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A CULTURAL HISTORY
OF THE MODERN AGE

THE CRISIS OF THE
EUROPEAN SOUL
FROM THE BLACK DEATH
TO THE WORLD WAR

BY
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Translated from the German by
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death of ~~Gustavus~~

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were crushed under Croat horse-hoofs — for Gustavus Adolphus, cool and steel-hard *Realpolitiker* though he was, had still so much of the romantic, the northern sea-king, in him that, although short-sighted and fat, he invariably fought out the battle in the midst of his troops; so that there came a day when he met his death in the thick of a *mêlée*, just as though he had been a mail-clad duke of the grey Middle Ages. He died not too early to have impressed the world with his superior power, and early enough to be put into Protestant text-books and festival plays as the selfless champion of liberty and faith.

The "Great War," as it was called, has always tempted later generations to indulge in criticisms which, whether favourable or unfavourable, have the common characteristics of complacency and exaggeration. It came to be habitually looked at through a magnifying-glass, and until quite recently its effects have been vastly over-estimated. This was the consequence of relying exclusively on contemporary narratives without taking into account the fact that they were frankly polemical in character and no more represented the real proportions of things than, say, today's descriptions of White or Red rule in individual countries. Moreover, a rage for distorting and puffing out everything to the point of abstruseness or monstrosity was one of the deep-rooted traits of the age. Even that most famous of contemporary documents, Grimmelshausen's *Simplizissimus*, has only the value of a coarse and powerful oleograph, of a fantastic although very impressive caricature, employing the poetic licence naïvely and without restraint to present things in a more compressed form than that which they bear in reality. Further, it was forgotten that this abortion of a war represented no connected action, but an amorphous crowd of isolated war incidents, and, therefore, that only a few districts suffered permanently, most of them only temporarily or at long intervals, and others not at all. It had also no similarity with the wars of today. These have as their most characteristic feature the straining of all available forces to the utmost. But in the Thirty Years' War there was no question at all of bringing in every section of the country, every class of the population, every physical and material means of fighting. The obligation to bear arms did not exist even for the citizens of a beleaguered city. One was a soldier only if one pleased and for as

Exaggerated
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was now outstripped in this field also by the French manufactur-
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or quality of goods. The Mediterranean traffic too, for which
Germany had provided the natural route to the North, had long
been ousted from its dominant position, partly through the im-
provement in navigation, and the great discoveries, but partly
also by Germany's own fault: for the innumerable customs bar-
riers, with their trickery and extortion, and the many varieties of
coinage made landwise trading a positive torture. The lack of a
uniform currency especially gave rise to a national scourge which
proved more devastating to Germany than the war: this was the
scandalous race, denounced in many a contemporary pamphlet,
of coiners and clippers — "*Kipper und Wipper*," as the papers
called them, appellations as flattering as that of "profiteer" to-
day. It was these elements in the population that were blamed,
and not without some justification, for the general misery. But
the chief culprits were really the various sovereigns. They had
soon discovered that the currency nuisance held a great advantage
for them in that they could enforce the acceptance of their own
baser money at face values, such being the primitive method of
the time for enriching oneself through a government loan. At
first the population raised no objection, for the old full-weight
gold, of which nearly everyone had a store, went up in price. But
in course of time a general crash became inevitable. Smuggling,
receiving, fraudulent barter, and other disreputable practices took
charge of finance; men paid out "light" money and bought good
money much in the manner of speculators on the Stock Exchange
today. The sovereign princes, caught in a vicious circle (for they
were now having their taxes and interest paid to them in their
own bad coinage), resorted to more and more desperate measures.
Finally the coins were made merely of silvered copper, or even
inferior material, and became simply counters. It happened very
much as in our own day, with the difference that they used sheet
metal and not paper. And the appropriate social phenomena fol-
lowed as a matter of course: sudden wealth and extravagant
luxury on the part of the lucky speculators, distress of the salaried
class and brain-workers, poverty of those with small savings,
rapid depreciation of all capital assets, endless strikes, wild
tumults.

"Constituted
anarchy"

The ruin was made complete by the Peace of Westphalia, which reduced Germany almost to an inland country, by leaving her with practically no important river-mouth, that of the Rhine becoming Dutch, that of the Vistula Polish, those of the Oder, the Elbe, and the Weser Swedish. The Baltic was disputed by Danes, Swedes, and Poles; the North Sea by French, Dutch, and English — nowhere was there room for Germany. And at the same time this treaty perpetuated Germany's particularism by granting to all the states of the Empire the *superitas territorialis*, which gave them the right to form alliances among themselves and with foreign powers "except against the Emperor and the Empire" — this reservation being a mere form of words. The Swedish chancellor Oxenstierna, who is responsible for the wise saying: "*An nescis, mi fili, quantilla prudentia regatur orbis?*" ("Do you not know, my son, with how little understanding the world is governed?"), failed, it would seem, to find even that little in the German constitution, for he describes it as a confusion only maintained by Providence. Two hundred years later Hegel, still more candidly, called it a "constituted anarchy."

End of the
Middle
Ages

The Thirty Years' War, kindled originally as a war of beliefs, lost its religious character in the first decade and became ever more and more political as it went on. We have seen that Gustavus Adolphus's chief motive in intervention was in no wise the championing of a confusion. He was pursuing a great-power policy for Sweden, and a further (perhaps a chief) motive for setting himself in opposition to the Emperor's party was the fact that it supported his hereditary enemies the Poles in their claim to the throne of the Vasas. He was made uneasy also by the plans of Wallenstein, who had been nominated General of the Baltic by the Emperor and was using every effort to make this much more than an empty title. Wallenstein, for his part, never once in his whole career gave the Catholic cause a thought. So, too, after the second battle of Breitenfeld the Protestant King of Denmark by his threatening attitude prevented the Swedes from reaping the fruits of their victory. At the Peace of Prague, which occurred about the middle of the war, the Elector of Saxony, the bulwark of the Lutheran cause, went over to the Imperialists. The final phase upon which the struggle now entered was entirely under the influence of France, which continued the war against the

Catholic party by means of the head and brain of the Church, the great Richelieu, the great testament of Henry IV, Richelieu's death his life: Mazarin — likewise a Roman soldier of his "Generalissimo of Bavaria, the friend of Faith's sake. And life passed had forgotten the origin Swedish, Protestants in proved stronger than both activities and relations, the Reformation, now to

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Catholic party by means of Protestant princes and generals. And the head and brain of this policy was a Cardinal of the Roman Church, the great Richelieu, who therein was carrying out the testament of Henry IV, Most Christian King of France. After Richelieu's death his life's work was continued and completed by Mazarin — likewise a Roman Cardinal. Only Ferdinand II, the soldier of his "Generalissima" the Mother of God, and Maximilian of Bavaria, the friend of his youth, fought for the Catholic Faith's sake. And life passed them by, and in the end everyone had forgotten the origins of the war: Catholics fought in the Swedish, Protestants in the Imperial, armies. The law of the age proved stronger than both parties: the will to secularize all human activities and relations, which we have seen to be the essence of the Reformation, now took possession of the Catholic world also. And whereas in the sixteenth century doctrinal convictions and passions still occupied the minds of men so exclusively as to drive out all national, social, and patriotic considerations and feelings, the exact opposite now took place: all Europe was completely politicalized, secularized, rationalized. The Middle Ages are at an end.

The first section of the genuine Modern Age, which may thus be said to begin simultaneously with the Thirty Years' War, reaches to about the year 1660 and may be described as a sort of pre-Baroque period. In it the new world-picture comes slowly into the field of vision, now too coarse and now too pale in features. It is an era of preparation, in which as it were the provisional plan, the first sketch, the rough draft of Baroque man is conceived. The beginning of the sixties makes a fairly distinct *cæsura* here. After the death of Cromwell comes the Restoration of the Stuarts in 1660; after the death of Mazarin, Louis XIV in 1661 becomes a self-sufficing personal ruler; in 1660 Velasquez dies, in 1662 Pascal. These four dates, around which are grouped numerous others of the second rank, but equally significant, close one stage in history and open another.

The central political idea of this era, in which absolutism was to ripen, is the "reason of state," *ratio status*, of which Moscherosch, the German satirist, said: "*Ratio status* is from its origin a glorious, magnificent, and divine thing. But what is there the Devil cannot do? He has joined himself with the *ratio*

The Pre-Baroque

Ratio status

status and turned it upside down, so that it is now nothing better than the biggest swindle in the world, and a ruler who pays his respects to it may do whatever he pleases in its name." And according to another contemporary writer: "It is an eye-powder or dust which the rulers sprinkle in the eyes of their subjects; it is a most superior artifice to keep the common folk quiet." The leading political personage is now the all-powerful minister of state, familiar with every intrigue and feint and finesse of secret diplomacy; in the place of the court theologian we now have the court lawyer, while the other, in so far as he is allowed to exercise any real influence, excels in a peculiarly ugly form of intolerance — most of all, in the Lutheran camp, where he is equally bitter against the Calvinist and the Roman doctrines. The Elector of Saxony's court divine, von Hohenegg, for instance, declared that to take up arms for the Calvinists was nothing but doing knight-service for the original founder of Calvinism — namely, the Devil; that whoever should depart in the smallest detail from the Augsburg Confession was a Syncretist (this being in the eyes of strict Lutherans the most terrific of all reproaches). Even a man of such genuine human piety as Paulus Gerhardt could say: "I cannot consider the Calvinists *qua tales* as Christians." In short the prevailing state of mind was that described by Karl von Hase in his brilliant *Kirchengeschichte*: "In spite of all their subtlety, they really thought of God as a great Lutheran pastor who hit out in defence of his honour." The only exception was Angelus Silesius, originally a Protestant, but later a Catholic. In his *Cherubinische Wandersmann* German mysticism once more unfolded all its profundity and creative power. Yet even this pure, strong-minded thinker, who was able to write: "He who sayeth that God turneth away from the sinner doth clearly show that he doth not yet know God," flooded the world in his last years with bigoted writings, in which he attacked Protestantism with the same narrow and ruthless fanaticism that had so dishonoured Protestantism itself.

It was in those days that the word "political" came to have the subsidiary meaning of wary, cunning, diplomatic, knowing, that it still retains in the popular tongue. A "head for politics" was one that knew how to manage and make use of fellow-creatures skilfully, how to turn everything smartly to one's own advantage, how to insinuate oneself non-committally into

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people's affairs, and in fact how to make the most of that kind of ability which is always conducive to worldly success. "*Politesse*," on the other hand, meant polished manners, social ease, fluent conversation — these again mere instruments to success in high life. Other words, too, acquired new meanings and very significant ones. What everyone shared in became "common," "vulgar." A man who bore himself courteously, who was presentable at court, counted as a man of moral values, and "*schlecht*," up till then synonymous with "*schlicht*" (plain, straight), came to mean the same as "inferior," "mean."

Although people prided themselves in those days on their social forms and accomplishments, German life has never been so loose, slack, and uncontrolled as at this particular time. A society in the social sense, such as was almost always to be found in the Romance countries, had simply never existed in Germanic countries, and least of all in Germany. There was never on German soil a universal standard of refinement for public life; a universal art of behaviour, urbanity, conversation; a universal purity and agreeableness of the spoken and written word and of taste. This much-praised quality of the Latins had, however, its shady side: it was based on a lack of inward freedom and individuality. High development of collective culture presupposes something like uniformity, or at least a common determination to submit to certain conventions, traditions, statute-books, and regulations. In this respect a striking contrast becomes evident between the Germanic and Latin cultures. In Italy, Spain, and France there is a higher collective spirit, and, correspondingly, they hardly show an instance of the phenomenon of misunderstood genius. On the other hand we do not find any genius towering so often above his fellows as in England, Germany, or Scandinavia. These countries have a lower general level, and their great men have to wait long for recognition, sometimes until after they are dead. But it is more rarely that first-rank phenomena appear at all on Latin soil. It is uncommon, again, in the Romance lands to find a great man who looks down on his own nation, feels himself an exile in his fatherland, and looks abroad for his sympathizers — yet with Germanic genius this is almost the rule. Take Frederick the Great, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Handel, Beethoven, Strindberg, Ibsen, Shaw, Byron, and many more. All his life, even

Germanic
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Culture

in banishment, Dante was a Florentine; Voltaire looked longingly over to France day and night from his Swiss asylum; Descartes's meditations in his self-chosen "Dutch hermitage" were all for the benefit of his Paris friends; Victor Hugo in Guernsey wrote solely for France and about France — and, generally speaking, no Italian, Spanish, or French artist or philosopher would have conceived the crazy idea of wanting to live and create for anything but his country, his capital, his people, and his culture. This all arises from the fact (already noted in our section on the Italian Renaissance) that with the Latin races the great man is the collective expression and essence of his nation, whereas with the Germanic peoples it is not so. But just as, in nature and in history, the great law of action and reaction sees to it that apparent damages and attacks have always their compensations — and more than compensations — so in this case genius at times is stimulated, by the very obtuseness or hostility of the *milieu*, to rise to heights of achievement never attained in other circumstances. In Descartes, Calderon, Balzac, or Verdi we have peaks of their race; in Kant, Shakspeare, Goethe, Beethoven, peaks of humanity.

"Alamodishness"

It need hardly be said that in this period, the most sterile that Germany ever knew, all the leading ideas in literature, art, luxury, and manners came from abroad. The ideal of the age was the *homme du monde*, also called *homme de cour*, *honnête homme*, *monsieur à la mode*. The whole phase came to be known as "alamodishness" ("*alamodisches Wesen*"). In those days, however, it was Holland, and not yet France, which led the fashion, and the German's "grand tour" abroad, indispensable to all who wished to be in the swim, usually took him to the Netherlands. On the other hand we have even Moscherosch, so soon, complaining with all downrightness of a general Frenchification. "O more than foolish youth! What animal would be so senseless as to alter his speech and voice to please another? Did you ever hear a cat bark to please a dog, a dog mew to please a cat? Truly, a firm Teutsch nature and a slippery Welsch wit have no more in common than cat and dog: will you then display less sense than the animals, and ape them, and get no thanks for it too? Did you ever hear a bird moo, or a cow sing?" The epistolary style of the nobles was already completely French. And, when you look into it, practi-

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cally everyone was of the nobility. For it was uncommonly easy to acquire a title, either by purchase or by services rendered to some pocket-edition of a prince. This paper nobility — against which the nobility of lineage waged a fight as strenuous as it was hopeless — gradually absorbed all the upper ten thousands. The custom (which still survives in Austria) of addressing every well-dressed man as Herr "von" So-and-so dates from this time. In Italy it was carried so far that everyone belonging to the best society became automatically a *marchese*. In this striving after outward nobility, unaccompanied by any shedding of inner vulgarity, we see the first symptoms of the servility which was soon to become the hall-mark of social life. "Reputation" and "*honnêteté*" became the sole criteria, and the reverse of these is tail-wagging, crawling before the court, the bureaucracy, and everyone a stage higher than oneself. Nice manners and elegances of speech were taught quite crudely and mechanically in "manuals of taste," and that which the French had arrived at doing naturally and with easy grace, Germany sought to imitate in a most clumsy, philistine, and tasteless fashion. It was the mode and the right thing to affect an aristocratic air, though no place in the world was less appropriate to it than this hole-and-corner society. Swords were worn by all. When the students at Jena were forbidden to wear them they amused themselves by having them carried behind on wheelbarrows. A constant use of the toothpick was also considered to be particularly good form.

Conversation was, in spite of all these means of education, extremely dry and dull. In large gatherings it was sustained by the uninspiring method of introducing a subject and hearing everyone's opinion on it in turn. Argument and counter-argument consisted chiefly in an exchange of rehearsed, high-faluting phrases by which thought was neither conveyed nor evoked. When a youth made the acquaintance of a girl, she became straight away a Pallas Athene, a goddess to be worshipped, a "virtuous and blessed nymph"; at the betrothal ceremony it was considered good form for both sides to protest in endless stereotyped phrases that they were not worthy of such honour. The effect of this deliberate formalism was that the most unimportant things took on vast significances. It was a great problem whether a particular guest should be offered a stool or an arm-chair to sit upon. For years

there was a controversy on the question of whether the coaches of the great ambassadors were to have precedence, even when empty, over those of minor envoys when the latter occupied them in person. And in the Diet there were full houses for endless debates when the envoys of the princes challenged the claim of the representatives of the Electors to the exclusive right of placing their chairs on the carpet in the conference hall; finally it was decided that the former should be allowed at least to place the front legs of their chairs on the fringe of it. Even in the extraordinary twirly writing, too, which looks like nothing but a web of initials, and in the addresses and headings of letters, the character of the age discloses itself. The simple "Sir" no longer sufficed, it had to be "*dem hochwohlgeborenen Herrn Herrn*," and the official manner of addressing the Supreme Court of the Empire at Wetzlar was as follows: "To the high- and well-born, noble, stout, and most learned; likewise the high-born, and high- and well- and nobly born, active privy councillors of His Imperial and Royal Catholic Majesty: the official judges, presidents, and members of the venerable Imperial and Royal Supreme Court of Wetzlar in order appointed; our very dear Sirs, each and every one; also our most honoured and likewise well-beloved and highly esteemed Sirs and Cousins; also our highly and greatly esteemed, likewise especially gracious and most highly esteemed Sirs!" The delight in foreign-sounding, rolled-out forms of speech is seen too in the Latinizing of names — once a mannerism of the Humanists, but now a general custom. "One cannot call a man Roskopf (Horse's head) now; he has to be Hippocephalus, and Schütz is Sagittarius," says Moscherosch. And from this time date all the Textors, Molitors, Fabers, and Sartoriuses who were originally plain Webers (Weavers), Müllers (Millers), Schmidts (Smiths), and Schneiders (Tailors).

On costume the war naturally had a direct influence. Spanish dress, the tightness and stiffness of which has been described in our first volume, was useless for soldiers; and as in those days the military set the tone, dress in general became more comfortable, stouter, and more warlike. Wide sack-like trousers; high spur-clinking jack-boots; immense gauntlet gloves; big challenging felt hats with a flapping plume and a broad brim turned up at one side; flat white turned-down collars, and swords in rattling metal-

mounted baldrics — this is even today by the officials — is familiar to everyone from type of novel and opera of the 18th century, and of which Nestlé has been called the most famous way in which the transfiguration succeeded in disguising one of cultural epochs in the glass.

The hair, which had Spanish "millstone" ruff, the moustache was twisted though these disappeared in the object was to appear provoking in pursuit of this end, moustaches used to enhance the gloom; the ideal was Bramarbas, who Gryphius describes him, in *Horribilicribrifax*; he is "Capitaine Rodomont" (1) — land of boasters and braggarts in the *commedia dell'arte*. who is in fact the perfectly cowardly, of the type of that with a gigantic rapier; with a terrifying plumed hat; and women, and lopped-off lilies, and kitchen odours; at least suspicion of a disturbance.

Ladies wore steel-ribbed crinoline, which was superseded by the crinoline several petticoats on top of each other. Their hair was divided into bunches of curls. But the details of hairdressing on the brow and temples changed. So also with the corset, at first thick and projecting, and finally the upper lip and finally the

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in ever new colours, forms, and patterns. Immense tulip farms covered the ground in Holland, and amateurs or speculators would pay the price of an estate for a single rare fancy breed. The get-rich-quick people threw themselves into the "option" game: that is, they sold costly specimens, which often existed only in imagination, against future delivery, paying only the difference between the agreed price and the price quoted on settling day. It is indeed the Dutch who may claim the dubious honour of having invented the modern stock-exchange system with all the manipulative practices that we know today. The great tulip crash of 1637, which was the result of all this bubble trading, is the first stock-exchange collapse in the history of the world. The shares of the Dutch trading companies, in particular the East Indian (floated in 1602) and the West Indian (1621), were the first stocks to be handled in the stock-broking manner (their par value speedily tripled itself, and the dividends rose to twenty per cent and higher); and the Amsterdam Exchange, which ruled the world, became the finishing school for the game of "bull" and "bear." Then, too, during the first half of the seventeenth century, the Dutch were Europe's sole middlemen: their mercantile marine was three times as big as that of all other countries. And although — or indeed because — the whole world depended on it, there arose a bitter hatred against it (contrasting strangely with the extravagant admiration accorded to their manners and comforts) which was intensified by the brutal and reckless extremes to which they went in maintaining their advantage. "Trade must be free everywhere, up to the gates of hell," was their supreme article of faith. But by free trade they meant freedom for themselves — in other words, a ruthlessly exploited monopoly. This was also the kind of freedom that Grotius meant when in his famous treatise on international law, *Mare liberum*, he stated that the discovery of foreign countries does not in itself give right of possession, and that the sea by its very nature is outside all possession and is the property of everyone. But as the sea was in fact in the possession of the Dutch, this liberal philosophy was no more than the hypocritical mask for an economic terrorism.

In this wise the "United States" became the richest and most prosperous country of Europe. There was so much money that the rate of interest was only two to three per cent. But although

table equipment, winebottles, fish, ham, game, and all the other things that served to make existence appetizing for this nation of gormandizers. Apart from such objects, which are all in prolongation of his own personality, the only thing that interests the bourgeois is the anecdote. And so we have juicy family scenes, brawls, records of sport; touching or comic or ghastly character paintings, all with special emphasis on the particular point which has to be made as broad and evident as possible. This is why in Holland the painters who had the greatest success with the public were those clever and banal enough to concentrate on producing a single article. Paul Potter specialized in cows, Philip Wouvermann in grey horses, Melchior Hondecoeter on poultry, William van de Velde on ships, Jan van Huysum on flowers, Abraham van Beijeren on oysters, lobsters, and fruit, Pieter Claesz on fine silverware. In short, the whole art of the brush in the Netherlands, except for the work of a few great ones whom no one understood, was one vast domestic picture-book and family album.

On the other hand, Dutch genre painting has a prodigal variety and richness, a lapidary factualness and impartiality, an impressive brutality and naked self-evidence, an exuberant strength and swelling fertility such as nothing else but Nature herself shows. What this painting described, exclusively, but with the sincerity of ravenous hunger, with a furious seething greed, was life unqualified and unadorned, without moral or fastidiousness, or teleological intrusions, life as an end in itself, one brief self-indulgent moment of effervescing unrestrained vitality.

Art has always an irresistible tendency to try to raise reality to a higher power, to ideology of one sort or another. But these Dutchmen were in a very unfortunate situation. The conventional idealism of the past — the Italian tradition, that is — was repellent to their deepest instincts, and in a cultural world which had the cleric and the pedlar as protagonists it was utterly impossible for them to produce a new idealism out of their own age and for their own people. The only outlet left to them was a naturalism worked up to a dæmonic intensity, and this course led them to the discovery of traits of eternity in the humblest things, symbolism in the most trivial, and divinity in the coarsest. They proved that man can be heroic even while he gormandizes, gets drunk, vomits, or thrusts his hand under a petticoat, provided that it is shown at

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the same time that creative nature is enthroned behind it all in mysterious majesty. By rendering Being in its full and overwhelming *life-size*, they achieved the miracle of creating a sort of mythology of the everyday.

Amidst this diligent noisy crowd there towers one giant, lonely in his supremacy and unrevealed to their earth-bound vision — Rembrandt. As Shakspeare and Michelangelo in their own times, so he also stood, exile and stranger, avoided by all and truly known to none. With Michelangelo he has in common the quality of timelessness: he belongs everywhere and nowhere; for he might just as well have lived a hundred years sooner as an uncomprehended master-creator of the Renaissance, or two hundred years later as a leader of Impressionism. With Shakspeare he has in common the character of anonymity; for he vanishes completely behind his life's work — the variety and profusion of figures that he creates leave the creator's own face indistinct and undefinable. And to both he has the profound kin-likeness that in the art of his last period he loses himself completely in the transcendental and brings forth inscrutable creations to which such crude and banal terms as "realism" and "idealism" are no longer applicable. That art which first he toiled to achieve and then, at the height of his creative power, handled with such consummate ease became at the end of his earthly career transparent to him: looking through it he realized its emptiness, its impotence, its superficiality, and saw that it was not the supreme thing he had all his life imagined it to be; and it fell from him, making room for something more profound, which, however, being no longer quite of this world, eludes men's comprehension.

He was, therefore, as little an expression of his age as Michelangelo and Shakspeare were of theirs; and just as we were forced to assign the rôle of "representative man" to an inferior in each of those ages — in the first to Raphael, in the second to Bacon — so do we select a far shallower master as the hero of this: namely, Peter Paul Rubens. In Rubens the drunken joy of life, the triumphant affirmation of the exuberant present, turned itself into colour. His work is one mighty hymn to the healthy power of enjoyment, the sturdy materialism of the Low-German type of humanity. As a Catholic and a Fleming he coloured and celebrated the double triumph of the Counter-Reformation and of

Rembrandt

Rubens

Dutch commerce in flaming tints, heaped-up measure of composition, and Olympian figures of force. Man, as he sees him, is a sort of demigod, who has descended to earth to give play to his invincible powers and is never ill, never tired, never melancholy, serene in the bloodiest battles, athletic even when a Lazarus — in fact a magnificent beast of prey which hunts, fights, devours, begets, and one day dies ignobly with a roar at the height of its strength. His women are never virgins, never even mothers, but fat rosy pieces of flesh with exemplary pelvises, bosoms, and posteriors, existing solely for the purpose of being flung on to a bed after a savage, lustful struggle which only enhances the enjoyment. A massive revelling in every aspect of dissolute living forms the basic emotion of all his paintings; it is as if they were surrounded by the fragrant brood-warmth of a humming hive or the huge, white spawn-cloud of a shoal of herrings. In form, too, his figures are designed merely to enhance the pomp and the joy of life; they are parts of the *décor*, glowing with colour like rich fantastic tapestries. For the rest, his relation to the world of Classical legend, from which he takes the most elaborate of his allegories, is perfectly cool and academic; it equips him with a vocabulary, and that is all.

In times of economic boom Rubens has always been vastly admired. His buoyant pleasure-loving animality tells of the good conscience that comes with good business, the shallowness of the man favoured by fortune — for Rubens was a child of fortune all his days — and, above all, that profound atheism which was gradually taking possession of Europe and, as Holland was the most advanced country, first reared its head there. Rubens is certainly one of the most irreligious artists who ever held a brush, and for that reason he will always be the idol of those who regard God as tiresome or superfluous. But everyone of finer feeling will, if honest with himself, be forced to confess that in spite of his admiration for Rubens's proportion, his power as a colourist, and his magnificent gift of grasping the outer shell of a man, he was nothing but a royal animal-painter and the glorifier of a steaming super-healthiness which is as irresistible as it is barbaric.

Holland's blossoming was as luxuriant as it was brief, for it could only be a matter of time for the real great powers to drive this insolent parvenu from its factitious supremacy. It was inevi-

table that England in all the North Sea ship hands. It will be remembered with an astonishing reversal of half of the sixteenth century had been stemmed even upon of the narrowest, most positive caricature of kingship by the grace of fellow-monarchs. In fact he said that, as God himself life and death, and is the power to create and death over them, are responsible to no chess-men and raise Charles I was in many gracious manners, a friend of the arts and science James's: the self-conscious Queen, the gentle stiff Prince — and aristocratic colouring.

But Charles I had good ones: he was incapable of a straight thing. The state after him — very blue, treacherous and conceited. It was absolutely impossible to lie to everyone, new words to mean their own, the best fighting method dominate them all. In his tonguedness and weakness hereditary perfidy of the king stood so high against himself anything in his and deeper into the lost the confidence

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table that England in particular should find it intolerable to have all the North Sea shipping, and even its own trade, in foreign hands. It will be remembered that this country had leapt forward with an astonishing swiftness in all directions during the second half of the sixteenth century, and that the tide of progress had not been stemmed even under the rule of James I — who, though one of the narrowest, most ordinary and incompetent of men and a positive caricature of a king, had so extreme a conception of his kingship by the grace of God as has seldom been seen among his fellow-monarchs. In his speech from the throne on his accession he said that, as God has power to create and to destroy, to give life and death, and is the lord of soul and body, so also kings have the power to create and destroy their subjects, the command of life and death over them, and to direct them in all things; that kings are responsible to no one but God, can deal with their subjects as chess-men and raise or debase them like a coinage. His son Charles I was in many respects his opposite: clever, amiable, of gracious manners, a finished cavalier, and a discriminating patron of the arts and sciences. Van Dyck painted the whole Court of St. James's: the self-consciously elegant King, the decorative dreamy Queen, the gentle stiff princesses, and the anæmic feminine Crown Prince — and aristocratic decadent society in discreetly autumnal colouring.

But Charles I had one bad quality which outweighed all the good ones: he was incapable of speaking a straight word or doing a straight thing. The still popular King Charles spaniels are named after him — very blue-blooded, sensitive creatures, but distinctly treacherous and conceited. And this was the King's own character. It was absolutely impossible to treat with him; he cheated and lied to everyone, never kept his promises, and twisted his own words to mean their opposite. He was so foolish as to believe that the best fighting method was to deceive all parties so that he might dominate them all. It seems that in him this fundamental double-tonguedness and word-breaking had its basis not only in the hereditary perfidy of the Stuarts, but in the conviction that the king stood so high above his subjects that he could allow himself anything in his relations with them. And so, falling deeper and deeper into the net of feints and contradictions, he gradually lost the confidence of the whole country. All the same it is a

tendencious untruth on the part of democratic historians to maintain that his execution was the will of the people. It evoked universal horror and was actually no execution, but a political murder, for the jury that decreed it was legally incompetent to do so and, even apart from that, acted only under pressure.

His position was at first anything but unfavourable. On coming to the throne he was received with acclamations by the greater part of the population, and even when the situation began to be critical he would have been able, by following a fairly reasonable and straightforward policy, to hold his own. The majority in Parliament was invariably on the side of the monarchy, though opposed to absolutism, and even with the lower classes the Royalists always commanded more sympathy than the Independents. But Charles began at once to try to govern in opposition to, and even without, Parliament. He took for his adviser the Earl of Strafford, who—true to his device: “Thorough”—tried by every method of law-twisting and compulsion to create an effectively absolute despotism. And his principal ecclesiastical adviser was Archbishop Laud, whose ambition it was to bring the English Church as near to identity with the Roman as possible—a prospect regarded with horror by most of the population. The revolt broke out, however, not in England, but amongst the Scots. The bitter hostility aroused by the ill-considered attempt to introduce Laud’s liturgy into that country led them to sign a Covenant for the protection of their religious and political liberties. Charles thereupon sent an army against them, and since a mistrustful Parliament would grant him no money for troops, the funds were raised by voluntary contributions among the Royalist sympathizers. The latter, who became known as the Cavaliers, were opposed everywhere and at once by the democratic Roundheads, who, though they did not at first go beyond the idea of a monarchy limited and controlled by Parliament, presently inclined more and more to a republic. And the Civil War became inevitable.

Cromwell

And now there arose out of the darkness the brazen figure of Cromwell, who swept the country like a steam plough at the head of his “Ironsides,” overthrowing everything: King and people, High Church and Covenant, Upper and Lower Houses, Irishmen and Scotsmen. It cannot be said that any one party served him unconditionally during his ten years’ government. The Royalists

hated him as a regicide, the Episcopals as a lukewarm compromiser, the Levellers as a dictator and tyrant. He: brilliant politician he was standpoint, but always the given business. Unaround him, he did not: himself to them. In a wganizer, or strategist, knjust what people so inten

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a lukewarm compromiser, the landowners as a social revolu-
tionary, the Levellers as a protector of capital, and one and all as a
dictator and tyrant. He stood completely alone, because, like the
brilliant politician he was, he never had any definite preconceived
standpoint, but always a policy to suit the given situation and
the given business. Unlike the small, narrow-minded people
around him, he did not adapt things to suit himself, but adapted
himself to them. In a word, he always, whether as diplomat, or-
ganizer, or strategist, knew what the real point was. And that was
just what people so intensely disliked about him.

As a matter of fact, he was in the happy position of not having
to trouble much about what people thought of him. For by means
of this gift, as simple as it is rare, of seizing the heart of every
case with an unbiased mind, he beat them all. And although the
Cromwellian party, strictly speaking, consisted of himself alone,
he ruled all three kingdoms with an unlimited power which not
a Plantagenet of the Middle Ages had possessed. Great Britain has
only once obeyed an absolute king, and that king was the Lord
Protector Oliver Cromwell. For this there was in the first place
an external reason: he was the only ruler who owned a standing
army. But his true inward title rested not in his power, but in his
right to power: the right unwritten and "unlawful," vouched
neither by solemn Parliamentary Act nor by conveyance of the
people, and yet the best-founded, the legitimate, the only right to
kingship. He was, in plain words, the strongest, the wisest, and
—if we look at things from a higher standpoint than that of the
morals of philistine democracy—the most moral man of his
country. He said himself that he proposed to serve the nation "not
as a king, but as a constable." But is not a constable the best king,
and indeed more than a king? This plain country squire did more
for his country than the most rabid Lancasters and Yorks, the
slyest Tudors, or the proudest Stuarts. He brought order into the
whole internal administration, pacified Ireland, broke the com-
mercial tyranny of the greedy rival over the water, won a new
Calais, conquered one of the loveliest and richest islands in the
West Indies, and laid a firm foundation for England's illustrious
future as the world's leading sea-power. Perhaps we come nearest

Cromwell
D.T.

to doing justice to Cromwell's importance if we read the word "constable" in its modern sense, and see in Cromwell no more and no less than the faithful, tireless, energetic, and common-sense "*Schutzmann*" of his country.

It is an old historical tradition to regard Cromwell as one of the greatest hypocrites and intriguers who ever lived; in fact, as the "prince of liars." To set against this, Carlyle, his chief apologist, declares that he never lied in his life. At bottom both conceptions are right. Cromwell had in his make-up a tendency truly British, a habit of confused thinking, double reasoning, reserve, of ambiguous, much-qualified, and deliberately obscure utterance, and to that extent he was tortuous, curved, and complicated. But a confirmed liar he certainly was not. The Englishman's attitude to truth is, as was pointed out in our first volume when discussing *cant*, not at all plain or uncomplicated, and the solutions of problems to which it leads are never net. And indeed, in general, the relation of the individual nations to "reality" varies very considerably. The Frenchman behaves towards it like an impassioned lover, though one who in his blindness is easily deceived; the German treats it in the manner of a thoroughly honest but somewhat boring and pedantic fiancée, and the Englishman adopts towards it the rôle of the brutal husband, the house-tyrant. The pleasure-loving Frenchman wants pleasantness, whether true or false; the worthy German wants the truth at all costs whether it is agreeable or not; and the practical Englishman decrees that the acceptable is true and the unacceptable false.

*The
Puritans*

In the Puritans, who at that time ruled England, English *cant* reached its peak. They constituted the army, the government, and even the newly-created Upper House. Everyone hurriedly made himself scarce when these ludicrous but dangerous new saints went about snuffling and rolling their eyes, with cropped hair and black clothes, walking slowly and moving deliberately, nosing out dissoluteness, godlessness, and scandals wherever they went. It was, of course, a sin to drink, play, or be noisy; but it was also a sin to dance or go to the theatre, to write love-letters, wear starched collars, or enjoy food; and on Sundays anything and everything was sinful. For on this holy day it was forbidden to water a flower-bed, be shaved, pay a call, or even laugh; and even on Saturdays and Mondays, its near neighbours, it was, to say the least of it,

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The poet of Puritani

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unwise to do these things. This exaggerated sanctification of the Sabbath betrays the spirit of Jewry, and, to be candid, it is difficult to regard the Puritans as a Christian sect at all. They based themselves in almost every respect on the Old Testament. They called themselves after the Israelite heroes, prophets, and patriarchs; their conversation bristled with Hebrew idioms, proverbs, and parables; and they thought of themselves as Jehovah's militant servants, called by him to wipe out idolaters, heretics, and stubborn Canaanites with fire and sword. For had not Jehovah himself forced his people into the true faith by means of plagues and punishments, and spread terror and destruction among the backsliders? They were God's fighters, the chosen people, the right-minded Puritans, and every method of cunning, force, and cruelty was permitted to them in their good cause of overthrowing the heathen and establishing theocracy. Their God was the God of Moses, a god of revenge, of wrath, of merciless justice and tireless casting-down of sinners. So yet again did the unhappy union of the Gospels with the book of the Jews, of which we have spoken already, take its revenge on a section of Christianity.

Only one branch of Puritanism can really be included among the Christians, the Society of Friends of the Light, nicknamed "Quakers," who settled in Pennsylvania along the Delaware. These people took not only the theory but the practice of the New Testament doctrines seriously — as seriously as the Independents had taken the Commandments of the Old Testament. They refused to do military service, to take an oath, to countenance slavery or even the sale of war material, and extended their colonies in a peaceful way without fighting or even exploiting the Indians. They scorned the regulation sermon, which they had learnt to know in the mother country as an offspring of unspiritual routine and self-satisfied dishonesty. In place of it they permitted everyone to speak, but only when moved to do so by the inward light. They rejected liturgy and sacraments and also all the ceremonial of everyday life, addressed everyone as "thou," and took off their hats to none. And although, as a result of their exaggerations and fads, they retain a certain quaintness of type, they are one of the most lovable and pleasing phenomena in the history of Christian confessions.

The poet of Puritanism is the great John Milton, who was at

*The
Quakers*

Milton

the same time one of the most prominent publicists of his country. In his famous *Defensio pro populo Anglicano* he gave a scientific defence of the King's murder. The grandiose rhetoric of the Miltonian Satan served the younger Pitt as a school for oratory, and it is anything but an accident that in the whole gallery of his figures it was precisely the Prince of Hell himself who — almost against the will of the poet — grew into such an overwhelming figure. The reason is that in Milton the Puritan spirit became form — a spirit which is of the Devil, because it avenges and judges. In Milton's titanic epic the whole of world-history is arraigned, tried, and judged from the standpoint of Puritanism, which alone is truth and righteousness — judged strictly and mercilessly, with partisan bias and without the least will to understand, let alone love, the enemy. Against the hosts of the rebellious angels God sends his Son, who flings ten thousand lightnings on them; they flee and plunge into the depths like a herd of goats overtaken by the storm — Christ as the god of thunder! This is blasphemy as monumental as Michelangelo's Christ enthroned in the clouds as Apollo or Hercules. A God who conquers with bow and quiver, lightning and war-chariots, with battalions of fighting saints: this is quite obviously not God's Son of the Gospels, the Christ in whom Christians believe, but the legitimate Son of Jehovah.

Hobbes

Milton's opponent was Thomas Hobbes, keen and powerful thinker, advocate of monarchy, Restoration, and legitimism. His philosophy is not mean or evil, as it used to be thought, but merely pessimistic. Looking about him, he sees on the one hand a world of wild and strong, hard and calculating master-natures, and on the other a mass of dull, slavish herd-humanity, kept in motion only by the law of inertia; and both he sees as merely the puppets of their more or less gross instincts to devour and to snatch. From this material he draws his inductive conclusions, from these premisses his laws. On these hypotheses he sees the State as Leviathan, an all-powerful monster which ruthlessly devours all who set themselves in opposition to it. The State is a mortal god, and the existing order is at all times the right one — because it is order. Liberty is that which the laws do not forbid, conscience is private opinion, but law is the public conscience, to which alone the citizen owes obedience. A religion not legitimized by the State is a superstition. This does not mean that he regards kings as ap-

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pointed by God; but he holds that the people have invested the
head of the State with supreme powers, and that, having done so,
they have themselves no further rights. Monarchy is the best form
of constitution, simply because it is the most centralized; and its
absolutism follows necessarily from the thesis that the direction of
the State, to whomsoever it be entrusted — even if to a corporation
— must possess absolute powers.

If we take these doctrines literally, they appear to have been
made to justify the Stuarts — the megalomania of James I, the
intransigence of Charles I, who even on the scaffold was still the
supreme autocrat, and the Restoration plans of Charles II, whose
teacher was Hobbes. If on the other hand we interpret them ac-
cording to their spirit, it appears that their shrewdest disciple, their
most triumphant embodiment, was none other than the plebeian
rebel and usurper Oliver Cromwell.

The foundations of this political philosophy, which goes con-
siderably further than Machiavelli's in its hard, clear unsenti-
mentality and its pure scientific evaluation of political phe-
nomena, are just what they necessarily must be with so logical a
thinker as Hobbes. A nihilistic ethic: nothing is good or bad in
itself, a definite standard of moral can only be set when there is a
state to set it. A materialistic ontology: all being is body, all hap-
pening is movement, and even sensations are called forth by bodily
movements. A sensualistic psychology: there are only sensations,
everything else is abstracted from them, and conceptions of genera
and so forth are nothing but faded reminiscences of earlier percep-
tions. A mechanistic epistemology: words are notes or marks for
ideas, arguments and conclusions are the addition and subtrac-
tion of these signs, and all thinking is calculation.

But Baruch Spinoza, perhaps the most remarkable thinker
who ever lived, went much further still. In a history of philosophy
he would have to be dealt with after Descartes, on whom he builds;
but in the present connexion it is not the system but the world-
outlook that matters, and even this only in so far as it has been
effective as the formative principle of representative personalities
or the great currents of an age: it does not, therefore, seem essen-
tial here to adopt a lecture-room arrangement conforming to the
conceptual development. In his private life Spinoza was neither
a saint, as the sentimental eighteenth century asserted, nor a

Spinoza

reprobate, as the fanatical seventeenth saw him. He neither put up a fight against the persecutions to which he was exposed, nor endured them like a martyr: he simply evaded them in a cool and collected fashion. His father was a Portuguese Jew who, while quite young, had fled during the Inquisition to Amsterdam, where numerous fellow-believers had found asylum. But hardly had the Jewish communities found their liberty in the "New Jerusalem," as they called it, before they began to develop with renewed energy that detestable intolerance which has always been characteristic of their religion, and which unhappily the Christian Church inherited in some degree. The spirit of Caiaphas, which determined the whole history of the people of Israel as long as they had national independence, frequently lost its potency in later times owing to external conditions, but it always came to life again when the Jews attained to power. And so it was on this occasion. The case of Uriel da Costa, who, for his free religious views, was sent to his death by the venomous persecution of the Amsterdam Synagogue, is a tragic instance. Spinoza was then eight years old. Half a generation later he was engaged in a similar conflict himself. His philosophical interests and activities became known, and attempts were made, first to convert him, then to bring him back to orthodoxy by threats. When both methods failed, bribery was tried: he was offered a salary of a thousand gulden if he would remain true to Judaism. Since he was not to be moved even by this, a member of the community felt that murder was indicated. But the attack failed. And now there was no course left to the Synagogue but to excommunicate him. Before the assembled congregation the solemn ban was pronounced, the concluding words being: "Curse him by day and curse him by night! Curse him sleeping and curse him waking! Curse his comings-in and curse his goings-out! May the Lord never forgive him! He will burn with hardness and wrath against this man who is laden with all the curses that are written in the Book of the Law. He will blot out his name from under the heavens." Thus did Jewry treat a man whose whole offence was that he led a more serious, peace-loving, and unworldly life than his fellow-Jews. But, as it had always been a good old Jewish tradition to stone the prophets, there is nothing extraordinary in this, particularly as Spinoza does not seem to us one of the greatest among those sons of Israel who suffered this fate;

for we can only regard him as a unique one.

Spinoza himself, though lost his calm. Thenceforward he buried himself in his studies, entirely avoiding all contact with the world and its versions and disturbances. He remained at Heidelberg, flattered by fame (which, however, on his death) rests on his *Theologico-politicus*, the first of the Bible, and on his *Ethica* set forth. Incidentally, this.

Spinoza's system was a whimsical style. Because it can only be obtained by a method decided to demonstrate his system. The paragraph starts with the definitions, leading on to the theorems (Propositions) and consequent propositions (Scholia). Thus the text-book, and in its content, dry, but forced and

Since God, conclude an absolutely infinite being, he can possess no son and will presuppose must be denied to him. (nothing can exist. Consider God, and we have the God-Nature all this follows from the nature of angles equals two right angles: a man who is free: a man who is which imagines itself to be free. And as God has no restraints — ends, too, are

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Spinoza himself, through all the screaming of the Rabbis, never lost his calm. Thenceforward he lived in complete retirement, buried in his studies, entirely disinterested and without pretence, and avoiding all contact with worldly pleasures and honours, diversions and disturbances. He declined the professorship offered him at Heidelberg, flattering as were the terms. His philosophical fame (which, however, only became world-wide a century after his death) rests on his *Theologico-Political Treatise* (*Tractatus theologico-politicus*), the first great attempt at a historical criticism of the Bible, and on his *Ethics*, in which his system is exhaustively set forth. Incidentally, no book ever merited its title less than this.

Spinoza's system was built up in a very unusual and somewhat whimsical style. Because he was convinced that certain knowledge can only be obtained by using the mathematical method, he decided to demonstrate his whole system *geometrico modo*. Every paragraph starts with the necessary specification of ideas (Definitions), leading on to the principles (Axioms) which produce the theorems (Propositions). Then follow proofs (Demonstrations) and consequent propositions (Corollaries), and finally the elucidations (Scholia). Thus the whole work reads like a mathematical text-book, and in its content there is something not only archaistic and dry, but forced and artificial.

Since God, concludes Spinoza, can only be comprehended as an absolutely infinite and, therefore, absolutely indeterminate being, he can possess no self and no personality. And as both reason and will presuppose a self-consciousness, both these attributes must be denied to him. Outside this absolutely infinite substance, nothing can exist. Consequently the whole world is identical with God, and we have the famous formula *deus sive natura*. Out of the God-Nature all things are produced as inevitably as it follows from the nature of a triangle that the sum of its internal angles equals two right angles. Therefore there is no human freedom: a man who believes himself to be free is like a stone which imagines itself to be flying when in the act of being thrown. And as God has no reason, he lacks the power to set himself a mark — ends, too, are therefore a human illusion. Values are

Spinoza's
"Ethics"

equally non-existent, for they define, not the properties of things in themselves, but their effect on us.

In his Psychology Spinoza makes *appetitus*, the striving for self-preservation, the basic force in human nature. That which assists in this striving we call good; that which handicaps it, evil. We do not desire things because they are good, but we call them good because we desire them (thus ignoring the fact that all the higher religions, and particularly Christianity, have invariably seen the principle of Evil in desire and the sense-world that is the object of desire). All emotions may be divided into two basic forms, active and passive; the first of these are accompanied by pleasure or joy, the second by pain or grief. Under this classification sympathy belongs to the harmful emotions, because it causes pain; therefore, although we should help those who suffer, it should be done without personal concern and as the result of reasonable judgment. It is the same with repentance; for to the bad deeds, which are in themselves a misfortune, it adds the pain of contrition. Similar non-moral principles are laid down by Spinoza in respect of politics. He says, for instance: "A treaty between nations exists as long as the cause for it exists: fear of shame or hope of gain." But the soul reaches its highest peak in the *amor Dei intellectualis*, the intellectual love of God, which is nothing else but knowledge of the infinite substance — something remote indeed from the love of God as commonly conceived. And since every man is but a portion of the God-nature, God in this love loves himself.

We make bold to declare that the system, of which the foregoing is only an aphoristic sketch, is the work of a diseased mind of marvellous acuteness. Cartesian rationalism was tolerable by reason of its inconsequence; but Spinoza thinks out each idea with such inexorable logic as to annul it: the idea of God ending in naked atheism; the idea of causality in dead automatism; the difference between mind and body in the assertion that there is no relation whatever between them; the desirability of controlling the emotions in the postulate of insensibility; pantheism — the identity of God with Nature — in a hopeless naturalism which completely despiritualizes the world and makes it a ghastly spectral waste. In short, his abnormally consequent thinking abolishes the objects of this thinking, destroys them, disintegrates them,

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not mean to say that Spinoza was actually mad, but only that in him the understanding was developed to an unnatural degree of exclusiveness, one-sidedness, and autocracy. Chesterton writes:¹

"And if great reasoners are often maniacal, it is equally true that maniacs are commonly great reasoners. . . . If you argue with a madman, it is extremely probable that you will get the worst of it; for in many ways his mind moves all the quicker for not being delayed by the things that go with good judgment. He is not hampered by a sense of humour or by charity, or by the dumb certainties of experience. He is the more logical for losing certain sane affections. Indeed, the common phrase for insanity is in this respect a misleading one. The madman is not the man who has lost his reason. The madman is the man who has lost everything except his reason. The madman's explanation of a thing is always complete, and often in a purely rational sense satisfactory. . . . His mind moves in a perfect but narrow circle. . . . In the same way the insane explanation is quite as complete as the sane one, but it is not so large. . . . Now, speaking quite externally and empirically, we may say that the strongest and most unmistakable mark of madness is this combination between a logical completeness and a spiritual contraction. . . . He [the madman of experience] is in the clean and well-lit prison of one idea: he is sharpened to one painful point. . . . Materialism has a sort of insane simplicity. It has just the quality of the madman's argument; we have at once the sense of it covering everything and the sense of it leaving everything out. . . . He [the materialist] understands everything, and everything does not seem worth understanding." This characterization fits Spinoza and his system like a glove.

It is this pure rationality in Spinoza, too, that produces that intolerable chill which emanates from his work: not, as some of his admirers would have us believe, the cold of aerie heights, but the cold of the vacuum. We have the austere and comfortless feeling of being somewhere in the vast interstellar spaces — in a medium which permits of no life, no heat, no breathing, no sound, and lets nothing through but the severe light of a distant unknown sun. We freeze when we read in his *Ethics* that nothing could be or should be different from what it is; that all things are equally

¹ In *Orthodoxy* (London: John Lane; New York: The John Lane Company; 1909).

perfect, all actions equally good, because all are equally necessary, even as no mathematical theorem is more perfect than another. In the section "On the origin and nature of the emotions" he writes: "I shall consider human actions and desires exactly as if I were dealing with lines, surfaces, and solids," the idea being — and this is one of his most famous sayings — that we should "neither pity them, nor deride them, nor loathe them, but comprehend them." But that a bridge is more easily built with the souls of fellow-men by sympathy, humour, or even passionate opposition than by sterile intelligence, he knew not.

Spinoza stands unique in his age, and indeed in the whole human race. He was, naturally, no Christian: concerning the Incarnation he wrote to a friend (dragging in one of his terrible mathematical examples as usual) that as regards this dogma he must definitely say that he did not understand it; that it seemed to him indeed as preposterous as to pretend that a circle had assumed the nature of a square. Neither was he a pagan, for the sensual near-to-nature pantheism of the Classical age and the Renaissance was of a very different colour from his. Least of all, however, was he a Jew: the "Chosen People" principle, the regulation piety, and the disguised materialism of the Mosaic religion have never been more thoroughly penetrated and exposed to the light than by him. Nay, he was not even what is currently called an atheist, and for that reason it was a perfectly right instinct that for a long time caused a Spinozist to be regarded as an atheist, only more so. Only in one respect could Spinoza be called a Jew — in his extremism. For the Jews are a race of utter polarities: no nation has so wide a spanning power. They are the stoutest pillars of capitalism and the most furious champions of socialism; the inventors of Church and priesthood, and the most passionate preachers of liberty and tolerance; they were the first to spread the gospel in the European sphere of culture and are the only ones who to this day deny it. Thus they have produced both the creator of monotheism and its most powerful denier — Moses and Spinoza.

Freud says, at the close of his essay, *Die Widerstände gegen die Psychoanalyse*: "It is perhaps no mere accident that the first exponent of psycho-analysis was a Jew. To become a convert to it,

there must be a fair action in opposition, almost." Spinoza stood in this situation. He was community, without a sin without even a listener self. His philosophy is lived in the quiet of his by the world. And the fact without undoubtedly intention of this — because responsive voice, which his dogged soundless st. terity, against the whole figure grows to the state where it eludes him completely as the deity.

The early Baroque is unimaginable for such a philosopher at the end of our first sixteenth century an ascetic Catholic portions of the actuality of the Middle Ages purism of the Reformation name of Counter-Reformation it so well. In art the nude; in poetry the individualism and scepticism. Milton and Petrarch's sonnets remained as much a matter at reform made by Savonarola. In proportion as the Papal minds, it began to open it perceived that it was just of the sensual half of the advantage over doctrine. And so, at the opening of Church becomes the doctrinebrates its victory in a world.

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there must be a fair amount of readiness to accept the fate of isolation in opposition, and with this the Jew is more familiar than most." Spinoza stood in a similar, though even more desperate, situation. He was completely isolated: without family or community, without a single like-minded or understanding person, without even a listener. He speaks wholly to the void, or to himself. His philosophy is one single heart-breaking monologue, delivered in the quiet of his miserable room, by one who was rejected by the world. And the fact that he was so entirely cut off and shut out undoubtedly intensified the pathological strain in him. Because of this — because of his heroic renunciation of every responsive voice, which he knew from the first to be inevitable, and his dogged soundless struggle against his contemporaries and posterity, against the whole human race indeed — because of this his figure grows to the stature of tragedy and enters into a timelessness where it eludes human understanding and human tests as completely as the deity of his *Ethics*.

The early Baroque was indeed the least receptive *milieu* imaginable for such a philosophy. We attempted to indicate in brief, at the end of our first volume, how in the second half of the sixteenth century an ascetic, spiritualistic tendency laid hold of the Catholic portions of Europe. This return to the severity and spirituality of the Middle Ages was the answer to the seriousness and purism of the Reformation, and it was for this reason that the name of Counter-Reformation that has been given it characterizes it so well. In art the nude and the profane were rejected and persecuted; in poetry the indecent and the merry; in philosophy libertinism and scepticism. Michelangelo's figures were given clothing, and Petrarch's sonnets were "purified." But this clerical reaction remained as much a mere episode as had been the gloomy attempt at reform made by Savonarola at the height of the Renaissance. In proportion as the Papacy recovered its former sway over men's minds, it began to open out to the world again, all the more so as it perceived that it was just its broad-minded, mild comprehension of the sensual half of the human being that gave it so great an advantage over doctrinaire and unimaginative Protestantism. And so, at the opening of the new century, the struggling, suffering Church becomes the dominant, triumphant Church, which celebrates its victory in a whirl of jubilant music and gives free rein

*Artificial
Irrationalism*

to the sensualism of a humanity that was longing for an outlet for its forces. For the new humanity, once it had come into being, could not in the long run be held down. And yet no entirely clean solution offered itself here. The Church's hereditary enemy was rationalism, and, being unable entirely to eradicate this enemy, it sought to drive it out by that other great power of the age, sensualism, a power dangerous indeed, but less so. Sensualism, accordingly, was to take the place of rationalism, to release it, to redeem it, and in this wise there came upon the scene that strange psychosis that we call the Baroque. The Baroque is no natural and normal reversion to irrationalism, but a shrewdly imagined therapy, a vicarious satisfaction, a provocative exorcism. Incapable of finding the way back to genuine naïveté, men produced within themselves a spurious variety by means of various drugs, opiates, elixirs, intoxicating and stupefying poisons. They did not denounce their reason — that was not in their power — but merely tried to mystify and confuse it, to drown it or eliminate it by a process of refined narcosis. And it is precisely this artificiality which explains the overwhelming and perhaps unique triumph of artistry achieved by the Baroque.

The world-
theatre

The attitude towards colour adopted by the *tenebrosi*, who kept everything down to dusky tones, and the "cellar-peephole-style," which represented everything as though in a dark cellar lighted from above, were typical, not only of the painting, but of the world-feeling and form of life of the entire generation which came after the Council of Trent. Then, all at once, music and decoration, pomp and incense forced their way into the Catholic Church and thence into art. Architecture took on a spectacular, expansive, eloquent, almost chatty character. Arcades and colonnades, loggias and galleries crowded upon each other; twisted and bent columns, daring ornaments and roof-profiles asserted themselves. The form-language could not be ostentatious and insistent enough. The façades, which even in the Renaissance had the appearance of being stuck on, have now the character of magnificent and self-sufficing coulisses: frequently they rise whole storeys higher than the real building. Interior decoration revelled in mirrors, damask flowers, garlands, gilt mouldings, and stucco. It was obviously an entirely theatrical style, but on that very account it was a real style such as had never been known since the

age of Gothic. As in the to one great central purp and vital activities into erish and passionate del stronger than reality; a l whelms, a magic atmosp and glitter of a more col the theatre, the tendency separated the arts. Dome like real architecture, and designed to hold sculptu of the plastic monument produce results that he painting — modelled levi beards, swelling robes, the sheen of silk and the lost their original functi and trebled, and set in pl and the wall-arches were be an organic part of the were there solely for rhe three pillars shout loude: split arches are more orig logical or practical scrup whole thing was a theatr dramatic "set" by the air gorges, and wells. And si marble and rigid bronze, appeal and mysterious st lessness rather than una flung themselves with sp works, which — built of r and form — freakishly el producer of this theatre v tor, poet, master-mechan became, through his inex and dauntless imaginatio zarrerie) upon a relentless contemporary Europe.

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age of Gothic. As in the theatre, so here, everything is subordinate to one great central purpose, which like a tyrant draws all the arts and vital activities into its dominion. Every pore exudes the feverish and passionate determination to create a fantastic illusion stronger than reality; a hypnotic fascination which grips and overwhelms, a magic atmosphere which bathes everything in the scent and glitter of a more colourful, more aromatic world. And, as in the theatre, the tendency was to erase the boundary lines which separated the arts. Domed ceilings were painted to look incredibly like real architecture, and the light and shade effects of the niches designed to hold sculpture in a building became an integral part of the plastic monument itself; fragile stone was called upon to produce results that had hitherto hardly been expected from painting — modelled levin-bolts, light-rays and flames, fluttering beards, swelling robes, clouds of the sky and waves of the sea, the sheen of silk and the warmth of flesh. Pillars and architraves lost their original function of carrying: the pillars were doubled and trebled, and set in places where they had nothing to support, and the wall-arches were broken in the middle. They were not to be an organic part of the building, or even to pretend to be so, but were there solely for rhetorical effect and noisy decoration; and three pillars shout louder and more vigorously than one, just as split arches are more original and striking than closed ones. As to logical or practical scruples, no question could arise, since the whole thing was a theatre. Even nature was staged, made into a dramatic “set” by the aid of artificial rocks, waterfalls, fountains, gorges, and wells. And since in every case (even in that of cold marble and rigid bronze) artists strained to enhance emotional appeal and mysterious stage effect, by suggesting melting formlessness rather than unambiguous and powerful contours, they flung themselves with special passion on waterworks and fire-works, which — built of materials perpetually changing in colour and form — freakishly eluded all attempts at fixation. The gifted producer of this theatre was Cavaliere Bernini. Architect, sculptor, poet, master-mechanic, and scenery-designer all in one, he became, through his inexhaustible wealth of ideas, his grandiose and dauntless imagination, and his insistence (for all his bizzarrie) upon a relentlessly uniform style-will, the art dictator of contemporary Europe.

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Visibly, it was all an extreme reaction against the Renaissance. There the ideal had been *gravità riposata*, here it was unrestrained (in many cases artificially decontrolled) passion, movement, and exaltation. In architecture and sculpture, in painting and ornamentation, in creative and in imitative minds, we constantly are met by gusts of this rushing, rustling, snorting, and yet languishing, swimming, and soaring quality. This art had neither the dignified aloofness of the High Renaissance, nor the gentle persuasiveness of the Early Renaissance, nor the reverent self-absorption of the Gothic: it carried on an undisguised propaganda, declaiming, shouting, gesticulating with such passion and even shamelessness that protests could not even be heard. It was always relentlessly bent on giving to the utmost extreme of its power. Whether it represents the adoring, affectedly humble upward gaze of yearning, contrite figures, or renders the visionary spasms of an ecstasy amounting to hysteria, or ruthlessly pictures reality in its most monstrous and terrifying forms, always it is the exaggerated and the exorbitant, shrillness and glare, at which its productions aim. It seizes with ardour on the very material which the cool æstheticism of the Renaissance had disdained: the sick, the defeated, the outcast; the old, the decrepit, the worn-out; the ragged, the weather-beaten, the deformed; death, skeletons, and corruption. It shows humanity howling, grinning, trembling, writhing in contortions and convulsions; it likes extravagant, ugly things because they are stronger and truer. And whereas it was the profound determination and highest aim of the Renaissance to define and make clear, to harmonize and order, the new art takes the most elaborate pains to spread around its creations the perfume of perpetual yearning and unfulfilment, the charm of enigma and confusion and dissonance. The triumph of its artistic achievement is that it pressed into its service even light — that dividing and clarifying power which, from time immemorial, has been the interpreting medium of all the arts — for by the indefiniteness with which it carried out its transitions from shade to light, by the emphasis it laid on the indefinable aura which envelops all objects and thus all contours, it is able to generate opaqueness and vagueness and to raise the mixing of colours to the level of a mystical art — one of the most forceful and revolutionary acts that the history of Sight has to show.

At the same time it sphere of sultriness and figures were clothed, but more suggestive than they had been merely anatomical became endowed with a there breathed much was arranged as to appear to sensuality was concentrated intermingled. Art revelled and wounds. The sweet eroticism, algolagnia, and combined in that bizarre expression in Bernini's something else, will always be comparable only to that of the most subtle illusions. profoundly religious; yet footlights is inseparable from the arrangement of theatre and religion be it who serve it seriously as religion, on its ritually in presentation of God's glory

There will always be more than the Baroque. These consider that a work of art can as many assume that a picture if it is incomprehensible. matters of taste, on which sensible. One thing does, however, contrary is maintained: more than that of the Renaissance movement would have sounder tury had been accustomed of unnaturalness, pervers matter, in the eighteenth century, famous with coarse, inartistic notation of art terms, the

the Renaissance. It was unrestrained, movement, and painting and ornament we constantly are and yet languish — neither the dig- the gentle persuasive self-absorption paganda, declaimed even shameless — was always relentless power. Whether hard gaze of yearnings of an ecstasy reality in its most exaggerated and productions aim. h the cool æsthetic, the defeated, the ; the ragged, the s, and corruption. g, writhing in con- gely things because s the profound den- ce to define and art takes the most he perfume of per- f enigma and con- stic achievement is dividing and clar- as been the inter- definiteness with le to light, by the nvelops all objects e opaqueness and to the level of a revolutionary acts

At the same time it imparted to everything a general atmosphere of sultriness and tension — in fact, of latent eroticism. The figures were clothed, but the clothing, by its concealment, was far more suggestive than the nakedness that preceded it. Man, who had been merely anatomically beautiful in the Renaissance, now became endowed with a sexual beauty. Under the decent draperies there breathed much warmer flesh. At times the covering was so arranged as to appear to be ready to fall off ; at times again, all the sensuality was concentrated in the face. Cruelty and lust were intermingled. Art revelled in scenes of bloodshed, in martyrdom and wounds. The sweetness of pain was glorified. Finally eroticism, algolagnia, and yearning for the supernatural were combined in that bizarre mixture which found its most powerful expression in Bernini's St. Theresa, a work which, apart from anything else, will always be memorable for the sublime art — comparable only to that of the stage — by which it is made to express the most subtle illusions. There is no doubt that the conception is profoundly religious ; yet the impression of secret make-up and footlights is inseparable both from the composition as a whole and from the arrangement of every detail. But why, after all, should the theatre and religion be irreconcilable? Is not the theatre, for all who serve it seriously and devotedly, a sort of religion, and is not religion, on its ritually impressive side, a sort of *theatrum Dei*, a presentation of God's greatness?

There will always be some who place the Renaissance higher than the Baroque. These are predominantly the people who consider that a work of art can only be called noble if it is dull, just as many assume that a philosophical work can only be profound if it is incomprehensible. They forget that here we are dealing with matters of taste, on which an impartial judgment is almost impossible. One thing does, however, seem to us irrefutable, often as the contrary is maintained : namely, that Baroque art is more natural than that of the Renaissance. Only a few decades ago this statement would have sounded like a bad joke, for the nineteenth century had been accustomed to think of the Baroque as the extreme of unnaturalness, perversity, and distortion — just as, for that matter, in the eighteenth century, Gothic was practically synonymous with coarse, inartistic, barbarous. In this change in the connotation of art terms, there lies a whole history of æsthetics, and

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The name given to this spoken singing — which was a decided improvement on earlier vocal styles in point of naturalness and clearness, since it followed the normal accent of the words — was *stile rappresentativo* or *stile parlante*. By 1607 opera had advanced a stage in Monteverde's *Orfeo*. Here the recitative is more animated and the rôle of the music becomes much more independent, both the interludes and the tone-colour effects being handed over to it as its particular function. The opera of that day also owes to this its finest master the introduction of the duet, the invention of the tremolo for the violin family, and the *leitmotiv*, which appears in the very first of his operas.

In outward splendour the operatic performances of the Baroque outshine those of all their successors. One beheld the goddess of Dissension with her dragon steed and Pallas Athene in her owl-drawn coach floating through the air, Jupiter and Apollo enthroned in the clouds, and the ship of Paris steering through waves and storms; the underworld belched forth spirits and monsters from its red jaws; horses and buffaloes, elephants and camels passed across the stage; bodies of troops (often several hundred strong) filed past, delivered battles, battered fortresses; and the heavens, with sun and moon, stars and coloured comets, played their parts almost without intermission. Bernini, master of all these arts, once staged the Castle of S. Angelo with the rushing Tiber, full of boats and people, in the foreground. Suddenly the dam which divided the river from the stalls burst, and the waves swept towards the audience with such violence as to start a panic. But Bernini had calculated to a nicety that the water would stop short of the front row. Another time he put a brilliant carnival procession on the stage with masked dancers and torches at its head. A part of the wings caught fire and everyone began to rush away. But at a given signal the flames were extinguished, and the stage was transformed into a blooming garden in which a fat donkey placidly grazed. It is by such grotesque and glittering devices as these that we may gauge the jaded taste and excessive demands of theatre audiences in those days.

The opera soon became the queen of the age. In 1637 the first public opera-house was built in Vienna, and by the year 1650 there were already four in that city. In 1627 the first German opera — likewise called *Daphne* — appeared; it was the work of Heinrich

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Schütz, the most important forerunner of Bach and Handel, and the text was personally — very personally — adapted from Rinuccini, by that pontiff of German literature, Opitz. Gradually the aria detached itself from the recitative, the chorus withdrew almost completely, its singers becoming mere supers who had only to utter occasional cries such as: “*Viva!*” “*Mori!*” “*All’ armi!*” and so on. Innovations, however, as in our own day, did not meet with unmixed approval; we read in the work of the canon Giovanni Maria Artusi, a contrapuntist to the bone (*Delle imperfezioni della moderna musica*) that “the new composers are ignoramuses, who merely make a noise and do not know what it is permitted to write and what not.”

The summit of the Early Baroque is seen in Spain. Here again is a proof that a wave of political and economic prosperity is by no means always the essential preliminary to high artistic development. For, to the Spaniard, the seventeenth century signified the loss of his country's position as a world-power and its complete economic ruin. And yet he called it — and rightly — *el siglo de oro*, the golden century. Philip II, whom we have already studied at close quarters, was succeeded, at the turn of the sixteenth century, by the phlegmatic, flabby Philip III, of whom his father is reputed to have said: “God, who has given me so many kingdoms, has denied to me a son capable of ruling them; I fear it will be they who rule him.” The aimless and corrupt domination of favourites under which his government suffered became even worse with his successor, Philip IV, whose interests were the pleasures of love and the chase, though drama and painting were included in them also. This incapable and indolent form of *étatisme* (which took care to suppress every independent movement on the part of both town communes and country population) and the universal corruptibility, lack of enterprise, and protectionism led to a complete decline of the nation's economy. In the end the State was reduced to the desperate measure of promising hereditary nobility to every field-labourer; but even this proved fruitless, for work was a disgrace to the free-born Spaniard. The impolitic and inhuman oppression of the Moriscos has already been mentioned; in the year 1609 it culminated in their complete expulsion, with a literally disastrous effect on the home industries. Similar results followed the enforced emigration of the Jews to Holland, where they played

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a considerable part in the economic rise of the new power. In the open country and among the proletariat of the towns — which was nowhere more numerous and more demoralized than in Spain — there was famine, and even the lower middle-classes fell into a very depressed condition. It became increasingly difficult to collect taxes, and thus the nobility and the court also were involved in the general bankruptcy. It was no unusual sight to see the royal body-guard begging for the soup distributed to the poor at the monastery gates. Bread, onions, dried grapes, a little sheep's-milk cheese, and an egg or two formed the Spaniard's diet; he could but rarely afford the famous national dish, the *ola podrida* soup, concocted of cabbage, turnips, garlic, mutton, and bacon. There were neither state schools nor compulsory education of any sort. Only the members of the nobility and the higher bourgeoisie were able to read, and even they were only allowed such books as a strict and fanatical censorship permitted. The Court of the Inquisition was as active as ever, and by its ruling that an accused man should not see his witnesses and accusers face to face, the door was opened wide to cowardly revenge and treacherous denunciation. A widespread criminal association, the so-called *germania*, which was in league with the police, troubled the whole country-side. In spite of the general poverty, gambling was universal among high and low, and the State, as holder of a monopoly for the manufacture of playing-cards, was the beneficiary of this vice. Drunkenness alone was not among Spain's national evils. The word of abuse "*borracho*" (drunkard) was an insult which could only be avenged by blood. In all ranks, indeed, the outward conception of honour was developed to an unwholesome point. This side of the Spanish national character, that in which its hardness, passionateness, and bizarrerie most strikingly express themselves, is familiar to all through the country's literature and has been most movingly described in Calderon's *El Médico de sa honra*. Lope de Vega says: "Honour is something which depends upon others; no one is honoured through himself, for it is from the other that he receives honour." (This curiously coincides with Schopenhauer's definition: "Honour is, objectively, the opinion of others as to our value and, subjectively, our dread of that opinion.") It is very typical of the almost pathological loyalty of the Spaniards that — despite their extreme susceptibility, which made death itself preferable to

an unavenged insult — is illustrated in a number of instances. Zorilla's *Del Rey abdicado* shows how a king may insult another king and yet restore anyone's injuries. Not only the villas but the houses — palaces and convents — pavements, and for the most part the lamps under the Madrid sky — more than in Russia, the ducal coaches were unknown. It was a notion as simply to be untrue as to know of anything like a safety or suchlike things. Poetry, and gaiety. With them their magnificent court displayed the Spanish national festivals, theatrical performances, and the world. And even the perpetual love-intrigues, the intoxicating perfume cost nothing.

