With Castorp's descent from the Magic Mountain, Mann returns to the realistic battlefield. Yet Castorp fights for the very powers he distrusted seven years earlier. He abandons the æsthetic realm, but he remains between two worlds as he sings Schubert in the service of the German war-machine. Castorp's retreat does not save him from politics. *The Magic Mountain* showed that there was no escape.[1] The issues between Settembrini and Naphta could not be settled by the word but only by the act. In *The Magic Mountain,* however, the act is as ambiguous as the word.

[1] This also defines the function of Settembrini, the 'critic' of the Magic Mountain. He talks of freedom without naming the conditions for freedom. He urges Castorp to return to the flatland but avoids consideration of its material crassness, which sent Castorp away from it in the first place. Settembrini's own critical education helps Castorp to see the limitations of Settembrini's uncritical acceptance of flatland values which are leading toward 1914. Joachim's tragic end is a consequence of following Settembrini's urgings to go down below. This internationalist never criticizes capitalism and becomes a rabid nationalist in 1914. Settembrini's talk of freedom serves only to free Castorp for the licence needed to approach Clavdia. Castorp 'thanks' him for that on Walpurgisnacht. For a more detailed analysis of *The Magic Mountain,* see Chapter Two of our *Three Ways of Modern Man.*

In 1929 Mann published *An Experience in the Occult* and *Mario and the Magician*. Here art is no longer pure magic; it has become *black* magic. If, in the occult experiments, artistic sleight-of-hand is confined to relatively harmless pranks, the story of Mario, acted in the land of black fascism, holds more terrifying possibilities. The magician Cippola, though ugly and deformed, succeeds in forcing his audience to do his bidding, to dance against its will, even to show physical affection for the misformed juggler. Here art is no longer 'distant': Cippola mixes freely with the audience. But the contact is used to impose a more direct exploitation. The older art erred negatively through objective withdrawal. It was merely out of date. This art 'interacts' to produce inhuman practices. Cippola employs his 'comradely' approach to establish the notion of the leader-follower principle. The capacity for self-surrender, Cippola tells his audience, is but the reverse side of that other power to will and to command. In the leader the will is obedience, the obedience will. If, in *The Magic Mountain*, artistic disinterestedness is manipulated toward a war dictatorship, in *Mario and the Magician* art is used directly in the interests of a sombre fascism.[1]

UNIVERSAL CULTURE

The idea of a universal poem is perhaps as old as human consciousness itself. We find it in our legends of Moses and Jesus, of Prometheus and Parsifal, of Faust and Siegfried. In Goethe, Marx and Nietzsche, the concept of universal culture becomes a programmatic demand. Yet even as Goethe's Faust enunciates his vision of a free people he remains a Utopian leader separated from his following by heroic exclusiveness. Nietzsche's Zarathustra is a lone, almost lost voice in the wilderness, torn by discords over his own solitude. Karl Marx formulates the social conditions for the development of the 'universal man.' He sees that human freedom requires social freedom as a prerequisite. A sociologist rather than a poet, Marx does not face the problem of poetic creation of situation and character. But even as a critic he is constrained to place the emphasis on repudiating the old mores. He has less to say about the *vita nuova*.

[1] The political reference is unambiguous. The author notes the fascistic nationalism of some groups at the resort and the connection of Cippola to Il Duce's brother. Cippola himself employs the fascist salute, and his entire performance is a crystallization of fascist demagogy and dehumanization. We may also note Mann's 'social' description of the 'way' to the hall where the performance took place. 'You reached it by following the main street under the wall of the "palazzo," a ruin with a "For Sale" sign, that suggested a castle and had obviously been built in lordlier days. In the same street were the chemist, the hairdresser, and all the better shops; it led, so to speak, from the feudal past, the bourgeois into the proletarian, for it ended off between two rows of poor fishing-huts, where old women sat mending nets before the doors. And here, among the proletariat, was the hall. . . .'

Our own century brought the trend toward collectivism to a climax. It established the warped co-ordination of fascism and the idea of international socialism born in the Russian Revolution. Paradoxically, the fascist cataclysm has accelerated and encouraged the forging of human solidarity. It has been our war-torn era which has once again brought forward the idea of universal culture.

The theme of collectivism runs through all of Mann's work. In his earlier writing it takes the form of a metaphysical or musical universalism. Thomas Buddenbrook finds solace for the loss of his personal heritage in the Schopenhauerian thought that he is at one with the cosmos and Hanno is enveloped by an all-embracing Wagnerian Nirvana. Aschenbach's self dissolves in the contemplation of the Platonic, and Hans Castorp loses himself in the magic timelessness of the cosmopolitan Berghof. When Castorp leaves the Berghof, he exchanges, to be sure, a metaphysical collectivism for a concrete sociality, but this new affiliation turns out to be a tragic error on another plane. It marks an advance over his circular abstractions, for it 'quickens' him toward action. But this action is on a destructive plane. The Joseph story would translate Castorp's identification, at odds with the interests of the individual, into a collectivism where the self is neither subsumed nor destroyed. The Joseph cycle represents Mann's hope of 'supra-personal, supra-partisan, supra-racial standards and values.' This orientation is foreshadowed in Hans Castorp's snow-dream on the Magic Mountain.

Castorp's vision follows his rejection of the two dialectical pedagogues, each of whom represents a confused form of collectivism—Settembrini defending a capitalistic world republic and Naphta an ambiguous Jesuitical communism. To resolve their 'morally chaotic All,' the author takes Castorp away from the civilizatory concordances of the Berghof to dream amid the 'inhumanity' of nature's stillness. Castorp's dream is 'anonymous and communal,' merging the observer with the object observed. His vision is something he had 'always' known. 'Always and that always went far, far, unthinkably far back.' He beholds a pastoral scene by a Mediterranean seashore, peopled by children of the sun and the sea, joyous and winning, friendly and courteous to one another. It is an agrarian setting in which people live in complete social harmony. They play seriously and they work gladly. 'Art' and 'life' appear happily joined. But this pleasurable 'wish' of the dreamer is disturbed by the critical censor, who half-awakens Hans Castorp by the picture of the social blood sacrifice. Behind the Utopian sociality a realistic struggle goes on among groups and classes. But before he is fully awake Castorp formulates that synthesis which Mann's characters had vainly sought for, the union of thought and action. The dream is forgotten by Castorp as he returns to the Berghof, but it remains stored away in

his subconscious, where he has 'always' known it. For Mann, dreams are promises, not merely recollections of things past.

The First World War and fascism helped bridge the distance between the hesitant note of *The Magic Mountain*, and the Joseph story. The thunderbolt which dynamited Mann's *Kultur* concept showed that æstheticism was propagandistic in its consequences ('Music is politically suspect'). There followed Mann's spirited concern with the 'demands of the day,' his participation in the struggle against the Nazi menace, culminating in the Joseph story. Yet Mann found his universal theme as he was about to be alienated from his native grounds. This circumstance is, as we shall see, not without import for this work as well.

THE MODERN MYTH

The story of Joseph is the legend of man's eternal sources and the recurrent cycles of his existence. The author leaves the historical distractedness of the bourgeois world to pierce deeply into the human. In terms of the Freudian metaphor the work may be called a monument to the immortal wish of man's unconscious, to his legendary Titanism which has been obscured by temporal shadows. The myth would render homage to man's ancestral and traditional roots. It is a work of piety and loyalty to essential forms in an age of unrest and bewildering change. In paying tribute to the power and inspiration of the past, the story becomes a repudiation of those authorities in the present that demand co-ordinated fealty. The story is a Freudian charting of man's infantile stage, revealed as encompassing the landmarks of humanity's permanent way.

However, Mann's story is not a mere retelling of the primitive legend. It is not pure regression and literal recurrence. His myth is garbed in all the complex forms of modern insights. As Castorp invaded the wild primitiveness with 'civilized' instruments, so Mann approaches the early history of man with the aid of modern anthropology and psychology. It is an attitude toward man's beginnings on the part of a modern. The hypotheses and implications are *ours*. While the ending is given to us and the forms remain eternally the same, the content and process vary. Time is real and history does not repeat itself exactly. As against the simple authoritarianism of the fascist myth and the permanent absolute of the Thomist view, here man's will and imagination are factors in his fate. The reversion to the past is no search for a lost paradise. The pattern binds us but varies when it is enacted in the particular. It is an 'I' and a single individual 'through whom the typical and the traditional are being fulfilled.' This 'I' is 'from God and is of the spirit, which is free.' The dreams of our myths must be interpreted, not to avoid the 'purposes of God,' but 'to anticipate and provide against it by

proper foresight.' In Mann's work, the myth is still *to be fulfilled*, and that depends on our work in the present and future.

Mann has chosen a story which stands on the border line between the revealed and the historical. It is a period when the separation has already taken place between the hero-demon and the sky-god. And his characters both know and don't know. Their problems are not those of primitive tribes. Mann treats of exceptional, differentiated individuals. They are separated from their ancient prototypes by what has come between, by the Socratic question, by the quest of Don Quixote and the dilemmas of Hamlet and Faust. They have eaten from the tree of knowledge, and they know their tears.

Thomas Mann's Joseph story is rich and iridescent in suggestiveness, and no amount of critical labour can hope to exhaust it. The interpreter of its conceptual import faces the task of making clear Mann's amazing synchronization of multiple perspectives. Events appear simultaneously as *happening* according to physical causation, logical sequence, human motivation, purposeful direction, and withal as moulded by individual *doing*—a kind of translation of Aristotle's four 'causes' into a world where free will obtains.

AHASUERUS

Mann's choice of Hebrew characters strikes centrally into the ambivalent nature of his work. Mann is concerned with people whom history has fated to be restless wanderers. The Fathers and Sons in Mann's story are given over to endless quests, from Abraham the moon-wanderer to Jacob and Joseph, forced to leave their fathers' homes. They are Odyssean characters, uprooted and homeless, representations of mankind's eternal unrest. They are a nomadic group, forming a bridge between East and West. To Mann the choice of Hebrew characters does not exemplify the fortune of a single people. For he is well aware that the Ahasueran nature of Jewish history has been conditioned by specific historical exigencies. Similar factors operating in the post-war era have produced an analogous situation for all peoples. In fact, Mann stresses the *interracial* character of his group, which stamps it as a prototype of mankind itself. Their Hebrew affiliation simply makes for a greater accentuation of what is a dominant motif in the story of man as a whole and particularly of modern man. In Mann's work the element of disquietude is bound up with his category of *Geist* or Spirit. In its broadest meaning, Spirit makes for doubt, criticism, questioning. It is the warring emissary which 'stirs up emotions of disquiet and exceptional wretchedness in the breast of one single man among the blithely agreeing and accepting host, drives him far out of the gates of the past and the known into the uncertain and adventurous.' It moves among coulisses and abysses' ('*Küstenkulissen und Brunnenschlund*') and

is forever bargaining with Mephisto yet never selling the soul to him. Spirit is Mann's equivalent for Goethe's Faustianism, the determination not to tarry in the moment; for Nietzsche's transvaluation of values and continuous 'self-surpassing.' Mann's other favourite term for it is 'irony.' It is the attitude which seeks knowledge of the 'other side' and of the total situation. And since such knowledge cannot be gained 'locally,' man must be ever migrating. From this desire for the other arises humaneness, sympathy with the alien. This constitutes the *international* ingredient of the Ahasueran man.[1]

The legend tells that the Hebrew God was Spirit and that he 'blessed' Abraham. Abraham is blessed in the sense that he *has* the blessing of the spiritual, for he would serve none but the Highest. This makes for his blessing, a blessing which is transmitted to Jacob, Joseph and Judah, the fathers of coming generations.[2]

But pure spirit is dangerous to man. Mann's early characters, Spinell, Hanno, Aschenbach and Naphta, suffered from incest of the spirit, attempting to create out of their own substance, out of art and logic. They shunned the material sphere and tended toward self-regression, auto-eroticism and homosexualism. They reflected the truncated artist- and thinker-type whose images are the reflex of his own desires. Castorp is saved from this circular route by the realm of matter, in the shape of the war. But he receives it as uncritically as he shunned it, and his problem is dissolved rather than resolved. And where pure reason or rhetoric leads is shown in the self-contradictory act of Leo Naphta.

In the Joseph story, too, the characters are exposed to this peril. Jacob faces the wrath of Esau whom he tricked by his rhetoric. He flees from Laban, whom he likewise deceived, and loses Rachel, the wife of his choice. When he ventures further, gives the coat of many colours to Joseph instead of to Reuben, the first born, thereby continuing to show preference for the spiritual over the legal, he loses the beloved son of Rachel as well.

Joseph has the blessing long before the father bestows the ketonet on him. Young Joseph is beautiful and learned, combines the imaginative with the speculative. He is a superior character. His deviation has not the freakish nature of Mann's former 'marked' men, of little Herr Friedmann, Tobias Mindernickel. He does not suffer from the diseased loneliness of Hanno Buddenbrook and the ambiguous apartness of Gustav Aschenbach. There beauty is seen as the price paid for exclusion from normal living and communal par-

[1] Naphta, the Jew turned Jesuit, also exhibits this internationalism. Even the duel with Settembrini reveals his rejected, inverted humaneness.

[2] The 'spirituality' and critical openness of the Hebrew people are to be understood as a historical rather than as a natural category. Persecutions which disallowed them material possessions have tended to develop their reputed quality of intellectual, abstract *Luftmenschen*.

ticipation, and art as possible only in opposition to the world. Here excellence is to be nourished by the world. Here the characters are not made sensitive by disease. Mann has chosen healthy people, chosen a legend which ends with Joseph the artist providing for his community as he in turn is nourished by it.

YOUNG JOSEPH

The epic opens with young Joseph admiring his own beauty as reflected in the well. His ego is in the naïve state, regarding itself as the centre of the universe, which it treats as a free playground. *Young Joseph* is the story of this 'poetic,' narcissistic level to the point where it receives a rude, critical awakening by the collective physical attack of the brothers. Joseph is cast into the dark, damp earth, bereft of his ketonet. In the pit he begins to realize the folly of his spiritual arrogance. The corporal nature of the assault (the act is a kind of rape on Joseph's virgin adolescence) awakens him to the conscience of the material.

The event introduces a new note in Mann's work—the modification of the spirit's magic by the power of the physical. The bodily is also part of Joseph's heritage. There is Isaac, 'the ram,' who stays on his native grounds to receive the bride and who dies at home. And there are the brothers, working communally in their father's pastures. To be sure, Mann never grows enthusiastic over these characters. But he does stress their pedagogical value for their artistic brother. It is through them, through the mass and physical act of the brothers, that Joseph is reborn.

The rebirth process is a leit-motif of this work. Its agent is the elemental, earthly underground. Before his descent to the pit Joseph is a Homunculus spirit. Like Homunculus he appears almost neutral in his sex, and like him he acquires body through contact with the elements. His spirit breaks its glass vial on the huge stone which covers the well, and by his mingling with the filthy dampness, Joseph's universality is invaded by particular materiality. Critical awareness stirs in him, and Joseph 'sees' the brothers for the first time, appreciating their own human dilemma. His appeal to them now is in terms of their common interests, as brothers of the same father.

The pit motif is Mann's version of the necessary material element in the dialectic of movement and progress. As a prototype of the human process, Joseph's fate is to fall into grooves, to challenge the dangerous and engage in the adventurous. It is this tendency toward 'sinning' which the anxious father recognized when he found him worshipping the moon near a well. But such sinning is an essential element of the æsthetic and of the moral, which consists in 'experi-

ence, knowledge, passion . . . yielding to harm and destruction."[1] *Education* requires contact with the dubious, the ambiguous, the diseased. Joseph's earlier harmony was won by seclusion from the wars of his society. The brothers' attack precipitates his dawning realization that the stability of individual harmony presupposes co-operation with the realities of the social. Joseph is educated by his contact with the mass. His bleeding body is the sign of his emergence from the androgynous stage. The pit awakens Joseph to social consciousness. But to reach ripe manhood, Joseph must first return to the button moulder in Egypt.

JOSEPH IN EGYPT

In this new social pit Joseph begins as a 'nobody.' So keenly aware is he of this fact that he now wants to be known as 'Osarsiph,' or the dead Joseph. He is fully conscious of his alienation from the past, conscious that if he is ever to be reunited with it he must take the way 'round.' But before his abstract cognizance can become translated into action, Joseph must *physically* experience the social category. He must be a slave before he can become a master. He must know humility, not in the simple Christian sense, as an end in itself, but as a means toward humanizing his leadership. Like Tadzio, he must eat dust—and like it. The Ego must come in touch with the environment so that his dreams may acquire material content and actuality. Through his experiences in Egypt, Joseph is to mature toward world citizenship. Joseph must *earn* his blessing in order to keep and preserve it.

Joseph enters Egypt as a slave and servant. He quickly admits now that there are many 'centres' besides his own. He has known the world through his own family; now he mingles with all kinds of races, comes into contact with 'humanity.' He has not known work, but as he stands before the pyramids he realizes the great human blood-sacrifice which goes into their making. He sees Egypt's people driven by the lash, coughing and stumbling, while the nobles sit upright, mummy-like, impressing their slaves with their unbending regality.

Joseph is thrust into a kind of war. His battlefield is the macrocosmic social world of business and diplomacy. Egypt is a land whose life and *mores* are determined by the static regularity of the Nile. It is Joseph's dry well once again, where he must practise renunciation. At the same time Joseph will need to maintain critical self-awareness if he is not to repeat the obedience which spelled death for Joachim Ziemssen or the dutifulness of Hans Castorp who be-

[1] Here, as throughout his thought process, Thomas Mann follows Nietzschean perspectives. For Nietzsche, '*not* the world as a *Ding an sich*—that is empty, empty of meaning and worthy of Homeric laughter!—but *the world as error* is so rich in meaning, deep, wonderful, bearing within it fortune and misfortune.'

came a cog in the war-machine. He is now among inhabitants of a leisurely, feudal present. Beneath an eternal sun, its people, beautified by the flattering brightness, look painted, 'like Gods and tomb images.' They worship the dead and their animals, in whom the Egyptian gods were holy. Egypt is the antipode of Joseph's spiritual heritage, tempting him to compromise, to tarry in the shimmering present.

