CAU SUMMER 2024

July 7-13 & July 14 – 20

Impressionism to Surrealism: Art and Culture, 1880 to the Eve of WWII

Readings, Part 3

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Journal Title: In the garden of beasts, love, terror, and an American family in Hitlers Berlin , Erik Larson

Volume: Issue:
Month/Year: Pages:

Article Author:

Article Title: Chapter 42, Hermann's Toys

ILL Number: -22450330

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IN THE GARDEN OF BEASTS

ERIK LARSON

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Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
Larson, Erik.
In the garden of beasts : love, terror, and an American family in Hitler's Berlin / by Erik Larson.—1st ed.
p. cm.
Includes bibliographical references.
1. Dodd, William Edward, 1869–1940. 2. Diplomats—United States—Biography. 3. Historians—United States—Biography. 4. Germany—Social conditions—1933–1945. 5. National socialism—Germany. I. Title.
E748.D6L37 2011
943.086—dc22

2010045402

ISBN 978-0-307-40884-6
eISBN 978-0-307-88795-5

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Book design by Elina Nudelman
Jacket design by Whitney Cookman
Jacket photograph © The Art Archive/Marc Charmet

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

First Edition

CHAPTER 42

Hermann's Toys

Amid the many rumors of coming upheaval, it remained difficult for Dodd and his peers in the diplomatic corps to imagine that Hitler, Göring, and Goebbels could endure much longer. Dodd still saw them as inept and dangerous adolescents—"16 year olds," as he now put it—who found themselves confronting an accumulation of daunting troubles. The drought grew steadily more severe. The economy showed little sign of improvement, other than the illusory decline in unemployment. The rift between Röhm and Hitler seemed to have deepened. And there continued to be moments—strange, ludicrous moments—that suggested that Germany was merely the stage set for some grotesque comedy, not a serious country in a serious time.

Sunday, June 10, 1934, provided one such episode, when Dodd, French ambassador François-Poncet, and Britain's Sir Eric Phipps, along with three dozen other guests, attended a kind of open house at Göring's vast estate an hour's drive north of Berlin. He had named it Carinhall for his dead Swedish wife, Carin, whom he revered; later in the month he planned to exhume her body from its resting place in Sweden, transport it to Germany, and entomb it in a mausoleum on the estate grounds. Today, however, Göring wanted merely to show off his forests and his new bison enclosure, where he hoped to breed the creatures and then turn them loose on his grounds.

The Dodds arrived late in their new Buick, which had betrayed them along the way with a minor mechanical failure, but they still managed to arrive before Göring himself. Their instructions called for them to drive to a particular point on the estate. To keep guests

from getting lost, Göring had stationed men at each crossroads to provide directions. Dodd and his wife found the other guests gathered around a speaker who held forth on some aspect of the grounds. The Dodds learned they were at the edge of the bison enclosure.

At last Göring arrived, driving fast, alone, in what Phipps described as a racing car. He climbed out wearing a uniform that was partly the costume of an aviator, partly that of a medieval hunter. He wore boots of India rubber and in his belt had tucked a very large hunting knife.

Göring took the place of the first speaker. He used a microphone but spoke loudly into it, producing a jarring effect in the otherwise sylvan locale. He described his plan to create a forest preserve that would reproduce the conditions of primeval Germany, complete with primeval animals like the bison that now stood indolently in the near distance. Three photographers and a "cinematograph" operator captured the affair on film.

Elisabetta Cerruti, the beautiful Hungarian and Jewish wife of the Italian ambassador, recalled what happened next.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Göring said, "in a few minutes you will witness a unique display of nature at work." He gestured toward an iron cage. "In this cage is a powerful male bison, an animal almost unheard of on the Continent. . . . He will meet here, before your very eyes, the female of his species. Please be quiet and don't be afraid."

Göring's keepers opened the cage.

"Ivan the Terrible," Göring commanded, "I order you to leave the cage."

The bull did not move.

Göring repeated his command. Once again the bull ignored him.