The crown and such a race of glossy, mellow-faced men who lived in great poverty and ever-ready *españolismo* remained proverbial to the king, in which the king has preserved for himself anæmically pure blood and class-consciousness, with the same incomprehensible lineating that very different characterized Renaissance of this Christian-orient. Every facial emotion was an egg and sugar, and the

new power. In the towns — which was than in Spain — classes fell into a ly difficult to col- also were involved ht to see the royal o the poor at the little sheep's-milk diet; he could but odrida soup, con- pacon. There were of any sort. Only rgeoisie were able books as a strict of the Inquisition cused man should e door was opened inciation. A wide- mia, which was in ry-side. In spite of ong high and low, e manufacture of Drunkenness alone rd of abuse " bo- only be avenged by ion of honour was of the Spanish na- assionateness, and is familiar to all nost movingly de- ope de Vega says: ers; no one is hon- r that he receives penhauer's defini- ers as to our value It is very typical rds that — despite itself preferable to

an'unavenged insult — no offence could come from the king. This is illustrated in a number of famous dramas, as, for instance, in Zorilla's *Del Rey abajo ninguno*; here the idea actually gives the work its title, which substantially means that no man below the king may insult another. The king's word had also the power to restore anyone's injured honour.

Not only the villages, but also the towns consisted of mud houses — palaces and public buildings excepted. There were no pavements, and for sole illumination there were the little oil-lamps under the Madonna shrines. Cleanliness was hardly better than in Russia, the dirt of Madrid being indeed proverbial. Post-coaches were unknown, and inns were in such a miserable condition as simply to be undeserving of the name. There was no question of anything like an organized system of information or public safety or suchlike things. And yet life was not without colour, poetry, and gaiety. The numerous religious feast-days brought with them their magnificent processions, in which Church and court displayed the splendour of their power; there were rollicking national festivals, too, imposing bull-fights, and, above all, dramatic performances such as could be seen nowhere else in the world. And even the poverty of everyday life was seasoned by perpetual love-intrigues, jests of both grace and gallows-humour, and the intoxicating perfume of gardens and moonlit nights, which cost nothing.

The crown and summit of this strange world is represented by a race of glossy, melancholy drones — the Grandees — who often lived in great poverty, but even then wore their threadbare *capas* and ever-ready *espadas* with an air and dignity that have remained proverbial to this day. Their pride did not abate even before the king, in whose presence they remained covered. Velasquez has preserved for us the tired, well-bred hauteur of their anæmically pure blood, the devitalizing exclusiveness of their class-consciousness, their mentality become all mask and form, with the same incomparable skill as that shown by Titian in delineating that very different type of self-consciousness which characterized Renaissance man. And woman, at once queen and slave of this Christian-oriental world, petrifies completely into a doll. Every facial emotion is hidden under a thick layer of white of egg and sugar, and the lower part of her body is covered by an

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enormous barrel of a crinoline, known as a *guardia de vertu*. When Philip IV's bride was travelling through a Spanish city, and the Cortes made a ceremonious presentation of costly silk stockings, the Master of the Ceremonies flung them down indignantly, crying: "I would have you know that the queens of Spain have no legs."

Gracian

The world-outlook of that class of society raised a characteristic monument to itself in a work called *Oraculo manual y arte de prudencia*, published by the Jesuit father Balthasar Gracian in 1653 and translated into admirable German by Schopenhauer. In it we find such rules of life as these: "Leave others in uncertainty as to your intention: it is neither useful nor agreeable to show your cards, it should always be allowed to appear that there is something mysterious in the background"; "keep people hoping, but never quite satisfy them"; "do not countenance extravagant expectations"; "think like the few and speak like the many"; "indulge in pardonable faults, for a certain negligence is at times the greatest recommendation"; "beware of triumphing over your superiors"; "do the popular things yourself, the unpopular through others"; "do not wait to become a sinking sun, drop things before they drop you"; "belong neither wholly to yourself nor to another, for both are a degrading tyranny." And at the close these maxims come out at this surprising résumé: "in a word: be a saint — and in saying that we say everything. There are three things beginning with S which bring happiness: *santidad, sanidad, sabiduria* (holiness, health, and wisdom)."

El Greco

Yet it was in this curious atmosphere that Calderon's marvellous eloquence blossomed; and the flaming colour-orgies of decorative art, with its ranked lustrous *azulejos*, remind us of that poet's mosaic-like splendour of imagery. The wooden sculptures, unique in the history of art, which, with their glaring paint, naturalistic flesh-colouring, blood-drippings, crystal eyes, crowns of thorns, silver daggers, real silk garments, tears made of glass pearls, and wigs of real hair, achieve both the coarsest waxwork illusionism and at the same time a mysterious, suggestive effect that eludes all artistic criteria. In painting, again, Ribera's massive solemnity and pitiless naturalism, and Zurbarán's simple but most profound monastic piety, accomplished creations of the highest order. Beside them, to mention Murillo — who yet

throughout the nineteenth-century painter — is almost perfume and its billowy cheap *élan* of the popular public is unfailing; and are just pleasing bits of philistine with highly coloured show only too clearly visible to the middle classes. Murillo is the characteristic of seventeenth-century representative, not the shall have had to admit) Italy did lands in that of Rubens Greco.

El Greco lived in Toledo, agony was setting in, proud home of the Inquisition, soul of Toledo that he painted of Rome and the dying But it is not this alone which power; it is above all the transcendence which brought their blanched air, their sunken eyes of visionaries, the quite unnatural (in colour and light-distribution. Greco's things and their like seen immensely secondary and did not paint the truth — forerunner Alarcón calls for centuries he was regarded as foolishness, and Calderon represents him together with Loyola and the mission of the Spanish Baroque.

It is not yet the time about the Baroque; but now. The Baroque is, like an attempt to get even with

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 ish painter — is almost blasphemous. His art, with its artificial
 perfume and its billowy clouds, has the silky optimism and the
 cheap *élan* of the popular virtuoso whose success with the larger
 public is unfailing; and his famous scenes of Spanish peasant life
 are just pleasing bits of opera and glazed idylls, which flatter the
 philistine with highly coloured misrepresentations of reality that
 show only too clearly why this artist became the idol of the mid-
 dle classes. Murillo is the Spanish Raphael; true, but it is charac-
 teristic of seventeenth-century Spain that it regarded as most rep-
 resentative, not the shallowest of its leading artists — as (we have
 had to admit) Italy did in the case of Raphael, and the Nether-
 lands in that of Rubens — but the most profound: namely, El
 Greco.

El Greco lived in Toledo — a city which, though its death-
 agony was setting in precisely at that very time, was still the
 proud home of the Inquisition and the Councils — and it was the
 soul of Toledo that he painted: the triumph of the world-church
 of Rome and the dying pomp of the world-dominion of Spain.
 But it is not this alone which gives his pictures their incomparable
 power; it is above all the complete detachment, unreality, and
 transcendence which breathe from every one of his figures —
 their blanched air, their strangely contorted and elongated bodies,
 their eyes of visionaries initiated into the higher mysteries, and
 the quite unnatural (indeed definitely magical) foreshortening
 and light-distribution. Gravitation, likeness, perspective — these
 things and their like seem to us, as we stand before his paintings,
 immensely secondary and insipid — even false. This "Greek"
 did not paint the truth — the "suspicious truth," as Calderon's
 forerunner Alarcón calls it in the title of one of his plays — and
 for centuries he was regarded as a fool because he realized that
 reason was foolishness, as the "court jester of humanity" that
 Calderon represents him to be. But on that very account he stands
 along with Loyola and Don Quixote as the most powerful expres-
 sion of the Spanish Baroque.

It is not yet the time to write anything really comprehensive
 about the Baroque; but certain features stand out clearly even
 now. The Baroque is, like every self-contained world-outlook, an
 attempt to get even with reality and to reconcile its conflicting

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years, he was condemned to great physical suffering, which he bore with the noblest patience and composure, almost with serenity. A chronic victim to colic, neuralgia in the head, inflamed gums, and insomnia, he yet denied himself every form of comfort, waited on himself entirely, and even took in an invalid pauper and nursed him. He praised God for his illnesses — for, as he said, to be ill was the only condition worthy of a Christian — and had a positive dread of becoming healthy again. And his sufferings did in fact raise him to heights which are barred to ordinary mortals; endowed, so to say, with weightlessness, he was able to lead a magical, mystical existence in the midst of the profane and greedy world of Mazarinian France and the hard daylight of his rationalistic century. His last years are bathed in an ethereal, astral glow.

Pascal's philosophic method is embodied in the sentence: "One must be three sorts of a man: mathematician, sceptic, and devout Christian." He arrives at belief — and this is the noteworthy and typically contemporary thing about him — not by way of dogma, but of scepticism. He shows too — in direct opposition to Spinoza — that mathematics does not destroy faith, but founds it. It might be said that for him religious truths hold the same position as higher mathematical truths: inferior understanding may consider them nonsensical as long as it fails to grasp them, but from the moment that it does grasp them it is bound to recognize them as essential, proved, and irrefutable.

It is this that the *Pensées* — which may fairly be taken as the profoundest book in French literature — set out to expound. They deal with the "study of man." For Pascal the scientist the human soul is one large field of experiment and he approaches it with the most subtle precision-instruments of analysis; exposes its most secret and delicate, its darkest and most contradictory impulses; measures its heights and its depths; illumines and fixes its most fluid nuances. In short, he applied to psychology the theory of probability of which he was the founder, and, just as he was the first to measure air-pressure, so now he was the first to weigh the apparently imponderable and to make it an object of exact examination. The final result is, all the same, a vast "*amas d'incertitude*." "For what, after all, is man in the midst of nature? A nothing, set against the infinite; a world, set against nothing; a middle thing between nothing and everything. He is infinitely remote from

Pascal's soul-
anatomy

both, and his nature is just as far removed from the nothing from which he emerges as from the infinite into which he is cast. This is our veritable condition. This confines our knowledge within fixed limits which we are unable to transcend, being both incapable of knowing everything and incapable of ignoring everything. We are situated on a wide middle plane, always unsafe, always swaying between ignorance and knowledge. . . . We burn with the desire to found everything and to build a tower that reaches up to infinity. But our whole structure crashes and the deep earth opens its abyss." "We are powerless in proving — no dogmatism can refute that; we carry within us the idea of truth — no scepticism can refute that. We yearn for truth and find only uncertainty. We seek happiness and find only misery. . . . But our misery is the result of our greatness, and our greatness the result of our misery. . . . For man knows that he is wretched. He is wretched because he knows it; but he is great because he knows that he is wretched. What a chimera is this which we call man! Miracle, confusion, contradiction! Judge over all things and impotent earthworm, treasure-chamber of truth and dark room of uncertainty, glory and shame of the universe: let him praise himself, I will humiliate him; let him humiliate himself, I will praise him; and so persistently will I contradict him that he shall at last comprehend that he is incomprehensible." (Whereon Voltaire, who commented the *Pensées*, remarked: "Sheer invalid's babble"; and we in turn should retort that while it is understandable enough that the brilliant herald and spokesman of the eighteenth century should hear nothing but "babble" in this passage, it is incomprehensible that Voltaire of all people should make a reproach of illness, for whence did he himself derive his genius if not from his "physiological inferiority," his crooked spine, his abnormally feeble constitution, and his pathological irritability?)

The Pascalian anthropology may be summed up in the sentence: "Man is but a weak reed, but a thinking one." "*Ainsi toute notre dignité consiste dans la pensée. . . . Travaillons donc à bien penser: voilà le principe de la morale.*" But good use of the power of thought must not lead anywhither but to Christ. "All the bodies that are — the firmament, the stars, the earth, the natural kingdoms — do not count for as much as the smallest of minds; for it has knowledge of all these and of itself, and the body

has no knowledge of together with all their stirring of love; for lo Out of all bodies the smallest thought: the ferent order. All bodi forth a single stirring love is of a different a

We have already more definitely, that the scientific mind: i laying hold of natur- nomics, war, even me of thought produced problem, either begin tion or else regard it a a different way, the w: only sought after scie the few of the elect, l greatest mind that the

The greatest, but another thinker, equa liance but not in illu liant age of Louis XI' to turn — and, what i he remains right up t man, although his lif overcast skies of Hol Louis was no more t invented by him — a the more deserves clo and surprising lesson: historical results in tl few individuals who: superfluous, and even same way if they we oddities whose sphere men of their age cons other hand all the ap

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the result of our
d. He is wretched
knows that he is
an! Miracle, con-
l impotent earth-
n of uncertainty,
himself, I will hu-
raise him; and so
last comprehend
, who commented
"; and we in turn
ugh that the bril-
tury should hear
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llness, for whence
is "physiological
eble constitution,

ed up in the sen-
ne." "Ainsi toute
availlons donc à
it good use of the
it to Christ. "All
e earth, the natu-
s the smallest of
self, and the body

has no knowledge of anything. And all bodies and all minds put to-
gether with all their works do not count for as much as the least
stirring of love; for love belongs to an incomparably higher order.
Out of all bodies taken together there could not be formed the
smallest thought: that is impossible, because thought is of a dif-
ferent order. All bodies and all minds together are unable to bring
forth a single stirring of true love: that is impossible, because true
love is of a different and entirely supernatural order."

We have already had occasion to observe, and shall soon see
more definitely, that the seventeenth century marks the victory of
the scientific mind: in all spheres it makes its triumphant entry,
laying hold of nature-research, language-research, politics, eco-
nomics, war, even morality, poetry, and religion. All the systems
of thought produced by this century, in dealing with every vital
problem, either begin with the scientific outlook as their founda-
tion or else regard it as their highest and final goal. One only took
a different way, the way of the god-illuminated genius, in that he not
only sought after science like everyone else, not only found it like
the few of the elect, but conquered it. This one was Pascal, the
greatest mind that the Gallic race has ever borne.

The greatest, but not the most effective. The most effective was
another thinker, equal to him in breadth but not in depth, in bril-
liance but not in illuminating power. This man created the bril-
liant age of Louis XIV — the *grand siècle*, to which we are about
to turn — and, what is more, the complete modern Frenchman as
he remains right up to the Revolution and the World War. This
man, although his life was spent in quiet and solitude under the
overcast skies of Holland, was in fact the true Sun-King, and
Louis was no more than a gilded decorative doll and lay figure
invented by him — a most extraordinary process, and one which
the more deserves close study in that it contains a very valuable
and surprising lesson: namely, that permanently effective results,
historical results in the true sense, have ever been achieved by a
few individuals who struck their contemporaries as unessential,
superfluous, and even harmful pedants and would strike us in the
same way if they were alive now; the work of a few fantastic
oddities whose sphere of activity lay completely aloof from all that
men of their age considered important and central; and on the
other hand all the apparently important things which made so

*The
overcomer*

*The true
roi soleil*

much noise and glitter have now sunk into nothingness, under the ban of oblivion, if not of contempt and ridicule. In short, we shall have to take to heart the lesson that all great things are unprofitable, and no profitable things great, and that true world-history consists in the action of a few unworldly dreams, visions, and delusions.

The miracle to which we allude, a sort of second order of creation, was brought about all unconsciously by a poet-weaver in concepts, a shy aristocrat: the *Chevalier René Descartes, seigneur de Perron*.

The golden age of man, at once grandiose in mind, who united in detestable qualities of ing virtues and ugly vi real founder of Bourbc the greater part of the fortunate Henry IV fortunate than gifted, on the other hand the craft and violence to c who at first acted as Louis XIII himself — of value in him except superior mind — as a conclusion that the im ful policy was not ro centralize which strive economy, art — around profound knowledge o of the age, lay the secre dying, bourgeois libera! only effective vehicle of the feeling of the age; the first of modern p of the greatest and on of course, far from bei history as conceived in of ordinary profane his

CHAPTER II
LE GRAND SIÈCLE

"*Aimez donc la raison!*"

Boileau

Richelieu

The golden age of France begins with Richelieu. This statesman, at once grandiose and unworthy, fertile in ideas and narrow in mind, who united in himself not only all the admirable and detestable qualities of an eminent politician, but also all the shining virtues and ugly vices of his race, is generally regarded as the real founder of Bourbon absolutism; and in fact he did contribute the greater part of the imposing edifice that the gifted and unfortunate Henry IV had begun and which Louis XIV, more fortunate than gifted, had only to complete. When we remember on the other hand that he not only employed every method of craft and violence to oust Marie de Medicis, the Queen-mother, who at first acted as regent for her young son, but also treated Louis XIII himself — a pathological ne'er-do-well with nothing of value in him except his blind submissiveness to the Cardinal's superior mind — as a dummy in king's clothing, we arrive at the conclusion that the impulse which stimulated Richelieu's powerful policy was not royalism, but that typical French will-to-centralize which strives to organize everything — State, Church, economy, art — around one single shining centre. Therein, in this profound knowledge of the national character and the tendency of the age, lay the secret of his success. Aristocratic feudalism lay dying, bourgeois liberalism was not yet in its birth-pangs, and the only effective vehicle of power therefore was the Crown. This was the feeling of the age; and this was what made Richelieu one of the first of modern politicians — in a double sense, alike one of the greatest and one of the earliest. To call him modern is, of course, far from being a compliment according to the spirit of history as conceived in this work, but it is certainly one in terms of ordinary profane history. He understood what mankind in his

century wanted before it really knew for itself, and he possessed sufficient sagacity and decision to transform his perception into reality.

This prince — amiable and brutal, noble and vengeful, as only a cavalier of his day could be — had also, over and above these qualities, the discernment to see politics as the art of using forbidden methods and the system of unprincipledness. He accordingly followed totally different principles in his internal and his external diplomacy. Surely a more extraordinary cardinal has seldom been found under the red hat! It is he who is mainly responsible for the fact that the Thirty Years' War did not end with an Imperial victory; it was his doing that the leading Catholic power, Spain, sank to a second and even a third-rate position. He deprived the Huguenots of their fortress, it is true, but he granted them complete religious liberty and access to official posts; he suppressed the centrifugal ambitions of the Catholic clergy with equal severity, in accordance with his principle that the Church is within the State, not the State within the Church. Although the representative of power and the majority, he displayed what was for those days and in those circumstances an almost incredible religious tolerance, whereas the tolerated, strange to say, bore themselves very intolerantly. And he was equally "unprejudiced" in his interventions in the internal affairs of neighbouring states. It was only as a Frenchman that he championed the omnipotence of kings; for the rest he supported the Catalonian and Portuguese insurgents against Spanish rule, German princes against Emperor and Reich, and the Scots against the English throne. He was a thoroughly modern politician, too, in that he strove to play a powerful part in the colonization movements of the day. He founded the *Compagnie de l'Orient* for the purpose of gaining possession of Madagascar, though the venture met with only very partial success. Later Colbert founded the East India Company with the same intention, but it again was able to gain only a few marginal footholds. On the west coast of Africa, Senegambia, the land between Senegal and Gambia, was captured and Fort St. Louis erected. In South America, French Guiana came into existence, with Cayenne as its capital. But what held first place in the public interest was Canada, or *La France Nouvelle*, though it was not until the end of the century that Louisiana came into

French hands. On the small success as colonialistic system was to thrive under such a regime when all European piracy. In other words Colbert. He sought the flourishing cloth branches, encouraged by constructing manufactures became models for all.

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French hands. On the whole, the French of those days had but
small success as colonizers, for in this domain Richelieu's cen-
tralistic system was a failure; no manifestation of vigour could
thrive under such a handicap of state tutelage, especially in an
age when all European colonization was a superior form of
piracy. In other domains also Richelieu was the forerunner of
Colbert. He sought to protect home industries (in particular
the flourishing cloth-manufacture) by duties, established new
branches, encouraged agriculture, and improved communication
by constructing magnificent tree-bordered high roads which
became models for all Europe.

We should do very inadequate justice to Richelieu if we esti-
mated him merely as a politician. Like all great masters of states-
manship he made his mark not only on administration and
diplomacy, but on the whole intellectual and social life of the day.
His principles were the same here as in politics — intense con-
centration, breadth of outlook, order. To bear splendid witness to
his power he built the *Palais Cardinal* (which later, as the *Palais*
Royal, played so interesting a part in history). For the guiding
of public opinion he founded, and himself contributed to, the
Gazette de France, and for the purification and perfection of the
French language he created the *Académie française*, which from
then on remained the supreme arbiter of correct writing and
speech, and through which the language first attained its perfect
clarity, subtlety, and correctness — though at the cost of assuming
a certain mechanical regularity and fettered uniformity. Similarly
the "three unities" which he succeeded in imposing upon the
drama produced a greater precision and transparency of structure
at the cost of a sensible loss in colour, naturalness, and poetic
life. It was under Richelieu, too, that the first great salon was
opened. The house of the beautiful, witty, and amiable Marquise
de Rambouillet became the meeting-place of the intellectual cream
of the aristocracy, and thus the cradle of that sublime union of
nobility and literature which remained typical of French society
for the next two centuries. The ideal of this circle was "*le*
précieux" — the choice and the tasteful in speech, in thought,
and in manners — and out of it arose later, when the effort towards
these ideals degenerated into finicking and superior airs, the con-
temptuous connotation that the word "precious" now possesses.

The Hôtel
Rambouillet

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the cardinal's reputation, French
Richelieu had learned the French
and now he little did just this, had
what you must I think the
delivered of that nation

As a matter of fact, in the beginning the tendency was towards the very opposite: towards simplicity, artistic frugality, tasteful reserve; *ordre, économie, choix*, were the fundamental qualities demanded by good form. In sum, in the age of Richelieu we already sense all about us the cool and bright, thin and pure air of the *grand siècle*.

Mazarin

When Richelieu and the King died, at almost the same time, it was once more a foreigner — Anne of Austria — who acted as regent for her son, a minor, and once more a Cardinal who had the real governance, though this time not as an enemy of the Queen, but as her lover. Apart from that, Mazarin was more or less a weaker double and understudy of Richelieu. But his outward success at any rate was almost greater than his predecessor's. He completely crushed the insurrection of the Fronde, in which the feudal elements made their last stand against the exclusive power of the throne. He secured for France, by the Peace of Westphalia, the long-coveted Rhine frontier; by the Peace of the Pyrenees he on the one hand made good the Pyrenean frontier, and on the other acquired, in the possession of certain very valuable south Belgian fortresses, a strong sallopport into the two Netherlands. He created the Rhenish league, which, completely under French influence, turned west Germany almost into a Bourbon protectorate; and he formed advantageous alliances with Sweden, Poland, Holland, and England. In short, France at that time reached a height of diplomatic power which was never, even under Louis XIV, regained. And yet with it all he seems but a genre figure beside the great Richelieu. His insatiable avarice, for instance, was grotesque enough for Molière; no means of satisfying it was too vile or too adventurous. At the time of the Fronde, when bitter pamphlets against the unpopular minister poured in great numbers from the press and were eagerly bought, he had them all confiscated and then proceeded to sell them in secret himself at high prices. Even on his death-bed he occupied himself with weighing gold pieces with the intention of using the lighter ones at cards.

The
Cartesian
Age

This was in the year 1661. After Mazarin's death it was thought by many that a third prince of the Church, the talented, intriguing Cardinal de Retz, would be promoted to the position of ruler of France, but to the general surprise the twenty-three-

year-old monarch rule. On that day call the height of Cartesian age.

The life of the *grand siècle* owes i to the tremendous ran on very unass went through the he attended the Je tary service in Ger grimage to Loret in complete seclusi centre of the world his comprehensive desire whatever fi "Savages," he w monkeys could sp they should be for up writing, theref might have had if as possible to do w turbing element, a with the ruling p based on the helio Galileian) theory, become involved by Superficial minds truth and persona man never ceased to Roman Church, a existing order of t blood. And as rega to be able to develc them to the world a that he did not eve:

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at almost the same time, of Austria — who acted as a Cardinal who had the as an enemy of the Queen, Mazarin was more or less a Richelieu. But his outward than his predecessor's. He the Fronde, in which against the exclusive power by the Peace of Westphalia, the Peace of the Pyrenees he mean frontier, and on the certain very valuable south into the two Netherlands. completely under French into a Bourbon protector- nces with Sweden, Poland, ce at that time reached a never, even under Louis seems but a genre figure. able avarice, for instance, means of satisfying it was of the Fronde, when bitter ster poured in great num- bought, he had them all them in secret himself at. cupied himself with weigh- using the lighter ones at.

Mazarin's death it was the Church, the talented, promoted to the position: surprise the twenty-three-

ear-old monarch announced that now he himself was going to rule. On that day begins the age of Louis XIV, which we may call the height of the Baroque or, most accurately perhaps, the Cartesian age.

The life of the remarkable man to whom really the spirit of the *grand siècle* owes its form stands apparently in utter contradiction to the tremendous effect that it produced, for outwardly its course ran on very unassuming and almost conventional lines. Descartes went through the normal upbringing of a nobleman of the time: he attended the Jesuit school, became a licentiate of laws, did military service in Germany, Bohemia, and Holland, and made a pilgrimage to Loretto. The last twenty years of his life were spent in complete seclusion in the Netherlands, his only contact with the centre of the world — the Paris of Richelieu and Mazarin — being his comprehensive correspondence. He felt, as he said himself, no desire whatever for fame, rather indeed a positive dread of it.

"Savages," he wrote to one of his admirers, "maintain that monkeys could speak if they wished, but deliberately refrain lest they should be forced to work." I have not had the wisdom to give up writing, therefore I have no longer the peace and leisure I might have had if I had kept silence." He wished to have as little as possible to do with the world, which was to him merely a disturbing element, and he therefore avoided every kind of conflict with the ruling powers. His work on the *Cosmos*, which was based on the heliocentric (though as a matter of fact not on the Galileian) theory, he suppressed when he learnt how Galileo had become involved by his new theory in differences with the Church. Superficial minds have tried to ascribe this to a lack of will-to-truth and personal courage, but they forget that Descartes the man never ceased to be an aristocrat of France and son of the Holy Roman Church, and that in refraining from tilting against the existing order of things he was but following the voices of his blood. And as regards the rest, it was of more importance to him to be able to develop his great thoughts unmolested than to show them to the world amid molestation and controversy; so much so, that he did not even desire a following.

Yet even in his lifetime he could not prevent both opponents and disciples from swarming about him. For his achievements in the mathematical and physical sciences alone were sufficient to

*The magic
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Yet even in his lifetime he could not prevent both opponents and disciples from swarming about him. For his achievements in the mathematical and physical sciences alone were sufficient to

*The magic
cross of
co-ordinates*

create for him a world-wide reputation. He discovered the law of refraction of light and the function of the crystalline lens in the human eye; he solved the riddle of the rainbow, and his theory of vortices, by which he sought to explain the movements of astronomical bodies, carried great weight in his day, although now discarded in the light of later research. His greatest work was, however, the founding of analytical geometry, by which it became possible to express the properties of every plane curve in an equation whose main constituents were formed out of two variable quantities, the co-ordinates. This was not only a perfectly new, and in the sequel extraordinarily fruitful discovery; it was also something of far greater importance: namely, nothing more or less than a giant's effort to apply algebra — that is, pure thought — to geometry; which means the use of real existence to discover the attributes and laws of existence of actual things *before these things themselves exist*; the capture of reality in a permanently fixed network of lines with reference to which it must orient itself, and from which it can at any time be defined and foretold — a supreme victory of rationalism over matter, even though it be only a fictitious one. Cartesian man holds up the *magic cross of co-ordinates* before irrational reality, and so turns it into his spellbound servant. The symbolical significance of this is incalculable: it contains the key to the whole of French Baroque.

Deductive
man

After mathematics it was the turn of metaphysics to develop its propositions deductively from principles known immediately and self-evidently. Everything is true that I “clearly and distinctly” represent: we can, therefore, draw conclusions only from that which we either are able intuitively to know of ourselves, or can with certainty deduce from such knowledge. It is in a strictly tested and ordered series of such progressive and discovering conclusions that the Cartesian method consists.

The principle at the top of Descartes's structure reads as follows: everything is doubtful, *de omnibus dubitandum*. Those sense impressions from which we construct our world-picture do certainly deceive us sometimes, and perhaps always. All the same, even in case we were justified in doubting everything, one thing would remain quite indubitable: that is, this very doubt of ours. Even though all our conceptions may be false, there is a positive

remainder in the fact that everything be an error; even though I deny it. In this manner the *ing-point de omnibus sum*, or — since all he immediately proceeds to *cogitans*, by setting up whose existence is distinct from the existence of his spirit. Descartes, is divided: mental quality is extended; thought is thought. The body without thought: *me* two curious conclusions: his age: first, that *me* the necessary caution: “clearly and distinctly” error is his own fault: proper use of the divine thinking substances: think, the human body: union with the soul, a no soul of any sort automata.

Let us try to gain a clearer expression in a rationally emotional language: there is a strict method: a passionate belief in it: a logical master-key: this method, the “truth” is the cardinal conviction: the dominating life-producing-process, of the Leibniz and Napoleon, to Taylor's method. It dissects thought under examination, finally deductively, following the

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remainder in the fact that they are conceptions; even though
everything be an error, the existence of our error itself is no
error; even though I deny everything, I am still the I who
denies. In this manner Descartes arrives direct from his start-
ing-point *de omnibus dubito* at the conclusion *dubito ergo*
sum, or—since all doubt is thought—*cogito ergo sum*. But
he immediately proceeds to identify this with a third, *sum*
cogitans, by setting up the hypothesis not only that man is a being
whose existence is distinguished by its thought, but that the whole
existence of his spiritual half consists in thought. The world, for
Descartes, is divided into two substances: bodies, whose funda-
mental quality is extension, and spirits, whose essential attribute
is thought. The body is never without extension, the spirit never
without thought: *mens semper cogitat*. This leads Descartes to
two curious conclusions, strikingly characteristic of himself and
his age: first, that man, if he applies the Cartesian method with
the necessary caution and only agrees with that which he has
"clearly and distinctly" recognized, can never be in error, that
error is his own fault into which he falls only when failing to make
proper use of the divine gift of knowing; and, secondly, that as
thinking substances can never be extended, extended ones never
think, the human body is a machine which has nothing in com-
mon with the soul, and animals, since they do not think, have
no soul of any sort and differ in no wise from complicated
automata.

Let us try to gain a closer view of this philosophy, which Des-
cartes expressed in a crystal-clear and at times almost dramati-
cally emotional language. The first fundamental trait that we per-
ceive is a strict methodic of all-round application and, with it, a
passionate belief in its power to win victories. There is a method,
a logical master-key: he who owns it owns the world; if I have
this method, the "true method," I have the whole thing—such
is the cardinal conviction of Cartesianism, and it develops into
the dominating life-passion, determines the whole future evolu-
tion-process, of the Latin soul from Descartes, by way of Voltaire
and Napoleon, to Taine and Zola. This method is the analytical
method. It dissects the given reality, or such of its sections as are
under examination, first of all into its "elements," and then de-
ductively, following the "right" way, gets back to it. It corrects

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strikes six or seven. He goes, in his logical course, even further still and declines to place even human sensations among the spiritual processes; for him they are likewise mere phenomena of movement. The passions are only false judgments, confused, incorrect, obscure notions; and there is therefore no justification for their existence, and they can and must be conquered by reason, reason being the faculty of "clear and distinct" conceptions. We recognize here the habit of mind — akin to that of the Greek Stoa, but adjusted to the point of view of the man of the world — which hovered over the seventeenth century as an ethical ideal: that of the man who has tamed and rationalized all his instincts by the clear methodology which has become his *life-form*; who looks down upon everything that is the outcome of elementary instincts and the unregulated sphere of the will as uncivilized and plebeian, tasteless and barbaric, unphilosophical and unæsthetic; who feels everything not subject to reason to be subaltern and in bad form. But already the eighteenth century is heralded in the conviction that everything that conflicts with reason represents an unripe moral formation and an aberration of nature, destined to be overcome in the course of progress.

The soul
without
brothers

In each individual province the Cartesian system did no more than draw logical conclusions from its supreme principle of *cogito ergo sum*. From thought Descartes extracted the fact of the human ego and of the whole world. It is true that when Gassendi argued that man could draw conclusions as to his existence from any of his other activities, and say, for instance: "*Ambulo ergo sum* (I walk, therefore I am)" Descartes quite rightly replied that man could only be assured of the fact that he was walking by his conception of that fact; that is, by thinking he was walking. But he brought thought and existence not merely into such a relation of major and minor premiss, but also into that of identity, by establishing that the being of the mind consisted solely in thought, and that things thought were therefore the only reality. If, for instance, Gassendi had challenged him with the maxim: "*Volo ergo sum* (I will, therefore I am)," on which Schopenhauer's philosophy takes its stand, Descartes would not have been able to produce the same rejoinder; for even if I become conscious of my will only through my imagining it, the question still remains, may not this will nevertheless be the origin of my existence? Through

the fact of my thought reality Descartes turn. He was nevertheless fu the great philosophers i the voice of their time epoch to a system. And vinced that only the activity: "*Quod nesci*. Cartesian Geulinx. Only a soul must think: "*I* Malebranche.

This mind, which Cartesianism presents, tion into which any being. It is out of the pure thought that De sum. Man, as he conc with his *cogito*, his not fying, which builds up and nature; world-astronomies, physics; virtues. Yet at bottom perhaps unaware of it thinks and thinks, is: but only the thought of what is real (or at an curve, but the general: conceptions have less what guarantee have not a dream? "When a single characteristic the waking conditions I am completely at a l at this moment." Here true Baroque philosop to a reality of the second in hypothesis — as a distrust of the whole too, in combining wit

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may even be asserted that to this very day almost every Frenchman is a born Cartesian. The French Revolution crushed the absolutism of the Bourbons as completely as is possible to imagine, but so far from dethroning Descartes, it confirmed and even extravagantly heightened his power.

With Louis XIV the transition from Pre-Baroque to full Baroque is completed. His autocratic government covers about five and a half decades. At his death the late Baroque, known as Rococo, set in. We have previously remarked that the epoch of his becoming absolute monarch is marked by a number of other dates of decisive significance; and so it is with the end of his reign likewise. His death took place in 1715, and in the same year Malebranche, the most important of the Cartesians, died. In 1713 Frederick William I came to the throne of Prussia, in 1714 the house of Hanover began its rule in England — two significant turning-points in politics. And in 1716 Leibniz died — in whom, as we shall see, the Baroque spirit found its highest concentration. The death of the Sun-King signifies therefore, in more ways than one, the end of a historical epoch.

The extreme absolutism that Louis XIV set up followed self-evidently from the supremacy of Cartesian Reason, which requires a centre from which everything may be uniformly and methodically ruled and directed. The motto: "*l'État c'est moi*" had for the men of the time a meaning very far removed from that which frivolous critics have since attached to it. The king was the centre, selected by God and Reason, of the earthly system of co-ordinates. Everything had to orient itself on him, and if anyone had been rash enough to think otherwise, he would have appeared to the feeling of the age not only as a traitor to the State and to majesty, but as something far worse, a person unable to think systematically. The king is, to begin with, and then the State — developed from him just as the cross of co-ordinates precedes the actual points, lines, and surfaces. The king does not rule the State, he makes the State. From this a radically absolutist theory naturally and necessarily follows, and its clearest and most impressive exposition is to be found in the writings of Bossuet, the "eagle of Meaux," who was both one of the most moving pulpit-orators and one of the most brilliant historians of his time. In his *Politique tirée de l'Écriture Sainte*, he asserts

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of Madame de Maintenon's brother, who, when his sister said she could not endure her dull life by the side of Louis, exclaimed: "Are you thinking of marrying God the Father, then?"

The external instruments by which Louis XIV wielded and sustained his unshakable authority were bureaucracy, police, and standing army — the three outstanding and characteristic elements of the modern state — which were brought to their highest development in his reign. Over the whole land was drawn the net of a carefully graded and organized official hierarchy. There was prompt and relentless enforcement of taxation, an ever open source (which, however, eventually ran dry) for the immense expenditure on the business of state. The capitation-tax (*la taille*) was very high and at the same time inequitably distributed, since the nobility and clergy were exempt. In addition there were heavy indirect charges on a number of the most essential domestic articles, above all the notorious salt-tax (*la gabelle*). Equally detested and feared were the *lettres de cachet*, by means of which the King could intern whom he pleased without trial for an indefinite period.

The nobility, deprived of its proud feudal independence, was transformed by Louis XIV into a court aristocracy which had no other purpose but that of enhancing the splendour of royalty. He did, it is true, fill the public offices and, above all, the higher military posts, with nobles for preference, but, even so, from being minor sovereigns they had become crown officials, distinguishable from ordinary subjects only by outward honours and decorations. And apart from them the King, as a matter of fact, drew into his service large numbers of the bourgeoisie, wherever he found talent and enterprise, and not infrequently he put them into the highest posts, especially on the administrative side — hence the nickname that Saint-Simon gives him in the *Mémoires*, "*le roi des commis*." In this wise there arose a new and very influential caste, the *nouveaux riches*, which by the purchase of land and consequent ennoblement, by lucky speculations, and by securing aristocratic connexions by marriage climbed rapidly.

The King's closest attention was given to the army. He was not himself what is called a "militarist," but he realized that constant wars, which flattered patriotic pride and at the same time directed abroad the craving for action, were the surest means of

Louis XIV's
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Lenôtre is the creator of French garden-construction, which lays out its parks in the form of mathematical figures, and plants them with the aid of compass and ruler. Fountains and pools were laid out with the same symmetry, as for instance the *Bassin de Latone* at Versailles, where frogs are set round at regular intervals, all sending out their jets in the same faultlessly equal curves. The same spirit breathes from the minuet, perhaps the most remarkable dance ever invented, in that it achieves the feat of wedding the most chilling affectation, deliberation, and marionettism to the most bewitching grace, vivacity, and airiness. And indeed at bottom the whole salon-life of the period was a minuet. Were there not strict regulations as to how many steps one took before it was permitted to bow, the particular line of the bow, and the depth of it in each particular case? There was nothing in this society which did not conform to a minute and considered regulation, nothing that was left to chance. Life was one great drawing-board squared in standard units, a chess-board on which certain uniform figures made their moves to order.

Even the great King could not escape from this strict moral etiquette. It was the one power stronger than he. His day was strictly ordered: every hour had its prescribed occupation, dress, and company. The absolute monarch was at bottom no more than a great doll which certain persons chosen to that end dressed, undressed, fed, took out, and put to bed. No one might hand him a handkerchief but the head of the handkerchief section; the inspection of his night-stool was a separate court office; to pass him a glass of water was the work of four people. His whole life was one tiresome, boring reception of the same faces and the same expressions. When the ceremonial of the French Court was described to Frederick the Great, he remarked that if he were king of France his first governmental act would be to appoint a viceroy to hold his court for him.

The life of the court was one long repertory piece, always the same, which began at eight in the morning and ended at ten at night, only to begin all over again next day. But, what is more, the life of all France was a similar comedy. It took an amazing amount of self-control and self-denial to carry out the ticklish, exhausting title-rôle of the hero in this comedy, but Louis XIV solved this difficult problem with such consummate mastery that we do not

even see the effort behind the benefit of Europe: intelligent performance, mendacious one too.

Louis XIV was determined. For his portraits he posed as a magnificent equestrian statue, wished to be presented as a horse which is in the attitude of a sculptor Girardon carved a statue that Louis XIV had for his fatherland — a statue which ruins the work from the manner, however, the king was always tactful, always smiling and angry only in the *Tonans*. With women, his courteous courtesy, and he was the lowest kitchen-maid. His humiliation and of refusal of delicacy is seen in his at sought asylum with him treated him as a sovereign him to style himself King of the shield, according to the king. On one occasion he threatened from the temptation of st had insulted him. When battle, once said to him: should no longer need to "I should be sorry for that" and made him a handson

His excellent constitution, fatigues of his position consisted usually of four plates of partridge, a large dish of soup, a plate of cakes, fruit, and developed an equal vitality King so long as it wore a p

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La Rochefoucauld is the first real aphorist of modern times. His short sentences are compressed moral and psychological treatises. In them too there lives the *esprit géométrique*, which is seen in their razor-sharp antithesis, their crystallographic phrasing. He is none the less the man of the world and of the salon, even in point of style. His sketches are not merely witty, but also pleasing and graceful, elegant as drops of a choice perfume, the strong extract of the fragrance left by many thousands of minor experiences. The author's philosophical system is very simple. Just as psycho-analysis explains everything on sexual grounds, so he derives all human actions from a single motive: namely, *l'orgueil, la vanité, l'amour-propre* (pride, vanity, self-love): "many as are the discoveries that have been made in the realm of self-love, it still holds many an unexplored country"; "selfishness speaks all languages and plays all rôles, even that of unselfishness"; and "even virtue would not get so far did not vanity keep her company." And, because he is ever on the alert for the secret under-layer of vanity, he succeeds in rooting it out of its last hiding-place and catching and holding its most delicate nuances: "we should rather hear evil spoken of us than nothing at all"; "to decline praise is to ask for it twice over"; "we often pardon those whom we find tedious, but never those who find us tedious"; "whether philosophers regard life with affection or indifference is merely a matter of the direction taken by their vanity." Virtue, too, is only a form of vice: "the virtues lose themselves in selfishness as rivers in a sea"; "we are often only prevented from giving ourselves up to a particular vice because we possess several varieties"; "when the vices desert us, we flatter ourselves that we have shaken them off"; "old people give good advice by way of consoling themselves for no longer being able to give bad examples"; "the vices are an ingredient of the virtues just as poisons are an ingredient of remedies: prudence mixes and mitigates them and uses them with good effect to combat the ills of life"; "if love be judged by the majority of its works, it more resembles hatred than friendship," for "true love is like supernatural apparitions, which everyone speaks of, but only the very few have seen." Yet La Rochefoucauld is no cynic, but a sceptic full of secret aspirations. He is convinced that intellect cannot for long play the part of soul, and that the real *politesse*

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de l'esprit rests in "thinking nobly and delicately," that cunning and treachery arise solely from ineptitude, and that the surest way of being deceived is to believe oneself more artful than other people. A large number of his *bons mots* are distinguished by extreme delicacy, as, for instance: "It is a greater disgrace to mistrust our friends than to be deceived by them"; "To be in too great a hurry to clear off a debt is a sort of ingratitude"; "We are easily consoled for a friend's misfortunes when they give us an opportunity to show our love for him." This blending of frivolity and nobleness, harsh materialism and sensitive tactfulness, makes La Rochefoucauld the finest bloom of all the intellectual flora which sprang to life around Louis XIV. His saying: "Ridicule is more shaming than shame," mirrors the whole world of Versailles with all its light and shade, and he once summed up the whole of this culture in the words: "Every member of every class of society adopts a particular look and posture which shall make him appear what he wishes to be regarded as; we may say, therefore, that the world is made up of nothing but attitudes." And in fact we scan this race in vain for faces and spontaneous movements; wherever we look there is nothing but pose and gesture.

The Allonge

The costume of the period illustrates this very clearly. It is exclusively for salon wear, designed for parade occasions, for persons perpetually "on show." The doublet disappears under the *justaucorps*, a richly embroidered gala coat, reaching to the knees, with wide sleeves, long cuffs, and enormous buttons. Ladies wore the full robe with tight bodice, a train — whose length might be six to forty feet according to the wearer's rank — and the *cul de Paris*, a padded bustle suggesting abnormal development behind. Boots gave way to buckled shoes, and gloves of fine white leather were indispensable for both sexes. The chief article of external apparel was, however, the *allonge* or large state wig, which was introduced in 1625 and universally worn by 1655. As the chancellor von Ludwig said, "it made men like lions," and that is why light brown or blond was the favourite colour. At about the same time there vanished the last indication of a beard, the "fly"; and all the world went clean-shaven. The feminine counterpart to the *allonge* was the *fontange*, a towering head-dress made of lace, ribbons, ruchings,

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It was common: XIII's baldness, and upon the *fontange*, out of servility. Now correct than this. France that led the and, above all, a none to impose a costume of France set in only against the wig for own — and first mou ever create a fashion himself ludicrous by "*es ist erreicht*," and wearers as travelling societies. The "Empe which was no whit more really happened to be mandated. It should also designed for the conce present-day toupet, but ing and completing the plumed hat or scarf. Fi to try to trace the cause wig to the bald head of

For the wig is the humanity. It enhances these were the two und it imparts style, and that matter, no novelty familiar with it, and so a people whose culture and who even used artifice which created their pyramids of elaborately plaited hair. The shallow nineteenth tive; nowadays we beg

ately," that cunning and that the surest are artful than others are distinguished by greater disgrace to them"; "To be in too ingratitude"; "We know when they give us." This blending of the sensitive tactfulness of all the intellects is XIV. His saying that "The whole world is once summed up in every member of every posture which shall be as; we may say, thing but attitudes." "The spontaneous thing but pose and

is very clearly. It is on parade occasions, for it disappears under the coat, reaching to the enormous buttons, train — whose length marks the rank — and the normal development of gloves of fine white. The chief article of the or large state wig, was worn by 1655. It made men like and was the favourite. It was the last thing the world went clean. The *allonge* was the lace, ribbons, ruchings,

and false hair, which not infrequently rose to a height of nearly five feet.

It was commonly held that the wig owed its origin to Louis XIII's baldness, and that the ladies, not to be left behind, seized upon the *fontange*, and that after that all Europe followed suit out of servility. Now, nothing could well be more feeble and incorrect than this. First of all, as we have just seen, it was not France that led the fashion in Europe at that time, but Holland; and, above all, a nonentity like Louis XIII was the last man likely to impose a costume on his generation. The cultural beginning of France set in only with Louis XIV, and he personally fought against the wig for many years — having fine long hair of his own — and first mounted one in 1673. Indeed, no monarch can ever create a fashion; he can but experiment with it and make himself ludicrous by so doing. The beard of the cut known as "*es ist erreicht*," and the Austrian "imperial," only labelled their wearers as travelling wine-merchants and members of veterans' societies. The "Emperor Frederick" beard, on the other hand, which was no whit more ornamental, did not degrade, because it really happened to be the fashion that the spirit of the age demanded. It should also be remembered that the wig was at no time designed for the concealment of a lack of natural hair, like the present-day toupet, but was from the first an *article of dress*, adorning and completing the outward appearance in the manner of a plumed hat or scarf. Finally and emphatically, it would be idiotic to try to trace the cause of such a universal phenomenon as the wig to the bald head of an individual contemporary.

For the wig is the deepest symbol of seventeenth-century humanity. It enhances and it isolates (we shall see presently that these were the two underlying tendencies of the age); moreover, it imparts style, and that by its very unnaturalness. It was, for that matter, no novelty in history. The peoples of Hither Asia were familiar with it, and so above all were the Egyptians — they also a people whose culture was based on a supreme style-instinct, and who even used artificial beards. The same spirit of abstraction which created their pyramids and sphinxes insisted upon erections of elaborately plaited hair and square-cut beards made to hang on. The shallow nineteenth century regarded Egyptian art as primitive; nowadays we begin slowly to realize that in comparison

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had as many as three hundred coffee-houses, and already special rooms were reserved for play, billiards and ombre being the favourite games. On the other hand smoking was allowed only in the less polite establishments. It may even be said that coffee then played an even bigger part as a universal tonic than it does today. It is indeed very typical of that naturalist age, for it represents a stimulant that produces what may be called a *sober intoxication*. Voltaire, for instance, was a confirmed coffee-drinker. He may or may not have put away fifty cups a day, or rather a night, as he is said to have done, but he was certainly incapable of living and working without the beverage, and the effect of it is clearly seen in his nervous, transparent, overwrought, and, as it were, over-exposed manner of writing. Besides coffee there were other new foods and drinks. Fruit ices; sparkling wine (not yet, for a century, called "champagne"), the production of which only became possible with the introduction of corking; and chocolate, the favourite Mexican drink, to which Europe only began to accustom itself after someone had conceived the idea of sweetening it — poverty-stricken Spain in particular found in this a popular form of nourishment, and often enough the people's meal would consist of it alone. Yet this tea, coffee, and chocolate did not drive out alcohol. The Germans were still famous or infamous for their reckless drinking, and French and English did not lag far behind, whereas the southerners remained (as ever) relatively moderate. Finally, the fork, whose appearance, or non-appearance, has been noted from time to time, became recognized as a useful implement. From being mocked at as "affected" by the satirists of the first half of the century, it established itself at the French Court about 1650, and thenceforward it was generally accepted. Up till then meat had been conveyed to the mouth either by hand or — as was thought more elegant — by the knife. Another new custom was the taking off of hats. Previously the head-covering had been either not touched at all in greeting or had been merely pushed back on to the neck. On the score of cleanliness much was lacking even in the highest circles, and in this respect one perceives a definite set-back. The public baths, which existed everywhere in the declining Middle Ages and even at the Reformation, now disappear completely, and there was an almost entire lack even of private bathing-facilities. The toilet consisted normally of dipping

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— the perturbations of the elliptical paths of the planets, the inequality of the moon's motion, the ebb and flow of the tides. But Newton was too profound a thinker to draw materialistic conclusions from the results of his researches. It was precisely this admirable ordering of the universe that confirmed him in his belief in a divine founder and controller. He even tried his hand at theology and wrote a treatise on the prophet Daniel and the Apocalypse. In his last years he gave himself up almost exclusively to religious problems. Neither the almost superhuman achievements of his speculative powers, nor the extraordinary number of honours bestowed upon him in recognition of these during a long life, could rob him of his modesty. "*Evangelij simplicitatem moribus expressit*," runs the inscription on his tomb in Westminster Abbey.

England at this time held the leading place in scientific development. Cromwell's system had crumbled at his death. The son of Charles I returned from banishment and ascended the throne as Charles II, amidst general rejoicing. He displayed a great interest in science, was a member of the Royal Society (to which the most prominent national scientists of the age belonged), busied himself with astronomy, and founded the famous observatory at Greenwich. He was tactful, good-natured, sociable, and extremely intelligent; his urbanity went so far as to lead him, after the night of his last battle with death, to make his excuses to those around him for being such an unconscionable time in dying. He danced, played ball, or told anecdotes, brilliantly; was a great patron of the arts, particularly the drama; but with all his amiable (and in some respects dazzling) qualities he remained internally a cold and soulless being, idle, frivolous, and entirely unprincipled, intent on nothing but the satisfaction of his ever-present unslakable thirst for pleasure. He even visited Parliament solely for amusement, and was wont to say that a political debate was as entertaining as a comedy. The licentiousness of his court was a byword in London, and it was not without an undertone of contempt that his people nicknamed him the Merry Monarch. One day, when the Earl of Shaftesbury waited on him, he remarked, smiling, that here was the most dissolute of all his subjects. "True, Your Majesty; of your subjects," replied Shaftesbury.

Though anything but a revengeful fanatic, Charles was equally

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far from possessing noble and passionate convictions. He had nothing of the senseless despotism-mania of the Stuarts, but neither had he any of their lively ambition. He regarded himself neither as absolute monarch by divine right, nor even as the responsible director of the nation's destiny. At bottom he was nothing. He was a man of peace, but purely from indolence; tolerant, but from superficiality. He had but one passion, and that the most harmless — and the lowest — namely, love of money. For money anything could be obtained of him: alliances, changes of faith, concessions to party despotism, concessions to the people's liberty, edicts of toleration, deeds of terror, declarations of war, or peace-treaties. He sold Dunkirk, his neutrality, his allies, his royal privileges, whatever was demanded of him. His extravagance only applied to his loose and vulgar amusements; when it was a question of reasonable sums for the upkeep of the State he was stingy. His officials followed his example and were of a corruptness hitherto unknown in England: the ministers in particular made vast fortunes in their official capacities. In other respects, too, his reign was unfortunate: there occurred, for instance, the unheard-of thing that an enemy fleet — the Dutch under Admiral de Ruyter — swept up the Thames and threatened England with invasion. Then a new and terrible outbreak of plague devoured the country, and a monstrous fire laid the whole city of London in ashes. It was precisely at that time that the doctrine of "passive obedience," advocated earlier by Filmer, won general acceptance — that the king has the power of a father over his children, he was responsible only to God and not to his subjects, who would not be justified in offering resistance to any manner of treatment the monarch chose to adopt. Yet never has such absolute subservience been rendered to a prince who desired it less, wanted it less, and knew less what to do with it.

The
"Glorious
Revolution"

Charles II was succeeded by his brother James II, a zealous partisan of the Romanism to which Charles only confessed his adherence on his death-bed, and of the autocracy which he had shown no inclination to assume. The new King possessed all the bad, but none of the good, qualities of his predecessor, for he was malicious, stupid, and obstinate. Men of other faiths and political opponents he treated with cruel severity. He was supported by Judge Jeffreys, a grotesque monstrosity of a brutal, bloodthirsty

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convictions. He had the Stuarts, but he regarded himself not even as the rest at bottom he was an indolence; toleration, and that the love of money. For finances, changes of fashions to the people's declarations of war, ability, his allies, his him. His extravagance; when it deep of the State he and were of a corollaries in particular. In other respects, I, for instance, the touch under Admiral ended England with of plague devoured the sole city of London doctrine of "passive general acceptance his children, he was who would not be of treatment the solute subservience wanted it less, and

James II, a zealous only confessed his racy which he had not possessed all the predecessor, for he was faiths and political was supported by brutal, bloodthirsty

drunkard, who is still execrated in England today, after over two hundred years, for his misdeeds; it was his boast that he had had more traitors executed than all his predecessors since the reign of William the Conqueror. James II was apparently a sadist like Henry VIII and also sexually perverse in other respects: he took only mistresses of exceptional ugliness. One of them, Catharine Sedley — who was witty into the bargain — once remarked that she did not know what he found in her to attract him: it could not be that he saw any beauty in her — since she had none — or any intelligence — since he had none. His method of argument was to meet all objections by repeating his own statement in the same words, believing that he had thereby won the debate. His daughter (later Queen Anne) did precisely the same, and Marlborough said she inherited it from her father. Here, however, as she was a woman, it is perhaps hardly necessary to bring in heredity as an explanation.

After he had for three years done everything possible to embitter even the most devoted and patient of his subjects, there came the "Glorious Revolution": his son-in-law William of Orange was unanimously summoned by Whig and Tory alike to take the throne. To reconcile the right to revolt with the duty of passive obedience was a simple matter for English "cant." The theologians explained that, although religion forbade any opposition to the king, the Commandments were not valid for every occasion: in certain cases it was permissible to put them aside. It was forbidden to kill, yet this general law allowed of exceptions in war; similarly, it was forbidden to swear, yet witnesses were bound to take the oath in court in the interests of truth. In the same way it was lawful in certain instances to resist godless princes: examples of this were to be found in the Old Testament itself. Others pointed out that it was not the people who had risen against James, but James who had risen against God, whose laws he had broken; that it was he who had failed to render unto Cæsar that which was Cæsar's. In spite of all this, however, William of Orange would not have reached his goal had he not had a most effective ally in James's own incredible narrow-mindedness and tactlessness. The new King's foreignness and sober reserve were not calculated to make him much more popular with the English than his fore-runner; all the same, the complete devotion of his wife who as

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James's daughter was in the nation's eyes the really legitimate ruler of England, made his precarious position easier, and in addition he was one of the greatest diplomats and generals of his time. As a Dutchman — and such he remained all his life — he recognized in Louis XIV the hereditary enemy. He therefore effected a complete change in English policy — which, on account of Charles's perpetual need of money and James's absolutist and Catholic tendencies, had till then stood under French influence — and brought into being that great coalition against France of which we have already spoken.

In the externals of civilization England was at that time little more advanced than the other countries of Europe. We have seen something already of the deplorable condition of the communications. Travelling by coach was slow and dangerous on account of the swamps, and costly on account of the strong teams required. The only way to make speed was to ride. In the towns streets were almost too narrow for carriages to pass, and goods were accordingly carried chiefly on go-carts, drawn by dogs. On the other hand, the inns were famed all over the world for their excellence, and letters were safely conveyed with a degree of punctuality and speed that was very striking in those times. The nobility still lived for the most part as country gentry in quite peasant-like conditions. Some idea of the lighting arrangements outside the capital may be gleaned from the fact that, as late as 1685, a private contractor named Edward Heming undertook for an annual sum to keep a light before every tenth house in London up till midnight. Most houses in the country were still built of wood, and the rooms had neither wall- nor floor-coverings and were painted with a mixture of lamp-black and beer. Strong beer formed the usual drink of the country gentleman. How customary it was to take on board quantities of liquor is vividly illustrated by the fact that an order of the time forbade courts martial to pronounce a death sentence except between the hours of 6 a.m. and 1 p.m. Obviously, the theory was that after dinner the gentlemen would be in no condition to assume the responsibility of so grave a decision. The men had few intellectual pursuits, their principal occupation being hunting, gambling, and politics. Women's education was on a still lower plane and showed a great falling-off in comparison with that of the ladies of Elizabethan times; for, whereas many of the latter

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London was, however, containing half a million, all England — while twich, had not quite the Great Fire the city was original and softened more imposing and far no less than politically a vassal state of France. atrical manager, reformer, ionist theatre in the (siderable use of music plays as "dramatic operations.") John Dryden, Boileau, Corneille, and cleverly calculated to Dr. Johnson said of his bricks and left a city of spere's coarse bricks had the empty and unsolid Rymer, William's history monkey knew more about taste than Shakspeare, a growling of a dog there Shakspeare's tragic pathos

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London was, however, by this time already a real capital, containing half a million people — the tenth part of the population of all England — while the two next biggest cities, Bristol and Norwich, had not quite thirty thousand inhabitants apiece. After the Great Fire the city was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren in an original and softened Renaissance style, which made it both far more imposing and far more comfortable than of old. Artistically, no less than politically, England was at this period more or less a vassal state of France. William Davenant, dramatist and theatrical manager, reformed the stage by creating a pompous illusionist theatre in the Classical taste of Louis XIV, with a considerable use of musical aids. (He even arranged Shakspeare's plays as "dramatic operas" with numerous musical interpolations.) John Dryden, the poet laureate of the day, emulated Boileau, Corneille, and Racine in a cold but brilliant art of verse, cleverly calculated to please the public taste of the moment. Dr. Johnson said of him that, like Augustus, he found a city of bricks and left a city of marble. But in the course of time Shakspeare's coarse bricks have proved more beautiful and lasting than the empty and unsolid marble splendour of Dryden. Nevertheless Rymer, William's historiographer, asserted at the time that a monkey knew more about nature and a baboon possessed more taste than Shakspeare, and that in the neighing of a horse or the growling of a dog there was more living expression than in all Shakspeare's tragic pathos.

The Puritans had always looked askance at the theatre, and eventually they had put a ban on it. On the return of the Stuarts a reaction naturally set in. Not only did the people throng to all the public amusements that had so recently been scorned; they also insisted on their being as riotous and licentious as possible. Not only were the old prudery and bigotry shaken off; but honourable conduct and piety were looked on as a sheer disgrace and the surest sign of hypocrisy. In consequence of this, English comedy took on some extraordinary forms. Women, who even in the gay Elizabethan age had not been allowed to appear as actresses, now took over the female parts, and it became a great

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only the qualities and not the substance of things, their phenomena, but not their being. He considered, however, that even this relative knowledge sufficed for the needs of life and the ordering of our actions. The existence of God is demonstrated directly from the existence and nature of the world; the maxims of morality can be demonstrated with the same precision as the rules of arithmetic. In Locke we have the first genuinely English philosophy, which embraced all the decisive national characteristics: it is deistic and moralist, democratic and practical, a triumph of sound human understanding, of the golden mean and the truth of facts; we shall often meet it again in its varied forms.

England was the sole European great power that emancipated herself from the contemporary absolutism; Germany, on the contrary, may almost be said to have swallowed it whole. The reverence of the Germans for even their smallest potentates was boundless. A publicist wrote to the duodecimo prince Ernst Ludwig of Hesse: "If God were not God, who would have more right to be God than Your Princely Serenity?" And even before officials — of whom Christian Wolff said that as the monarch's assistants they should be regarded as "princes in miniature" — people almost died of awe. In consequence of the theory of state omnipotence, sovereigns felt themselves privileged, and indeed obliged, to interfere in everything, supervising and correcting the entire private life of citizens like tyrannical fathers of families or form-masters. Even the *Acta Eruditorum*, Germany's only scientific publication of those days, announced that nothing that concerns the rights and the actions of princes would be criticized in its columns. The king's subjects bent the knee not only to his person, but even to his empty carriage when they met it in the street. It was at this time, too, that the army of court offices was established — chamberlain, chaplain, medicus, master of the stables, master of the hunt, master of the ceremonies. Tradesmen regarded it as the highest honour to be appointed court baker, tailor, shoemaker, or gardener. The untitled, the bourgeoisie and the common people, were despised as *roturiers*, existing merely for the purpose of supplying money, soldiers, and hands to the court. It was not that they were treated with cruelty: they were merely considered as creatures of a different order with correspondingly different duties and different rights — or, rather, no rights at all. Macaulay says,

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pole-axe in his moral lectures.

In this period also occurred the first rise of the state of Bran-
denburg-Prussia, which the Great Elector elevated to a Euro-
pean power. By pursuing a policy both shrewd and perfidious, he
freed the duchy of Prussia from the overlordship of Poland, and
by overthrowing the Estates — a process attended by great bru-
talities and illegalities — he established unlimited monarchy in
his lands. For the external security of his government, and for
protection against the ever-present threat of Sweden — then a
great power — he created the standing army, the *miles perpetuus*.
He constructed the Friedrich Wilhelm Canal, which connected
the Elbe with the Oder; organized his own posting system, which
was far quicker than that of the Taxis business; improved the
fiscal and educational system; established the university of Duis-
burg; promoted agriculture, cattle-breeding, and the reclamation
of marshland; enlarged and beautified his capital (amongst other
things by the Schlossbibliothek and the avenues of trees in front
of the Schlossbrücke, which received the name: "Unter den Lin-
den"); ran a small navy (which, however, went to pieces under
his successor); and even founded a trading colony with a fort on
the Gold Coast of Guinea. In his religious policy he was guided by
the greatest tolerance. Himself a member of the Reformed Church,
he extended complete freedom, not only to Lutherans and Catho-
lics, but also to Socinians and Mennonites, and his Edict of Pots-
dam invited all who were persecuted to come under his protection.
As a consequence of this the Huguenots in particular came into
the country in great numbers, and rendered highly valuable serv-
ices as engineers and architects, merchants and financiers.

Frederick William was doubtless one of the strongest political
personalities of his age. But the whole age was very fruitful in
outstanding personalities. One of these — and the chief — was
Prince Eugene, who, though originally destined for the Church on
account of his insignificant figure and shy manner, became one of
the most brilliant generals of his century. His victories at Zenta
and Peterwardein, Blenheim and Turin, Oudenarde and Malpla-
quet roused the astonishment of all Europe and had the result of
securing to the Habsburg monarchy Italy and the Netherlands,

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In a world which proceeds thus stepwise from the least to the greatest, from the lowest to the highest, there can be nothing superfluous, nothing harmful, nothing unjustified; therefore we live in the "best of worlds." God, whose essence is truth and goodness, chose it from among all possible worlds on that very account. As the world is composed of monads — that is, of individuals — but on the other hand the essence of the individual consists in limitedness, it follows not only that evil exists, but that it is necessary, evil being nothing but a physical or moral limitedness or incompleteness. If incompleteness were not, the world would not be complete, but would simply not exist. The evil in the world may be compared to shadow in a painting, or dissonances in a piece of music. That which appears confused and discordant as an individual detail, affects us as beautiful and melodious when seen or heard as part of the whole — an argument which (as may be remembered from our first volume) we find in St. Augustine. Since God could not create perfect beings, he created such as could become more and more perfect by degrees: not perfect, but perfectible. Even the greatest artist is limited by his material: instead of an absolutely good world (which is merely impossible) God created the best — that is, the best possible — world. In this world everything is pre-ordained by the divine wisdom and made to harmonize by the divine creative power: and it is this pre-established harmony, presiding over all, which reveals the world as a work of art. But Leibniz gives a truly Baroque turn to this train of thought in equating the art-work to clock-work. For this is how he tries to explain one of the main problems of the philosophy of his day, the correspondence between body and soul: they behave like two clocks, so perfectly constructed that they always keep exactly the same time.

At first sight it might seem that the Baroque, which culminated in Leibniz, was merely going to carry on the tendencies of the Renaissance, in that its effort was ever to render existence more and more logical. And indeed it does take one important step further, in the fact that it mechanizes. But the Baroque is a far more limited, fissured, and enigmatical problem than the Renaissance: its soul-life is incomparably more labyrinthine, more hidden, composed of

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swamp motives, these, that now obtain the mastery, while the fine earlier forms begin to dissolve in an aristocratic decay. Over all there is the soft cool breeze of evening, the fading blue and tender rose which herald the close of the day. A grey autumnal mood is settling upon humanity and is reflected in the faded tints of its external covering, which, for choice, was of honey-yellow and tea-green, dark grey and pale red, violet and brown. This decadence-style *par excellence* is weary, toned down, anæmic, and, above all, feminine: affectedly infantine and naïvely obscene, as a woman is; veiled and boudoirish; perfumed and painted; satiny and sweet-toothed; without masculine depth and worthiness, but equally without virile heaviness and pedantry; lightly poised as if dancing, and so achieving the miracle of an architecture that almost defies the laws of gravitation; for ever ambiguously smiling, but seldom with a whole-hearted laugh; amusing, piquant, capricious, epicurean, witty, coquettish; full of anecdote, short story, and point; chattering and open-minded, sceptical and popular, with the atmosphere of comedy, theatrical and yet domestic: even the caryatids of the age, such as Frederick the Great, Bach, and Voltaire, were in a sense genre figures of more than life-size.

This late Baroque has indeed an intimate character which the High Baroque never possessed. It is in the best sense a tapestry style, which sets out purely to please, to decorate and refine, and regards violence of expression as not only vulgar, but inconvenient. The characteristic building to which invention and care were devoted was no longer the pompous palace, but the *petite maison*, the small pleasure-house, furnished with all the charms of a luxury of intimacy rather than display, and, as compared with the preceding architecture, having something discreet, reserved, and personal about it. Under Louis XIV men lived only in public: that is, for and by reason of the court; they counted only when they appeared before the King and as long as they continued so to appear. For that reason every vital manifestation, from a profound thought to a graceful bow, was designed for parade and calculated for the effect it would make at Versailles. Now, however, fifty years of gala performances had left them weary, and they began to appreciate the joys of retirement, of letting themselves go, of belonging to themselves, of the *petit comité*. The very

names of these villas — *Ermitage, Monrepos, Solitude, Sans-souci* — are an index to the change in taste. Gone are Jove-like aloofness and heaviness of line; their aspect is now gracious, unconstrained, hospitable. In the rooms within there are no longer the stiff ceremonial chairs with high, hard backs, or the imposing decorative pieces of heavy material, but comfortable upholstered chairs, sofas with silken cushions, and small white lacquered tables with fine gold lining. Even such quiet effects as these were further toned down by replacing the gold with silver, or shading it to mat; here as in all else the positive was avoided and preference given to broken, fading, mixed colours and delicate materials such as rosewood, violet-wood, tulip-wood. The items of the inventory begin to wear the subjective stamp of their owners and to serve their personal aims. A host of new articles of furniture, expressive of the new mood, came into fashion about this time. There was the *boîte à surprises*, a secretaire with cunningly contrived secret drawers and surprise mechanisms, and the lady's writing-table prettily called "*bonheur du jour*." All the objects in daily use were impregnated with scent, and enamelled perfume-pans filled the apartments with exquisite odours. The leading artists took an interest in every one of these details and were able, by bringing them all into harmony, to create a finely graded atmosphere of artistic satisfaction and comfort. Watteau painted fashion-plates and shop signs, and Boucher designed headings for note-paper, menus, and business papers.