Yet even in this land there are differentiations of value. On the one hand, there is the God Amon, associated with moon-worship, and his prophet Beknechons, representative of Egypt's conservative nationalism. Together with the dwarf Dudu, and Potiphar's wife, Mut, they incorporate the principle of momentary gratification. But time has introduced movement. These forces are opposed by Aton, the sun-god, by Potiphar and the dwarf Gottliebchen, and later by the Pharaoh, Ikhnaton, who are critical of Egypt's feudal economy and its polytheistic worship. They champion the international spirit and incorporate the principle of critical censorship. Between the two camps stands Joseph, somewhat in the position in which Castorp found himself, confronted by Naphta and Settembrini. But Joseph is an advance over Castorp. His bright prospects are predetermined. Joseph the son of Jacob will not be a passive onlooker. He will take part, try to direct the outcome of the battle. Joseph's problem first takes the form of Sex, his exposure to the body of Mut, the Sphinx-Goddess of Egypt.

The first half of *Joseph in Egypt* has the character of slow-moving lava. We are in the land of night, and our main actors are wrapped in sleep. It is the time when Joseph's body is slowly maturing to malehood, and it is the period when Mut's body is dormant. But in the second half the checked forces finally break loose, giving this part of the novel the breathless tempo of an irresistible torrent.

The account of Mut's passionate embroilment with Joseph is Mann's first extended sex story. Indeed, except for Toni and Leah, Mut is the first sex-woman in Mann's work. Gerda Buddenbrook and Frau Kloeterjahn had recourse to Wagnerian eroticism for their sexual outlets, and Clavdia, 'feeble, fevered and tainted within,' engaged in ephemeral Walpurgisnachts and followed the elderly, 'prepotent' Mynheer Peeperkorn. In fact, there is not a single wholesome coitus-relationship in any of Mann's previous works. Almost all the characters were semi-impotent, expressive of Mann's theme of pre-war *Kultur* anæmia.

Mut is the antithesis. She is all body, too much body, as Mann's former characters had suffered from an overbalance of the spiritual. To be sure, Mut begins as a 'saint,' dedicated to the God Amon and betrothed as a maiden to Potiphar the eunuch. Thus she remains a

holy virgin after marriage.[1] But the traditional morality which society has imposed on her only drives the 'conscience' of her flesh to break out in a volcanic eruption. She has denied her youth (as Aschenbach had), and now, in middle age, nature exacts recompense. It is as if the earth, long patient and quiet, began to tremble and quake in revolt, spitting out fire and flame. Hers is not the phlegmatic passion Hans feels for Clavdia, not the æsthetic, horizontal love Aschenbach develops for Tadzio. Mut's passion is demoniacal, carries the heat of sheer primitive lust.

Joseph was prepared for this education by the elemental. Seven years have elapsed since the time when, as a youth of seventeen, his father found him at the well worshipping the moon. Now he falls a prey to the sorceress, who is also a moon-nun. The father warned him against exposing his gifts and the promise of his dreams. But Joseph's education requires continuous 'exposure.' Then his sin was hybris of the spirit; now it becomes hybris of the body.

The setting is the nationalistic New Year's feast, the occasion when the state 'compensates' the masses by wine, parades and dancing for the exploitation they suffer all year round. It is the day when the God Amon displays his power, the power to *hold*, to tempt with 'panem,' to blind the soul by the luring spectacle. On this day Joseph too is exposed to the bodily, is tempted to silence his spiritual voice. Joseph almost succumbs to the mummy. He returns early to the 'empty house,' empty as the pit was to which he had been brought, empty even for Mut, for she gave up her soul when she turned to the black sorceress. Joseph returns to the house which contains Mut's body lying in transparent royal linen. The voice which calls him has the rhythm of sin. It is the voice of the enchanting present.

Joseph is 'held' by Mut—but it is only his outer garment. (Castorp had won only Clavdia's 'inner' X-ray on Walpurgisnacht.) At the extreme moment he must have heard the voice, the trembling, worried voice of his little friend Gottliebchen. And he beholds the face of his father, as it appeared at the time when it ordered him to cover his nakedness. Joseph barely escapes the call of the outer and the glamorous. Not until he hears Mut's 'well-known speech' before the entire household, accusing him as the foreigner who has tried to force his arrogant demands on her, does Joseph fully realize the dark powers he has toyed with. In this dramatic scene, toward which all the lines of the story converge at a breathtaking pace, Mut becomes the incarnation of a female Samson, ready to destroy everything, including herself, to avenge the insult dealt to the soul of her body.

[1] Even at the end, when Mut descends to the level of the 'bitch,' using black magic to win Joseph, she hopes that her prayer for the bewitching of Joseph's body will not be heard, so that she may gain the soul of her beloved as well.

Joseph's struggle is that between his desire for experience and the stern censor of his conscience. At the crucial moment the heritage of his forefathers gains ascendency over the Egyptian night, frees itself from the swirling currents of his fleshly environment. Joseph resists Mut's sensual propaganda. He saves his sex for purity, adheres to the international *Geist* of his Father. Physically separated from Jacob, Joseph is united with him spiritually. The story suggests Mann's fundamental concern with a new Father-symbol. Thomas Buddenbrook felt that he had no son. Castorp was 'doubly orphaned,' and Peeperkorn's personality, like that of the Egyptian Potiphar, was faded and without issue. Joseph too loses his Father. But his Father-substitutes in Egypt lead him over the difficult transition period to the time when he will be reunited with Jacob.

CHASTITY AND SPIRITUALITY

In the *Will to Power*, Nietzsche named relative chastity a necessary caution in the life of an artist. 'It is one and the same form of strength which is spent in artistic conception and in the sexual act. There is only one form of strength. The artist who yields in this respect, and who spends himself, is betrayed.' Similarly, in Mann's *Royal Highness*, the poet, Martini, declares that 'renunciation is our pact with the Muse; thereupon depends our strength, our dignity; and life is a forbidden garden, our great temptation, to which we succumb occasionally, but never to our benefit.'

Mann's Joseph remains chaste and virtuous. This is also true of Joseph's Egyptian friends, Gottliebchen, the unmarried dwarf, and the eunuch Potiphar, who confine their love to Joseph. We have here a recurrence of Mann's homosexual motif, broadened to encompass the phenomenon of impotence, the problem of the spiritual and the fate of alienation involved in its international orientation.

In the opening scene of the cycle, which is a kind of *Grundbass* of its many motifs, we find Joseph making obeisances before the star to whom mythology ascribes a dual sex: 'that equivocal planet, which is feminine in reference to the sun, masculine in reference to the earth, and thanks to its double character guarantees a certain unity to the universe and can interpret between mortals and immortals.' Mann himself speaks of Joseph's beauty at the time as having both male and female qualities. In Mann's earlier work homosexuality was connected with æsthetic culture, divorced from its material base, and spiritual universality was gained at the cost of biologic sterility. The pantheism of Schopenhauer's metaphysics and of Wagnerian music spell the enervation of Thomas and Hanno Buddenbrook. Aschenbach forsakes his family and work for the boy Tadzio and dies in the contemplation of his beauty. Hans Castorp inevitably recalls his schoolmate Hippe in his attraction for Clavdia.

In seven years he experiences a single Walpurgisnacht, dubious in its consequences. Indeed, he expresses greater interest in his 'Brother-in-Blood,' the mighty Peeperkorn, than in Clavdia. Peeperkorn's own exertions toward all-inclusive 'feeling' (his 'marriage' to God) lead to his dynamic abdication. In the Joseph story, it is Gottliebchen, pure of sex, and Potiphar the eunuch, who are attached to the international God Aton.[1]

While the men and women of æsthetic vision and spiritual awareness are unproductive, the others, the unimaginative Tonis, the plain Leahs and their sons are virile and fecund. The leit-motif of Mann's work, especially in its earlier phase, presented this dilemma: the beautiful and spiritual were physically tainted, while the unattractive were dull and fruitful.

The Joseph story qualifies the idea that spirituality is tragic by introducing a material fulcrum. The universality of Thomas and Hanno Buddenbrook and of Gustav Aschenbach had an unrestricted character. Their spirituality was abstract, cosmic, and therefore without issue. Jacob's forebears, on the other hand, include the polar element of Isaac. And although his is the spirit of unrest, Jacob does stay for a long time in Laban's land, gathering material goods, absorbing his uncle's sense of reality and immediacy. And despite the unwillingness of his spirit, Jacob's body is willing, all too willing to unite itself with Leah, the sturdy and fruitful, who bears him equally sturdy and fruitful sons. Even 'beautiful' Rachel becomes the mother of two children.

Joseph, as we have seen, begins in a rootless pantheism. But in the dry pit and in Egypt he begins his material education. To Joseph's native metaphysical inclinations, Egypt adds knowledge of business, diplomacy, politics. His cosmic 'sympathy' is modified by contact with the stubborn nationalism of Egypt. In Mont-Kaw, Potiphar's sensitive and sickly steward who is bound to his master in rooted devotion, Joseph finds a noble Egyptian. Mont-Kaw helps to socialize his spirit. When Eliezer, the steward of Jacob, spoke of himself, Joseph saw in him an 'endless perspective of Eliezer figures.' This *mythical* identification is *humanized* and *socialized* in the character of Joseph. From the mentality of pure intuition and immediate gratification, Joseph develops toward knowledge of hard reality. The rights of others invade Joseph's egocentric dreams. He becomes aware of *relative* values. ('Yea, truly, I said, it hath many centres, the world.')

[1] Potiphar, offspring of a brother and sister, recalls the theme of incest as treated in contrast to the Walkure myth of Siegmund and Sieglinde. The love of Mann's twentieth-century characters does not produce a Siegfried. Theirs is decadent passion which has turned to itself for an object. Potiphar stands midway between the two. His body has Reuben-strength. (Like Reuben, he is the first born, 'the Highest'—in form.) His impotence is only the result of a mechanical religious tradition. Potiphar retains a noble spirit which is 'fruitful' in helping Joseph against his 'natural' enemies.

He is ready for a cultural pattern which will unite the individual with the general, theory with practice.

Joseph represents a higher phase of his ancestors' way. Abraham followed God's word to the letter, was ready to give his son in self-effacing sacrifice. And he lived less in passion than in tenderness with his wife, whom he called his 'sister.' With Isaac critical reservation sets in. He both sees and does not see that he is blessing Jacob and not Esau. In Jacob consciousness assumes the form of sophistication. He employs a ruse to deceive Esau, chooses Rachel for his wife, deliberately bestows the ketonet on the younger son, and when he hears of Joseph's death, 'rebels' against God's order. In Joseph conscious selection reaches the 'wisest' form, especially in his dealings with the various social and cultural cross-currents in Egypt.

THE MASSES, TECHNICS AND THE UNIVERSAL MAN

The Joseph cycle is an attempt to present the patterns which men have ever followed and must continue to follow. It traces man's development from the childhood of nature (Leah's sons) toward self-conscious adolescence (young Joseph) to the merging of nature and culture, of individualism and collectivism.[1]

However, a distinctive feature of Mann's work is that none of his characters corresponds to the collective nature of our capitalist-proletariat structure. The Buddenbrooks are semi-feudal grain dealers. Peeperkorn, Mann's pre-war 'magnate,' is an agrarian capitalist. His critical approach to technics appears in his attitude toward Settembrini and above all in the homage he pays to the unharnessed waterfall. Naphta's 'communism' is warped by his version of the class war as an eternal and natural category rather than as a historical phenomenon, and by his negation of modern technics. Pre-war industrialism obtrudes itself only to the extent that Mann makes Castorp a student of engineering. But so strong are Mann's agrarian predilections that Castorp is *not allowed to become* an engineer. In the Joseph story, he deliberately harks back to an agrarian setting. In short, Mann's 'universal' theme omits the special features of our epoch, and Joseph's 'socialism' is geared to a relatively primitive economy.

[1] The dialectic unity also appears in the correction of homosexuality by an approximate bisexuality. After Rachel's death Jacob becomes both father and mother to Joseph, and when he hears of Joseph's 'death,' Jacob remonstrates with Eliezer, insisting that he will descend to the kingdom of the dead, as the mother-bride, to set free his imprisoned son. We have here Mann's mystic persuasion of the hermaphrodite character of the One, the revival of the Platonic myth that ascribes sexual oneness to man in his original state, before he was divided into the male and the female, from which time began man's eternal yearning for a reunion of the two halves. What had been aberration in *Death in Venice* and in *The Magic Mountain* (Castorp 'loves' Hippe and Peeperkorn, as well as Clavdia), is almost resolved in the character of Joseph. Despite his love for Mont-Kaw and Potiphar and his protracted adolescent period, Joseph marries and has children.

The point is related to Mann's view of the people as a mass. In the essay 'Warning to Europe,' he warns against the danger of 'mass-drunkenness' that relieves the individual of responsibility, of his own self, that is, 'of morality and reason in general.' Mann declares, 'I cannot believe in the heroism of the little man.' But in his aversion to demagogy, Mann, following Nietzsche and Ortega y Gasset, does not distinguish between the *mob* and *the people*. Mann analyses fascism as 'determined from below, according to the ideas and understanding of the mob,' disregarding his own expressed conviction that the majority of the German people are by nature and temperament opposed to Hitlerism. In his concept of leadership from above, he appears to neglect his own account of the way Joseph's egocentricism is corrected by the action of the brothers. Real democracy, Mann declares, requires 'aristocratic attributes.' To be sure, he adds, 'if the word "aristocratic" is used, not in the sense of birth or any sort of privilege, but in a spiritual sense.'

The later story of Joseph, who becomes the 'nourisher' of the people, required too sharp a break with Mann's individualistic *Kultur* past. His aristocratic preference could not bridge the distance between his superior personalities and their communal task. As we shall see, this dilemma becomes manifest in Mann's concluding volume on Joseph. It is foreshadowed in the two novels which immediately preceded *Joseph the Provider*.

TANGENTIAL CONCLUSIONS OF THE JOSEPH STORY

The Beloved Returns and *The Transposed Heads*, which followed *Joseph in Egypt*, seemed at first glance to have no connection with Mann's Joseph myth. The first was characterized as a tribute to Goethe, and the Hindu legend as a 'finger exercise' in the rest period made necessary by the exacting labours on the Joseph story.

Now the conception and execution of these novels fall into the time when Mann continued to work and deliberate on Joseph's final stage. This circumstance recalls the fact that Goethe interspersed his work on *Faust* with other projects, all of which reveal in some way Goethe's preoccupation with the 'main business' of Faust. Sounded for similar clues, Mann's novels also appear as ruminations on his 'main business,' as convergences from distant peripheries toward the centre of the Joseph story.

GOETHE—THE HISTORICAL ANALOGY

The story of Joseph, following his descent into the Pharaoh's prison, is to take an ascending curve. But where was Mann to find the source for such inspirational direction? He himself was an exile, and all signs of this time (1938-40) pointed to the continued triumph of fascism. With the historical present holding the spirit imprisoned,

what was the artist to draw on for Joseph's elevation from the prison-pit?

The Goethe novel we interpret as a backward look to history for a prototype and approximation of the Joseph personality. The subject of Goethe offered Mann a historical analogy to himself and to his theme. More than any other historical figure Goethe has been Mann's own prototype. Moreover, Goethe himself once planned a drama dealing with Joseph. And just as Mann has tended to identify himself with the great German, so in *The Beloved Returns* Goethe is likened to Joseph, endowed with 'blessings of heaven above, blessings of the deep that lieth under.' While 'waiting' for Joseph's visions to take form Mann invokes the past for a nineteenth-century foreshadowing. Goethe, by whom Mann himself has been nourished, is resurrected to serve as the 'nourisher' of Joseph's future. Mann's regression in *The Beloved Returns* is an invocation to the Mothers of History to give up the son.

Mann shows Goethe at the period of his fullest maturity. He is sixty-seven (approximately Mann's own age at the time the novel was written), at work on the second part of *Faust* and ready to close the circle by reintegrating his beginnings in the higher phase. To his followers he is a kind of God-Father, androgynous and complete ('womb and seed'), combining opposites in an all-embracing irony. He is pictured as embodying a divine disinterestedness, 'at once absolute love and absolute nihilism and indifference.' Goethe appears here as an absolute, but his public perfection as artist has been gained at the cost of deep private tragedy.

Goethe has attained absolute stature by disallowing himself living participation in events and people. Beneath his Olympian serenity, Mann discloses the searing pain of the human being who has sacrificed his body to art and spirit. Goethe did love, but he never allowed himself to 'live out' his love, to marry and have a family. He flirted and kissed, but no children come from kisses. 'The making of children,' Goethe muses, 'is no affair of poetry's.' Consummation he achieved only in his art. Here again Mann treats sex-fulfilment as an obstruction to the creative stress. Renunciation of the physical increases the tension and thereby spurs man on to *symbolic* fulfilment through artistic and spiritual refraction. This, Mann shows, was the case with Goethe. His fusion of nature and art, of physics and ideality, of 'kisses' and 'children' was largely in the symbolic sphere. He was averse to wedlock in order to enjoy the perpetual honeymoon of poetic ecstasy. He refused to 'settle down,' in order to allow his spirit to be eternally transformed. The result is a majestic portrait, admired and worshipped by the many who are pilgrims to his seat at Weimar. But these see only the mask of the spirit, not the terrible aloneness of the man. Goethe did marry, but Christiane

Vulpius never ventured to address the great man with the familiar thou.' He did have a son, but August is shown as a weak echo of his father, an imitator who coarsens, sensualizes and stratifies his qualities. Goethe had a large following, but the Riemers and the Meyers are servants who fawn and bow. In short, Goethe's life failed of the interaction which his work effected. His progeny is more in the character of Thomas Buddenbrook who denies his son, of the faded Peeperkorn, of the eunuch Potiphar, than of Joseph, destined to become a father of a family and father to the people of Egypt.