The keepers now attempted to prod Ivan into action. The photographers readied themselves for the lustful charge certain to ensue.

Britain's Ambassador Phipps wrote in his diary that the bull emerged from the cage "with the utmost reluctance, and, after eyeing the cows somewhat sadly, tried to return to it." Phipps also described the affair in a later memorandum to London that became famous within the British foreign office as "the bison dispatch."

Next, Dodd and Mattie and the other guests climbed aboard thirty small, two-passenger carriages driven by peasants and set off on a long, meandering ride through forests and across meadows. Göring was in the lead in a carriage pulled by two great horses, with Mrs. Cerruti seated to his right. An hour later, the procession halted near a swamp. Göring climbed from his carriage and gave another speech, this on the glories of birds.

Once again the guests climbed into their carriages and, after another lengthy ride, came to a glade where their cars stood waiting. Göring levered his massive self into his car and raced off at high speed. The other guests followed at a slower pace and after twenty minutes came to a lake beside which stood an immense, newly constructed lodge that seemed meant to evoke the home of a medieval lord. Göring was waiting for them, dressed in a wholly new outfit, "a wonderful new white summer garb," Dodd wrote—white tennis shoes, white duck trousers, white shirt, and a hunting jacket of green leather, in whose belt the same hunting knife appeared. In one hand he held a long implement that seemed a cross between a shepherd's staff and a harpoon.

It was now about six o'clock, and the afternoon sun had turned the landscape a pleasing amber. Staff in hand, Göring led his guests into the house. A collection of swords hung just inside the main door. He showed off his "gold" and "silver" rooms, his card room, library, gym, and movie theater. One hallway was barbed with dozens of sets of antlers. In the main sitting room they found a live tree, a bronze image of Hitler, and an as-yet-unoccupied space in which Göring planned to install a statue of Wotan, the Teutonic god of war. Göring "displayed his vanity at every turn," Dodd observed. He noted that a number of guests traded amused but discreet glances.

Then Göring drew the party outside, where all were directed to sit at tables set in the open air for a meal orchestrated by the actress Emmy Sonnemann, whom Göring identified as his "private secretary," though it was common knowledge that she and Göring were romantically involved. (Mrs. Dodd liked Sonnemann and in coming months would become, as Martha noted, "rather attached to her.") Ambassador Dodd found himself seated at a table with

Vice-Chancellor Papen, Phipps, and François-Poncet, among others. He was disappointed in the result. "The conversation had no value," he wrote—though he found himself briefly engaged when the discussion turned to a new book about the German navy in World War I, during which far-too-enthusiastic talk of war led Dodd to say, "If people knew the truth of history there would never be another great war."

Phipps and François-Poncet laughed uncomfortably.

Then came silence.

A few moments later, talk resumed: "we turned," Dodd wrote, "to other and less risky subjects."

Dodd and Phipps assumed—*hoped*—that once the meal was over they would be able to excuse themselves and begin their journey back to Berlin, where both had an evening function to attend, but Göring now informed all that the climax of the outing—"this strange comedy," Phipps called it—was yet to come.

Göring led his guests to another portion of the lake shore some five hundred yards away, where he stopped before a tomb erected at the water's edge. Here Dodd found what he termed "the most elaborate structure of its kind I ever saw." The mausoleum was centered between two great oak trees and six large sarsen stones reminiscent of those at Stonehenge. Göring walked to one of the oaks and planted himself before it, legs apart, like some gargantuan wood sprite. The hunting knife was still in his belt, and again he wielded his medieval staff. He held forth on the virtues of his dead wife, the idyllic setting of her tomb, and his plans for her exhumation and reinterment, which was to occur ten days hence, on the summer solstice, a day that the pagan ideology of the National Socialists had freighted with symbolic importance. Hitler was to attend, as were legions of men from the army, SS, and SA.

At last, "weary of the curious display," Dodd and Phipps in tandem moved to say their good-byes to Göring. Mrs. Cerruti, clearly awaiting her own chance to bolt, acted with more speed. "Lady Cerruti saw our move," Dodd wrote, "and she arose quickly so as not to allow anybody to trespass upon her fight to lead on every possible occasion."