Pastel and
porcelain

A special note of these Rococo interiors was the predominance of pastel and porcelain. Indeed, no kind of painting could have expressed so well the intellectual attitude of this whole period — its delicate, fleeting, pale, expiring character, so well attuned to a soft velvet background — as the pastel, even apart from the fact that it is a medium particularly suited to the intimate portrait. European porcelain was first manufactured in 1709 by the Saxon Johann Friedrich Böttcher, whom Augustus the Strong kept in captivity for himself as his alchemist; and, as it turned out, this discovery of his did in fact develop into a sort of gold-making, for the new material made a conquest of the whole continent. The Meissen factory, which was founded shortly after, supplied everyone with cheap, handsome, and practical eating-utensils and drove not only earthenware and pewter, but even silver from the table.

The classic maker of Kändler, whose enameled size birds, monkeys, and As for Augustus the that he sacrificed half with porcelain. In Vienna in 1718, but the Gern in the Sèvres factory, England Josiah Wedgwood him, using it chiefly for Finally all Europe was only candlesticks and inlays for furniture and more than life-size this sort of thing was proper paths of a variety the nature of its material; the soul of the times; that it did in the Rococo, dinarily and exclusively fragile, and demure art.

Before Böttcher's death China, and even after prohibited for sale as Chinoiserie, but a prompting of the Rococo mind, the pattern-gin of the century's sculptures, wall-papers. Novels transported the happy, serene people of governors; historians, and as an El Dorado, pre-entration; pagodas and bamboo bridges appeared traced back to Chinese then enjoyed great popularity as well as being a thoroughly self-satisfied, and theatrical as well.

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The classic maker of German porcelain was, however, Joachim Kändler, whose enamoured shepherds and shepherdesses and life-size birds, monkeys, and dogs were the delight of the elegant world. As for Augustus the Strong, he was so obsessed by his new craze that he sacrificed half his fortune to it and filled a whole castle with porcelain. In Vienna, too, a fine porcelain-factory was opened in 1718, but the German manufactures had a powerful rival later in the Sèvres factory, built on the initiative of the Pompadour. In England Josiah Wedgwood invented the material named after him, using it chiefly for masterly reproductions of Classical vases. Finally all Europe was seized by a veritable mania for china. Not only candlesticks and lustres, clocks and stones, flower-pieces and inlays for furniture were made of it, but whole rooms and coaches and more than life-size monuments were formed out of it. All this sort of thing was of course merely the diversion into inappropriate paths of a very subtle art that, so long as it respected the nature of its material, was a vital and pregnant expression of the soul of the times; the reason why it found the eager response that it did in the Rococo soul was precisely that it was so extraordinarily and exclusively suited to the polished, coquettish, select, fragile, and demure art of miniature.

Before Böttcher's discovery porcelain had been imported from China, and even after it Meissen goods were for a long time exhibited for sale as Chinese. And this was not merely a business trick, but a prompting of the instinct of the age. China was, to the Rococo mind, the pattern country of wisdom and art. In the beginning of the century "*Chinoiseries*" — Eastern pictures, vases, sculptures, wall-papers, lacquers, and silks — came into vogue. Novels transported the reader into that fairy realm in which a happy, serene people enjoyed a blissful existence under learned governors; historians, with Voltaire at their head, extolled China as an *El Dorado*, pre-eminent in morals, religion, and administration; pagodas and tea-houses, bell-pavilions and hanging bamboo bridges appeared in the gardens; and even the pigtail is traced back to Chinese influence. The peacock, too, which just then enjoyed great popularity, has something Chinese about him, as well as being a thorough Rococo bird — decorative, bizarre, self-satisfied, and theatrical, Sunday-afternoonish, and domestic as well.

Chinoiserie

In 1765 — when a new spirit was already stirring — Diderot remarked about Boucher that he “went in too much for petty play of feature.” We can well apply this remark to the whole Rococo. Voltaire, already, had called his age the siècle des petites. In every sphere its only genuine products were charming trifles. Baroque shouted and placarded, Rococo whispered and hushed. Both were fond of flourishes, but in Baroque the flourish was a passionate exclamation-mark, which Rococo changed into a discrete and elegant mark of interrogation.

In the height of French Baroque rule the tyrant and abnormality were regarded as sins against the Holy Ghost. Now, on the contrary, the two ideas swung right round into a bizarre and ingenious union. In the Cartesian age the sovereign measure for all values was correctness and symmetry: for the *genre rocaille*, on the contrary, a fondness, not to say a caprice, for the unexpected, the arbitrary, the paradoxical set the current and determined the form. These people were possibly only half-atheists in their philosophy, but they were complete atheists in their art. What attracts them is invariably the variant, the discontinuity, the diversion. An aristocratic Italian lady once said as she was eating a delectable fruit-ice: “What a pity it is not a sin!” This passion for the illegitimate and abnormal not infrequently reached the level of perversity. In no age, perhaps, was flagellatism, both active and passive, so widespread as in this; it had degenerated literally into a mass-psychosis. Yet we should remember in considering this and similar phenomena that all high and late cultures invariably tend towards perversity, that indeed an element of the perverse lies buried in every culture. Culture — as we have tried to show in the last chapter, in connexion with the wig — is and remains the opposite of Nature; and an ageing Culture of course displays this opposition in an enhanced degree, for the cycle of “normal” possibilities is complete and imagination soars over and beyond it. Neither the Egyptians of the New Empire, nor the Greeks of the Alexandrine era, nor the Romans of the Empire liked “healthy” conditions. The “immorality” of ancient Rome in particular recalls the Rococo period. “For a long time I have been trying all over the city,” says Martial, “to find a woman who says no: not one says no. Is not one of them chaste, then? Thousands are chaste. But what do the chaste do, then? They do not

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Boredom had to be eighteenth century French, the spirit of charm with this almost morbid stimulating and brilliant mental air, the dignity, tracts of the soul wholly or flippantly ignored. The Baroque is the phos

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say yes; but neither do they say no." Juvenal declared that some women had themselves divorced before the green boughs which welcomed them to their homes as brides had faded. And Voltaire wrote to the same effect in his article *Divorce*: "Divorce probably arose in the same period as marriage. I believe nevertheless that marriage is the older by a few weeks." Even the sadistic circus-enjoyments of the Romans find their pendant in the fact that in Paris members of the highest circles liked to go to an execution by way of a society sensation, and that, as witnesses assure us, many women became on these occasions sheer orgiasts. (P7)

Boredom had to be avoided at all costs. Accordingly in the eighteenth century French culture received a new fillip. *Esprit* was born, the spirit of champagne, which is froth and wine in one. But with this almost morbid straining to be, under all circumstances, stimulating and brilliant, aromatic and effervescent, the old monumental air, the dignity, seriousness, and depth disappeared. Great tracts of the soul wholly withered, were contemptuously avoided or flippantly ignored. The glitter which streams from the departing Baroque is the phosphorescence of corruption.

Men thought, no longer in laboriously built-up and compartmented systems or heavy drugging syllogistic chains, but in close piquant polemics, faceted epigrams, time-killing satires, peppered pamphlets, and razor-edged aphorisms; or, again, in *poésies fugitives*, lyric-epigrammatic *niaiseries* that had only a shimmering streak of any train of thought in them. Dialogue, novel, short story, all became vessels for philosophy. Even the conscientious and profound Montesquieu draws the coloured ribbon of a scandalous harem adventure through his *Lettres persanes*. It was essential to be understood by everyone, even the half-educated, the society man, the public, and, above all, the ladies.

This speaks out of the portraits too. Scholars are no longer painted with book, pen, and spectacles, but as smiling, nonchalant men of the world. Nothing is allowed to disillusion us by suggesting the technical aids to their work; nor indeed must this work itself smell of oil, ink, and work-room, for it would have you believe that it is nothing more than a light, tasteful, and pleasant article of luxury, one of the many indispensable superfluities of the self-indulgent life of society. The gardens of science, guarded from the eyes of the profane as holy ground in the Middle Ages, hedged

Esprit

up on the lot
Cecile and Stuart

in by the barbed wire fence of Latin learning in the Renaissance, were thrown open for general use in the eighteenth century and publicly set out for the entertainment, refreshment, and instruction of all: of nobility and bourgeoisie, of man and wife, of clergy and laity. The People are still not admitted; not because they are despised, but from a still more curious reason — namely, that the fact of their existence has not yet been noticed. But there will come a day when this stratum of society also makes use of these gardens, and a strange use it will be: it will neither cultivate them to the greater glory of God like the Church, nor extend, enrich, or carefully divide them into lots like strict science, nor transform them into a general place of amusement as the philosophers did for society, but will plunder and demolish them. It will use the material collected there, first as a wooden sword with which to threaten its opponents, and finally as a mass of combustible material with which to set the world in flames.

Love at
amateur
theatricals

Seeing that this age knew how to turn even science and philosophy into highly select stimulants, to be swallowed like a gum-tickling *apéritif*, it goes without saying that it was equally well able to deal with all the other aspects of life. There was but one desire, to make life an uninterrupted round of pleasure. "For safety," as Madame de la Verrue said, "we get in our paradise on earth." Moreover, one insisted on having one's fun without paying for it: the fruits of riches without the trouble of working, the glitter of an influential social position without its duties, the joys of love without its pains. Therefore the grand passion was avoided, and even branded as not *chic*, and only the sweet frothy cream of love was tasted: one was always amorous, never seriously in love. "We take each other," wrote Crébillon *fils* , "without loving; we leave each other without hating." Love and hate were passions, and passions were uncomfortable things, besides indicating a lack of *esprit*. Love was to be enjoyed without much fuss, like a tasty bonbon which soon melts on the tongue and is only there to be followed by a second of a different flavour.

Eroticism became a graceful society game, which imitated love in an amusing way and was subject to definite rules. Love was turned into an *amateur stage*, a mapped-out comedy with everything foreseen and prearranged — the casting, in which the lady always receives the part of the capricious mistress, the man that of the

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however, and there developed out of it a delightful Rococo farce which might well have served for one of Maupassant's best stories. Voltaire announced: "*Pater est, quem nuptiæ declarant.* Let us include the child in *Madame du Châtelet's* miscellaneous works." Monsieur du Châtelet was then invited to Cirey. He came at once and spent some very agreeable days there. Madame was unusually kind to him, and shortly after his departure he was able to announce to his friends that he expected a child. The piquancy of the whole incident lies in the probability that everyone concerned was playing a part before the others. This kind of vaudeville in real life occurred almost daily. It would be difficult to find a more brilliantly comic "curtain" than the remark of the gentleman of France who, finding his wife in *flagrante delicto*, said: "But how careless of you, madame! Think if it had been anyone else but me!"

The Cicisbeo

Every woman had to have at least one lover, otherwise she was more or less compromised socially. In Italy many ladies stipulated for a particular *cicisbeo*, or even two, in the marriage contract. The bridegroom, having himself long since figured as a *cicisbeo* in some other similar contract, raised no objection. In her famous letters from Vienna, Lady Montagu reported that it was considered a serious insult there to invite a lady to dinner without her two men, the husband and the official lover. Her astonishment at this shows that the custom had not spread beyond the Continent; the hegemony of the middle-class element came so much earlier in England than elsewhere (as we shall presently see) that there is no question of an English Rococo in the proper sense of the word.

The declared lover — called in France *petit maître*, in Italy *cavaliere servente* — who was not infrequently an abbé, attended his mistress like a shadow: on her visits and her walks, to the theatre and to church, to balls and to gaming-tables; he sat beside her in the carriage and walked beside her litter, carried her sunshade and petted her lap-dog, which was his most dangerous rival in the lady's affections. In the morning he woke her, pulled up the blinds, and brought her chocolate; later on he made himself useful over her toilet and escorted the visitors to her bedside. For ladies preferred to receive even slight acquaintances at the hour of the toilet and even, at a later period, when in their morning bath. This custom is all the more curious in that bath-tubs were hardly used

in the Rococo. At bath anywhere; an sidered a crazy forr and girls bathing w contrary, since the erotic imagination. of the wash-basins we might almost as and intriguing cove:

There is anothe often than the bath swing, which was s chalance. Coming in typical Rococo elem fantile innocence, th of man and the coq which it produced ac of course, other far l and "Spanish fly," v it is incomprehensib lead to the conclusi erotic. It was, on the no account to forgo the thoughts and enc problem of love and t technique makes it c) in others he had come when form and not a principal problem sig of decadence. It was o fullness of its feeling highest subtlety and k had hazarded its gran tematizers appeared. wrights — it was left fill that rôle. On the ot precisely in the period life develop the refin which are in fact their

although there were no erotic geniuses, there were great "amoralists," incomparable virtuosi in the art of love, which developed at that time into a veritable science. At the head of these virtuosi of both sexes stand Madame de Pompadour, whose name became a legend, and Casanova, whose name was promoted to the level of a generic label, while a figure like the Duc de Richelieu may be taken as the representative of the whole species; for although he lived to be ninety-two, he received daily, right up to his death, a fat bundle of love-letters, many of which he did not open. An experience at Château Tournay, when he was sixty-six, was the first and probably the only defeat of his life: he wooed the beautiful Madame Cramer in vain, and his failure so amused him as a curiosity that he himself told the story everywhere. Another time he was even the cause of a duel with pistols fought over him by two ladies of the highest aristocracy.

D.T.

The
ugliness
patch

Neither is the fact that Rococo was an age of gynæcocracy to be accounted for by any specially strong development of eroticism. The source of this is to be sought in two other places. First, in the feminization of man, which increased decade by decade. "Men," said Archenholz, "are more like women now than in any other period of time." For another thing social life in the Latin countries had gradually taken on the most grandiose forms, and wherever a complicated social standard reigns, there also reigns woman. The social primacy of the femal sex in the Renaissance originated in the same way. Only the Renaissance was a definitely virile age, and its feminine ideal was the virago; in Rococo, on the contrary, a woman could not look feminine and childish enough, and the prevailing ideal was one of fragility, in conscious imitation of the china doll. Health was considered uninteresting, strength plebeian. The aristocratic ideal, which in the days of Corneille and Condé still corresponded to a sort of *Kalokagathia*, was now transformed into an ideal of refinement, hypersensibility, and elegant languor, an emphasis on unfitness for life, and morbidity. The beauty-patch — which had already come up in Louis XIV's time, but only now became the dominating element in the physiognomy of the woman of the world and ought really to be called the ugliness patch — was meant to serve as a piquant interruption in the regularity of a face and thereby emphasized the tendency to asymmetry, innate in Rococo; while at the same time it suggested a beauty-defect, a

wart, thus making her with a new trait of morbid reached, in giving and animals, and had dropped out hair-bag had smaller since tucked away in silk bow. By the army) the pigtail which was indisposed wore real or false. Usually the powder float down on to Prince Kaunitz, whose duty it was Brühl owned five powdered — "a la Great's comment. of powder.

The Rococo period fashion, but the man past forty hair-riages were earlier fourteen or fifteen himself an old man Marquise du Châtelet at forty she found this kind may and time the spirit of the As late as the end acted as chaperon. In the French drama looked on at life and seldom over forty; the seducer a man of fifty the same time it was for the youth that

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wart, thus making of every woman a *belle-vilaine* and endowing her with a new and perverse charm — it was, in fact, one more trait of morbidity. Later on, the stage of sheer bad taste was reached, in giving the *mouche* the form of various stars, crosses, and animals, and edging it with diamonds. The majestic *fontange* had dropped out as early as 1714; by about 1730 the *crapaud* or hair-bag had supplanted the wig, which had been growing steadily smaller since the beginning of the century: men's locks were now tucked away in a little bag which was tied up with a coquettish silk bow. By the middle of the century (earlier in the case of the army) the pigtail (*la queue*) had become universal. Powdering, which was indispensable for well-groomed people, whether they wore real or false hair, was an extremely laborious performance. Usually the powder was flung up towards the ceiling and allowed to float down on to the head, the face being protected by a cloth. Prince Kaunitz used to walk through a double row of lackeys whose duty it was to powder him as evenly as possible. Count Brühl owned five hundred wigs, which were all kept permanently powdered — "a lot for a man without a head," was Frederick the Great's comment. Faces, too, had to be kept under a heavy layer of powder.

The Rococo powder, like the Baroque *allonge*, was no freak of fashion, but the most eloquent symbol of the age. In the Rococo a man past forty had done with life, and a woman far sooner. Marriages were earlier than at the present day. Girls often married at fourteen or fifteen, youths at twenty. In his letters Voltaire calls himself an old man from his forty-fifth year on. His friend the Marquise du Châtelet felt that she cut an impossible figure when at forty she found herself expecting a child. Standards such as of this kind may and do undergo great transformations, but all the time the spirit of the age, whatever it may be, is their foundation. As late as the end of the nineteenth century a woman of thirty acted as chaperon at a ball; now she takes dancing-lessons at fifty. In the French dramas of morals of the eighties the philosopher who looked on at life and love with the eyes of a resigned observer was seldom over forty; the modern films like to make the unprincipled seducer a man of fifty. The Rococo felt itself to be old, while at the same time it was filled with the desperate longing of life for the youth that is vanishing, and that is why it eliminated

Rococo's
tragic
mask

differences in age by ordering grey hair for all. Rococo felt sick and anæmic, and therefore powder had to give it, as it were, a uniform of pallor and anæmia. The young or young-painted face with its white hair is a moving symbol of the Rococo soul, the *tragic mask* of the time: for every age wears its appointed character-mask, in which all its *velléités* are consciously or unconsciously summed.

The men's dress was the costume of a spoilt boy, with its delicate silk coats, knee-breeches and beribboned shoes; rich jabots and lace cuffs, glittering gold braid and silver embroideries, and the gala sword that was purely a toy. The toning of these garments was delicate, discreet, and feminine, favourite colours being pistachio, mignonette, apricot, sea-green, lilac, and dun. Some of the shades reached unheard-of refinements: a new yellow-green was called "goose dung (*merde d'oie*)"; a brownish yellow "*caca Dauphin*," in honour of the new-born heir to the throne; in *puce*, or flea-colour, there were many grades, such as flea-head, flea-shank, flea-belly, and even flea-with-milk-fever. Beards were so completely out of fashion during the whole of the eighteenth century that actors were distinguished, not by their beardlessness—as was the case until recently in our own day—but by their moustaches, and even this is true chiefly of those who specialized in brigand parts.

The most important feature in a woman's exterior was her thin girlish waist. This was produced by means of a whalebone corset, which finished off in a long, acute angle. These unfortunate ladies began their lacing early in the morning and tightened the strings every quarter of an hour until the desired wasp's waist had been achieved. The massive crinoline, too, which was called a pannier (that is, hen-coop) on account of its vast dimensions, had no other purpose but to emphasize by contrast the slenderness of the upper part of the body. It also was stiffened with whalebone, and the enormous demand for this material was a novel windfall for the Dutch, the whalers for all Europe. It will be remembered that in Spain the crinoline had been called the "guard of virtue," but by this time it certainly was not that; it left the feet free and was merely a coquettish covering which not infrequently exposed, as if by accident, the naked body beneath (for ladies wore no drawers in the Rococo). Over the crinoline was worn the silk robe, richly trimmed with garlands, passementerie, lace and ribbon, real or

artificial flower dress of the Q whole story of serpent. Graduation of Europe well as by society could only enter preposterously possible. At home by the "Adriatic" was worn with it; tury it became a walking-stick. tery was the fan duction of the umbrella that could sunshade or protect copied exactly from panniers, patches but painted and ladies and gentlemen.

We find it difficult made to hold some of activity, such as or the telescope some particular culture-period: represented with nineteenth-century a telephone. For article accompanying rooms of the period which confronted pocket-mirrors were use, and the glint reflected in the looking on the walls. The "mirror cabinets" which the likenesses

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artificial flowers, and occasionally with hand-paintings. On the dress of the Queen of Portugal, for instance, could be seen the whole story of the Fall, complete with Adam, Eve, apple-tree, and serpent. Gradually the crinoline, which by 1720 had taken possession of Europe and was worn by peasant women and servants as well as by society ladies, grew to so colossal a size that its wearers could only enter a door sideways. Equally uncomfortable was the preposterously high-heeled shoe, which made walking almost impossible. At home and in intimate circles the crinoline was replaced by the "Adrienne," a loose, voluminous garment, but this also was worn with a tightly laced bodice. At the beginning of the century it became the custom for ladies to carry gracefully beribboned walking-sticks. Another indispensable item in the coquette's battery was the fan, which only now came into its own with the introduction of the folding variety. Another new discovery was the umbrella that could be folded up (this was the *parapluie*; the fixed sunshade or *parasol* was somewhat older). The whole costume was copied exactly for the children, who not only wore hair-bags and panniers, patches and fancy swords, fans and three-cornered hats, but painted and powdered, curtsied and kissed hands, like the little ladies and gentlemen that they were.

We find it delightfully comic that the figure on a monument is made to hold some object suggestive of the late lamented's sphere of activity, such as the scroll of the poet, the wheel of the inventor, or the telescope of the nautical hero. By analogy we might regard some particular utensil as peculiarly representative of each culture-period: the man of the dawning Modern Age might be represented with a compass, Baroque man with a microscope, nineteenth-century man with a newspaper, the man of today with a telephone. For Rococo man this symbol would be a mirror. This article accompanied him through his whole life. The reception-rooms of the period were filled with full-length Venetian panels which confronted the visitor with his own complete image. Small pocket-mirrors were introduced into all kinds of articles of daily use, and the glittering light of chandeliers and lustres was reflected in the looking-glasses of every shape and size which hung on the walls. There were even rooms — the extremely popular "mirror cabinets" — that were completely lined with glass, in which the likeness of the beholder was multiplied to infinity. This

*The passion
for
mirrors*

mirror craze is expressive of many things — not only of the most obvious, such as vanity, self-love, narcissism; but also of pleasure in regarding oneself, of self-analysis and absorption in the ego-problem, which, indeed, frequently amounted to a veritable mania for introspection. Rococo saw the dawn, amongst other things, of the classic letter and memoir literature, of self-descriptions and great confessions, of psychology. This new science was an achievement of the eighteenth century, and we shall see how the craving for self-dissection and soul-fathoming rose with each succeeding generation until, towards the end of the century, it had almost attained to its modern levels. And there is a second thing which the mirror of Rococo man reflects; the love of appearances, of illusions, of the variegated outer shell of things. And what this signifies is not so much superficiality as an extreme, sophisticated artistry. We have life in its reflection as we have a torrent in its rainbow, said Faust, and a similar *leitmotiv* Nietzsche would have us believe of the Greek culture: "Oh, these Greeks! They understood the art of *living*: it consists essentially in keeping valiantly to the surface, the fold, the skin; in worshipping the semblance . . . these Greeks were superficial from a sense of *depth*!"

Theatocracy

There was one profession to which the mirror was as indispensable as the retort to the chemist, or the blackboard to the schoolmaster; namely, that of the actor. And here we get to the very core of Rococo: it was a world of the theatre. Never, before or since, has there been such a passion for witty masquerading, beautiful illusions, scintillating comedies, as in the Rococo. Not only was existence itself an everlasting carnival of masking, intrigue, and a thousand fleeting jests and secrecies, but the stage was the dominating factor in daily life, comparable to the orator's tribune in Classical antiquity or the sports-ground of today. Amateur theatricals were everywhere: at court and in the villages, in castles and in middle-class houses, in universities and in nurseries. And almost everyone played the game well. In this mania for the theatre we have the strongest, clearest indication of the most profound will of the age: a yearning for the final uncovering of one's own soul. The art of the stage has often been called a sort of "prostitution," and rightly. Men have a deep-rooted instinct to prostitute themselves, uncover themselves, show themselves naked. This was at the root of the immemorially old Dionysus-cult, in

which men and women showed their bodies. The Greeks, however, but a "sacred rhapsody," we stumble which is inherent in all State and society that always wear covering down, except in the or therefore, in the very p the supreme domain of the human being appeared, than anywhere "prostitution" which falls, the inner substance whether the bearer will more than most people mere playing, but some literally magical in our

Gynæocracy and the Rococo throughout. As ever, no clear definition. For the Regency, which speak of the *style Régence* century and later, of the *Louis XVI*, which is *style*. The first section of unrestraint and laxity something of the triumph of festivities become steady until, on reaching the Clumb, stiff-jointed old notions of pigtail and R no justification whatever pigtail belongs to is the I

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which men and women in their intoxication tore their clothes from their bodies. The Greeks did not call this a shameless orgy, however, but a "sacred raving." And if we try to put it all in terms of psychology, we stumble against the strangely suggestive *haut gout* which is inherent in all cynicism. In everyday life it is exacted by State and society that we shall skilfully avoid being ourselves, but always wear coverings, draperies, veils. The curtain is always down, except in the one case where it is up — the theatre. It is, therefore, in the very place which the mistaken layman regards as the supreme domain of masks, disguises, and transformations that the human being appears more undisguised, more genuine and unpainted, than anywhere else. This is the real meaning of that "prostitution" which forms the essence of acting. The soul's vizor falls, the inner substance becomes manifest: the secret must out whether the bearer will it or no. The theatre stands, in fact, for more than most people think: it is no garish superficiality, no mere playing, but something that unseals and releases, something literally magical in our existence.

The Regency

Gynæocracy and theatrocracy determine the course of the Rococo throughout. As to the division of the age into periods, however, no clear definition or unanimity of opinion has been reached. For the Regency, which lasted from 1715 to 1723, we generally speak of the *style Régence*; from that time up to the middle of the century and later, of the *style Louis XV.*, and finally of the *style Louis XVI.*, which is substantially identical with the "pigtail" style. The first section of the Rococo was marked by a reckless unrestraint and laxity which in its quality of violence retained something of the triumphant Baroque vitality. Then its vital manifestations become steadily more weary, anæmic, and filigree-like until, on reaching the Classicizing "pigtail" stage, they lapse into numb, stiff-jointed old age. It used to be the custom to make the notions of pigtail and Rococo synonymous, but for this there is no justification whatever; rather it is doubtful whether what the pigtail belongs to is the Rococo at all.

We have already remarked the undisguised rejoicing with which the death of Louis XIV was received. All the world — court and nobility as well as commonalty and canaille — breathed more freely when the double pressure of despotism and bigotry was removed from the land. "God alone is great, my brethren," were the

D.T.

opening words of Massillon's funeral oration on the great Louis, "and great particularly in these final moments when he inflicts the penalty of death on the kings of earth." As after the fall of Puritanism in England, so now in France men sought to indemnify themselves for the long repressions and tutelage of the old régime by elevating pleasure to be supreme lord of life and declaring all virtue to be hypocrisy and all morality prudery. In his family affairs as in other things Louis XIV. had been very unhappy during his later years. All the direct heirs to the throne died one after another down to a great-grandson who was a minor, and the regency fell to his nephew, Duke Philip of Orleans, the son of the "Liselotte" who had played the part of the ingénue in the theatre of Versailles and still enjoys posthumous celebrity on account of her letters. Popular wit was justified in recommending for her gravestone the epitaph: "Here lies the mother of all the vices," for the Duke was the very type of the "waster" as it figures to this day in the serial shockers; brilliantly clever, seductively amiable, but sceptical and frivolous to the last degree. His sole standard in all his actions was his own enjoyment. Louis XIV used very aptly to call him "*fanfaron de vice*"; and in fact he made his sins into a sort of bizarre cult. This was not only in the true Rococo style, but truly French, for the Frenchman delights in underlining his good points and his bad ones alike, going all out, so to say, for success in two rôles at once. And because of this the nation forgave the Regent everything and did not even revile his memory. It was he who originated the term "*roué*" to describe the companions of his orgies, "gallows-birds, broken on the wheel of all the vices." The ingenuity with which this company thought out ever new excesses provided admiring town-talk for Paris, and it was the ambition of all the women to be admitted to the "*fêtes d'Adam*" organized at Saint-Cloud. Even the Regent's relation with his daughter, the beautiful and temperamental Duchesse de Berri, roused no particular repulsion, for incest was anything but rare just then in the highest circles. The Duc de Choiseul, for instance, who played a great part as premier in the Seven Years' War, was known by all the world to have an affair with his sister the Duchesse de Gramont. In other respects, too, the normal limits of sexual intercourse were but little observed and it is in keeping with the "elderly" character of the age that the violation

of children was per period.

On the occasion of the Regent's death, he turned to the Regent to sign the edicts, and he therefore did so, and he therefore with the words: "Sire, I cannot be fitting for the bishop of Cambrai: I will then turn to Law who would he do it." He finally, "run by a wheel it looks as if there was his government was in either his predecessor from his court and for two thousand million affected a rapprochement of his tutor, the lascivious to carry out a pacific arbitrary imprisonment him, particularly as the most genuinely witty. When Voltaire, in his audacity to make an ascribing the incestuous Duke sat unmoved in it all, clapped applause able annual allowance.

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great Louis, he inflicts the fall of Puri- to indemnify the old régime declaring all in his family happy during the reign of Louis XIV, and the re- he son of the in the theatre on account of "riding for her the vices," for- es to this day amiable, but stand- andard in all very aptly to his sins into a Rococo style, but ning his good y, for success n forgave the ory. It was he panions of his re vices." The new excesses the ambition m" organized daughter, the used no par- : just then in nstance, who rs' War, was his sister the normal limits it is in keep- the violation

of children was perhaps never so widespread as in the Rococo period.

On the occasion of one of these orgies a document was brought to the Regent to sign. He was already so drunk that he could not do so, and he therefore handed the paper to Madame de Parabère with the words: "Sign, whore." The lady replied that it would not be fitting for her to do so, whereupon he said to the Archbishop of Cambrai: "Sign, bully." As he also refused, the Regent then turned to Law with the command: "Sign, crook," but neither would he do it. "Here's a well-governed realm," said the Regent finally, "run by a whore, a bully, a crook, and a drunkard." But it looks as if there was a little of fanfaronade in this case too, for his government was in more than one respect better than that of either his predecessor or his successor. He expelled the Jesuits from his court and favoured the Jansenists, paid off a fifth of the two thousand million livres of state debts left by Louis XIV, effected a rapprochement with the sea-powers, and, with the help of his tutor, the lascivious and adroit Cardinal Dubois, was able to carry out a pacific policy. Oppressions of the censorship and arbitrary imprisonments came almost entirely to an end under him, particularly as he, like all genuinely dignified persons and most genuinely witty ones, was impervious to personal attack. When Voltaire, in his first drama, *Œdipe*, had the incredible audacity to make an allusion to the Duke and his daughter in describing the incestuous relation between the King and Jocasta, the Duke sat unmoved in his box, although he naturally understood it all, clapped applause, and granted the young author a considerable annual allowance.

One of the greatest public catastrophes of France prior to the Revolution was undoubtedly that associated with John Law, to whom allusion has just been made. This wealthy Scotsman — handsome, clever, fashionable, and undeniably a financial genius — had conceived the fruitful (and in itself correct) idea that the capital of the state and the great private banks was not something expressed merely by their stock of gold and silver, but should include the natural values and man-power available for their transactions. He claimed, in consequence, that it was justifiable to call for credit from the public and to issue bank-notes which could not be fully covered by the cash in hand. His private bank,

*The Law
crash*

eventually became entirely independent of the court. This "*no-
blesse de la robe*" formed a powerful clique, hostile to the court
and the Jesuits, which (by reason of the numerous marriages of
its members to rich merchants' daughters) formed at the same
time a plutocracy of bourgeois colour. After Fleury's death
the court no longer commanded respect in either home or
foreign politics. Frederick the Great characterized the French
system of government in an apt and witty remark one day at
the opera, when the curtain did not come right down and the
feet of the dancers were left visible. "Absolutely the Paris minis-
try," he exclaimed, "legs without heads." It says much for the
long-suffering royalism of the French that this King, the most
unlovable and useless that they had ever had, nevertheless was
named *le Bien-Aimé* from the popular joy at his recovery from
a dangerous illness in 1744 and ruled happily for thirty years
thereafter.

During this epoch France's rôle in European history was no
more than that of a lustful and impotent intriguer. After the War
of the Spanish Succession the notions of a "European balance of
power" and a "Concert of the Powers" began to come into
fashion, the idea being that the existing system of states formed,
as it were, a well-appointed orchestra in which no one leading part
was allowed to domineer. But as these catchwords were obviously
dictated, not by any genuine love of peace and justice, but by pure
envy and a jealous fear of allowing others to rise too high, they
did not prevent wars; they merely extended the theatre of war, in
that the coalition type of war became even more typical than it
had been before. It was rarely that individual states went to war;
we see nothing but alliances, which are promptly dissolved when
one of the members scores a decisive victory. The great France-
Habsburg opposition remained a fixture; Spain and Sweden
dropped out of the array of great powers, their places being taken
by Russia and Poland, while England was even thus early the
arbiter of Europe in virtue of her long diplomatic training and
riper political experience.

The territorial changes during the first two-thirds of the cen-
tury are — apart from the change of ownership in Silesia — casual
and uninteresting, consisting in an unintelligent and arbitrary
exchange of provinces and scraps of provinces. At the Peace of

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In all these political happenings the feelings and wishes of the people played not the smallest part. It was all a matter, so to say, of private understandings among the individual potentates turning upon marriage connexions, territorial desires, contracts and breakings of contracts, personal ambitions and leanings. We have drawn attention to the imitation of French absolutism by rulers and subjects all over the continent. Germany in particular developed a limitless servility, which was the more grotesque, being practised chiefly by the smaller states. A Württemberger parson informed his Duke that his grace's "most high swine" had eaten his own "most humble potatoes." Every duodecimo princeling cherished the ludicrous ambition of copying Versailles and had to have his Italian opera, his French pleasure-seat, his pheasant preserve, and his parade troops. It was equally indispensable that he should keep expensive favourites: so definitely was this demanded of him by custom that in some cases — for instance, that of Frederick I of Prussia — the prince felt obliged to maintain a merely titular concubine. Said a citizen of a minor capital with emotion, as he watched his ruler drive past with his newly-wed young bride: "Now there is nothing wanting to our prince but a handsome mistress." Augustus the Strong — whose nickname was no mere flattery — had over three hundred illegitimate children, one of whom, the Countess Orszelska, became his mistress. Duke Leopold Eberhard of Württemberg was even less scrupulous, for he allowed the thirteen children whom he had by his five mistresses to intermarry. No one dared to criticize such behaviour; everything which took place at the courts of these little god-kings was justified, and the subjects celebrated the name-day of the illegitimate sovereign lady of the moment as if it had been a national festival, feeling themselves highly honoured when the prince stooped to a townsman's daughter. Other encroachments on their liberty were suffered in the same unresisting way. The innumerable hunts did indescribable damage to the fields and often ruined a whole harvest. Preparations for court diversions would sometimes absorb the services of half the population, and the cost of all the disturbance as often as not be met by recruiting and selling the people. Withal, nothing whatever was done to raise

*Duodecimo
absolutism*

P. 7.

P. 7.

the working power of the country. In eighteenth-century Germany there was an accepted standard of one cleric and five beggars to every twenty of the population.

Athens-on-
the-Pleisse

The most intellectual capital in the Germany of that day was Leipzig, which, as the seat of the great fairs and the most distinguished German university, as the metropolis of the artistically minded Polish-Saxon kings and the book trade, and as a centre of fashion and frivolity, had achieved the proud position of an Athens-on-the-Pleisse. For all that, everything that Saxony produced in the way of literature was of the purest repetitive kind: well-informed and methodical, thrashed-out and finicking, pedantic, furiously revised, and equally tireless and tiresome with its wearisome repetition of the same elementary commonplaces. A pleasing figure is Christian Fürchtegott Gellert, clergyman's son and professor, who, though weak alike in physique and creative power, was spotlessly pure in style and in character. He was a really effective influence, not only through his novels and comedies, lyrics and works of edification, but also through his well-attended "moral lectures" and through an extensive correspondence in which he played the part of wise and sympathetic father-confessor to all and sundry. Frederick the Great said of him: "He is a very different fellow from Gottsched" and "There's something so *couplant* in his verses." This was an excellent characterization: he owed his extraordinary popularity to the soft, ingratiating form in which he expressed his harmless wisdom. The tenderness with which he approached his readers made him an ideal women's writer. His humour leaves us somewhat cold, suggesting, as it does, grandpapa in the nursery; his fables — which are all that survives of his work — give the impression of having been written definitely for a class-book, as pieces for the lower school. The fundamental trait in his nature was a touching, albeit rather tiresome, old-maidishness, just as Gleim, for all his love-songs, was typical of old bachelorhood. The "Anacreontics" who sat at the feet of "Father Gleim" were anything rather than amorous, being far too gauche and well-behaved for that. They were not even straightforwardly in love, but merely in love with a perfectly nebulous and schoolboy notion of the state of being in love which had taken possession of their childlike souls. Neither were they ever really intoxicated, but again only drunk with the

bare notion and garlanded wineb Kant was possible poems commonly

From about 1760 the actor was filled by his main theoretician, *vor die Deutschen* of the imitation of *et prodesse*, expression and narrowness. In the two Swiss, the object of poetry is these "must ever ideal they found in of Æsop. At bottom so different as they were more like quotations and details, other as regards the better, and their st undoubtedly did a complacent, narrow 1765 the young Go him."

For a time Gottfried the actress Friederike was an important part in the however, she quarrelled with the stage figure that she put in his hand and a gilt pretty, clever, temperamental stars who are managed dogmatic, and her presence to the stage. As for her, she insisted on assiduousness of her company, on a consciously curving, we burning of Harlequin

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field the violin-makers Amati, Guarneri, and Stradivari achieved such a mastery in their art as has never since been equalled. In 1711 the Florentine Bartolomeo Cristofori invented the ~~piano-forte~~ *piano-forte* or hammer-piano, which gradually pushed all other stringed instruments into the background. Along with the *opera seria* the *opera buffa* appeared, Pergolesi's *Serva padrona* being the most famous example; and it was under the influence of the "buffoonists" that Rousseau wrote the first comic opera: *Le Devin du village*, which brought him a brilliant success. He and the Neapolitan Duni, who also lived in Paris, were the founders of this new type, in which the frozen passion of the *dramma per musica* dissolves in playful grace, and the stiff pompous aria is replaced by the coquettish chanson. In serious opera, too, Jean Philippe Rameau with his orchestral colouring went a certain way to meet the Rococo taste for brightness and glitter, though the Lully tradition was too unbreakable in France, and there was no real departure from program music, but only its expansion and enrichment with imagination and charm.

Even Handel, as we know, only broke away from Italian influences in his old age. He carried the art-form of the fugue to its greatest height in vocal as Bach had done in instrumental music. In his full choruses, particularly in *Israel in Egypt* (which is almost entirely made up of them), we have for the first time, as the object of an art-creation, something — namely, the mass, the people — of which the dramatists were still unaware, for it was not until *Tell*, or even, more accurately, not until *The Weavers* that a playwright attempted to bring the collective soul on the stage as his hero. Bach, on the other hand, put the awakening power of the German bourgeoisie, the Pietists' inner fervour and sturdy love of God, into music and gave it immortality. In his monumental chamber-music the rhythm and weight of Baroque were wedded to the intimacy and introspection of Rococo. Of the two, Handel is the less problematical, but the more *cantabile*; he is the psychologist, Bach the metaphysicist. In fact, one might perhaps place them in parallel with Leibniz and Kant, and not only for this reason, but also in the sense that Handel, as a sought-after and revered master, set up the macrocosm of his creation in sight of all, while Bach, living in the constricted atmosphere of lower social conditions, built his still mightier and more universal realm within himself;

Bach and
 Handel;
 Frederick
 the Great

Leibniz and Handel forced their own world upon the world at large, Kant and Bach encircled the whole world in their own. Bach and Handel, however, were alike in the intense Germanic ethos which fills all their works. This gigantic double sun forms one of the two undying titles to fame won by the Germany of that time in the realm of the spirit. The other is Frederick the Great.

The King

D.T. shows H.
"Find in any country the Ablest Man that exists there," says Carlyle; "raise him to the supreme place, and loyally reverence him: you have a perfect government for that country." A recipe as admirable as it is simple, but, like almost all good and simple recipes, very seldom followed. Obviously it would be the most natural thing if the best were always at the head of things, the cleverest and wisest, the strongest and best-armed, the eye that sees furthest with past and present, the gleaming focus in which all the world's rays unite: if, in a word, the brain were in command as is the case with the simplest human individual! Yet this self-evidently normal case has happened at most a dozen times in the better-known sections of the history of humanity: a dozen times in three thousand years. One of these few cases was Frederick the Great.

The Father

The year 1740 was a year of change of government, not only in Prussia and Austria, but also in Russia, where the Tsaritsa Anna was succeeded by her grand-nephew Ivan VI, a minor; and in Rome, where Clemens XII was followed by Benedict XIV. "*il papa Lambertini*" — the most popular pope of the eighteenth century, a deeply honest man and a scholar, even-tempered, modest, passionately interested in contemporary literature, and so unprejudiced that Voltaire could risk dedicating his *Mahomet* to him. Frederick, it has sometimes been argued, owed his success in great part to his extraordinary predecessor, and the relation has been likened to that of Philip and Alexander. This grotesque opinion is represented by two parties who are in other respects entirely opposed to one another: the official Prussian historians who would make out every Hohenzollern to be a genius, and the equally biased Socialist history-writers who will have no king a genius at any price. Actually Frederick William I handed down to his son only the instrument of policy — that is, the army — and not a single political or even philosophical idea. Philip, on the contrary, who was probably a greater man than his successor, planned out the

whole scheme of what the author of *Alexander* the splendid actor of the

But even among the place in Prussian history. The same critic considerate and brutal, self-sacrificing. It is a paradoxical genre figure should have introduced for its general adoption the idea of patriarchal concerned himself not of the economic situation their clothes and lodgings wives and of callings, chance. He was in fact the some, father of his country right to misunderstand that the said children de

He possessed neither what he did possess he his minor faults — his cation of all intellectual a which humanity finds it his unpretentious virtue modest personal needs — thank him for raising them also was one of his freak in itself. He regarded it of gigantic toy, and he collected china, or Pope ing methods became a otherwise worthy prince means was employed to women, cards, alcohol, served, brute force. The cision, the Prussian cadet, duction of the iron ram

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whole scheme of what the latter accomplished. He was in a sense the author of Alexander's conquests, and the "King of Asia" but the splendid actor of the heroic part.

But even among those who give Frederick William his proper place in Prussian history, we find the most contradictory judgments. The same critics will, without rhyme or reason, call him considerate and brutal, clear-sighted and narrow, malicious and self-sacrificing. It is fairest perhaps to regard him as a cranky, paradoxical genre figure. Certainly it is characteristic that he should have introduced the pigtail into his army a generation before its general adoption in Europe, and he undoubtedly carried the idea of patriarchal absolutism to the point of caricature. He concerned himself not only with the taxation and military service, the economic situation and the hygiene of his subjects, but with their clothes and lodging, reading and conversation, choice of wives and of callings, culinary arrangements and church attendance. He was in fact the well-meaning and severe, faithful and tiresome, father of his country, and he made liberal use of the paternal right to misunderstand and ill-treat the children. Small wonder that the said children developed a formidable "father-hatred."

He possessed neither many bad nor many good qualities, and what he did possess he possessed in only a moderate degree. But his minor faults — his coarseness, his stinginess, and his detestation of all intellectual and artistic aspirations — were of the sort which humanity finds it harder to forgive than the major sins; and his unpretentious virtues — his love of order, his diligence, his modest personal needs — did no one any good. Nor did his people thank him for raising the army to an imposing strength; for this also was one of his freaks. The army was not a means, but an end in itself. He regarded it as an entirely personal property, as a sort of gigantic toy, and he collected tall fellows as Augustus the Strong collected china, or Pope Lambertini fine prints. Prussian recruiting methods became a byword for baseness. In this respect this otherwise worthy prince knew no restraint. Every conceivable means was employed to entice more Grenadiers into his ranks: women, cards, alcohol, false promises — and, if none of these served, brute force. The troop movements were models of precision, the Prussian cadenced step went like clock-work. The introduction of the iron ramrod, combined with this iron discipline,

made it possible to develop an exceedingly rapid fire. And without these achievements the virtuoso strategy and wide-ranging policy of his son would have been impossible.

Frederick was the opposite of his father in almost every respect, even in his attitude to militarism. From several of his intimate and therefore unquestionably genuine utterances we know that he loathed war. This did not, however, prevent him from making it when he considered it necessary, and making it more vigorously and aggressively than anyone else. He called war a "scourge of Heaven" and regretted that he could not live to see the day when humanity would be rid of it. For another thing, he was not even a monarchist. This may sound a strange and almost incredible thing to say of an eighteenth-century king (and the strongest and most victorious of them into the bargain), but there is not the least doubt that it was so. All his life he treated his crowned colleagues with a truly extravagant contempt, and he was full of bitter mockery for everything connected with court ceremonial, holding his own crown without the slightest sense of doing so by higher investiture, or even merely by juridical title. He knew, of course, that he was something more than most other mortals, but it was for that reason, and not as happening to be a king, that he wanted to be honoured.

A. H.
Identification
w/ Frederick

Frederick William had all his life been a pious man in the matter of orthodox church beliefs, a scorner of the subtleties of diplomacy and the refinements of literature, gnarled, robust, primitively healthy and primitively honest, simple to the extreme in his daily needs, and single-minded to the point of half-wittedness. Frederick, on the contrary, had a sovereign scorn and distrust of all positive religions that was but a degree removed from atheism. He placed a far higher value on works of art and philosophy than on any achievement of practical life, was a past master in diplomatic juggling, and a supreme gourmet in all the higher pleasures; at the same time he was anything but "healthy" in the sense of a normal person, having an extraordinarily irritable, complicated, and contradictory nature, highly labile in his inner equilibrium, and physically also delicate and sensitive. Like every genius he was "physiologically inferior" and psychopathic, and like every genius he became master of his psychosis by developing a hypertrophy of strength in his moral and intellectual capabilities.

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The fact that by a great leading his time, but end his crowned rival This basic idea demand that king In his book on P it was precisely l a part of him, bec and in particular of the Roman per ick the Great. ened absolutism, grasp the deeper a living reality. A enment spreadin more or less than clearest head or forms by which complete indiffer a ruler be styled or People's Com cause he is the pl

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It is often said that he inherited his delight in work and sense of duty from his father; but the diligence of genius is something of quite a different order from that of the average man: the latter arises out of a mechanical sense of orderliness and the instinct to be active (which is a primitive bee-like vital instinct), but the former from an almost maniacal devotion to an exalted mission, a sublime sense of responsibility towards one's own magic destiny.

The fact that Frederick the Great was dominated all his life by a great leading idea not only made him the invincible hero of his time, but endowed all his individual actions — unlike those of his crowned rivals — with imagination and genius and meaning. This basic idea of his was no more and no less than the Platonic demand that kings should be philosophers, and philosophers kings. In his book on Plato, Walter Pater says of Marcus Aurelius that it was precisely because the philosophic outlook was so essential a part of him, because he was the passionate devotee of philosophy and in particular of Platonism, that he was so excellent a servant of the Roman people in peace and war. Just such a ruler was Frederick the Great. In this alone lay the true meaning of "enlightened absolutism," the slogan of the day, of which only he could grasp the deeper meaning and which only he could transform into a living reality. Absolutism means unlimited control, and enlightenment spreading of light; this formula, therefore, asserts nothing more or less than that light shall reign, the strongest soul rule, the clearest head organize. There is no need to discuss the outward forms by which such an ideal may be realized; this is a matter of complete indifference, a mere question of costume. Whether such a ruler be styled Cæsar or High Priest, President of the Reich or People's Commissar, he will always be the legitimate king because he is the philosophical king.

His tolerance alone suffices to show Frederick as a true philosopher. We mean tolerance, and neither free-thinking nor liberalism. It is possible to be "liberally" minded and yet have a very illiberal mind, in which (as is the case with most free-thinkers) an understanding for differently constituted points of view has no place. This type of the "enlightened" is as much the prisoner of his narrow one-sided doctrine as the reactionary whom he scorns. The same is true of liberalism as usually practised. It is liberal towards liberals only; the rest of the world are obstinate heretics and blind

*The
Philosopher*

The Genius

fools on whom the better world-outlook must be imposed in spite of themselves. And this, after all, was the typical behaviour of the Enlightened in Frederick the Great's time. In the eighteenth century we see everywhere in the high places these dictators of progress, who held it to be their mission to force happiness upon a lagging humanity. Peter the Great and Charles XII, Catherine II and Joseph II, Cardinal Fleury and Robespierre and many others were guided by this fixed idea, which penetrated even as far as Portugal, where the Marquis of Pombal built up a positive reign of terror of Enlightenment. Thus in reality these rulers were nothing but converted children of darkness, and they furnish yet one more proof of the psychological fact that tolerance is essentially obnoxious to average humanity. But Frederick the Great was tolerant, not in his capacity of free-thinker, but as a genius. Genius tolerates everything because it contains latent within itself every imaginable specimen of mankind, every impulse of the soul, and knows how to conform to everything because it possesses creative imagination. Frederick practised that genuine tolerance which consists simply in recognizing every alien individuality and its laws. For this reason he could even tolerate reaction. He, as the head of the chief Protestant power of Germany, was far more lenient to the Jesuits than was the Roman Emperor. The latter abolished monasteries while the former restored burnt-down Catholic churches. Not that Frederick was by any means without personal prejudices, but, sharply marked as were these very subjective and one-sided convictions of his, clear-cut, strong, and luminous as was the profile of his personality, he had yet a sufficiency of understanding for all other opinions, and, what is more, he actually took them into account in practice. Certainly he was in a way a spiritualist and ideologue, for he always argued from certain abstract principles, direct soul-experiences. But this was counterbalanced by his highly developed mental elasticity, his capacity for accommodating himself at any time to the special "conditions of the problem" which reality imposed upon him in his experiments. He was unusually tenacious and conservative in matters of theory, and correspondingly supple and progressive in his application of theory to life; and it is this double quality which in fact forms the basis of all productive thought and action.

Another eminent mark of genius was his boundless sincerity, a

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quality which, rarity on the throne, dictatoriness, and as a politician he had a strong impression, and his slight-of-hand at that age of hollow mendacious men of technical language in the transaction of thought really serious probity and of being raised so high talents and deeds, individual free from all minor traits also he stands, something in great monarch and having was that of: in the midst of his career of note he felt himself. Everything he did with attachment. How clear testation of hunting wit which, like a firm affairs of government affects us as a "privileging *bons mots* worth confirmed the acquiescence" that the Blessed was admitted as not that he forbade him accept any presents when in reviewing the case natural connexion with "The swine is to be too is his lively feeling him until well into mind of him, not, of course.

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quality which, rare enough in any case, seems almost an impossi-
bility on the throne. Even his attitude to truth shows the contra-
dictoriness, and yet in a higher sense the unity, of his nature. As a
politician he had no qualms about giving the whole world a false
impression, and he prided himself on beating all his enemies at
sleight-of-hand and double-dealing. Yet, living though he did in
that age of hollow lying and empty masks, he was one of the least
mendacious men that ever lived. Untruthfulness was to him a sort
of technical language of which he made use in masterly fashion
in the transaction of his business; but in all things which he
thought really serious and important he was actuated by incor-
ruptible probity and merciless self-criticism. This is why, in spite
of being raised so high above his fellow-men by birth and position,
talents and deeds, he figures to posterity largely as a private indi-
vidual free from any historical nimbus. A number of endearing
minor traits also help to bring him nearer to us. There is, for in-
stance, something impish yet touching in the remark made by this
great monarch and controller of battles that the only fame worth
having was that of an author. He would polish away at his verses
in the midst of his campaigns, and in the presence of literary men
of note he felt himself a pupil desirous of profiting by their art.
Everything he did or left undone secures for him our personal
attachment. How charmingly unkinglike, for example, is his de-
testation of hunting! The marked and even consciously ambitious
wit which, like a fine essence, pervades all his doings, from big
affairs of government to the most everyday conversations, also
affects us as a "private" attribute. Even his decrees were glitter-
ing *bons mots* worthy of a Swift or Voltaire. One day, when he
confirmed the acquittal of a thief convicted of sacrilege, whose
defence "that the Blessed Virgin had herself given him the silver"
was admitted as not incredible by Catholic authorities, he added
that he forbade him in future, on pain of heavy punishment, to
accept any presents whatever from the Holy Virgin. Another time,
in reviewing the case of a soldier convicted of having had un-
natural connexion with his horse, he settled it with the words:
"The swine is to be transferred to the infantry." Very attractive
too is his lively feeling for escapades of every sort, which clung to
him until well into middle age. Macaulay thus describes this side
of him, not, of course, without implying a black mark for bad

5 for the people.
20th century.

conduct: "If a courtier was fond of dress, oil was flung over his richest suit. If he was fond of money, some prank was invented to make him disburse more than he could spare. If he was hypochondriachal, he was made to believe that he had the dropsy. If he had particularly set his heart on visiting a place, a letter was forged to frighten him from going thither." With such things did Frederick the Unique occupy himself while engaged in making his army the most powerful striking force, his administration the most capable, and his State the most feared in all Europe. The respectable Macaulay deduces from all this the wickedness of his nature. We are inclined to think that it is only through such traits that human greatness becomes human and bearable. They are rarely absent from the nature of true genius and, far from indicating an evil disposition, they express an indestructible childlikeness and a supreme artistic playfulness which takes everything and nothing seriously. In this, as in so many other respects, Frederick the Great resembled Voltaire. The old friendship between these two men, as registered in their correspondence, forms one of the wittiest chapters in the history of the eighteenth century. There we have French pepper and Prussian salt thrown together and so intimately blended that the mixture became too sharp and biting for any philistine to sample without tears of vexation.

*The Hero
from
curiosity*

So complicated and paradoxical, yet so clear and transparent is the character of this king that it leaves the democratic historian nothing to "debunk." He went so far in self-criticism as to make himself out at times worse than he was. He admits frankly that the mainspring of his policy was ambition. He tells us how, when as Crown Prince he heard of the Turkish War, his heart thumped as if he had been an actor waiting for his cue. Yet when it came, he advanced from the wings without hesitation, and it was clear from the earliest scenes that he was determined not to play the little episodic rôle assigned to him by the European management, but to improvise an entire new text as protagonist and filler of the title-rôle of the age. In 1740 he wrote to his friend Jordan: "My youth, the fire of my passions, the craving for fame, even — to conceal nothing from you — my curiosity, in a word, a secret instinct tore me from the sweetness of repose I had been tasting; it was the satisfaction of reading my name in the papers and eventually in history that tempted me." And long afterwards in his

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Historical Memoirs he repeats that his decisions in 1740 were influenced by the desire to make himself a name. These, again, are quite the trains of thought of an actor. This king who goes to war out of psychological curiosity, a species of theatre-mania, and from the ardent desire to appear in the paper, and not only so, but frankly admits such impulses — this detached independence, this bizarre coquetry, this sophisticated and yet naïve craving for the limelight, is Rococo of the most genuine kind.

Strange as it may sound, Frederick the Great was not an earnest person. By an "earnest" person we can only understand one who is caught by reality, the "practical" man, the materialist; and by a non-earnest person we mean the intellectual man who is capable of looking down on life from above, taking it now humorously, now tragically, but never earnestly. Both the humorous and the tragic aspects have one and the same root; they are two polar and therefore complementary expressions of the same world-feeling. Not to take existence seriously is something that belongs no less to the tragic than to the humorous focus. Both are based on the profound conviction of the worthlessness and vanity of the world. And so it comes about that Frederick the Great is one of the few figures of his age that are truly tragic and are yet at the same time enveloped by the breath of a sublime irony.

But at the close of his life, as "Old Fritz," he — like all other really great men: Goethe and Kant, Ibsen and Tolstoi, Michelangelo and Rembrandt — becomes completely unreal and ghostly, transcendent and transparent, already half an inhabitant of the other world. An immense solitude spreads itself about him, he is weary of "ruling over slaves" and wants to be buried beside his greyhounds.

Doubtless he had great faults; but then, the favourites of mankind are not the proper ones. The whole age did him joyous homage because he was the strongest and most human, wisest and most foolish of all: Cæsar and Don Quixote, Hamlet and Fortinbras in one person. In Switzerland there were people who fell ill with mortification when he lost a battle; in England, which even as an ally has never liked to see a development of power on the Continent, his victories were celebrated like national festivals; in Paris one became socially impossible if one took sides against him; in Russia he had an enthusiastic following at court, headed by Peter,

the heir to the throne; even at Naples and in Spain his portraits were on sale.

The Danish minister Bernsdorff called pre-Frederician Prussia a young lean body with all the appetite that belongs to this stage of physical development, and Voltaire mocked at it as a "border state." A glance at the historical map will show that such a state, consisting in the main of two disconnected coastal areas with a few oddments of territory in the west, was incapable of existence in such a form. One cannot reproach Frederick the Great for his aspirations towards Silesia, unless one is prepared in principle to deny to a political organism the right of forcible expansion. Through this addition, which enlarged the extent of the state by a third and the population by a half, Prussia first obtained that stability and solidity of territorial basis without which a great power is unthinkable. It is only too comprehensible that Frederick succumbed to this temptation. But from the moment when he incorporated Silesia with hungry Prussia, he looked upon the latter as sufficiently provided for. In 1745 he declared, at Dresden, that from that time on he would not attack a single cat, unless indeed he were forced; that he regarded his military career as closed. And beyond a doubt he honestly meant it. No one but an imbecile would maintain that he embarked on the Seven Years' War otherwise than against his will; only, as he himself was anything but an imbecile, he naturally began it at the moment which appeared to him relatively the most favourable.

Endless rubbish has been written and printed about the "brutal surprise attack" and "perfidious breach of treaty" in 1740. It is an Austrian lie that Frederick was bound by the Pragmatic Sanction. The fact is that the Emperor had guaranteed the succession of the Rhenish dukedom of Berg to Frederick William in return for his assent to the treaty and yet ten years later took diplomatic action against him in collusion with France, England, and Holland with the object of forcing him to relinquish these claims. That Frederick did not wait until Austria was fully equipped, but occupied Silesia in mid winter — an unheard-of proceeding according to the strategic practice of the day — is merely a proof of his courage and originality in not thinking on traditional lines, and of Austria's heaviness and mental apathy. His simple and therefore crushing logic was: first to obtain posses-

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cession. "I will put a problem to you," he wrote to his minister
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tage of it or not? I am prepared with my troops and with every-
thing. If I do not exploit my opportunity, I shall have in my hands
an asset that I do not know how to use; but if I do exploit it, they
will say that I am clever enough to turn to good account the ad-
vantage I possess over my neighbours." And in 1743, he says, look-
ing back in the preface to the first draft of his *Memoirs*: "I do not
claim to defend the policy which the established custom of the
nations has handed down to us as legitimate. I merely expound in
simple fashion the reasons which, it seems to me, bind every prince
to follow the practice authorizing deceit and misuse of force; and
if he did not, I say frankly that his neighbours would only take
advantage of his integrity, and that the wrong assumption and the
fallacious conclusion would ascribe to weakness what had been
only virtuousness on his part. These reflections and many others,
well weighed, have made me decide to conform to the custom of
princes. . . . One finds oneself confronted, at bottom, with choos-
ing between the dreadful necessity of sacrificing one's subjects or
one's word. . . . And so the sovereign sacrifices himself for the
welfare of his subjects." What other prince would have been able
to discuss with such deep and clear, such honourable and plainly
worded objectivity, this immense moral dilemma, which, unfortu-
nately, is an undeniable reality! Who else indeed would have been
even conscious of this tragic conflict? The sense of an overwhelm-
ing life-tragedy breathes to us out of these and countless similar
confessions made in widely dissimilar periods of his life. They are
the words of a genius predestined by its intellectual form for a world
of pure reflection, but flung, a martyr, into the troubled sphere
of action, to which — humbly accepting its fate — it sacrifices itself.
This, in all nudity, was the real soul of that intriguer and un-
scrupulous *Realpolitiker*. But men are very odd: when one man
rises up in their midst, sharing their guilt, indeed, but knowing it
and suffering under it, they do not call him greater and better than
themselves, but throw it in his face that he is no saint.

For that matter, not only the inner life of Frederick the Great,
but his system of foreign policy is very often entirely misjudged.
He was in no sense Austria's "hereditary enemy." We have seen

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at home everything that till now has been imported." In the same spirit he forbade his officials to visit foreign watering-places for cures, and limited his subjects, when they went abroad, to a certain sum for travelling. Every household was bound under official supervision to use a fixed minimum quantity of salt, and permissions to marry were only obtainable in return for the purchase of goods from the royal porcelain-factories. Nevertheless, this tyranny had its good points: enormous mulberry plantations were laid out for the home production of silk, and hop- and potato-growing made excellent progress under state fosterage.

Napoleon once said: "Genius is diligence." And this definition of it, like others, will fit Frederick the Great remarkably. It sounds incredible, but is nevertheless true, that in this country literally everything, from the greatest and roughest tasks to the smallest and most subtle, was done by the brain and working-power of one man. It must have been instructive, paradoxical, intriguing, and alarming for the contemporaries to see this thousand-eyed manager running the whole state-system down to the last thread. Here the King showed not only the diligence, but the all-roundness of genius. It is not too much to compare him with Julius Cæsar in this respect. The man of genius can do everything, knows everything, understands everything. He is never a specialist. He is there, ready, and able to do exactly what circumstances may require. Frederick refused to let himself down at any particular standpoint, he was a polyhistor of life. Whatever he took in hand became transfused with his vigour, which, ever the same, one and indivisible, needed only to be given a sphere, any sphere, of action to expand instantly and triumphantly.

For this reason Frederick the Great's strategic achievements, recognized as extraordinary by even his bitterest enemies, cannot be considered apart from his personality as a whole. We have grown used to thinking of generalship as the expression of a specific professional knowledge and a definable professional talent for which it is sufficient to graduate in a few military courses. But just as it is not enough for a great doctor merely to have studied medicine, or for a great artist to know how to use his colours, so is a great commander unthinkable without some deeper knowledge of the human soul, the way of the world, and in general all things worth knowing. He must be a sort of artist and, above all,

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a philosopher. That Prince Eugene possessed these attributes we have seen: it was for him that the greatest thinker of the age wrote his principal work, not simply "dedicating" it to him (which would signify nothing at all), but literally composing it for him. Julius Cæsar, again, was not only the friend of Cicero (who was his political opponent), but his superior in literary and philosophic talent. As for Moltke, a look at his skull suffices to show that we are dealing with a first-class thinker. And who is able to say how much Alexander owed to his father's grandiose act in giving him Aristotle, the most spacious and the best-filled brain in all Greece, for a teacher? To draw any distinction of principle between the activity of a Napoleon and that of a Shakspeare is nonsensical.

And yet who would not rather be a sort of Shakspeare than a sort of Napoleon? Who would choose to command dull, boring armies of grenadiers when he might have the entire world-history in all its vividness and abundance for his army of operation? Who would care to translate his inward strivings into ugly, obstinate, and at best disillusioning realities when he has power to summon radiant idealities that never fail him? Who would desire to drive men's bodies when he can lead their souls, direct the march of thought instead of the march of feet?

The tragedy of great men of action is the tragedy of poets who are stuck fast in life. Only so can we account for that loathing for life which so filled and so drove Julius Cæsar in his last years that he went almost knowingly to his death; or for the great Alexander's jealousy of the little Achilles: for in truth it was not Achilles, but Homer, who was the object of that jealousy. And Frederick the Great would joyfully have given his throne and his army and all his conquests and victories for the power to become, not indeed a Voltaire, but just a modest Maupertuis.

He did not approve of war. He bore it with sorrow as the field chosen by destiny for his creative activity. And nobody, at the bottom of his heart, really approves of it. But history up till now — which is after all no more than a sort of prehistory of real humanity — has taught that war is manifestly one of the biological functions of our species. And, admitting frankly that it has to happen anyhow, it is at least desirable that it should be in the hands of men of genius.

The strategy of its poetry, had grand and rigid routine. Prussian Saxony laid the object of the war at came to battles all more or less by the exposed head of in plode of itself. Fre "emetic" to be res- the application of speculation. Simila the period, in which columns and in each individual fighting battle consisted pu The conception of still unknown. Fre forming a sort of res- fusing" it) in order moment. In his tin though it was not er two thousand years eral arrived, the Gr valled masters, cons simultaneously. Epa ing degrees of depth the right or left sid Leuctra in one of the between Hellenes. T initiative, in that it is only fully effective Consequently, only like Frederick the G not always succeed. method by his caval pletest mastery, and cusive points. The es- these innovations w

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again — must be artificially created. Stags and deer in enclosures are designed to give the *illusion* of living nature, and ruins were specially built, and even mountains painted on canvas, to suggest a romantic wildness. The Baroque principle of staging nature still ruled, though with the opposite sign. These ideas were to some extent realized by William Kent in his *sermes ornés*. Montesquieu, the first great Anglomaniac in France, on his return from England transformed the park of his ancestral château into an English garden. Typical of the awakening nature-sense, too, are the popular *bals champêtres* of the day and the “inns,” so called, where fine ladies and gentlemen dressed up as barmen, peasants, huntsmen, and fishermen and played at the simple life. Sleighing was a favourite amusement, and Klopstock sang the praises of skating. In summer fashionable ladies formed the habit of wearing wide straw shepherdess hats. At first it was merely a coquetting with Nature, and this Nature was not yet that of Romanticism — notwithstanding its mountain backgrounds and its cult of ruins — but the idyllic, inviting, touching, lamb-brook-and-meadow Nature lying caressingly at their feet. The highest praise for any scenery at that period was to call it “pleasant.” Moreover, Wolffian rationalism and utilitarianism strongly pervaded everything still. The country was lovable above all as the donor of tasty vegetables, nourishing milk, and fresh eggs. The high mountains were held in abhorrence. As late as 1755, in the *Dictionary* which the English contemplated with astonishment as a world-wonder, Dr. Johnson described mountains as diseased growths and unnatural swellings on the earth’s surface, and complained, after his journey in the Scottish Highlands, that an eye accustomed to flowery pictures and waving corn was appalled by this wide domain of hopeless barrenness. The only comfortable landscapes to look at were evidently the bread-and-butter-producing regions. The high tracts were barren and therefore could not be beautiful. Haller’s poem *The Alps*, again, which made an immense sensation, contemplates only the human accessories of the Swiss landscape and has a moralizing, political tendency even at that.

Bible and
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By this period the modern Englishman was already complete and ready-made: a mixture of spleen, cant, and business, with his shrewdness and sobriety occasionally seasoned with fixed ideas, with thoroughness in place of depth, and plainness instead of sig-

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eternity, on week-days in physics and the Stock Exchange, and
with equal fervour in both cases. On Sunday the Bible is his
ledger, and on week-days the ledger is his Bible.

After the death of Queen Anne the crown had fallen to the
Electors of Hanover, which circumstance brought about once more
a personal union between England and a Continental power:
George I, intellectually as much of a nonentity as his three name-
sakes who succeeded him, had not even mastered the language of
the country, and conversed with his officials in dog-Latin, so that
it was useless for him to attend a Cabinet meeting. His prime
minister was Robert Walpole, who had been active in promoting
the Hanoverian succession and secured a permanent majority for
its support in the Commons by means of an elaborate system of
bribes. The corruptness of the age is satirized in Gay's *Beggar's
Opera* (which was, incidentally, a parody of the fashionable Italian
opera of the day). But when, at the first performance, a couplet
on these bribes was encored after wild applause, Walpole had the
wit to call for a second encore, and so brought down the house in
his own favour. In Parliament, into whose hands the direction of
the whole of foreign policy had fallen, he relied upon the Whigs,
and he still kept his position under George II.