Lotte—the Lotte whom Goethe wooed as a youth—is the representation of the nature element which Goethe renounced. Where he chose 'kisses' and the parody of life through art, Lotte chose to give up the lover Goethe for the husband Kestner, to live in orderly bourgeois wedlock and become a mother of many children. Her simple nature preferred the stability of organized, sober living to the might-have-been which Goethe's adventurous genius held out to her.

However, this is no simple repetition of the Tonio Kroeger theme in which the artist is deprived of the blond and blue-eyed ones. Mann's work has taken him through the magic values of enchantment which enriched the personalities of Gustav Aschenbach and Hans Castorp. If art suffers from deprivation of nature, the latter, in becoming conscious, feels the lack of art. If Goethe has missed a wife and marriage, Lotte has missed the honeymoon with the lover. And so, after forty-four years since the days of Werther, she undertakes a pilgrimage to Weimar in a somewhat childlike attempt to recapture the poetic past. In a final mythical setting, in a talk carried on amid the shadows of Goethe's rolling carriage, they reveal to each other their reciprocal incompleteness. Goethe speaks of the hidden agony behind his dignity, of his body-sacrifice that the light might burn: 'I am the drunken butterfly that falls to the flame—figure of the eternal sacrifice, body transmuted into soul, and life to spirit.' As in *Royal Highness*, renunciation remains the poet's pact with the Muse and life the forbidden garden. The final words, 'Peace to your old age,' are Lotte's, whispered to him who can now look forward only to the last Antæan compensation, to death, the ultimate transformation of nature into the flame. But the words may as well have been addressed to Lotte, who has also come to feel the need of 'the other.' The dream-nature of this scene suggests an identification of the two characters with these spoken words applying to either and to both.[1]

The Beloved Returns thus questions the possibility of complete fusion between the spiritual and the physical. Goethe was the genius who, like his Faust, left no offspring. Lotte was nature who produced

[1] Mann's word 'sie,' of course, may mean 'she'; but in the context it may also refer to Goethe's '*Stimme*.'

many children that remained unknown. It is the story of unfulfilment seen from the distinct perspectives of art and nature. It presents the either-or between the genius and the simple people, between the aristocratic individual and the folk, between honeymoon and wedlock. However, now when they are at the end of the holy season of renewal and rejuvenescence, they may hope that in the final 'flight into the flame,' the sublimation of their individual existence may yet mean their union in the 'All-in-One.'

THE FIRST WORLD NURSE—THE ORIGINAL ANALOGY

In *The Beloved Returns* Mann goes to specific history for aid in establishing the Joseph co-ordinates. *The Transposed Heads* regresses to the prehistoric. It is an even purer myth than that of Joseph, for it stands outside historical time altogether. Mann's Hindu legend is an approach to the Joseph problem from absolute beginnings unencrusted by historical contingencies. It takes place in the land which gave birth to the mother-tongue from which our Indo-European speech developed. It is the land which, according to legendary tradition, was the site of Paradise. Mann is in quest of the first enactment of the human drama, repeated in more involved forms in later ages. Here perhaps may be found the original formula in simple, naked outline, before it became obscured by moralistic canons and guilt associations brought by Western religions and civilizations. In this early pattern there is as yet a minimum of 'false' consciousness and no fear of punishment in an after-life. For these people know of only one world, the world of Sansara or Appearance. The realm to which the departed go they call Nirvana or Nothing.

As a 'plain' summary of human relations, *The Transposed Heads* encompasses the entire gamut of man's way, beginning with his state in paradise, the innocent plane of unity and peace, through his awakening to consciousness, passion and knowledge which split the original oneness and bring divisiveness and war, to the final reintegration by 'flight into the flame.' In this necessary process, man is fated ever to strive for unification, ever succeeding to a limited extent and always feeling the insufficiency of both satedness and want. What distinguishes this story of Mann's is that, for the first time, the tragic surd is treated from the vantage point of high comedy, viewed as part of nature's way and accepted with cheerful sympathy ('*heiteres Mitleid*').

In this tale Mann transposes the problem of 'head' and 'body,' of genius and organization, of art and business, into an elementary plot involving a woman's desire for simultaneous enjoyment of a lover and a husband. Sita is married to Schridamann with the wise head but unimpressive body. Her marriage only awakens her to the know-

ledge of lust, and in the arms of her husband Sita longs for the lover, for Schridamann's friend Nanda, the youth with the coarser head and the manlier body. When the heads of the two friends are transposed, Sita is happy—she now possesses the lover's body as well as the husband's head. In the Hindu legend this rearrangement makes for their common happiness. Thomas Mann's account diverges from this happy ending. There is bliss at first, but even this 'at first' is questionable, and the author suggests that what transpires later makes itself felt from the very beginning. The acquired lover-body becomes the husband-body, and the distant husband-body takes on the qualities of the longed-for lover. Having what she had desired, Sita now desires what she has not.

> Possessing the husband-head on the friend-body, she yearned for the friend-head on the husband-body. And just as certainly would she feel pity and sympathy for the husband-head on the friend-body, nor would she find any peace and satisfaction, the distant husband would ever be the friend whom she loves.

As the *mores* forbid their all living together, the three agree that their desire for unification can be fulfilled only in their common death.

Together Schridamann and Nanda combine the wisdom and practicality which Joseph's personality embodies. In the opening paradisaical setting they are united in friendship, each finding it inconceivable to live without the other. Their first stage is an innocent male union. They 'intrigued each other,' by virtue of being perfect complements to each other. This peaceful state is upset by the appearance of the beautiful girl. Sita is the 'Snake' emerging from the waters, bringing to them the fruit from the tree of knowledge and sin, the Eros element arousing them from the quietude of their existence to a Maya-longing which becomes a longing for absolute beauty and happiness that can be stilled only by death. Through her the two become divided, differentiated, awakened to the particularity of their sex-beings. She is the 'Fall,' making for individuation and estrangement. But this is only her lower phase of 'customary' sensuousness. (This aspect is also suggested by Mann's play on her name: '*Sitte*,' '*sittsam*,' '*sitzen*.') She is also the liberator from appearance, leading out 'beyond the darkness of confusion to knowledge and truth.' She is the Earth Spirit in the dual rôle of awakening matter to consciousness (the Nanda-evolution) and conversely of materializing the spiritual (the Schridamann development). She is the 'furrow' through which the two men find their common road, the 'All-Mother' and 'All-Nourisher' of both the simple and the complex, who find the meaning of life and death through her. In the attempt to bind to herself the wisdom of Schridamann and the immediacy of Nanda, in her desire for both husband and lover,

Sita re-enacts Jacob's duel wooing of Leah and Rachel, Mut's effort to hold Joseph while wedded to Potiphar and Lotte's craving for both her good Kestner and the romantic friend. (Mann subtly 'modernizes' Sita's error in putting the heads back. Her error is the truth of her subconscious will.) Sita is, finally, a foreshadowing of Joseph's attempt to wed his prophetic gifts to the practical business of politics and government. Mut and Lotte failed. Even Jacob soon lost his beloved Rachel. To be sure, the world's goal is 'union between spirit and beauty, a bliss no longer divided but whole and consummate.' But the story of Sita, Mann tells us, is an 'illustration of the failures and false starts attending the effort to reach the goal.' The dream visions, when translated into the actual, become grounded and limited. Hence 'makeshifts, renunciations and resignation are the common lot.' Mann's story of the 'original' failure is a preview of the later Joseph when the enthusiasm of his lyrical beginnings is stabilized and regulated.

Still, the isolation and difference which Mann's characters suffer constitute a value. For,

> difference makes for comparisons, comparisons give rise to uneasiness, uneasiness to wonderment, wonderment tends to admiration; and finally admiration turns to a yearning for mutual exchange and unity.

Ultimately this spells tragedy. Yet by *knowing* that all peace, harmony and silence are illusions, that man has the power to arouse desire but not to sate it, he can raise himself above the tragic, can even smile at his fate in cheerful sympathy. In *The Beloved Returns* Goethe muses on the high value of the light touch:[1]

> The depths must laugh! Profundity must smile.... All seriousness springs from death and its reverence for it. But dread of death is despair of the idea—is the stream of life run dry.

Never before has Mann treated a tragic subject with the same equanimity and aloofness. There is a sort of debunking of the tragic through common-sense humour when Nanda calls Schridamann's longing for death after he sees Sita simple 'lovesickness,' and when the Goddess treats the whole episode in a rough, matter-of-fact manner as something entirely normal. At the end this light touch is carried out by the three characters in the non-tragic way in which they decide to die together. What makes all this possible is that the head has now assumed undisputed leadership as the all-important factor in establishing human identity. In the end, 'the head decides the value of the body.'

The tale has a concrete issue as well. It is the son, the common fruit of the three parents. He is called Samadhi, which Mann trans-

[1] The reference to this novel is relevant also since Goethe is shown here as planning a similar theme of transposed heads.

lates as '*Sammlung*.' The German term has the double meaning of 'collection' and 'concentration.' Samadhi is near-sighted, and we are led to imagine that this handicap will restrain him from looking as far afield as his parents did. It may also lead him to concentrate on those goals which lie within man's limited periphery.

JOSEPH THE PROVIDER

Thomas Mann lingered long over Joseph's years in the house of Potiphar, leisurely elaborating the Biblical account. The concluding volume, *Joseph the Provider*, is by contrast an economical execution of the more crowded events leading to Joseph's elevation and Jacob's death. Mann does not dwell on Joseph's success as he did on his trials. And he does not create the same suspense or reach equal stature in this work. It is again as in *Royal Highness*: success stories do not call forth Mann's deepest poetic forces. Only in the sections dealing with Jacob, where disquiet and tragedy remain the undercurrent, do we feel the stirrings of the earlier volumes. 'I myself confess,' the author states of Joseph, 'that I have found it more enjoyable to talk about the charming seventeen-year-old lad or even about the thirty-year-old man than about one hovering round fifty-five.'

The spurning of Mut was Joseph's last spiritual act as the true son. He heard the voice of the Egyptian moon-nun, but it was the voice of his father Jacob which he followed at the last moment. In playing' with the temptations of the flesh, he let love get entirely out of hand, as with his brothers he had let hate go to extremes. But in both he engaged in the same spirit of the 'rogue-god' which has always been at home among his people. Once more justice ensues according to type, and Joseph goes to his second pit. He is sent to the desert in Lower Egypt, to Zawi-Re, Pharaoh's island fortress. Again he becomes a 'nobody,' a helpless newborn who is fed while his elbows are bound behind him.

But this is recurrence on another level. Joseph is now even more confident in the promise of his fortune. When he appears before the governor of the fortress, he 'identifies' himself somewhat boldly as 'I am he.' Almost at once he is made overseer and soon becomes head manager and provisioner of the whole fortress. The three years of his new 'penance and obscurity' are spent in comparative freedom and ease. They end with the summons to appear before Pharaoh to interpret his dreams.

Standing before Pharaoh as he did once before Potiphar, Joseph for the last time displays his blessed gifts. It is his final rhetorical act as the true son. Once more he wields the magic of the word and wins the Pharaoh's heart and soul.

Now, at last, Joseph is rewarded for his wisdom. But it is reward in the realm of practice, and it is wisdom in the domain of buying and selling. Joseph is named 'Father of the Lands.' With the disappearance of his death-name, Usarsiph, which still bound him to the spirit of Jacob, Joseph the blessed one dies.

We noted that Joseph had been in need of checking the extravagant surgings of his dreams. Egypt provides this compensatory element, but it does so too well. In Egypt, 'foresight, carefulness' are 'the first law of life . . . the national watchword,' and in the twenty years Joseph spends in Egypt they sink deep into his soul. Joseph becomes tactful, attached to forms and manners, more a complacent than a 'taking' personality. He is appointed overseer, the name which Faust applies to Mephisto when he becomes supervisor of Faust's ideal project. As minister of agriculture and supplies, his business duties come first, and he tells his brothers that he cannot go to see his father, for he 'cannot get away for a day.' At his first meeting with Jacob he warns his father not to let the Egyptians 'see what you think of them.' He instructs him and his brothers in the forms they are to observe, pointing out his 'position' in the land. Joseph has become a 'man of gold,' a sacrifice to the golden calf. Where Jacob earned his treasures by work, Joseph becomes rich 'simply by dint of the gold of favour.' He marries an Egyptian girl chosen for him by Pharaoh. In short, Joseph becomes 'fortune's minion' and 'enjoys life.' His spirit descended into the earthy pit to acquire a body. Now his body almost takes precedence over his spirit. The story closes with Joseph taking command over Jacob's dead body. He makes elaborate arrangements for its embalmment and for the funeral procession which is held with all the pagan extravagance and pomp of Egypt—in stark incongruity with the majestic personality of Israel, his father, and his forebears, Abraham and Isaac.[1]

Joseph's worldly development foreshadows his formal loss of the *blessing*. When the father first beholds the 'fairly thickset man, arrayed in all the splendour of this world,' he does not recognize him to be his son. As Jacob limps toward Joseph, the latter holds his arms open before him.

> But Jacob had his own stretched out like a blind man groping; his hands moved as though beckoning, yet partly too as though to protect himself. For as they came close he did not allow Joseph to fall on his neck and hide his face on his shoulder as his son would have done. Instead he peered and searched with his tired old eyes, his head laid back and sideways; peered long and urgently into the Egyptian's face with

[1] Mann gives this section the ironic title, '*Der Gewaltige Zug*,' and comments: 'If dust and bones could be surprised, certainly there must have been great astonishment in in the hollow when the newcomer arrived decked out in his foreign folly.'

love and sorrow painted on his own, and did not recognize his son. But it came to pass that Joseph's eyes slowly filled with tears under Jacob's gaze. Their blackness swam in moisture, they overflowed; and lo, they were Rachel's eyes, Rachel's dewy cheeks where Jacob in life's dreamy long-ago had kissed away the tears. Now he knew his son. He let his head fall on the stranger's shoulder and wept bitter tears.

They are tears of renunciation, renunciation of Joseph as the chosen one. With his arms about Joseph's neck, Jacob speaks in his ear. And the Egyptian Joseph hears what he already knows: that he no longer has the spiritual leadership and that salvation of the peoples will not come through him.

'You are not like Isaac, a saved sacrifice. . . . [God] has elevated and rejected you both in one. . . . He has raised you above your brothers just as in your dream—and I have, my darling, ever held your dreams in my heart. But he has raised you in a worldly way, not in the sense of salvation and the inheritance of the blessing. You know that?'

Jacob finds Joseph, only to realize that he has lost him.

Joseph no longer possesses the divine 'double nature.' Yet Mann would save him for himself and for us by insisting that Joseph retains it in the human realm. Despite all, the Tammuz-attribute of beauty remains to him. The mediation he practises is 'wit to reconcile conflicting aims,' and this is not derived from the deities of Joseph's adopted land. Above all, Joseph uses his Urim and Thummim gifts to fulfil 'his place in the plan,' to save his own and other peoples from the famine, to become a provider, albeit a physical provider. Mann sees Joseph's ground-reforms, his expropriation of the land 'in favour of the crown' (although it does not include the property of the priesthood) as an approximation of socialist collectivism corrected by individual responsibility. People 'no longer worked for themselves, but partly . . . for the state, the public land . . . [and regarded themselves] only as factors of their soil.' Yet with the right of sale and inheritance—that is, ownership—Joseph does not interfere. In short, Joseph's economic system is an 'astounding mixture of socialization and freehold occupancy by the individual.' Thus he transforms the property concept into a state which is neither ownership nor not-ownership. And during the lean years Joseph sells only to the rich. To the poor, Mann writes, Joseph distributes 'for nothing and again for nothing. . . . It was a combination of crown politics and concern for the little man.'[1] All this is 'godlike' and 'human.' And in his relations with his brothers, Joseph practises no vengeance. Even the ruses he employs are for the purpose of testing their brotherly relation to Benjamin. He has retained something of his past. Joseph still knows his tears.

[1] Mann interprets the Biblical term 'and he fed them' to mean 'and he led them'—the quality assigned to the good shepherd who guards the sheep and leads them upon green pastures and to still waters.

The inheritance passes to Jacob's other sons. Mann's approach to them undergoes a transformation. The direct and heavy manner which has placed the brothers in a subordinate position to young Joseph now appears as simple genuineness. And they have developed a readiness to 'come to terms with injustice,' to accept the fact that the blessing goes by way of favour, not of law. Time has made them older and more exposed to the consciousness of their youthful folly, and they are now bent on making good. When Joseph demands that Benjamin remain as hostage, they reverse their fratricidal act, declaring firmly: 'We are all liable in this matter,' and are relieved when Judah breaks the oath they have sworn, never to divulge what they had done with Joseph. These confessional acts constitute the 'recognition' moment, even before Joseph identifies himself to them. In their youth Joseph wandered while they provided: now Joseph provides and they have turned wanderers. They become the 'progenitors of countless generations . . . through thick and thin they always remained Israel.' The inheritance passes to them as it passed from Rachel the beloved to Leah the rejected. They win where Joseph has lost.

Leah's son, Judah, the man with the suffering head, is singled out for the blessing. Together with Reuben, Judah had wanted to draw Joseph out of the pit and regarded his suffering as punishment for his guilt. He atones for it in the 'hell of sex.' Judah's spirit groans in and against his lust. The hell he is in is a sign of his moral anguish. 'Hell is for the pure . . . one can sin only against one's purity.' And in his speech before Joseph he declares himself ready to 'expiate for us all.' Judah, sinner and religious man in one, is he who is chosen.