Mussolini

Written by Nancy Cox-McCormick

The next day Phipps wrote about Göring's open house in his diary. "The whole proceedings were so strange as at times to convey a feeling of unreality," he wrote, but the episode had provided him a valuable if unsettling insight into the nature of Nazi rule. "The chief impression was that of the most pathetic naïveté of General Göring, who showed us his toys like a big, fat, spoilt child: his primeval woods, his bison and birds, his shooting-box and lake and bathing beach, his blond 'private secretary,' his wife's mausoleum and swans and sarsen stones. . . . And then I remembered there were other toys, less innocent though winged, and these might some day be launched on their murderous mission in the same childlike spirit and with the same childlike glee."

DEDICATION

To you, my fellow soldiers of the valiant 11th Bersaglieri, I dedicate this journal of the war. It is mine and yours. My life and your life are in these pages; the monotonous, emotional, simple and exciting life which we lived through together in the unforgettable days in the trenches.

I shall always remember you with the deepest feeling, because you have given me a consoling conviction, in which there is hope and faith; on the crags of the Alps, in the arduous and yet heroic siege of war, you demonstrated that the Italian stock is not worn out, but that it still holds in its vitals the precious material of everlasting youth.

M.

PREFACE

Fame for more than twenty-six centuries has gathered laurels for the Latin brow. At Varano dei Costa, close to the Tuscan boundaries and near the Adriatic, the same coast where Gabriel d'Annunzio, Francesco Paola Michetti, Giacomo Leopardi, Adolfo de Bosis and Giacomo Boni, and several others representative of the highest standards of modern Italian culture were born, the name Mussolini is added to the romantic history of Italy's national life.

Mussolini's father, Alexander, a blacksmith, was not an unlearned man. He was an idealist and favored the principles of socialism. Mussolini's mother, an all-sacrificing soul, helped him to qualify himself for his first position, which was that of a schoolteacher. From their provincial class he developed into a scholar. But it was only through early impractical

experiments in the world of human contacts and problems that he finally evolved his political theories to become the inspiration of the new epoch in Europe.

Mussolini's whole life has been that of extreme discipline. Suffering through all stages of socialism and syndicalism, he learned the principle of cause and effect, proving himself great in the very fact that he could grow from one political conviction into another, and thus by evolution assisted by marvelous endowments, he emerged into the unique, honest dictator who has made the whole world look up in admiration.

When Mussolini was eighteen years old, after his first race in politics, he went to Switzerland. He had earned fifty-six lira per month by teaching forty little boys, but he had saved nothing. Therefore, his father provided funds for his journey.

In Switzerland Mussolini became a Mason. He worked as a laborer, taught French, always finding time to study. After two years, having come under the suspicions of the Swiss authorities, because of his radical ideas, he was expelled from the country. Going into Austria, he collaborated with Italian newspapers. About this period of his life, Mussolini discovered that by natural will and magnetism he could conquer anyone who came within the radius of his powerful personality.

Just before the Turkish war, having been expelled from Austria, he was sent as representative from his own town to the great Socialist Congress of Bolognia, where his genius was revealed by a speech so masterful that instantly he was recognized as the leader of the Socialists, and was appointed the editor of *L'Avanti*. When the war was declared he began to see more clearly the direction for his energies. Mussolini, who was militant in Socialistic ranks, broke away from his

companions when the Socialists of Italy decided to oppose and boycott the war. He declared himself to be first Italian and then Socialist, and he gave the example by enlisting. He went into the army as a corporal and thereby learned the actualities of mutual sacrifice with humanity. It was through this war experience that all of his previous ideas were replaced by the theories that formed the basis for the Fascist party.

In "My Diary," written when he was the Bersagliere Mussolini, he recounts the vicissitudes of the trench life. In it, he says to his comrades of the trench: "To you, I dedicate this journal of the war. It is mine and yours. My life and your life are in these pages; the monotonous, emotional, simple and exciting life we lived through together in the unforgettable days in the trenches."