During this reign an extraordinary event took place which was
perhaps more fraught with consequences than anything in English
history: Robert Clive established the British supremacy in East
India. An inexhaustible stream of rice, sugar, spices, and vege-
table oils poured over England. Until Clive's time, Macaulay
tells us, the English had been mere home-keepers. But now the
race for money set in, and the little self-sufficing, exclusive island-
people became at one blow a nation of international dealers, mer-
chant traders, and colossal speculators. The "nabobs," as they
were called, returned from India, with the parvenu's display of
their newly-acquired riches, and formed a new social class — the
despised but envied "self-made man." The commercialization of
the whole of public life made rapid progress. *Trading on the basis
of samples* set in, and there developed also the warehouse type of
business, in which financiers merely dispose of manufactured
articles, secured at a low price by advance payments. (These are

Comfort

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in fact the two typical forms of modern economy.) Simultaneously the abundant influx of ready money introduced "comfort," a thing until then unknown to modern times. This English word had a curious origin. It meant at first "consolation" or "encouragement," and only now acquired the sense of "ease," "well-being," or "convenience," under which meaning it has been adopted in German. To an Englishman it is actually the supreme consolation and encouragement, and the final legitimization of his existence in his sense of well-being in it. The Calvinistic divine Richard Baxter, living in England in the times of the Restoration and the Glorious Revolution, tells his followers in his *Reasons for the Christian Religion* that they may work for God in order to become rich. Success in business counted as a proof of election; such was his — and in general the English — idea of Predestination. In place of Christian justification there appears the bourgeois, practical prosperity-justification: the well-to-do on earth are the righteous; the unblessed and the damned are the poor — an inversion of the gospel teaching unparalleled in its impudence and shallowness.

Writing in his incomparable plastic way on the England of that time, Taine says: "A preacher here is nothing but an economist in priest's clothing who treats conscience like flour, and fights vices as if they were prohibitions on imports." In real life this type is most closely embodied in the story-book hero Benjamin Franklin, author of the phrase: "Time is money"; in literature we have the most complete representation of it in Defoe's *Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe of York, Mariner*. Robinson Crusoe is the very able man who is equal to any emergency: a practical economist, politician, and technician; a deist who believes in God because he has discovered that this also is a practical sort of thing to do. It is significant that, besides writing his books (more than two hundred of them), Defoe established the first hail- and fire-insurance societies and savings-banks. The extract of his philosophy is found in the words with which the father Crusoe sends forth his son on the journey. He tells him that "the middle station of life was calculated for all kind of virtues and all kinds of enjoyments; that peace and plenty were the handmaids of a middle fortune; that temperance, moderation, quietness, health, society, all agreeable diversions, and

all desirable pleasures of life; that the World, and the labours of the hand, were the circumstances which rest. . . ."

After Franklin's English domestic most successful "Clarissa, or the most important . . . ing the distressed parents and children," famous novel is said to add: "Pan Letters from a Bachelor published. In religion in the mind has its Foundation that it agreeably INCIDENTS, is into many Pieces calculated minds they should be a sickly sweet and This was a type the *comédie larmoyante* admirers and "bl was the first acted by the actress scenes went down-taire, too, ever to produce plays of Bert's *Zärtliche Schliere*," as he has succeeded in giving theatre, and, all could see and observe kindly caricature

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all desirable pleasures, were the blessings attending the middle station of life; that this way men went silently and smoothly thro' the World, and comfortably out of it, not embarrassed with the labours of the hands or of the head . . . or harass'd with perplex'd circumstances which rob the soul of peace, and the body of rest. . . ."

After Franklin and Defoe came Richardson, creator of the English domestic novel, and likewise primarily a shopkeeper. His most successful work (of over four thousand pages) is called: "*Clarissa, or the History of a Young Lady*; comprehending the most important concerns of private life, and particularly showing the distresses that may attend the misconduct both of parents and children in relation to marriage." Another equally famous novel is so well characterized in its title that there is nothing to add: "*Pamela: or, Virtue Rewarded*. In a series of Familiar Letters from a Beautiful Young Damsel to her Parents. Now first published. In order to cultivate the Principles of *Virtue and Religion* in the minds of the YOUTH of BOTH SEXES. A Narrative which has its Foundations in TRUTH and NATURE; and at the same time that it agreeably entertains, by a variety of *curious* and *affecting* INCIDENTS, is intirely divested of all those Images, which, in too many Pieces calculated for Amusement only, tend to *inflame* the minds they should *instruct*." The father of the middle-class bourgeois drama — a pendant to the family novel that is even more sickly sweet and more false — was George Lillo, a jeweller. This was a type which quickly became popular in France as the *comédie larmoyante* and was considered "touching" by its admirers and "blubbering" by its enemies. Nivelle de la Chaussée was the first author to take it up, having been advised to do so by the actress Quinault, who pointed out that sentimental scenes went down better with the public than tragic ones. Voltaire, too, ever on the alert for others' successes, soon began to produce plays of this *genre*. The first German attempt was Gelert's *Zärtliche Schwestern*. Only Holberg — the "Danish Molière," as he has been (a little extravagantly) called — succeeded in giving his countrymen a national comedy, a national theatre, and, above all, a national looking-glass in which they could see and observe themselves, not unduly flattered, but quite kindly caricatured. He was a rapid versifier (like all true comedy-

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who regards every unmoral action purely as an error in judgment: in a murder, for instance, there is a mistaken idea that one can restore the dead to life; in torturing animals, the erroneous notion that they do not feel pain; in disobedience towards God, the false belief that one is stronger than he. Similarly, Mandeville in his *Fable of the Bees, or Private Vices made Public Benefits*, as the very title indicates, puts forward the cynical view of the modern statesman that selfish and unscrupulous competition among individuals supplies the motive power for the well-being of the community.

But the most characteristic figure in English philosophy at that time is David Hume. His sensational achievement was his explanation of the notion of causality, which he accounts for by habit, the frequent repetition of the same experience. Our empiric entitles us only to the opinion: first A, then B, the *post hoc*. But our mind is not satisfied with that, and, on the basis of having observed this constantly recurring sequence, says: first A, therefore B, thus making a *propter hoc* out of the *post hoc*. The idea of substance, too, arises solely from our habit of always combining the same ideas with certain groups of characteristic features. In the same way is to be explained the consciousness of one's ego: for by regularly relating our impressions to the same subject we get the idea of an unchanging carrier of these impressions, whereas it is really nothing but a "bundle of ideas." Arguing on the same lines, Hume declared himself opposed to the theory of the Social Contract: long before men were able to sign any state contract, compulsion had already united them, and the obedience which had become a habit through that compulsion brought about the existence of governments and subjects without any such contract. All this is truly English: the prudent and short-sighted insistence of the sole authority of empiricism, the distrust of all metaphysics and ideas, the deep-rooted conservatism which puts down everything to habit, and the relentless superficiality which in its wonderful keenness and vigour becomes almost profundity.

In Weininger's *Geschlecht und Charakter* we find the subtle remark: "The difference between Hume and Kant can also be drawn characterologically, much as I can distinguish between two men of whom the one finds the highest art in Makart and Gounod and the other in Rembrandt and Beethoven." Elsewhere he says

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order and break the law of Nature. In such cases we speak of miracles. The result is, there is nothing real in the world but God, souls, and ideas.

It was not Berkeley's system, however, but Empiricism that conquered England and, through England, Europe. The first great representative of English philosophy on the Continent was Montesquieu. In his *Lettres persanes*, published in 1721, he began as a critic, exposing with a fine wit that veiled a deep seriousness the public institutions and conditions of contemporary France: the Papal Church and the monastic system, confession and celibacy, heresy-courts and sectarian disputes, extravagance and iniquitous taxation, corrupt finance and the privileges of the nobility, the decay of the Academy, the Law crash, and in general the régime of absolutism, even though it should claim to be "enlightened." Seven years later there followed his *Considérations sur les causes de la grandeur des Romains et de leur décadence*, an extremely clever and searching piece of history-writing in which he showed — with an obvious reference to democratic England and absolutist France — how the Roman Empire owed its greatness to liberty, and its downfall to despotism. His third work too, *De l'esprit des lois*, is completely imbued with the English spirit, representing law and State as the product of soil, climate, custom, culture, and religion, and praising constitutional monarchy as the best form of government. Contemporary with him was the Marquis Vauvenargues — who became a military officer in defiance of a delicate constitution and died at thirty-two. Vauvenargues's merits were not fully appreciated at the time, but Voltaire was one of the few who at once recognized his high quality, and he wrote to this obscure colleague, twenty years younger than himself: "Had you come into the world a few years earlier, my own works would have been better." For Vauvenargues the highest qualities of a writer were *clarté* and simplicity. This limpidity was the adornment of profundity, the "philosopher's letter of credit," the "gala dress of master-minds"; obscurity is the realm of error, and a thought which is too feeble to bear simple expression announces itself as only fit to be discarded. In his incorruptible art of soul-testing he sometimes reminds us of La Rochefoucauld: he says, for instance, that love is not so sensitive and fastidious as self-love, as we scorn many things to avoid being forced to scorn ourselves; that most

D.T.'s
who
Montesquieu
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nargues

men love fame without virtue, but only a very few virtue without fame; he describes the art of pleasing as the art of deceiving, and thinks it strange that modesty should be demanded of woman, considering that what they value most in men is impudence. But with all this there lived in Vauvenargues the soldier-spirit of the seventeenth century, a heroic enthusiasm for fame, courage, and noble spiritual passion; his favourite word is "*l'action*." And at the same time he looks into the future and the realm of Sensibility. No one, he says, is so likely to make innumerable mistakes as the man who acts according to reason. "*Les grandes pensées viennent du cœur*," was one of his immortal sayings. He was the first prophet of the heart, but a manly, unsentimental prophet, belonging to an older, stronger, and less complicated race.

The general
representa-
tive of the
century

But the lesser lights paled before the star of Voltaire — the hero of the century, even though in an eighteenth-century sense of the word "heroism."

In a much-quoted passage from his notes to Diderot, Goethe says: "When families spread over a long period it may be observed that nature at last brings forth an individual member of it who comprises in himself the characteristics of all his ancestors and unites and gives full expression to all the talents which have up till then made only spasmodic and tentative appearances. It is the same with nations, whose collective virtues are sure, with good luck, to be summed up one day in an individual. So for instance there arose in Louis XIV a French king in the highest sense, and so in Voltaire we have the greatest writer that it is possible to imagine among Frenchmen, and the one most harmonious with his nation." It was pointed out in the Introduction to this work that genius is nothing but the extract of the innumerable small desires and labours of the great mass of the people. One can find such a general representative for every race and every age; and even for the smaller sections, for every family or clan, every town, every season. The circle represented by Voltaire had the widest imaginable radius: for Voltaire is the essence of all France and of all the eighteenth century. And consequently he was a compendium of all the faults and errors, vices and contradictions, of his nation and his generation. If, as Goethe in his fine allegory indicates, he really embraced all the scattered family features in his physiognomy, it is entirely senseless to make it a reproach to him that

among his traits *und Wahrheit*, C as the greatest n. haps of all centu tions." This was degree than by thought — and th their own match magnitude. Peopl house at Ferney; he tried to shake (by a jocular mess truder promptly r ing again tomorro disguise themseve Shortly before hi formance of his *Ir*.

And although i history of literatur aphy is a story of does he seem rem weakness he was a being. He was a s Even as a boy he v food, and all his life of a *grand seigneur* of form and large- that attracted him ti the man of letters w. a rascal and outlaw was the first author tradition. From the the second half of hi sessed twenty estate yield of a hundred ai châteaux with fields costly knick-knacks secretaries, a park of a private theatre, at w

xit *Voltaire*." This proceeds from books and fifty thousand r theatre perform-ame from dubious tied out with great an's negotiations, contracts, loans at involved him in a he Jewish banker, nderick the Great. ness he altered cer- with Hirschel, and atically thus:

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private life either. n Cardinal Fleury's uring them that he hose *Lettres philo-*; he had never had en he aspired (this ncidentally, added v to Trajan. When va: "I have at last e case with *Jeanne* taken leave of their stuff to me." In the at it might not be re de France on the he said: "To have ad to burrow in the nds into that abyss eadable book out of an a history. Should

any bookseller proclaim me as the author, I can assure him he will gain nothing by so doing. Far from selling a single copy more, he would on the contrary damage the credit of the book. To maintain that I, who have been away from France over twenty years, could have so lived myself into French law would be perfectly absurd." About the dictionary he wrote to d'Alembert: "As far as there is any danger of it, I beg you will inform me, so that I may disavow the work in all the public papers with my accustomed honesty and innocence." And in a letter to the Jesuit Father de la Tour he went so far as to assert that if anyone had ever printed over his name anything that could offend even a village sexton, he was prepared to tear it up; he wished to live and die in peace without attacking anyone, without harming anyone, without taking up a standpoint that could offend anyone. The statement may be hazarded that this intention of causing no offence anywhere was only very imperfectly realized.

We must, of course, take into account that it was extremely dangerous to acknowledge the authorship of works which might incur the displeasure of Church or government, and that almost all Voltaire's colleagues practised the same tactics of denial and anonymity. "I am," he said to d'Alembert, "an ardent friend of truth, but in no sense a friend of martyrdom." Anyhow, in Voltaire we have to recognize a new form of heroism. In the place of the death-martyrs there appeared life-martyrs; purification through asceticism is now not sought within the walls of monasteries, but in the turmoil of the world; death no longer appears as the glorification of life, and the hero is no longer the one who renounces life, but the one who fights on in it with resignation.

To Voltaire's over-stimulated and hyperactive militancy we may also ascribe his many small meannesses, of which his attitude to Frederick the Great is particularly characteristic. The unavoidable friction between these two geniuses produced incessant sparks of hatred, love, and wit. The very manner of their coming together was strange enough. In order to compromise Voltaire in France and thus to get him to his own court, Frederick had a very insulting letter of the poet's circulated among a number of influential persons who were attacked in it. Voltaire, on his side, tried to raise as much money as possible out of the King's weakness for him. Frederick the Great, finding out one day that

D. T.

*Voltaire's
character*

he had overpaid Voltaire, limited him in the use of light and sugar; Voltaire proceeded to pocket the candles in the salons. Lamettrie informed Voltaire that the King had said of him: "One squeezes an orange and throws it away"; while Maupertuis informed the King that Voltaire had said of him: "I am obliged to look through his verses, he sends me his dirty linen to wash." Voltaire made an anonymous and offensive attack on Maupertuis; Frederick composed a reply, also anonymous and equally offensive. Frederick had Voltaire imprisoned in Frankfurt on his return from France and searched for compromising documents; Voltaire in turn, on his release, wrote compromising revelations in France.

We have deliberately emphasized the most dubious points in Voltaire's life-story, because for a long time, and occasionally even today, these and similar small traits have been combined to form the picture of an ambiguous, treacherous, even squalid character. Of the bad qualities of which Voltaire is accused, vanity is the only one which he possessed in a really full measure, and herein he contrasts most unfavourably with Frederick the Great. But it is a quality that he shared with the great majority of artists, and indeed with the great majority of mankind, besides which it had in him a kindly, childlike, and at times childish note which disarms us. To call him malicious and mendacious, for instance, is only half true; he was malicious only when in a state of defence, mendacious in small things when under the influence of his vanity or timidity (both of which were rooted in an almost pathological sensitiveness); in all major matters he was of the most complete uprightness. And to call him supremely egotistical is completely and unreservedly wrong. He was avaricious only during the time when he was amassing riches; from the moment that he possessed them he used them in the most unselfish and liberal way for others; and as for the incorrect methods by which he obtained them, let us not forget that we are in the age of Rococo, which displayed its decadence by, amongst other things, the loss of moral standards. To the question, then, which so often arises: why did this great mind lack integrity? the reply is: because the Rococo mind lacked integrity. For Voltaire neither belongs to nor wished to be one of those supernatural heroes of morality who, as opposite numbers to the great criminals, stand outside the moral

laws of the time and constructed from the ti

For the ambitious money to spare (in the recipient), actual piety towards his or at his own expense, for the publication himself, and, on the sand livres. "It is himself useful to his tised charity on a great marshes, laid vast set on foot flourishing on his estate and w His advocacy of the Paul Sirven — each his children who wised them; here we justice, writing pamph witnesses' statement whom he had access flaming desire for justice hatred of every kind partisanship. And if two-fifths villains and taire to thank for it.

He says somewhere of man to work as it cially as such a fiery the heads of the astor nating with his unequal the light. He often w and dictated so fast t him. At sixty-four he as lively as a lizard, as to be all this for another to him: "I doubt whether of a system by the

DT *

Le Jardin

second half of the sentence runs: "but all Nature cries aloud that he does exist"

It is, however, very difficult to say what his true opinion on these matters was, so susceptible and desultory was his mind, and so subject to the personal impression of the moment. And, besides, everything that he openly expressed was only exoteric doctrine; in the secret chambers of his brain there may well have been quite other and more radical ideas. Possibly his true confession of faith is contained in the words he wrote to Madame du Deffand, six years before he died: "I knew a man who was firmly convinced that the buzz of a bee did not continue after its death. He said, with Epicurus and Lucretius, that it was absurd to presume an unextended being; an extended being ruled, and pretty badly at that. . . . He said Nature had so arranged matters that we think with our heads just as we walk with our feet. He compared us with a musical instrument which does not give forth another note when it is broken. He maintained that man — like every other animal and every plant, and perhaps every being in the world — was manifestly made so that he might be and then not be. This man, too, when he had grown as old as Democritus, used to do as Democritus did and laugh at everything." And nine years further back, on the threshold of his eighth decade, Voltaire gave expression to his profound resignation of spirit in a letter to d'Argenson: "*J'en reviens toujours à Candide: il faut finir par cultiver son jardin; tout le reste, excepté l'amitié, est bien peu de chose; et encore cultiver son jardin n'est pas grande chose.*"

Cultiver son jardin: to cultivate this garden which Voltaire had planted, to make it yield more and more profusely, was the task which the age of Enlightenment set itself and solved. Voltaire held it to be a small thing, but to the Enlightenment it was a very great thing.

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various rocks arranged in superimposed layers like the storeys of a house, the second is a block in which all kinds of rocks are mingled together. In our period the three main ideas were *not* arranged one on top of the other like sedimentary rocks, with the stratum of the Enlightenment coming first, then that of Revolution, and last that of Classicism, in the same way as sandstone, slate, and lime succeed one another on a mountain. Rather we have what the petrographer would call "sills" and "dikes," for the whole age was permeated with all *three* tendencies. At most we might say that the strongest and widest-spreading phase of the Enlightenment was from the middle of the century till about 1770; that in the next quarter-century, from 1770 to 1795, it gave place to the Revolutionary current; and that in the last two decades, down to 1815, Classicism finally prevailed. Or, to keep to the metaphor: one type of rock predominates in each part of the mountain range, but all three are found in all parts of it. Right at the beginning of the period each one of the three movements appears with decisive and definitive activity. The *Encyclopédie*, the pioneer of the French Enlightenment, began to appear soon after the middle of the century; Rousseau's *Contrat social*, the code of the French Revolution, was published one year before the end of the Seven Years' War, Winckelmann's art-history, the Bible of Classicism, a year after the Peace; and all three movements only reached their climax towards the end of the period, Enlightenment in Kant, Revolution in Napoleon, Classicism in Goethe.

In political history the epochal event of the French Revolution marks a clear gulf which more or less cuts the period into two discrete sections. For the moment we shall not pass beyond this boundary, except in our account of scientific studies, in which, to avoid later repetition, we shall extend our account to the end of the century.

The Seven Years' War had a double significance for Europe: first, by giving Frederick the Great the opportunity to display his genius in its most brilliant form, it gave the world a spectacle such as it had not seen for centuries; secondly, it was the first world-war in the modern sense, being fought simultaneously in the four quarters of the world and having colonies as its true war-aim. The quarrel appeared to hinge on a few strips of Prussian territory; actually the stakes were immeasurably rich and extensive

*The first
world-war*

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tory has called the Roman Empire Cæsarian and the Greek world-culture Alexandrian.

Like almost all great historical personages, Frederick stands on the bridge between two ages, marking the conclusion of the one, the rise of the other; he joins the absolutism and the artistic impulse of the Rococo with the liberalism and naturalism of the Enlightenment. His direct influence in this way, however, was only on the French Enlightenment; the German, of which Berlin became the centre, benefited only indirectly through the all-pervading intellectual awakening which had streamed from his personality. The qualities of French culture which particularly attracted him were just those that were least German, its playful humour, void of profundity, but also of heaviness; its cool and bright scepticism, with faith in nothing but itself, its penetrating wit, for which it had to pay the penalty in the loss of real creative ability. We can well believe that the choice was not hard between Voltaire and Nicolai, between Diderot and Ramler, and that he had no understanding in his old age for such wholly new phenomena as *Götz* or *Die Räuber*, or even the *Critique of Pure Reason*; but it is curious that he never felt any contact with Lessing, with whom he had so much in common. At bottom Lessing's achievement, in his own field, was similar to Frederick's. He fought on different fronts with vigour and originality, won for himself a victorious position, and in the end raised the realm in which he ruled to be one of the great powers of Europe.

It would be a great mistake to think that during the French Enlightenment there was any conscious struggle against the aristocracy and the monarchy; on the contrary, the almost universal object of attack was the Church. Possibly a well-trained and politically experienced mind could have caught a glimpse of a general revolution even in this form of the opposition, but the French nobility of the time had no conception of national life and the motive forces of history. Above all they had no notion of money; the strongest power of modern civilization was unknown to them. In an age when religious and political disputes were soon to be replaced by economic, they were not only incompetent on all such questions, but literally uneducated. All they knew was that money was necessary; otherwise how could one spend it? Money was necessary, but to them the necessary was the obvious; money was like

Philanthropy
of words

air, just as essential for life, but just as easy to acquire and hence just as valueless.

Until the last decades before the Revolution there was, superficially, the most beautiful harmony between government and people. On the accession of Louis XVI the cheers for the King lasted uninterruptedly from six in the morning until sunset; at the birth of the Dauphin strangers embraced each other in the streets. When aristocratic virtues were treated on the stage, the people applauded; when those of the people, the nobility applauded. It was a comedy of sentimental brotherhood, with warm words and muzzy emotion, but no one thought to draw from this fine feeling even the most trivial practical result. In a word it was *philanthropy*.

The bureaux
d'esprit

The whole movement of the Enlightenment was regarded by the French aristocracy merely as a sort of amateur theatricals which were to give to society a new and piquant interest; but none marked the danger of the play. The French have always been fascinated by the bizarre, and what could be more paradoxical, more original, than a cleric who doubted God or a noble who masqueraded as a democrat? The germs of the great Revolutionary literature, which is usually called Encyclopædist, are to be sought in the intellectual circles, which — at first ironically, but later in all earnestness — were called "*bureaux d'esprit*." The first of these salons was that of Madame de Tencin, a lady with a hectic past which had made her the mother of a number of illegitimate children, among whom was d'Alembert; she had farmed him out immediately after birth and only tried to approach him again when he had become famous; he rejected her proposal contemptuously and continued to live with his foster-mother, a simple woman of the people who had most touchingly protected his childhood. One of her lovers was Law, who helped her to win a great fortune by selling her Mississippi shares before the crash came. At the time of her first salon she was already forty-five years of age and inclined to fatness; she was not yet one of the free-thinkers, but was on excellent terms with the Jesuits and the Pope Lambertini, of whom we have already spoken. Her successors were Madame Geoffrin, a lady of charming and delightful social genius, and Madame du Deffand, who united an exceptional intelligence with a vast egoism. The latter had as her companion a poor girl, Mlle

de l'Espinasse, who intellectual fascinate, becoming jealous, Home" of her own d'Alembert, who she won over to her salons patronized salons with Rousseau, Madame famous actress Quir

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a scientist united elegance
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above all he was a fine
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Epigenesis
and
Neptunism

Essai sur le despotisme, in which he declared that the king was nothing but the first minister, "*le premier salarié*," the head but not the master of the people, who is appointed and paid for definite tasks and can at any time be removed if he fails to fulfil them or even misuses his position.

Closely related to the extension of the materialistic ideas was the development of natural science — indeed, it is difficult to say which of the two was cause and which effect. The flourishing of exact research does not lead necessarily to a rejection of spirituality, as is shown by the seventeenth century, which was dominated by Descartes and Leibniz. But in the next century there was a decisive change, for whereas previously the front place had been occupied by mathematics and theoretical physics — which are at bottom idealist sciences — now it was purely empirical disciplines that began to claim man's chief attention.

First, as to the theories themselves, the earlier ones still held their ground for a very long time, and it was only gradually that they gave place to the more modern conceptions. Albrecht von Haller used the whole weight of his authority to support Harvey's "preformation" theory, according to which the whole organism with all future generations was already present in "involution" in the egg. Against it Kaspar Friedrich Wolff set up his doctrine of "epigenesis," propounded in his *Theoria generationis* in 1759: the origin of the organism is a process of growth whose course is decided partly by heredity, partly by latent dispositions, partly by external and mechanical causes. The experiments he made to crystallize this hypothesis make him the founder of scientific embryology. Although his assumption was more plausible and easier by far to grasp, it met at first with little credence, but eventually it proved victorious, and inevitably so, because it contained one of the guiding ideas of the time: namely, the idea of evolution; it gave expression to the same feeling which twenty years later caused Lessing to regard the history of religion as a gradual evolution to an ever purer and more adequate idea of God, and gave to Kant his wonderful conception of the whole world as developing out of the conditions of our reason.

Geology too became the object of increased attention. Here ruled the "Neptunistic" doctrine taught by Abraham Gottlob Werner, who, from 1775 on, worked as a revered teacher in the

School of Mines changes of the minerals wholly ing their external about him: "The vast many-coloured simultaneously knew where and an opposition to Hutton, a contra acceptance much change in fire, in the earth against Buffon, too, who nervous style to positive sciences; and, greatest influence

But it was in decisive changes occur imponderabilia regarded as a substance and magnetism. All these processes "imponderability" multaneously with Scheele, discovered the one is the "causation of acids, he called in explaining Again, contemporaneous hydrogen, he arrived water, and thus the economy was revealed achievement was the sum of the material though he had clearly had established it irreconcilable in practice to the ideal

* D. T. J. Str
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School of Mines at Freiberg, and who explained all (or almost all) changes of the earth's crust as the result of the action of water. Werner was also one of the first to attempt the subdivision of the minerals wholly by their chemical composition, while not neglecting their external peculiarities. Novalis, who was his pupil, said about him: "The impressions of his senses crowded together in vast many-coloured pictures; he heard, saw, touched, and thought simultaneously . . . he played with forces and phenomena and knew where and how he could find this or that." There was also an opposition to this Neptunism in the "Plutonism" of James Hutton, a contrary theory which likewise only won through to acceptance much later: he saw the main cause of geological change in fire, in the volcanic reactions of the glowing interior of the earth against the already hardened earth surface. There was Buffon, too, who employed the splendid rhythms of a fine and nervous style to present the results so far obtained by the descriptive sciences; and, indeed, it was as a writer that he exercised his greatest influence on contemporaries.

But it was in electrical and chemical theory that the most decisive changes occurred. So far, in both subjects, the dogma of imponderabilia had held undisputed sway. Light, like heat, was regarded as a substance, and similar views were held of electricity and magnetism. The failure to discover any increase of weight in all these processes had been explained by the assumption of the "imponderability" of these elements. Now Lavoisier, almost simultaneously with the Englishman Priestley and the Swede Scheele, discovered that the air is made up of two gases, of which the one is the "cause" of fire; because this acted also in the formation of acids, he called it oxygen. In his further researches he succeeded in explaining breathing and fermentation in a similar way. Again, contemporaneously with Cavendish, the discoverer of hydrogen, he arrived at an understanding of the constitution of water, and thus the enormous rôle played by oxygen in the earthly economy was revealed at last in its main lines. The summit of his achievement was the cardinal law that in all chemical processes the sum of the materials remains an unaltered quantity. Yet, though he had clearly laid down the theory of the elements and had established it irrefragably by exact measurement, he still held in practice to the idea of imponderables, and he included heat

The New
Chemistry

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* D.T. It was hard to maintain one's contempt for the Rummholf when one contemplated the elegant solution oxygen gave to bondmaster.

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chaotic; and thus also light is caused by vibration in the ether — a liquid substance somewhat similar to air, but incomparably finer and more elastic. "In actual fact, then, nothing comes to us from the sun, any more than from a bell whose ringing hits our ear." Euler's successor in Berlin was Lagrange; his *Mécanique analytique* and his classical work on the problem of three bodies and on the differential calculus were epoch-making.

Finally there are three scientific successes which we will not leave unnoticed, though they received little attention from the period, because they were in advance of it. In 1787 Saussure ascended Mont Blanc for the purpose of studying earth structure. In 1793 Christian Sprengel published his *Secret of Nature revealed in the structure and fertilization of flowers*. This, as the book describes in detail, is brought about as follows: insects, in searching for the juice of flowers and for that purpose settling on the flowers or crawling into them, of necessity rub off the pollen on the stamens, owing to the hairiness of their bodies, and bear it to the pistil. This is appropriately covered either with fine hair or with a sticky substance. Nature, moreover, "who never does things by halves," has seen to it "that the insects perceive the flowers from a distance, either through their appearance or their smell, or both. All succulent flowers are, therefore, provided with a corolla and many of them diffuse a scent, which for mankind is mostly pleasant, often unpleasant, sometimes intolerable, but for the appropriate insect is always pleasant. . . . Then when some insect, enticed by the beauty of the corolla or the fascinating scent of the flower, has settled upon it, it either notices the honey immediately, or fails to do so because it lies in some hidden part. In the latter case nature helps by a mark which consists of one or more spots, lines, dots, or figures which are of a different colour from the corolla and so offers more or less of a contrast with it. This mark always lies at the point at which the insects have to crawl in if they are to reach the honey. . . . All flowers, that have neither corolla nor, in its place, any noticeable or coloured calix, and are not scented, possess no honey and are not fertilized by insects, but mechanically by the wind." His work was little heeded, and even less attention was at first given to the Englishman Edward Jenner and his inoculation against smallpox, which even to Kant seemed nothing but the "inoculation of bestiality." The

*Fertilization
of flowers;
Vaccination*

close-packed and little differentiated; (4) the corolla, greater and delicate and glowing with colour; (5) the stamens, shaped almost like a thread and containing an extremely fine juice; (6) the leaves of the fruit, again extensive and enfolding the seeds. This abstraction, which never actually appears, but exists only as the plan, the scheme or idea at the basis of all formations (though Goethe would not admit this himself at first and only learnt to see it under Schiller's influence), is the Goethean "prime plant." A similar standpoint is to be found in his treatise on the intermaxillary bone (1784), in which he followed the various forms in which this bone, which he had discovered, appeared throughout the whole series of the vertebrates. In the next years, as a result of careful osteological observations, he came to the conclusion that the human skull consists of metamorphosed vertebræ: thus these vertebræ play the same part in anatomical investigations as the leaf does in his botanical, and as a pendant to the "*Urpfanze*" he sees floating before him an ideal model (which he calls an archetype) of mammal skeleton. In all his physical studies he started with the conviction that everywhere he must search for the prime phenomenon, the "*Urphänomen*," to which all the manifold varieties of appearances may be traced.

Manifestly, we are in the "*siècle philosophique*." Everywhere men searched for the idea of things, but for the idea that *appears*. There is a very definite relationship, as well as difference, between Goethe's "*Urpfanze*" and the primitive man postulated by the French Revolution for its political and social metamorphoses. Both are abstractions, but they are not abstractions opposed to reality, like the ideals which, though inaccessible, point the way, or the hypotheses which, purely artificial, yet help us on the path. They are abstractions which ask to be dug out of actuality as its true life-core, and therefore they are regarded as concretely existent. At the same time there is a sharp difference. Goethe conceived the idea of the "*Urpfanze*" in order to make the familiar reality which he observes ever and again, more intelligible, clearer, more uniform, more imaginable, and thus in a sense more real; but the Revolution constructs the phantom of primitive man blindly, arbitrarily, unreal, in order to twist, to distort, to cripple reality, and thus to make it more intractable, incomprehensible, chaotic, and unreal. The "*Urpfanze*" is won from life, the

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knowledge against the oppressive power of belief." He makes it quite clear, in this and other places, that he takes Judaism to be the true religion of reason, which he secretly opposes to Christianity; and yet, though he scorned Christian ceremonies with smiling superiority, he held with the most scrupulous care to the absurdest ritual demands of his own creed. In him there comes out, in an ultra-modern guise, the bitterness of the Jew against the Saviour, combined with the fanatical worship of the twice-times-table and of interest rates, the Jewish hatred of idealism, of the mysterious, of God. The native spirit of Judaism, even when it loses itself in the most lofty heights (and Mendelssohn was emphatically not one of the lone walkers on high places), ever retains the character of a materialism that has overshot itself. And always it remains rationalistic. The assumption that reality consists of the things that can be proved, or, better, be touched, is a Jewish discovery, though the most appalling nonsense. The Jews have shown the most supreme heroism and the most selfless contempt of death in countless wars, but always for highly realistic motives. All great Jewish reformers have been *Realpolitiker*; Jewish ritual is for the most a matter of sanitary regulation, and the highest conception of Judaism, the Messianic idea, tries inaccessible heights indeed, but is certainly not *other-worldly*: it is a concrete fantasy. That was why Jesus was persecuted by the whole of contemporary Judaism with such measureless bitterness; not because he was a reformer, for the fickle people was quite used to reformers, nor because he opposed the hierarchy, which was widely unpopular, nor yet because he championed the lower classes, for the atmosphere was not unfavourable to such, but because he was a dangerous revolutionary who dared to proclaim: "My kingdom is not of this world." It was this which offended the deepest and innermost instinct, the fundamental life-feeling of Judaism, since it was in fact the complete reversal and abolition of the specifically Jewish world-conception. When Jesus introduced the transcendent into religion and ethics and taught mankind that in it alone dwells reality, he began a colossal revolution that Judaism instantly saw in its right light.

If we keep this in mind, it will be quite intelligible that the Jew Mendelssohn should be one of the chief spokesmen of Religion as purified by Enlightenment; for if from the Christian's

credo we abstract did, nothing remained added to its Old Testament's eyes, has one means of the reason as right." With such rationality in his *Phædo*. His aim in the first was to elucidate, and time had for belief, which today a man lives on reason and has upon, would find for Plato revised by M like Garve, Engel, must admit its success just like the worthy who sees in him nothing apprehends nothing: "Knowledge"; which culminated in

In the *Morgenstunde* whether openly or tacitly a little of the idea of Christianity, the natural laws decreed by revelation they saved of compromises, which result of dishonest truth Salomo Semler, who *paratus criticus*, introducing to which the suited their words to in our time, when new things are understood. On the other hand, a pervading *à la* Wolff, a pervading secularization of theology. "Theology," which fiction of the world to defend were new inventions

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credo we abstract the *absurdum*, as the rational faith of the time did, nothing remains but a Mosaic religion which has one prophet added to its Old Testament quota. Even philosophy, in Mendelssohn's eyes, has only the task of "making clear and certain, by means of the reason, what ordinary common sense has recognized as right." With such primitive weapons he tries to prove immortality in his *Phædo* and the existence of God in his *Morgenstunden*. His aim in the first book is made clear in the preface: "My task was to elucidate, not the grounds which the Greek world of the time had for believing in the immortality of the soul, but those which today a man like Socrates, who would have his beliefs based on reason and has the efforts of so many great minds to build upon, would find for thinking his soul immortal." That means, Plato revised by Mendelssohn and enlarged by "great minds" like Garve, Engel, and Nicolai. If we approve the purpose, we must admit its success, for Socrates does talk about last things just like the worthy tradesman and popular writer Mendelssohn, who sees in him nothing but the founder of a popular ethic and apprehends nothing in him but a rationalistic equation "Virtue = Knowledge"; who perceives nothing at all of the splendid irony which culminated in his voluntary death.

In the *Morgenstunden* he taught the prevailing deism, which, whether openly or tacitly, was the creed of the cultured, and left little of the idea of God except that of a wise being, who fulfils the natural laws decreed by the philosophers. In the matter of revelation they saved their faces for the time being by all sorts of compromises, which were either illogical or (more often) the result of dishonest thinking. Thus the eminent theologian Johann Salomo Semler, who applied to the Bible a very competent *apparatus criticus*, introduced the idea of "accommodation," according to which the Son of God, the apostles, and the saints suited their words to the needs of men of their time; therefore in our time, when needs had changed, they could be otherwise understood. On the other side Rationalism, seeing everywhere, *à la* Wolff, a pervading wisdom in nature, led to a ridiculous vulgarization of theology. It was no longer enough to talk of a "physicotheology," which from the universality of law and the adaptation of the world to definite ends had argued a wise creator; there were new inventions such as litho-, phyto-, melitto-, acrido-,

Utilitarian
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ichthyo-, testaceo-, insecto-theology which were supposed to give evidence of God in all the detailed phenomena of stones, plants, bees, locusts, fish, snails, insects; there were even a bronto- and a seismo-theology, which led to the knowledge of God through the proper understanding of thunder and earthquakes. The utilitarian interpretation of the Bible was especially favoured in Evangelical services; the Manger was used in sermons to indicate the value of stable feeding, the Easter visit of the women to the tomb to prove the value of early rising, and the entry into Jerusalem to point the undesirability of damaging trees by the cutting of young branches.

*The
Resurrection
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The whole attitude of the time towards religious history may be summed up in the much-discussed work of Hermann Samuel Reimarus, which only circulated in a manuscript in his lifetime and was published later in fragments by Lessing, who pretended he had found it in the Wolfenbüttel Library. The real author was not known until 1814. Starting with the thesis that "a single untruth which contradicts evident experience, history, common sense, incontrovertible axioms, or the rules of good morals, is sufficient to cause a book to be rejected as evidence of divine inspiration," he takes a jump of which the audacity becomes almost imbecility, and argues that the apostles invented the story of the Resurrection for their own benefit: after the incessant wandering about with the Messiah they had forgotten how to work, but had realized that preaching the Kingdom of God supplied nurture for the preacher, since the womenfolk had been only too glad to maintain the Messiah and his future ministers in comfort. They therefore stole the body of Jesus, hid it, and proclaimed to the world that the Saviour had risen and would soon return. Jesus, in agreement with the popular Jewish conception, had pictured the Kingdom of God as a powerful kingdom of this earth and himself as its future king, but he and his disciples had been bitterly disappointed; and the latter had therefore invented a new scheme, according to which Christ had to suffer and die for the salvation of mankind, but had thereafter risen to heaven, whence he would soon come to restore his kingdom.

That a hypothesis which made of the apostles a greedy band of swindlers could meet with such a welcome finds its explanation in that complete lack of historical and psychological under-

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conscientious and too honest ever to dream. And this word is to be taken as literal fact, for, as Leisewitz wrote to Lichtenberg, "he often assured me that he had never dreamed." His life ran its course wholly upon the illuminated half of our soul-sphere.

Lessing's last and deepest work is the *Education of the Human Race*, in which he treats the history of religion as a progressive revelation of God. The first stage is Judaism, the childhood, in which education is carried on by immediate concrete punishments and rewards; the second stage, the adolescence of humanity, is in the Christian religion, which directs "a generation more proficient in the practice of reason, no longer by hope and fear of temporal rewards and punishments, but by nobler and worthier motives." "And thus Christ was the first sure and practical teacher of immortality." But a third age is yet to come, "the manhood of full enlightenment and of the purity of heart which loves virtue for itself." The Bible is not the basis of religion, but religion the basis of the Bible, and Christianity is older than the Old Testament. And in that he introduces the idea of evolution into the treatment of history, and treats each of the great religions as justified at its own stage; in that he rejects the shallow "rational Christianity," remarking that it was a great pity that none could tell where it was rational and where Christian; in that he thinks of his own age, which seemed to the complacent philosophy of his time as the object and climax of all history, as nothing more than a halting-place in the progress of the divine scheme — he has passed far indeed beyond the Enlightenment.

Lichtenberg

With Lessing should be mentioned Lichtenberg, one of the secret classics of German literature, for whom one would willingly exchange Wieland, who was never anything more than a clever man of letters. Goethe once said of Kant that when he read him, he felt as though he were entering a brightly lighted room; and there are few German writers of whom this would be truer than of Lichtenberg; except that his room still has all sorts of half-obscurer angles, projections, and passages which lead to the most appalling haunted chambers.

It is a justifiable assumption to make of significant minds that they should be, as it were, a sort of focus of their age; and since all rays concentrate in them, it should be easy to follow each beam from the focal point and thus explain the time from the man, and

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Inquisition; established industrial schools, in which all idle youths were retained till they had learnt a trade; set in order the state finances by dismissing numbers of lazy courtiers, so that there was always money in the treasury; set up an Exchange, a great Staple-house, an Arsenal, and an Academy of Sciences; encouraged street sanitation and the circulation of books — and all this against the will of the aristocracy, the people, and even of the King, who was only kept docile by fear of conspiracies and attempts on his life. After Pombal's death the whole structure collapsed.

Five years after the expulsion of the Jesuits from Portugal, the same fate overtook them in France. The King hoped to save them and suggested to the Pope that he should reform them; but he replied in the famous words: "*Sint ut sunt, aut non sint.*" The other Bourbon states soon followed suit: Spain (where a revolt in Madrid was made the excuse), Naples, and Parma. In the end Clement XIV had no course left to him but to dissolve the order. Next year he died, and his death was immediately attributed to the Jesuits. Finally the only sovereigns who tolerated them officially were the Greek Orthodox Catherine and the Protestant Frederick — who could not let the chance of a gibe pass by and wrote to Rome that the Pope's writ did not run in the lands of the King of Prussia.

In the circumstances the Jesuits had no other course but to carry on under all sorts of shams and disguises and to turn their power into wholly subterranean channels. Particularly they tried to insinuate themselves into all kinds of other societies, sometimes even when these were of diametrically opposite tendency. They were to be found among the Freemasons and Illuminati, and their capacity to be anything, to change themselves into anything, which was discussed in the last volume, was once more displayed most convincingly: they became even free-thinkers and "friends of the light."

*The
Illuminati*

The founder of the Illuminati, the Ingolstadt professor Adam Weishaupt, had himself been a pupil of the Jesuits, though he afterwards became their bitterest persecutor. The two main principles of this new order (which soon spread over the whole of Europe) had been learnt from the Jesuits: namely, strictest organization and most rigid secrecy; indeed, the whole order was a

sort of antithesis and counterpoise to the Jesuits. It was a sort of dogmatism, vanity, mysticism, the order, which became *arrivisme* that in those days, had still to take root. It was banned in Bavaria as a dangerous sect. Exiles found a ready welcome to it may be gauged from the fact that Bahrdt, an adventurer while he enjoyed some reputation, appeared in 1784 as a Saviour as a subtly stage-managed impostor, would have us believe to be everywhere even in those days, unmistakably suggesting

While the Illuminati through spiritual sterility their most active member. This was Freiherr Adolf *Umgang mit Menschen* — a pen-pusher and one of the first to orient themselves purely to the whim of the public; and to write only to please, in the end a deadly bore; for there was nothing uninspiring than a man venturing on others. His *Umgang mit Menschen* he himself says in the preface scamped some of his other compliments, but putting it gained over no short space at all what it is generally good tone — but a contrivance. It treats, in homely fashion, of social intercourse with persons of various temperaments and ages, children, betrothed and debtors, teachers, pupils, artists, enemies, tradesmen

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sort of antithesis and counterpart of Jesuitry. Very soon, however, dogmatism, vanity, mystical formulæ, and pomposity penetrated the order, which became one of the main fields for the political *arrivisme* that in those days, owing to the absence of any parliament, had still to take refuge in such forms. In 1784 the order was banned in Bavaria as a result of Jesuit manipulation, but the exiles found a ready welcome elsewhere. The importance attached to it may be gauged from a remarkable book of Karl Friedrich Bahrdt, an adventurer and doubtful littérateur who yet for a while enjoyed some reputation. His *Briefe über die Bibel im Volkston* appeared in 1782; in this he depicts the coming of the Saviour as a subtly staged comedy of the Essenes, whom Bahrdt would have us believe to have been a secret society, with "lodges" everywhere even in those days and with tendencies and practices unmistakably suggesting those of the Illuminati.

While the Illuminati, who died out within a few decades through spiritual sterility, are hardly heard of nowadays, one of their most active members has retained a certain fame to this day. This was Freiherr Adolf von Knigge, who published his *Über den Umgang mit Menschen* in 1788. Knigge was an unscrupulous pen-pusher and one of the earliest of that class of writers who orient themselves purely by the commissions of publishers or the whim of the public; and he shared the lot of all such authors who write only to please, in that within half a lifetime he was already a deadly bore; for there is nothing more uninteresting and more uninspiring than a man who thinks and creates what is wanted by others. His *Umgang mit Menschen* alone was an exception, and he himself says in the preface that he had not scamped it as he had scamped some of his other works. "I am not writing a book of compliments, but putting down the conclusions of an experience gained over no short span of years." And in truth the work is not at all what it is generally assumed to be — namely, a manual of good tone — but a contribution to the practical philosophy of life. It treats, in homely fashion, but not without a certain refinement, of social intercourse with all and sundry: with the different temperaments and ages, classes and professions, with parents and children, betrothed and married, friends and women, creditors, debtors, teachers, pupils, guests, hosts, princes, courtiers, scholars, artists, enemies, tradesmen, servants, and neighbours, even of

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might at any time make the impossible possible. Everyone be-
lieved in the magnetic cures which apparently endowed people
with the powers of the prophets, the so-called mesmerism, on
which Mesmer did very good business in Paris, Vienna, and else-
where. Great popularity was also enjoyed by the wonder-cures and
devil-exorcisms of Gassner and the invocation of ghosts by the
innkeeper Schrepfer — who ended in suicide. The two most promi-
nent representatives of this business were men of whom everyone
has heard — Casanova and Cagliostro. The first, who was at least
as famous as an international crook as he was as a seducer of
women, wandered about the world as a cabbalist, astrologer, and
necromancer practising rejuvenation cures, gold-making, and
soothsaying. To Cagliostro magical arts and shams of all kinds
were a means of livelihood; when his servant was asked if the
Count was really three hundred years old, he replied that he could
not say, as he had only been in his service for a hundred. The
technique of these masters of sharp practice were dealt with ef-
fectively and in factual detail by Schiller in his *Geisterseher*;
“their only capital,” said Chledowski, “was their faith in human
folly, and it was a capital which paid high interest.”

But this period, in which soberest rationalism and crassest
superstition, audacious charlatanry and true prophecy moved side
by side, produced the polar complement to Cagliostro in the seer
Swedenborg, whose figure, unrecognized and misunderstood by
contemporaries and posterity, strides through history as a superb
riddle. During the greater part of his life his face was turned to-
wards worldly concerns. His original occupations in which he has
considerable achievements to his credit had been mineralogy and
mathematics, engineering and mining technique. Then suddenly
in his fifty-fifth year he received the revelation, and from that
time forth he had dealings only with the higher worlds. There are
many proofs that he possessed abnormal occult powers: he learnt
details from the dead which could not possibly have been known
to him previously; he told the Queen of Sweden things which no
one knew but herself, and in Gothenburg he saw the complete
course of a big fire which broke out at the same moment in Stock-
holm, whence news only came two days later to confirm his story.
Whether he was in continuous and special communication with
angels, we cannot of course test, but he at least believed it. His

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centralized administration is a monstrosity; it may be questioned indeed whether it is beneficial even to the most homogeneous State; witness France, where in every period and under every government the rage for centralization has known no bounds.

When Frederick heard the news of Maria Theresa's death, his first words were: "*Voilà un nouvel ordre des choses!*" The new order made itself felt in almost every sphere; the nobility was put on an equality before the law with the middle classes. Spanish ceremonial, like Spanish court dress, was abolished; even on the most formal occasions the Emperor never wore anything but his simplified uniform, even without the stars of his orders, and on his travels he preferred the Werther costume, which was despised by the more conservative even of the middle classes. All processions and pilgrimages were banned, holy days considerably diminished, various brotherhoods broken up, monasteries and church property secularized. These drastic activities led the Pope to take the sensational step of visiting Vienna in person, where the Emperor received him respectfully, but where he achieved nothing. To provide a substitute for the extensive charities of the clergy state hospitals, poor-houses, and foundling hospitals were set up out of the proceeds of the confiscated property, but these new institutions had no very good reputation. The universities were robbed of all their privileges and completely officialized, to their considerable detriment; for the new education decree changed them from homes of scientific research to mere training centres for future officials, and only those subjects which could serve this end were taught, and taught by miserably paid professors. On the other hand, much was done for the elementary schools, whose number and standard were considerably raised, but even these were dominated by the mechanical regulations of the Josephine compulsory enlightenment: the arrangement of lessons was pre-arranged in such detail that at every minute Vienna knew which page of the text-book was being read by the children throughout the kingdom. "Good God!" cried Mirabeau, "even their souls are to be put in uniform!" That is the summit of despotism!" The idea was to metamorphose, at a moment's notice and without consulting anybody's wishes, a clerical population into a liberal, a peasant and bourgeois society into a bureaucratic.

But most ill-timed of all were the attempts to force into a

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and the legislative assembly that she summoned to help her was a mere comedy, a concession to the spirit of the age. She differed from Joseph II in the clearness of her vision, which never contemplated the impossible, and in her lively interest and understanding of the intellectual life of her time. She corresponded regularly with Diderot, d'Alembert, and Voltaire and other literary notabilities, whom she tried to attract to her court by rich gifts and pensions, and she was herself an authoress. Like Frederick and Joseph she attended to all details of government with inexhaustible energy. "Madame," the clever Prince de Ligne said to her one day, "I know no cabinet that is smaller than the Russian; it extends from one side of your head to the other." Her prudent advances and retreats, coupled with her tenacity, made her far more successful in her Balkan policy than Joseph. Her aim was Constantinople; she failed to win it, but it was under her government that the three partitions of Poland were brought about.

The catastrophe of the Polish Kingdom was long overdue. It was incapable of survival, if only because with its enormous extension it had a disproportionately small and moreover poor coastline. In addition, its form of government was impossible. The king was elected — on almost every occasion by a disorderly vote — and had practically no power. The *liberum veto* allowed every provincial deputy to cripple the measures of the government; there was even a rule that when one single law was rejected by any such vote, everything that had previously been settled was nullified, and it was of course easy enough to buy one such veto. Even at the beginning of the century it was common to talk of the "royal republic" of Poland, but it might as well have been called the "royal anarchy." The right of armed resistance was constitutionally guaranteed to the nobility, the *Schlachta*. The population consisted of a few great families of colossal wealth, a hopelessly insolvent beggar-nobility, and as to nine-tenths of the rest a serf population destitute of any rights whatsoever, in whom the nobility (as Georg Forster says in his *Ansichten vom Niederrhein*) had eradicated the last trace of a thinking faculty. Between the two, there were only Jesuits and Jews, and almost no middle class. Brandy, gambling, and syphilis were the three powers which had dominated this "chivalrous" people for generations — even

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tended garden full of weeds, a gathering-place just as much of
folly and error as of virtue and greatness." Goethe in his youth
wrote: "If we can find a place in the world in which to settle with
our possessions, a field to feed us, a house to cover us, is not that
our fatherland? And are there not thousands in every state who
possess this much? And are they not living happily within these
limits? Why, then, this useless striving after a feeling which we
neither can have nor would like to have, and which, with certain
peoples, and at certain moments only, has been and is the result
of fortunately concurring circumstances? Roman patriotism!
May God save us from that as from any monster. We should have
no stool to sit on, no bed to lay ourselves down in." And even as
a matured man he comments thus on the recent establishment of
the Rheinbund: "a split between the coachman and the groom on
the box which aroused more feeling in us than the division of the
Roman Empire." The author of an "article from Katzenellen-
bogen" in Schlözer's *Staatsanzeiger* certainly expressed a general
feeling when he wrote: "Others may deplore the fact that our
rulers have no authority on the Ganges, but I regard it as a bless-
ing for our country that the Hanseatic League has been broken
up, that the German Admiral of the Sea under Ferdinand II
was stifled at birth, that the Peace of Westphalia has divided Ger-
many for some centuries to come into so many small states, each
with its own interest, that in one case position, in another size,
has made it impossible for them to launch vast merchant fleets.
How foolish it is to run after pepper on the coasts of Malabar
when our hands are full at home!" Lichtenberg summed the
whole matter up in his effective style when he said: "I would give
much to know for whom really the things are done which we are
told publicly are done for the Fatherland."

Schiller, also, is no exception, though text-books and leading
articles for a hundred years have pointed to him as the re-
awakener of German patriotism. He uses the love of one's country
in his poems merely as a valuable dramatic subject, without ever
giving it a German nationalist colouring. *Wilhelm Tell* describes
the heroic struggle of a people for its home and its liberty, and
the *Maid of Orleans* the heroic resistance of a country against
its conqueror; but the people is the Swiss, and the country is
France. Only two of his plays take place on German soil: the one

A. H.
discovering
Goethe

inventor of performing-right royalties, and his hero Figaro is only a cynical money-maker. On the other hand, he was akin to Rousseau and Chamfort in that his attacks were nothing but an intellectual pre-revolution, a play of ideas, born of the love of sensation and paradox, a marionette-show with no intentioned consequences. Reality passed him by as it did Chamfort, and as it would have done Rousseau if he had lived long enough. Mirabeau, already, could fling at Beaumarchais the words: "Expect nothing from the future except the privilege of being forgotten." During the Revolution he barely escaped with his life.

The polemics of Chamfort, though still only half-earnest, were already more aggressive. In his *Pensées* he says quite openly: "The nobility, we are told, is a stage between the king and his people. Yes, in the sense in which the dog is a stage between the huntsman and the hare." And again: "I regard the King of France only as the king of about a hundred thousand people, among whom he distributes the sweat, the blood, and the skin of more than twenty-four millions." One morning he remarked to the Duc de Lauraguais: "I have completed a work." "What, a book?" "No, no book; I am not such a fool. But I have got the title of a book, and the title is everything. I have already made a present of it to that puritan Sieyès, who can carry it into execution as he likes. He can write what he will: it is only the title that will be remembered." "Well, and what is this title?" "What is the Third Estate? Everything. And what does it possess? Nothing." In actual fact Sieyès did give this title to the famous pamphlet which had such a colossal effect — only he added a third clause: "What does it demand? To be something," which in reality weakened its epigrammatic vigour — so that the author proved quite right, all that was remembered of the pamphlet was its title. A second catchword of the Revolution, equally lapidary and inspiring: "War to the palace, peace to the hovel," had its origin with Chamfort. But in general, far from being an admirer of the masses or of public opinion, he said that "an individual can never be so contemptible as a corporation," and again: "The public! How many fools must be got together to constitute a public?" Of the National Assembly of 1789 he said: "If you look at the greater part of the deputies, you get the impression that they have destroyed prejudices only in order to acquire prejudices, like people

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who pull a building down to get the material." One of these malicious epigrams led to his imprisonment: for when he saw everywhere the general proclamation: "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité ou la mort!*" he added: "*C'est la fraternité de Caïn.*" He was set at liberty, only to be imprisoned a second time, when he attempted suicide. It is not certain whether he died as a result of this attempt or of a long-standing bladder trouble.

As for Rousseau, the history of the origin of his first work is extraordinarily characteristic of the man. The Academy of Dijon had set for a prize essay the subject: Has the revival of science and art contributed to the purification of morality? Diderot asked Rousseau which line he should take, and Rousseau replied: "Naturally, the affirmative." "That is the *pons asinorum*, every mediocrity will go that way. But the opposite view gives new scope to thought and style." Rousseau took the tip, and in his essay (which won the prize) he made the sensation he hoped for. Once he had made up his mind to take the opposing view, he went far beyond the question set, and sought to prove, as he lashed himself into a foam of fury against the whole of human civilization, that it has not merely not improved morality, but has corrupted it, and had been the cause of all human misery. What should we do with artists apart from the fatal luxury which brings them up? Should we be less numerous, less well governed, less flourishing without the men of learning? On the contrary, it is science and art, and they alone, which have made us put talent above virtue." Some years later the Dijon Academy set another prize theme: What is the origin of the inequality of men, and has it any natural basis? Rousseau wrote an essay on this subject also and attracted still more attention than with the earlier, for it was precisely because a blind and wild resentment spoke in him that it was a success. The origin of inequality, which is a scandalous crime against nature and justice, he again finds in civilization, in political and social conventions, which are the arbitrary creation of men. The only condition worthy of man is his natural condition: "If nature has determined us to be healthy, I dare to assert that the condition of reflection is an unnatural condition and that a man who thinks is a degenerate animal." "The first man who enclosed a piece of land and had the audacity to say: 'That is mine,' and found men simple enough to believe him, was

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The German "Genius Period," which began, roughly, in the seventies, also goes back to Rousseau in essential traits. There was, as Goethe said retrospectively, a ferment of ideas. "The epoch in which we were living may be called the challenging age, for we made demands on ourselves and on others which no one had yet lived up to. The loftiest, most sensitive, and intelligent, in fact, had suddenly realized that the immediate view of nature, and action based thereon, was the best that man could wish for himself, and was not hard of achievement. . . . When now men advanced to its realization, it became clear that the easiest way out of the business was to call in the aid of genius, which by its magical gifts would solve the problem and meet the challenge." The watchword "genius" had been first used in this sense by Gerstenberg, who also wrote the first important drama of this school. The meaning of the word has been best expressed by Lavater in his *Physiognomy*: "The character of genius and all its works is *apparition*; as angels do not come, but are here, do not go away, but are away, so also with the work and the effect of genius. That which is unlearned and unborrowed, which can be neither learned nor borrowed, the inwardly individual, the inimitable, the divine, that is genius; the inspirational is genius and is called so, will be called so, at all times, among all peoples, as long as men think and feel and speak. Genius flashes and creates, it does not construct, just as it cannot itself be constructed, but is. Inimitability is the character of genius, instantaneity, revelation, and apparition, givenness; that which is given, not by man, but by God or by the Devil." The highest praise that could be — and often was — extended to a man at the time was to call him an "original genius" or a "Nature." What was demanded was no longer the handling of definite rules, but the "full heart," and the feelings were placed far above the reason — but yet associated with reason; for the whole of the impetuous youth which had made it part of its program to exude at all costs, was a strange mixture of naïveté and reflection, eld-wisdom and childishness.

The prelude to this extremely interesting movement, which introduced a completely new quality into German intellectual life, is the period of Sensibility, whose beginnings came about twenty years earlier. Gellert's chief demand, repeated time and again in his letters and writings, had been the "good and sensitive soul,"

and this fashion about 1750, "Sterne's *Sentiment* expression not only of life-motto. Si "*la belle âme*," ment. Then the tion, with a pow the fashion over shouted it to each a secret inspiration completely adequate foundation of love — Feeling. What are life and poet, what gives

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and this fashionable softness and sentimentality was called, round about 1750, "delicacy" and "sensitivity." Lessing translated Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* as *Empfindsame Reise*, and this expression not only made itself at home, but became very soon a sort of life-motto. Side by side with it was Rousseau's conception of "*la belle âme*," which lies open to every gentle and refined sentiment. Then the word "feeling" came, and extended its domination, with a power that is attainable only by a word that becomes the fashion over every sphere of life. Men were intoxicated by it, shouted it to each other like a watchword that is at the same time a secret inspiration. "Feeling" was the indispensable, but also the completely adequate, legitimation of everything. What was the foundation of love, friendship, harmony, all human relationship? — Feeling. What is the core of religion, what is the fatherland, what are life and Nature? — Feeling. What forms the painter, the poet, what gives the impress of true humanity? — always Feeling.

The inevitable consequence was that this feeling of everything from out of the inner wealth of the heart, which is a capacity and a talent that the gods rarely give, was in the thousands who wanted to keep up with fashion just an external parade and artificial show. One had to be always stirred, always moved, agitated, carried away, one must live in a perpetual condition of emotional high tension. In France this play with noble sentiment produced the Revolution; in Germany it had the more harmless consequence of a one-sided unworldly culture.

One of the first and most beneficial results of this cult of sentiment was that it broke down, in part, the partition walls which the stiff tradition of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had erected between men. Even Lessing, in other respects a warm and successful defender of the natural, addressed his best friends in formal terms; and in the elementary schools of Joseph II (which as little as his other reforms meant a real attainment of freedom) the children were strictly forbidden to say "thou" to each other. Goethe and Lavater on the other hand spoke familiarly, thee'd and thou'd each other at their first meeting; and this became the ordinary method of address among men who felt themselves intellectually in relation (a thing which was very easy at the time). Equally readily people took to calling each other "brother" and "sister." An indispensable part of even the smallest park was the Temple

see p 28

of Friendship, in which friends swore eternal loyalty. Men wallowed in the idea of a purely spiritual union of man and woman, and "soul-love," which rested on a community of noble impulses, became the fashionable form of flirting. We commonly meet, especially in poets, the "lady of one's thoughts," a supernal being inwardly revered, who had no existence save in the imagination. Tears welled up at every letter received, at every book opened, at the mere thought of nature, or friendship, or a bride, or oneself; in fact weeping was universal. In Miller's *Siegwart*, the most successful novel of the time, even the moon weeps. The early careful and well-articulated style was completely transformed, and language became the means for the expression of momentary emotion, almost to the point of meaninglessness; it is filled with dots, exclamation-marks, dashes, question-marks, violent interjections, and sentences which break off in the middle. This is undoubtedly a sort of Early Impressionism, acquired but to be lost again. This condition of passionate search, eternally dissatisfied, but uplifted by a Promethean consciousness of its new discoveries, is expressed for us in the concrete present in a letter written by the youthful Goethe in 1775, wherein he describes to a lady who is one of the "friends of his soul" how he passed the day, and he closes with the words: "I felt, through it all, like a rat which has eaten poison; which runs to every hole, swallows every drop of moisture, devours everything eatable that comes its way, while its heart burns with a consuming inextinguishable fire."

The period manifested the pathological condition of all epochs when something new is coming to birth, and at the same time the dual quality of all times of transition; hence its contradictions. Thus, for instance, the English garden transplanted to Germany, though it owed its existence to the enthusiasm for the Return to Nature, was nothing but an artificial attempt to collect in one spot everything that nature meant to these people — meadows, brooks, grottoes, clumps of trees, gentle sloping paths, the little wood with its inevitable clearing — with a host of accessories that formed a grotesque bric-à-brac of every conceivable reminiscence and whim, Greek columns, Roman tombs, Turkish mosques, and Gothic ruins. On top of all this was the universal and particularly tasteless and unnatural habit of scattering inscriptions which preached the text for each of these intended effects. Similarly

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hypersensibility and coarseness were strangely mingled. In the same Werther period, which saw something superhuman in every beloved, there was, as Magister Laukhard relates in his autobiography, a queer form of ovation, still common among the students at Giessen, which sounds more like Grimmelshausen: they went, after duly filling themselves with beer, to the front of a house inhabited by women, and relieved themselves there, to the accompaniment of whistling like that of a carman-to the accompaniment of his horse's staling.

This enthronement of sentiment was bound to work itself out quite as much in licentiousness as in refinement. The fossilization and narrowness of the former laws of art and politics led to the conclusion that rules of any sort are to be thrown overboard. In *Werther* we read, with obvious irony: "You can say much in favour of rules, about as much as you can in praise of bourgeois society." Actually the youth of the time had the same contempt for the bourgeoisie as was held later on by the French Romantics, the poets of Young Germany, the Naturalists, the Expressionalists, and, in fact, every youth-movement. This led to the rejection on principle of any and every calling; the one ambition was to be just a man. "Profession of scholarship — profession? Pish!" said Goethe's brother-in-law Schlosser in 1777 in the *Deutsches Museum*, "Good heavens, look at your professions, teachers, lawyers, ministers, authors, poets — professions everywhere and men nowhere. Why do you so seldom find wisdom, experience, knowledge of humanity in your professional men? Just because they form a profession." The ideal that hovered before the generation was a gifted amateurism, interested in everything, but tied to nothing definite and having as its one speciality the study of life.

One very marked characteristic of this period was its passion for the silhouette, which took the place of the Rococo's porcelain mania. These black portraits were to be found everywhere, in books and albums, on the walls and as medallions, on glasses and cups — and sometimes they were literally life-sized. The art of cutting-out became a popular and admired accomplishment, which even famous artists practised, and the favourite amusement at the family table. The peculiar quality of the age, its shadowy indicativeness, combining definition and abstraction, its schematism and love of outline, its union of darkness of feeling and daylight

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of reason, not to mention its amateurishness and dilettantism, found expression in this pastime: Lavater built up his science of physiognomy (rather a doubtful one in any case) for the most part on collections of silhouettes, which he gathered with the greatest zeal. This new form of soul-study compares roughly with our present-day graphology: its founder asserted that it was possible to read a man's character from his face and, as Lichtenberg remarked bitingly, found more in the noses of contemporary authors than the intelligent world did in their writings.

Letter-writing, again, became a positive mania. This was of quite a different kind from that of today, being anything but a private and intimate business — in fact the effusions and items of information which were consigned to paper were meant from the start for a wider circle of readers. The lack of proper newspapers, the strict censorship, the eagerness to disentangle one's own and others' souls, made the "circular letter," which was often read in dozens of different places, one of the dominant forms of intercourse. "For there was such a general openness of heart that it was impossible to speak or write to one individual without imagining our words to be directed to a larger number . . . and thus, since political discussions were of little interest, the moral world came to be pretty widely known." Letters were called "soul-visits"; one fell in love by letter and corresponded passionately with people with whom one never became personally acquainted.

It was indeed a literary age through and through; all word and movement, all love and hate took literary form. All the important expressions of life were done in writing, everything by paper for the paper's sake. State, society, religion, everything, became just a subject for literature; all classes were seized with an absolute mania for reading, lending-libraries were opened, and it was an essential part of one's turn-out to have a book in the pocket. Frederick the Great told d'Alembert that he would rather have written *Athalie* than won the Seven Years' War, and immediately after the appalling disaster at Kolin he composed a number of verses and epigrams. Madame Roland at the foot of the scaffold asked for pen and paper, to write down certain notable thoughts which had just occurred to her.

In the same way the costume of the time displayed a mixture of extravagance and naturalism. For a time hair was dressed so

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The
frock-coat

high that ladies had to remove the cushions from their coaches. At the French Court a frigate in full sail was seen as a coiffure. The Marquise de Créqui tells us that in 1785 Marie Antoinette appeared with her hair dressed *à la jardinière*, with an artichoke, a cabbage, a carrot, and a bundle of radishes on her head. One of the court ladies was so taken with this that she cried out: "I shall only wear vegetables in future, they are so simple, and much more natural than flowers." Huge hoods also came into fashion again, the so-called *dormeuses* or *baigneuses*. In the name of philanthropy, a vigorous opposition was set up against powdering, on the ground that the enormous use of wheat flour raised the price of bread for the people, and the hair actually began to be worn unpowdered, though this fashion was not universal. Men's pigtails became shorter every year, and the old full coat, which even during the Rococo had been slightly cut away, was then transformed into the frock-coat proper. This was modelled on the English riding-coat and came into fashion about 1770 as the swallow-tail. In its beginnings, however, it was by no means the serious dignified ceremonial dress that its survival is today, but an affected and provocative article of clothing, favoured especially by the revolutionary youth and worn in vivid colours such as scarlet, azure-blue, and violet, ornamented with gold or copper buttons. From the free America, towards the end of the period, came the top-hat and the big round felt hat. The Werther attire consisted of high boots with tops, yellow leather breeches, yellow waistcoat and blue frock-coat; the neck and hair were left free, which shocked the older generation particularly. Even women of the emancipated sort appeared with the Werther hat, waistcoat, and coat, the notorious "*caraco*."

The gods of the time were those to whom Werther prayed, Homer, Ossian, and Shakspere, who was erroneously regarded as a book-dramatist. In 1760 the Scottish poet James Macpherson published his *Fragments of Ancient Poetry, collected in the Highlands*, bardic poems, purporting to be translated from the Gaelic of the time of Caracalla. In 1762 these were followed by a second work, *Fingal, an old epic poem, by Ossian, son of Fingal*. Doubts were already cast on their authenticity by Johnson and Hume, but it was not till 1807, eleven years after Macpherson's death, that the forgery was conclusively proved. But this really mattered little,

Ossian

and only paper-souls like Johnson or furious sceptics like Hume regarded it as a problem of importance. The real genius of these play-acting pieces lay in the very fact that they did not reproduce the old folk-poetry faithfully at all; but were just what the wishes of the age imagined and wanted nature-poetry to be, delicately primitive, artificially picturesque, mirroring the sadness of over-civilized minds. No genuine bardic poems have ever achieved the colossal success of these. They were translated into French, Italian, Spanish, Polish, Dutch, and about half a dozen times into German; Alwina, Selma, and Fingal became favourite baptismal names; bardic schools sprang up, and even Napoleon rated Ossian above Homer. Pallid melancholy and wild-natural disorder appeared to the time more poetical than clearness and form. The fascination and grandeur of the hitherto disparaged Gothic was rediscovered; Horace Walpole, son of the Robert Walpole already mentioned, rebuilt his home at Strawberry Hill as a mediæval castle and wrote the successful Gothic thriller *The Castle of Otranto*. Herder glorified the simple manners of the German past, and Goethe waxed enthusiastic over Strassburg Minster.