Joseph the Provider is lacking in the qualities which gave the earlier volumes a sibylline character, filled with portents, hidden and beckoning. Mann cannot revive his enthusiasm for the 'integrated' Joseph, recreate the equivalents of Rachel and Leah or even the formal stature of Potiphar and the demonism of Mut. The characters have grown older, and the author adds, 'We ourselves have all got older as we told and listened to this tale.'

However, when the scene shifts to Jacob the patriarch, the story recaptures, in style, mood and passion, the earlier glow, moving in its wonted majestic and epic rhythm. Mann once stated that the figure of Jacob had grown in stature, so that he thought of calling his story *Jacob and His Sons* rather than *Joseph and His Brothers*. Jacob's death provides Mann with a proper point for ending his own story which 'never, in its most expansive days . . . contemplate[d] living longer than Jacob did.' As the epic began so it ends with Jacob.

Jacob is the Father-prototype pointing simultaneously back to the heavenly source and forward to the human issue. His tales become

the account of the world's history, 'a family history grown out of God and presided over by Him.' They have a dual face: they look back 'into solemnly twilit distances, and . . . forwards, far, far forwards, into space.' Young Joseph possessed this knowledge and foreknowledge, but the Egyptian Joseph translated God's promise into man's earthly welfare. He provided for the little man, but he exacted a produce tax at one-fifth which went to Pharaoh. To Jacob this is not right, for 'to the Lord alone should the fifth belong and not to any king.' Jacob alone never deviates from Mann's anti-pragmatic, anti-pluralistic substance thinking. His God, in contrast to the many-named, localized Baal, remains the highest and only, Elohim, the many as one. And Mann suggests that Jacob's experience of God foreshadows the Christian notion of the Trinity. Jacob speaks of Father-God and of a Good Shepherd and of one whom he calls the Angel. All together, 'they were Elohim, the threefold unity.'

Jacob stands in contrast to the Pharaoh, Amenhotep IV. This Egyptian ruler is also against a changing god of a 'becoming, passing, and becoming again,' and he is drawn to Aton, the god of pure being. He approaches the Hebrew rejection of an anthropomorphic deity represented by graven images as leading to idolatry. He turns away from identifying physical rites and the lived reality with the religious life. He wars against Amon's unity which would 'make the world one in the rigid service of fear, a false and sinister unity.' He changes his name to Ikhnaton, that is, 'pleasing to Aton.' Yet although very much on the right way, this Pharaoh, sickly and destined to die young, is not quite the 'right one for the way.' He is unable to wed knowledge to practice, to be both priest and king. Jacob has been both, seer and businessman, smooth in his rhetoric and clever in his dealings with Laban, wedded to Leah and Rachel, the father of shepherd sons and of Joseph. And when the aged patriarch stands before Pharaoh, there is no question but that it is Israel who dominates the situation, preserves the greater composure and exudes the more dignity. In reality, it is Pharaoh who stands before Jacob, and it is the old man who blesses the 'child.' Jacob's personal stature has only increased with time, even as he has gone down into the underworld of Egypt to find his dead son. His position remains the 'very source and fount of widely developing being.'

Yet it is precisely Jacob's blessed qualities which spell tragedy. His very gifts of choice and discrimination lead to painful renunciation. He had chosen Rachel and Joseph, and God deprived him of both, giving the blessing to Leah and to her sons. At the end of his life he hears and accepts the voice of self-denial. He takes the blessing away from his darling and asks to be buried not beside his beloved Rachel but with his Fathers and beside Leah, the first wife.

Thomas Mann's Joseph story points to tragedy on two levels, the human and the divine. In the development of Joseph we find the law of human life, which, 'of course, one only gets somewhere near.' It moves from dreams to their interpretation and formalization, from spiritual wooing to the gathering of worldly goods, from universal sympathy to limiting nationalism—in short, from spirit to biology. It is 'ambition directed downwards,' in a craving to be like the rest, and away from spiritual exclusiveness. The evolution of man is from God's image toward the animalistically fruitful, a declension to the folk-god and biologic self-enjoyment. The other way, the way of Jacob, seeks the adventurous, the otherworldly and the universal. It never allows itself to be localized and to 'enjoy life.' It knows evil and sin because it preserves maximum conscience. This is man, a being 'notoriously unstable and embarrassing.'

The theme of insufficiency in Mann is known to us from his earlier works. In his Tonio Kroeger period, Mann wrote of the artist as 'detached and disinherited.' The crassness of his society was seen as 'prejudicial' to his moral well-being, giving but a hollow silence to his questioning of the meaning and purpose of man's existence. Yet these characters loved the life which they shunned, even as their creator was a highly honoured member of his community. The Joseph story promised to resolve the dualism. But even as Mann worked toward this end he suffered personal exile.

The Joseph story shows that Mann 'remembers' the dilemma on which his earlier work focused. He has retained the conviction that it is the ineluctible fate of man 'in no condition and under no circumstances ever to be entirely at ease upon this earth: no form of life is wholly suitable nor wholly satisfactory to him.' In the Prelude the author breaks the frame of the legend to confess: 'To me too has not unrest been ordained, have not I too been endowed with a heart which knoweth no repose?' He once spoke of further plans he had even as he was still working on Joseph, and added: '*Ich komme nie zur Ruh*'!'

'To become conscious,' Mann writes, 'means to acquire conscience.' And conscience gives knowledge of man's natural limitations. Thomas Mann accepts the Christian doctrine of original sin in the sense that it expresses the deep feeling of man's infirmities. This insufficiency is a painful mystery. Yet because man is 'notoriously unstable and embarrassing,' he is for that very reason in need of mercy and grace—that is, he is also the source of the good. For Thomas Mann, original sin is polarized toward 'spiritual conscience.' If we deny the former there is no need of the latter. And without conscience there is no humanity, no thought or criticism. Spiritual restlessness urges man to strive for change, promising alleviation.

Through it man's animal nature 'judges itself in a being which belongs at the same time to itself and to a higher order of things.' Man thereby acquires knowledge of good and evil. Thus the mystery of the spirit may be a 'very honourable one for man,' widening his horizon toward the strange, the foreign and the unknown. It makes for man's collective interest, his interest in humanity. The art in Thomas Mann's Joseph story has this charitable humanity. Nowhere is his characterization more tolerant. Nowhere is he more patient in explaining the natural roots of human weaknesses. Throughout, man appears as '*das kranke Tier*,' suffering from the burden and strain of his midway position between the animal and the divine. The way of Jacob and the way of Joseph unite to form this ambivalent story of man. It is neither wholly a divine comedy nor a human tragedy but oscillates between the two poles.

There was a time when Mann's ambivalent approach made for an ambiguous neutrality. And while the author of *The Magic Mountain* protested against the charge that his ironic reservation might be interpreted as 'liberal anæmia,' he continued to remain silent about the Third Reich.[1] The mounting barbarism in the land of the Nazis forced Mann out of his cultural retreat. To the Rector at Bonn who informed Mann that his name had been struck off the roll of honorary doctors, he wrote: 'I could not have lived or worked, I should have suffocated, had I not been able now and again to cleanse my heart, to give from time to time free vent to my abysmal disgust at what was happening at home—the contemptible words and still more contemptible deeds.' Mann has abandoned the position of that liberalism which would allow freedom to the enemies of freedom. The weakness of the old humanism issued from 'its leaning toward indulgent scepticism.... This weakness, under certain circumstances, can be fatal.' And Mann calls for a 'militant humanism, a humanism which would affirm its virility and which would be convinced that the principles of liberty, of tolerance and of free thought, must not be exploited by the fanaticism of its enemies.'

In the classical myths of Odysseus and Prometheus, of Theseus and Beowulf, of Siegfried and Faust, the hero experiences rebirth in the pit of humiliation and learns humility. The work of Heinrich Mann and Anna Seghers, of John Steinbeck and Mikhail Sholokoff, of André Malraux and Thomas Mann also acknowledges the power of circumstances, those from above and those from below. And they look back to history and the myth for the prototypes of human fate. But they reach back not out of love for the dark night, as is the case with anti-intellectualism, but because, with Freud and Marx, they seek the categories which on a higher level chart a liberating future.

[1] See his letter in the Appendix to the author's *Three Ways of Modern Man*.

If, for Spengler, Ezra Pound, Proust and Joyce, history and the myth are the abandoned dreams of man to be passed in review as historic ruins, they are for these men the promises of continuity and recurrence. Their work reclaims our faith in the rationality of man's natural history. It is a kind of moral-æsthetic counterpoint to the physical disorder of our day. Their art is the contemporary secular equivalent of man's divinity. In this sense it has Catholic character—with a difference: for their universality functions as contingent particularity and receives form by individual critical consciousness. These writers know that we cannot avoid the 'purposes of God,' but they also know, as Mann's Joseph adds, that we can anticipate them by foresight. In this sense the idea of the universal man is not opposed to reason. The archetypal forms remain the same, but the process, meaning and direction depend on the impact of the individual will and of the imagination on the force of circumstances. In short, man can *define* the process of his microcosmic history. To that extent he can mould his fate.

CONCLUSION: TOWARD A DIALECTIC HUMANISM

We are, I know not how, double in ourselves, so that what we believe we disbelieve, and cannot rid ourselves of what we condemn.

MICHEL MONTAIGNE

Somewhere beyond the railheads
of reason, south or north,
Lies a magnetic mountain
Riveting sky to earth.

C. D. LEWIS

Art becomes exile too,
A secret and a code studied in secret,
Declaring the agony of modern life.
The child will learn of life from these great men.
He will participate in their solitude,
And maybe in the end, on such a night
As this, return to the starting-point, his name,
Showing himself as such among his friends.

DELMORE SCHWARTZ

A clash of doctrine is not a disaster—it is an opportunity. . . . A contradiction . . . in the evolution of real knowledge . . . marks the first step in progress towards victory.

A. N. WHITEHEAD

ONE OF MALRAUX'S characters declares, 'The age of fundamentals is returning.' This belief in a coming order and unity is expressed in the midst of fighting a multiple war—the war against Franco and against his fascist aides. An 'incredible fraternity' has arisen among men of diverse cultural, religious and social persuasions in the first united people's struggle against the fascist international. Their common danger has precipitated their common humanity. At the moment their strategy is the mechanics of war and their immediate objective the socialization of economic goods. But it is all to the end of peace and of a fraternity which has a 'religious,' that is, a binding character.

All men, as Aristotle states in his *Metaphysics*, are actuated with the desire for knowledge or what he calls First Principles. The quest for First Principles goes back to man's speculative beginnings, glorified in the oldest legends. Our modern efforts carry on this quest, facing the more imposing difficulties presented by the complexities of technology and the unsettlements of our property relations. The call for identification is to-day wellnigh universal. There remains, however, the question of the type of identification and the ways of attaining it.

HENRY ADAMS AND T. S. ELIOT ON UNITY

The problem of identification in modern existence received a notable statement in Henry Adams. Although Adams wrote toward the beginning of our century, his views appealed not so much to his contemporaries as to Americans in the post-war period. The reception of his ideas coincides roughly with that of Spengler's doctrine of decline, Eliot's *Waste Land* and Eddington's entropy physics. All gave a kind of intellectual rationale for the lethargy and disillusionment of the war generation.

The force of Adams' disillusionment derives from the cosmopolitan range and subtlety with which he stated it. It is also remarkable in view of Adams' particular background and associations, personal gifts and opportunities. 'Probably, no child born in the year,' he writes, 'held better cards than he.' Yet Adams adds that 'he never got to the point of playing the game at all.' To the end he remained in indecision, troubled by doubt of ever finding a meaning in history and culture, especially within the periphery of the American scene. With Henry James, Adams became one of our notable American exiles.

Adams' term for identification is Unity. The task of education, he writes, is that of 'running order through chaos, direction through space, discipline through freedom, unity through multiplicity.' Unity is the tireless quest throughout his historical and scientific studies, his novel and his autobiographical works. Life itself, he felt, depends on unity. Looking back upon history, it seemed to him that such unity had once been reached in the two centuries from 1050 to 1250. The first was embodied in the Norman art of Mont-Saint-Michel and its *Chanson de Roland*, the other in the Cathedral of Chartres, the adoration of the Virgin, the mysticism of Saint Bernard and Saint Francis and the philosophy of Saint Thomas. Here the individual was an organic part of the community, lived in simple acceptance, hope and faith. Above all, man then paid homage to woman and love, idealized in the Virgin Mary. And Mary concentrated in herself the 'whole rebellion of man against fate.' She was 'above law,' and through her 'man had found a door of escape.' That is, in these centuries man did justice to his rebellious aspiration for freedom, and he was saved from the anxieties of limitless freedom by his embrace of a supersensual absolute, God. The story since then is the movement from unity to multiplicity, 'unbroken in sequence, and rapid in acceleration.' The Virgin and the Christian Idea have been replaced by the Dynamo, before which one now prays as one did once before the Cross. Adams located this chaotic multiplicity in two modern phenomena, capitalism and science.

Adams' own roots reached back to the genteel tradition of pre-industrialized America. The new Trusts and Corporations of our 'bankers' world' were obnoxious to him 'because of their vigorous and unscrupulous energy ... [by which] they tore society to pieces and trampled it under foot.' They were the rule of law over love, of determinism over freedom. Nor did he see socialism as an alternative. While paying tribute to Marx ('By rights, he should have been also a Marxist . . . and he tried in vain to make himself a convert'), he identified the 'capitalistic scheme of combining governments' with the 'socialist scheme of Jaurès and Bebel.' Capitalism produced *not unity but uniformity*. And Adams inveighed most passionately against the 'commonplaces of American uniformity.' The true American 'never had known a complete union in Church or State or thought, and had never seen any need for it.' In America, 'neither Venus nor Virgin ever had value as force—at most as sentiment.... American art, like the American language and American education, was as far as possible sexless.' It has always taken tragedy lightly. 'Too busy to stop the activity of their twenty-million-horse-power society, Americans ignore tragic motives that would have overshadowed the Middle Ages.' For the Renaissance man, multiplicity had been a promise of freedom. In the twentieth century, it meant

the human chaos of monopoly organizations. Prosperity, speed, power, 'had made the world irritable, nervous, querulous, unreasonable and afraid.' Foreshadowing Spengler's formulation, Adams felt himself 'in Rome, under Diocletian, witnessing the anarchy, conscious of the compulsion....'

Modern science has accentuated our perplexity. Science seemed at first to go in the direction of unity, as in Darwinism. But Darwinism made change and motion the centre. Turning from biology to physics, Adams noted that here again the method and the direction were division and multiplicity. The method of science was analysis, division into parts. And its introduction of accelerated forces left its 'ultimate synthesis' to an unreachable infinite future. 'The greater the unity and the momentum, the worse became the complexity and the friction.... A mathematical paradise of endless displacement promised eternal bliss to the mathematician, but turned the historian green with horror.' In the new vortex of infinite possibilities the drift seemed a 'toss-up between anarchy and order.' The dynamo was for Adams what Gothic and Faustian culture later became for Spengler—an infinite which turned to infinite uniformity. Finally, science itself had brought in supersensual forces, mysterious energies like those of the Cross, without offering a theory of ultimate causation as did the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The universe of Thomas Aquinas is preferable. 'If he were obliged to insist on a Universe, he seemed driven to the Church.'

Yet Adams reveals his modernism by an inability to embrace his earlier Christian centuries. He knew that their simple unity could not be regained. He expresses doubt over the relevance of the Virgin to the modern dilemma. 'To what purpose had she existed, if, after nineteen hundred years, the world was bloodier than when she was born? The stupendous failure of Christianity tortured history.' Even as he attacked science, he saw his task in finding the connection between the twelfth and twentieth century 'in some relation of movement that could be expressed in mathematics.' The result for Adams was not enrichment by the fusion of the two eras, but cancellation. He moved between the two poles of unity and diversity, never able to decide which was the truth. He repudiated the determinism of corporate capitalism yet could find no inspiration in the anti-trust efforts of the forces around Theodore Roosevelt, for he thought them lacking in cohesion and purpose. And he was held back from Marxism, as he thought, by 'some narrow trait of the New England nature.'

Adams tries to explain failure in terms of forces. He reverts to a determinism of his own, rooted, however, in mystical doctrine. Modern politics is seen as a struggle not of men but of forces. But Adams regards these forces not as social or economic phenomena which could be manipulated but as irresistible cosmic powers. He

explains the triumph of the gold standard as exhibiting the 'mere law of mass.' His dynamic theory of history likens man to a spider in its web watching for prey, with the forces of nature dancing like flies before the net. But man is inevitably thwarted. And Adams is greatly attracted to the principle of inertia and the 'ice-sheet' of old Russia which rested 'on the eternal law of inertia.' 'Submission and silence' become for him the most valuable lesson of history. Reason itself is a passive agency and consciousness 'a stage of weakening will.' A student of history had 'no responsibility,' had 'no quarrel and claimed no share of authority.' He was but an onlooker observing the reign of forces. 'The mind could gain nothing by flight or by fight.' But Adams was not content with this anæmic passivity. He felt his theory to have little relevance to the problems of his time, admitting that 'his likes and dislikes were as antiquated as the rebel doctrine of State rights.'

Adams' view on the value of religious synthesis has been revived to-day by another distinguished American expatriate, T. S. Eliot. In a recent essay Eliot argues that 'there is no total culture without a religion,' and traces the source of our difficulties to the absence of religious-cultural unity. Our industrial civilization has produced private culture for privileged classes, with this culture itself split into specialized appreciations. The alternative is a culture supposedly accessible to all, what Eliot calls 'the mercantile view of culture.' He maintains that it is religion and culture which produce politics and education. His conclusion, similar to Arnold Toynbee's, is that only a common religious faith can create the 'union in diversity of cultures.' But Eliot does not take the next step, to inquire into the cause for this lack of unity to-day or into the cause for the changes in religious-cultural patterns in the past.