Mussolini after being wounded was unable to go back to the front. He therefore returned to his sincere editorial writing, his trenchant public speaking, and founded *Il Popolo d'Italia* which is now the leading Fascist journal and edited by his most capable brother.

Following the armistice, the Communists in Italy began to undermine the very foundations of industrial order. The American Consul-General at Naples told me that for three months no cars ran in that city. Disorders born of Russia put the entire nation out of economical action. At the same time the government in Rome, being weak and too much under the influence of demagogic politicians, was killing the national morale. Some of the stories of these machinations are positively mediaeval in conception and perpetration.

When I arrived in Rome, the spring of 1922, the streets were conspicuous with the unemployed. Appalling accounts of riots throughout Italy were every-day occurrences. The "Banca di Sconto" had

failed and the people were hopeless. The traditional type of Military Police known as the Carabinieri were discouraged.

It was in Milan, the commercial center of Italy, that Mussolini founded his *fasci*. Organized after the ancient Roman army, its legions soon spread throughout Italy. Within two years, *Il Duce,* the leader, had every department of the black-shirts under control, its units, representing the splendid youth of the entire Nation, including a Woman's Corps.

The march against the feeble government at Rome and other destructive elements in Italy, established a new precedent in the history of National Military Movements. It was a spiritual crusade, and the direct antithesis of the revolution of the materialists in Russia. Italy had saved European civilization twice—young Italy was saving European civilization again, and without bloodshed.

Mussolini's ideals of government admit that a man is free to just the extent that his actions contribute towards the good for all, or the betterment of the State.

He believes in giving the women a free hand. They will now attain the administrative vote and will use it towards creating laws which will more directly affect the improvements of the children, the home and, therefore, future Italy. Italian women are generally, as in the days of the Cæsars, very good administrators of estates, and their families come first, being the normal Italian woman's vocation in life.

The Clergy in Rome, since the new order, has not retained the traditional antagonistic attitude towards the State. Thus, State and Clergy function separately and without friction. In more ways than one, Mussolini proves his talent as a diplomat and politician. The people of Italy recognize him as their saviour, ruthless in the cause of justice.

And now, the name Mussolini is beginning to take on a significance in the world somewhat as the same character that *Il Duce* is understood in his own country, *i.e.*, a man wholly concerned with welding Italy into a prosperous and happy entity.

The propaganda of the Opposition in Italy has made the fact more clear that Mussolini is honest, that he knows and loves his people and that all his methods are not supposed to work as a constructive agent in any country but Italy.

Since the last elections it is not an indiscretion to speak ex-cathedra for Mussolini, for Italy has arrived at more than an experimental stage of new life. While the Italian Government is still a revolutionary government, it is all that constitutes order as against the old disorder.

It is my privilege to speak as one who enjoyed a very close range on conditions in Italy, before, during, and after the revolution.

My first conviction of Mussolini's potency was through the artists in Via Margutta, the oldest of the artists' streets in the Rome of the Popes. For weeks before his victory in the Capitol, *fascismo* inspired all studio and restaurant conversation. On the rainy afternoon of October 31, 1922, driven by curiosity and the psychic pressure of it all (dressed *Englese*), I ventured into the streets. I did not see another woman about. Fifty thousand armed men, in black-shirts, were taking posts inside and out of the city. The quiet of the streets was unbroken save by the marching of feet, the rushing by of machine guns and armored wagons. Several artists I knew passed among the spirited black-shirts. I learned later the parents were more surprised than I to know that their sons formed a part of a practically secret army in full revolution.

During the week following I had reason to marvel

at the lack of bloodshed. It was a sign, a hope, that the war had taught something and that there existed a mob psychology that ran towards construction instead of destruction. This is indeed a step forward for civilization.

Soon after Mussolini was established at the Capitol, through my Italian friends I met a well-known, talented widow of a great war hero who had been hung in Austria, and whose memorial, along with three of his comrades', was erected on the Pincio by the Italian Government.