*Sturm und
Drang*

It is to be noted of the poets of the "*Sturm und Drang*" movement that without exception their greatest vigour was shown when they were still young. This is true even of the classics — Herder, Goethe, and Schiller. The movement was preluded by Gerstenberg's *Ugolino* in 1767, a splendid dramatic study which was full of colour and movement, but was found repellent owing to the coarseness with which it discovered a sort of morphology of hunger. Gerstenberg was about ten years older than the other "Original Geniuses" and died as late as 1823, at the age of eighty-six, but he produced nothing of note after this promising beginning. The Göttingen "*Hain*," a group of idealistic young people which was founded in 1772, sought to revive the old scaldic poetry and was enthusiastic for liberty, fatherland, virtue, and Klopstock. The members of the real "*Sturm und Drang*" group, with which the Hain was in reality only externally connected, were all born about the middle of the century; they were often called Goetheans, since Goethe was looked on as the leader of the whole movement, though in fact (as everyone knows) he very soon withdrew from it. Their products were published anonymously, and it is delightful to see how even skilled critics blundered in the attribution of vari-

ous works. Lessing by Goethe, and poems have four *Soldaten* was § Klinger's *Leide* Lenz's collected Gleim and Sch Klopstock, Vos: some even holdi of fact, Lenz is, the generation; vividly," and admirably: "he minds us of We his works, an ir precisely he owe uralism, which i his figures a peci is a moralism, w the most repulsi harlot, and the Lenz's plays, the sented a mixed demands which *das Theater* of This apt remark to copy in every Frau von Stein, successfully imit poems, and want Karl August cal cally opposite to lack of human after his brief he and oblivion.

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ous works. Lessing believed that Leisewitz's *Julius von Tarent* was by Goethe, and Wagner's *Kindermörderin* by Lenz; some of Lenz's poems have found a place in almost all editions of Goethe, his *Soldaten* was generally regarded as a work of Klinger, while Klinger's *Leidendes Weib* was still included by Tieck among Lenz's collected works; Klinger's *Neue Arria* was assigned by Gleim and Schubart to Goethe; Lenz's *Hofmeister*, too, was by Klopstock, Voss, and the world generally attributed to Goethe, some even holding it to be his most important drama. As a matter of fact, Lenz is, after Goethe, by far the most interesting poet of the generation; Goethe called him a "rare and indefinable individuality," and Lavater summed up Lenz's strength and weakness admirably: "he spills over with genius." In some ways he reminds us of Wedekind; there is a fierce and yet cold sexuality in his works, an incoherent stream of thought and image to which precisely he owes his highly dramatic atmosphere; there is a naturalism, which is almost pathological and caricaturish and gives his figures a peculiar staring brightness and waxwork fixity; there is a moralism, which has no moral basis and does not shrink from the most repulsive motives: thus in the *Soldaten* the heroine is a harlot, and the *Hofmeister* closes with the hero's self-castration. Lenz's plays, though he himself, in the knowledge that they represented a mixed genre, called them comedies, fully satisfied the demands which he made on the drama in his *Anmerkungen über das Theater* of 1774: namely, that it must be a curio-cupboard. This apt remark actually comes from Goethe, whom Lenz tried to copy in everything. He fell in love with Friederike Brion and Frau von Stein, was a close friend of Schlosser and Cornelia, most successfully imitated the tone of the young Goethe in some of his poems, and wanted to enter, like him, upon a court career — hence Karl August called him the ape of Goethe. But he was diametrically opposite to Goethe, if in nothing else, in his extraordinary lack of human understanding and psychological insight, which, after his brief heyday, plunged him into the obscurity of madness and oblivion.

The basic quality of Klinger, too, was an overleaping and yet only artificially induced immoderateness. Wieland called him a drinker of lions' blood, and he himself wrote in a letter of 1775: "I am torn asunder by passions which would overwhelm anyone

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Thing-in-itself, which is not included under the space- and time-
forms of intuition nor under the thought-forms of substance and
causality, is a mere limit-notion; it marks the frontier at which
our knowledge ceases.

Kant compared himself with Copernicus, and the *Critique of
Pure Reason* does in fact mean a complete reversal of the hitherto
existing world-picture. Only he really reverses it in an opposite
way to Copernicus. For Copernicus said that man had till then
believed the earth was the centre of the universe, all of whose
movements were regulated according to it, whereas in reality the
earth is only a tiny satellite of the sun and the great universe of
worlds, and its path is regulated accordingly. Kant took the op-
posite path: hitherto man had believed that his knowledge was
regulated by the objects of the external world; in reality the
whole world has to be regulated according to him and his knowl-
edge, through which alone, in fact, it can acquire existence.
Nevertheless both systems have the same point: in our first vol-
ume we indicated that the new astronomy, which stands at the
opening of the New Age, while it did reduce the earth to a tiny
spot of light and extended the universe to terrific dimensions, at
the same time raised man to be the power that pierces and un-
veils the cosmos; so that a finite but impenetrable magic-world
was replaced by an infinite and yet calculable mathematical-
world. In the same way Kant hurls man down to the depths of
powerlessness and darkness and proves to him irrefutably that he
is separated from knowledge of the "true" world, the world-in-
itself, by insuperable barriers; but at the same time he makes him
the creator and absolute lawgiver of the empirical world, whose
enormous expanses can no longer make him fearful. The *Pure
Reason* thus marks at once the lowest subjection and the highest
triumph of human reason: man is a vanishingly small point in the
universe, but this cipher imposes its laws on the universe.

The final chapter of the *Pure Reason* forms the transition to
Kant's second great work, the *Critique of Practical Reason*, which
appeared seven years later. The ideas of freedom, immortality,
and divinity are inaccessible by theoretical paths, since they are
beyond our experience, but they are unattainable by the prac-
tical, since by our moral will we can make them (not, of course,
objective, but at least) subjective and personal certainties and

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The primacy
of Practical
Reason

315
D.T. Down in the abyss of darkness
all movement is denied is said that
greater wisdom of our Prince and Lord
of the world. Devils, magicians, even magi
with all their power do not enter there

can make them objects of faith. The *Pure Reason* deals with the laws of our knowing, the *Practical Reason* with the laws of our action. Now, just as the laws of theoretical reason only possess rigid necessity and universality because they are not drawn from experience, but existed before all experience, so the laws of the practical reason can only claim unconditional validity if they are not abstracted from our empirical life, if (since the *content* of our action always comes from experience) they have a purely *formal* character.

As the theoretical reason dictates laws to the phenomenal world, so the practical gives to itself the moral law, which runs: "Always act so that the maxims of your will can be valid as principles of universal application." Either practical principles contain precepts which are only valid upon certain conditions, as, for instance: "If you want to be a master, you must train yourself," in which case we have a Hypothetical Imperative; or else they have an unconditional validity independent of all assumptions, as, for instance: "Thou shalt not lie," in which we have a Categorical Imperative. The moral law is such a Categorical Imperative, it is absolute and unconditioned, independent of all assumption, valid everywhere and always, before all experience, without any empirical confirmation, it is valid even if it is never or nowhere put into practice. "Morality is not the means to make us happy, but the means to make us worthy of happiness." We must observe the moral law from a feeling of duty, and not as an inclination, for if it were followed through inclination, it would be done for its own sake. Here we are at the summit of Kantian moral philosophy, on the raw pure glacial heights of absolute ethics.

The moral law within us says: "thou shalt," and from this "shalt" the "canst" must follow, else the demand would be absurd. As a sense-being man is subject to the necessities of nature, as a moral being he is free. In this form metaphysical ideas gain a new reality. We must will absolute moral perfection; and since this is unattainable at any period of our earthly life, our moral consciousness demands immortality. For similar reasons our practical reason demands the existence of God, freedom, and the soul. These ideas are not axioms of the pure reason, but postulates of the practical reason.

* D.T. It makes sense only if the maxims of the will also contain all that is conventionally forbidden. It is not universal applicable but a true measure of value

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The *Pure R* ideas, things-in but only "thou that they shall regulative of ou are mere possil our moral reaso mands.

The *Critiqu* Critique of Pu mere torso and lack of underst. works, which a *Faust* or Dante tally the same v Kant says of ti our disposition, natural. Our ex experience than ing being, man he gives laws to son. It is he wh theoretic reason related by law; Our practical r therefore he is

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... deals with the laws of our reason only possess not drawn from the laws of the validity if they since the content they have a purely

the phenomenal law, which runs: can be valid as practical principles obtain conditions, you must train the Imperative; or independent of all assistance," in which we such a Categorical, independent of before all experiential even if it is is not the means worthy of happiness feeling of duty, through inclination are at the summit glacial heights of

," and from this demand would be the necessities of form metaphysical moral perfection; our earthly life, For similar reason of God, freedom, pure reason, but

The action of the moral law within us is proof of the possibility, even the reality, of human freedom. Our moral faculty is to our knowing faculty as the noumenal is to the phenomenal world: the latter depends on the former, and hence Kant says that the practical has the primacy over the theoretical reason. The sense-world is through and through phenomenal, the appearance of a noumenal world that is its basis; in the same way our own physical existence, our empirical character are simply the appearance of our noumenal, our moral, existence. What is our moral ego then? It is nothing else than the "Thing-in-itself."

The *Pure Reason* had laid down that "intelligible" entities, ideas, things-in-themselves, could never be known or cognized, but only "thought" and believed. The *Practical Reason* asserts that they shall and must be thought, and believed, and made regulative of our being and action. For our speculative reason they are mere possibilities, desirabilities, ideals, hypotheses; but for our moral reason they are realities, necessities, categorical commands.

The *Critique of Practical Reason* is the crowning of the *Critique of Pure Reason*, without which it would have been a mere torso and question-mark. For, in fact, only unfairness or lack of understanding could see a contradiction between the two works, which are as organically connected as the two parts of *Faust* or Dante's *Inferno* and *Paradiso*. In both it is fundamentally the same view and method that controls the line of thought. Kant says of the Categorical Imperative that it "lies latent in our disposition," so that the moral law is as much *a priori* as the natural. Our conceptions of good and evil no more originate in experience than our intuitions of space and time do so. As a knowing being, man gives laws to the external world; as moral being, he gives laws to himself, legislator and subject in the same person. It is he who makes his own physical and moral worlds. Our theoretic reason *thinks* the world a unity intuitively ordered and related by law; therefore it *is* an intuitive and ordered world. Our practical reason *wills* man as a free and moral being, and therefore he *is* moral and free.

We must forgo a discussion of Kant's other works, and will only mention, as to his third main work, the *Critique of Judgment*, that he was the first to define the Beautiful exhaustively

The total result of the Kantian philosophy

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one-idea'd but amazingly efficient schoolmaster entered a classroom and, by his teaching, forced the minds of his pupils — all of them lively, talented, inquisitive children — once and for all into an oblique and receding path. All classical poetry became *workshop poetry*: the dramas, stories, poems, treatises of the Classicists all have, as it were, tiny windows, the atmosphere of interiors, artificial or, at best, indoor lighting, strong lines, but pale colours. Everything is narrow, badly ventilated, curtained over, half dark, alcoved; and all this was supposed to be imitation of the Greeks, who created and produced their plays, their sculptures, and their paintings in the open air, who pursued their artistic sport, their philosophy, and their rhetoric in the streets, who never held their political meetings or court sittings, their divine worship or theatrical performances under cover and were, in fact, "*plein-air*" creatures *par excellence*.

Schiller, one of the most powerful of German temperaments; Goethe, whose whole life, thought, and creations were an organized seership; whole generations of German sculptors and painters, who were by their innermost gifts cut out for Naturalism; even the leaders of the nominally anti-classical Romantic school — all, all took up the Classicist task-work. Napoleon, wild, hundred-eyed child of reality, had nothing more urgent to do as Emperor than to spread the empty veneer of the Empire style all over Europe.

The
"Classical"
Greek

Were we to believe this conception of Antiquity, the chief occupation of Greeks and Romans must obviously have been to read hard at Winckelmann, just as Rousseau's children of nature must have known the *Contrat social* by heart. This remarkable return to the Classical is only intelligible as a fundamental urge and last effort of the age to find — in a world of pure measure and proportion, clear order and easy oversight, self-limitation and avoidance of complication — relief and rest from its own problems, from the fluctuating formlessness and confusing multiplicity of its own strivings, situations, and outlooks. Classicism was born of the fears of modern man.

But it is on the other hand highly remarkable, a sort of involuntary irony at one's own expense, that the ideal of the Classical was found in Alexandrinism, the sugary, lush, and literary sculpture of the Greek Baroque: men, in fact, instinctively made for that which was most closely akin to themselves. The Greek de-

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understand a word of Greek authors, one would have not only to cut these out of school curricula, but forbid them for private reading as unmoral in the highest degree. But on adults the impression the Greeks make is that of beautiful beasts of prey, whom one appraises from a purely æsthetic point of view, or certain drama-figures of which one admires the fine characterization without approving the characters. In any case, the average Athenian himself regarded the Greek culture, even of the Periclean Age, as a degraded compound of democratic chatter, soap-box strategy, sporting jargon, and onion prices.

Goethe is responsible for the well-known remark that the Romantic is the morbid, the Classical the healthy. Without troubling to discuss the accuracy of this thesis, one can probably say anyhow that the Greeks were Romantic and unhealthy in their life, its manifestations and institutions, Classical and healthy in their poetry and thought. They were indeed absolutely forced to it, for they could never have carried the luxury of a Romantic art and philosophy, which would have involved them in an immediate collapse. The relation of life to its product is always, as we have pointed out, that of positive to negative. It is not a matter of accident that the sickly, highly sensitive, and gentle-hearted Nietzsche set up the ideal of the superman, while on the contrary the healthy, happy, and most egoistic Schopenhauer taught a philosophy of pessimism and negation of the will; that a strong sensualist like Wagner preached spirituality, while Rousseau was a fanatic of the primitive, the idyllic, and the "good." If we judged the "*Fin de Siècle*" only by its art, we should hardly argue from Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Altenberg, George, Khnopff, and Klimt to an age of technocracy, bourse domination, militarism, and imperialism. It is the same with the Greek ideal of *sophrosyne*: the tempered wisdom, clear sense, and controlled passion. They spoke so much of it because they had it not. Of their taste, on the other hand, of which they had as much as all other peoples old and new put together, they never spoke.

In the centre of Greek history, chronologically as well as intellectually, stands the mysterious figure of Socrates, who had a good deal to say to his fellow-countrymen about these things. Nietzsche, as everyone knows, saw in him a typical decadent, even a criminal, and called his dialectic the victory of mob-resentment;

Socratism

already ninety years ago Carlyle, without any detailed knowledge, led only by his gifts of instinct, expressed the opinion that Socrates with his eternal logic-chopping heralded the end of the true Greek culture. Alexander Moszkowski, in a very amusing little study, *Socrates the Idiot*, sets him up as a worthy imbecile, a futile pedant of speech and acrobat of words, who suffered from a sort of "echolalia" of logic. The eighteenth century, for its part, made of him a perorating Quaker who incessantly spouted wisdom and nobility, and even dared to compare him to Christ. Others have seen in him a parallel with Kant, which is equally ridiculous, for, while the *Critique of Pure Reason* is the revolutionary deed of a supreme spirit which overthrows all previous thought because it looks down on it, Socratism, set over against the grandiose cosmic fantasies of Ionic nature-philosophy, represents only the triumph of practical everyday comprehensibility over the obscurity of real inwardness. All these different conceptions can be reduced to a common denominator which Nietzsche hinted at when he said: "There was only one choice, either to crash or — to be absurdly rational." Socrates' effort was nothing more and nothing less than to save Greece by preaching reason and virtue, two wholly un-Greek qualities; while he remained all the time enough of a Greek to have the good taste to clothe his moral lectures in the form of an exquisite irony. That is the meaning of the Socratic "Know thyself": know what you lack — moderation, modesty, self-control, self-criticism — and strive for them as your redeeming antithesis. But Socrates was Athens, Athens was Greece, and Greece the world. Thus Socratism stands for the self-knowledge of the ancient culture; in him it looks itself in the face, and shudders. And no wonder that the Greeks smashed this mirror, for *they could not endure to look into it.*

The plaster
Greek

As the teaching of Socrates, so Greek art owes its subsequent fame especially to the fact that it is the representation of calm clarity and noble self-purification, a contrast phenomenon, but not at all to the extent we love to imagine. The whole misty picture of the Classicism of Greece would presumably never have arisen if its polychromy had been known at the very outset. When it was at last discovered, the notion of colourless temples and statues had, from centuries of enthusiastic copying, definitely established itself in the modern consciousness, so that, though today we know

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of the painting, we really know nothing *about* it, because in every big city there are countless monuments and public buildings which owe their existence to the mistaken idea of classical achromia, and these contradict the new knowledge by their constant manifest counter-assertion. This obsession of ideas that are as unnatural as they are incorrect goes so far that white sculpture — which after all only owes its existence to an inadequate knowledge of Greek art — has been played off against the real Greek sculpture, which has been thought to need excuses for its polychromy. Thus for example Friedrich Theodor Vischer says in his *Æsthetic* — a fundamental and still unsurpassed work of enormous scope and inexhaustible content — "Every addition of colour to the modelling of the pure form, if it does not content itself with a few hints, is excluded by the very idea of pure sculpture. . . . So if an art which in other ways occupied a high place paints its statues completely — that is, with all the colour values as displayed on the living body — the explanation must lie in special conditions in the history of art"; and with the Greeks, he says, polychromic treatment certainly exceeded the limits conceded by the expression of "a few hints." "Even in the face of the unique faculty of the Greeks for the comprehension of pure form as such, and the glorious perfection of the art which was based on this faculty, we cannot sacrifice this view. . . . We must seek another way out, by a comparison with Greek drama. Here poetry and mimicry were united with music, song, and dance in a way which can never serve as a model. . . . Yet the great tragedies are no less great, although we can never imitate them in their use of these art-forms in combination. And as we enjoy what is left, the pure poetic beauty of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* without the recitative and song and marchlike dance of the chorus, and make it part of our poetry, so we can strip the great sculptures of the colour, which, as a perishable addition, has its justification only in a particular moment of art-history, and which has been cleaned off (as from the Greek temples also) by air and rain." Now, quite apart from the remarkable deduction that colour is a transitory part of Greek sculpture because air and rain might wash it off, this description contains a very instructive unconscious avowal of the fatal transformation and falsification that our Classicism introduced into Greek art. For indeed it did make it bloodless and boring, really did take its

colour from it. So, for that matter, it did from the poetry, by unjustifiably taking the mere libretto that alone had survived, and treating it as something self-sufficing, with the result that here also one holds in one's hand only a pale, lifeless fragment of marble.

But the Greeks were very far from the *modern barbarism* of leaving wood and stone unpainted; gaily, and with a very natural and very artistic feeling, they tinted everything that came under their hands; and our white sculpture and architecture would have seemed to them an art for the colour-blind. The eyes, too, were as a matter of course painted on, or, still better, represented by jewels, crystals, etc.; and it speaks volumes for our utterly uncritical imitation of Greek monuments that because no traces were immediately found, we started the bizarre convention of ignoring the organ of highest soul-expression altogether. The "Greek head" with pale plaster cheek, without the flash of the eye, without a look into the world, is the most speaking symbol of the neo-German Humanism.

*The Greek
plastic*

Now, a real Greek statue must have made a magnificent impression. First of all, the marble was rubbed with a pink or brown dressing of oil and wax which gave it a warm flesh-coloured tint. The reproach of the art-historians that the splendid material must have thus been spoilt deserves little attention; as the Greeks knew the value of their marble, presumably this treatment would only enhance it — that is a question that may be left to their own judgment. The lips were painted red, the hair black or yellow, or made gilt by metallic *appliqué*; the dress either was left white (in which case, however, the folds at least would be coloured) or was likewise painted, the inside and outside with different tints. Helmets and crests, weapons and shields, ornaments and sandals were of metal, and preferably gilded. The painter and sculptor were not necessarily the same person: thus Praxiteles' statues were painted by Nicias, who was almost as celebrated. The chryselephantine statues, like the lost Zeus statue of Olympia, Phidias' colossal work, were wonderfully coloured: the core was of wood, the ivory by skilled treatment was made so thin and elastic that it fitted the core almost like a coating of lacquer: its natural tint already approximated it to flesh-colour and it may be that it was slightly dyed as well. The robes and attributes were of richly painted gold plate, the hair and beard of variously tinted gold, the eyes of flashing

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objective. Huge ships for war and commerce were built, and there was the same competition in increasing tonnage as there is today. The great passenger ship *Syrakosia* of King Hieron held three hundred marines and six hundred sailors and a proportionate number of saloons, bathrooms, towers, and batteries. A sort of artillery was developed on elephants, of which Seleucus I had a depot of five hundred at Apamea. The new metropolises and residences — all of the same physiognomy, with straight roads cutting each other at right angles — rapidly developed to the proportions of our modern megalopolis, even to the mammoth monstrousness of their public buildings: the Colossus of Rhodes was 32 metres high, the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus 44, the eight-storeyed lighthouse on the island of Pharos 160 (its modern analogue, the Statue of Liberty at New York, measures with the base only 93).

In literature, too, mass production becomes common, though in the individual work an almost exaggerated brevity was demanded — “a big book, a big evil,” said *Callimachus*, one of the most famous of the Alexandrine poets. It is a frank “art-for-art’s-sake” that arises, an art that prefers the sensational and precious, the esoteric and complex, the curious and artificially archaic, and makes itself the expression of a sort of Rococo of literary sensibility. Lyrical poetry, in Rousseauian fashion, becomes bucolic, painting discovers landscape — even though both are still wholly Classical, in that they have none of the modern subjectivism that transfers its own feelings into dead nature, and so are not yet able to produce “atmosphere.” Yet the most complete naturalism prevails: on the stage we have the triumph of Menander, who, with equal elegance of language and of dress, created the type of the comedy of manners, that mixture of cleverness and sentimentality which was the glory of the French during the last century. He too puts the noble courtesan in the centre of his play, and a shower of flashing epigrams conceals the cold inanity of the structure. A rhetorical mannerism, whose object is above all to dazzle, dominates not only the stage, but history and the arts as well, and penetrates even into everyday life. Architecture’s first aim is to illustrate; sculpture is genre and purest realism and has attained to a brilliant virtuosity of technique. The so-called New Attic dithyramb is already on the way to program music and as much attacked as in our own day. There are already vaudeville artists, and Herondas

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Another thing, too, came into the world — the emancipation of women. Queens made history, women philosophers and novelists made literature, and poets began to write for a feminine public. The feminine soul was discovered, and with it sentimental love. The "lady" is a discovery of the time, and she begins to move freely and takes part in everything, even in sport. That age first knew the meaning of coquetry, gallantry, and fashion; men kissed the hand of women, and in all seriousness contemplated suicide for unhappiness in love. Yet another great power arose, that of paper; it became the custom to say everything in writing and at the greatest possible length. A rather feminine, over-civilized trait shows itself too in the beardlessness which was then universal; one of the Seleucids who did not follow the fashion became so conspicuous that he got the nickname of *πώγων*, the Man with the Beard.

The most exquisite delicacies, culinary and intellectual, were brought from every part of the world, and the excess and over-refinement of pleasure induced a *blasé* attitude of boredom and satiety. Over this fine-nerved, busy, and all-knowing world brooded a vast leaden nihilism. "When man feels no more joy and no more pain, the winter of the soul is thawed" — in these words of *Epicurus* the age discovered its formula. The three dominant philosophies, however much they disputed between one another, all came out at the same end even by different channels: the Epicurean worship of *ataraxia* (immovability), the Stoic ideal of *apathia* (lack of feeling), and the Sceptical demand for *ἐποχή* (the suspense of judgment) all have at bottom the same intent. Thus we get the grandiose spectacle of a universal world-nausea, which gripped Classical mankind like an epidemic until in a distant despised province a Hero of a new kind was born, the son, not of Jupiter nor of Jehovah, but of the true God; who understood more of philosophy than Plato and more of conquest than Alexander, and by whom this mankind was redeemed.

It is only because the Alexandrine age, in its immense expectation of a new God, forms a sort of ante-room to Christianity that our reason can comprehend it a little; and pre-Christian peoples — let us not harbour any delusions about that — are in the ultimate depths of their soul unintelligible to us. Herman Grimm says in

Hellenistic
Nihilism

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Greek
musicalness

his magnificent biography of Goethe: "We never get over the alien-ness of Greek life. It is said that among the quadroons, the other-wise wholly white descendants of Negroes, the half-moons of the finger-nails remain dark. In the same way, however akin to us Homer or Plato, even Aristotle and Thucydides may appear, some-thing like this half-moon on the nail reminds us of the ichor, the blood of the gods, of which a last drop flowed into the veins of the Greeks." The Greeks are to us the exotic people *par excellence*. The reason that even today we are not properly clear about this lies in the well-meaning but foolish self-complacency and credulity of our schools, which for centuries have been in the hands of hope-lessly mediocre and psychologically untalented syllable-mongers. Still, now that such a work as Spengler's *Decline of the West* has torn up foundations, many eyes will have been opened to the fact that a hopeless gulf separates us from Antiquity.

If we want to gain some sort of picture of this fundamental difference of Greek culture, we ought probably to take as our starting-point their pre-eminent musicality. It was not the plastic arts that stood in the centre of Greek life, but music. The singer was supposed to be inspired immediately by the gods, and con-versely every prayer was a song; even field-warfare depended on song, which was regarded as the most trustworthy method of main-taining tactical unity: the piper was the most important person in the infantry attack, and likewise in the galley. The Herms which pointed the wanderer's way gave their guidance in hexameters; if we attempted to revive this custom, it would quite rightly be re-garded as a foolish and tiresome snobbism, but the Greek felt musically and metrically even in things of everyday life. Music had such power over the soul that it was used for therapeutic pur-poses; Pythagoras healed the sick by song, and Plutarch tells of a sick girl from Argos who asked the oracle for healing remedies and was told to dedicate herself to the Muses; having followed the ad-vice, she recovered her strength so much that she became a sort of Peloponnesian Joan of Arc, who repulsed a Spartan invasion at the head of a women's corps. Even the dead were thought to be sensitive to the sound of music: on the oil-flasks which were put into the grave, the survivors sought to cheer the shade by a fig-ured flute-playing. In ordinary life music had the same educational significance for the soul as gymnastics had for the body; and gym-

nastics in tur body, the Gre soul could be that ugliness : harmony. The ideal of *kalok* whole cosmos *Nomos* means piece of chan political revol columns and ments are bul rise and fall. T surge and ebb of its speech; a and lower rela all the poets w song. Tyrtaeus new lyric poe taking the wo sung, and late orators chante unpleasant. T as tone-poets; siastically pra drama, played was a sort of a; we must under operas, but a l such as we sho knew no string were used onl music, the ins and only in a orchestra for a flute-players. I polyphony, and parts moved a monologue ari.

The Greeks' feeling for language as a musical phenomenon is proved by their amazing feeling for false pronunciation or emphasis or order, which is recorded in many episodes and has an analogy only in the delicate sense of Italian audiences for errors in singing. This was, in fact, the secret of the Greek style; they had been trained by centuries of organized listening and seeing to the highest sensibility and discrimination.

We mentioned just now the central rôle played in Greek life by its erotic. But we must not think in terms of modern or mediæval love. There were two cardinal differences: the first was an absence of sentimentality, though it is doubtful how far this absence is to be equated with naïveté. Freud, in his work on sexual aberration, says: "The most fundamental difference between the loves of the Ancients and our own lies in the fact that the Ancients put the emphasis on the urge itself, and we on its object. The Greeks honoured the feeling and were prepared to glorify even a second-rate object by it, while we depreciate the impulsive activity in itself and only excuse it by the virtues of its object." This is the reason, also, why in Antiquity unhappy love existed only as a pathological phenomenon (the Greeks regarded the rare cases of it that occurred much as we do an infectious disease), since such love must be centred on a definite object, whereas the "impulse" itself never fails and never deceives; thus the two chief sources on which the complex of unhappy love is nourished did not exist.

Far more important, however, is the fact that the erotic of the Greeks was almost entirely restricted to homosexual affection. The reason for this has been attributed to their splendid, but almost madly exaggerated, cult of the body in everlasting gymnastics, riding, boxing, wrestling, races, and discus-throwing. Perhaps the powerful influence of the East might also have counted. Be this as it may, pæderasty reached an unparalleled extension and intensity with the Greeks. With the Dorians, in Sparta and Crete it was literally a part of public education; in Athens it was punished with *atimia* (that is, deprivation of civil rights) only if it was a matter of assault or rape: that is, under conditions in which the normal sex-act would also be counted as disgraceful. There were public male-prostitutes, and they even paid taxes as such. Since the murder of the Athenian tyrant Hipparchus by Harmodius and Aristogiton, who were lovers, pæderasty acquired

Greek
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Proem!

Roche

an almost heroic glamour. Alexander's love for his Hephæstion, taken from him in the flower of youth, was clothed in an atmosphere of poesy. At the courts of the Diadochi it was viewed with disfavour, not on moral grounds, but only because any association of men was thought to veil a conspiracy. In battles these pairs of lovers were of the highest value, and they formed, as it were, the smallest tactical unit. The famous Sacred Band at Thebes, which counted as the finest force in Greece, consisted entirely of pæderasts. Not only were almost all famous Greeks, from Solon to Alcibiades, homosexuals, but many of the gods and heroes, such as Apollo, Poseidon, Heracles, and Ganymede were regarded as such. But most conclusive is the fact that the Greek art and philosophy play round this theme so fondly. "Right it is," says Pindar, "to cull love's blossom in due season, in life's prime; but whosoever has seen the rays flashing from the eye of Theoxenus and does not swell with longing, his black heart was forged of steel and iron at a frozen flame, and Aphrodite honours him not. Either he is busy with all his might about gold, or else, sacrificing his heart to woman, is borne along every path. But I, for the goddess's sake, waste away like wax of holy bees under the heat of the sun, when I look at the young blooming limbs of boys." Note that love of woman is here put on a par with love of gold, which was always despicable and especially so for the aristocratic Theban, and that Aphrodite is regarded as the goddess of love of boys! The feminine antithesis to Pindar is Sappho. She too prays to Aphrodite for help in the hardness of her love for a girl, and paints for her beloved her own passion in contrast with the unemotional coolness with which a man hears the sweet voice and dear laughter of his bride: "My heart beats, my voice fails, fire runs beneath the skin, the eyes see not, the ears buzz, sweat flows off me, trembling seizes me, and, fading like withered grass, I am as one dead." The notorious "Platonic" love, too, is a supersensual sublimated love — our use of the phrase is quite correct — but it is exclusively homosexual. "There are two goddesses of love," says Pausanias in the *Symposium*, "and, therefore, also two forms of Eros. The Eros of the earthly Aphrodite is earthly, universal, common, and casual. And everything common worships her. Both sexes, man and woman, had part in the creation and birth of the earthly Aphrodite. The higher love comes from

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The piteous maxim that it is best (*μη φθναι*) "not to have been born at all" passes in innumerable fine variations through all Greek thought. Even the *Iliad* says that of all things that live and move, man is the most miserable. Heraclitus says profoundly of time that it is a child, playing and exercising itself on the game-board, and that "this child has the king's power"; Thales declared that he remained unmarried "for love of children." Even the calmly smiling Socrates bursts forth in the *Gorgias* with "*δεινὸς ὁ βίος* (Life is terrible)!" Aristotle, more scientifically, asks "what is man," and answers that he is a monument of weakness, the prey of the moment, the sport of chance, and for the rest mucus and bile. Menander says that he is happiest who earliest leaves the fair of life, and again: "If God after death offered you another life, you should pray to be anything, even an ass, rather than man." His contemporary was Hegesias, a philosopher who is said to have by his lectures persuaded many of his hearers to suicide, and so received the name *πεισιθάνατος*. There was a treatise of his on the subject which bore the title *ὁ ἀποκατεργάν*, and it is significant that this word was actually a current technical term, which we can only render by a long phrase: "one who can endure life no more and therefore starves himself to death."

Yet already in Homer we find the counterpoise which the Greek was able to throw into the scales of destiny. Alcinous says to Odysseus: "Tell us why you weep thus and grieve in your heart, when you learn the fate which has befallen the Argives at Troy. For it was but the work of the gods; they wove this ruin for men that it might live in the songs of posterity." And Anaxagoras said that being born was to be preferred to not being born, if only that one might observe the heavens and the whole order of the world. The joy of form and observation, of singing and seeing, which the Greeks knew better than any other people, compensated all the sufferings of life. A misery that can be the theme of song is no more a misery, and a world that can be studied cannot be too bad.

Yes, the Greeks *were* idealists, but in a quite special, very unmodern sense, which perhaps only Goethe understood; and yet he too misunderstood them in making this the dominant quality in them. In an earlier chapter we tried to show that every Frenchman was a born Cartesian, and in the same sense it might be said

Greek
idealism

that every Greek was a Platonist. In the Platonic philosophy the ideas are the immortal *παράδειγματα*, the originals and exemplars, after which all earthly appearances are formed as *μιμήματα*, imitations and copies. What fascinates us as the "beauty" of an object is the *ἀνάμνησις*, the dark remembrance in our soul, of its eternal archetype, which it saw before birth. Ideas are therefore something quite different from concepts, for we reach a knowledge, or rather an inkling of them, not by abstraction, but by intuition. Aristotle, the second most influential Greek philosopher, has a somewhat different, yet fundamentally similar conception. For him the *morphe*, the form, is in essence the same as the *Eidos*, the idea, and the *Hyle*, or material, is the *dunamis*, the possibility of form, while *energeia* is the realization of the material. *Hyle* means actually raw material, timber, and Aristotle illustrates the meaning of the *Eidos* by the function of a carpenter — which is the idea of the house. The form, therefore, exists first; it generates the house. Aristotle says quite emphatically that the idea, the universal, is *πρότερον φύσει*, the first in reality, and the individual only *πρότερον πρὸς ἡμᾶς*, the first for us. The conviction of the priority of the Idea is common to Plato and Aristotle. It is the Classical model of each thing, that which nature really aims at, but never achieves; it is, certainly in Plato, something quite concrete. It will be recalled from the previous chapter that Goethe had a similar idea before him when he thought of the *Urpflanze*. The canon of the beautiful human form, as moulded by the Greeks in their sculpture, corresponded to it in a way. The same character informs their feeling of tragedy. Nietzsche said in his *Birth of Tragedy*: "There is an assertion by someone or other that all individuals as individuals are comic, and therefore untragic: from which it might be argued that the Greeks *could* not endure individuals on their tragic stage." A dramatic art that individualized, that in any sense created something more than the idea, the *mask*, would have been to them not a higher, but a ridiculous, unworthy, and blasphemous form. For one must not forget the religious basis on which this tragedy rested. Alfred Bäumler says in his penetrating and suggestive introduction to a selection of Bachofen's works: "Every thought of everyday matters must be put away if we want to understand Agamemnon, Orestes, Œdipus Ajax, Antigone. They are in fact *shades* that

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rise up before us on the tragic stage. These heroes are not fetched from the highways, but conjured up from the grave. . . . Every-thing empirical, every thought of realism, is infinitely remote. The exposition-form of Greek tragedy is not to be explained merely from the idea (which admittedly exists) of a real superhuman greatness in the heroes of the past, but far more in a holy reverence in presence of the dead." Therefore: since the tragic heroes came forth from the grave, they could not be represented realistically like modern heroes, for they were part of a religious ceremony and could only be grasped as universal symbols. In this light we can see that the change from the older type-art to the "psychology" and character-drawing that we get in Euripides was a symbol of irreligion, the dramatic counterpart to the destructive dialectic of Protagoras and to Alcibiades' profanation of the Mysteries.

The Greeks had — connected both with their Platonism and with their musicality — a native eye for the geometry of things, their arrangement, division, proportion — an extraordinary gift of recognizing in everything the secret outline, plan, and style, the inner skeleton and diagrammatic scheme. They were eminently linear artists and, for all their nervous quality, the very opposite of impressionists. *Γράφειν* means both to write and to paint. They had no eye for half-tones, screened lighting, gradual transitions, and subtle shadows; and perspective was not yet known, as we can argue with certainty from the description of paintings that survive and the poets' descriptions of nature. The very character of their land, the crystalline brightness and clearness of the air, the sharp profiling of the hills, the strong, varied articulation of the coast-line, had pushed them to such a definite feeling for contours. In Athens the sun, on the average, is clouded over only twenty-five days a year. In Homer everything takes place in brightest daylight. Night was the most hateful thing known to the Greeks; and for the poetry of mist, of the autumn mood, of twilight, of moonlight, which plays so large a part in modern sensibility they possessed no organ at all. Further, the whole day was lived in the open. Consequently we must tacitly add the Greek landscape to all that the Greeks did and created — to their drama, their temples, their vases and pictures, their speeches and songs, their symposia and games — just as they themselves always



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marked, was the counterpart in the world of imagination to the other in the world of politics. Emerson counts them among his six *Representative Men* — "Goethe or the Writer," "Napoleon or the Man of the World." Carlyle includes them in his six groups of *Heroes*: Goethe is the "Hero as Man of Letters," Napoleon the "Hero as King." They were alike in that neither remained true to the Revolution out of which they had grown: Napoleon because of his Cæsarism, Goethe because of his Classicism, both of which things are inherent tendencies of the cultural complex which in the widest sense of the word we may call Empire. That they should tread this backward path was probably inevitable, for, as Goethe himself said, "Great men are always bound to their century by some weaknesses."

In discussions of the French Revolution it is generally said that its greatest historical importance lay in the fact that it freed France and Europe by emancipating society from the domination of absolutism, of the Church, and of the privileged classes; and that the proclamation of the "Rights of Man" begins the era of intellectual independence, of legislation by the citizen for the citizen, and of unfettered economic competition. Now, it is quite true, of course, that certain emancipatory movements were set in motion by the Paris Revolution, but the view that constitutionalism, liberalism, socialism, and the other similar political movements of the nineteenth century arose from this one source is, stated in this crude form, false and misleading. The Revolution brought about the decisive victory of the bourgeoisie, but only at the outset; later it led to the decisive victory of the mob. The Revolution overthrew absolutism, but not for long, for on June 2, 1793 absolutism returned in the dictatorship of the Convention and the Commune, on April 1, 1794 it developed (not formally, but *de facto*) into the dictatorship of a single man, Robespierre, and by Napoleon's *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire the dictatorship became formal as well as *de facto*. Neither was it the Revolution that definitively broke up the old forms of hereditary monarchy, aristocratic domination, and the rule of the priests; these powers, alleged to be dead, experienced a partial resurrection under the First Empire, and an almost complete one under the Restoration in the reigns of Louis XVIII and Charles X. The French Revolution did *not* create equality; it only produced

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another and more objectionable form of inequality in the inequalities of capitalism. The French Revolution did *not* bring liberty; it exercised the same narrow, cruel, and selfish censorship over minds as the *Ancien Régime*, but in the name of liberty and by much more Draconian methods. It asked every man if he was on the side of liberty, and if a perfectly unambiguous answer was not forthcoming it replied, not with *lettres de cachet*, but with the guillotine. Never before, either under Turkish sultans and Arab caliphs, or under Russian Grand Dukes and Spanish inquisitors, has there been such an unfreedom as under the "Constitution of Friends of Freedom," for never before was the death-penalty imposed for a whole series of quite passive qualities, such as culture, purity, tolerance, silence, even mere existence. Of the three slogans, *fraternité*, *liberté*, and *égalité*, the first was a mere operative phrase, of which practical politics took no account whatsoever, and the two others were irreconcilable opposites. For equality is destructive of liberty, and liberty is destructive of equality. If all men are looked upon as identical and therefore subjected to the same rights, duties, and life-forms, they are no longer free; and if all may develop in accordance with their various individualities, they are no longer equal.

Nevertheless there remains to the French Revolution the high merit of having made the relation between the State and the subject, the ruler and the ruled, so to say more labile. The association of the two partners, outwardly still the same, became merely looser, much more easily breakable; from that time onwards a slight shock was often sufficient to produce complete dissociation. The European states became unstable combinations, after the manner of certain carbohydrate compounds which have a "free radical link." This "free radical link" has constituted since that time a latent threat to the structure of the State, ever ready to enter on new affinities and thus to change (or destroy) the character of the existing combination.

"The French nation," said Goethe, "is a nation of the extreme; it knows no moderation. It is the only nation of the world in whose history we find both a Massacre of St. Bartholomew and a Feast of Reason, the absolutism of Louis XIV and the unbridledness of the Sansculottes." The two extremes, between which the soul of France is hurled hither and thither, are pedantry

and folly, and both the mental characteristic deed, summarily — absence of the sense

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One has only to a French national character that pedantry is a pedant has to confess that it is a spirit, to a most marvelous language excellently chosen; a language in which the only choice is to write something incomprehensible not French at all. They are vague, unclear, or complex philosophical terminology impossible. They are a condition without which things have been unthinkable; for it happened to have his been the absolute ruler of a million inhabitants was unfit to rule, then by the trinaires, then by a gang of thievish financiers, and the *quistador* of genius. Even under Louis XIV, when the intellectual hegemony of pedantic creations of a court poems, court program, mathematics, the strength of the French whose essential genius

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quality in the inequality did not bring liberty; selfish censorship overcame liberty and by every man if he was on an ambiguous answer was *le cachet*, but with the Turkish sultans and Arab and Spanish inquisitors, the "Constitution of the death-penalty immunities, such as culture, science. Of the three slots it was a mere operative account whatsoever, omissions. For equality is relative of equality. If all were subjected to the law no longer free; and various individualities,

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is a nation of the exclusively nation of the world of St. Bartholomew and Louis XIV and the unwelcome extremes, between and thither, are pedantry

and folly, and both have their roots in one and the same fundamental characteristic. The spirit of France may be briefly — indeed, summarily — described as consisting in an extraordinary absence of the sense-of-reality.

Pedantry and folly are not opposites, but merely different grades of the same relation to actuality. The pedant is a kind of tame fool, and the fool a kind of pedant run wild. Both have one-sided, incomplete, and therefore false perspective of life. They take, as it were, opposite positions on the thermometric scale. The pedant is at freezing-point, the fool at boiling-point.

One has only to attempt an unprejudiced examination of the French national character in its essential manifestations to find that pedantry is a persistent feature of the French, though one has to confess that it leads, in the highest products of the national spirit, to a most marvellous mastery of form. They have created a language excellently adapted to speech and written composition; a language in which it is impossible to express oneself badly; the only choice is to write correct and beautiful French or something incomprehensible, ridiculous, and absurd, and therefore not French at all. They have produced a classical tragedy in which vague, unclear, or confused writing cannot be. They possess a philosophical terminology in which illogical or vague thinking is impossible. They are the inventors of a centralized administration without which the Revolution in all its stages would have been unthinkable; for this system alone enabled the man who happened to have his hand on the lever of the machine to become the absolute ruler of all France, so that a country of twenty-five million inhabitants was ruled first by an idle oligarchy completely unfit to rule, then by a handful of empty-headed juristic doctrinaires, then by a gang of hysterical bandits, next by a set of thievish financiers, and eventually by the brain and will of a *conquistador* of genius. Even in the greatest period of their history, under Louis XIV, when they held not only the political, but also the intellectual hegemony of Europe, they produced nothing but pedantic creations of a monumental style, accurately compassed court poems, court paintings, and court philosophy. Method, program, mathematics, system, rule, *clarté*, have always formed the strength of the French, in complete contrast to the Germans, whose essential genius is brewing, soaring, experimenting, and

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In answering our questions we must, I think, hold fast above all to the principle — which may be almost raised to the rank of an axiom of historical research — that the moment of origin of a historical happening can hardly ever be fixed with complete exactitude; on the contrary, it may almost always be taken as reasonably certain that the thing has *not* begun at the point in time which history assigns as its commencement. For example, it has been fully established that the Thirty Years' War did not have its beginning in 1618, nor the World War in 1914, nor the Reformation in 1517. The "Defenestration" in Prague, the murder of the Austrian Grand Duke, the nailing-up of the Theses at Wittenberg had in these three cases about the same significance as the release of the catch on a stopped machine, the sharp blow on a nitroglycerine container, the opening of the valve of a locomotive. A railway train maintains high speed for hours, carries heavy loads of men and goods to widely separated places. The true cause of this considerable performance is obviously not to be found in the release of a little steam. At the same time there is a specific chain of causation. The opening of the valve is the only possible means of setting in motion all the complicated and far-reaching movements that follow; in other words, the locomotive has a clearly defined structure, and this structure arranges for the release of the machinery of the locomotive only in one particular way. In the same way revolutions have their own specific starting-system, which remains, apart from a few variations, always the same.

This mechanism is a fairly simple one and has two elements. A revolution is let loose when the army refuses to act, which it does when the people have no food. This, putting aside all ideology, is the immediate cause of almost all revolutions.

In the school-books the cause of the great upheavals is generally alleged to be the unquenchable thirst of the People for Liberty. This certainly rests on false — indeed, the falsest of all — assumption. The people never desires liberty, firstly because it has no conception of it, and secondly because it would not know what to do with it. Liberty has value for two classes of men only, for the so-called privileged classes and for the philosophers. The former have won the ability to apply liberty to pleasant or useful ends through generations of careful "training"; the latter possess

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æsthetic pull. A plant seems to us more poetic than an animal,
a child than a grown person, a dead man than a living man. The
same naturally applies to the past. Even our own past has its own
particular half-romantic character; we always think of past
events, even when they were painful, with a certain envy, and we
rather think that life was better then. Experience possesses much
less reality than fiction. The events which history hands down are
told, presented, thought over, their existence is in fantasy. But
those which we live through as contemporaries are merely actual.
Historical events come down to us in epic dress and have that
aromatic, intoxicating, confusing effect which poesy always pos-
sesses and actuality never. When we live through an event, the
deep spiritual impression that it might make is blanketed and
nullified by the intrusion of a multitude of everyday details.
Proximity is too great, the physical too importunate, for us to
have a clear conception of the matter. Illusion, the mysterious
effect of distance, is destroyed. That which *was* affects us more
deeply than that which *is*.

But the second specially remarkable point about the French
Revolution is the simple fact that this revolution was French. The
Frenchman has the paradoxical and mysterious talent of making
everything — God, love, liberty, fame, and everyday life — into a
stage thrill, a sensational novel; he knows how to give everything
a certain æsthetic presentation and a good and effective *décor*.
The mere imposing ferocity of the instincts then let loose alone
provided a dazzling spectacle to a Europe already fading out in
dust of books and smoke of tobacco; Europe was awakened from
its drowsy afternoon musings by a flaming torch reddening the
sky with a magnificent display of colour.

In his report of the Convention session of January 16, 1793,
which voted the death of the King, Mercier remarked: "*Tout est
optique*," a remarkably pregnant phrase. It seems that this whole
French Revolution affected many like a ghostly puppet-theatre,
like scenes in a magic lantern. No one has rendered this truly
magic atmosphere more movingly and suggestively than Carlyle
in his *French Revolution*, in which the strange shadowiness, the
batlike uncanniness of all its events, and their so-to-say two-
dimensional character, nightmarish and unreal into the bargain,
are brought out with the most vivid effect.

Then, besides, there was the marvellous Latin perfection of form with which the drama was played. The public utterances of this wild horde of murderers and madmen, their speeches, pamphlets, manifestos, were always works of art. They might, without alteration or at most with a few cuts, be taken over bodily into a play. For example, when Robespierre, conscious of his omnipotence, had the effrontery to say to the Convention: "Who dares accuse me?" and Louvet rose, slowly took four steps forward, and, looking him in the face, replied: "I, I, Robespierre, accuse you." Or Danton, who cried before his execution: "Oh, my beloved wife, must I thus leave thee behind alone?" but forthwith interrupted himself: "Fie, Danton; no weakness, Danton!" Or the famous accusation of Camille Desmoulins in the *Vieux Cordelier* against Jacobin domination, which in its magnificent intensification would have made a show piece for Kainz (he pretends to be speaking of conditions under the Roman emperors, but refers, of course, to the present):

"In that time words became state crimes; from now on, there was but a single step to turn a sigh or a glance into a crime. It became a counter-revolutionary crime for Cremutius Claudius to call Brutus and Cassius the last of the Romans; it was a counter-revolutionary crime for Mamercus Scaurus to have written tragic scenes capable of a double interpretation; it was a counter-revolutionary crime for Torquatus Silanus to live ostentatiously, for the Consul Cassius Geminus to lament the unhappiness of the time, for that implied accusation of the Government; for a descendant of Cassius to have a portrait of his great-grandfather in the house; for the widow of Gellius Furca to have wept at her husband's execution.

"Everything awakened suspicion in the tyrant. Did a citizen enjoy the favour of the people, he was a rival of the Prince; suspect! Did he, on the other hand, avoid the favour of the people and remain sitting at the fire-side, this retired life showed that he was politically indifferent; suspect! Was a man rich, the people might be led astray by his expenditure; suspect! Was a man poor, none is so enterprising as the destitute; suspect! Was a man gloomy, melancholy in temperament, he was vexed that public affairs went well; suspect! Did a man enjoy himself and

get indigestion, it suspect! Was a man desired to humiliate a philosopher, an orator, a general, his talent suspect! Suspect!"

Asked for his name, Danton was inscribed in the *Place* will soon be no more as old as the good revolutionaries." In fact the figure a little for Hérault-Séchelles de said, pointing to the: "There, my friend, a sheer scene-endings a Sardou and Dumas i

There was also a painter David declare women bear children Ferry addressed the people the words: "Noble command: "Good citizen val of harvest the number of the *Mercur* tember massacres born Canary-bird."

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There was also much that was pitifully melodramatic. The painter David declared in the Convention: "Under a good régime women bear children painlessly." The Conventional commissary Ferry addressed the peasants of the departments under him with the words: "Noble friends of Nature!" and ends with the demand: "Good citizens are herewith invited to give the rural festival of harvest the sentimental character proper to it." The first number of the *Mercure de France* which appeared after the September massacres bore at its head an ode: "To the Shade of my Canary-bird."

Indeed, in observing the endless feasts of liberty and magnificent processions, the extravagant expenditure on decked-out noisy supers, on pinchbeck symbolical properties, on plaster and pasteboard and tin, it seems almost as if Revolution had been conceived by the French nation as a kind of tragic operetta. It often borders closely on the ridiculous. One day a countryman of a hundred and twenty years of age entered the National Assembly and aroused much emotion by his expression of republican sentiments. On another occasion Anacharsis Cloots appeared with a

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tion than the Government; suspect! Was a man a victorious
general, his talent made him the more dangerous; suspect! Sus-
pect! Suspect!

Asked for his name, age, and address before the Revolutionary
Tribunal, Danton replies: "My age is thirty-five, my name is
inscribed in the Pantheon of world-history, and my dwelling-
place will soon be nothingness." Camille Desmoulins answers: "I
am as old as the good sansculotte Jesus, a dangerous age for revo-
lutionaries." In fact he was already thirty-four, but he reduced
the figure a little for the sake of effect. When his fellow-victim
Hérault-Séchelles desired to embrace him on the scaffold, Danton
said, pointing to the sack containing the heads of the guillotined:
"There, my friend, our heads will kiss one another." These are
sheer scene-endings and *scènes à faire* such as hardly occurred to
Sardou and Dumas in their best hours.

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The tragic
operetta

* D. T. laments the ³⁸³ loss of dramatic
speech among the revolutionaries of the
Revolution. What great remarks did Robespierre
make on the 10th Brumaire? a man Seel

train of "representatives of the human race," long-bearded Chaldeans, pigtailed Chinamen, bronzed Ethiopians, Turks, Tatars, Greeks, Mesopotamians, who offered their greetings to the Republic; in reality they were good Parisians cleverly disguised, painted lay figures of the brotherhood of man. On August 10, 1793, the first New Year's Day of the era of Liberty, there was a universal festival, for which David had projected a whole collection of gigantic fooleries: "Liberty" with a colossal Phrygian cap, the "People" as an enormous Hercules with a swinging club, "Nature" a more than life-size female figure from whose breasts water flowed. Simultaneously three thousand birds were let loose to the four winds with labels on their necks inscribed: "We are free, imitate us." Even in its most horrible operations the Revolution always maintained something of French *esprit*. Men and women were bound together and thrown into the water, and this was called "Republican marriage"; small craft were filled with "renegade" priests and sunk, and this was "vertical deportation"; even a word like "*septembriser*" has something striking; pungent, scientific. There is evidenced in all these things the power produced by centuries of intellectual development in the national consciousness, of clear ordering fancy, of bringing up the right word almost automatically in the right place, of thoroughly trained artistic eye.

* Meanwhile everyday life, *fort comme la mort*, went quietly on its way, and the *esprit gaulois* did not allow its good humour to be spoilt. During the September massacres twenty-three theatres were open in Paris. Even the night-sitting which decided the question of the King's life or death was like a theatre performance. "The attendants in the neighbourhood of the Mountain," says Mercier, "were like the box attendants at the opera." The gentlemen provided ices and sweets for their ladies, who marked down each "yes" or "no" with pins on cards; there was betting on the result in the neighbouring coffee-houses. Duke Philippe of Orleans, called *Égalité* — great-grandson of the Regent, father of the later "bourgeois King" Louis Philippe, and perhaps the greatest rascal produced by the Revolution — devoured before his execution a breakfast of two dozen oysters, two cutlets, and a bottle of claret and went to the scaffold carefully dressed in the latest fashion, in a green frock-coat, light piqué waistcoat, yellow

leather breeches, and paint-box and powder.

In short, disregarding principles involved, the strongest and most to be found in its whole than perhaps any other and so negative in its essential character and tendencies, fanatic and uncitable, romantic to the point of stupidity; as can be said — that tedious, greedy, often ev

We will now brief of the French Revolution acquaintance with the cause was an enormous. The only possible salvation the reform program was more sinister than he was as evidence proposals included free close trade corporatization of all properties. But he the King he prophesied courtiers is that of Ch France had about twenty-one million gained) by agriculture; free of taxation, and it left no return. Moreover, extraordinary rise in price cold. So finally the nation court and to the starvation summon to Versailles for nearly two centuries. They began their session the representatives of Abbé Sieyès, declared

going to the frontier because he knew the danger of enraging the people; he thundered in one breath against feudalists and republicans, against clubs and *émigrés*: tendencies apparently contradictory, but in reality all serving one great end: the avoidance of hopeless chaos, and the creation of a modern monarchy which should be suited to the times, and of which the content should be, and the title should rest on, the promotion of national welfare and public order.

He did not shrink even from accepting large sums of money from the court, and yet he cannot be called corrupt. For he knew that they would not move him an inch from his clearly marked, straight path. He was a convinced monarchist, because he was a convinced Frenchman. "Good citizens who know the country and the nation do not want a republican constitution. They feel that France is monarchist by its geographical condition," by which phrase he obviously meant its spiritual-geographical condition. His whole program was contained in the words: "I want the re-establishment of order, but not the re-establishment of the old order." He wanted to see the King lead the Revolution in alliance with the people for their common victory over feudalism and the Church. Seeing the hypertrophied forms towards which the movement was tending, he recommended summoning the leading Jacobins to enter the ministry, which was in fact the only possible way of making them harmless. Unfortunately he died in April 1791. But even had he lived longer, he would not have been able to stem the movement of events, for the King was far too lacking in decision, too mentally lazy, and too much influenced by his foolish wife and the unteachable court party to place entire confidence in him.

And now the magnificent gutter-romance which so amazed and horrified Europe began its course. Its three principal heroes were: Marat, Danton, and Robespierre. Jean Paul Marat was a maddened cellar-rat, enabled by the failure of the public drainage system to creep from its latrine; furiously biting everything, filthy, maniacal, deformed, syphilitic, and filled with insatiable hatred of all who were washed, sane, and neither deformed nor syphilitic; he was the typical representative of the riff-raff of the Revolution, of the subterranean creatures emerging from brothel-taverns, tumbledown workshops, holes in cave or forest. George Jacques

Danton, a kind of "n" was called the Mirabeau bulldog face, his boor living; actually, he was stupid and intelligent Robespierre was a he under normal circumstances of conduct; he brought a conventional mind, a second of a moderately successful school, and at any other time become a struggling lawyer's clerk, a book-keeper what a head boy could that country, autocrat

The Jacobin Party is a complex and a mania for phrase-drunk and doctrine but with this confused position was associated in principle. Its axe fell on all who for believing too much, and Dantonists for working too little. As the regicide neighbour beheaded in order to bring the moderate phase of the most enthusiastic of had prophesied: "The worst son, perhaps the most interesting, the more devilish in compared with the disaster simultaneously with the absolute reign of Virtue. Robespierre "only the man of no possessions" "rich," "anti-Revolutionary terms. The most important Assembly had property and resistance to open course only proceed from

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D. T. Crockett - our third

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Danton, a kind of "noble brigand" and bad copy of Karl Moor, was called the Mirabeau of the mob because of his pock-marked bulldog face, his booming voice, his strong vitality and joy of living; actually, he was by turns bloodthirsty and good-humoured, stupid and intelligent, like an untamed bulldog. Maximilien Robespierre was a headmaster turned demoniacal, who would under normal circumstances have exercised his tyranny on points of conduct; he brought nothing to the dictatorship but a conventional mind, a secondary-school education, and the reputation of a moderately successful place-hunter; he was head boy at school, and at any other time and in any other country would have become a struggling lawyer (as indeed he was at first), a magistrate's clerk, a book-keeper or a police spy; he actually became, what a head boy could never have become save in that time and that country, autocrat of Jacobin France.

The Jacobin Party is one great Rousseau, with a persecution-complex and a mania for persecuting, fanatical and pharisaical, phrase-drunk and doctrinaire, theatrical and pseudo-sentimental; but with this confused phantasmagoria of an over-heated imagination was associated in practice the very real reality of the guillotine. Its axe fell on all who did not by chance escape: on Catholics for believing too much, and atheists for believing too little, on the Dantonists for working too hard, and on Hébertists for working too little. As the regicide Barère expressed it later, one got one's neighbour beheaded in order not to be beheaded by him. Even during the moderate phase of the Revolution, Georg Forster, one of the most enthusiastic of the German admirers of the Revolution, had prophesied: "The world has still to face the tyranny of Reason, perhaps the most iron of all tyrannies. . . . The nobler the thing, the more devilish is its abuse. Fire and flood are as nothing compared with the disasters which Reason is preparing." Simultaneously with the absolute rule of Reason was established the reign of Virtue. Robespierre left no doubt of its meaning for him: "only the man of no possessions is virtuous, wise, and fit to rule"; "rich," "anti-Revolutionary," and "vicious" are synonymous terms. The most important of the Rights of Man that the National Assembly had proclaimed were security of life and property and resistance to oppression. But since oppression could of course only proceed from the dark powers of reaction, monarchy,

A.T.
in Gering

D.T.
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Himmer

*The Reign
of Reason
and Virtue*

degree of security in small proprietorship and small businesses, based on stability of the market, absence of competition, uniformity both of productive capacities and of demand. These conditions produced even in the "working" classes an atmosphere of reflectiveness and leisure which is hardly to be found anywhere today. At that period, in contrast to later times, the average middle-class woman was generally more active than her husband, but quite uninterested in intellectual matters; he on the other hand, thanks to his large leisure, could take a much greater share in all cultural things than he can today. There was also a relative absence of distractions and diversions and of the fuss of every sort that so completely fills our own hours of leisure; there were no big newspapers and mass meetings, no film-dramas and radio-dramas, nor telephone calls every few minutes, nor red-hot news by telegraph, telephone, and wireless; in short, none of the interruptions which break up our present-day life into fragments. The circumstances of daily existence encouraged subtle and imaginative thinking, introvert activity, as much as the environment of today discourages them. Out of this intellectual life arose the Classical age of German literature. Others sweated and hurried hither and thither, England toiled for bars of gold and sacks of pepper, America began to turn itself into the gigantic trust that we see today, France became a madhouse and a den of murderers, but Germany slept an honourable, sound, refreshing sleep. And what lovely dreams that sleep brought her!

Did the
Classics
really live?

A little girl once asked me: "Were the Classics ever really alive?" — a most revealing question. They have in fact been so hung about with hollow, false, and frosted phrases by the philistines who came after them that their figures pass before our mind's eye as empty, unreal, legendary personages; they have no more reality and individuality in our consciousness than, for instance, Knecht Ruprecht or King Drosselbart.

Even so soon as the War of Liberation Schiller's sentences were mottoes for gymnastic associations, and thus he became the "national" poet, and the pattern of the unworldly poetic youth living in an attic and devoting his whole activity to communion with his muse. The principal author of the legend of the "ideal Schiller" was his sister-in-law Karoline von Wolzogen, also his first serious

biographer. Karoline was then *à la mode*, and she loved her brother-in-law, one of the very people with a picture of him, and fixed. After that, how her name was associated if one had dared to say: a nose; Schiller's move was bow-legged; Schiller was prone to drinking at the margins of the drafts of expenses."

It was Schiller's fate, scenery, victimized even the more popular of the *Vorlesungen*: "If he had been a nonade of Valmy or otherwise perhaps have opined, as was to be lamented indeed, was necessary for his poet any greater work was to appear Goethe's *Gesamte Werke* by Göschen in eight volumes for 600. The market for separate copies sold were: *Mont 377*, and *Werther* (seventeen hundred thaler on the other hand 3,500 copies sold out in two months, especially in two German cities). Schiller, either, was adequate. In 1798 he was nominated Professor at the University of Jena. In the formation of this, it was stated an honour to be more considered the expression changed to "great pleasure." Dioscuri was nicely hit by

imagination, produce swellings, burns, hæmorrhage; and there is even a hysterical apparent death, and actual death through autosuggestion. (And, for that matter, hysteria is indeed only an intensification of quite normal and everyday operations in which manifestly the thought creates the representation: the blush of shame, the pallor of anger, the goose-flesh of fright, the watering of the mouth at the idea of dainties, and so on. And every death from fright is a kind of death by autosuggestion.) All this urges us to the conclusion that every man is the poet of his own biography — the man of genius consciously so, and the rest of us following unconsciously an instinctive creative principle, somewhat as an alga builds its silica home. Our experiences and our actions alike are secretions of our will, of our noumenal ego, our soul, which, as the only true reality, sits enthroned, enigmatically creative, behind our visible life.

Schleier-
macher

We might, in opposition to a century-old professional tradition, put the proposition that Novalis — not Schleiermacher, not Fichte, least of all Schelling — was the most important philosopher of the Romantic school. What Schleiermacher did was to devote a most admirable intellectual energy to the attempt to build up a Romanticist theology. For him religion is neither knowledge nor deeds, but an emotional state, and indeed — to use his own rather cacophonous expression, a "schlechthiniges Abhängigkeitsgefühl" (absolute feeling of dependence). In this consists our consciousness of God. And because piety is an emotional state, it is altogether individual and extra-dogmatic, and the religious geniuses, the founders of religions, have been those persons who gave a new form to this dependence. Although this is rather a jejune interpretation of the phenomenon of religion, Schleiermacher's writings have inspired whole generations of Protestant theologians. He was also indubitably one of the first and most powerful dialecticians that Germany ever had. But fundamentally he was only a renegade disciple of the Enlightenment. He possessed merely the will to believe, just as he also leaned pretty strongly, but not quite whole-heartedly, to pantheism, often treating God and the Universal as identical concepts, and evincing the highest possible respect for Spinoza.

Fichte

One of the most original and suggestive personalities of the age was Fichte. Even in his outward appearance and manner —

in his powerful thick and commanding greater than logical discourse or a party-leader than said of him: "I am playing the part of a Mephistopheles at the time, and would enter prison if his chair would not tolerate the smallest temptation to suggest that as an ass or a rogue, by his touchy and manner of Jena, where he had a storm caused by an attack of ties were factually, I rejected his system, and *Foundations of the Metaphysics* of 1804 to 1805, except he turned with high *Zeitgeist*, its empty enlightenment, its "fulness" — all of which to Jena and Tilsit. He delivered his *Addresses* to 1808, when a Fre universally feared the Palm, and he himself the moral regeneration the political, and it formed one of the series 1813.

As early as 1794 system in his *Grundriss* treats of the origin of critical examination according to this theory in-itself — a rather peculiar have already attempted declares that the absolute

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Napoleon "*Père la violette*" because they expected him back with the March violets. On his way from Cannes to Paris not a single shot was fired, all the armies sent against him going over to his side. Some men died for joy at the news of his landing. But the Emperor was no more the "giant cell" of former days. The mightiest of all dramas and destiny in modern history ended at Waterloo.

Napoleon himself had always been completely convinced that his whole destiny was determined and conducted by some sort of magic impulse. Once, when he had been nearly killed by a fall from a carriage, he said to Metternich: "I felt life fading from me, but I said to myself: 'I will not die,' and I lived," and another time, warned of threatened attempts on his life, he replied: "What have I to fear? I cannot be murdered." His Egyptian proclamation ran: "Is there any man so blind as not to recognize that my action is directed by fate? . . . The day will come when the whole world will see that I am led by a higher hand, and that human effort can do nothing against me." His contemporaries, friends and opponents, had long ceased to measure him by human standards; they regarded him as a dazzling irresistible manifestation of Nature with which it was idle to argue, magnificent to look on, devastating in its effects.

On one occasion Talleyrand said to Napoleon: "Good taste is your personal enemy. If you could have got rid of it by bombardment it would long since have been conquered." A true saying, truer than that finished court-intriguer could guess. Naturally Napoleon was without taste. Destitute of taste and tact, education and culture, he exploded the whole backward, corrupt, calcified world of feudalism and diplomacy, of drawing-room chatters and paper strategists. A giant is not a pleasing spectacle. An earthquake, a volcano emitting lava and dust, is not a pleasant spectacle. No natural catastrophe, no elemental event, nothing beyond life-size is in "good taste." What is in good taste is the average, the conventional, the clean copy, the known. Any phenomenon which is not completely comprehensible confuses, irritates, and disturbs us. It has the bad taste to get on our nerves.

We only need to look at any single department of Napoleon's activity — for example, his generalship — to understand how this conscious and obstinate breach with the past dominated all his

Napoleon
and destiny

* D.T.

Napoleon
and strategy

* D.T. debate, when to offer
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imparted to the whole of Europe a speeding-up process by which it was fundamentally transformed. He is the creator of the modern pace of living.

It is only necessary to compare Napoleon with any other personality of the Revolution to be aware of his incomparability. For example, there was a moment when Dumouriez had only to will it to become dictator of France. This was after the battle of Neerwinden. At that time he could have made an agreement with the Austrians which would have enabled him to disarm the Jacobin element of his army by the line troops (who were completely devoted to him) and to march on Paris, where he would have been received as a liberator by the overwhelming majority of a population embittered by the September murders and the mob Reign of Terror. He had long been turning over this plan in his mind, had taken the preparatory steps, had made inquiries everywhere, had entered into negotiations with Austria and Paris; but he lacked energy to take the last decisive step. This shows that three things are necessary for practical genius: survey of the given situation, recognition of the necessary measures, and action at the right moment, which usually only comes once. Dumouriez lacked only the third of these necessities for a Napoleonic career, and that amounts to saying that he lacked them all. Napoleon himself said: "The same thing cannot be done twice in the same century," but an elemental force of a completeness and strength of Napoleon does not emerge twice in a thousand years.

And yet there was something in his influence and his character which deters us from giving him that unconditional veneration which we so willingly bestow on other and lesser heroes. Why? What hinders us from seeing in Napoleon one of those great models on which we should like to form our own existence and will?

Taine introduces his characterization of Napoleon (one of the most brilliant examples of French Impressionism) with the words: "Napoleon belongs to another age. . . . In order to understand him, such balanced students of history as Stendhal and Madame de Staël go back to the minor Italian tyrants of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Bonaparte is descended from the great Italians of that time, from the men of action, the military adventurers, the usurping founders of life-sovereignties; he in-

herited by direct descent moral and intellectual qualities did not belong to the eighteenth century. . . . To place him in the nineteenth century perhaps he was really only a man who had a knowledge (or a feeling) of chemistry, geography, and assessed the capacity, unhesitatingly, of the world he had inherited. Goethe said that Napoleon's world has ever known. Something, he wills everything, he said of himself: "My grasp goes into everything; even my grasp seeing the essentials of a question is shorter than the diagonal of a cube. . . . I have grouped in my head as in a box, one, I close its drawer and they are mixed up, they don't conform. If I want to sleep I close all. . . . Another time he compares it to arrange anything, I open to others; when I want to sleep it is possible for him to do without hours of sleep; otherwise he eats meals and at the theatre," as indeed, that he went on without lay his essential difference in immediate and immense subject the matter. "The French," intellectual people; intellect it there is no character, no personality, everything, they can be led by them they must always be provided with the words of Goethe judgment and intellect, but not openly spoke in this sense as not know how to desire any always be fed. What was the

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e-sovereignties; he in-

herited by direct descent their blood, their inmost essence, their moral and intellectual constitution." Now, Napoleon certainly did not belong to the eighteenth century, but instead of placing him in the fourteenth or fifteenth, it would be equally correct to place him in the nineteenth or, if you like, in the twentieth. Perhaps he was really only a colossal condottiere; if so, he was one who had a knowledge (or at least the elements of a knowledge) of chemistry, geography, and, above all, psychology — and he possessed the capacity, unheard-of in France, of reckoning with data.