THE FUTURE AS A DETERMINANT OF THE PRESENT

Our study has traced the accentuation of the refinements and multiplicities of standards in the period between the two World Wars. We have noted the discordances among unifying efforts culminating in the sinister co-ordination of fascism. The special character of our alienations, we have argued, lies in the inchoate medley of these trends issuing from the unparalleled ambiguities in our economic-social wars since 1917-18. The desire for change is opposed by the uneasiness which change entails. Both pressures operate concurrently, so that neither our extreme rebels nor our stubborn traditionalists are at home in their respective programmes. The man of our war culture has moved between bohemian flouting of standards and pious affirmation of absolutes, between the practical technique of means and the vision of ideal ends, between autarchic freedom and mystical acceptance—*without fully believing in either.* We have

our sceptical relativists who hold that there are no universally valid principles, for meaning changes with context. Related to them are the experimentalists who dissolve certainty into possibilities and truth into results. They have converted Dewey's method of tolerant inquiry into a principle of permanent criticism. The result is a 'scientific' method which attacks and rejects any and all attempts at an integrative view. Some of those desirous of establishing unequivocal certainty have turned to logical positivism and would exclude from the realm of meaning anything which does not have a clearly fixed meaning. In actual procedure Carnap's notion of philosophy as the 'logical syntax of the language of science,' reduces meaning to a *simplest* common denominator. The logical positivists meet with the very traditional metaphysics they combat in that both cannot cope with the process of living and acting, with problems which involve dialectic overlaps and complex border states. If the relativists exclude the eternal nature of things, the absolutists slight the shifting process in nature.

However, our present scene also contains labours aiming at integrating the clash of 'bias,' of 'interest,' of 'motivation,' with reference to an over-all intercommunicative whole.[1] Some of our art and thought have been moving in this direction. The work of Steinbeck and Heinrich Mann, of Anna Seghers and Sholokoff, of Malraux and Thomas Mann, as well as the wider implications of the Marxist-Freudian analysis have been discussed from this angle. A similar effort is discernible in Kenneth Burke's more recent work.[2] A passage in Mann's *Joseph in Egypt* appears particularly relevant. 'Where are you taking me?' Joseph asks the Ishmaelites. 'Thou hast a way of putting thyself in the centre of things,' he is answered. 'Are we taking thee anywhither? No, not at all. Thou art by chance with us . . . and thou goest with us whither-ever we go.' And in Joseph's reply there enters the notion that there is no exclusive alternative between his 'observer' centre and his 'observed' environment:

[1] In *Ideology and Utopia* Karl Mannheim argues that despite unavoidable bias, we can avoid a sceptical relativism because the class of intellectuals (Max Weber's '*freischwebende Intelligenz*') is itself a classless group with the power of self-critical bias. This is, however, but an intellectualized version of the æsthetic idea that the artist transcends all partial perspectives. The extent to which intellectuals can achieve this depends on the extent to which a social order removes the basis for bias.

[2] We have discussed Burke's work from this angle in *The University Review*, Winter, 1941.

The integration of the observer and the observed is perhaps most nearly approximated in science by the Theory of Relativity. In his non-technical expositions where Einstein states the general import of his theory, he points out that its aim is to gain a universal formula on top of the subjective factor, a statement of physical laws which shall not depend on the observer, *once the observer has been defined*. Einstein's theory has its own absolutes and invariants—the velocity of light and Space-Time. His concept of Space-Time with its invariant intervals (invariant for all observers) is so far from being a relativistic view that it has been termed the 'quest of the Absolute' (D'Abro), as a union of Pythagorean subjectivity and Newtonian objectivity (Weyl).

'The world hath many centres, one for each created being, and about each one it lieth in its own circle. Thou standeth but half an ell from me, yet about thee lieth a universe whose centre I am not but thou art. Therefore both are true, according as one speaketh from thy centre or from mine. And I, on the other hand, stand in the centre of mine. For our universes are not far from each other so that they do not touch; rather hath God pushed them and interwoven them deep into each other, so that you Ishmaelites do indeed journey quite independently and according to your own ends, whither you will, but besides that you are the means and tool, in our interwovenness, that I arrive at my goal.'

While the art, literature and social inquiry of our time seek a steady frame amid our temporal fluctuations, the nature of their materials and the specific character of the time-element they deal with prevent the transposition of laws operative in the natural sciences. The time of science is synchronous clock-time without temporal dimension. But social time is historical, involves human will, individual uniqueness or non-recurrence. Because mathematical physics can largely disregard these special elements, it is in a position to give us 'ideal' laws.[1] In art and the social sciences we can predict that under specific conditions certain transformations will take place, but we cannot predict the precise form and manner or indicate the exact spatial-temporal limits. Here individuation and will prevent the 'formula' from ever being complete. Fascism and doctrines similar to it which offer man status provided he will silence his critical questioning promise such certainty. But they are fated to inevitable frustration by the ever-rising spirit of man's discriminating or moral judgment. Indeed, it is this very factor which allows man to live not only in the past and present but also in the future. It makes possible his manipulation of *the future to determine the present.* Nietzsche had a glimpse of this when he wrote: 'That which is ahead is just as much a condition of what is present as that which is past. What should be and must be is the ground of that which is.'

UNIVERSAL CULTURE IN A UNIVERSAL SOCIETY

Here enters the factor of futuristic responsibility which Adams thought a student of history might evade. Even as Adams decried the gilded decades, he was content to live in the luxury of the present. He suffered from the disadvantage of his aristocratic status, which allowed him to rest in will-less acceptance of 'forces.' We have the

[1] For this reason Bergson regards the time of mathematical physics as unreal. It should be added that *limited certainty* obtains also in those natural sciences dealing with particular physical existence. 'As far as the laws of mathematics refer to reality,' Einstein writes, 'they are not certain, and in so far as they are certain, they do not refer to reality.' Einstein does not accept the conclusions of Eddington and Whitehead, who would apply physical theories to matters of the mind. It should also be added that the quantum theory explains the apparently discontinuous character of events only on the scale of probability.

advantage of having to create our human status and of living at a time when the entropy principle which Adams embraced is challenged not only in science but also in the realm of social and human history. His notion of unity, like that of Eliot and their followers, suffers from being treated as a metaphysical, religious or cultural issue into which social and economic factors enter only as their products. Now the problem of causation has proved a stumbling-block in social inquiry. It is difficult to prove that politics or culture or social incident is always the determining factor in history as a whole, although this can be done with less hazard in specific situations. But we are on safer ground when we limit ourselves to analysing the mutual interaction of the social and the religious-cultural movements. Eliot himself notes the concomitance of the primitive communal market and the public character of primitive culture, and later that of the private market and its exclusive cultural design.

It is clear that we can no longer return to the idyllic identification of a pre-industrialized era. And the wars of our century have exploded the illusory stability of the private economy. Our task to-day is to find the basis for an interweaving of a public economy which would allow the greatest play for private and individual variations. Multiplicity need not entail anarchy. It can spell rich diversity, provided the social order is organized toward securing material wants for all peoples. This is the basic social task. Our Universal Culture depends on a Universal Society in which, to use Mark Van Doren's formulation, 'its last citizen is as free to become a prince and a philosopher as his powers permit.' A universal society need not mean dilution to a 'mercantile' culture. A uniform economy need entail a uniform culture as little as our common biologic functioning produces a common metaphysical belief. The choice is not between culture for the élite or popular education which is a sophisticated imitation of cultural fashion. Once again primitive society suggests the alternative of a folk culture. To be sure, the same cohesion is no longer possible in a time of infinitely greater diffusions and differentiations. Also, Eliot is right when he insists on the distinction between natural levels, between higher and lower capacities of achievement. But when he maintains that 'the development of a superior culture among people would seem to me to depend upon the maintenance of . . . an hereditary élite,' he fails to add the condition for its communal functioning: a social structure in which the artist and intellectual would receive critical appreciation and in which he could participate as a full human being—in which he would follow even as he leads.

This last step forward requires, however, a step backward, in the interests of maintaining a sense of man's unity. We are, as Van Doren reminds us, 'ever pursuing the same truth on different land-

ings.' The idea that progression is equivalent to progress, that change spells growth and motion value, has been losing its metaphysical, psychologic and social validity. The alternative is not regression to a medieval or classical absolute. The new substance must be reached through the battlefield of alienation.

In the high monuments of our classical literature we have what is known as a 'recognition' moment. It is the moment in which a character comes to understand the meaning of his dilemma and his true relation toward his fellowmen and his world. From it follows what Aristotle called 'catharsis.' It is what the medieval man later termed 'salvation,' and what we moderns know as 'integration.'

We are to-day drawing nearer to this recognition stage. We are approaching it the hard way, through an unparalleled period of dissidence. Yet the very thorough nature of our struggle is a promise that the coming victory will be equally thorough. Contemporary art and thought are groping in the direction of a dialectic humanism which would preserve the qualitative achievements of the past and offer the conditions for 'its last citizen' to transpose them into the future.

At the moment this goal is still distant. The art which corresponds to it should be a smiling art. But no 'human comedy' is being written to-day. Thomas Mann can 'play' on the story of Joseph by maintaining the pathos of distance between the situation of his hero and the wrath of our days. Malraux and Sholokoff are even sterner as they peer down the precipice into the gehenna of the war-markets. Culture to-day suffers from the wounds dealt by warped historical compulsions. Yet amidst it all, it suggests the new age which is in the making. It is an age in which the laughter of Democritus, born from knowledge of human limitation, is rendered light in the further knowledge that this limitation can take on dignified form by the elimination of those historical materials which have barred men from self-determination. The goal is the interplay between individual genius and public organization—a symphony of voices where each singer carries his individual tune and where each tune merges into the total melody.

CRITICAL BIBLIOGRAPHY

A SELECTION

Introduction: The Chaos of Standards in Our War Culture

Art and Literary Criticism

BLACKMUR, R. P. *The Double Agent; Essays in Craft and Elucidation.* New York: Arrow Editions, 1935.

BROOKS, CLEANTH, JR. *Modern Poetry and the Tradition.* Chapel Hill, N. C.: Univ. of North Carolina Press, 1939.

DAICHES, D. *The Novel and the Modern World.* Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1939.

ELIOT, T. S. *The Sacred Wood, Essays on Poetry and Criticism.* London: Methuen & Co., Ltd., 1920.

EMPSON, WILLIAM. *English Pastoral Poetry.* New York: *Some Versions of Pastoral.* London: Chatto & Windus, 1935.

GUERARD, ALBERT. *Literature and Society.* Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., 1935.

LEWIS, C. DAY. *A Hope for Poetry.* Oxford: Blackwell, 1936.

ORTEGA Y GASSET. *La deshumanización del arte.* Madrid, 1925.

RANSOM, J. C. *The World's Body.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1938.

RICHARDS, I. A. *Principles of Literary Criticism.* London: Kegan Paul, 1924.

ROLLAND, ROMAIN. *The Soul Enchanted.* London: Thornton Butterworth, Ltd., 1925-34.

SPENDER, STEPHEN. *The Destructive Element. A Study of Modern Writers and Beliefs.* London: Jonathan Cape, 1935.

TATE, ALLEN. *Reactionary Essays on Poetry and Ideas.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1936.

WINTERS, YVOR. *The Anatomy of Nonsense.* Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions, 1943.

WÖLFFLIN, HEINRICH. *Principles of Art History.* London: G. Bell & Sons, 1932.

YEATS, W. B. *Collected Poems.* London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

———. *The Tower.* London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

Philosophy and Psychology

CHASE, STUART. *The Tyranny of Words.* London: Methuen & Co., Ltd., 1938.

Civilization. Univ. of California Publ., Vol. 23. Berkeley and Los Angeles: Univ. of California Press, 1942.

COHEN, MORRIS RAPHAEL. *Reason and Nature,* An Essay on the Meaning of *Scientific Method.* London: Kegan Paul, 1931.

HARTMANN, NICOLAI. *Ethics.* London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 1932.

HEIDEGGER, MARTIN. *Sein und Zeit*. Halle, 1927.
HUSSERL, EDMUND. *Ideas: General Introduction to Pure Phenomenology*. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 1931.
International Encyclopedia of Unified Sciences. Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1938.
JASPERS, KARL. *Man in the Modern Age*. London: Routledge, 1933.
KORZYBSKI, ALFRED. *Science and Sanity, An Introduction to Non-Aristotelian Systems and General Semantics*. Lancaster, Pa.; New York: The International Non-Aristotelian Library Publishing Co., 1941.
KRUTCH, J. W. *The Modern Temper; A Study and a Confession*. London: Jonathan Cape, 1930.
LEWIS, WYNDHAM. *Time and Western Man*. London: Chatto & Windus, 1927.
MUMFORD, LEWIS. *The Condition of Man*. London: Secker & Warburg, Ltd., 1944.
NEURATH, OTTO. *Modern Man in the Making*. London: Secker & Warburg, Ltd., 1939.
PARETO, V. *The Mind and Society*, ed. by A. Livingston. London: Jonathan Cape, 1935.
RUSSELL, BERTRAND. *Freedom versus Organization*. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 1934.

Religion

BERGSON, HENRI. *The Two Sources of Morality and Religion*. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd., 1935.
KIERKEGAARD, S. A. *Christian Discourses*, trans. and with an introduction by Walter Lowrie. London and New York: Oxford University Press, 1939.
———. *Concluding Unscientific Postscript*. London: Oxford University Press, 1942.
———. *Fear and Trembling*. London: Oxford University Press, 1941.
NIEBUHR, REINHOLD. *The Nature and Destiny of Man, A Christian Interpretation*. London: Nisbet & Co., Ltd., 1941.
TILLICH, PAUL J. D. *The Religious Situation*. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1932.
MARITAIN, JACQUES. See The Medieval Tradition.
UNAMUNO Y JUGO, MIGUEL DE. *The Tragic Sense of Life in Men and Peoples*. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd., 1921.
———. *The Agony of Christianity*. New York: Payson & Clarke, Ltd., 1928.

Sociology

DILTHEY, WILLIAM. *Gesammelte Schriften* (partic. vols. 2, 5, 6, 7). Leipzig, 1921-1936.
MACIVER, R. M. *Labour and the Changing World*. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1919.

WEBER, MAX. *Gesammelte Aufsätze zur Wissenschaftslehre.* Tübingen, 1922.
———. *Wissenschaft als Beruf.* München, 1930.
———. *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism.* London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 1930.

Science

BURTT, E. A. *Metaphysical Foundations of Modern Physical Science.* London: K. Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., 1925.
EDDINGTON, A. S. *Nature of the Physical World.* London: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1929.

Overture: Friedrich Nietzsche—The Hindenburg Line of Individualism

ANDLER, CHARLES. *Nietzsche. Sa Vie et Sa Pensée* (6 vols.) Paris, 1920-37.
BAUMLER, ALFRED. *Nietzsche, der Philosoph und Politiker.* Leipzig, 1937.
JASPERS, KARL. *Nietzsche.* Berlin and Leipzig, 1936.
KLAGES, LUDWIG. *Die psychologischen Errungenschaften Nietzsches.* Leipzig, 1930.
LÖWITH, K. *Von Hegel zu Nietzsche.* Zurich, 1940.
LUKACS, GEORG. 'Nietzsche—Forerunner of Fascist Æsthetics.' *The International Literature.*
MORGAN, GEORGE A., JR. *What Nietzsche Means.* Cambridge, Mass., Harvard University Press, 1941.
NIETZSCHE, FRIEDRICH. *Complete Works,* ed. by Oscar Levy, 18 vols. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.
SLOCHOWER, HARRY. *'Spinoza und Nietzsche.' Geisteskultur,* Berlin, Jan., 1928.

I. *The Surrender of Absolutes*

1. *Bohemian Freedom*

BEACH, JOSEPH WARREN. *American Fiction, 1920-1940.* New York: The Macmillan Co., 1941.
COWLEY, MALCOLM. *Exile's Return; A Narrative of Ideas.* London: Jonathan Cape, 1935.
FREEMAN, JOSEPH. *An American Testament. A Narrative of Rebels and Romantics.* London: Victor Gollancz, Ltd., 1938.
GEISMAR, M. D. *Writers in Crisis. The American Novel between Two Wars.* London: Secker & Warburg, Ltd., 1943.
HEMINGWAY, ERNEST. *To Have and Have Not.* London: Jonathan Cape, 1937.
KAPPSTEIN, TH. H. *Arthur Schnitzler und seine besten Bühnenwerke.* Berlin, 1922.
LEVY, JULIEN. *Surrealism.* New York: The Black Sun Press, 1936.
LIPTZIN, SOLOMON. *Arthur Schnitzler.* New York: Prentice-Hall, 1932.
READ, HERBERT. *Meaning of Art.* London: Faber & Faber, Ltd., 1935.
SILONE, IGNAZIO. *Bread and Wine.* London: Methuen & Co., Ltd., 1936.

2. *Uncertainty as a Principle*

ANSHEN, RUTH N., ed. *Freedom, Its Meaning* by B. Croce, Thomas Mann, A. N. Whitehead and others. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 1942.

DOS PASSOS, JOHN. *The Big Money*. London: Constable & Co., Ltd., 1936.

MALINOWSKI, B. *Freedom and Civilisation*. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 1946.

ROBINSON, EDWIN ARLINGTON. *The Man against the Sky*. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1916.

VALERY, PAUL A. *Variety*, trans. by M. Cowley. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1927.

HOOK, S. *John Dewey, an Intellectual Portrait*. New York: The John Day Co., 1939.

PEIRCE, CHARLES S. *Chance, Love, and Logic*, ed. by Morris R. Cohen. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1923.

RATNER, JOSEPH, ed. *Intelligence in the Modern World; John Dewey's Philosophy*. New York: The Modern Library, 1939.

SCHILPP, P. A., ed. *The Philosophy of John Dewey*. Evanston and Chicago: Northwestern University, 1939.

SHOTWELL, J. J. *Freedom, Its History and Meaning*. New York: The Carnegie Endowment for Enduring Peace, No. 350, 1939.