Goethe said that Napoleon was the greatest intellect the world has ever known. Sieyès said of him: "He knows everything, he wills everything, he can do everything." And he himself said of himself: "My great talent consists in my clear insight into everything; even my special type of eloquence is based on my seeing the essentials of a question from all sides. The perpendicular is shorter than the diagonal," and: "Different affairs are all grouped in my head as in a desk. When I want to break off with one, I close its drawer and open another one. They never get mixed up, they don't confuse and tire me by their manifoldness. If I want to sleep I close all drawers, and I am at once fast asleep." Another time he compares his head to a dove-cote: "When I wish to arrange anything, I open the proper outlet, shutting all the others; when I want to sleep I shut them all." This capacity made it possible for him to do with from three to (exceptionally) six hours of sleep; otherwise he worked uninterruptedly — "even at meals and at the theatre," as he himself said — and it is probable, indeed, that he went on working in sleep. This faculty, in which lay his essential difference from other Frenchmen, explains his immediate and immense success. He himself was quite clear on the matter. "The French," he once said to Metternich, "are an intellectual people; intellect runs about the streets. But behind it there is no character, no principle, and no will; they run after everything, they can be led by their vanity, and, like children, they must always be provided with a toy." (In almost literal agreement with the words of Goethe to Eckermann: "The French have judgment and intellect, but no stability and no piety.") Napoleon openly spoke in this sense as early as 1797: "You Frenchmen do not know how to desire anything seriously. Your vanity must always be fed. What was the origin of the Revolution? Vanity.

Contrast
w A.H.

And what will destroy it? Also vanity"; and later, more shortly and plainly: "Triflers play a great part in France. Good sense plays none at all." He taught his people to think in terms of reality and to act clearly; he taught them to turn their eyes on things instead of illusions and phrases, and to orient their course constantly by facts. Emerson was well advised when he opened his essay on him with the following words: "If Napoleon is France, if Napoleon is Europe, it is because the people whom he sways are little Napoleons." But the reverse could also be said: namely, that he was the leader of his time because he succeeded in *making* little Napoleons out of all the men of his time.

Nevertheless we have to admit that the principal reproach against Napoleon is precisely that he was so completely a type of the new men whose destiny it was to rule the coming century. He was, perhaps, the most complete empiricist that ever lived; and this was the essence of his incomparable genius as of his catastrophic weakness. For he was so complete an empiricist that he was nothing else. He was not a moral and metaphysical phenomenon; ethics and ideology meant nothing to him. This absence of all ideology was his fundamental defect, and it was this that made his domination a transitory one.

And so one is almost tempted to say that this adamant and argus-eyed hero was a *touching* spectacle. He knew everything, could do everything, held everything in his mighty hand — only not himself. He was stronger than the whole world; but not stronger than his own deeds. He forgot that even the greatest man — indeed, particularly the greatest man — exists for mankind only. His success went to his head just as if he had been an ordinary banker, minister, or actor. And so his empyrean flight became a miserable descent into hell.

Madame de Staël said of him: "He is a skilled chess-player; and his opponent is the human race, whom he is determined to checkmate." But his dæmonic temperament made him more than a master of chess; rather, a great stage-manager, one such as the world has perhaps never seen. Even his outward appearance was incomparably theatrical: the master of Europe in the crumpled hat and worn cloak of the common soldier in the midst of glittering generals, dignitaries covered with orders, and be-

jewelled women. Many scenes: for example, when he addresses his brother-in-law, "smash you like this was his life has been made." "The rascals wanted today's libretto." There is so little in accord with that is true: Talma his able lessons from the Emperor, who had whom the present world modern stage-history, times.

Perhaps Napoleon's ascribed to the fact that genius are only partial the less civilized ages that is inherent in the nature stand Plato, Beethoven, a kind of negative print a true photograph capturing all the rays of intensity can only be in posture. Napoleon is the completely comprehensibilities that he had provided and communication of egoist; brutal, sensual, thing magnificently vulgar daughter of a Habsburg ennoble himself by marriage gave offence in society lighted in malicious indifference himself unseemly jokes commercial traveller of his had no genuine success love, the upstart. But the

¹ Max Reinhardt, to whom

genius, in fact was the very thing that clears it up, just as a figure can be seen better in diffused light than in full sunshine. And when all is said and done, there is no manner of reasonable doubt that Napoleon was the completest genius the world had ever seen, greater than Cæsar, greater than Shakspeare, greater than Goethe. For when one looks at both the intensity and the extent of his gifts, he possessed as much as all three put together: He was a Cæsar in practical oversight and foresight, a Shakspeare in creative fancy, a Goethe in knowledge of human nature; and over and above these things he had a power of translating his conceptions into actuality which none of these three possessed in the same measure. One thing only he lacked, that each of the others possessed — idealism. He had no faith in the most real force of the world: namely, human ideals. Altruism, patriotism, piety, were for him available sources of energy to be used and guided, but he did not regard them as of any higher value than cannon, steam-power, or money. It never occurred to him that an *idée fixe* is more and can do more than a hundred thousand bayonets. He did not know that ideas, ideals, ideologies, phantasms, illusions, concepts, are also physical and physiological sources of energy, measurable and effective quantities, ponderable imponderables, so to say; that the consciousness of right, the belief in the Supreme, is just as effective in raising the temperature of an organism as fat, albumen, brandy, and cola-nut. Thus he was not quite so complete an empiricist as he and his supporters thought: He was, paradoxical as it may seem, in this respect, a detached doctrinaire. He had his system of the world and humanity, a philosophical system if you will, but one which, like so many clever and well-constructed systems, was not in tune with, was not *close to*, life. He scorned and despised the "ideologues" and never suspected that he himself was one. He brought the whole world into confusion, drove his masses of men from Sweden to Egypt and from Madrid to Moscow; and he vanished one day as suddenly as he had emerged, went off in smoke like an explosion of gunpowder, leaving nothing behind but startled people and a smell of burning. He mobilized mankind and the forces of nature, wind and water, all the states and towns and peoples of Europe, now on his side, now against him; and when he disappeared, the map of Europe was as it had been twenty years before, with but minor

alterations, and the diplomatic contingents, and princes, and *that* is his chief reason. His conquest could only be maintained if he did not know that in the long run the world.

Egon Friedell V III

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AGE
KINSON

A CULTURAL HISTORY
OF THE MODERN AGE

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THE CRISIS OF THE
EUROPEAN SOUL
FROM THE BLACK DEATH
TO THE WORLD WAR

BY
EGON FRIEDEL

Translated from the German by
CHARLES FRANCIS ATKINSON

VOLUME III

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come "historical." But the history of the Present is still in the uncertain state of a trial in which only the juggling attorney, the bullying prosecutor, the candid or uncandid expert, the lying or prejudiced, shy or brazen-faced witnesses say their say. If, as I tried to show in the Introduction to this work, all history of the past is only legend, all history of the present is only reporting; that is, the most unscientific, the cheapest, the most suspect form of human narrative. When history is old enough to have crystallized into pure poetry, then out of it there speaks to us, directly, the web of the world-spirit that cannot lie, the word of God; and in this sense the Bible is not only the noblest but also the most trustworthy historical work that we have. When the history is somewhat more recent, what speaks out of it is the spirit of the people, which is local and of earthly origin indeed, but yet guided by the sure instinct of the genus. The history of the present, however, has for its mouthpiece merely the spirit of the "editor," a sly partisan creature, armed with an iron courage for lying, who serves only himself and his party dogma; it matters not whether what he edits is a school-book, a blue-book, a diplomatic note, a general-staff appreciation, or, for that matter, a journal, all "contributions" to the history of the present have the truth-value of the newspaper.

Consequently, in order to attain to historical truth, one has only to preserve, unvaryingly and incorruptibly, three things — a believing reverence for the sanctity of poetical history, a ready trustfulness towards the sure fact of traditional history, and a profound mistrust in the short-sightedness and false coinage of "contemporary history." The content of it all can be summarized in the concise phrase of an English writer: "Very nearly everything in history very nearly did not happen." If not so laconically, yet just as unambiguously Nietzsche says: "A historian has to do, not with what actually happened, but only with what was supposed to have happened. . . . His theme, world-history so called, consists in suppositions concerning supposed happenings and the supposed motives thereof. . . . All historians relate things that have never existed save in the imagination."

One must ask oneself — it need be only once, but it must be squarely — what the materials are that serve as the foundation of what is called the science of history. These are, firstly, "documents" and "originals" such as records of trials and debates, proclamations and orders-in-council, dossiers and contracts, fiscal and cadastral returns, minutes and dispatches, and other such

*The ghost-
stream*

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negative way: namely, as reaction, and this time meaning by the word, *throw-back*. Early Romanticism, as we have said, was still precisely as rationalistic as the French Revolution, Napoleon, the Empire style, the Classical drama, the Kantian and post-Kantian idealism, and all other significant phenomena of the pre-Waterloo period. The Late Romanticism, on the contrary, took as its central concept Irrationalism, or, in its own favourite phrase, "the Organic," the grown, the become, life in all its incalculability and incomprehensibility, power and sanctity, in opposition to the mechanical, which can be reduced to rational formulæ. Consequently the Romantic is a supporter of tradition in all its branches (for tradition is universally the expression of a slow evolution ripened in the dark womb of Time, a work, not of arbitrarily deciding reason, but of mysteriously working life). And so he looked with reverence upon all unconscious and earth-wedded, upon Nature and upon "the people" (who for him were not a social but a natural-historical phenomenon), upon the folk-born myth, upon Woman as springing from the subterranean realm of the "Mothers." And so he felt (was, in truth, the first to feel) historically above all, and he conceived history not pragmatically, as a chain of human motivations and actions, but (again) organically, as an evolutionary series of emanations from the "spirit" that ruled in it, each in its own way complete and justified. The Enlightenment had judged the past in relation to the present, or to the future, which was an idealized present — based for the Classicists on the Antique, and for the early Romantics on the Middle Ages. All alike took their position and view-point outside history and treated it dogmatically, whereas Late Romanticism looked upon each people and each age as an organism which, in that it was the actualization of the form and idea determined for it, represented an absolute value — therein, as in many other respects, taking up afresh the short-lived movement that had set in so hopefully in the early 1770's, the ideas of Herder, Hamann, and the "*Geniezeit*." Everything which they regarded from this new standpoint they sought ultimately to bring under the super-concept of "the Totality," regarding all life-functions and their interrelations — politics, religion, art, language, morals — as the workings-out of this mysterious Totality. This concept of Totality and the Organic poses, and at the same time resolves, all the contradictions contained in the world of Romanticism; it is at once catholic and national, mystic and naturalistic, evolutionary and conservative.

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histories created that Napoleonic legend which has remained more or less classical in France to this day. Béranger's songs fashioned an immortal genre-figure, the plain soldier-Emperor with his grey redingote and his cocked hat, whose heart belonged to the people. Painting immortalized the deeds and sufferings of the Grand Army. Victor Hugo hailed him as the "Mahomet of the West," and even Beyle-Stendhal, the arch-sceptic and inexorable piercer of human masks, declared that "Beyle respected one man alone—Napoleon." Nay, men everywhere believed that he was not dead. The mountain folk of Sicily expected his return, the Arabs fused him into one figure with Alexander the Great and told one another tales of the reappearance of Iskander, the Sultan of the Franks; in Thuringia men said that no longer Barbarossa but Napoleon sat in the Kyffhäuser Cavern. But how completely he had already become a myth is best shown by a phenomenon that is the direct opposite to these: namely, the effort of a certain Pères—one does not know whether to regard the book as the product of imbecility, irony, or pedantry—to prove that Napoleon was nothing but a personification of the Sun, that the name *Napoleon* meant *Apollo*, who was both destroyer and sun-god; his mother's name was Letitia, which could mean both Joy and Dawn; his four brothers were the four seasons; his twelve marshals the twelve signs of the zodiac, which are under the rule of the Sun; the twelve years of his reign the twelve hours of the day; and his path from Corsica to St. Helena began in the east and ended in the west like the sun's. Here we have an excellent example of what incorruptible historical criticism can lead to—and not so extraordinary an example either, when one remembers that the distinguished French scholar Sénart regarded the whole Buddha tradition as a solar myth, how the Karlsruhe philosopher Arthur Drew (he at any rate in full possession of his senses) attempted to derive the history of Jesus from "astral ideas," and how a whole group of strict researchers has declared that Bacon wrote the dramas of Shakspeare—the latest among them indeed crediting him with *Don Quixote* as well, for the sake of simplicity.

The "Alt-
deutschen"

Germany, still under the quickening impulse of the Wars of Liberation, began by regarding the alien suppressor with Teutonic hatred. The political slogans were "freedom," "unity," and "Germanism." But it soon became evident that not all tyrants were "*Welsch*." In 1815 the first German *Burschenschaft* was founded in Jena, to be followed three years later by the *Allgemeine Deut-*

sche Burschen to the coming least were going taken from the gold. "Contermanism," in cially affected Teutsch"— broad open sh or violet silk picture) long mel. They ca *Lehrburschen* university the drunkenness, they met a for formed a hal celebration th 18, 1817—the Leipzig—the a Hessian pig man's corset, arouse serious Congress of tl ous event haj his way into thou traitor t bue was a Ru opinions of v he made no killing him w dramas. It a conspiracy. A at another co bad Resoluti ship, putting ding all stud began the cru tral Commiss everyone who stainless pat



sche Burschenschaft, "founded on the relation of German youth to the coming unity of the German people" — for the students at least were going to try to set up a united German front. Its colours, taken from those of the Lützow Free Corps, were black, red, and gold. "Content with what the tailor gave them in the way of Germanism," in Immermann's words, these students' unions especially affected the "*Wichs*," a costume which called itself "old Teutsch" — a closed coat fastened with loops, usually black, broad open shirt-collar, coloured scarf, plumed cap of black, red, or violet silk with gold braid and cockade, and (to complete the picture) long hair and a republican dagger with death's-head pommel. They called the grey-haired *Nachburschen*, the professors *Lehrburschen*, the Fatherland the *Burschen's* gymnasium, the university the gymnasium of reason. They renounced brawling, drunkenness, and dancing, and despised women and Jews. When they met a foppishly or otherwise un-Germanly dressed man, they formed a half-circle round him and shouted: "Eh! Eh!" At a celebration that was held at the foot of the Wartburg on October 18, 1817 — the anniversary of the Reformation and of the battle of Leipzig — they set up a bonfire and ceremonially burned therein a Hessian pigtail, an Austrian corporal's stick, a Prussian guardsman's corset, and some reactionary books. Even this sufficed to arouse serious fears in the Governments and was taken up by the Congress of the Powers at Aachen. On March 23, 1819 a more serious event happened. A student named Karl Ludwig Sand forced his way into Kotzebue's house at Mannheim and crying: "Here, thou traitor to the Fatherland!" stabbed him to the heart. Kotzebue was a Russian state councillor and, as such, held conservative opinions of which in his journal, the *Literarische Wochenblatt*, he made no concealment, and the only justification, if any, for killing him would have been in the badness and cheapness of his dramas. It could not be proved that Sand was a member of any conspiracy. All the same, the Holy Alliance seized the opportunity at another conference of ministers to frame the notorious "Karlsbad Resolutions," bringing books and newspapers under censorship, putting the universities under strict supervision, and forbidding all student unions and gymnastic societies. And thereupon began the cruel persecutions of popular leaders of which the "Central Commission of Inquiry" at Mainz was the organ. It struck at everyone who had supported the German National movement. A stainless patriot like "Father Jahn" was dragged for six years

fertile an author or so perfect an actor." And he was one of the most complete embodiments of the spirit of Vienna that there has been. Ferdinand Kürnberger, one of the finest connoisseurs of the Austrian soul, says: "You may be doing this city a real and undeserved injustice when you measure it by the German standard and claim it as a German city. On the other hand everything is perfectly bright and clear, comprehensible and understandable, just and easy, if you take Vienna as what it is — a European-Asiatic frontier city. . . . Austria then ceases to be incomprehensible; it has to be comprehended as a sort of Asia. But in this meaning, 'Europe' and 'Asia' are quite clear and indeed hard-edged conceptions — Europe is law, and Asia is arbitrary will; Europe is duty, and Asia mood; Europe is strictly factual, and Asia purely personal; Europe is the man, and Asia the child and old man." This was the soul of Metternich — arbitrariness as law, fulfilment of caprice as doing of duty, the personal desire made into an affair of the world, an infantile and irresponsible playing with today, a senile and unimaginative sticking to yesterday — in short, the essence of him was *complete frivolity*.

The
"modern
ideas"

All through his life Metternich set before himself the image of an invisible host of enemies, which filled him with longing to exterminate them; he called these foes "the modern ideas." But how can anyone who professes to be a statesman, anyone indeed who professes to think, fight ideas as "modern," seeing that they are the *only* ideas in the particular period, whatever this may be, and that all others not merely are powerless against it, but do not in truth exist at all, save in wry-necked, short-sighted, and worm-eaten heads — and such are not heads at all? As every thinking man and, above all, every statesman ought to know, there is but *one* victorious force, the Idea, and it is mere hopeless quixotism to fight against it. If at all, it must be fought earlier or, again, later, and with sure discernment. At one and the same stage of historical evolution there are never two ideas, but always one which alone is able and entitled to live, and another, or more than one other, which is not. Legitimacy and Divine Right are truly noble ideas, perhaps the noblest that we know! But, always and everywhere, the only thing that is legitimated by inward truth, and the only thing invested with Divine Right as a stage in the inscrutable process of man's education, is "the modern idea."

In all periods the "modern" — or whatever equivalent phrase was used — has meant for mankind the ruling spirit of the age —

or rather the spirit — and the term has a relative sense. Always subversive of the social life, as absurd word, pathological that it was moral definitive Ideal. A prevailing at a particular sense, admirably and suitability to it is the acme of wrong. For the brought under as just as absurd to standpoints and is tasteless, the of the giraffe finis wardly visible d beauty, expressed and emphases of ral history is called the fact tl characters become sesses a pose and discussed this particular case: r of the marionette photographer who yet has a "good such society has things as "unnatural laws. In the same laws of fashion i and this for a decade he believes that l accidents of the c day, and fighting women, who in g the *Zeitgeist* that they know that

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or rather the spirit that was beginning to strive for that rulership — and the term has always carried both a laudatory and a pejorative sense. Always there have been some who regarded it as subversive of the surest foundations of ethical, spiritual, and social life, as absurd, false, vicious, ugly, trivial, perverted — in a word, pathological. And always there have been others who said that it *was* morale, it *was* art, reform, the future — in short, the definitive Ideal. And both have been wrong. So also the costume prevailing at a particular time is called "the fashion" in a dual sense, admiringly by those for whom it is the summit of beauty and suitability to purpose, contemptuously by others for whom it is the acme of tastelessness and folly — and again both are wrong. For the phenomenon of fashion is quite incapable of being brought under æsthetic, or even logical, categories; it would be just as absurd to judge this and that flora or fauna from such standpoints and say, for example, that the shape of the kangaroo is tasteless, the petals of the sea anemone smart, or the appearance of the giraffe finicking. Every fashion is reasonable. As the outwardly visible distillate of particular ideals and concepts of beauty, expressed in the arrangement, the fit, the concealments and emphases of outward appearance, it resembles what in natural history is called a creature's "habit." And with this is connected the fact that every generation — unconsciously, for these characters become distinct only after it is dead and gone — possesses a pose and attitude special to itself alone. We have already discussed this point somewhat more closely in connexion with a particular case: namely, that of Baroque man and his secret ideal of the marionette; in our own time it is no less a person than the photographer who is the executant of this "will to pose." Never yet has a "good society" behaved itself naturally, and yet every such society has imagined that it was doing so, and regarded things as "unnatural" only when they came into conflict with its laws. In the same way, anyone who sets himself up against the laws of fashion in costume produces an effect of the ridiculous, and this for a deeper reason than is generally imagined. For while he believes that he is combating certain "senseless externals and accidents of the day," he is really fighting against the *spirit* of the day, and fighting a spirit is always rather comic. For this reason women, who in general are on a much more intimate footing with the *Zeitgeist* than men, almost never struggle against fashion. For they know that it is not made by the tailor or, for that matter,

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by any single individual; appearances may seem to indicate the contrary, but in reality the *arbiter elegantiarum* is ever a mere intelligent mandatory of the *Zeitgeist*. The proof is evident when fashion becomes historical, becomes "costume." Then it emerges that it was no arbitrary dictatorship of snobbism, or of commercial speculation, but purely and simply *the style of the time*. We may regard costume as beautiful or ugly, as pleasing or not "suited" (though even this predicates an error of vision), but in the whole of human history from the Pyramids to our eighties there has never been "styleless" costume.

The
Mephistopheles of
Romanticism

How, then, did it come about that a fine connoisseur of men, a subtle arguer, a realist from the cradle, like Metternich did not recognize such simple connexions, and in all sincerity believed to the very end that he was right — thereby exposing himself to the derision of the Court of History? Simply because he was incapable of comprehending the world and its essence with the heart, because he was the absurdly complete embodiment of the sterile intelligence, the pure reason that understands nothing at all. And for that reason he may be called the Mephistopheles of Romanticism, for that likewise is the tragedy of mere brain, of a gifted self-seeking and radical scepticism that is always bound to succumb. Like Mephistopheles, he was a finished gentleman and witty conversationalist — an educated and well-bred devil, an eighteenth-century devil. He fought over the Romantic soul of Europe, dragged it down into the abyss, and lost the game.

Romantic
science

The great conquests of Romanticism, as a matter of fact, lay rather in the domain of science than in those of poetry and the arts. Almost every one of the intellectual sciences was reinvigorated by original and fruitful ideas. Not a few disciplines, indeed, came into being then for the first time — for example, jurisprudence with Karl Friedrich Eichhorn, who was the first to present German law as a unitary whole developed in the people. His teacher was Friedrich Karl von Savigny, the founder of the "historical" school of jurisprudence, whose basic doctrine was that all law arises "in the way that the prevailing linguistic usage, as a customary law, indicates for it . . . by inner, stilly working forces and not by the arbitrary will of the legislator." First there is custom, popular belief, the self-evident, axiomatic, and undemonstrable sense of right; only afterwards and as a late product comes the codification, in law-books and juridical forms and formulæ, of what has long been in existence. Thus regarded law ap-

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appears as something that has grown up more or less out of the soil, as the natural flower and fruit of the folk-soul, and so as falling within the same circle as poetry, cult, ethic, and language. In the same way Adam Müller regarded the State as a living organism and individuality, as a "totality of human affairs." The State "is not a mere factory, farm, insurance office, or mercantile society, but the intimate bond making all parts of the inward and outward life of a nation into a great, energetic, infinitely mobile, and living whole." This, however, may easily lead to the apotheosis of the State and the sanctioning of all its commissions and omissions, and in fact it did so, as evidenced by Karl Ludwig von Haller, who ruled that all kings and princes were holders of power, and that it was the divinely ordained and willed order of nature that power should be obeyed; they were not "servants of the State," but independent masters, and the State was their property just as a household belongs to the father of the family; he admitted no essential difference between public law and private law. Adam Müller even wrote on "the necessity of a theological foundation" for economics. Now, all this was no mere Tartufferie. Indeed, the spirit of the time was deeply religious as was shown, for instance, in the great rapprochement that took place between the various Christian confessions; there were not a few pious Catholics whose whole lives were dominated by pietism, and pious Protestants who spoke to a certain extent in the language of Catholicism. On the occasion of the third centenary of the Reformation Frederick William III tried — and at first with some success — to bring Lutherans and Calvinists together in the "Evangelical Union." While Haller lauded the patriarchal régime of the Middle Ages as divinely ordered, Raumer in his (somewhat leathern) *Geschichte der Hohenstaufen* extolled the old German inwardness, and Niebuhr in his epoch-making work on *Roman History* the agrarian Middle Ages of ancient Rome: "When Rome's burghers were peasants and looked after their fields themselves, their State embodied the Ideal from which it has so far departed since."

A wholly new science was founded by Karl Ritter, who in his *Erdkunde im Verhältnis zur Natur und zur Geschichte des Menschen* exhibited the form and evolution of the State as a function of geographical conditions, slow and quiet workings of which the laws could only be penetrated by approaching them with "an equally quiet soul." The field of history was widened in a quite startling degree. Georg Heinrich Pertz, on the suggestion of Stein,

* A. H. uses this ³⁵ notion for Noyes law.

of Light." And yet he did not push his theory to its last, and almost inevitable, conclusion, for he continued to regard colours as "natural phenomena" and not as sensations of the eye. To take this step he would have had to be a Kantian, like Schopenhauer, who was one of the earliest and most ardent admirers of the *Farbenlehre*, and took that step in his essay *Über das Sehen und die Farben*, which Goethe disowned. It was the same in this case as in that of Kleist — Goethe *would* not understand, for a dissolution of the whole coloured world of the light into mere effects of the retina would have turned his world-picture and world-feeling, which was *objective* in the highest degree, topsyturvy. His researches were rejected as a matter of course by the professional scientists, but there were a few gifted minds that realized their epoch-making significance, among them Purkinje, the founder of experimental physiology, and Johannes Müller, who in his *Zur vergleichenden Physiologie des Gesichtssinnes des Menschen und der Tiere* (1826) declared: "I for my part do not hesitate to confess how much I owe to the stimulus of the Goethe colour-theory, and I can say indeed that without several years' study of this the present investigations could never have been." This essay contains the theory of the so-called "specific sense-energies."

At the end of the nineteenth century a Munich journal took a plébiscite of its readers on the question, what was the most important phenomenon of the century in Germany. The answers were numerous: some said *Faust*, *Zarathustra*, *Tristan*, the *Ninth Symphony*, and the majority said Kaiser Wilhelm. It is remarkable that not one thought to name Johannes Müller, for his discovery of "specific sense-energies" signified nothing less than the experimental proof of Kantian philosophy. By a series of most ingenious experiments Müller arrived at two surprising fundamental propositions: firstly, that one and the same stimulus produces different sensations when it affects different nerves; and, secondly, that different stimuli produce the same sensation when applied to the same sensory nerve. In the case of the sensitivity of the eye, for example, it is a matter of entire indifference whether it is struck by a blow, by an electric current, or by an ætheric wave — in all three cases it answers with light-sensations. It is the same with the ear, whose reaction to any conceivable stimulus can only be sound. On the contrary, the same ætheric waves will produce on the skin sensations of heat, and in the eye sensations of light (varying in colour with the wave-length), just as one and

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languages, and for a whole generation Humboldt was regarded as Germany's greatest title to fame.

Chemistry, meantime, was investigating a number of very peculiar problems. Klaproth, professor at the newly-founded University of Berlin, discovered polymorphism — the fact that bodies of like chemical composition could appear in quite different forms. He observed this first in the case of Iceland spar and aragonite, which both consist of calcium carbonate (CaCO_3). The best-known and most striking instances are that of diamond and graphite, the hardest and the softest of minerals, and that of vinegar and sugar, which for our human taste are radically different substances, but possess chemically the same constitution. The young Liebig similarly discovered that the dangerous fulminate and the harmless cyanate of silver are chemically identical. The Swedish researcher Berzelius, the teacher of Klaproth and of Liebig, and the leading chemist of his age, sought to explain the strange phenomenon of dimorphism (also called, in the case of simple elements, allotropy) by supposing that, as between outwardly different bodies, similarity of inward constitution was only *relative*, the individual molecules being built of different numbers of atoms; the expression he invented for this is "polymerism." There were also, however, cases in which dimorphic substances were found to be *absolutely* like (that is, their molecules contained the same number of atoms), and for these Berzelius set up the hypothesis of differences of disposition of the atoms in the molecules, which are called "metamerism." In experiments in this field of isomerism — which is Berzelius's name for the whole group of such phenomena — a third pupil, Friedrich Wöhler, arrived, however, at a still more remarkable result, for he succeeded in making out of inorganic materials ammonium cyanate, $(\text{NH}_4)\text{CNO}$, which is isomeric with urea, $(\text{NH}_2)_2\text{CO}$, so that he was able to write to Berzelius: "I must tell you that I can make urea without using kidneys or anything whatever from the animal." And thus the frontier between organic and inorganic chemistry was abolished. It was, however, an altogether premature jump from this (and numerous like homunculus-pastimes) to the conclusion that they amounted to a refutation of Vitalism, with its axiom that to give rise to the material products of an organism a separate vital force is necessary. The very fact of isomerism, indeed, should have indicated that the "becoming phenomenal" (whether for geologists and chemists or for theologians and

absolute genius — in the fact that he never gives one the impression of anything queer or out of the ordinary. A genius, in fact, is related to other people as normal beings to an abortion, it is *they* that are the "exceptions," and he the rule. If all were well with the world, every man should have the world-grasp of a Bismarck, the brain of a Kant, the humour of a Busch, should understand life as fully as Goethe did and sing as many songs as Schubert. In all these men there is not a trace of "art." No one can detect their dodges, for they used none. A blissful instrument of God like a bird of the fields, Schubert let his songs sound, an invisible grey lark in a ploughed field, darting up from the earthy furrow, sent into the world for a summer to sing.

Biedermeier

One of the round table gathered about Schubert was Moritz von Schwind, who was akin to him in delicacy and warmth of musical feeling, and to Weber in devotion to the German forest. With pencil and brush, ever in the same key, yet with inexhaustible variety, he told the full story of the German life of his time — and not merely the external, but the inner life, as this worked itself out in the shapes of the people's dreams and fancies. The same thing was done, but even more simply and unpretendingly, by Ludwig Richter. He did not, like the "Heidelbergers," imitate childishness with a refined artistry, nor painfully twist himself back into infantilism like the "Nazarenes," but just *was* a child. For eighty years. And even when he is empty, he has that endearing emptiness of the child's eyes — he had neither an "art-will" nor a "style," but simply gossiped about a world with no problems, atavistic and yet eternal. He sees the peasant and his family not sociologically, nor even ethnographically, but as people straight out of a fairy-story, timeless, idyllic, unreal, and yet growths of the German soil. Over his pictures there lies the charm of a village fair or an afternoon show in a small town, that inviting scent of coffee-cups and tobacco-pipes, of wax-bespattered Christmas-tree and crackling firewood, freshly ironed linen and freshly baked tarts, that is conjured up by the word "Biedermeier."

Heinrich Heine thus characterized this culture: "People practised renunciation and modesty, bowed before the invisible, snatched at shadow kisses and 'blue flower' scents, resigned themselves, and laughed wryly." This resignation was due not merely to political but to economic causes. The overpowering competition of England, in which country immense masses of

goods had accumulated. German industry, British Government, set up a high wall, was no outlet for eastern Germany. The horizon and the Classicist period, affected, cold — reminds one of the age was the narrow reading-circle, middle class was Schmid, the path regarded by the novels of Spindler until in 1828 Birthe *Pfefferrösel*, rag-fair with the

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goods had accumulated during the Continental embargo, reduced German industry to a sort of powerless homecraft. Further, the British Government had, for the protection of its home agriculture, set up a high tariff against imported grain, and thus there was no outlet for the surplus agrarian produce of northern and eastern Germany. The consequence was that the bourgeoisie culture of Germany was sensibly narrowed in mode of living and in horizon and threw back to the forms of existence of the pre-Classical period; and its spiritual attitude — washed out, plaintive, affected, concentrated on the cultivation of private feelings — reminds one of that of the era of "Sensibility." The symbol of the age was the night-watchman, the sources of its education were the reading-circle and the theatre. The favourite reading of the middle class was the childlike moralizings of Christoph von Schmid, the pathetic lies of Julius Lafontaine, the imbecilities — regarded by the age as piquancies — of Claurens, and the kitchen novels of Spindler. On the stage Kotzebue and Iffland reigned, until in 1828 Birch-Pfeiffer had her first tremendous success with the *Pfefferrösel*, and from then on fed the public from her dusty rag-fair with the cheap luxury-emotions for which it pined.

In costume the general enforced simplicity was evidenced in a good-hearted tendency to "discretion." For the frock-coat quiet colours were preferred — light grey, dark blue, bottle-green (the *Rock*, which corresponded essentially to the present-day frock-coat, was not yet *de rigueur* in the street and in company) — and the only point of men's clothing in which individual taste could develop itself was the silk waistcoat. The jabot gave way slowly to the cravat, the elegant tying of which was not easy and, indeed, formed the subject of special lessons. The footwear consisted of half-boots (for journeys) and shoes cut away to show bright-coloured stockings, the tight pantaloons reached only to the ankle; "*en escarpin*" — that is, in knee-breeches, stockings, and buckled shoes — one now only appeared at court or on gala occasions in conservative society. An indispensable part of the dandy's outfit was the lorgnette with its silk ribbon. The beard was despised, or at most a thin line on the cheeks was tolerated. The *arbitrarius elegantiarum* was George Bryan Brummell, who set up the revolutionary theory that the essence of elegance consisted in being *not* striking and was expressed only in cut and fit, points to which he devoted the greatest imaginable care; he kept three hairdressers, one for the back of his head, one for the brow-locks, and one for

* the cheeks, and he had the thumbs and the fingers of his gloves made by different tradesmen. Through him London achieved that primacy in masculine fashions that it has kept to this day.

As regards the ladies, tight lacing set in again after 1815, and the waist-line, which under the Empire had been fixed close under the bosom, returned to its natural position. (Men also frequently wore corsets, which, indeed, in the Prussian Guard were considered indispensable to a faultless turn-out.) After 1820 women's sleeves assumed monstrous forms, such as "leg of mutton" and "elephants," which could only be kept in shape by the aid of whalebones. A variety of nuances came into being, however, and there was choice of "shot," *moiré*, *ombré*, damascene, flowered, and checked material, especially for the ribbons that were lavished on the bonnets, hats, and coats. True mantles became impossible with the gigantic sleeves, and so people took to lace collars, the so called "berthas," shawls of every possible material — cashmere or crêpe-de-Chine being preferred, and, towards the end of the period, the fur boa. Quite as fantastic as the sleeves were the poke-bonnets, a sort of horse's hat, very large and unpractical, which so buried the face in blinkers as to interfere with both vision and hearing; nevertheless this form of headgear held its own longer than any of its predecessors or successors. Besides this were worn large caps and, when the East became fashionable, turbans; after the conquest of Algeria the burnous of that country also came into favour via France. As Louis XVIII was fond of comparing himself with Henri IV (who, he considered, had come to the throne with a political situation like his own to deal with), neckwear and feather-caps *à la Henri Quatre* prevailed awhile in Paris and elsewhere; another reminiscence of that period was the *ferronière*, a precious stone set in a thin gold chain as a brow-band; and in still other respects there was a fondness for striking ornaments, such as long ear-rings, huge brooches and girdle-clasps, and broad bracelets worn above the elbow.

In furniture the Biedermeier style was of excellent taste — still simpler than the Empire, but not as dry and twisty. It took over from its predecessor the smooth surfaces, straight lines, and simple motifs, while avoiding its parvenu richness of decoration. Thus, whereas Empire had been a cold forced opera-Spartanism and tortured archaistic artifact, here there emerged a real style, an organic and fit expression of the inward life and spiritual attitude of the whole period.

* D. C. on Gœring.

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depth, but each completely right for his age — Aristotle, St. Thomas Aquinas, Nicolaus Cusanus, Bacon, Leibniz, Voltaire, Nietzsche did, and this is what Hegel was for the first half of the nineteenth century. His system rested on the assumption of the identity of thought and being: it is logocratic and also (as it fully affirmed a government of the world) in a sense theocratic. Seen from this angle, it must be called an extreme Rationalism, for it taught that concepts do not merely *correspond* to the essence of things, but *are* their essence. Nevertheless, Hegel's famous — or notorious — remark that "what is real is reasonable, and what is reasonable is real" is usually misunderstood. By this phrase — which was exploited by the Reaction to its own advantage — he naturally did not mean a simple assertion that every phenomenon, by the fact of its existing at all, has the legitimacy of reality — which would explain every stupidity, lie, and injustice — but exactly the opposite: namely, that all reality is reasonable only at the particular historical point of time at which it actually rules existence (so that, in fact, the Reaction stands convicted of unreality and consequently unreason) and that, only the reasonable being real, the unreasonable is a sham existence, a nonent, a $\mu\eta\ \delta\upsilon\nu$, as Plato and the Platonists called matter. If we were to take the sentence literally, it would involve the nonsensical position that all unreasonable is reasonable. Nay, one might even say that every reality, in the moment when it becomes known and therefore reasonable, has ceased to exist. For humanity, as a rule, begins to take reality seriously only when it should not be taken so; namely, when it has been incorporated — which is as much as to say, lived out — and become an institution — which means when it is behind the times, for institutions are always behind the times. Hegel himself, in his *History of Philosophy*, says emphatically that to know the *Zeitgeist* is to dethrone it; when the riddle of the Sphinx is answered, the Sphinx falls over the cliff. And in his *Rechtsphilosophie* he says, in one of his most beautiful and sublime passages: "When philosophy paints her grey on grey, then a shape of life has become aged. With grey on grey one cannot rejuvenate, but only know, and the owl of Minerva flies forth only when the dusk sets in."

Hegel's method, as subtle as it is fruitful, is the so-called "dialectical"; it rests on the assumption that the motive force in world-evolution is contradiction. The two antithetical ideas which together form a contradiction are "*aufgehoben*" — in all senses



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CHAPTER II

THE DISCORDANT SONG

"At present the immensity of political inter-
ests has swallowed all else — a crisis in which
everything that has otherwise been valid seems
to be being made into a problem."

Hegel

The world
in gas-
light

The second stage of the nineteenth century begins with the July Revolution of 1830 and ends with the February Revolution of 1848. This division offers itself so self-evidently that there could hardly be found a history-book in which it was not applied. The slogan of the Romantic had been: "Away from reality, from the present, from politics!" but now the catchword is "Realism." The thought and feeling of the age crystallized emphatically and exclusively upon questions of the day, and the European soul intoned a million-voiced political chant. This noisy battle-song *had* to happen, filling the whole Continent and outsinging all others, and the fact that it arose was the work, above all, of the very people who, by means as unwise as they were inhuman, had sought to suppress it. In it sang Fate, but discordantly.

In this period Europe became for the first time ugly. We remarked in the first volume that every historical era is tintured with a definite light of day or night; this world had for the first time an artificial light: namely, gas, which was already flaming up in London in the days when Napoleon's star was declining, and entered Paris almost at the same moment as the Bourbons, conquering slowly and obstinately every street and public place. By about 1840 it burned everywhere, even in Vienna. In this clear and murky, sharp and flickering, prosaic and spectral light, there lived and moved fat, fussy cockroaches of tradesmen, whose preposterously ill-made clothing cannot penetrate to our consciousness simply because our own is derived from it. The upper part of the body was fitted into the flapping tube of the *Gehrock* (which drove the *Frack* into its present rôle of a full dress for evening), and the neck into the grotesque horse-collar. The *triste* and impersonal black became more and more dominant, till presently everyone

who wished to be regarded as a serious person made a point of looking like a notary or an undertaker. Apart from black, the only tolerated colours were dirty brown and grey, and at most the waistcoats were allowed to be gorgeous in designs of all sorts — mostly tasteless. The trousers were ridiculously wide, made of horrible checks for choice, the extremities being, as in riding-pantaloon, drawn over the shoe, which made the shape of them quite impossible. Above the coat arose the "parricide" — to this day part of the stock-in-trade of the provincial comedian — with the stiffened and pleated shirt-front, in which were two quite purposeless gold buttons, and the formless broad black or white stock, to which two pins connected by a short chain added barbarity. Add to this the hair hot-ironed into hairdressers' curls with already, in the case of the young man, a variety of unpleasant forms of face-hair, cake beards, seaman's beards, seal beards, goat's beards, *Henri Quatres*. Another novelty (at any rate in popularity) was the rimmed monocle on a preposterous wide ribbon, indispensable to every dandy. The "cigarro," in reality the original form in which the Mexican enjoyed his tobacco, became now for the first time, with the introduction of the covering leaf, a successful competitor to the pipe; in Prussia it was at first forbidden in public, and then permitted by police regulation if enclosed in a wire case ("on account of the danger of fire"); Byron sang it, Heine rejected it, Schopenhauer vilified it. It stood to the pipe in the same relation as the nerves of the new rapid-thinking age to the comfort and reflectiveness of the old; one finds it difficult to imagine a present-day stockbroker without a fat cigar, but impossible to think of him with a pipe. Further, with the cigar smoking was for the first time admitted to the drawing-room, and steadily displaced the snuff-taking which had hitherto been regarded actually as an elegance.

Women's costume, too, was characterized by a number of distinctly unbecoming innovations — first among them the ugly hooped petticoat which was called "crinoline" from the coils of horsehair (*crin*) which kept it in position, and of which the solid effect was enhanced by the three- and four-fold flounces. It was not a bizarre but engaging weapon of flirtation like the "henn-coop" of the Rococo, nor yet an aid to stiff but stylish *grandezza* like the "virtue's guard" of the Counter-Reformation; but, in the new bourgeois and materialistic world, it was insolent, suggestive, and loud. Next came, gradually, the dowdy button-boots and the

glacé gloves which leather, for although had been spread c 1700, its general it wanted expression was peaked up flat combs that were c crimped coils right the "Greek"); of of the head were t tume was not ne indeed, one may men's, for the sin created by man; other things) the ideal, and with it that of executant tory of her costu much more than rapidly recurring height of the coif the skirt, the exp Even radical rev only "eternal rec unknown to the century, not to n Sphinx was bobt conjure up the st costume of the m cause in fact it w istic changes. In one's ambition t provocative stud thoughtful and rector ready at a tion; fifty years youth that appe we compare the in the latter are by an expert; th of powder and t

Looking at these "sons of the time" "with spectacles instead of eyes, as the result of thinking with a cigar in the animal mouth, and a sack on their back instead of a coat" — as Schopenhauer severely but quite justly characterized them — clothed with a tastelessness that only the following period surpassed, we have nevertheless to admit that they had a most pregnant and significant style, not merely because (as we have remarked in the previous chapter) no such thing as styleless costume has ever existed, but because they were being truly themselves — putting forth a special energy in the shaping of their external life-forms. It is costume as a *haute bourgeoisie*, arriving at supremacy, conceives it: factual routine, untheatrical and therefore tiresome, undecorative and void of fancy, like everything that the financier does outside his office, practical, plebeian, of animal seriousness, a costume for employés, accountants, and commercial travellers who live in smoke and soot, for tradesmen and journalists, quick coarse agents of goods-exchange or news-getting. Dressing has sunk to the level of clothing.

Locomotive
No. 1

But, as men make not only their clothes but the whole countenance of their lives, even to the contour of their gestures and the profile of their landscapes, everything else likewise changed towards the useful and ugly. In amongst the beauties of nature the hurrying black giant snakes began to wind themselves, belching evil vapours from their mouths. Innumerable factory chimneys reared their grey throats into the heaven, and soon endless wires, whispering their dubious financial information, were to disturb its peace. Stephenson had built his locomotive in 1814, but the discovery was not of practical importance till the rolling of rails was invented, in 1820. Five years later, between Stockton and Darlington, two little towns in the county of Durham, the first railway line was opened, and even today "Locomotive No. 1" is to be seen on Darlington Station, the mother of a million progeny of land monsters. Five years later the steam train was running between Manchester and Liverpool. On the Continent at first only short stretches of line were laid down, such as would equally well have been covered by horses, or even on foot — between Nürnberg and Fürth in 1835; between Leipzig and Dresden, and Paris and Saint-Germain in 1837; between Berlin and Potsdam, Vienna and Wagram in 1838. The novelty was regarded in fact as an entertaining curiosity. But in America in 1839 the first sleeping-car was running between Baltimore and Philadelphia, and it was on the

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other side of the Atlantic, too, that the first steamboat appeared, the *Clermont*, which from 1807 plied between New York and Albany, and the first seagoing steamship, the *Phoenix*, which worked between New York and Philadelphia. The first ocean-going steamer was the *Savannah*, also American, which in 1818 crossed from New York to Liverpool in eighteen days. England did not lag behind; in the period between the Congress of Vienna and the July Revolution the number of her passenger steamers increased from twenty to more than three hundred, and in 1833 she built the first steam warship. But on the Rhine it was only in 1825 that the first steamers came into service, though already in that same year a British steamer was on its way to India. It was the discovery of the screw propeller that made the new mode of communication universal. This was successfully achieved by Joseph Ressel of Trieste as early as 1829, but the Austrian police forbade the trials. Britain took up the experiments afresh in the later thirties, and it was there that, ten years after Ressel's fiasco, the first screw steamer was launched. Then Germany slowly followed. In 1842 a regular steamship service was opened between Bremen and New York, and in 1847 the Hamburg-Amerika company was founded. But it was only in the second half of the century that the steamer ousted the sailing ship everywhere; till then it had had to fight against the conservatism of the public and the inertia of governments. The railway encountered still greater resistance. When in Bavaria the first German line was projected, the medical faculty of Erlangen gave the opinion that the operation of public steam vehicles should be forbidden; the swift motion would infallibly lead to cerebral troubles, and even the sight of a train rushing past might do so; at the very least the track must be shielded by a hoarding five feet high on both sides. In opposition to the second German railway, that between Dresden and Leipzig, a miller alleged that the trains took his wind away, and when powers to drive a tunnel were sought, the doctors declared that the sudden change of air-pressure might easily cause a stroke to an elderly person. (The opposite standpoint to this was taken by the Austrian Emperor Ferdinand, who obstinately insisted on a tunnel, since a railway without a tunnel was not really a railway.) In Prussia the Postmaster-General Nagler advised against the construction of a line between Berlin and Potsdam, on the ground that the coach which he ran on this route four times a week was already half-empty, and even the King thought it no particular

advantage that one could get to Potsdam a few hours sooner than before. Tieck, summoned to an audience there, refused to use the railway and travelled by coach alongside it. Ludwig Richter was another opponent of the railway, and Thiers prophesied that no important consequences would follow from its introduction, while Ruskin observed that railway journeys are not journeys at all, since one is simply conveyed from place to place like a package. The Prince of Anhalt-Cöthen, on the contrary, was so enthusiastic a supporter of the new invention that he swore he must have a railway in his principality too, "even if it cost a thousand dollars." Still, by 1845 railways and steamers were fairly general in Europe; the new modes of conveyance were lauded in speech and poetry, and a veritable travel-fever set in, which expressed itself in literature as well as in practice; travel pictures, travel letters, travel stories became the favourite genre for writers and public alike. The increased density, speed, and capacity of traffic which was made possible by steam power did not, as most experts had foretold, mean the ruin of other methods of transport, but indirectly benefited them; in Germany in particular they led to the construction of a system of first-class roads such as France had enjoyed since Richelieu. The third great event in the field of technics, and one at least equal in importance to the invention of locomotives and steamships, was the introduction of anthracite — a discovery by which England once more was the chief gainer, since she both possessed the largest deposits and was the first to recognize their value. As she had from the beginning taken the first place in the development of machinery, so now she had the most successful equipment for the winning of the new energy-sources, and a reciprocal action set in, the more and more numerous machines demanding more and more coal, and the coal permitting the construction of more and more powerful machines. The inventors of the steam plough (Heathcoat, 1833) and of the steam hammer (Nasmyth, 1845) were British.

The high-speed press

The most important machine, however, that was born in this period was the high-speed printing press, which automatically performed the operation hitherto done by the hand press, and at a rate many times as fast. It was used for the first time in 1814 — in England, of course, though the inventor was a German, Friedrich König. The first newspaper that needed no human hand for its production was *The Times*, and it was this alliance with the machine that first gave the newspaper its character of universal

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power; a word, true or false, flies into the great, silent, expectant drum of the machine, which sucks it in, prints it, multiplies it a thousandfold, and vomits it into wherever human beings dwell, into the morning room of the bourgeois, the tavern of the rustic, the barrack-room, the palace, the basement, and the attic. And this word becomes a spell.

Slowly the triumphal march of the press passed from west to east. From the British Isles France was the first to receive it; there its mightiest potentate was Louis François Bertin, for forty years editor of the *Journal des Débats*, Bourbonist under Louis XVIII and Orleanist under Louis Philippe, whose portrait, preserved for posterity by the genius of Ingres, ought to bear the title "The Power of the Press"; and who should be remembered for yet another reason, that it was in his journal that Berlioz, with his keen sword of analysis and polemic, established the program of modern music. Another grand master of the press was Émile de Girardin, of *La Presse*, who in the middle of the thirties introduced three decisive innovations. Firstly, selling by individual copies, instead of by expensive yearly subscriptions as heretofore, made the newspaper for the first time the universal daily habit and peculiar penetrative power that it is. Secondly, by developing the advertisement business it allied itself with the other great power of the day, mercantilism. And thirdly, with the serial feuilleton, the press fused with literature. In fact, almost all French, and many British, novelists of note have begun their productive career in this form, and not seldom they have continued in it all their lives. This involved them, indeed, in the temptation to crude tensions and scaffold-pole structures and was without doubt a degradation of the story-teller's art, but on the other hand it exercised on them a benevolent pressure in the direction of popularity and gave them a peculiar *élan*; the incomparable freshness of the sketches in Thackeray's famous *Book of Snobs*, for instance, is certainly, in part at least, the result of their having been written for *Punch*.

In this field of development, too, Germany lagged behind. There there was only the semi-official press — and even that was a French invention (the prototype being Napoleon's *Moniteur*), which gave, under a mask of objectivity, only such news and views as the Emperor's Government held to be useful. This institution was further built up by Metternich, who created in all the capitals newspapers ostensibly independent, but really inspired from

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above, and managed, partly by chicanery and partly by bribery, to draw into his service much of the publicist talent of the time. Apart from these imposed politics, the papers contained only futile gossip of the day. Hoffmann von Fallersleben satirized the typical contents of the gazette of the time in verses that in their dull harmlessness are just as typical themselves. "An ensign is promoted to the rank of lieutenant, a court preacher receives an order, the lackeys receive silver braid, the leaders of society go north, and spring is here on time — how interesting, how interesting! God bless the dear Fatherland!" With the coming of the poetic school of "Young Germany," however, the newspaper began, even in the Germanic Federation, and in spite of pressure and emasculation, to spread that spirit of actuality and political interest which is characteristic of the time, and to become the ubiquitous and inevitable companion that we know, forcing itself under every door and into every pocket, as intolerable and indispensable to the Modern Man as Mephistopheles to Faust.

Lithography

For the illustrated journal lithography had somewhat the same importance as the machine press had for printed matter. Its inventor, Aloys Senefelder, originally had in mind merely the easier production of facsimiles of manuscripts, and the processes published in his *Vollständige Lehrbuch der Steindruckerei* (1818) have that object. It was others who developed his idea into a technique of lithography as such. It allowed of a speed of drawing which almost equalled that of writing, and consequently it had from the first a character of improvisation, of writing down, of dialogue, of literature; and at the same time, with its actuality and its cheapness, it was democratic, a journalism of the drawing-pen that expressed the rapid, pointed, materialistic spirit of the time as completely as the woodcut had expressed the spirit of the Reformation, and the engraving that of the Rococo — and, indeed, it is symbolic that the woodcut, which carried here, there, and everywhere the spirit of an awakening and upstriving age is a process of raised printing surfaces, whereas the engraving, which embodied the feelings of a dying and introvert epoch, is a process of hollows, and lithography a process of the flat. Incidentally, woodcut technique was at this time radically improved by the Englishman Thomas Bewick's invention of "wood-engraving," and it is significant that this was the favourite method of reproduction in harmless Germany; the *Fliegende Blätter* (1845) and the *Münchener Bilderbogen* owe their birth to it. Towards the

end of the period, beginning.

In those days Goya, Guéricault journals of a wee by Philipon im feared and finally uct of Paris. Thi in one, a razor-k never flattering n the whole gamut naïvely narrative through and thro in poverty and cl tician, financier a and critic, to the called the Rapha nine and very ch of manners than world in with the the first time in t murmured: "Da but nightmares a laugh, twitching t fist. In these fev while man bewai horror Paris, la v culture, beauty, a fat, snuffling m ume that the Du a mythology out work, but two ce far than they, the

Hegel says in guished by know multitude of obje the highest intere His nature. . . . pains and strugg condition like thi degradation, and



degradation as a peak and believes his attainment thereof to be the achievement of his true mission." But this age no longer needed to know about the Christian God, for it already possessed a god of its own: namely, Money. It will be remembered from our first volume that one of the great events that brought on the Modern Age was the decline of the economics of kind and the rise of the economics of money — or, more accurately, of gold, although there was long a certain uneasiness of conscience about gold business. Gradually, indeed, this uneasiness wore away, yet as late as the Rococo the ruling caste still knew only landownership, and its relation to money was merely that of paying it out or owning it, while even in other social strata the art of making money remained infantile, amateurish, and rudimentary. We have also alluded to the fact that the introduction of coin levelled the souls of men, in that it identified their possessions and performances by specifying these in terms of uniform metal products that could be exchanged amongst themselves at will. But a minted gold piece is still a reality, if only a very low one, and what happened now was that its place was taken by something still more soulless, the bank-paper, which is nothing but an empty fiction of a number. And it was before this nullity without essence that all mankind bent the knee, and to the winning of these papers went not merely an eased conscience, but restless ambition, passionate love, and religious fervour.

Paper money had of course long existed (we need only mention the Law catastrophe), but it was only now that it became the hero of the day and the age. Henceforth, thinking in goods was in the same relation to thinking in money as handiwork (work of the hand, the greatest artist in the world) to factory production (work of the machine, the most impersonal of all producers, which makes "numbers."), as living likeness to dead equality, as the analogy-logic of the artist of the Middle Ages, who by physiognomic insight grasped the organically-linked, to the inductive logic of the scientist and the modern era, which from mechanically juxtaposed individual cases calculates a common measure — in a word, as quality to quantity. Money is the greatest of the enemies of private property, for it is completely relationless; for that reason the very Communists do not desire to abolish it, but only to "nationalize" it, and for that reason, too, the peasant (the profoundest of the Communist's enemies), for all his avarice, nurses a deep mistrust of paper and looks even at his coins with an eye to their

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material and not their minting. Money strips all objects of their symbolism; suppositing itself as a common denominator, it robs each of its uniqueness and its soul. Money is plebeianism's most effective vehicle, for it is obtainable by all, without distinction of status or talent. Money is the milliform characterless Proteus which can turn itself into anything and necessarily therefore became the symbol and idol of a mankind that can worm its way into anything, but is itself nothing, describes everything and loves nothing, knows everything and believes nothing.

There is, further, a close interconnexion between money-economy and exact physical science, or, for that matter, modern science in general. In both there is at work the aptitude and desire to think "calculatingly" and to express everything possible in abstractions and general formulæ of world-validity. This demand for a formula such that simply everything can be brought into its scope money satisfies in the highest degree; and that is why its world-wide rule is one of the greatest triumphs — or apparent triumphs — of Rationalism. All values and realities, even the most inward and intensive, like happiness, personality, gifts, can be expressed arithmetically in money terms (or does the richest man not now count as the happiest and most admirable, and did perchance Balzac and Daumier regard their works as beyond price?). We have already, and frequently, emphasized the fact that every Culture makes, not only its own poetry and ethic, strategy and garden-art, jurisprudence and erotic, but also its own natural science; there is, therefore, a deep affinity between the plutocracy, or, rather, the plutolatry, that sprang up in this period and the contemporary rise of the doctrine of the Conservation of Energy, which asserts that light, heat, motion, electricity, and even the phenomena of life are only forms of one and the same neutral energy and can therefore be transformed into each other — in other words, that qualities are only quantities. And in truth, from the moment that one admits that all values are expressible in money, all the spiritual relations of men and all their destinies of happiness and sorrow, triumph and fall, bliss and damnation, are reducible to transformations of a money-force of which the sum, like the total energy-capital of the universe, is a fixed amount.

Georg Simmel says in his thoughtful (but unhappily rather unreadable) work *Philosophie des Geldes*: "For many people, money definitively concludes the teleological series by giving them



a measure which brings all interests together uniformly, a measure of abstract supremacy, sovereign above the particulars of life, which weakens in them the need of finding intensification of these satisfactions in the courts of religion." As man cannot at the same time believe both in God and in money, money replaces God; and precisely because it is a super-real principle, the object of a religion, it has the tendency to become an aim in itself. Men no longer pray to it, as primitives pray, in order to obtain something from it; they pray to it because it is worthy of reverence, because it is the godhead. The truly pious money-worshipper does not worship it because it can buy everything, but because it is his tribunal of highest appeal, his pole-star, that which gives meaning to his existence. It must be conceded that this is no material and crude superstition like that of the fetish-worshipper and the pilgrim, but an idolatry endowed with the highest powers of sublimation; it is no simple materialism, but prostration before an *immaterial* principle — such as in fact the Devil is. And at once there arise in the cities mighty chief temples called bourses, and crowds of smaller temples called banks, where they pray to something magic, almighty, omnipresent, but invisible; priests, reputedly initiate (though mostly ignorant or fraudulent) declare Its will and innumerable devotees gladly offer their all, murmuring in pious terror the unintelligible spell-formulæ of an alien language. Creed has become Credit.

Balzac

Nothing was more interesting to the humanity of that period than money. Even the artists liked to depict financial situations such as pawnings, bankruptcies, gaming scenes, the pedlar with his bale of goods; and Comte places the bankers at the head of the worldly government of his State of the future. The Song of Songs and Homeric epos of money's might, however, was sung by Balzac. In him everything revolves around money, it is the hero of all his creation, and he himself and all his figures are veritable satyrs of its train. With a magic hand the pulse-stopping shadow that this evil giant throws upon souls is painted on the wall. And since the poet is nothing but the megaphone of his time, he could not but proclaim, from his lonely nocturnal watch-tower, this devil's doctrine; nay, he was forced to live it himself. A poet, not unworthy to stand beside Shakspeare and Rembrandt in the power of creating men, but become the troubadour and prophet of money — Mammonism could achieve no higher triumph than this!

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ordinary literary English, it would be clumsy to call him an English author. What is truly un-English is his whole way of looking at things; in his thought it is the Scottish national character that speaks, with its contradictions and enigmas, its strange combination of dreaminess and day-shrewdness, moody irritability and sturdy resistance, melancholy and humour, selfishness and adaptability, aloofness and sociability. All these are found in Carlyle, and often in that queer magnification with which men of genius embody the characteristics of their peoples.

Finally, we must not forget that Carlyle came of a people that is credited with the gift of "second sight." This faculty may or may not be demonstrable, but that Carlyle possessed it, in another and higher sense, admits of no doubt; if one tried to summarize his essence and significance in the shortest possible way, one would call him a seer of souls.

The first half of Carlyle's life was devoted to German literature. He read Goethe and Schiller, Novalis and Jean Paul, recognized at once that here was an entirely new world of thought and creation as apart from and as far above the English as the heavens, and determined to reveal these new values to his countrymen. In this, however, he met with the greatest resistance. In England the new German literature was regarded as an attempt to give a new validity to view-points that had long been abandoned. Goethe appeared to most people as a man who had lost himself in abstruse mysticism; few of his works were known, and there was no desire to widen the acquaintance. In William Taylor's history of German literature, the only existing book on the subject, its development was stated to culminate in Kotzebue. Not that there was little interest in historical and æsthetic questions; the number of serious reviews that prospered proves the contrary. But the art-form which these cultivated was wholly unlike Carlyle's, it was in fact chattiness dignified by scientific accuracy and tasteful presentation. The most important and popular representative of this form was Lord Macaulay. His continued vogue is explained primarily by the fact that he combined two qualities that would have been self-evident in a Classical author, but are extremely rare in a modern: namely, the possession of wide knowledge and the power of imparting it to others. His lessons are as nourishing as they taste nice, and his works are entertaining in the best sense of the word. Everything, however tough or dry, became under his hands enjoyable and salubrious, and that without the slightest

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and a subtle poison of lies had permeated the whole of society. The remedy he saw, not at all in parliamentary reform, universal suffrage, or the like, but in a wise and humane government which regarded the worker not as a mere tool, but as something to be cared for in soul and in body; for the very fact of its social independence had put the proletariat in a wretched position of dependence upon the employers, its freedom being little more than a freedom to starve. In his *Past and Present*, basing himself on an old monkish chronicle of the twelfth century, he describes the monastic life of that age, not with a Romanticist halo, but as the practising of a healthy realism. These men of the Middle Ages still knew what honest work, honest obedience, and honest government meant. They willingly let themselves be ruled by better and stronger men. The relation between sovereign and subject, lord and vassal, master and serf, was primarily a moral relation, based on reciprocal loyalties, and not a mere material one based on exploitation. The relations of men were regulated, not by the law of supply and demand, but by the law of God. The practical application of all this to the present did not at all imply that we ought to return to the conditions of those days, but we could perfectly well take over what was good in them into our own. Two things, above all, these men of old could teach us: their belief in higher things, and their sanctification of work. Inequality is the natural state; it is only right and convenient that the wiser and more capable should rule over the rest. Work is not something that can be bought with pieces of money; honest work is something that concerns God: *laborare est orare*.

In his *The French Revolution: a History*, his object was to warn his countrymen by example. He saw in this "immense conflagration" a sort of divine judgment upon false rulers and priests who, without the justification of real superiority, had made laws to suit themselves against the rest; he showed the extremity at which man arrives when misled and embittered by intolerable injustice. The form of presentation is unique. The rich background is the technique of a genius of decorative painting, and in front of it performs, under flickering beams of light, an unreal puppet-world. Twenty years later Carlyle published the first two volumes of his *Frederick the Great*. He did not, certainly, idealize Frederick as one of the great men of faith, but he did look upon him as one who, in the middle of a century of false coinage and windy emptiness, never lied to another unless he had to do so, and never



men, by God, but in the end man himself works them in virtue of his command over nature; humanity's only providence is its education, its culture. Christianity is "an *idée fixe* which stands in flagrant contrast to our fire and life insurances, our railways and steamships, our galleries of painting and sculpture, our military and commercial schools, our theatres and natural-history cabinets." Obviously, theology gives way to anthropology, religious edification to lessons in ballistics and machine design, churches to picture galleries and the collections of may-bugs, Providence to the pointsman and the insurance agent.

These platitudinous products of a leathern half-education (a judgment that may sound paradoxical in view of Feuerbach's many-sided learning, until one reminds oneself that learning and education are not the same thing) culminate in the coarse-grained sensualism of "Truth, actuality, and sensuality are identical"; "Only sensualism is sun-clear, it is the secret of immediacy of knowing"; "The only gospels we should study are the gospels of our five senses"; and above even these the famous phrase: "Man is what he eats (*Der Mensch ist, was er isst*)." And their aim, as Feuerbach himself says, at the conclusion of his Heidelberg lectures, is to make men "from friends of God into friends of man, from suppliants into workers, from candidates for the Beyond into students of the Here, from Christians (who by their own confession are *half beasts* and *half angels*) into men, whole men." As there is a depth of emptiness, so there is an abyss of shallowness, and in his case an unfathomable one.

Meantime the study of Here made continued progress. After the discovery of Uranus by Herschel in 1781, unaccountable variations were found in its orbit, Leverrier came to the conclusion that only a planet could be the cause of these disturbances, and that this planet must lie beyond Uranus. After long and close investigations he succeeded in exactly locating the supposed star for a given date, and when in September 1846 he asked the observer at Berlin to search for the planet, it was found on the very same day in the predicted position. It was a triumph of pure speculative reasoning; "with the point of his pen," as the famous scientist Arago put it, Leverrier had discovered a new heavenly body. Neptune, as it was named, has a "year" of almost a hundred and sixty-five terrestrial years and until recently has been thought to be the outermost of the sun's satellites; there are, however, certainly many others still more distant, in which the astronomers

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had passed, he was not only overwhelmed with academic honours, but actually honoured with the personal title to nobility — which, as governments are on principle behind the times, is a sufficiently marked proof of the fact that he was anything but neglected. And Helmholtz himself, in his unmasking of Dühring's plagiarisms, was the first to acknowledge Mayer's priority, and that though he himself had arrived at the same results independently.

The Law of Energy states that the sum of forces that exist in the universe represents a constant quantity, which can be neither increased nor diminished, and that energy, when it seems to vanish or to appear suddenly, is merely passing from one phenomenal form to another, living energy (or energy in action) being continually transformed into potential energy (or energy in tension) and vice versa. Further, all forms of energy are capable of being turned into each other. The steam engine creates mechanical work out of heat, and mechanical processes like impact or friction generate heat. Every thermal unit corresponds to a definite equivalent of work, the quantity of heat which raises the temperature of one pound of water by one degree, the force necessary to lift one pound 425 metres. If I wind up a cross-bow, I invest work-capital in it, which remains latent, and when I shoot, this capital passes into the bolt. In the fall of a body the work that was required to raise it is transformed into motion. In water-mills the gravitational energy of the water provides the motive power, in clocks the gravity of the weight. In the passage of gaseous bodies into the liquid state, or of liquids into the solid aggregate, heat is set free, and in the reverse case it is locked up. In chemical processes, too, heat is either used up or manifested. Energy, in fact, can be neither annihilated nor newly formed, but when one entry is cancelled, an exactly equivalent entry appears somewhere or other else. This conception, which forms Nature into one gigantic ledger, with "load" on one side of the account and "manifestation" on the other, could only have emerged in an age in which the bourgeoisie was supreme.

In the period with which we are dealing, Science also recorded some practical achievements that were very much in the spirit of the time. Justus von Liebig, who founded the first chemical laboratory and in 1844 published his *Chemische Briefe* (a masterpiece of language which evoked the admiration even of Jakob Grimm), was the creator of agricultural chemistry. It starts from the consideration that plants needed, in order to flourish, not merely certain general conditions such as light, humidity, and



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The process of photography or, as it was originally called, daguerreotypy, was first published by the Paris scene-painter Louis Jacques Mandé Daguerre, who had discovered it in conjunction with Nicéphore Niepce; they first produced their pictures on silver plates. The discoverer of paper photography was Henry Fox Talbot, who coated sheets of paper with nitrate of silver. In his report to the Royal Society he observes that the thing which has become the proverbial symbol of all that is evanescent and momentary, the shadow, could now be fixed for all time in the position which had seemed to appertain to it for a mere instant. In 1835, with a camera obscura, he took views of his villa, which, he said, was the first of its kind to draw its own portrait, and shortly afterwards he discovered a fixing process.

It was wholly appropriate that this age of realism, photography, and world-travel should also produce that greatest of nineteenth-century German historians, Leopold von Ranke. He has frequently been claimed for Romanticism, but he touches it in only a few of his principles of historical philosophy. According to his penetrating and well-considered doctrine, the special character of each historical epoch consists in its "Idea," a "spiritual potentiality" that forms and guides its life in a quite definite way and from which alone, indeed, the inward unity of the epoch arises. But "the ideas by which human conditions are founded include the divine and eternal from which they gush forth, without, however, ever being complete in themselves. . . . When the time is fulfilled, there arise, above the cracking structure of the past, new efforts of a wider-reaching spiritual content that destroy it utterly. These occurrences are God's dispensations in the world." The ideas cannot be expressed in concepts, but must be perceived intuitively. "There are forces, and spiritual forces, forces that bring forth life, creative forces," "moral energies." Capable of definition and formulation they are not, but we can evoke in ourselves a sympathetic consciousness of their existence. In them resides the secret of world-history, and the task of the historian is to recognize the work of God. Still, Ranke's theory of ideas is not the essential in him. The rare qualities that enabled him to create a wholly new type of historiography — his sovereign objectivity, his razor-keen political judgment, his gift of realist psychology, his capacity for weighing historical material to fractions of an ounce and setting it all out for the reader — place him in the anti-Romantic camp. His aim, as he himself once said, was "simply to wipe himself

Ranke



* Dot: On ours!



the most recent times we ourselves have been repeating the development of the first half of the nineteenth century at a still faster rate; while the turn of the century was marked everywhere by neo-Romantic currents, and the first decade harked back to the Biedermeier, in the second decade the Expressionists and Activists took up almost every position that Young Germany had occupied. We need only compare, say, a one-act play of Maeterlinck with a Romantic destiny-drama, or a post-war tendency-piece with a play of Gutzkow, to recognize at once that progress in concentration has been very considerable.