FERNANDEZ, RAMÓN. *André Gide*. Paris, 1931.

GIDE, ANDRE. *Nouvelles Pages de Journal (1932-1935)*. Paris, 1936.

LEMAITRE, G. E. *Four French Novelists*. New York: Oxford University Press, 1938.

MANN, KLAUS. *André Gide and the Crisis of Modern Thought*. London: Dennis Dobson, Ltd., 1947.

PIERRE-QUINT, LEON. *André Gide: His Life and His Work*. London: Jonathan Cape, Ltd., 1934.

BROD, MAX. *Franz Kafka, Eine Biographie*. Prague, 1937.

A Franz Kafka Miscellany. New York: Twice a Year Press, 1940.

KAFKA, FRANZ. *The Trial*. London: Secker & Warburg, Ltd., 1945.

———. *The Castle*. London: Secker & Warburg, Ltd., 1942.

TAUBER, HERBERT. *Franz Kafka, eine Deutung seiner Werke*. Zurich; New York: Verlag Oprecht, 1941.

MENDELSSOHN, PETER. *Across the Dark River*. London: Hutchinson & Co., Ltd., 1939.

TOLLER, ERNST. *I Was a German*. London: John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd., 1936.

———. *Look through the Bars*. New York. *Letters From Prison*. London: John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd., 1936.

WILLIBRAND, WILLIAM A. *Ernst Toller, Product of Two Revolutions*. Norman, Okla.: Co-operative Books, 1941.

WRIGHT, RICHARD. *How 'Bigger' Was Born; The Story of Native Son*. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1940.

———. *Native Son*. London: Victor Gollancz, Ltd., 1940.

CELINE, LOUIS FERDINAND. *Journey to the End of the Night*. London: Chatto & Windus, 1934.

II. *The Embrace of Absolutes*

3. *The Antæan Tradition*

GAUGUIN, PAUL. *Intimate Journals*, trans. by Van Wyck Brooks. London: W. Heinemann, Ltd., 1930.

LAWRENCE, D. H. *Collected Poems of D. H. Lawrence*. London: W. Heinemann, Ltd.

BERENDSOHN, W. A. *Knut Hamsun*. München, 1929

GREGORY, HORACE. *Pilgrim of the Apocalypse; A Critical Study of D. H. Lawrence*. London: Martin Secker, Ltd., 1934.

GUSTAFSON, ALRIK. *Six Scandinavian Novelists*. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press, 1940.

HAMSUN, KNUT. *Growth of the Soil*. London: John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd., 1935.

HUXLEY, ALDOUS, ed. *Letters of D. H. Lawrence*. London: W. Heinemann, Ltd., 1932.

MURRY, J. MIDDLETON. *Son of Woman; The Story of D. H. Lawrence*. London: Jonathan Cape, 1931.

SEILLIERE, ERNEST A. A. L. *D. H. Lawrence et les recentes idéologies allemandes*. Paris, 1936.

FAIRFIELD, H. N. *The Noble Savage, A Study in Romantic Naturalism*. New York: Columbia Univ. Press, 1928.

GOLDWATER, R. J. *Primitivism in Modern Painting*. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1938.

4. *The Medieval Tradition*

BARRES, MAURICE. *Les Déracinés*. Paris, 1920.

BELLOC, HILAIRE. *The Restoration of Property*. New York: Sheed & Ward, 1936.

———. *The Crisis of Our Civilization*. London: Cassell & Co., Ltd., 1937.

———. *The Jews*. London: Constable & Co., Ltd., 1937.

BINDEL, V. C. *Claudel*. Paris, 1934.

BRAYBROOK, PATRICK. *Some Catholic Novelists: Their Art and Outlook*. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd., 1931.

CLAUDEL, PAUL. *Ways and Crossways*. London: Sheed & Ward, 1933.

———. *Les Juifs*. Paris, 1937.

———. *The Tidings Brought to Mary*. London: Chatto & Windus, 1916.

CURTIUS, ERNST ROBERT. *Maurice Barrès und die geistigen Grundlagen des französischen Nationalismus*. Bonn, 1921.

FOWLIE, W. *Clowns and Angels, Studies in Modern French Literature*. New York. *Spirit of France*, London: Sheed & Ward, Ltd., 1944.

GILSON, E. H. *Christianity and Philosophy*. London: Sheed & Ward, 1939.

MARITAIN, JACQUES. *True Humanism*. London: G. Bles, 1938.
———. *Freedom in the Modern World*, trans. by R. O'Sullivan. London: Sheed & Ward, 1935.
———. *Scholasticism and Politics*. London: Geoffrey Bles, 1940.
MONROE, N. E. *The Novel and Society, A Critical Study of the Modern Novel*. Chapel Hill, N. C.: Univ. of North Carolina Press, 1941.
SHUSTER, GEORGE N. *The Catholic Church and Current Literature*. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd., 1930.
SLOCHOWER, HARRY. *Three Ways of Modern Man*. New York: International Publishers, 1937.
TROELTSCH, ERNST. *The Social Teaching of the Christian Churches*. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 1931.

5. *The Classical Tradition of Essence*

AMES, VAN METER. *Proust and Santayana, The Æsthetic Way of Life*. Chicago: Willett, Clark & Co., 1937.
BERGSON, HENRI. *Matter and Memory*. London: G. Allen & Co., 1919.
———. *Time and Free Will*. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.
FOERSTER, NORMAN. *Reinterpretation of American Literature*. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1938.
HOWGATE, G. W. *George Santayana's Philosophy*. Philadelphia: Univ. of Pennsylvania Press, 1938.
KRUTCH, J. W. *Five Masters, A Study in the Mutations of the Novel*. New York: J. Cape & H. Smith, 1930.
LEON, DERRICK. *Introduction to Proust; His Life, His Circle, His Works*. London: K. Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., 1940.
PIERRE-QUINT, LEON. *Marcel Proust, His Life and Work*. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 1927.
SANTAYANA, GEORGE. *Poems*. London: Constable & Co., Ltd., 1923.
SCHILPP, P. A., ed. *The Philosophy of George Santayana*. Evanston and Chicago: Northwestern University, 1940.
SEILLIERE, E. A. A. L. *Marcel Proust*. Paris, 1931.
SPAGNOLI, J. J. *The Social Attitude of Marcel Proust*. New York: Columbia Univ. Press, 1936.
WILSON, EDMUND. *Axel's Castle, A Study in the Imaginative Literature of 1870-1930*. London: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1931.

BABBITT, IRVING. *Rousseau and Romanticism*. London: Constable & Co., Ltd., 1919.
———. *The New Laokoön, An Essay on the Confusion of the Arts*. London: Constable & Co., Ltd., 1910.
———. *Democracy and Leadership*. London: Constable & Co., Ltd., 1924.
ELIOT, T. S. *Essays, Ancient and Modern*. London: Faber & Faber, Ltd., 1936.

ELIOT, T. S. *After Strange Gods; A Primer of Modern Heresy.* London: Faber & Faber, Ltd., 1934.
———. *Idea of a Christian Society.* London: Faber & Faber, Ltd., 1939.
———. *For Lancelot Andrewes.* London: Faber & Faber.
GRATTAN, C. H., ed. *The Critique of Humanism, A Symposium.* New York: Brewer & Warren, 1930.
MATTHIESSEN, F. O. *The Achievement of T. S. Eliot.* London: Oxford University Press, 1935.
MERCIER, L. J. A. *The Challenge of Humanism.* London: Oxford University Press, 1933.
MORE, PAUL ELMER. *New Shelburne Essays.* 3 vols. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton Univ. Press, 1928.
SHAFER, ROBERT. *Paul Elmer More and American Criticism.* London: Oxford University Press, 1935.

GEORGE, STEFAN. *Poems,* trans. by Carol North Valhope and Ernst Morwitz. New York: Pantheon Books, 1943.
———. *Tage und Taten.* Berlin, 1925.
GUNDOLF, FRIEDRICH. *George.* Berlin, 1920.
MORWITZ, E. *Die Dichtung Stefan Georges.* Berlin, 1934.
WOLTERS, FRIEDRICH. *Stefan George und die Blätter für die Kunst.* Berlin, 1930.

BERTAUX, FELIX. *A Panorama of Modern German Literature,* trans. with bibl. by J. J. Trounstine. New York: Whittlesey House, 1935.
BOWRA, C. M. *The Heritage of Symbolism.* London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd., 1943.
BUTLER, E. M. *Rainer Maria Rilke.* London: Cambridge University Press, 1941.
GUNDOLF, FRIEDRICH. *Rainer Maria Rilke.* Wien, 1937.
RILKE, RAINER MARIA. *Poems,* trans. by Jessie Lamont. New York: Columbia Univ. Press, 1943.
———. *Poems from the Book of Hours,* trans. by Babette Deutsch. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions, 1941.
———. *Translations from the Poetry of R. M. Rilke* by M. D. Herter Norton, New York: W. W. Norton & Co., 1938.
———. *Sonnets to Orpheus,* trans. by M. D. Herter Norton. New York: W. W. Norton & Co., 1942.
———. *Selected Poems of R. M. Rilke,* trans. by J. B. Leishman. London: The Hogarth Press, 1941.
———. 'Correspondence of R. M. Rilke and Lisa Heise.' *Twice A Year,* New York, 1942, Nos. 8-9.
ZECH, PAUL. *Rainer Maria Rilke.* Dresden, 1930.

III. *Fascism: The Systematization of Confusion*

ASCOLI, MAX, and FEILER, ARTHUR. *Fascism for Whom?* New York: W. W. Norton & Co., 1938.
BURNHAM, J. *The Managerial Revolution.* London: Putnam & Co., Ltd., 1942.

DENNIS, LAWRENCE. The Dynamics of War and Revolution. Ne York: Weekly Foreign Letter, 1940.
DOPSCH, ALFONS. *The Economic and Social Foundations of Europea Civilization*. London: Routledge, 1937.
DUTT, R. PALME. *Fascism and Social Revolution*. London: Lawrenc & Wishart, Ltd., 1934.
FALLADA, HANS. *Sparrow Farm*. London: Putnam & Co., Ltd. 1937.
———. *Wolf Among Wolves*. London: Putnam & Co., Ltd., 1938
KEYSERLING, HERMANN. Europe. London: Jonathan Cape, 1928.
KOLNAI, A. *War against the West*. London: Victor Gollancz, Ltd., 1938.
KRIECK, ERNST. *Nationalpolitische Erziehung*. Leipzig, 1933.
MACLEISH, ARCHIBALD. *The Fall of the City, A Verse Play for Radio*. London: Boriswood, Ltd., 1937.
MEHRING, FRANZ. *Zur deutschen Geschichte*. Berlin, 1931.
———. *Zur Geschichte der Philosophie*. Berlin, 1931.
MUSSOLINI, BENITO. *The Political and Social Doctrine of Fascism*, trans. by J. Soames. London: Hogarth Press, 1933.
NEUMANN, FRANZ. *Behemoth, The Structure and Practice of National Socialism*. London: Victor Gollancz, Ltd., 1942.
RAUSCHNING, H. *The Revolution of Nihilism*. New York. Germany's Revolution of Destruction, London: W. Heinemann, Ltd., 1939.
ROSENBERG, ALFRED. *Der Mythus des 20.Jahrhunderts*. München, 1933.
SPANN, OTHMAR. *Hauptpunkte der universalistischen Staatsauffassung*. Berlin, 1931.
SPENGLER, OSWALD. *Decline of the West*. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.
———. *The Hour of Decision*, trans. by C. F. Atkinson. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 1934.
STRACHEY, JOHN. *The Coming Struggle for Power*. London: Victor Gollancz, Ltd., 1932.
VEBLEN, THORSTEIN. *Imperial Germany and the Industrial Revolution*. London: Secker & Warburg, Ltd., 1939.

IV. Midway Passage: Between the Lower Depths and Universal Order

9. Spiritual Judaism

ACHAD HA-AM. *Selected Essays*. Philosophical Jewish Publ. Society of America, 1912.
AGUS, JACOB B. *Modern Philosophies of Judaism*. New York: Behrman's Jewish Book House, 1941.
ASCH, SHOLEM. *What I Believe*, trans. by Maurice Samuels. London: Routledge, 1941.
BEN-JACOB, JEREMIAH. *The Jewish Struggle*. G. Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 1942.

BOROCHOW, BAER. *Nationalism and the Class Struggle, a Marxian Approach to the Jewish Problem.* New York: Poale Zion-Zeire Zion of America, 1937.
BUBER, MARTIN. *Der Glaube des Judentums.* Berlin, 1929.
FRANK, WALDO. *The Jew in Our Day.* London: Victor Gollancz, Ltd., 1945.
KALLEN, H. M. *Zionism and World Politics; A Study in History and Social Psychology.* London: W. Heinemann & Co., Ltd., 1921.
LEWISOHN, LUDWIG. *The Answer, the Jew and the World, Past, Present and Future.* New York: Liveright Publishing Corp., 1939.
ZWEIG, ARNOLD. *Bilanz der deutschen Judenheit 1933.* Amsterdam, 1934.

10. *In Quest of Everyman*

CAMPBELL, J. and ROBINSON, H. M. *Skeleton Key to 'Finnegans Wake.'* New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1944.
CURTIUS, ERNST ROBERT. *James Joyce und sein 'Ulysses.'* Zurich, 1929.
Exagmination of James Joyce, Analyses of the 'Work in Progress.' Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions Books, 1939.
GORMAN, HERBERT S. *James Joyce, A Definitive Biography.* London: John Lane, 1941.
LEVIN, HARRY. *James Joyce, A Critical Introduction.* London: Faber & Faber, Ltd., 1944.
WILSON, EDMUND. *Op. cit.*

CLARK, B. H. *Eugene O'Neill, The Man and His Plays.* London: Jonathan Cape, 1933.
WINTHER, S. K. *Eugene O'Neill, A Critical Study.* New York: Random House, 1934.

V. *Toward the Communal Personality*

12. *The Marxist Idea of the Universal Man*

ADAMS, H. P. *Karl Marx in His Earlier Writings.* London, 1940.
ADLER, MAX. *Marx als Denker.* Berlin, 1925.
CORNU, A. *Karl Marx, De L'hégélianisme au matérialisme historique.* Paris, 1934.
HALDANE, J. B. S. *The Marxist Philosophy and the Sciences.* London: G. Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 1938.
JACKSON, T. A. *Dialectics. The Logic of Marxism and Its Critics.* London: Lawrence & Wishart, Ltd., 1936.
LENIN, V. I. *Aus dem philosophischen Nachlass,* ed. by V. Adoratski. Wien-Berlin, 1932.
———. *Materialism and Empiriocriticism,* in Collected Works. London: Lawrence & Wishart, Ltd.
———. *Marxism.* London: M. Lawrence, 1934.
LIFSCHITZ, M. I. *The Philosophy of Art of Karl Marx.* New York: Critics Group, 1938.

LUKACS, GEORG. *Geschichte und Klassenbewusstsein. Studien übe marxistische Dialektik.* Berlin, 1923.
———. '*Karl Marx und das Problem des ideologischen Verfalls,*' *Inter national Literature*, Vol. VIII, No. 7, 1938.
MARX, KARL. *Werke*, Marx-Engels Institut, Moskau, Fft a/M, 1927
———. *Capital* (particularly, section on The Fetishism of Commodities). London: G. Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 1938.
———. *German Ideology*. London: Lawrence & Wishart, Ltd., 1938.
MEHRING, FRANZ. *Karl Marx, The Story of His Life*. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.
RAPHAEL, MAX. *Proudhon, Marx, Picasso, trois études sur la sociologie de l'art*. Paris, 1933.
———. *Zur Erkenntnistheorie der konkrcten Wirklichkeit*. Paris, 1934.
SANDBURG, CARL. *The People, Yes*. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1936.
SELSAM, HOWARD. *Socialism and Ethics*. New York: International Publishers, 1943.

13. *The Masses and Man*

BAB, JULIUS. *Bernard Shaw*. Berlin, 1936.
BERTAUX, FELIX. *A Panorama of Modern German Literature*. New York: Whittlesey House, 1935.
FOX, RALPH. *The Novel and the People*. London: Cobbett Publishing Co., 1944.
ELLEHAUGE, M. *The Position of Bernard Shaw in European Drama and Philosophy*. Copenhagen, 1931.
HENDERSON, A. *Bernard Shaw*. London: D. Appleton-Century Co., 1932.
PEARSON, H. *George Bernard Shaw, A Full Length Portrait*. New York. *Bernard Shaw, His Life and Personality*. London: Collins, 1942.
STRAUSS, E. *Bernard Shaw, Art and Socialism*. London: V. Gollancz, Ltd., 1942.

CRIPPEN, H. J., ed. *Germany, A Self-Portrait*. London: Oxford University Press, 1944.
MANN, HEINRICH. *Sieben Jahre*. Berlin, 1929.
———. *Der Hass, deutsche Zeitgeschichte*. Amsterdam, 1933.
———. *Der Sinn dieser Emigration*. Paris, 1934.
———. *Es kommt der Tag. Deutsches Lesebuch*. Zurich, 1936.

BEACH, JOSEPH WARREN. *Op. cit.*
BROOKS, VAN WYCK. *Three Essays on America*. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1934.
COWLEY, MALCOLM, ed. *After the Genteel Tradition, American Writers since 1910*. New York: W. W. Norton & Co., 1937.
———. *Criticism in America, Its Function and Status*. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1924.

FRANK, WALDO. *Rediscovery of America, An Introduction to a Philosophy of American Life.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1929.
GEISMAR, M. D. *Writers in Crisis; The American Novel between Two Wars.* London: Secker & Warburg, Ltd., 1943.
KAZIN, A. *On Native Grounds, An Interpretation of Modern American Prose Literature.* London: Jonathan Cape, 1943.
STEINBECK, JOHN. *The Grapes of Wrath.* London: W. Heinemann, Ltd., 1939.

14. *The Communal Personality in Soviet Literature*

KUNITZ, JOSHUA, FREEMAN, JOSEPH, and LOZOWICK, LOUIS. *Voices of October; Art and Literature in the Soviet Union.* New York: The Vanguard Press, 1930.
SHOLOKOFF, M. *The Silent Don.* New York. *And Quiet Flows the Don:* London: Putnam & Co., Ltd., 1934.
———. *The Don Flows Home to the Sea.* London: Putnam & Co., Ltd., 1940.

VI. *Transfiguration by Estrangement*

16. *Clash and Congruence between Marx and Freud*

BROWN, J. F. *Psychology and the Social Order.* New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1936.
———. 'Freud versus Marx; Real and Pseudo-problems Distinguished.' *Psychiatry,* No. 1, 1938.
DALBIEZ, R. *Psychoanalytical Method and the Doctrine of Freud.* London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1941.
FREEMAN, JOSEPH *Never Call Retreat.* New York: Farrar and Rinehart, 1944.
FREUD, SIGMUND. *Civilization, War and Death.* London: The Hogarth Press, 1939.
———. *Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego.* London: The International Psychoanalytical Library, No. 6, 1922.
JEFFERS, ROBINSON. *Selected Poetry of Robinson Jeffers.* New York: Random House, 1937.
MANN, THOMAS. *Past Masters and Other Papers.* London: Martin Secker, 1933.
———. *Joseph in Egypt.* London: Secker & Warburg, Ltd., 1938.
———. *Joseph the Provider.* London: Secker & Warburg, Ltd., 1945.
OSBORN, R. *Freud and Marx, A Dialectical Study.* London: V. Gollancz, 1937.

18. *The Idea of Universal Culture*

BOWMAN, ALLAN. *Studies in the Philosophy of Religion.* London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd., 1938.
BRENNAN, J. G. *Thomas Mann's World.* New York: Columbia Univ. Press, 1942.
FRAZER, J. G. *The Golden Bough, A Study in Magic and Religion.* London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

LION, FERDINAND. *Thomas Mann in seiner Zeit*. Zurich, 1935.
MALINOWSKI, BRONISLAW. *Myth in Primitive Psychology*. London: Kegan Paul.
PEACOCK, R. *Das Leitmotiv bei Thomas Mann*. Bern, 1934.
PRESCOTT, F. C. *Poetry and Myth*. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd., 1927.
SLOCHOWER, HARRY. *Three Ways of Modern Man*. London: Lawrence & Wishart, Ltd., 1939.
———. *Thomas Mann's Joseph Story. An Interpretation*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1938.
———. 'Thomas Mann's New Message' *Sewanee Review*, Vol. 41, 1933.
VENABLE, VERNON. 'Poetic Reason in Thomas Mann.' *Virginia Quarterly Review*, Vol. 14, 1938.
WEIGAND, H. J. *Thomas Mann's Novel 'Der Zauberberg'; A Study*. London: D. Appleton & Co., 1933.

Conclusion: Toward a Dialectic Humanism

BLOCH, ERNST. *Erbschaft dieser Zeit*. Zurich, 1935.
———. *Freiheit und Ordnung; Blueprints for a Better Human Society from Diogenes to Marx*.
BURKE, KENNETH. *Attitudes Towards History*. 2 vols. New York: The New Republic, 1937.
———. *Philosophy of Literary Form. Studies in Symbolic Action*. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State Univ. Press, 1941.
CASSIRER, ERNST *Philosophie der symbolischen Formen*. 3 vols. Berlin, 1923-1931.
———. *An Essay on Man, An Introduction to a Philosophy of Human Culture*. New Haven, Conn.: Yale Univ. Press, 1944.
D'ABRO, A. *The Evolution of Scientific Thought from Newton to Einstein*. New York: Boni & Liveright, 1927.
EINSTEIN, ALBERT, and INFELD, LEOPOLD. *Evolution of Physics*. London: Cambridge University Press, 1938.
FROMM, ERICH. *Escape from Freedom*. New York. *Fear of Freedom*. London: Routledge & Sons, Ltd., 1942.
GROSSMANN, HENRYK. *Das Akkumumations—und Zusammenbruchgesetz des kapitalistischen Systems*. Leipzig, 1929.
HART, HENRY, ed. *Writers in a Changing World*. London: Lawrence & Wishart, Ltd., 1937.
KAHLER, ERICH. *Man the Measure*. London: Jonathan Cape, 1944.
LEVY, H. *A Philosophy for a Modern Man*. London: Victor Gollancz, Ltd., 1938.
LEWIS, C. DAY. *Collected Poems, 1929-33*. London: Hogarth Press, 1935.
MACIVER, R. M. *Social Causation*. Boston: Ginn and Company, 1942.
MANNHEIM, KARL. *Ideology and Utopia, An Introduction to the Sociology of Knowledge*. London: K. Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., 1940.
———. *Man and Society in an Age of Reconstruction; Studies in*

Modern Social Structure. London: K. Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., 1940.

MULLER, H. J. *Science and Criticism; the Humanistic Tradition in Contemporary Thought*. New Haven, Conn.: Yale Univ. Press, 1943.

PLANCK, MAX. *Where is Science Going?* London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 1933.

SCHELER, MAX. *Die Stellung des Menschen im Kosmos*. Darmstadt, 1928.

SCHWARTZ, DELMORE. *Shenandoah*. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions, 1941.

TOYNBEE, ARNOLD J. *A Study of History*. London: Oxford University Press, 1934.

TROELTSCH, ERNST. *Der Historismus und seine Probleme*. Tübingen, 1922.

VAN DOREN, MARK. *Liberal Education*. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1943.

WEYL, HERMANN. *Mind and Nature*. Philadelphia: Univ. of Pennsylvania Press, 1934.

WERTHEIMER, MAX. *Productive Thinking*. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1945.

INDEX

Absolutes, surrender of, 34ff, 44
  embrace of, 114ff.
Adams, Henry, 49, 117, 173n, 297, 298, 302.
  relation to Spengler, 299.
Afinogenov, Fear, 238.
Agar, Herbert, 127.
Agrarianism, 32, 65, 116, 162.
  See The Antæan Tradition, 116-29.
Alexan, Friedrich Georg, 231n.
Alienation (estrangement), 12, 65, 179.
America, 12, 44, 53, 85, 122, 126ff, 139, 140, 156.
Andreyev, L., 112, 117, 251.
Appel, Benjamin, 88n.
Aristotle, 60, 138, 140, 297.
Art, 12, 15, 28, 76, 149.
Artsybashev, M., 251.
Asch, Sholem, 191n, 196.
  The Nazarene, 191n.
  Three Cities, 196-200
Ascoli, Max, 166.
Austro-Hungarian Empire, 36, 78ff, 97ff, 104.

Babbitt, Irving, 155.
Bacon, F., 251.
Bäumler, A., 27ff.
Bahnsen, Julius, 110ff, 110n.
Balzac, H., 15, 79, 148, 227.
Barbusse, H., 73, 79.
Barrès, Maurice, 131, 137n.
  The Sacred Hill, 135ff.
Barth, Karl, 133n.
Bartlett, F. H., 250.
Becher, Johannes R., 75, 231n.
Beethoven, L. van, 237.
Belloc, Hilaire, 127, 131-33, 137n.
Benardete, M. J., 139n.
Benda, Julien, 34.
Benn, Gottfried, 175n.
Berdiajev, N., 16.
Berendsohn, W., 120f.
Bergson, H., 17, 33, 79, 131, 252, 302n
  relation to Proust 152f.
Bialik, Chaim N., 189.
Bloch, Ernst, 231n.
Boerne, Ludwig, 237.
Bohemia, 35ff, 48, 73.
  feudal, 36ff.
  sex in, 35, 45f.
  bourgeois, 36, 42ff.
  in America, 44.
  freedom, 45ff.
Brandes, G., 19.
Brecht, Bertolt, 231, 232-3.
  Private Life of the Master Race, 233.
Bredel, Willi, 75.
Breton, André, 201.
Brod, Max, 98, 99, 104, 106, 110, 112f.
Brown, J. F., 250.
Brownell, W. C., 155.
Bruckner, Ferdinand, 230.
Brunngraber, R., 40.
Buber, Martin, 191n.
Büchner, Georg, 237.
Bulgakov, M. A., *Days of the Turbins*, 238.
Bunyan, Paul, 99.
Burke, Kenneth, 58n, 117, 127f, 188n, 212, 257n, 301.
Burnham, James, 178n.
Burtt, E. A., 12.

Capek, Carel, 76, 84.
Capitalism, 12, 165ff.
Cather, Willa, 137.
Catholicism, 14, 16, 49, 91, 93f, 109, 114ff, 128, 138, 156, 159, 164, 167, 190-1.
  See The Medieval Tradition, 129, 137.
  Essence and Existence, 113ff, 130, 131n.
  relation to Marxism, 131,
  relation to capitalism, 132, 136f.
  Protestant Catholics, 130f, 132, 135.
Céline, Louis Ferdinand, 89-94, 96.
  satanism, 90ff.
  Journey to the End of the Night, 90ff.
  Death on the Instalment Plan, 90ff.
  Mea Culpa, 90, 93, 94.
Cervantes, S. M., 13, 113.
Chamisson, A.,
Chaos (of standards), 11ff, 15ff.
Chekhov, Anton, 36, 210, 211, 251.
Chesterton, G. K., 131.
Christianity, 113.
Claudel, Paul, 131, 134-5.
  Tidings brought to Mary, 134.
Clurman, Harold, 212.
Cohen, Morris Raphael, 54n, 57, 110, 124.
Communism, 72, 84-5, 166.
Condorcet, M., 172.
Cowley, Malcolm, 45, 71.
Crane, Hart, 48.
Croce, B., 50.
Crosby, Harry, 48.
Cubism, 72.
Cummings, E. E., 43, 102n.

Dante, 75.
Darwin, Charles, 228, 299.
Dawson, Christopher, 129.
Dehmel, Richard, 22n, 79, 157.
Democracy, 166.

Democritus, 304.
Dennis, Lawrence, 174n, 178, 178n.
Descartes, R., 12, 60, 63, 137.
Determinism, 72.
Dewey, John, 12, 17, 50-60, 217n, 301.
  time sense, 51ff.
  idea of democracy, 51ff.
  of experience, 51ff.
  of nature, 54.
  of intelligence, 51, 53, 55.
  of operationalism, 56ff.
  major dilemma, 58.
Dialectic, 60, 140, 217n.
  Marxist, substantive, 60.
  temporal and simultaneous, 205, 256, 267.
Dickens, Charles, 79.
Diderot, D., 251.
Dilthey, William, 33.
Doeblin, Alfred, 90, 92, 102, 118, 192, 245n.
Doermann, Felix, 98.
Doppelgänger motif, 43.
Dos Passos, John, 46, 65, 71-5, 90, 92, 210, 227, 246.
  technique, 71f.
  development, 74.
  determinism, 72ff.
  42nd Parallel, 72ff.
  1919, 72ff.
  The Big Money, 73.
  Adventures of a Young Man, 74.
  U.S.A., 72, 245n.
Dostoyevsky, F., 15, 64, 78, 79, 85, 86, 117, 137, 180, 227, 251.
  Brothers Karamazoff, 100, 129.
Doubt (absolute), 61ff.
Dreiser, Theodore, 88.

Eddington, A. S., 17, 297, 302n.
Ehrenburg, Ilya, *Out of Chaos*, 237, 239, 242.
Eisner, Kurt, 81.
Einstein, Albert, 17, 175, 301n, 302n.
Eliot, T. S., 16, 17, 43, 83, 116, 155-61, 297, 300, 303.
  Idea of a Christian Society, 156.
Engels, Friedrich, 216, 224, 225n, 237, 249, 256.
Estheticism, 147ff.
Exiles, 75-95.
Expressionism, 19, 21, 32-3, 49-50, 71, 81ff, 84, 101f, 103, 109, 110f, 121, 123, 126, 161.
Euripides, 21.

Fallada, Hans, 180, 181, 188n.
  Little Man, What Now? 182, 185-6.
  Once We had a Child, 183-5.
  Sparrow Farm, 183, 184-5.
  Wolf Among Wolves, 183, 185-7.
Farrell, J. T., 90, 210.
Fascism, 11, 14, 16, 19, 43, 46, 57, 65f, 84, 115, 121, 128, 131, 134, 159, 173-9.
  exiles, 75-88.
  Italian, 167-9.
  feudal, 174.
Faustian (Spengler), 172-3.
  relation to art, 75f, 168n.
  relation to Marxism and democracy, 172.
Faulkner, William, 63, 90.
Feuchtwanger, Lion, 228-9, 230, 248.
  The Pretender, 229, 230.
Feuer, Lewis S., 223n, 225n.
Feuerbach, Ludwig, 164.
Fichte, J. G., 96.
Flaubert, Gustave, 61.
Frank, Bruno, 77.
Frank, Waldo, 191n, 192, 196.
Freedom, 11-12, 16, 49f, 128.
  Bohemian, 35.
Freeman, Joseph, 42n, 44, 45, 46, 255n.
Freiligrath, F., 237.
Freud, Sigmund, 17, 19, 29, 41, 48, 80, 96-7, 98, 102, 105, 115, 116, 118-19, 249, 252-7.
  earlier and later doctrine, 253.
  relation to Marx, 250, 254.
  freedom in, 254.
Fromm, Erich, 251, 255.
Funaroff, S., 215.
Futurists, 57n.

Galileo, G., 12.
Gauguin, Paul, 15, 33, 124, 125.
Gautier, T., 48, 71-2.
Gentile, G., 50.
George, Stefan, 115, 116, 155, 157-60.
  technique, 158.
  relation to Rilke and Dehmel, 157, 160f.
  to fascism, 180, 186.
Germany, 95.
Gide, André, 44, 61-5, 227, 257.
  criticism and Protestantism, 61ff, 63, 64.
  relation to Goethe and Mann, 63.
  to Soviet Union, 62.
  The Counterfeiters, 44, 61ff, 63, 65.
  Strait Is the Gate, 64, 143.
  Imaginary Interviews, 63, 64, 65.
  Journal, 62, 64.
Gilson, Etienne, 131, 137.
Glebov, A. G., *Inga*, 238.
Goethe, J. W., 13, 21, 28, 29, 32, 63f, 71, 78, 79, 100, 113, 158, 163-4, 237, 251, 257, 267.
  Faust, 63-4, 106, 108, 113, 115, 117, 164, 176, 270.
Gogol, N., 180.
Gold, Michael, 46.
Gorky, Maxim, 72, 80, 88n, 210, 212, 237, 238, 242, 244.
Graf, Oskar Maria, 230.

Greece (tradition), 11-12,21, 71-2, 138, 156.
Gregory, Horace, 123, 124.
Grillparzer, Franz, 37, 79, 251.
Gundolf, Friedrich, 158.

Ha'am, Achad, 191n.
Hamsun, Knut, 33, 68n, 115, 116, 119-21, 128.
  Growth of the Soil, 119ff.
Hartmann, E. von, 252.
Hauptmann, Gerhart, 36, 72n, 79, 81, 148, 180, 181,3, 195, 209-10.
Hebbel, F.,
Hegel, G. W. F., 21, 49, 168n, 251.
Heidegger, Martin, 17, 252.
Heine, Heinrich, 75, 100, 182, 231, 237.
Heisenberg, W., 17.
Hellmann, Lilian, 210.
Hemingway, Ernest, 37, 42, 45-8, 63, 73, 77, 85, 118, 210.
  development, 47.
  The Sun Also Rises and *A Farewell to Arms*, 45ff.
  For Whom the Bell Tolls, 46ff.
Heracleitus, 217.
Herwegh, G., 237.
Herzfelde, Wieland, 231n.
Herzl, Theodor, 191n.
Hess, Moses, 191.
Heym, Stefan, 231n.
Hitlerism, 165-73, 174-80, 228.
  historical causation, 169-88.
  principle of visibleness, 173-178-188.
  psychological appeal, 169ff.
  Mein Kampf, 174, 177.
Hoelderlin, F., 177n.
Hofer, Karl, 117.
Hoffman, E. Th. A., 251.
Hofmannsthal, H. von, 37, 79, 98.
Horney, Karen, 255, 257n.
Horvath, O., 176.
Hugo, Victor, 28, 63.
Humanism (American), 115, 130, 155-8.
Hume, David, 60.
Huxley, Aldous, 37, 42-4, 50, 73, 124.
  Point Counter Point, 43f.
  Ends and Means, 44.

Ibsen, H., 16, 19, 72n, 210.
Identification (problem of), 43, 76.
Ilf and Petrov, *Little Golden Calf, Little Golden America*, 241-2.
Impressionism, 43, 79, 148, 160.
  See Proust, Marcel.
Individualism, 12, 122.
Instrumentalism, See Dewey, John.
Irrationalism, 29.

Jackson, T. A., 250.
James, Henry, 297.
James, William, 51, 140f, 169.
Jeffers, Robinson, 88, 90, 92.
Jevons, William, 228.
Jolas, E.,
Joyce, James, 43, 50, 92, 102, 118, 148, 153, 201.
  relation to Catholicism, 201ff, 204.
  to Thomas Mann, 295.
  technique, 201, 204ff.
  Ulysses, 23, 90, 93, 142, 143, 154, 202.
  Finnegans Wake, 128, 154, 203.
Judaism, 30, 30n, 79, 80, 97, 106, 111, 134, 174, 189.
  " spiritual," 189f.
  relation to Catholicism, Protestantism, socialism,
Jünger, Ernst, 177n, 180, 180n.
Jung, C. G., 41, 98.