As to political history, Hegel laid it down that every political constellation occurred twice, and herein the great historical thinker was not showing himself merely as an "inverted prophet," for the two decades that followed the mid point of the century confirmed his proposition in a most conspicuous fashion. In this period France twice adopted the republican form — momentarily in the February Revolution, but enduringly after Sedan. The Italian people rose twice against Austrian domination, vainly in 1848, but successfully in 1859. The attempt to detach the German duchies of Schleswig and Holstein from Denmark was made twice; it came to nothing in 1848, and it succeeded in 1864. The latent conflict between the two leading powers of Germany became acute twice, producing the crisis of 1850, with the diplomatic defeat of Prussia, and the war of 1866, with the military defeat of Austria. The German crown found itself twice in the hands of the King of Prussia, who rejected it in 1849 and accepted it in 1871. Always, like a refrain, the same melody appears twice, but only on the second occasion does it strike home.

The
February
Revolution

The signal for the great conflagration that gripped Europe in 1848 was, as almost always, given in France. The immediate cause of the February Revolution in Paris was the opposition to Guizot, who, as baldly doctrinaire in his policy as principal minister as he was in his learned historical works, obstinately resisted the electoral reforms that were passionately demanded. The inward causes have been elucidated with admirable insight by Lorenz von Stein in the third volume of his *Geschichte der sozialen Bewegung in Frankreich*, in which he says: "The educated ruling classes of society must appropriate the power of the State, and not because they regard this as advantageous or prudent, not because it will be easy for them, but because it is their *unalterable nature* to do so. . . . Therefore, where there exists a social class

which really conflict will alternatives possessing'd could not ta secured: from of their fear shrewdly: " that which is sequences, ev In these wor soluble tangle state there is: that it rules heads, indeed it by clearer: liant deeds an tice; not selde Its members f in every injus ruin — but it: beings, this he; to acknowledg all societies pe France and th alike succumbe alism and Cle Salvation from tion state, but's Stein concl a single night, (strange as it a the issue of thei eighteen years, t a tempest and according to the they affirm the g lution is the mo rope." The Citiz the Third Estate for power. But at

which really dominates, but which the power of the State eludes, conflict will and must ensue between them." The monarchy's only alternatives were either simply to give in or else to annihilate the possessing classes; the first course it would not, and the second it could not take. "But," continues Stein, "was the monarchy not secured from *political* overthrow by the possessing classes out of their fear of the *social* revolution?" And he answers very shrewdly: "It is *false* to believe that anything living forgoes that which is *unshakably* rooted in its nature for fear of the consequences, even to its existence, that the outcome might involve." In these words Stein lays bare the real knots in the almost insoluble tangle that we call "domestic" politics. In fact, in every state there is always but one single class that rules, and this means that it rules illegally. It is darkly conscious of this — its wisest heads, indeed, know it with entire clarity — and it seeks to justify it by clearer dialectic or fiery declamation, to soften it by brilliant deeds and merits, by private integrity, by mildness in practice; not seldom it even *suffers* under it. But it cannot help itself. Its members feel that this supremacy means their undoing — for in every injustice slumbers, maybe for centuries, the seed of its ruin — but it is far stronger than they. Deep-rooted in human beings, this heart's inertia and spiritual cowardice that never dares to acknowledge its own wrongdoing is the secret malady of which all societies perish. To it the philanthropic aristocracy of feudal France and the fraternal democracy of Revolutionary France alike succumbed. It is the common abyss that will swallow Liberalism and Clericalism, plutocracy and proletarian dictatorship. Salvation from the curse of injustice is possible only in a *Christian state*, but such a state has never yet existed.

Stein concludes with the words: "And there, in one stroke, in a single night, without great effort, without preparation, without (strange as it appears) any consciousness in the participants of the issue of their fight, it broke loose! Paris rose, and the work of eighteen years, the fine edifice of human wisdom, was seized as by a tempest and blown away. . . . If events are to be measured according to the degree of distinctness and decisiveness with which they affirm the great laws of human life, then the February Revolution is the most significant event in all the later history of Europe." The Citizen King did very ill when he set himself against the Third Estate — which had become the First — and its desire for power. But at the same time he did right, for a monarchy that


Lorenz
von Stein

A. H.

hold good of the educated or culture-man. *Fiat lux!*" The criterion of truth, according to Spencer, is the inconceivability of the opposite; our *a priori* forms of knowing have been gradually acquired by the genus by adaptation; later came conscience, as the result of generic experience of the useful. The whole structure of his philosophy, which in essence is Comtism dovetailed with Darwinism, Spencer embodied in a vast series of amazingly learned and intolerably boring volumes, which is thus ordered: *First Principles, Principles of Biology, Principles of Psychology, Principles of Sociology, Principles of Ethics*. The basic idea of the "system of Synthetic philosophy" was the following: Nothing exists but matter and motion. These continually undergo two antagonistic processes, *evolution* and *dissolution*. Evolution is always at the same time integration of matter and dissipation of motion, while dissolution is identical with disintegration of matter and absorption of motion. Further, scattered matter is in a homogeneous, and concentrated matter in a heterogeneous, condition, and evolution therefore is always differentiation. Repulsion and attraction, which move the world of bodies, are an expression of this law, which governs the whole rhythm of the universe. Intellectual life is the continuous integration and differentiation of states of consciousness. In this leathern schematism which, for all the complication of its terminology, is yet exceedingly primitive, there speaks the typical English proneness to imagine things as far simpler than they are, a trait in which his eminently practical talent comes out, for nothing is more useful for living and for commanding the world than a handy A B C formula that ignores all contradictions, subtleties, and pitfalls.

Another such philosophy was produced by Henry Thomas Buckle in his *History of Civilization in England*, which we have spoken of in our first volume. As has already been indicated there, the work contains, not the theme proper, but merely a general program. "I hope," says Buckle, "to accomplish for the history of man something equivalent, or at all events analogous, to what has been effected by other inquirers for the different branches of natural science. In regard to nature, events apparently the most irregular and capricious have been explained, and have been shown to be in accordance with certain fixed and universal laws. This has been done because men of ability, and, above all, men of patient, untiring thought have studied natural events with the view of discovering their regularity; and if human events were subjected to

* D. T. Here was the great Lever of Progress
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turn the truth of the world society upside down


 a similar treatment, we have every right to expect similar results." And he arrives by this method at the following results: "1st, That the progress of mankind depends on the success with which the laws of phenomena are investigated, and on the extent to which a knowledge of those laws is diffused. 2nd, That before such investigation can begin, a spirit of scepticism must arise, which, at first aiding the investigation, is afterwards aided by it. 3rd, That the discoveries thus made increase the influence of intellectual truths. . . . 4th, That the great enemy of this movement, and therefore the great enemy of civilization, is the protective spirit. . . ." Will it be believed that this is in fact the total philosophical content of the two volumes — though to the author himself it seemed so difficult or paradoxical that he needed some fourteen hundred pages of text and over nine hundred foot-notes to illustrate and establish them? In this heavy and crude, but human and good-natured monster of a philosopher the valuable part is the equipment: he puts before us a most skilfully grouped and intelligently developed wealth of data. It is a gigantic warehouse of historical material. The English and the French Revolutions, the ages of Louis XIV and Philip II, Iceland and Ireland, India and Mexico, legal history and botany, meteorology and moral statistics, theology and prosody, food-chemistry and seismography — all is presented cleanly and plentifully, in order to show that when man becomes cleverer, he becomes cleverer.

Darwin

All these English thinkers derive from Locke and Hume, who in turn had their roots in Bacon. Their leitmotiv, which recurs *ad nauseam*, is adoration of "experience" as a sort of Bible wherein all truths are written, and "unbroken induction," which is nothing but a subtler kind of statistics; rejection of metaphysics as a boggy or a *quantité négligeable*; explanation of all anthropological phenomena on grounds of adaptation and habit, and of all moral on those of rightly understood egoism. Hume expressed this once with all desirable clarity: "If we take in our hand any volume; of divinity or school metaphysics, for instance; let us ask, *Does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity or number?* No. *Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact and existence?* No. Commit it then to the flames; for it can contain nothing but sophistry and illusion." This is the English apperception-form; and in the second half of the nineteenth century it became the apperception-form of Europe, and it did so through Darwinism, the importance of which for this period is

similar to that the Modern Age made the period secret and rem- Charles Da "the Copernic and a pure child to knowledge, humility of a monumental y full: *On the A tion; or the P for Life*. His r works, and sup- dicated in the onstration there a fine modesty, y looked upon his researcher who hypotheses to th Lamarck. Linne- fication of anim- had included Ma had declared that created in the be that although he that there were s- terrestrial catastr new fauna and fic of Zoology, explai ences in the cond disuse of organs. Saint-Hilaire, exc the "monde ambi the controversy up 1830, Goethe took preceding century. Zoonomia, or the heredity, struggle- ciples of evolution work even in Da

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similar to that which Nominalism possesses for all the centuries of the Modern Age: namely, that in the fullest sense of the word it *made* the period, transformed it, steered it, penetrated to the most secret and remote channels of its spiritual and intellectual life.

Charles Darwin, to whom his followers gave the proud title of "the Copernicus of the organic world" — an admirable erudite and a pure childlike soul, who managed to combine a tireless urge to knowledge with the simplicity of a true gentleman and the humility of a true Christian — embodied his observations in a monumental work which appeared in 1859 and was entitled in full: *On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection; or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life*. His remaining works are only exemplifications, out-works, and supplements, and the whole basic idea is already indicated in the title of the book, which itself is only the demonstration thereof by a wealth of observational material. With a fine modesty, which came from wise self-criticism, Darwin never looked upon himself as a philosopher, but purely as a nature-researcher who collected facts and attached certain prudent hypotheses to them. His predecessors were Linnæus, Cuvier, and Lamarck. Linné, as we remember, had drawn up an exact classification of animals and plants in races, kinds, and varieties and had included Man among the mammals, but on the other hand he had declared that "there are as many species as the Infinite Being created in the beginning." Cuvier, already, went beyond this, in that although he held firmly to the Creation-dogma, he assumed that there were several Creations, which, conditioned by regular terrestrial catastrophes, brought forth in each geological age a new fauna and flora. Lamarck, on the contrary, in his *Philosophy of Zoology*, explained the evolution of the animal world by differences in the conditions of living, and principally by the use and disuse of organs. A similar theory was put forward by Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, except that he assigned first place to the factor of the "*monde ambiant*," the continually changing environment; in the controversy upon this which he fought out with Cuvier about 1830, Goethe took his part. But already towards the end of the preceding century Charles Darwin's grandfather Erasmus in his *Zoonomia, or the Laws of Organic Life*, had set up adaptation, heredity, struggle for preservation, and self-protection as principles of evolution — so that inheritance seems to have been at work even in Darwinism itself. But the decisive impulse for

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the highly artistic cathedral of a hierarchy of living things — from the unicellular first creature, through the co-ordinated but place-bound plant-animal, the mobile but soft worm, to the echinoderms, not yet possessed of limbs, the arthropods, which are still without a spinal column, the gill-breathing fish, the newts, which have both gills and lungs, the reptiles, which have only lungs, the warm-blooded birds, the mammals, with their milk-glands, the primates, with their hands and their reason, and the crown of all in Man, who is already capable of Darwinism. These fictions, so satisfying to the eye and the mind, are indeed pure poems of the intellect, "regulative ideas," but their fine clear architecture gives them a high charm of fascination; they make the world more luminous, more ordered, more rhythmical, more composed.

The reception that Darwin's work obtained immediately upon its publication has been described by Huxley with charming humour. "Everybody," he says, "has read Mr. Darwin's book or at least, has given an opinion on its merits and demerits. . . . Old ladies of both sexes consider it a decidedly dangerous book. . . . And the genuine *littérateur* is too much in the habit of acquiring his knowledge from the book he judges — as the Abyssinian is said to provide himself with steaks from the ox which carries him — to be withheld from criticism of a profound scientific work by the mere want of the requisite preliminary scientific requirement." Nevertheless, from the first there have always been some very weighty scientists who have refused their adhesion to Darwinism. Du Bois-Reymond called Haeckel's first great work, the *Generelle Morphologie*, "a poor novel," worked up after the manner of Homer's successors from fabulous genealogies; and the eminent Swiss zoologist Louis Agassiz called Darwinism "a travesty of the facts." The botanist Johannes Reinke declared, in his excellent *Einleitung in die theoretische Biologie*: "The phylogeny of organisms is not comparable in scientific value to the history, but only to the prehistory, of the human race," and Hans Driesch, a protagonist of "Neo-Vitalism," whose philosophical works have had a wide circulation in the last decades, even asserted that all Darwinists suffered from softening of the brain.

In fact, all Darwinism's positions are attackable from several sides. First, as to selection, the products of artificial selection are in no way better fitted for the "struggle for life," but even worse. The products that breeders aim at are either degenerate curiosities (such as, for instance, the Japanese gold-fish which has a four-



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as the expression of a "fixed desire, an act of will, not of the indi-
vidual, but of the species"; for example, the will to life "was
seized with desire to live on trees, to hang on their branches, to eat
their leaves, without fighting other animals, and without ever going
to ground; this longing expressed itself, through endless ages, in
the form (Platonic idea) of the sloth; what determined the struc-
ture of the animal was the way of life that it chose to follow in
order to obtain sustenance . . . exactly as a sportsman before
setting out chooses his equipment, his gun and shot and powder,
his bag, knife, and costume, according to the game that he intends
to kill. He does not shoot at a wild pig because he has a carbine,
but he took out his carbine and not his fowling-piece because he
was going after wild pig; and the bull does not gore because he has
horns, but has horns because he means to gore." It is, we cannot
too often repeat, the spirit that builds the body. If man really did
descend from the apes, he certainly did not acquire his human
qualities by being "better fitted" (for what?), but by the magic
force of the wish. The apes can neither speak nor laugh, because
obviously they have no room for dialectic and humour; but of
mimicry and of the joke, which mean a great deal to them, they
have an excellent command.

The innumerable disciples of Darwin have, for the most part,
only compromised him. The wise, kindly miscellany of the master
has been built up by limited and correspondingly conceited minds
into distorted and wooden systems. Three examples among the
many will suffice. The so-called "evolutionary mechanics," of
which Wilhelm Roux is the chief representative, holds that only
the "fit for the purpose" maintain and propagate themselves, and
that the unfit languish and die, but (teleology being anathema to
orthodox science) this is due to purely mechanical and not pur-
posive causes; so, fitness for purpose, without purpose. Nägeli's
"mechanico-physiological" theory of descent, on the contrary, at-
tributes transformation, not to the Darwinian utility-principle,
but to the "principle of perfection"; an organism perfects itself
because a principle tending thereto is active in it; but this is the
purest *a priori* scholasticism, taking one no further than Martinus
Scriblerus's entertaining explanation of the action of a turnspit
by its "meat-roasting quality." Weismann's germ-plasm theory,
again, denies the inheritance of acquired characters; but, we ask
ourselves, to what does selection refer if not to acquired characters
that are heritable? Adaptations in the Darwinian sense can only

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the air, and since then no one has doubted that they come into the world in exactly the same way as all other organisms.

This did not, however, put the problem finally to rest, for the question remains: how did the *first* living beings arise on earth? The answer of a whole series of eminent investigators is that spontaneous generation took place somewhere and somehow, and opinions are just as sharply divided now as before. While Pasteur summarized his researches in the statement that "spontaneous generation is a fable," Professor Nägeli asserts that "to deny spontaneous generation is to proclaim a miracle"; and Du Bois-Reymond said that "the first appearance of living beings on earth is merely an extraordinarily difficult mechanical problem."

The lines on which a solution of the problem is to be imagined have been accurately laid down by the physiologist Eduard Pflüger. He draws a distinction between living albumen, of which, as is well known, all organic substance is built up, and dead albumen. The characteristic of living albumen, according to his view, consists in cyanogen (CN), a body made up of an atom of carbon and one of nitrogen, which does not exist free, but only in combinations such as the potassium cyanide of which everyone has heard. Now, it is of particular significance that all cyanic compounds that are made artificially in the laboratory can only be made at high temperatures, and it is known that the earth was once at these temperatures. Hence, Pflüger says, "life was born of fire." During the immeasurably long periods in which the earth's surface was cooling, cyanogen had ample opportunity to indulge its strong penchant for polymerization, and so, with the co-operation of oxygen, water, and salt, to pass into the albumen that forms living matter. It must be admitted that this theory solves at least one difficult question: namely, how life could have existed at a time when the conditions were so utterly opposite to what they are now. The process is in fact possible always and everywhere, and it is childish in the astronomers to assert the uninhabitability of most of the other heavenly bodies merely because they think that they would find themselves uncomfortable in them.

The further career of these hot cyan-compounds has been dealt with more closely by Haeckel. According to his hypothesis, there were first formed larger molecular groupings; these then tended to gather in still larger aggregates and formed homogeneous plasm-grains. These plasm-grains condensed to balls of plasm, in which, either from surface-tension or from chemical causes, there was set



being. At the end of last century it went through a metamorphosis, like an insect shedding its skin. . . . These three stages, *ancien régime*, Revolution, and modern régime, I shall attempt to exhibit exactly as a historical anatomist would do. I have no other object but this. I handle my subject as the naturalist would handle an insect." His model (whom, however, he far surpasses in magic power of revivifying the past) was the brilliant Alexis de Tocqueville, who in his *L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution* (published in 1856) — a work of marvellous socio-psychological judgment, clear sight, and richness of ideas — attempted for the first time to give an ætiology and diagnostic of the Revolution. "My intention," he said, "has been not merely to ascertain the malady from which the patient died, but to discover the remedy which might have saved him from death. I have done as the doctors do who seek to spy out the laws of life in a worn-out organ. My aim has been to make a picture which should be true and at the same time might be instructive." This is the feature common to Tocqueville and Taine: both have didactic aims, but they pursue them by means, not of rhetoric, but of biology and a kind of spiritual chemistry. "If," says Taine, "in psychological analysis one takes the pains to recognize the constituents of every field, one will discover that the various retorts contain elements that are similar to one another. . . . The natural scientists have observed that the different organs of animals are interdependent. In the same way the historians can establish that the different dispositions and inclinations of an individual, a race, an epoch, have a correspondence among themselves. . . . The natural scientists show that in a given group in the animal kingdom the same plan of organization appears in all the species, that the paw of the dog, the hoof of the horse, the wing of the bat, the arm of the man, the fluke of the whale are the same anatomical member, which has by certain alterations adapted itself to the most varied tasks. By a like method historians can show that in the same school, the same century, the same people, persons who differ completely from one another in situation, ancestry, education, and character all present a similar type, a nucleus of basic capacities and dispositions which, abbreviated, interlinked, and intensified in the most diverse ways, embody the unity of the group in its heterogeneity. . . . No one reproaches the heron for its long, fragile legs, its thin body, its contemplative immovable attitude, or blames the frigate-bird for its gigantic wings and pitiful feet; in the heron, leanness and in the

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* frigate-bird lack of even proportions constitute beauty. The one and the other characteristic disclose an idea in nature, and the business of the naturalist is to understand it and not to mock at it. He accepts her varied forms, rejects none and describes all." Taine makes up his cultural-psychological equations with four algebraic quantities, *race, milieu, moment, and faculté maitresse*. "Vice and virtue are products just as vitriol and sugar are," so runs the famous sentence in the preface to his *Littérature anglaise*, which created such an uproar in France — quite unreasonably, for it was simply a formulation of the Gallic creed. In fact, Taine represents one of the highest intellectual triumphs of the race whose *faculté maitresse* is Cartesianism; here once more is the whole Versailles of philosophy in its cold splendour; the spirit of analytical dissection and constructive architecture, whose tools — handled with hair's-breadth precision — are the scalpel of the logician and the compasses of the geometer. There is yet another reason why the "*Milieu-theory*" could have originated only in France; only there is there such an all-powerful social environment as in a measure to justify the theory. Leopold Ziegler says in a remarkable essay: "The Frenchman's conventional view of certain facts of actuality stands out sharply in contrast to our German selfness (*Eigenheit*). . . . This born talent for all actuality, in so far as it is conventional in origin, appears to have gradually sharpened the eye for the phenomena of sociability, in a widened sense of the word; namely, for everything that binds persons and things together, that is for them a foundation of life and a condition of community." At bottom, this too is a product of the Cartesian Rationalism; we need only remind ourselves how profoundly Descartes, both in his philosophy and in his private life, respected Church, State, and society as higher powers. In France the belief in, or superstition of, the uniformity of men and their origin in the same mint has always determined the life-feeling — herein Richelieu and Robespierre, Racine and Rousseau, were wholly at one. On the other hand it is this tacit inward consensus of a whole human variety that has given it the capacity for supreme cultural achievement. The Frenchman wears a uniform all his life, but it is a very fine one.

If Darwinism stripped nature of soul, Taine took the inevitable second step of reducing soul to a natural phenomenon, and morals to physics. The birth of a nation, a culture, an art-creation, a genius, is nothing but an involved problem of mechanical or

* Women are invariably susceptible to this principle which is why they found Collopl so attractive. His idea might be hideous, but he was such a perfect gentleman.

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* D.T. Beauty is the found in the best exemplification of an idea or other thing. Now could any alligator ever be beautiful.



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Flaubert

geometrical calculation. If we know its parts, we can reconstruct the apparatus; if we know its equation, we can draw the curve. With any other man this ghastly scheme would have remained a dry and murky school-desk problem, but in Taine's hands it filled up with flesh and blood, sap and sun, colour and brilliance. He is not only the philosopher of literary Impressionism, but also, from the literary point of view itself, one of its most finished representatives. He was an event that would have been impossible anywhere but in France: namely, a doctrinaire and pedantic savant who was at the same time one of the most powerfully imaginative creators of men and magicians of words. In him, once more, we see that in art what matters is never the plausibility, but always and only the force, of vision. With his four rusty keys he opens for the astounded spectator imaginary picture-galleries of such fairy brilliance that doubt is perforce silent.

His poetic method, as we have said, is the Impressionistic; artful composition of innumerable "*petits faits significatifs*" observed with the keenest eye and the finest colour-sense. The same method was employed by Flaubert. The origins of Flaubert really lie still in the Romantic; his cosmic underfeeling is the "*désenchantement de la vie*," only it is congealed into the atheism of worshipping only the "little facts." His gloomy thoroughness is human stupidity, and his work is one gigantic glossary, herbary, bestiary, a comprehensive morphology, biology, œcology of every human limitation; in fact his last work (which remained a fragment) was even intended to put all these — and nothing else — into actual systematic form. But by that very token he is the opposite pole to Romanticism, for he rejects all stylization, transfiguration, and embellishment of actuality, forgoes all bright bits of mosaic-glass, and shows man in his insignificance, smallness, ordinariness, and indeed contemptibleness; his heroes are no longer heroes. He depicts his world with the same scientific thoroughness and coldness as an entomologist dealing with an ant-heap or a beehive; there is not a thread of the subjective in his whole fabric. He said himself that "the author must be in his work like God in the universe, omnipresent and never visible." But does not the author resemble God in this, too, that he lives in his creatures like a father in his children? Surely, and Flaubert is no exception to the rule. The unheard-of novelty of his scientific and unsentimental method deceived his contemporaries and himself alike; in reality, in him as in any and every artist an understanding love was the creative

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a symbol of all hunting-adventures. Is not the difference between him and a "Nimrod" merely that between two aspects, that are just as equivalent before the soul as a body and its projection are in the mind of a geometer? Is he a king or a fool, a snob or a poet? Looked at in this spirit, even the wax hand and the glass eye can acquire life: namely, as soon as we put life into them. And therefore it is very probable that the Muses do not condemn the æsthete, but only laugh at him — and musingly, at that.

Beyond the ocean, too, Anglo-Saxondom produced new forms. The first to sing the world of America with its own harmonies was Walt Whitman, an untamed, gigantic, even barbaric shoot of Nature, that sprang up on the raw, rich soil of his country untended and, for a long time, unnoticed. Whitman like a true American had followed all callings and none — errand-boy, book-printer, village teacher, trader, lawyer's clerk, editor, and (in the Civil War) volunteer nurse. In 1855 appeared his *Leaves of Grass*, set up by his own hands and bound in green linen, a volume of barely a hundred pages, which laid the foundations of his future fame. Its title and content are explained in his words: "I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars." They are poems in the sense that the Psalms are poems, eruptions whose poetry lies in their force and elementalness: "Camerado, this is no book, who touches this touches a man." They draw their power from their wholly new tone and from a most refreshing uneducatedness that knows nothing of the restraints of form and logic. Their basic feeling is a sort of rabid pantheism and a trampling and trumpeting optimism: "I exist as I am, that is enough. If no other in the world be aware, I sit content. If the whole world be aware, I sit content." "To me every hour of light and dark is a miracle, Every cubic inch of space is a miracle, Every square yard of the surface of the earth is spread with the same, Every foot of the interior swarms with the same." It was said of him that outwardly he had the appearance and ways of an elephant, and so he was also as a poet, elemental as the forest, kindly, shrewd, humorous, colossal, useless in a room.

The intellectual centre of North America was Massachusetts. From there, as early as the first half of the eighteenth century, the clergyman Jonathan Edwards had given a lead to thought with a philosophy that, starting from Augustine and Malebranche, regarded all happenings as "God's actings"; we can, he taught, see all things only in God and through God. There also lived Henry



Whitman
and
Thoreau

we see it only
through God.
This could only
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accept the name, provided always that we do not give it the specific meaning that it has possessed since Kant. For into the epistemological problem Emerson in general put very little of his thought. Artist-natures in fact usually do pass it by; as is well known, even Goethe did not bother himself with it overmuch. Still, it can quite well be said that Emerson was a philosophical idealist, for he possessed what might be called the "transcendental organ." He knew and felt what all profound natures feel, that Reality is something that men can never reach. But he did not arrive at this world-view through scientific investigations, but by way of feeling. One of the finest passages in his essay on "Experience" runs thus: "Was it Boscovich who found out that bodies never come in contact? Well, souls never touch their objects. An innavigable sea washes with silent waves between us and the things we aim at and converse with. Grief too will make us idealists. In the death of my son, now more than two years ago, I seem to have lost a beautiful estate, — no more. I cannot get it nearer to me. . . . So is it with this calamity; it does not touch me. . . . I grieve that grief can teach me nothing, nor carry me one step into real nature. The Indian who was laid under a curse that the wind should not blow on him, nor water flow to him, nor fire burn him, is a type of us all. The dearest events are summer-rain, and we the Para coats that shed every drop. Nothing is left us now but death. We look to that with a grim satisfaction, saying, There at least is reality that will not dodge us."

Kant never spoke thus. He had given Phenomenalism such foundations as no one could overset, but after he had seen this task through with energy and thoroughness, he quietly turned to his scientific work like any Positivist. He had, as it were, only "salved" himself. Emerson, on the contrary, never had a thought of discovering theoretical foundations for Idealism. But although, as compared with Kant, he is a naïve empiricist, yet through all his writings there runs a note of deep phenomenism, and a line of direct scepticism can still be detected in his epideictic statements.

He is an absolute Impressionist, in his style, his composition, and his thought. He never propounds his ideas in a definite logical or artistic form, but always in the natural and often accidental order which they have in his head. He knows only provisional opinions, momentary truths. He never sacrifices the truth of even a single word, sentence, or idea to the architecture of the whole. Things like "order of content," "introduction," "transitions," do

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discredit the newer philosophy that has arisen in the mean time. Even the admirable Kuno Fischer lost no opportunity of playing off Schopenhauer against Nietzsche. In 1791, ten years before the appearance of the *Critique of Pure Reason*, the Berlin Royal Academy of Science set the prize question: Wherein lies the real progress made by metaphysics in Germany since Leibniz and Wolf? A certain Professor Schwab of Tübingen demonstrated in a vast treatise that it had made *no* progress. He was awarded the prize.

Schopenhauer says, in his work on *Genius*, that all great theoretical achievements, no matter in what domain, are brought about by their originator's directing all the forces of his mind towards *one* point, at which he assembles and concentrates them with such strength, firmness, and exclusivity that all the rest of the world vanishes as far as he is concerned, and his subject fills out all reality for him. "Talent is able to achieve that which surpasses others' ability to perform, though not their ability to apprehend; it therefore immediately finds its appreciators. On the other hand, the achievement of genius goes beyond not only others' ability to perform, but their ability to apprehend; therefore these others do not directly perceive it. Talent is like a marksman who hits a target that the rest cannot reach; genius, one who hits a target which they cannot even sight: they therefore receive intelligence of it only indirectly — that is, late — and take even that on trust"; "the structure of the brain and the nervous system is the inheritance from the mother. This, however, is entirely insufficient to bring forth the phenomenon of genius unless, as an inheritance from the father, a lively, passionate temperament is added . . . when the condition which depends on the father is missing, the favourable structure of the brain coming from the mother will produce at best a talent, a fine understanding which is supported by the phlegm which then steps in: but a phlegmatic genius is impossible"; "every genius is a child, from the very reason that he looks out on the world as on a strange one. . . . He who does not remain all his life to some extent a big child, but turns into an earnest, sober, thoroughly settled and sensible man, can be a very useful and worthy citizen of this world, but a genius — never!" These sentences contain an exhaustive characterization of Schopenhauer himself. All the distinguishing marks of genius that he emphasizes are to be found in him: the concentration of his whole existence on a single object that to him replaces

whole dreamlike existence in which we are sunk, in that we hold the original elements of the same each in his own hand and can now see how time, space, and causality, linked together by the synthetic unity of the apperception of all phenomena, render possible the experiential complex of the whole and its course constituting our world, which is so greatly conditioned by the intellect and on that very account is only appearance." In his unqualified Phenomenalism Schopenhauer is in full agreement with Kant. "The world is my imagination": with these words his principal work opens. To be an object is to be conceived by a subject. The thing conceived is no other than the conception. In the closer doctrine of the transcendental faculties, however, he diverges from Kant. Of the twelve Categories he will allow only causality; the other eleven he calls blind windows. But causality is for him no category, no conception of reason, but a form of intuition, the one and only form of it, indeed, since space and time also are causality, in that through them things appear as if connected by laws, *causing* each other, in relation either to position or to succession: to be an object, to be conceived, is to be based, to be necessary; but this necessity has manifestly only a phenomenal character. The illusion of the world, we are told in *Über den Tod und sein Verhältnis zur Unzerstörbarkeit unseres Wesens an sich*, is produced by the apparatus of two polished glasses (functions of the brain) through which alone we are able to see anything. They are called space and time, and, in their reciprocal interpenetration, causality. Matter Schopenhauer defines with sublime simplicity as the "perceptibility of time and space" or "causality become objective." As to the thing-in-itself, we naturally cannot arrive at this by means of imagination, but we do so by another way, which opens the window by treachery, as it were. The traitor is our self-consciousness. Our body is given us twice over: once from without, as a conception, and once from within, as will: the world is will and conception. The world is the *essence* of things and, in all its characteristics, the opposite of the phenomenon. Appearance is manifold, transitory, and subject to causality; will is indivisible, everlasting, omnipresent, free. The will is Being-in-itself, the substance of the world; the intellect only accident and secondary product. By the intellect we *apprehend*, by the will we *are*. The intellect is merely the tool. The unperceiving will stands to it in the relation of the roots of a tree to its summit or, to take a more comprehensive comparison, of the blind man to the lame one

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whom he carries on his shoulders. Nature is the visibleness of the will to life. It forms a graduated series of objectivations of the will: from the stone, which is the will to fall, to the brain, which is the will to think. The will appears at the lowest stage as the "mechanical, chemical, physical cause," in the plant as "attraction," in the animal as "intuitive motive," and in man as "abstract, thought-out motive." This will of Schopenhauer's is no Scholastic principle, no "*ens rationis*," no "word of uncertain fluctuating meaning," "but," says Schopenhauer, "if anyone asks me what it is, I refer him to his own inward self, where he will find it complete, and indeed of immense magnitude, a true *ens realissimum*. It will be seen, therefore, that I have not explained the world by unknown factors, but rather by the best known of all, which is known in quite a different way from anything else."

In this realm of the will there reign the gloomy powers of pain and death, disappointment and boredom, while pleasures and blessings are pure illusions. In the end death must win, for we were allotted to him at birth and he is only playing with his prey a little while before he swallows it. Meanwhile we go on living, with much interest and great care, for as long as possible, just as one blows a soap-bubble to last as long and grow as big as possible, although absolutely certain that it will burst. The life of the vast majority of people is a dull striving and torment, a dreamlike reeling through the four ages down to death, accompanied by a string of trivial ideas; they are like clocks and watches that are wound up and go, without knowing why. The wild ones devour one another, and the tame deceive one another, and this is called the way of the world. On the stage one man plays the prince or general, another the manservant or soldier, but the differences are only in externals; inside them all there is the same thing — a poor comedian and his worries and his poverty. In life it is the same. Most of the splendours are merely shams like theatre decorations. Our expressions of joy are usually but the hanging sign, the notification, the hieroglyph, of joy; they aim only at making others believe that joy has entered in, whereas it alone has declined the invitation to the feast. In the midst of this tragedy of emptiness and suffering we meet only one variety of happy people: the lovers. But why do they exchange glances so privately, fearfully, and stealthily? "Because lovers are the traitors who secretly try to perpetuate the whole misery and drudgery which would otherwise speedily come to an end."



serious, making not a single joke, and the Crown Prince enters this astonishing fact in his diary.

We might carry out the parallel in still more details. It seems to me particularly noteworthy that neither was Bismarck a militarist, often as one hears the contrary; he, likewise, looked upon war as an "emetic," although, once he considered it to be unavoidable, he sought to guide it towards a favourable moment, and this made him appear to be the aggressor; finally, he too was no monarchist. He was a royalist, emphatically, but that is not the same thing. His devotion to the dynasty was rooted in the feudal traditions of *his* house, and his attitude towards the Hohenzollerns had ever a touch of the Fronde below the surface. Most surprising of all is that he had even "physiological inferiority" in common with Frederick the Great. He was by no means the stony Roland that the people supposed him to be, but was the very type of a decadent. Above all, he was a really classical specimen of a neurotic, in that with him psychical attacks regularly turned into physical ones: for instance, vexation and disappointment turned into trigeminal pains. No *maléquilibré* of the *fin de siècle* surpassed him in irritability and lability of the nervous system. An "Iron Chancellor" who goes into hysterics when he cannot impose his will is really a very curious phenomenon, quite as curious in its way as a "German hero-King" who writes French alexandrines between two battles. Last of all, the two men had similar fates on their way to death and after death. They became so spiritualized in their last years as to be almost unreal, and have been the objects of furious discussion by posterity down to the present day, now worshipped as demigods, now branded as scoundrels and even criminals.

One may say that Nature really only produces her creatures to show, in each case, what a single organ can do when it reaches the extreme limits of its size and power. The tiger is all devouring jaw, the elephant nothing but a gigantic seizing and groping trunk, the cow a strolling stomach which chews and digests, the dog a "detective" nose on four feet. With the human race this process repeats itself on the intellectual plane in the creation of genius. Every genius is the amazing hypertrophy of a spiritual potency. Shakspeare is all imagination, Goethe all perception, a vast inner eye. In Kant, as we have shown in detail, it was the capacity for *theoretical* understanding that developed to such superhuman dimensions, and in Bismarck *practical* understanding. What is meant by this is explained by a saying of Schopenhauer's: "The

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beings are in the possession of the secret of how they ought to live, but the magnificent and unique invention that each one of them embodies is hardly ever realized. This was precisely the great new meaning of Christianity: it taught men that the essential is not knowing, but being. A man who knows but a few truths, and yet lives them, will lead a godly life. A man who possesses all the wisdom in the world, yet only in his head as a dead program, may with it all have gone completely to the Devil.

In this sense Bismarck was a great Christian. He had wise and bold ideas; so had others. He, however, filled them with his strong *Junker* blood and *lived* them: the last hero that the modern age has seen.

To understand historically the origin of that which Bismarck brought about we must look as far as America. It was from there that the first powerful blow was dealt at the French Empire, on which fortune had smiled for half a generation. The new continent, which, ever since its emancipation, had been vigorously developing, made astonishing economic progress from about the middle of the century onward. The electrifying slogan was "Westward ho!" Contrary to European custom, railways were built before the new settlement areas were opened up. Thus at a time when communication between Munich and Vienna was still by coach, railway tracks were laid in the New World over immense stretches of totally uninhabited country. In 1845 Texas was brought into the Union, and in 1848 Mexico was forced to hand over New Mexico and California — about half of its territory — to the United States. In the same year a second alarm was sounded: Gold in California! An immense stream of immigrants now hurried westward. It was not the gold alone that enticed them, but the abundance of other treasures of the soil as well: minerals, oils, coal, and magnificent vegetation which produced fruit, vegetables, grain, and cattle-fodder in unheard-of quality. Meanwhile a strong opposition had developed between the Northern and Southern states. In the South a planter aristocracy lived on large and profitable plantations side by side with the "poor whites," who were almost as much slaves as the Negroes. The main products were rice, sugar, tobacco, and, above all, cotton. (The motto of the South was "Cotton is king.") The political and economic superiority of the South was based on its wealth, and that in its turn on slavery. In the North, where farming and manufactures predominated, the Negro was less needed and could probably not



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*The War of
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system was truly Austrian in its reactionary worship of the past, its bureaucracy hypnotized by maps, and its lack of imagination which led to a faith in repetition.

Moltke thought otherwise. Strategy was, for him, "the application of sound human understanding to the conduct of war." Which says everything. His principle of "marching apart, striking together," was designed to secure freedom of operations for as long as possible, and in this he had the support of the new technical aids, train and telegraph, in the rapid and unexpected redistribution of troops. Correctly diagnosing the military weakness of Germany, he decided to send six sevenths of the Prussian force against Austria, causing them to march into Bohemia from three sides and move on Gitschin. The success of this plan meant practically that the war was won, for the Austrians were thereby thrown back on the inner line — a situation which has its advantages, but only when the army has a sufficiently large area in which to operate and can exploit it with the verve and presence of mind of a Napoleon or Frederick. Moreover, all great poets, from Shakspeare to Busch, have long since realized that names are no casual externals, but the secret labels of destiny. Was it likely that a man called Moltke would be defeated by a man called Krismanich?

Königgrätz

At the outset the war seemed to promise well for the Austrians. On June 27 they defeated a Prussian corps at Trautenau, and their own defeat on the same day at Nachod was reported to Vienna as a victory. But during the two following days they were unsuccessful in actions at Soor, Skalitz, Trautenau, Königinhof, Schweinschädel, and Münchengrätz and finally driven back by the I and Elbe Armies, which had by then got in touch with each other, at the battle of Gitschin. Benedek telegraphed to Franz Josef: "Urgently beg Your Majesty to conclude peace at any price. Army catastrophe unavoidable." The Emperor replied: "Impossible to conclude peace. If retreat necessary, let it proceed. Has a battle taken place?" Translated from the Habsburgian, this reads: the prestige of the dynasty demands in any case a decisive battle.

The battle of Königgrätz on July 3, 1866, which brought larger masses into the field than the battle of Leipzig, was the greatest of the century and at the same time the first test of the new Moltke method, the most forceful envelopment battle hitherto known to history. Moltke intended even greater things than he achieved,

his idea being worked to coordinate leadership, his ideas another, his power Staff, and the extremes, partly, no doubt, outlook of his own great be the aggressive sense of responsibility did him the

The battle of the fortress of Königgrätz apart. The forces of the opposite sides added, for Benedek, had had the troops of the two halves of the two halves about one half that the victor Austrian centenary tributary of the were covered in rear. The Prussian was formed of the wing of the Elbe and the left wing Prince. This late the night of July the battle. The enemy's left wing Army made. Consequently Benedek, and offensive at the complete annihilation rested mainly leave it, all the



in Georg Simmel's remark: "Nothing ever happened in the world as the prophets and leaders wished it to do, but without prophets and leaders it would not have happened at all." We must remember also a point that was made in the Introduction to this book: that the age is the creation of its great man, but also that the great man is just as much the product of the age. The age is his breath of life, the sum of his biological premisses; he cannot emancipate himself from this medium. He belongs to it as does every living thing to its species: the structure of its spiritual anatomy, its intellectual metabolism, is his also. The philosophy of Socrates, wise and virtuous as it was, is nevertheless the growth of an age of sophistry. Shakspeare, as an imperishable reflection of the Elizabethan era, is a barbarian; Luther, as the son of the Reformation world, a grand plebeian; and Nietzsche had no choice but to be a Darwinian and Antichristian.

The smoothness and precision with which the German war-machine functioned in 1870 was a great surprise to all Europe, and almost equally surprising was the complete failure of the French. Their relative positions were indeed paradoxical from the standpoint of national psychology. For whereas the soul of the German had, in the entire course of his history, been dominated by the brewing, the obscure, the world-remote, the formless—in a word, the cloud—the ideal of the French mind had ever been strict centripetality, order, *clarté, logique*. But it may occasionally happen that a specially tenacious and long-cherished habit of mind will suddenly swing to the opposite extreme on coming up against reality. We have shown in the preceding volume that the Rationalist trend towards regularity and clarity, which produced such admirable results in French art and literature at their highest peaks, may easily lead to pedantry, the mortal enemy of reality, akin to foolishness. On the other hand, it was inevitable that the German urge to the intellectual world-outlook should sooner or later express itself in actually mastering its objects. Edmond de Goncourt tells us in his war diary that Berthelot (a great savant, epoch-making in chemistry, particularly the chemistry of alcohols) once said to him: "No, it is not so much the superiority of the artillery, it is something quite different, and I will explain it to you. The state of things is this: when the Chief of the Prussian General Staff receives an order to send up an army corps at a particular time to a particular point, he gets his maps, studies the ground, calculates the time that each corps will require to

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half of July was the lightest in worry or work of his whole official life. Nevertheless Moltke was prepared for the possibility that the enemy might get ahead of him in the deployment, and when the war broke out, he said: "If the enemy crosses the Rhine before July 25, we shall be unable to stop him and must try to force him back later; if he waits until August 1 to do so, we shall fight him on the left bank of the Rhine; and if by August 4 he has not invaded us, it will be on that day that we shall cross the frontier." It was the last of these alternatives which happened. On August 3 there were three Prussian armies concentrated between the Moselle and the Rhine: the I Army under General von Steinmetz, the II Army under Prince Friedrich Karl, the III Army under the Crown Prince. Moltke's intention was, broadly, to take Paris and force the enemy from the south of France up to the north. He says emphatically, in his *Geschichte des deutsch-französischen Krieges*: "It is a delusion to suppose that we can fix upon a plan of campaign far ahead and carry it through to the end. The first encounter with the enemy main forces creates a new situation according to the way it falls out. Much that one may have intended becomes impracticable, and many a thing becomes possible which could not have been forecast. To take in the altered circumstances and thereupon to arrange and carry out with decision that which is expedient is all that the supreme command can do." This elasticity secured for him the initiative throughout the war. On August 2 the French occupied Saarbrücken in the presence of the Emperor. This was reported to Paris as a brilliant victory: "Our army," said the official report, "flooded the Prussian territory." It proved to be a mere gust of air, for they had had to deal with only three companies. On August 4 the advanced guard of the German III Army crossed the frontier punctually according to Moltke's program and took Weissenburg; and on August 5 the same army defeated MacMahon in the battle of Wörth and forced him to fall back on the fortified camp at Châlons. On August 6 portions of the I and II Armies attacked Bazaine and stormed the strongly entrenched heights of Spicheren, which were considered well-nigh impregnable. Portions of the III Army, under General von Werder, bombarded Strassburg. Thereupon Bazaine decided to march to Châlons also and join MacMahon. But his retreat was cut off by the great battles of Vionville-Mars-la-Tour on August 16 and Gravelotte-Saint-Privat on the 18th, and his whole army forced into the fortress of Metz and there im-

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ked to Bismarck:
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battle!" As regards Russia, Prince Gorchakov, the Imperial
Chancellor, stated in a circular letter on October 3 that the Treaty
of Paris had been broken several times and that Russia no longer
considered herself bound by the decision which declared the Black
Sea to be neutral. Thereupon, at Bismarck's instigation, a confer-
ence was called, at which Russia secured the passage of the Straits
for her mercantile fleet, and the right to keep warships in the Black
Sea and to build fortifications on it. This was a sort of acknowl-
edgment on the part of Prussia for the diplomatic pressure that
Russia had exercised on Austria at the outbreak of war. In Eng-
land sympathy had at first been on the side of Germany, par-
ticularly as Bismarck had seen to it that the negotiations into
which Benedetti had entered with him as far back as 1866 should
become known there in good time. Then, when the unbroken
string of defeats made the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine a cer-
tainty, more and more voices were heard asking for intervention
on behalf of the vanquished. Public opinion veered round to
some extent when Carlyle wrote his letter to *The Times* on
November 18, in which he said that the Germans had only taken
back what had once been "wrenched" from them, and that
"noble, patient, deep, pious, and solid Germany" should be at
length welded into a nation and become Queen of the Continent
instead of "vapouring, vainglorious, gesticulating, quarrelsome,
restless France." Soon after Sedan, Thiers made the round of the
European capitals in the hope of persuading governments to inter-
vene, but everywhere he received rebuffs. Gladstone told him that
the Cabinet could only act simply as mediator. Beust said that
Austria could only decide when she knew what Russia was going
to do. Gorchakov could only promise to do his best to bring about
an acceptable peace, Victor Emmanuel retired behind his ministry,
which pointed out that without parliament it could take no steps
—and parliament was not there. Beust, who politically was al-
ways on any side opposed to Prussia, summed up the position
with resignation, saying: "I no longer see Europe." Bismarck was
nevertheless full of fears. "The least shock given by one cabinet
to another would have sufficed," he wrote. "The danger of
Europe's intervention is a daily anxiety to me." And in fact Russia
or England had only to summon a congress, and everything would
have been in the melting-pot. Neither was the union of the princes of the German Empire
brought about without much anxiety on Bismarck's part. The

waited upon him on his eightieth birthday, "reaches back in origin almost to the age of the sagas. The dominion of the old German emperors of the Holy Roman Empire extended, remember, from the North Sea to Apulia." But the alliance had, as its text unmistakably indicates, a purely defensive character: it guaranteed to the three empires their possessions (in particular, the Vosges frontier to Germany, and to Italy the Papal State, whose re-establishment was always kept in view by Clerical circles in France); it was most definitely, so far as Italy's intention was concerned, not directed against England, and it was therefore practically non-existent in the event of a German-English conflict — which, of course, in 1882, was a wholly unlikely conjuncture. Not that Bismarck ever permitted himself any illusions as to the value of the treaty: it would satisfy him, he said, if an Italian drummer were put on the Alps to keep a part of the French army away from the eastern frontier in case of war. In 1883 Roumania was admitted to the Triple Alliance, and in 1887 Bismarck crowned the structure by his "Reinsurance Treaty," by which Germany and Russia guaranteed each other an attitude of friendly neutrality in case of attack from any other power. This covered Russia against Austria, for whom aggressive action was impossible without German assistance, and Germany against France, who, again, could not dream of striking without Russia; should Russia attack, however, the Triple Alliance would come into force. As we see, it was constructed on a most complicated system, which could only be maintained by constant, cautious, and clear-sighted moves of the pieces and was bound to crash from the moment that the inspired manipulator removed his hand. The calamity lay in the fact that the only available allies for the German Empire were Russia and Austria; if it turned to Austria, it drove Russia to a French alliance; if it turned to Russia, there was always the danger of being absorbed in its sphere of influence and forfeiting its independence as a great power. Yet it seemed better to choose Russia, for she was the strongest military power outside Germany with whom the Empire had no accounts to settle and whose political interests were practically identical with its own. A German-Russian bloc would indeed have been the firmest guarantee of European peace. There was, however, an important obstacle; a close alliance with the Empire of the Tsars would sooner or later have meant the liquidation of Austria, and this would leave Germany completely isolated between France

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and a Russia that had encroached far into Europe, and thus exposed to the constant danger of a war on two fronts.

It may be said without exaggeration that during the second decade of its existence the German Empire stood politically at the head of Europe. But as regards the intellectual outlook of its inhabitants, Nietzsche as early as 1873 spoke of the "extirpation of the German soul for the benefit of the German Empire." As to its spiritual condition, Lagarde said, in 1881: "The German of the new Empire is qualifying more and more for the state of mind described, not too elegantly, by its Chancellor as general parasitism; and it would be difficult to maintain that such a state of mind is favourable to the formation of character"; while as regards the moral structure, the one word "capitalism" adequately describes it. In 1875 Friedrich Albert Lange produced *Geschichte des Materialismus und Kritik seiner Bedeutung in der Gegenwart*, an important work, imbued with the finest traditions of classical German philosophy and far in advance of its age. In it we read: "The great interest of people in this period is not, as in Antiquity, immediate pleasure, but the creation of capital. The pleasure of our own times, for which we are so widely censured, looms by no means so large in a comparative view of cultural history as the work-mania of our industrial organizers and the work-hardships of our industrial slaves . . . to scrape together the means for enjoyment, then spend these means, not on enjoyment, but chiefly on earning over again: this is the predominant characteristic of our age." And, in truth, it was only now that capital had become an end in itself, a triumphant beast that devoured its own children: a senseless, paradoxical development-process of horribly grotesque uniqueness, which has never before existed and, in all probability, will never recur; a dark and terrifying riddle in the ensemble of world-history, which confronts us with the question as to whether so-called "modern man" is not in reality mad. Certainly his extreme (that is, pathological) Rationalism is a plausible collateral indication of it. To a later generation, at any rate, he will indubitably appear mad.

In another book emanating from the same decade: *Der Kampf ums Recht*, by the other famous legal historian Rudolf von Jhering, there is a passage that is likewise very characteristic, though as a self-presentation and not a criticism of the age. Jhering says — and this is the basic idea which runs through the whole exposition — that opposition to any form of injustice whatever is

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one's duty: "the duty of the one who is in the right towards himself, for it is a law of moral self-preservation"; "the force with which the sense of justice actually reacts against an injury received is the touchstone of his healthy condition"; "law, though prose in the region of the purely material, becomes poetry in the sphere of the personal, when it is fighting for right and for the assertion of personality; the fight for the right is the poetry of character." We must admit that this standpoint of Ihering's not only shows depth and insight, but is also lofty and pure. At the same time, he shows what had become of the German ethos when so shining a light of abstract research could be so far converted to the "practical philosophy" of a sublimated rowdy or, more briefly, to Anglo-Saxondom, whose religion (as was shown in our second volume with reference to Milton and Cromwell) is no more than a relapse into the Old Testament under a mask of Christianity, if not, indeed, into the heathendom of Antichrist. For the fight for the right, which (as we should be the last to deny) may rise to the height of a "poetry of character," would, if it were taken as the main driving-force in the history of mankind, at best make a mere wild-Indian story of it. An outward expression of this changed world-outlook is the new speaking accent which came into fashion at that time. Nietzsche says of it in his *Fröhliche Wissenschaft*: "Something mocking, cold, indifferent, negligent in the voice: that is what now passes for 'superior' German. . . even little girls imitate this officers' German — for the officer, and the Prussian officer at that, is the inventor of these sounds." What we find in the written style of contemporary philosophers, of whom David Friedrich Strauss may stand as the representative type, is only a variation of this scale. In *Der alte und der neue Glaube*, a work of his old age, he combines in a strange fashion stolid narrow-mindedness and arrogant opinionated hectoring with a drab and sometimes uncanny detachment of delivery. The success of this book may have been owing to an effect similar to that experienced by the Inspector in Strindberg's *Am offenen Meer* after the conversation with the Counsellor's wife and her daughter: "the feeling that one has on visiting a mill, where there is a certain agreeableness in seeing everything covered with a soft whitish flour tone." Speaking of Genesis, he writes: "The sun is created on the fourth day only, although for three days previously the alternation of day and night, which is unthinkable without the sun, is supposed to have taken place. Further, the earth is created



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several days before like that of the thrown in quite relative ranks of to an inspired r land are suppose vegetable world thousands, but of sary for this formation, on the level almost every page ine prayer is that bring about some sentence — in for law-book — is on self a crass dilett it bluntly at last,

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several days before the sun, and the sun's relation to the earth, like that of the moon, is purely one of service, the stars being thrown in quite as an afterthought—an inversion of the true relative ranks of the heavenly bodies which is not very creditable to an inspired revelation. . . . On one day, the third, sea and land are supposed to have been separated and, in addition, all the vegetable world created; whereas our geologists can tell, not of thousands, but of hundreds of thousands of years that were necessary for this formative process." This kind of leathern argumentation, on the level of a people's educational institute, is found on almost every page. On prayer he writes: "The only true and genuine prayer is that in which the person praying hopes if possible to bring about something which otherwise would not happen"; this sentence—in form a classic case of the stilted phrasing of the law-book—is one of the many in which the author proves himself a crass dilettante, and ignoramus on religious topics or, to put it bluntly at last, the perfect type of an intellectual ass.

Almost as successful was Eduard von Hartmann's *Philosophie des Unbewussten*, a skilful mixture of fashionable pessimism, Darwinism, "depth psychology," and "natural" science, which was at the same time a sort of synthesis from Schopenhauer and Hegel. And here Nietzsche's saying is appropriate: "he who tries to mediate between two determined thinkers stamps himself as mediocre." Hartmann's eschatology teaches that, as unpleasurable sensations must ever be in the majority compared with pleasurable ones, the day will come when the parliament of humanity, acting on the realization of this, will by a unanimous resolve do away with the Will and the world. Schopenhauer dubbed Hegel the clown of Schelling; one would be more justified in calling Hartmann the Simple Simon of Schopenhauer's pessimism. He even played the clown to Strauss, for what he writes about the Saviour goes far beyond Strauss or the most odious parody of him that could be imagined: "The contempt for work, for property, and for family duties are three points which were bound to be more abhorrent to the Jewish mind than to that of any other nation. Jesus learnt the carpenter's trade, but nowhere do we hear that he practised it, although this particular craft is universally in demand and of value. Then, too, he had absolutely no sense of the dignity of work. . . . With regard to property, all our moral conceptions were foreign to him; for he regarded any possessions as unrighteous Mammon, any saving as foolish

gestures revealed a large common measure; its people became figures, its objects symbols — until, as if by magic, the force of historical retrospect brought its hieroglyphics into the realm of visibility. And it became apparent that stylelessness is also a style.

It is perhaps worth while to reflect a little upon this remarkable fact. What a wealth of highly coloured and coherent associations appear before our inner vision when we hear the words: "Ramesseids," "Punic Wars," "Crusades," "Reformation"! But did the men of the time know all that we know? Very probably not. Yet they were "there," and not we. Is our picture imaginary, then? Yes, and for that very reason truer. Everything earthly is intended to be sublimated, as well as concentrated, in mind. Only then does it in the higher sense become real. But this process takes time, and it is this gain in time that gives us the advantage over the "contemporaries."

Men of the seventies and eighties were really touching in some respects. They were filled with a devouring hunger for reality, but had the misfortune to confuse this with matter — which is but the hollow and deceptive wrapping of it. Thus they lived perpetually in a wretched, padded, puffed-out world of cotton-wool, cardboard, and tissue-paper. In all their creations it is with the arts of adornment that imagination is concerned: with the art of the upholsterer, the confectioner, the stucco decorator; with an ingenuity of the smallest combinations.

Their interiors irritate us primarily by their wearisome overcrowding, overloading, overfurnishing. These rooms of theirs were not living-rooms, but pawnshops and curiosity-shops. Simultaneously there is displayed a craze for satin-like surfaces: for silk, satin, and shiny leather; for gilt frames, gilt stucco, and gilt edges; for tortoise-shell, ivory, and mother-of-pearl, as also for totally meaningless articles of decoration such as Rococo mirrors in several pieces, multi-coloured Venetian glass, fat-bellied Old German pots, a skin rug on the floor, complete with head and terrifying jaws, and, in the hall, a life-sized wooden Negro. Everything was mixed, too, without rhyme or reason: in the boudoir a set of buhl, in the drawing-room an Empire suite, next door a Cinquecento dining-room, and next to that a Gothic bedroom. Through it all, the taste for ornament and polychrome made itself felt. The more twists and scrolls and arabesques there were in the designs, the louder and cruder the colour, the greater the success. In connexion with this there is a conspicuous absence of any idea of usefulness



*The Makari
bouquet*

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or purpose; it was all purely for show. We note with astonishment that the best-situated, most comfortable and airy room in a house (the "best room") was not intended to be lived in at all, but was only there to be exhibited to friends. We see, too, a number of things which, though costly, contribute nothing to comfort. There were portières of heavy, dust-harbours material — rep, plush, or velvet — which barricaded the doors, and handsome flowered hangings which prevented the closing of the shutters; window-pane pictures, which kept out the light, but looked "romantic," and towels ill suited for drying purposes, but embroidered with the *Trompeter von Säckingen*; gorgeous arm-chairs, hidden all the year round with awful covers, and rocky thin-legged "occasional" tables littered with superfluous objects that are for ever falling over; splendidly bound volumes, impossible to read because one's hand goes to sleep in five minutes and uninviting because illustrated, and, as crown and symbol of the whole, the Makart bouquet of "everlastings" which, with great pretension and small success, poses as a bunch of flowers.

This brings us to one of the main features of the times: delight in the unreal. Every material used tries to look like more than it is. It is the era of a universal and deliberate swindling in the use of materials. Whitewashed tin masquerades as marble, papier mâché as rosewood, plaster as gleaming alabaster, glass as costly onyx. The exotic palm in the bay window is impregnated or made of paper, the tempting fruit in the epergne is of wax or soap. The rose-shaded lamp over the bed is just as much a "property" as the cosy log fire in the grate: neither is ever used. On the other hand, the illusion of a roaring fire is intensified by the use of red tinfoil. The sideboard boasts copper vessels, never used for cooking, and mighty pewter mugs out of which no one drinks. On the wall hang defiant swords, never crossed, and proud hunting trophies, never won. Should, however, any utensil serve a particular purpose, this must in no case be obvious from its shape. A magnificent Gutenberg Bible is discovered to be a work-box, and a carved cupboard an orchestrion. The butter-knife is a Turkish dagger, the ash-tray a Prussian helmet, the umbrella-stand a knight in armour, and the thermometer a pistol. The barometer takes the form of a bass-viol, the bootjack of a stag-beetle, the spittoon of a tortoise-shell, the cigar-cutter of the Eiffel Tower. The beer-jug is a monk, made to open, who is guillotined at every gulp; the clock is an instructive model of an express engine, a

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glass dachshund serves as cruet for the roast, the salt sneezes, and the gravy is drawn from a miniature barrel, carried by a nice little terracotta donkey. Cardboard antlers and stuffed birds suggest the ranger's lodge, suspended sailing-boats a seamen's tavern, and a still life of jockey-caps, saddles, and riding-whips the stable.

This period, supposedly so realistic, avoided nothing more fervently than its own present. The famous architect and teacher of architecture Gottfried Semper laid it down in his program that the style of every building was to be determined by historical association: thus a court-house should recall a doge's palace, a theatre a Roman arena, barracks a mediæval fortress. In obedience to these principles, there were built in Vienna, for instance, a town hall which appears to be modelled on a plan from a child's box of bricks; the Votivkirche, that looks like a gigantic iced cake; and, in front of the Parliament House, a monstrous Pallas Athene, believed by everyone to be made of stearin. As a home for the London Stock Exchange a veritable temple was chosen (and this time quite rightly). A town hall had always to be Gothic, as the result of a fallacious association between the Middle Ages and the City, and a Parliament building Classical because of an equally fallacious association between antiquity and a representative constitution; a city man's palace was Baroque, obviously because this (adulterated) style permitted of the most ostentatious ornament, and a bank was Florentine because of some (possibly unconscious) connexion between the modern condottiere of finance and the amorality of Renaissance man.

But the style most appreciated was that of, not the Italian, but the German Renaissance. Doors, windows, and ornamental cupboards were provided with pilasters and framework. And the favourite metal was "*cuivre poli*," an alloy of copper and zinc that had been much used in the sixteenth century. The popular bull's-eye glasses and Luther chairs, chests and peasant stoves, lattices and ironwork, paintings on wood and mottoes, the mannikin of the fountain, and the little woman as candlestick: all these reproduce that period. For fancy dress the *Landsknecht* and the *Ritterfräulein* were in great demand. In our first volume we described the Reformation era as the age of repletion, and these decades might also be so characterized. The titular heroes of the two eras, Bismarck and Luther, were uncommonly hearty eaters and drinkers, and the thick pleasure-seeking of the "Founders' Age" was the more immoderate as to its food and drink in that the Romantic



The
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the end, every provincial theatre "Meiningerized"; then, in 1890, it was superseded by Naturalism.

The representative actor of the "Founders' Age" was Adolf von Sonnenthal of the Burg Theatre, knighted by Imperial decree and in actual fact a fine figure of chivalry, if only a chivalry of the acquired sort. At the same time he was the most complete, concrete expression of middle-class ideals: sonorous, respectable, and sentimental, he fulfilled all the requirements of an age which looked upon art as a fancy article and rejoiced in the glitter of glass tears. Those were days when all the world played at Humanitarianism and Liberalism; Sonnenthal repeated this game on the stage, making, as it were, double play with his democratic dukes, his noble upstarts, and his wise apostles of humanity. And yet — this is the paradox of the footlights — his tears looked real, his sweet persuasiveness had an inner ring, his pose was natural — precisely because it had become real to his own vision.

The
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But the mightiest theatrarch and at the same time the masterful smith who welded all the tendencies of the age was Richard Wagner. "In cultural history," says Bulthaupt, in his *Dramaturgie der Oper*, "the Empire and Wagner will one day be as inseparable as are the tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles from the *floraison* of Athens." His "collective art-work" aims at producing, by the co-operation of all the arts — poetry, painting, music, miming — that real drama, the "music-drama," best defined by himself as consisting of "acts of music become visible." The centre of gravity lies, however, in the dramatic side of the task, to which the musical is subordinated: "Opera suffered from this mistake, that a means of expression (music) was made the aim, and the aim to be expressed (drama) the means." This signifies a harking back to the most honourable of theatre traditions, the Greek, which likewise aimed at a collective art-work of stage picture, text, gesture, song, and dance — with certainly a far more sparing use of the orchestra — as its ideal, and at the same time it marks a rude break with the opera tradition of the country, which was guided almost exclusively by musical considerations. We must remember that Gluck regarded it as his main reforming task to emancipate the text from the artificial and despiritualizing influences of music, and to restore to the drama its right of place; and that he did not fully accomplish this was simply due to the cramping effect of the Classicist prejudices of the age. Schiller, again, in his later dramas, was moving definitely in the direction

of the collective would have been for his ensemble mezzis, and then His own instrument of Wilhelm Tell, The Maid of the Rütli scene of sound." "I cestis," that manner as the and shade and elevate the picture be Winckelmann in this direction it; he veiled it the shades of the music, but he elevated into spheres to attain of tone." It has ever been over three centuries attains its full refinement of ing With his never stage-value of the tive in the theatre at the same time torical, dialectic nique leads to "As a man in the sits down to reg more keenly, he ing varied voice ever echo within As we know, hauer: according tions of ideas, m music are the rel more comprehen more mysterious

* justified) estimate of his art turned Wagner's head. But he overlooked the fact that Schopenhauer had never thought of including opera in it, had even expressly separated opera from great music, placing it on a level with military and dance music and comparing it in its artistic value with utility-architecture. Mozart and Rossini, he said, had not infrequently treated their texts with mocking contempt, which was a truly musical attitude, and Gluck, who had aimed at making music the complete slave of bad poetry, had taken a false track. This point of view developed quite logically out of his theory that, just because music was the direct expression of the will, it should not attempt to express the intellect, its phenomenon; what it stood for was our emotions, "so to say, *in abstracto*," not "as they appear, accompanied by various motives and circumstances, clothed and dressed up, as it were, in different sorts of persons." "Inasmuch as music — far from being a mere auxiliary of poetry — is an independent art, the mightiest, indeed, of all and therefore achieving its aim entirely through its own means, it is certain that it has no need of the words of a song or the action of an opera. Music as such knows only sounds and not the causes which produce it. Accordingly, the *vox humana* is, to it, primarily and essentially no more than a modality of tone, like the timbre of an instrument. . . . Words are, and remain, a thing foreign and supplementary to music — and of inferior worth at that, since the effect of musical notes is incomparably more powerful, unerring, and rapid than that of words." One passage in Schopenhauer's principal work sounds as if it were directed expressly against Wagner, although the composer was but a child when they were penned: it conveys a warning against allowing the text of an opera to leave its subordinate position and "make itself the main thing, and music a mere medium, which would be an exceedingly false step and sheer perversity. . . . If music tries to adapt herself too closely to words, and model herself to suit events, she is trying to speak a language that is not hers." Yet on the very next page the "unending melody" seems to be foreshadowed: "Through this intimate relationship that music bears to the true essence of all things, it becomes explicable that when music is heard, suitable to a particular scene, action, event, or environment, it appears to unlock for us the inmost meaning of it and to be its best and clearest commentary"; and a sentence from the *Metaphysik der Geschlechtsliebe* sounds almost like a paraphrase of the Tristan idea: "The species alone

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has everlasting life and is therefore capable of everlasting desires, everlasting satisfaction, and everlasting pain. But here these are incarcerated in the narrow breast of a mortal; no wonder, then, if this should feel like bursting and can find no expression for the endless bliss or endless woe which fills it." On the other hand, Wagner was wrong in thinking that he had dramatized Schopenhauer's idea of redemption; on the contrary, this idea, often and powerfully as it occurs to him, is always piquantly eroticized, drawn from the metaphysical-cosmic into the empiric-individual — one might say, the private. "Redemption through woman" is an idea which Schopenhauer, if asked for his opinion, would have rejected with insults and fury.

That clever cultural philosopher Houston Stewart Chamberlain says, in his fat Wagner book — a disconnected and unfruitful work of adulation, that can only have the effect of alienating one from Wagner, whose cardinal defect was, indeed, always the Wagnerians — that he was never merely an opera-composer; he was a poet from the outset, and the naïve astonishment over his having "written his own texts" would certainly be no less naïve but more logical if people should wonder that this poet had written his own music. The truth, quite obvious to everyone but Chamberlain the Wagnerian, is that Wagner was neither a musician who made poems nor a poet who made music, but a "theatricalist," who made both whenever he wanted them. The collective art-work consists simply in the subordination of all the arts to the theatre: to the will to magical illusion, which, whether it enhances or blots out reality, always dominates it; to the painted but picturesque scene and the artificially arranged but effective vegetation; to the gauze-veiled "atmosphere" and resinous flash of passion which, just because it is not real, is more suggestive than the natural form. Wagner is always first and foremost the stage manager. His prose is peculiarly unmusical; when he is deprived of the stage, he is as clumsy and helpless in his movements as a turtle that has left the glittering element in which it floats. Even his opera text, if examined apart from the music — which ought not to be permitted, though the Wagnerians do it — lacks musicalness in the higher sense; its effects are produced quite externally by rhyme, rhythm, and alliteration and are often spoilt by unpleasing cacophony, tortured phrases, and stumbling sentences. He has thereby provided the proof for the rightness of Schopenhauer's theory that word-language represents a form of expression

*The theatre
at its highest*



that is quite particularly alien, and even antagonistic, to the real musician. Wagner appears to have felt this dimly (in his later works at least), for he cleared an extensive space for pantomime: his music-drama is not merely song and accompaniment, but movement also — and it is this last element that rounds it into a collective work of art. The actors' steps, gestures, looks are not left to chance or individual choice, but are definitely fixed by the music. Even the movements of dumb nature are regulated: the river in the *Rheingold*, the forest in *Siegfried* are both animate creatures, whose vital expression the orchestra attentively follows. In this Wagner once more shows himself a grandiose stage manager. And it is really more than probable that he is to be regarded as the greatest theatrical genius of all time. Dramatic moments such as the appearance of Lohengrin, the landing of Tristan in Cornwall, the close of the second act of the *Meistersinger*, together with many others, denote positive peaks in the art of the stage. If it be argued that the effect of these scenes is primarily due to the music, it may be said in reply that music is an integral component of every true drama, as is colour of all true sculpture, and that the pure spoken piece is a degenerate modern product. In each of his works Wagner gives us the last word, theatrically speaking. In *Rienzi* he reached the summit of perfection of the Spontini spectacle-opera, in *The Flying Dutchman* of the Marschner demon-opera, in *Tristan* of the love-opera, in the *Meistersinger* of comedy in music, in *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* of all romance; the last-named in particular may without exaggeration be claimed as the most magnificent piece written for the stage in the world's history. Yes, Wagner's work for the theatre was the greatest imaginable; it only remains to ask whether the theatre is itself the greatest thing.

So unique a phenomenon could only arise, perhaps, in a world that was all coulisses and imitation. And Wagner is also a pregnant expression of his age in that he pushed the scientific side of art to extremes. Schopenhauer said that music, as the direct language of the will, can be understood by everybody, but this is no longer true of Wagner's "tone-poetry." For with it came an intensification and exaggeration of a general tendency which, as we have pointed out, set in with the Renaissance. It was then that the art of "refinements" arose, together with its correlate the appreciative connoisseur, who knows the premisses of what he sees. This tendency towards the technical has, in the course of modern

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In the *Brothers Karamazov*, Zosima, the Staretz, says: "The truth is that everyone is guilty of everything, only people do not know it: if once they did, we should at once have paradise on earth." Here Dostoevski touches upon the profoundest doctrines of the Gnostics. One of the greatest of these, Marcion, preached that man must be redeemed from *everything* that is natural, from all that he is and all that surrounds him: from the world, from the law, from sin, from his own ego, *and also from justice*. This is the gospel idea at its intensest, and it was also Dostoevski's. The Saviour raised up the adulteress, the idle Mary, the sinful Magdalen, the unclean Samaritan, to be his favourites. This is the main reason why Dostoevski felt himself so particularly drawn to criminals and, as their creator, loved them — loved them *more* even than the others. His grand conception was that the criminal stands *nearer to God* because he has taken upon himself a greater share of the total human guilt; and that means a greater share of atonement: for guilt and atonement are to Dostoevski inseparable, being merely two halves of the timeless event. In his unique doctrine of justification, therefore, crime is a kind of sacrifice, and evil, so to say, only a *dimension of goodness*. The common root of both is Christian liberty, the freedom of choice between good and evil, the Christian knowledge. This it is which is the supreme gift of the divine mercy and the most certain pledge of redemption. For only he can recognize the good who has known evil also; in the existence of evil lies the certainty of the good. In the Christian's freedom lies the true theodicy.

The
Unweaver

Beside Dostoevski, who is a voice from the between-world in which spirits build the bridge between God and man, Tolstoi affects us merely as a great artist who has made the earth purer and lovelier. As such he did indeed reach the utmost perfection: the art of artlessness. There is a passage in the fifth part of *Anna Karenina*, on the painter Michailov, which is strangely applicable to Tolstoi's own work: "He had often heard the word 'technique' without at all understanding what it was really supposed to mean. He knew that this word referred to the mechanical facility in painting and drawing which is quite independent of content. He had often noticed that technique was compared with the content-value, just as if it were possible to paint well what was bad. He certainly knew that much care and attention was called for in

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themselves in that moment as belonging to a higher community in which all men are united by the bond of forgiving love. These are the closing words: "She said: 'Thank God, thank God! Now, all is ready. Just my feet stretched out a little further. There, that is nice. How badly those flowers are made, so utterly unlike a violet,' she continued, pointing to the carpet. 'O God, when will it all be over!'" Tolstoi certainly never thought of showing his figures and their impulses in that twilight that is used by Shaw, Wedekind, or Altenberg; but it is instructive to see how absolutely inevitable this twilight becomes as soon as an art is subordinated to the principle of verism. "Instructive" is, indeed, perhaps the most apposite term for Tolstoi's novels. They bring to our knowledge a mass of things that are new and strange and instructive, so to say, in the elements of microscopic vision. And yet—one day Tolstoi came to hate his own great art. How was this?

Man's fundamental instinct is desire to dominate. He wants to rule over things dead and alive, bodies and souls, future and past. All the many and varied activities to which he devotes himself are oriented to that end. Domination is the secret force which helps him to outgrow the limitations of his animal nature, and to this passion he owes the increasing spiritualization of all his vital impulses.

But nature and life go their own way according to superhuman laws. On the one side is obtuse matter, with its passive and yet insurmountable resistances; on the other, the world of the soul, intangible and strange and inscrutably complicated. And above it all is destiny, that directional force innate in all occurrences, which never concerns itself about man. Everything evades him; he is surrounded by shadows and riddles. The physical and the spiritual world stand under the same law of impenetrability.

What is he to do, then? Ruling is his foremost necessity in life, and it lies in the nature of every organism to obtain its necessities in all circumstances either by force or, failing this, by cunning. Thus it came about that man thought out a ruse by which to satisfy the basic depths of will: he invented art.

"Reality" withstood him. The world of the body was too hard for him and too inert in its massive immobility, and the world of the soul too light and unsubstantial in its problematical intangibility. That is why the cry arose in him: Away from this rigid reality, away from the world of things as they are! He conceived the ingenious idea of leaving those intolerant and obstinate

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everything can be experimentally proved: this depends solely on the dexterity and gullibility of the experimenter. The "phlogiston" was also experimentally proved, and although it was obviously a fiction, this did not prevent Lavoisier, Haller, and other great scientists from achieving by aid of it the most enlightening chemical discoveries and the most beneficial medical cures. On the basis of Ptolemy's system the eclipses of the sun and the moon were foretold with the same exactness as today — and this was the experimental proof of its accuracy. Theories are convictions: and convictions are proved by the fact of one's having them. The general axioms of physics and chemistry which are considered to be right are always implicit from the first in the initial equation; so it is no wonder that they come out at the end of the operation. The protest that Wundt once made (from the "scientific" standpoint, of course) against Zöllner's spiritistic experiments is applicable to all experiments, including his own: "He who believes in magic makes experiments with it and he who does not believe in it usually makes none. But as a man has, notoriously, a great inclination to find confirmation of what he believes and to this end even displays great perspicacity in deceiving himself, the success of such experiments merely convinces me in the first place that those who make them also believe in them." The amazing discoveries of radiology in particular should have brought *Ignorabimus* home to the scientist, for through it three of his most fundamental conceptions were discredited by the complete collapse of their definitions. One of the basic conceptions in chemistry had hitherto been the element, whose cardinal characteristic consisted in non-transformability; another, in physics, the atom, whose decisive mark is indivisibility; and the other, in optics, the opaque or dark body, whose existence depends upon its absorbing light-rays. All these definitions are now untenable, are almost, one might say, nonsense.

Still further inferences, however, followed. If, in the process of radio-activity, electrons split off from the nucleus, the hope arises that this may also be effected by artificial means. In 1911 Rutherford (a name already famous in the history of science in connexion with the discovery of nitrogen) actually succeeded in "breaking down" the atom, if only on a very small scale and in exceptionally favourable circumstances. There is therefore a theoretical possibility that those who persevere may one day be in a position to liberate and utilize the enormous but, in the ordinary way, bound masses of energy residing in the atom. It has been



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calculated that by the "dissociation" of a single small copper coin some thirteen and a half milliards horse-power would become active. The release of "intra-atomic" energy would naturally result in a complete revolution of all earthly proportions. On the other hand, only the very naïve could suppose that this would also signify a solution of the social problem. As the so-called "normal person" — who is in fact not that at all, but the lord of our economic life — is born and dies an unimaginative knave, we may assume that such triumphs of technique would, like those that came before it, only lead to new forms of universal greed and injustice. One has only to imagine that two hundred years ago someone prophesied the extent to which humanity would succeed in utilizing magnetic energy, electric energy, solar energy, the energy in black coal, and the water energy that is stored up in "white coal" — and what perfectly natural conclusions as to a social paradise the philanthropists would have drawn from it all! Instead, everything has become much worse, and Europe is divided into capitalist states wherein most people are beggars, and Soviet states wherein all of them are. No, the "utilization of atomic energy" would merely make those on the top greedier, and those below poorer; both classes hungrier, therefore, and war still more bestial. The solution of the social problem calls for a moral emanation, ray-production, and atom-destruction.

Fabians and
lecture-room
Socialists

So thought the "Fabians," a society whose very open-minded and valuable work at the close of the century deserves particular mention. The Fabian Society was founded in 1883, and Sidney and Beatrice Webb, Wells, Shaw, Annie Besant (later so famous as a Theosophist), and many other fine and talented people were members; it put forward no particular creed in its Tracts, Essays, and News, which found their way to all parts of the world. Their motto was: "For the right moment you must wait, as Fabius did most patiently when warring against — Hannibal, though many censured his delays; but when the time comes you must strike hard, as Fabius did, or your waiting will be in vain, and fruitless." By Socialism they understood, in a general way, a plan to secure to all equal rights and equal possibilities. Socialism was to come noiselessly and without its victims' being aware of it. Sidney Webb, in one of his lectures, quotes the saying of a British minister: "We are all Socialists now," and follows it up with: ". . . That which has long formed part of the unconscious basis of our practice is now formulated as a definite theory. . . . If we look back along

the line of history. . . . A similar scientific school, opposed to the d and completed t was in economic needs, *homo aconomi*, therefore to be b The most impor law of populatio the law of supp scientists, who headed by Profe economic scienc tions"; and the which declared devoid of real science, concern present and the anti-idealists, pr turn of the eight in art, is unmis clared the suppe isting absolutis all in the sense everywhere and ditions which w far as political e given historical istence are as li overlooked, how human spheres c that the setting, as unjustifiable of nature, even c ous observations tions are record pend them; a sin they are mere fu than the shorta

millions a fiery signal, a rousing fanfare, an intoxicating catchword. Since the days of "Fridericus" no one on German soil had ever seen a whole generation stamped with the seal and label of one prince.

If the word "tragic" is permitted to have any applicable meaning in life as well as in art, then Kaiser Wilhelm's fate must be called a tragic one, a Shaksperian one — which has only not yet found its Shakspeare. For tragedy weaves its magic around every throne, and his was no exception. Thus, he was exposed to the temptation of estimating himself as greater than other mortals, because he had been raised above them by *external* circumstances, and to the dangerous conviction of a preordained rulership that might dispose of earthly souls and destinies at will, because he has *apparently* received the power to do so — whereas no single created being has the right to divert any other creature from his own divinely appointed way by so much as a hair's breadth. "Who should be emperor? He who is humble": unfortunately this simple and striking formula of Langbehn, the "Rembrandt-German" (to whom we shall allude later), did not become flesh in Kaiser Wilhelm. Yet is not this delusion very human? Have we not all fallen into it, each in his sphere? And are we not less guilty merely because our sphere of authority is smaller and the opportunities to sin against the wills of others fewer?

Pride and fall, brilliance and blindness, the mystical fascination of the delusive "divine right": these have ever been the poet's material, from *Cædipus* to Jarl Skule. The Shaksperian dramas of all the kings — Richard II, Richard III, Henry IV, Henry VI — turn on them. In the first act of his historic drama Kaiser Wilhelm had already laid the seed of all the fatal complications that were to follow, when, with the arrogance of the newly crowned, he thrust from him the wise sage who for decades had been the heart and brain and seeing eye of his country. From then on he moved as if under a secret curse, piling up mistake after mistake, failing in everything, carrying even good intentions to a bad end. He tried, as no Hohenzollern had done before him, to get in touch with the German working man, and was doomed to find himself more detested by the proletariat than any of his predecessors. He set Germany's future on the water, and the water became the grave of Germany's future. He raised German prosperity, and this prosperity became the poison of the German soil. He wanted to create a world-empire, and what he achieved was the World War.

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before the dominants have been found for them. And as regards decadence, the nature of it, according to Nietzsche, is "exaggeration, disproportion, disharmony . . . when an exhausted man appears with a bearing of the highest activity and energy, one confuses him with the rich man . . . the most interesting people, the chameleons, belong here . . . their various states lie side by side. They change, they do not *become*." A certain neurotic foundation was possibly produced by the considerable cross-breeding of which the Kaiser was the product — as the son of a British mother who, on her side, was again half German. But whereas Victoria remained all her life an Englishwoman to the bone, he took over from her neither the obstinacy nor the unscrupulousness which secured so many victories for English politics. In the middle of the war Shaw made the impartial and witty remark that the Kaiser was a naïve suburban snob — which was "quite natural," seeing that he was the son of an Englishwoman. Neither did he inherit his father's almost philistine considerateness and his grandfather's unobtrusive *noblesse*, but, on the other hand, he derived a certain lack of delicacy from some of his forbears — and the most important of them at that: Frederick William IV, the Great Elector, Frederick the Great. As was said at the close of our previous volume, Napoleon's worst enemy was declared to be good taste. Alexander the Great seems also to have displayed Wilhelmian traits as an incompetent art-critic — or so we are led to suppose from the following anecdote: a marble statue of Bucephalus by a famous Greek artist was found fault with by the King, but acclaimed by lusty neighing on the part of the model, whereupon the sculptor is reported to have said: "This horse understands more about art than thou." Of Frederick the Great it is alleged that his tactlessnesses brought about the coalition of the Seven Years' War. Luther, again, was indubitably no very tactful personality. But then, for a genius it is hardly possible to excel in tact. It lies in his very nature to "butt into" everyone, live ruthlessly for his mission, and make himself thoroughly unpopular. Every man of any genius is bound to offend against good taste in that he incessantly, and without being asked, speaks the truth and for choice discusses things of which people usually avoid speaking, for all the world as if they had signed a secret contract to cut them out once for all. The two geniuses Hamlet and Tasso are always behaving tactlessly, in contrast to their opposites, Polonius and Antonio. Beware the tactful leader of men, therefore! He has

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overwhelming numerical superiority. In January 1904, therefore, they addressed to Russia an unacceptable ultimatum which demanded the evacuation of Manchuria and the recognition of Japan's supremacy in Korea. No actual declaration of war followed from either side.

The Russo-Japanese War had little in common with previous ones, unless it were perhaps with the American Civil War. Its characteristic marks were the long duration of the battles, and the digging-in tactics of which the Boers had already made use on a modest scale. The Japanese employed the spade even in attack, under cover of superior artillery. New, too, were the use of the machine-gun, advances by night-marches, which had previously only happened in particular emergencies, and, in siege warfare, the practice of mining, which had been in abeyance since the days of the Turks and was now revived in modern form: without this Port Arthur could not have been reduced. Japan's victory may be traced to the incompetence of the Russian General Staff, also to the fact that Russia did not seriously believe that the enemy would risk so dangerous a war, and was correspondingly unready, but, above all, to the heroic enthusiasm with which the Japanese entered this war on which their whole future depended.

The ethics of "Bushido," the "way of chivalry," which was really the code of honour of the old feudal warriors, whose chief commandment — "better to die well than to live unworthily" — had penetrated deep into the nation. For Russia, on the contrary, it was no national war, for the moujik had no notion of what it was all about.

The main strategical task of the Japanese was the landing of sufficient troops on Liaotung and Korea, the envelopment of Port Arthur, and the holding up of Russia's reinforcements. To safeguard the transports Admiral Togo surprised the Russian fleet in the harbour of Port Arthur, inflicting heavy losses and reducing the remainder to inactivity by floating mines. After the first Japanese army had been disembarked under General Kuroki, it forced the Russians back from the Yalu, the boundary river between Korea and Manchuria. The Russians then gathered their forces into a fortified position at Liaoyang, but were defeated in a ten days' battle by Marshal Oyama's three concentrically united armies. An attempt by the Russians to take the offensive led to the battle on the Shaho, which was indecisive. Meanwhile the sortie of the fleet from Port Arthur (by order of the Tsar) had

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itself first of all in the shy precautions by which he avoided every sudden, daring thought, for fear of "inconsistencies," so characteristic of the middle-class German — for heaven's sake, no paradoxes! — and in the preference on principle for the golden mean, along which indeed lie most of the practical truths, but hardly ever the discoveries of genius. And this good middle-class faculty of seeing the sensible, just mean in all transactions enabled him in fact to deliver a reasoned and uncorrupted verdict on most of the philosophical controversies of his day. He arbitrated — like a *bon juge* who condemns everything, but at the same time gives everyone the time to retrieve himself — in epistemology between Idealism and Realism, in ethics between apriorism and empiricism, in natural philosophy between atomism and Energetics, in biology between Mechanism and Vitalism, and in sociology between individualism and collectivism. There was a touch of pedantry besides in his whole instructional method, but this very quality enabled him to present his age with the most complete and serious text-books that it could wish for. Finally, and above all, the worthy-burgher mind manifested itself in his unreserved prostration before the world of facts that can be inquisitorially examined with levers and screws, unmasked by test-tubes, imprisoned in comparative tables, and held fast in a net of co-ordinates. This worship of reality pervades Wundt's whole thought, and it is not incompatible with his having set up, on the broad physico-physiological foundation of his system, a very airy and empty storey of semi-Kantian, semi-Leibnizian Idealism which leaves one inevitably with an impression of a quite superfluous luxury-structure, intended obviously not for living-purposes, but only for occasional festive receptions. But we must not forget that this realistic trend in Wundt's mind was also responsible for the building up of two great new disciplines: physiological psychology and national psychology, or that it was to his patient penetration and loyal devotion that we owe in the first place our more enlightened knowledge of these today. His most important discovery in these two domains is the recognition that in the spiritual life the law of purely mathematical summation does not prevail: each complex that arises from simple conceptions or simple feelings is not only quantitatively but qualitatively something novel, the national soul something more than and something different from the concept of a certain number of individuals. Another original idea

leaping into *furioso* in those last years. True, we are being wise after the event, which is a very cheap form of wisdom (though still too "risky" for learned ignoramuses); but Nietzsche saw it coming. As early as 1881 he wrote to Gast: "I belong to the machines which may fly to pieces." The fact is, a productivity such as the year 1888 has to show is no longer capable of increase or even continuation: the manometer, as we have already said, stood at 100. But this does not apply merely in the external, extensive sense; there were internal counter-forces at work too. Nietzsche's development had obviously reached a crisis; to turn the handle right round and, after a life-work of such incalculable richness, to begin as it were a new intellectual æon was a task which defied even the strongest earthly mind.

Nietzsche's
psychology

The mysterious casting of accounts that goes on between a genius and the world has as yet reached no preliminary settlement in Nietzsche's case, though the opposite is true with regard to Wagner. His artistic significance, which forms a pendant to Wagner's in so far as he performed a rôle for German prose similar to that of Wagner for the language of music, is all that, up to now, stands clearly outlined. Every author born after Nietzsche (and this may almost be applied to foreign countries as well) stands quite inevitably under his influence, provided he lays claim to the title of author at all. Thomas Mann himself, one of the most fortunate heirs to, and finished pupils of, this prose, acknowledged this with emphasis in his *Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen*. Since those impetuous pen-thrusts of strategic sentence-building, so superior even to Lessing's, since the sound of that hypnotizing and inspiring rhythm of a liquid cadence never before heard in German, since that recklessly profuse and yet never oppressing wealth of floating, opalizing words coming to birth in the background, that purity and colourfulness in an art of expression shaded to a hair's breadth by a thousand brushes, the German language has possessed a new tempo, several new tempi indeed, and innumerable new values. Just as the sea at the keel of a ship incessantly takes on different colouring — now orange or flesh-pink, now purplish red or glassy blue, and again milk-white, poison-green, sulphur-yellow or varnished black — so does this prose restlessly and mysteriously change its colour; yet one invariably feels that at that moment, in this situation or connexion, it could not possibly be tinted otherwise.

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language that itself produced his completely new psychological methods, which betoken an immense progress that is quite independent of their more casual and often forced results. He once said himself: "On the whole, scientific methods are at least as important a result of research as any other." In *philosophy* it is only since Nietzsche that one knows what complex psychology is: he applied the stereoscope of Flaubert, the microscope of the Goncourts, the deep-sea lead of Dostoevski, to the sphere of pure thought, where they are far more difficult tools to handle than in a novel. Until then such an abyssal depth of knowledge of men, such a breadth of world-outlook, had been seen only in religious geniuses; and if we inquire to whom Nietzsche was related, we must not be guided *externally* by the *content*, and seek in the free-thinking world — amongst the Stirners, for example — but in the family circle of an Augustine or Pascal. His Positivism was no more than the costume of the times (from which, notoriously, no one can escape) and in addition a reaction-phenomenon, the attempt to cure oneself of Romanticism; it played the same part in his life-economy as did Classicism in Goethe's. All philosophy is of necessity "disease," in so far as it is possible only in a decadence-type; all lofty creations of thought — Buddhism, Taoism, Platonism, Gnosticism, not to speak of the newer systems — presuppose a Late world. Nietzsche was the sole decadent of his generation who saw this connexion with perfect clearness and out of this contrast developed his philosophy, although it thus becomes merely another symptom of decadence. His voluntarism, which he opposed to Nihilism, is the same disease-phenomenon with the sign inverted: the "hyperbulia" which forms a mere variant of the "abulia." It appears, however, as if he knew this, knew even that a mystical solution of the conflict was already ripening, deep down within him: certain posthumous sketches in particular, intended for the unfinished parts of *Zarathustra* and the fourth book of *The Will to Power*, bear out this indication.

Nietzsche felt himself, with full justification, to be the adversary of his generation. In this respect he might be likened to Savonarola, of whom he reminds us, above all, by the fanatical unconditionality of his insistence on truth, and the cruel asceticism of his self-chastisement; but he was in equal degree the strongest expression of the "Founders' Age" in his adoration of life and his anthropocentric sophism. Sophistry, the world-picture



Nietzsche's
Christianity

the liberal
of the world



of which is contained in the saying: "Man is the measure of all things," is no Greek speciality, it should be remembered, but the inevitable philosophy of all intellectual periods of decline. There are also an Indian and an Arabian sophistry; the Late Scholasticism, with which we dealt in our first volume, bears definite signs of sophistry; the whole philosophy of the Rococo was sophistical in orientation. Nietzsche's "*Lebensphilosophie*" — un-Nietzscheanly insipid, a shallow tautology — life will have life, which it really did not need a dæmonic crusher of everything to tell us — can only be comprehended by the counter-imitation of the theologian in him.

And this brings us to the real kernel of his nature. As we have indicated, there can be no doubt that he belongs to the history of Christianity: as a sort of "converted" Christian, Antichristian in spite of himself and at the same time Christian in spite of himself — the last, and for his time the only possible, form of Christian. His Antichristianism is only a metamorphosis of Christianity, an "allotropic modification," as the mineralogists say: he stands to it in the relation of the dark, glowing coal to the diamond, unmistakably different to outward appearance, but in reality of exactly the same stuff. His father, his two grandfathers, and a great-grandfather were pastors. The cards which he sent out in all directions after his collapse bore mostly the signature: "The crucified one," but occasionally "Dionysos." This had always been the fundamental problem of his life: Dionysos or the Crucified One! To see in this a new Paganism, as shallow and aggressive Nietzsche-priests proclaimed for decades, was an abysmal misunderstanding, and one possible only in Germany, which has at all times possessed the greatest philosophers and the stupidest schools of philosophy. The very posing of the alternative between the Cross and Hellas was completely un-Pagan. For the true Pagan is no Antichrist: he does not see Christ at all. Therefore the Jewish religion is, of all European confessions, the only legitimate heathen one (which is quite natural, as it is the only *Antique* religion). To the other non-Christian sects like the Monists, Socialists, Freemasons, Illuminati, this does not apply: they have all an underground connexion with Christianity. But the fact that, just when the overclouding set in (which can equally well be regarded as an inrush of supreme illumination, though no longer, it is true, on a purely empirical plane), the figure of the Redeemer began to fill Nietzsche's soul — even to identity —

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humility; in Liberalism, from below, out of fear and the consciousness of guilt. . . . Jesus tells us to love our enemies so that we may be the children of our Heavenly Father, who allows his sun to rise over good and evil. He is not concerned with human kindness as such, but with the striving after godliness, after perfection." From these and similar sayings of Lagarde's, written before Nietzsche (who for his part was not influenced by Lagarde), we see that the superman is at bottom a Christian conception, as amorality is an intensified form of the vulgar ethic. "If one has temperament," says Nietzsche in *Nachlass*, "one instinctively chooses dangerous things, as, for instance, the adventure of immorality when one is virtuous." Immorality is nothing but hypertrophy of virtue. Naturally only a man of the highest and lowest, strongest and most delicate morality can triumph over moral. Immoralism refers to people who have already passed through the whole school and development of moral, but not to people who are not yet even moral: that is, to Nietzscheans.

In sum, Nietzsche was the last great voice of faith of the West, as Dostoevski was the last out of the East; and having called him the last great Byzantine, and Luther the last great monk, we may call Nietzsche the last great Father. He is at the same time one of the most outstanding national figures that the written word of his country has produced. He himself, as we know, believed that he hated the German people, because he confused it with the German public. The three forces that he delighted to contrast with Germanism were Renaissance Italy, the Classical world, and the French. But his own vitality is of a quite different order from that of the Cinquecento, his this-sidedness is far removed from the Hellenic, his will to art anything but the "art for art's sake" creed of the French. He is the strongest and noblest peak of the idealist and sentimental German ethos — like Goethe, who also thought of himself as a realist, artist, and classic, and yet remained all his life a great German seeker. At the cradle of the peoples God gave to the English the talent for success, to the French the gift of form, but to the Germans Sehnsucht, aspiration, yearning. One of its most typical master-figures was Friedrich Nietzsche, the worthy brother in spirit of Rembrandt and Beethoven. But in his last writings this grand and powerful spirit grew confused. It became — or so at least one hears from many sources — seized with megalomania. For it thought it was Friedrich Nietzsche.



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sometimes seems as if she were ruled by the insatiable play-impulse which makes the artist so restless a creature. But if we look closer, we find that all the time she is only carrying out just a few simple ideas. Among the almost incalculable abundance of forms which we group together under the name of mammal, for example, there is a single law of structure, easy to grasp; they are all created on one uniform plan: the neck is always formed out of seven vertebrae, in the case of the mole and the giraffe alike, and the heart of two chambers and two antechambers, in the elephant as in the squirrel. And Nature's procedure is exactly the same with human beings. For although there are no two human souls which completely resemble each other, the same types recur again and again in the many-graded vastness of the realm of spirits. Fundamentally there are but three types: the idealist, the realist, and the sceptic.

The greatest poets of the Germanic race have embodied these three forms of crystallization in three luminous figures. Shakspeare created the figure of the sceptic in Hamlet, Goethe the figure of the idealist in Faust, and Ibsen the figure of the realist in Hjalmar. Hamlet is an aristocrat of the Elizabethan Renaissance, with that curious mixture of bigotry and free-thinking which marks the period: he still believes in ghosts, it is true, but he has also read Montaigne. He is infinitely more than this, however; he is simply the man who knows too much to be able to act — in plain words, the man that culture evolves. We might meet him in the street any day: in Paris, in Berlin, in London, in the garden of the epicure and in Thoreau's American forests, and in every age that is sufficiently ripe to produce human beings that look out on the mad and criminal world in which they live, with weariness and detachment. Hebbel called the tragedy of Faust the most complete painting of the Middle Ages, and he was right; but it is also the most complete painting of the eighteenth century and the most complete painting of the nineteenth. Faust is Abélard and Thomas Aquinas, but he is also Fichte and Nietzsche — in short, genius. And his opposite, Hjalmar, possesses the most complete ubiquity imaginable. He is the man who is blissfully satisfied with things as they are, never at a loss for a palatable explanation of painful matters, a virtuoso in overlooking tiresome responsibilities and always concerned to cover up life with cheap poetry, screening its light, as it were, by painting the glass — in a word, the complete philistine. Can we imagine any sphere of human civilization in which he did not exist, or that he has not, in all ages, formed the original stock

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Candida has to choose. And she hits upon a truly feminine solution : she chooses the weaker. But this weaker one is Morell, who is the apparently stronger one. For he has been so persistently spoiled by life that he cannot live for a day without Candida. The other-worldly and homeless poet, on the other hand, is the true king of life. He needs nothing and nobody, for he has himself. And so he passes out, resigned to all appearance, but in reality the victor. This, if I read Shaw aright, is the secret that he carries away with him, the secret of which the Morell couple know nothing. But, remembering Düntzer's famous foot-note to an autobiographical remark of Goethe's : " Here Goethe was mistaken," I also should like to say, though without, I hope, making such a fool of myself as Düntzer : Here Shaw is mistaken, Candida knows the secret.

In similar fashion does the Serbian Major Sergius Saranoff appear in *Arms and the Man* as the type of a noble young hero, beside whom the dry and prosaic Captain Bluntschli cuts a poor figure. But in reality things are reversed : Bluntschli is the hero, and Sergius has nothing heroic but his costume, the outward gesture. A hero is not, by the way, a person who is never under any condition afraid of anything ; that sort of person is simply a blockhead. No, a hero is a person who looks facts bravely and clearly in the face and is able to deal with them decisively and squarely. It is quite in this sense that Shaw set down his conception of the nature of genius in *Cæsar and Cleopatra*. The great Cæsar is the very simplest man of them all. The secret of his greatness is his naturalness, his conformity to the laws of his own organism. He is not the kind of man who does surprising and exceptional things in individual situations in life, but on the contrary the man who in all situations does what is obvious and appropriate. If we all lived and acted like Cæsar, the world would be chock-full of geniuses. It is their degree of naturalness that decides men's relative ranks. Unlying men are always great. Cæsar excels, not by being gigantic, but by the excellent proportion of his dimensions. And never has Shaw embodied irony more poetically than here, in the irony of the genius that sees through the world.

Shaw does not thunderously consign lying to the puddle of Hell, but shows how *absurd* any lie is. He does not say : every lying person is a reprehensible creature ; but : every lying person is a caricature. And he goes further and proves that lying is extremely unpractical and sin extremely boring. But in order

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to bring the public to swallow these most unpalatable truths, he employs a pedagogic dodge. He puts his moral purgative in the sweet-tasting cover of a peddled drama, a burlesque, or a moving piece, just as a tamarind pastille is lodged in chocolate. Unfortunately the public is even slyer than Shaw. It licks off the good chocolate and leaves the tamarind. And that is why Marchbanks is so right when he says: "That is what all poets do: they talk to themselves out loud."

In an imaginary conversation Hugo von Hofmannsthal makes Balzac say: "About 1890 we shall see the mental diseases of poets — their exaggeratedly enhanced susceptibility, the nameless terror of their hours of depression, their disposition to succumb to the symbolic power of even insignificant things, their inability to be content with the existing word in expressing their feelings — all combining to form a universal sickness among young men and women of the better classes." And Oscar Wilde in one of his philosophical dialogues is made to speak of "*l'amour de l'impossible*, which falls like a madness on many who think they live securely and out of reach of harm, so that they sicken suddenly with the poison of unlimited desire, and, in the infinite pursuit of what they may not attain, grow faint and swoon or stumble." This sickness to which both allude was scepticism. Certainly the disease is old as the ages, probably as old as human thought, but it has its various forms and grades. There are dogmatic and critical sceptics, sceptics from a weakened and from a hypertrophied self-consciousness, through the play-impulse and from religiosity, from love of saying no and from the elementary urge to affirm, and from a variety of other causes known to us all. Yet this generation did produce a type that was perhaps new in its way. Former times taught and demonstrated scepticism, but these people lived it, they were the actual embodiment of scepticism itself. Doubt of every sort of reality was the secret prognostic which accompanied every one of their actions. A new human variety had, most threateningly, appeared: the sceptic of life.

We read the doubts of an Epicurus, a Hume or Montaigne, but these are powerful, self-glorious, and immensely positive compared with this scepticism. We have the impression with these philosophers that they only experimented with scepticism without ever taking it to be something corporeal that dwelt among men as an effective force. As long as one philosophizes over to be and not to be, all is well. But those modern sceptics had already ceased

Amor vacui

D. T.
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See p 413.

but to look at it. This imparted something quite Medusa-like to his books, a suggestion of death by freezing."

The school of the decadents or symbolists arose in France in the eighties. Their founder and leader was Mallarmé, who played a part in the movement similar to that of Leconte de Lisle in the case of the Parnassians. His poetry is strictly esoteric, thoroughly artistic, sometimes deliberately puzzling, and in a sense "absolutely poetry," in that the words and their arrangement have their intrinsic value independent of meaning and connexion, description and logic. The Baudelaire of the group was Paul Verlaine. He also was entangled in tragic love-affairs, but he sacrificed to the Greek Eros, trailing the existence of an artist gipsy between night café and hospital — which is not in reality amusing. He was the first to find the picturesque word for the twilight between-worlds of the soul, he was the master of mezzotint.

One of the characteristic peculiarities of the Symbolists was their literary use of "synæsthesis" or the mixing of the senses: the hearing of colour, seeing of tones, tasting of odours. Everyone scoffed at them, quite forgetting that they were only consistently working out what had long been recognized in both art and science; for there had always been talk of colour-tones, sound-colours, and the like, and for decades it had been observed in experimental psychology that we never take in a single kind of sense-impression, but always several together, either blended or in opposition to each other. In reality it is all simply a consequence of Impressionism, a return to the real impression. We never see, hear, touch, smell, taste separately, but always simultaneously. The only thing we are entitled to call a real sensation is an inextricable mix-up of the most varied kinds of sense-stimulations, which in addition receives a special colouring from general feelings (situation, temperature, state of health) of which we are usually not conscious. The exclusiveness of a particular kind of sense — for example, hearing — is *pathological* and belongs to the repression phenomena. Why, two of the senses, smell and taste, are not even anatomically separable, for the *nervus trigeminus* discharges into the tongue as well as into the nasal membrane and is responsible for both sensations. We therefore speak of a violet taste, a rose taste, and of bitter, sweet, or sour smells. When we say that a thing tastes prickly or biting, it is sensations of touch that are called in. That the sense of sight comes into consideration every confectioner knows; that the sense

of temperature of wine and ice-cream that we call "taste."

The new form of prose, "*l'huile essentielle*" of prose force, as the ancients had produced in their *bourgeois*. The story, the monologue by the sea and counter-regu morbid, the amor and crime. In the asyndetonic, psychological archetype is called René eighty years.

Belgian symbolist work to appear by Charles van Elst. Quite obviously, in that author's first by Octave Mirbeau, work of genius, a naïve creation of Shakespeare, an admirable noblest artists have. And that was not.

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of temperature contributes we can prove from lukewarm Rhine wine and ice-cooled Burgundy. Thus even this simple sensation that we call "taste" involves nearly all the sense-stimulations.

The new form created by the Symbolists was the *poème en prose*, "*l'huile essentielle de l'art*," as Huysmans called it, "the sea of prose forced into a drop of poetry." As early as 1884 Huysmans had produced the classical novel of the decadence in *A rebours*. The story, which is practically a continuous auto-analytical monologue by the hero, has as its exclusive object irregularities and counter-regularities in every sense: the disharmonious, the morbid, the amoral, the non-social, the perverse, down to madness and crime. In language and composition, too, it is amorphous, asyndetonic, psychopathic. In Duke Jean Florissac des Esseintes an archetype is created as though in the *esprit romanesque* — he is René eighty years after.

Belgian symbolism has quite a different character. The first work to appear was an overwhelming little drama: *Les Fleurs* by Charles van Leberghe, which describes the approach of death. Quite obviously it served as a model for Maeterlinck's *L'Intruse*. That author's first work: *Princesse Maleine*, had been proclaimed by Octave Mirbeau in 1890 in the *Figaro* as "by far the greatest work of genius, by far the most extraordinary, by far the most naïve creation of the age, comparable, even superior, to the best in Shakspeare, an adorable, pure, everlasting masterpiece such as the noblest artists have occasionally dreamed of in inspired moments." And that was not too much to say.

Maeterlinck's figures float in an imaginary space, or perhaps in no space at all, since we see them, not bodily, but as gliding shadows. One might therefore be tempted to put him into the group of the "two-dimensional poets" alluded to in the previous volume, were it not that he differs from them in an essential something which makes his stagecraft unique in the world of literature. Whereas in that other group the trouble was a defect, an organic mistake, so to say, in their dramatic constitution, Maeterlinck quite consciously avoids the third dimension with full artistic deliberation, achieving thereby a something quite rare and unheard of, for he succeeds in bringing the *fourth* dimension on to the stage.

The general public, as we have shown in connexion with Shaw, possesses a very marked tendency to label every new spiritual phenomenon on the spot with some handy exclusive nickname and

considers itself relieved thereby of the arduous and responsible duty of really absorbing spiritually every such new phenomenon. This mass tendency, as deep-rooted as it is harmful — one might perhaps call it the “will to labels” — exercised its deadening and misleading effect in Maeterlinck's case also. It seized upon a phrase that he had used of himself to Huret and called him from then on “a Shakspeare for marionettes.” That is to say, a poet who, though not entirely averse from the abundance, colourfulness, and movement of life, nevertheless reduces them artificially to the primitiveness of a stiff, mechanical puppet-theatre. This universal epithet, which Maeterlinck has carried about with him now for more than a generation, is not only one-sided, like all catchwords, but has its very basis in crude misinterpretation. The point is not that some artistic freak led him to the decision to restore the childish and old-fashioned marionette theatre to life, which at best could only have been an amiable and witty bit of make-believe. He had realized that life is a dolls' drama and the marionette the deepest, most overwhelming symbol of our existence. If we step back ever so little, we shall see that the belief that we ourselves are the originators of our bodily and spiritual gestures rests upon an optical delusion. A great secret force which guides our whole existence in all its movements, great and small — we might call it the invisible poet of our life — works itself out on this our earthly stage; and seen under such an aspect, everything begins at once to accomplish itself in a far more unemotional and impersonal way. Looking down from a high mountain over towns and fields, at the moving herds, the trees in the wind, the driving, riding, running people in their noiseless activity, we shall immediately have the surprising impression of mechanical working, and it would be just the same if we took up a sufficiently distant mental attitude towards life. But, it may be objected, did not Maeterlinck, in seeing our destiny in this manner, put the soul out of communion with the world, as it were, and leave us richer in knowledge perhaps, but infinitely poorer in vitality? Surely, then, even with truth on his side, he would be no benefactor to the human race? But this is by no means the case. Far from thrusting the soul from its throne, he may be said to have discovered it and secured to it its true sovereign rights. For instead of being left to impotent beating of our individual soul-wings as hitherto, we are enabled to know the world-soul in its majestic timeless working. At the cost of that mean, uncertain, and, from the first, suspicious sensation

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which we call selfness. It will never confuse us, for it has given us a link us to immor

Who are we definite? Do we that is certain? moan from Maer constantly in endlessness, the same expectation alone terror: something unspeakable; it made good: Age always come; it one, arm oneself with her. To the living creature; and annihilating altogether only; amazed or never women, girls, children. They stand in all the movements insignificant, and too sensitive for animal existence something, thin as far as action expire at the first with all its terror of divination, actions of a power but with the powerful touch with the cause they have “One must vibrations that from these strains there lie in we

sense. In his lectures on psycho-analysis Sigmund Freud says that man's self-love has up to now had to endure three great insults on the part of science: the first was when it learnt through Copernicus that our earth was not the centre of the cosmos; the second, when Darwin accused man of being descended from the animal world and of possessing ineradicable animal instincts; and the third, and most keenly resented, the discovery of psychological research that the ego was not even master in his own house, but had to rely on scanty news of what was going on unconsciously in his soul-life. This is in fact the knowledge that lives in the heart of Maeterlinck's dramas: "one says this, and one says that, but the soul goes its own way." But Freud, whose ingenuity has chosen merely to research into earthly things, without throwing one glance at the divine, overlooks or is silent about the immense moral gain that has come to us through this very knowledge — namely, that what psycho-analysis coldly and almost contemptuously calls subconsciousness is nothing but the consciousness of a spirit infinitely superior, and therefore incomprehensible, to us, and that we were never so great as now, when, after the fall of the last bulwark of our self-glorious ego, we find ourselves in intimate and indestructible cryptogamy with the world-spirit.

All the methods by which the dramatist has hitherto most powerfully expressed himself and attained his most enthralling effects — distinctness and conciseness, forcefulness and home-thrusts, abundance of action and incidents, lively development, pressing forward to the climax, individuality and colour of the characters — are alien to Maeterlinck. His figures wander, fog-bound, under the shadow of a profound mystery, and their destinies are enigmatic to such a degree as hardly to be capable of interpretation at all. No character emerges from the dramatically fertile sphere of the will; nobody wills, nobody acts, and, even externally, little of importance happens. There are just a few narrow figures drawn with a peculiar spareness, who, as if crazy or bewitched, obstinately repeat the same sentences over and over and whose characterizations are quite homogeneous. They all have the same expression for the same sensation, and the same sensation for the same impression. Here is shadow-play in more than an outward sense. For what the author shows us is only the shadows, projected in advance, of the unborn and never-to-be-born deeds in the soul of men. Ibsen conjures up the shadows, of the past, Maeterlinck does the reverse; and actually it



A.M.

Villainy, says the pessimist, is unfortunately more or less incarnate in the human race, as is only too often proved by the actions typical of us, both private and public. No, says the optimist, villainy is the lamentable exceptional case, otherwise it would not have conscience (both private and public) against it every time. Is there, for example, any single officially recognized, let alone state-managed profession of which villainy forms the content? Certainly, replies the pessimist, there is such a profession: diplomacy.

A whole class of people, belonging mainly to that rich and turbid upper stratum of do-nothings, women-hunters, and gamblers that is called the "cream," is sent by the government to particular schools, furnished with incomes, rewarded by honours and titles, to the express and admitted end that they should spend their whole lives in intriguing, spying, deceit, and bribery. That is, they are swindlers and wasters recognized and paid by the State: drones with a poisonous sting. They are the masters of lying, the mechanics of hell, the worst of the many varieties of villains: namely, villains with a good conscience, for do they not lie "for their country"? In the Renaissance they put poison in each other's chocolate, also for their country, and this rouses humane horror in us today. But the difference is quite small: they still go on poisoning, but with finer and more malign poisons.

Nothing of permanent value is ever achieved by lying. A lie is *nothing*, it is ever but the negation of some reality. How should one be able to construct anything in the least durable on a null, on a denial? Every lie is a boundless stupidity, a senseless attempt to achieve an aim by fundamentally unsuitable means. That is mainly why spiritually inferior persons feel particularly drawn to the diplomatic career. A life of constant dissimulation, bartering of secrets, and crooked, impure, and ambiguous relations to everybody and everything can only be endured, in the long run, by a hopelessly clever blockhead.

The assertion that lying is an indispensable of the diplomatic trade is a diplomat's lie. We have already shown that the triumphant basic strength of both Frederick the Great and Bismarck lay in their profound truthfulness. The greatness of Julius Cæsar was due to his having a soul that was crystal-clear in the midst of a turbid chaos. Napoleon's cardinal virtue, again, was the capacity to see into the heart of realities and stand in a straight relation to them. As long as he was the son of facts, he was the

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acclaimed Emperor of Europe; when he began to deceive the world, his star began to sink.

Diplomats did not, of course, invent war, but they are its strongest auxiliaries and prolongers. Without them wars would not cease, but they would perhaps be rarer, and certainly nobler, more honest, and more reluctantly undertaken. And possibly, as they thus more and more lost their former position in the economy of our thought and feeling, they would, after all, cease.

*The Balkan
War*

On September 9, 1911, the day of Italy's declaration of war against Turkey, there appeared over North Africa, in the constellation of the Lion, a comet which shone more brightly from day to day, and simultaneously a second streaming body which appeared to point northward like a sword.

Disturbances and bloody fighting in Armenia, Arabia, and Albania had encouraged Italy to establish herself firmly in Libya in this jubilee year of union. This in turn encouraged the Balkan states in their resolution to take up the struggle for European Turkey. In the spring of 1912 Bulgaria, Serbia, Greece, and Montenegro concluded to this end a quadruple alliance, which fell into a number of separate agreements. The Bulgarian-Greek agreement was directed solely against Turkey and contained no detailed stipulations for the partition of Macedonia. The Bulgarian-Serbian treaty allotted Old Serbia and the Sanjak of Novibazar to Serbia and about five sixths of Macedonia to Bulgaria, leaving the remainder to be disposed of by the Tsar. This meant, of course, that Bulgaria would still have an account with Greece to settle. But, besides this, the alliance was expressly directed against Roumania and Austria. Article 2 provided that if the Roumanians attacked Bulgaria, Serbia must immediately declare war on them; Article 3, that if Austria-Hungary attacked Serbia, Bulgaria should do her part and declare war. When the note by which Bulgaria, Serbia, and Greece demanded autonomy for the Christian peoples of the Balkans was answered by the Porte in the negative, the three Governments declared war on October 17. (Montenegro had done so nine days earlier; this — the war having of course long been decided upon — was simply a gamble on the fall of prices by King Nikita, who, with his Paris bankers, thereby raked in millions.) To relieve the situation the Sultan was driven to make peace with Italy, which he did by the Treaty of Lausanne on October 18. He thereby relinquished Tripoli and Cyrenaica,

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The Turkish army provided with Krupp English and French ammunition. Though so untrained that the Young Turk Force for service, but they simply corps existed, drawn from Asia, the command also broke the Bulgarians at Kumanovo on the Bulgarians won the five Turkey was annihilated of entering Constantinople. Symeon of Eastern off the peninsula. They had been declared a military adviser to the here, in fact, the Bulgarian the assaulting troops were swept away.

The great power Balkan questions, assurances of peace the outbreak of war against Austria-Hungary everyone at that time "Should war break the territorial possession out of the conflict." program: the "free, de extension of territory Roumania's justified important economic particularly as regards These demands may have been sincere, disinterested in Albania

with the formula that "in virtue of his sovereign rights" he granted them full autonomy.

The Turkish army was in a pitiful condition. True, it was provided with Krupp guns, which were at least equivalent to the English and French pieces of its opponents, but had hardly any ammunition. Thousands of recruits were sent into the firing-line so untrained that they did not know how to handle a rifle. Since the Young Turk Revolution, Christians had also been enrolled for service, but they proved most unreliable. No transport or supply corps existed. As a great proportion of the troops had to be drawn from Asia, the mobilization proceeded far too slowly. The command also broke down completely. Towards the end of October the Bulgarians were victorious at Kirk Kilisse, and the Serbs at Kumanovo on the same day, and shortly afterwards the Bulgarians won the five-days' battle of Lüle-Burgas. It seemed as if Turkey was annihilated. Ferdinand of Bulgaria already had hopes of entering Constantinople and there being crowned Emperor Symeon of Eastern Rome. But the Chatalja lines completely cut off the peninsula on which the capital stands from sea to sea. They had been declared invincible by Moltke, when he was military adviser to the Sultan in the second half of the thirties. And here, in fact, the Bulgarian advance was brought to a standstill, the assaulting troops were bled to death, and whole regiments were swept away.

The great powers, who were all intimately concerned with the Balkan questions, had from the first, under cover of persistent assurances of peace, adopted a threatening attitude. Even before the outbreak of war Russia staged a "test mobilization" directed against Austria-Hungary and Turkey—in whose superiority everyone at that time believed. Then came the *status quo* formula: "Should war break out, the powers would allow no alteration in the territorial possessions of Turkey in Europe which might arise out of the conflict." Austria-Hungary proposed the following program: the "free development of Albania; Serbia's request for an extension of territory to the Adriatic to be dismissed *a limine*; Roumania's justifiable wishes to be satisfied; Austria-Hungary's important economic interests in the Balkans to be safeguarded, particularly as regards the railway connexion with the *Ægean*." These demands met with Italy's acceptance, though it can hardly have been sincere; for if Italy was to declare herself in principle disinterested in Albania, it would have to be for some better reason

than leaving the road to Salonika open to Austria. In Austria an influential party led by Conrad von Hötzendorf took the view that accounts must first be settled with Italy. He had advocated an attack on this ally during the annexation crisis, and he now repeated his demand. Such a war would in all human probability have ended in the defeat of the Italians, always provided the Austrians had had to deal with them alone. This postulate was, however, utterly childish. The declaration of war on Italy would promptly have brought on the World War, with this difference, that the Central Powers would have had against them, in 1908 Turkey, and in 1912 the whole of the Balkan states as well as, in both cases, Italy from the very beginning. This would have made the south front simply untenable, while the French front would have been overwhelmingly reinforced.

After her defeats Turkey sued for peace, and the ambassadors of the great powers met in London to negotiate this. The victorious states not only wanted to keep their conquests, but claimed in addition the three besieged fortresses of Adrianople, Scutari, and Janina. These conditions were rejected by the Porte. In the renewed fighting, first Janina, then Adrianople, and lastly Scutari fell, the last-named being thereupon occupied by mixed troops of the great powers on behalf of Albania. In May 1913 the Treaty of London was concluded, which left the Porte, of all its European possessions, only Constantinople and a small strip of land within a line drawn from Enos on the Ægean to Midia on the Black Sea.

Meanwhile quarrels had broken out among the Allies. Serbia demanded a revision of the treaty, complaining that northern Albania, with the port of Durazzo, which had been promised to her, had not been handed over, owing to the representations of Austria, while Bulgaria had been given Thrace, on which she had not counted. Greece demanded Salonika and a considerable portion of Macedonia. Roumania also put forward a few originally quite modest claims, which the Bulgarian minister-president Danev, with a short-sightedness bordering on idiocy, rejected outright. Thus, in the summer of 1913 the Second Balkan War came about, in which Bulgaria was exposed to a concentric attack by all her neighbours (for Turkey also returned to the fray). The superior Serbian and Greek masses forced the Bulgarians to retire on pain of envelopment. Roumanian army corps crossed the Danube and marched on Sofia without meeting resistance. Adrianople had to be given up to the Turks for lack of troops to defend it. At the Peace

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of Bucharest the greater part of northern Macedonia fell to Serbia, of southern Macedonia to Greece, and the rich Bulgarian corn area of the Dobruja, with the strategically important fortress of Silistria, to Roumania. By the Treaty of Constantinople Turkey retained Adrianople and eastern Thrace as far as the Maritsa. While Greece, Serbia, and Montenegro emerged from the war at nearly double their original size, and Roumania by a mere demonstration march had rounded off her southern boundary most advantageously, Bulgaria, who had achieved the greatest feats of arms, had to be content with western Thrace and a small piece of Macedonia in the Rhodope.

The Balkan crises had greatly intensified the opposition between the Central Powers and the Entente, and a new feature appeared in the tension between Russia and Germany. Bismarck had never supported an aggressive Balkan policy on the part of Austria, but the German Government had entirely identified itself with Austria over the Albanian question; added to which Russia was being made nervous by such slogans as "Berlin to Bagdad," "The Elbe to the Euphrates," "The North Sea to the Persian Gulf," for Armenia was included in her vital sphere of influence. The German plans in Asia Minor, too, naturally impinged on the English idea of the "dry route to India." That, after Austria's attitude, the alliance with Italy would be anything more than a paper one, only the diplomats could imagine. In the winter of 1912-13 the two allies were in a state of permanent readiness for war with each other. Italy fortified Venice and Verona with modern armoured forts, strengthened the frontiers against Austria, and laid down railways for deployment throughout Venetia. The Austrian troop-concentrations against Montenegro and Serbia were directed equally against Italy. Her blundering diplomats had, further, alienated Austria's last friend in the Balkans, Roumania, her senseless demand for the revision of the peace treaty of Bucharest having roused the greatest bitterness in that capital. Demonstrations surged through the city with the cry: "Down with perfidious Austria!"

On June 28, the Greek St. Vitus's Day, in the year 1389, the Serbs suffered the catastrophic defeat of Kossovo. On that day in 1919 Germany signed the peace treaty of Versailles, and on that day in 1914 the heir to the Austrian throne was assassinated. The murder was committed by Austrian subjects on Austrian soil, and the deed was therefore an internal affair of the monarchy.



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they were only to attend the preliminary policy inquiry by which the material for the inquiry was to be got together and tested." Similar querulous and clumsy hair-splittings characterized the notes on the remaining points also. The Serbian reply closes with the words: "The Royal Serbian Government considers that it is to the common interest not to act precipitately over the solution of this matter and is therefore willing, as always, to accept a peaceful solution, should the Austro-Hungarian Government not consider this reply satisfactory, either by transferring the decision on this question to the International Court at The Hague or by leaving the decision to the great powers." On this the Austrian commentary is silent. Kaiser Wilhelm wrote under the Serbian reply: "A brilliant achievement for only forty-eight hours' grace! This is more than one could have expected. A great moral triumph for Vienna, but it does away with all grounds for war." There is no need whatever to raise doubts concerning Bethmann-Hollweg's assertion that the German Government only became acquainted with the Austrian demands after the event: the only reproach that can be made is that the Government should have given Austria *carte blanche* at all in the Serbian question. Moreover, only crazy party-opponents can question the fundamental will to peace of both Kaiser and Chancellor. We may take it as proved that France was by no means keen on war; whatever her attitude to war in general, she did not want war at this particular moment. Her two-years' service system had been extended to three, but as the contingent born in 1890 and called up in 1911 had refused to stay another year with the colours after the expiration of their two years in autumn 1913, it had been decided to dismiss them and call up instead two annual contingents of recruits, those born in 1892 and 1893. To justify this legally, the commencement of their term of service had to be set back a year. Thus in 1915 France would be able to count on four annual contingents for her standing army — those of 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895 — and similarly in 1916 on those born between 1893 and 1896. These two years were therefore the most favourable for the beginning of a war. Also, there was a scheme in hand for drafting far larger numbers of natives from Morocco, Tunis, and Algiers into the European army and replacing them in Africa by Negro troops. This, again, gave better prospects for a war that should begin in the next year or the year after that. In Russian Poland, too, the complete development of the railway network, on which work was being feverishly pressed with the

aid of the French milliards, could not be expected before about 1916. Nevertheless the war party at the Tsar's court was very powerful, and, even apart from this, the fear of revolution urged the leading circles to an aggressive policy in the hope of averting internal conflicts by an outburst of Pan Slavism. There are evidences, indeed, of highly irresponsible efforts to bring about a break between Austria and Russia. Most complicated of all was the case of England, who was far too business-like not to know that a pan-European war must signify vast economic damage to all concerned. The "encircling" policy which had been observed for half a decade aimed therefore only at placing Germany into so unfavourable a position politically that resistance would be out of the question for her. If it then still came to war, England, with her gift of unfailingly correct prognosis, could not but divine that the Central Powers would win if they had only France and Russia opposed to them. She was therefore literally forced to "come in." Further, Italy adopted a greedy attitude towards not only her Austrian, but her French neighbour also and could only be regarded as safely neutral if England joined the Entente. The only reproach that can be raised against the British Government is that it did not define its standpoint towards Germany energetically and unambiguously. For, knowing it, Germany would never have risked the war. As President Wilson said, in March 1919, it was known with certainty that Germany would not have embarked upon this enterprise had she for a moment supposed that Great Britain would go with France and Russia. In November 1912 Sir Edward Grey and M. Cambon, the French Ambassador in London, had exchanged letters by which the Entente was made into a military and naval convention. These agreements, nominally private, but actually binding, came to the knowledge of the German Government in March, 1913. They were not taken seriously, however — as was right, up to a certain point, for the British Government was not itself quite clear as to how far it stood committed. And one cannot entirely reject the possibility that England might at least have hesitated had not the Belgian incident so extraordinarily simplified matters. There can be no question, here either, of Germany's guilt in the higher sense. She was under compulsion. The war could only be won by the Schlieffen Plan, which counted upon the rapid overthrow of France (whose mobilization would be quicker than Russia's), and this overthrow was only conceivable

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The only legitimate style of the Modern Age — Impressionism — has exhausted all its possibilities, and for the first time in history, perhaps, man stands overwhelmed before the question: has art any meaning at all?

In the history of costume, too, one possibly unique event has taken place during the post-war period: a form of men's dress was created which was avoided by good society: no "gentleman" has ever worn a belted coat and padded shoulders. Here we have a small but speaking proof of the unreality of our incubation period: fashion, one of the most real of the earth's forces, does not exist.

We have already mentioned the cinema as a correlate of Expressionism. It was invented by the end of the nineteenth century, but only achieved world-supremacy a decade later. It has the same significance in our life as the silhouette for Late Rococo, and the panorama for the Second Empire. At first it looked as if a new art-form were coming out of it; but this illusion was merely the consequence of its dumbness. Imagination, even in the soberest and most limited of men, is a hundred times more thrilling and picturesque than all the spoken words in the world. The finest and deepest verse comes nowhere near expressing what the simplest of the "gods" feels *inarticulately*. As long as the cinema was dumb, it had other than film possibilities: namely, spiritual ones. But the sound-film has unmasked it, and the fact is patent to all eyes and ears that we are dealing with a brutish dead machine. The bioscope kills the human gesture only, but the sound-film the human voice as well. Radio does the same. At the same time it frees us from the obligation to concentrate, and it is now possible to enjoy Mozart and sauerkraut, the Sunday sermon and bridge. Both cinema and radio eliminate that mysterious fluid which emanates from artist and public alike, making of every concert, every lecture, a unique spiritual experience. The human voice has achieved omnipresence, the human gesture eternity, but at the cost of the soul. It is the Tower of Babel: "And the Lord said: Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech." We already have nightingale concerts and Papal speeches transmitted to us by wireless. Here indeed is the "Decline of the West."

There are no realities any more, there is only apparatus. It is a world of automata, conceived in the brain of a malicious and crazy Doctor Miracle. Neither are there goods any more, but only advertisement: the most valuable article is the one most effectively



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lauded, the one that the most capital has gone to advertise. We call all this Americanism. As well might we call it Bolshevism, for, alike in the political and social domain, the situation over the whole of our planet shows itself to be menaced on both sides by a Medusa-like will to annihilate, of which the executive forces in the East and the West merely bear different names. Both are embodiments of the same materialistic Nihilism, and both are doomed to perish by the nemesis of self-destruction.

In Russia and in America this same worship of technics and scorn of ideology prevail. Bolshevism speaks from out of the machine as the "visible God," preaches the "Imitation of the Machine" instead of the "Imitation of Christ," and regards outstanding individuals like Lenin as "especially powerful screws." It persecutes not only Monotheism in all its forms, but also every variety of teleology, psychology, Vitalism, indeterminism, and historical-philosophy; for any belief in aims, soul, vital spirit, free will, worldly reason, or anything with any sort of meaning it quite correctly regards as disguised religion. This is Positivism in the simplest and chemically purest form. In its foreign policy the Soviet Union is precisely as imperialistic as the West. One of its memoranda contains the words: "Persia is the Suez Canal of the Revolution." But it wants Afghanistan too, and Manchuria. Mongolia it has already swallowed up. It is very unlikely that the border states of Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, and Poland will not experience at the hands of Russia the same treatment as the buffer states of Lorraine, Burgundy, and Franche-Comté received in their day from France. As to home policy, Bolshevism is merely a "Left" Tsarism complete with Terror, Siberia, Tcheka (exactly corresponding to the former Okrana), a Draconic censorship, an Index, an extremely intolerant state religion (with Marxian Materialism replacing Orthodoxy), and a million-headed bureaucracy as idle as it is corrupt. And all this "for the good of the people," just as the "Little Father" Tsar used to say. In general the whole system is merely the logical continuation of Petrism; a cruel experiment undertaken by a few Westernized Russians, which may be compared to the inoculation of unfortunate test-animals with foreign blood-substances. Not a single idea in Bolshevism is authentically Russian; everything in it is taken from the world-picture of the detested "bourgeois."

On the other hand the American monopoly system of gigantic trusts, syndicates, and cartels bears a notable resemblance to State

Socialism. The gence, between in that both countries have an aim in itself America and Russia in their social relations. "Time League," duty of exploitation of work, which the stoppage of a movement causes this turns the wheel becomes even if it is exploited by dependent forces.

The official Professor Pavlov for is completely occultism," whose prizes the whole does"; and the mechanico-chemical = a chain of action of a remarkable chemist, because of the aphesis (this likes to get into the attraction of other varieties of he was complete they would not be the acids. In any we call "ideas." this was complete that the reverse of animals he induced animals and was able to challenge that dogs, juice and that the scientific experiment as is said, Behavior confessions of faith

Socialism. There is a congruence also, in spite of apparent divergence, between the American and the Soviet economic outlook, in that both countries treat economics as, not a necessary evil, but an aim in itself and a thing of vital significance. Common to America and Bolshevism, too, are the elimination of the soul from social relations, the infernal device "Time is Money" (there is a "Time League" in Russia too, which sets before its members the duty of exploiting time to the utmost), and the absolute mechanization of work. In both countries the Taylor system prevails, in which the stop-watch is called in to settle the conditions in which a movement can be carried out in the shortest time possible. As this turns the worker into a replaceable machine-part, he thereby becomes even in peace time "human material" and, whether he is exploited by Capitalism or squeezed by Communism, an utter dependent.

The official Soviet philosophy is the "reflexology" which Professor Pavlov founded in St. Petersburg before the Revolution. It is completely covered by the American philosophy of "Behaviourism," whose originator is John Watson. One sentence comprises the whole of this: there is only doing, "mind is what body does"; and the conclusions that emerge are that consciousness = mechanico-chemical reactions; thought = language-habits; will = a chain of actions, a behaviour-cycle. Jacques Loeb, an admirable chemist, became interested in observing the "heliotropism" of the aphid (this foreign word is used to indicate the fact that it likes to get into the sun, a principle familiar to every child through the attraction of moths to light) and conceived the idea of making other varieties of lice heliotropic by the injection of acids. In this he was completely successful, and the only question is whether they would not have made for the sun even without the effect of the acids. In any case he arrived at the conclusion that that which we call "ideas" can be traced to internal secretions. The proof of this was completed to watertightness by Pavlov's demonstration that the reverse would also hold good. In his experiments on animals he induced saliva secretions by optical and acoustical signals and was able, by tireless research, to confirm beyond challenge that dogs, on being shown a ham bone, produced gastric juice and that their mouths also watered at the sight. On such scientific experiments does the Chicago school spend its time! If, as is said, Behaviourism and Reflexology are really the standard confessions of faith in their countries of origin, this sad fact would

A. W.





The five possibilities

mean that in the Eastern and the Western hemispheres respectively a vast people has become mentally deranged.

There are just these five possibilities: that (1) America will triumph materially, which would mean world-domination by the United States and, at the end of this interim empire, the fall of the West through over-technicalization; (2) America will triumph spiritually by becoming sublimated, this implying the rebirth of Germany, whence alone this sublimation could be derived; (3) the East will triumph materially, bringing about world-Bolshevism and the interim reign of Antichrist; (4) the East will triumph spiritually, reviving Christianity through the Russian soul; and (5) the fifth eventuality is — chaos. These five possibilities present themselves, and no others, whether political, ethical, or psychological. It will, however, be clear, we hope, to the intelligent reader that none of these eventualities will materialize. For world-history is not an equation, not even one with several solutions. Its only real possibility is the unreal, and its only causality irrationality. It is made by a higher mind than the human.

Meta-psychology

In our first volume it was shown at some length how Late Scholasticism so strained the mediæval principle of anti-rationality that its point was imperceptibly altered. Similarly Bolshevism has driven the world-conception of modern Positivism to such extremes that (in the very sense of the Marxian negation of negation in which it so fervently believes) this conception has been forced to turn itself into its opposite. For such an ultra-materialism would, if it held, amount to the utter and profound overthrow of reality. For, obviously, if there were only matter, there would be nothing. If there were no world of ideas, no soul, no world-meaning, then humanity, finding that its whole development had been on a basis of error, would have no course left but suicide. But even within the frame of our decaying forms of apperception — scientific experiment and rational syllogistic — it can be proved that the unreal soul is the true reality.

We allude, of course, to the facts of para- or meta-psychology, disputed now only by ignorant professors and hidebound free-thinkers (the semi-educated world, that is). These facts shared the same fate in their day as the phenomena of hypnosis, which on its discovery was likewise denounced alternately as impudent swindling, blind self-deception, silly fashion, pretentiousness, and childishness; whereas today it already comes under the criminal

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code — and what important phenomena of transmission of organs of sense-experiencing apparatus making it possible the capacity to — of unknown remote control about of its own tation, or raising phenomena. Al shots at a great any more than in physics. In the which has built on a belief in the Schleich's theory sums up as follows: the Idea of the there is one and atoms-complex that is, an over in the body which Prentice Mulford our day-dream: Surely that soul Yes, but he does. The reckoning is particularly difficult to that he belongs to Psycho-analysis psycho-analysts Talmud and the analysis, in consequence indeed that *odini* ready accused by once more. Its dedivinizing of gins the Servile begins the Servile

what should really

be done is to psycho-analyse psycho-analysis. Its conception grew out of the domination-desire of the neurotic, who seeks to bring humanity into subjection by assimilating it to himself. This he does because of a transference-neurosis, which objectifies its own hypertrophied libido-complex as "world," and because of an instinctive hatred of the content of religious consciousness which the adept of the "Jewish science" would like to eliminate in all his fellow-creatures, knowing that, as a Jew — which means, as a typical *homo irreligiosus* — he cannot compete with "the others" in this sphere. In short, it is, to borrow from Nietzsche once more, "a parasite's attack, a vampirism of pale underground blood-suckers"; a grandiose attempt at infection, a stealthy act of revenge by those who have got the worst of it: the whole world is to be neuroticized, sexualized, diabolized. Psycho-analysis proclaims the advent of Satan's kingdom. Perhaps the proclamation is true. Perhaps we are really in for an interim reign of the Devil, whose adorers, as the student of the Black Mass knows, worship his phallus and his posterior as the supreme sanctities. It is, to quote Nietzsche for the third time, "a Jewish transvaluation of all values."

*The Orpheus
from the
Underworld*

Psycho-analysis is in truth a sect, with all the signs and symbols of one — rites and ceremonies, exorcisms and cathartic consultations, oracle and mantic, settled symbolism and dogmatism, secret doctrine and popular edition, proselytes and renegades, priests who are subjected to tests, and daughter sects which damn each other in turn. Just as the whale, though a mammal, poses as a fish, so psycho-analysis, actually a religion, poses as a science. This religion is Pagan in character: it embraces nature-worship, demonology, chthonian belief in the depths, Dionysiac sexualization. This connexion of religion with therapy, hygiene, and the interpretation of dreams existed in the ancient world also, as, for example, the healing sleep for the sick in the temples of Asklepios. And we have here a seer and singer working for the powers of darkness in most enticing tones, an Orpheus from the Underworld: it is a new world-wide revolt against the Gospel.

That the founder of psycho-analysis has done a few extraordinarily useful things no one will deny. In the first place he knocked the bottom, not only out of Behaviourism, but out of the whole Positivist psychology, by revealing the enormous part played by the unconscious. Further, the decisive importance that he attaches to the power of the word — the creative Logos — is

an unequivocal physical. A too, by the dis of life are deterring investigations, and interrogations. Of epoch-making fact that every and invert: things happens in an eventually providing complex of knowledge working hypothesis aggerations of a torment for mankind in which and forms only Freud achieved revealing the Classics." By making less, he psycho-interpretation of on this particular perhaps contribute carrying principle lose itself in a harm than good always been acquaintance of further importance that I am the complex (a "neurotic" to raise one

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wine — is not probable. Keeping the metaphor, it may be said that not all vinegar is an offspring of wine. This pan-sexuality is simply an assertion that maintains itself because it cannot be refuted. But here we already have the false conclusion which is sustained all through psycho-analysis: the neurotic — and the exceptionally difficult neurotic case at that — is hypostasized as the archetype of humanity. Even more untenable in its sweepingness is the psycho-analytical dogma that every dream is a wish-dream, or (as Freud again very happily formulates it) that the optative becomes the present in a dream. Certainly, in his later writings, Freud has admitted other motives in a few cases which could obviously not be classed with the wish-dreams, as, for instance, the “repetition-compulsion” when a person dreams regularly of a railway accident. But it is probably not too much to say that quite half of the total of dreams are not wish-dreams at all: how, otherwise, could we account for the “school examination” dream, for example, or the dream that every actor has had of not knowing his part? The fact that one often dreams of the death of some beloved being is naturally explained by psycho-analysis as latent parent-hatred, but such an interpretation could be strained to include one’s aunt or one’s chief. But animal-lovers have such dreams too, and in the case of horses, dogs, and cats an Œdipus-complex is really rather a far-fetched notion. Then there are the thousand and one most undesirable situations in which our dream-imagination vies in malignant inventiveness with Wilhelm Busch (admittedly, psycho-analysis interprets them all by sexual symbolism). All of these are manifestly fear-dreams, and it is incomprehensible that Freud, who gives such a prominent place to the fear-neurosis in the spiritual life, should grudge it that prominence in this important domain. Nevertheless, here, as in all other questions, it is impossible to convict the psycho-analysts of a false diagnosis, as they are such adepts in refuting all criticism by means of the catchwords with which they make play — terms like “ambivalent,” “inverted,” “symbolic,” “repressed,” “transferred,” “sublimated.” The convincingness of the argumentation here rests on the assumption that the pettifogging verbal quibble is the organizing principle of all spiritual life, and that the dream-god is of the Mosaic confession.

*The
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But Wundt’s law of the “heterogeneity of purposes” had already been applied to the founder of Mosaism, and it appears likely to fulfil itself in Freud also. Moses led his people for forty

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