Kafka, Franz, 23, 68n, 86, 89f, 90, 94, 96-113, 161, 164, 245n.
  development, 99-100.
  technique, 101f, 110-111.
  sex in, 98, 104, 106f.
  social theme, 100f, 102f, 104-5, 108-9, 112.
  metaphors, 96, 98-99.
  relation to Kierkegaard, 98f, 105n, 109, 109n, 112, 113.
  America, 100-1.
  The Trial, 100, 101-5, 107, 109, 112n.
  The Castle, 100, 105-9, 111, 112.
  " Metamorphosis," 98.
  The Great Wall of China, 112.
Kaiser, Georg, 102, 118, 192.
Kant, Immanuel, 21f, 23, 56.
Kantorowicz, Alfred, 230.
Kataev, V. P., *Squaring the Circle*, 241, 242.
Keyserling, H., 173n.
Kierkegaard, S., 16, 89, 98f, 99, 105n, 109n, 109, 112, 113.
Kisch, Egon Erwin, 231n.
Klages, Ludwig, 33.
Kleist, Heinrich von, 33, 79, 129, 251.
Kokoschka, Oskar, 72.
Kolnai, A., 177n, 188.
Kraus, Karl, 41.
Krutch, J. W., 42.
Kultur, 172.
  See Nietzsche, Friedrich, and Spengler, Oswald.
Kussy, Bella, 95.

Lamarck, J. B. P. A., 228.
Langhoff, W., 75, 231n.
Laski, Harold, 49.
Lawrence, D. H., 33, 43f, 68n, 83, 115f, 118, 121-6.
  sex in, 122ff.
  societal instinct, 124.
  " possession," 121, 141.
  relation to Tolstoy, 125.
  Women in Love, 121, 123, 125.

Sons and Lovers, 122, 123, 124, 125.
"Aaron's Rod," 122, 124.
Lady Chatterley's Lover, 123f, 125.
Lawson, John Howard, 210.
Leibnitz, G. W., 251.
Lenin, V., 79, 217, 222, 224, 232.
Leopardi, G., 89.
Lessing, G. E., 231, 237, 251.
Lewin, Kurt, 251.
Lewis, C. D., 296.
Lewis, Sinclair, 210.
Lewis, Wyndham, 12, 49, 50.
Lewisohn, Ludwig, 191n.
Liberalism, 11f, 14, 16, 49, 145, 156.
Lieberman, Max, 72n.
Lukacs, Georg, 22, 28, 29n, 228, 241.
Lunacharsky, A. V., 237.
Faust and the City, 237-8.

McGill, V. J., 58n.
MacIver, R. M., 13.
MacLeish, Archibald, 165.
Maeterlinck, M., 36.
Mahler, Gustav, 41.
Malraux, André, 17, 48, 65, 128, 236-67, 294, 297, 301, 304.
notion of dignity, 259, 260.
relation to Gide and Silone, 257.
Man's Fate, 257, 261, 264, 266.
Days of Wrath, 236, 244, 257.
Man's Hope, 128, 257, 265-6.
Maltz, Albert, 210, 238.
and Sklar, 238.
Man (universal), 215 294ff.
Mann, Heinrich, 16, 19, 79, 230, 231, 294, 301.
Henry of Navarre and *Henry the King*, 231-2, 248.
Mann, Klaus, 77.
Mann, Thomas, 17, 19, 33, 36, 64, 69, 79, 83, 105, 118, 123, 128, 153, 154, 157, 177n, 188, 189, 196, 196n, 202, 227, 245n, 268-94, 270n, 301.
collectivism, 271.
dialectic, 281n.
"Geist" (irony of "blessing"), 273, 274, 279.
identification, 268.
Kultur, 269, 270, 272.
myth, 285.
pit-motif, 275ff.
sex in, 279, 280n, 281n, 283.
tragedy, 293.
universal culture, 270ff.
relation to: Catholicism, Freud, Goethe, 282, 283, 284, 287n.
Hebraic-Christian tradition, 292.
Joyce, 295.
masses, 281.
Nazism, 294.
Nietzsche, 276n.
Schopenhauer, 279.
socialism, 281ff, 290.
technics, 281ff.
Wagner, 268.
The Beloved Returns, 282, 283, 284, 285.
Blood of the Walsungs, 280n.
Buddenbrooks, 268.
Death in Venice, 268, 281n.
Joseph and His Brothers, 16, 32, 64, 105, 128, 154, 272, 274, 279, 280, 281, 291.
Joseph in Egypt, 276, 277, 278, 279.
Joseph the Provider, 282, 288, 289, 290, 291.
The Magic Mountain, 23, 102, 105, 128, 142, 154, 268, 269n, 281n, 294.
Royal Highness, 279, 284, 288.
Tonio Kroeger, 268, 269, 284, 293.
Tristan, 268f.
The Transposed Heads, 282, 285.
Young Joseph, 275.
Mannheim, Karl, 301n.
Marcuse, H., 221.
Maritain, Jacques, 131, 132, 133-7, 137n, 156, 189, 200, 220, 221, 222.
Marx, Karl (Marxism), 16f, 24, 31, 32, 33, 48, 52, 57n, 58, 61, 82, 115, 131, 166, 171, 196, 216, 237, 249, 251-7, 267, 270.
alienation, 220.
critique of capitalism, 220.
Class struggle, 223-4.
determinism and freedom, 222, 224, 253, 256, 260.
dialectics, 216-17.
ethics, 220.
human nature, 218, 220f, 254f.
individualism, 218.
law and change, 223.
materialism, 222.
tragedy, 226.
relation to: Catholicism, 131.
Freudianism, 250, 254-5.
pragmatism, 218.
Masses (and man), 227.
Massis, Henri, 156.
Materialism (tradition), 138.
Maurras, C. M. P., 156.
Medieval (tradition), 11-12, 129-37.
Mehring, Franz, 28.
Mehring, Walter, 231n.
Meier-Graefe, 118.
Melville, Herman, 125f.
Mencken, H. L., 19, 155.
Mendelssohn, Peter, *Across the Dark River*, 76, 84.
Middle-class, 12, 33, 42, 49, 60, 72, 80, 126, 169.
Mill, John Stuart, 52.
Moeller-Bruck, 27, 177n.
Monet, Claude, 72n.
Montaigne, Michel, 206.
More, Paul Elmer, 156.
Morgan, Lloyd, 50.

Morwitz, Ernst, 159.
Mühsam, Erich, 76, 84.
Munzer, Thomas, 237.
Munich Agreement, 14.
Mussolini, B., 167f, 228.
Myths (classical, etc.), 128.
  See Mann, Thomas.

Nagel, E., 15n.
Naturalism, 20, 37, 57, 71.
Negro, treatment, 127.
  See Wright, Richard.
Neumann, Franz, 166, 168n, 170, 178.
Newton, Sir Isaac, 15, 17.
Nexö, Martin Anderson, 33, 40, 128, 227.
Niebuhr, Reinhold, 130, 131, 221.
Nietzsche, Friedrich, 15, 16, 19-33, 48, 50, 63, 81, 89, 104, 109, 117, 122, 151, 158f, 171, 172, 176, 177, 252, 267, 270, 279, 302.
  roots, 20.
  dualism, 19ff.
  Superman, 19ff, 22, 25, 26.
  eternal recurrence, 20, 26, 27n, 89.
  technics and collectivism, 20, 24, 32.
  state, 23, 30-1.
  European Man, 31ff.
  relation to: Anti-Semitism, 29-30.
    fascism, 21-2, 27-31.
    Germany, 22-3, 29f.
    Schopenhauer, 21, 25.
    Wagner, 22, 23, 25, 28, 31f.
  Thoughts out of Season, 21.
Nihilism (moral), 14, 172.
Nordau, Max, 191n.
Novalis, F., 32n.

Odets, Clifford, 210-13.
  technique, 210-11, 213.
  relation to O'Neill and Chekhov, 211-12, 214.
  Awake and Sing, 211-12, 214.
  Golden Boy, 212-13.
  Night Music, 210, 213.
  Paradise Lost, 212.
  Rocket to the Moon, 211-12.
  Waiting for Lefty, 213.
O'Neill, Eugene, 195, 201, 205, 210.
  technique, 206-9.
  development, 205ff.
  relation to Chekhov and Odets, 206.
  Days Without End, 195, 205, 206, 208
  Dynamo, 206, 208-9.
  Hairy Ape, 205, 210.
  Marco Millions, 208, 209n.
  Mourning Becomes Electra, 206-7.
  Strange Interlude, 206-7.
Ortega y Gasset, J., 25, 227.
Osborne, Reuben, 250.
Ossietzky, Carl von, 84.

Paechter, H., 178n.
Paine, Thomas, 28.
Pareto, V., 169.
Parrington, V. L., 173n.
Pascal, Blaise, 89, 112, 113.
Peirce, Charles, 15.
Personality, conception of, 215ff, 237.
Pessimism, 90-1.
Picasso, P., 117.
Plato, 75, 138, 141, 156.
Pluralism, 43.
Poe, Edgar Allan, 89.
Positivism, 301.
Pound, Ezra, 116, 295.
Pragmatism, 21, 50-1, 167-8
  See Dewey, John.
Primitivism, 167.
  See The Antæan Tradition.
Probability, theory of, 15n.
Protestantism, 49ff, 130-1, 135, 145.
  Catholic, 130-1.
Proudhon, P. J., 151.
Proust, Marcel, 36, 38, 39, 68, 115, 123, 128, 138, 145, 147-55, 202, 295.
  biographical elements, 147f.
  technique, 147, 153, 154-5.
  regression, 153f.
  theory of essences and of time, 147-8, 150, 152ff, 154-5.
  mediative role, 147, 148, 149, 150, 152, 153n, 154.
  relation to Bergson, 147, 152.
  A la Recherche du Temps Perdu, 147ff.
  Swann's Way, 172, 189.
  The Guermantes' Way, 172.
  The Past Recaptured, 150ff.
Psychology and Sociology, See Marx and Freud.

Randall, J. H., 57.
Rapoport, J., 250.
Ratner, Joseph, 51, 55.
Rauschning, H., 176n, 179n.
Regression, 94, 148, 154.
Relativism, 301f.
Religion, 85, 89.
  See Catholicism; Mann, Thomas.
Remarque, E. M., 77, 84.
Renaissance, 11, 12, 71.
Renn, Ludwig, 231n.
Rilke, Rainer Maria, 94, 96, 115, 116f, 157, 160-164.
  relation to George and Dehmel, 157, 160.
  Book of Hours, 161, 162, 164.
  metaphors, 161, 163.
Rimbaud, A., 117.
Roberts, Leo., 50.
Robinson, Edwin Arlington, 71.
Rodin, Auguste, 162.
Rolland, Romain, 11, 15, 79, 215.
Romains, Jules, 71.
Romanticism, 20, 32n.
Rosenberg, Alfred, 27, 174n, 176.
Rousseau, J. J., 42, 116.

Royce, Josiah, 140.
Russell, Bertrand, 17.
Russia. See Chekhov.

St. Augustine, 15.
St. Thomas Aquinas, 137.
Sandburg, Carl, 215, 242, 249.
Santayana, George, 15, 16, 57, 115, 128, 133, 137-47.
  Spanish elements, 139.
  Catholicism, 139.
  post-rational morality, 140f.
  theory of essences, 138, 141-2, 146.
  Background of My Life, 139, 140.
  Dialogues in Limbo, 145, 146.
  Last Puritan, 139, 140-2, 144.
  Life of Reason, 140, 142, 144.
  Realms of Being, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146.
  Realm of Essence, 145.
  Realm of Spirit, 145.
  Scepticism and Animal Faith, 141.
  Winds of Doctrine, 141.
Saroyan, William, 94.
Schelling, F. W., 252.
Schiller, Friedrich, 28, 237, 241.
Schlegel, F., 177n.
Schnitzler, Arthur, 36-42, 68n, 79, 98, 122, 148.
  critic of bohemia, 37, 38, 41.
  sex in, 39, 41.
  effect of war, 38, 39, 41.
  Affairs of Anatol, 37.
  Call of Life, 42.
  Casanova's Homecoming, 38.
  "*Flight Into Darkness*," 40.
  Fraülein Else, 39.
  Hands Around, 41.
  Light o' Love, 37, 39, 117.
  Professor Bernhardi, 38, 42.
  Theresa, 39, 40.
Schoenberg, Arnold, 41.
Schoenstedt, Walter, 77, 231n.
Schopenhauer, Arthur, 15, 21, 22, 27, 50, 89, 114, 115, 140, 172, 176, 252, 279.
Schubert, W., 26.
Schwartz, Delmore, 296.
Science, 12, 15, 71, 89.
Seghers, Anna, 85, 231, 232, 237, 294, 301.
  relation to Werfel and Silone, 236.
  The Seventh Cross, 234-5.
Selsam, Howard, 52, 221n.
Sex, 35, 122.
  See Schnitzler, Arthur; Mann, Thomas; Freud, Sigmund.
Shakespeare, William, 13, 71, 158, 251.
  Hamlet, 13, 113.
Shaw, George Bernard, 19, 25, 79, 227-8.
Shelley, P. B.,
Sholokoff, M., *And Quiet Flows the Don*, 237, 239, 294, 301, 304.
Signac, Paul, 72n.
Silone, Ignazio, 65-70, 74, 128, 178, 227, 257.
  ethical and political dualism, 66.
  relation to Gide, 65.
  to Catholicism, Marxism and fascism, 65ff.
  Bread and Wine, 66, 69, 70.
  Fontamara, 65, 66.
  School for Dictators, 69.
  Seed Beneath the Snow, 69, 236.
Singer, I. J., 198n.
Social Democracy, 166.
Socialism, 32n, 128, 129, 145, 173, 174n, 175, 178.
Sorel, August, 169.
Soviet literature, 237-240, 241-2.
Soviet Union, 12, 13, 14, 125, 228.
Spann, Othmar, 174n.
Spencer, Herbert, 17, 172.
Spengler, Oswald, 17, 19, 21, 49, 50, 71, 117, 154, 171-4, 172n, 177, 252, 295, 297.
  See also Fascism.
Spinoza, Baruch, 17, 21, 27, 138, 140, 145, 146, 189.
Status, 12, 132ff, 189, 191.
Stein, Gertrude, 16, 102, 114, 116.
Steinbeck, John, 17, 242, 244, 246, 294, 301
  determinism and freedom, 243.
  nature and the machine, 247n.
  The Grapes of Wrath, 128, 242-3, 246n, 247.
  Of Mice and Men, 242, 248.
  The Moon is Down, 243, 247.
Stekel, W., 41, 98.
Stendhal, H. B., 148.
Strindberg, August, 16, 19, 27, 72n, 105, 148, 210.
Substance, philosophies of, 16, 173.
Suicide, 78, 104.
  See Zweig, Stefan; Toller, Ernst.
Surrealism, 19, 50.
Synge, J. M., 201.
Systems, 115ff, 173.

Tate, Allen, 126, 127.
Technology, 12, 104, 117, 136, 161-2.
Tennyson, A., 17.
Time, philosophy of, 49, 72, 161, 163-4.
  See Dewey, John; Proust, Marcel.
Toller, Ernst 75, 78, 79-84, 227, 230.
  individualism, 80ff.
  Hinkemann, 83.
  Man and the Masses, 80, 81
  No More Peace, 83.
Tolstoy, Leo., 36, 113, 117, 121, 126, 161, 162, 180, 196, 227, 239.
Tragedy, 12, 46.
Transcendence, 155ff.
Transition group, 202.
Trebs, Karl, 175.

Treitsche, H., 24n.
Trilling, Lionel, 205.
Tucholsky, Kurt, 76.
Toynbee, Arnold, 300.

Uhse, Bodo, 231n.
Unamuno, M., 16.
Uncertainty (as a principle), 49ff.
Undset, Sigrid, 33, 112, 128, 131, 135.
Kristin Lavransdatter, 135-6.
Stages on the Road, 156.
Uniformity and unity, 297ff.
Unruh, Fritz von, 231n.
Valéry, Paul, 19, 92.
Van Doren, Mark, 303.
Van Gogh, Vincent, 15, 117.
Veblen, Thorstein, 12, 73.
Vico, B., 202.
Vienna, 36ff, 78ff.
See Schnitzler, Arthur.
Viertel, Berthold, 231n.
Voltaire, F. M. A., 78.

Wagner, Richard, 21, 107, 176, 251, 279.
Wassermann, Jakob, 83, 84, 192.
Weber, Max, 13n, 160, 301n.
Weinert, Erich, 231n.
Weininger, Otto, 98.
Weiskopf, F. C., 231n.
Werfel, Franz, 68, 79, 95, 96, 112, 153, 192.
relation to Catholicism, 192, 193-4.
See Silone, Ignazio; Seghers, Anna.
Embezzled Heaven, 192f, 193-4.
Eternal Road, 194.
Forty Days of Musa Dagh, 193, 248.
Goat Song, 193, 195.
Juaraz and Maximilian, 193, 195.
Pascarella Family, 192.
The Pure in Heart, 192, 194.
The Song of Bernadette, 194-5, 236.
Twilight of a World, 192-3.
Whitehead, A. N., 57, 296, 302n.
Whitman, Walt, 94.
Wilson, Edmund, 35n.
Wolf, Friedrich, 75, 210, 231n.
Wolfe, Thomas, 88, 90, 94-6, 242.
relation to Rilke, Celine and Kafka, 96.
Look Homeward, Angel, 94ff.
You Can't Go Home Again, 94ff.
nature in, 95.
Wolfskehl, Karl, 159.
Wolters, F., 159.
Wright, Richard, *Native Son*, 84-8.
fire-motif, 87.
relation to Dostoyevsky, 85, 86.

Yeats, William Butler, 147, 201.

Zangwill, Israel, 191n.
Zionism, 113.
See Judaism.
Zola, Emile, 227.
Zuckmayer, Carl, 231n.
Zur Muhlen, Hermynia, 231.
Zweig, Arnold, 228, 230.
Crowning of a King, 228-9.
Zweig, Stefan, 76, 78-80, 84.