It is to Sigñora Rismondo that I owe the first occasion of going to the private sanctum of Mussolini's Roman home, and the occasion was for *colazione* directly after his morning gallop in the Borghese gardens.

Sua Eccelenza has been pictured as a nervous, forceful dictator, and a man of many roles. I would describe him as a creative force directing the beginnings of a renaissance, a man utterly simple, over whose physiognomy is cast the contained expression of greatness.

Especially does one feel this when he is "off stage." On this morning he received us (still in his riding togs) we were shown into his living room or large salon, where we had coffee between snatches of opera which he felt inspired to play on his violin, with one of the guests accompanying him at the piano. "I am glad to welcome you to my home," was his only remark in English.

His Excellency knew that I wished to make his portrait bust, and when we came to discuss that his face dropped into what I can best describe as an official *maschera*—a sort of half humorous defense in this instance, for he fixed his eyes most terrifyingly in my direction and, affecting a honeyed-voice severity, said, "Sigñora, not long ago I began posing for a painter

who made me so nervous I broke up the first sitting by nearly throwing him out of the window! Are you not afraid when I say we can begin tomorrow?" "Your Excellency," I replied, "when I am nervous, I am so much more dangerous than you that it would not be I who would be tumbling out of the window." That remark was my master stroke, for Mussolini respects anyone who can survive his thrusts, and, turning to Sigñora Rismondo, exclaimed, "Dio Mio, what have we here?"

The next day I took my tools and the clay bust that was already in shape for the first sitting and set up my stand for work in the same salon. Like the character of the man, it was simple and without the slightest attempt towards luxury, yet this man of iron complained to me that it was too comfortable.

The room was, however, rich with gifts from groups of his party and cities throughout Italy. Among them was a small jeweled Swiss-made music box which played only the *fascisti* marching song. Often while we worked he would dash away to rewind it. I was constrained to think of all the personal keepsakes of great men I had seen in the museums of Europe, knowing full well that some day, when this age is folded away in the past, the little box with its glorious magic-song would be the envy of one collection or another.

Mussolini is much of an artist, and he is always surrounded with flowers. He has been presented with many relief portraits in plaster made from photographs, many classic bronzes and a special work of the lion vanquishing the serpent. Across the back of his high desk-chair, was draped the bright green satin gold-embroidered cape that had been thrown into his box by the Castilian matador who starred in the horseless bull fight which so excited and disappointed all Rome during the previous month.

Most interesting was the arrangement of fasces,

designed by the great classicist and archaeologist, Sen. Giacomo Boni, after the ancient sculptures excavated in the Roman Forum, and who also designed the two-lira Fascist coin. On the mantel, on the desk, and on his reading table were placed group photographs of his handsome wife with their three brilliant children, Edda, Bruno and Vittorio.

Signor Mussolini gave me ten sittings. We worked during the hour following his luncheon. Appointments were made and broken owing to various duties which robbed him not only of his midday repose but often necessitated his working all night and spending days on the trains. When, after numerous delays and the interruption caused by his voyage to the long-neglected and half-wild Island of Sardinia, he was obliged to rush to the scene of Mt. Etna's alarm, I went to Fiesole where I could look out over Florence and its towers. After two weeks we began again and in the end he scratched his name on the side of the model, much after the style of the signed Etruscan portrait bronzes.

Benito Mussolini's head is large and as much like Hadrian's as Hadrian's head was unlike some of the other Roman Emperors. What I mean to say is that Mussolini's head is developed above and before his ears and that the bump of primitive force is in his jaw. His eyes in repose are the kindliest I have ever looked into. From the general physiognomy, one instantly knows that he is all fearlessness and strength. He might well be vain because of his large, beautifully-chiseled mouth, and because of his small but compact and useful-looking hands.

One day he was disposed to work while I worked. For three-quarters of an hour he wrote consecutively and without hesitation. The article was for his paper in Milan. After reading it to me without so much as adding a comma, he rang for his secretary and gave it to him to post. In every detail the man is exact. Usu-

ally he walked about talking lightly in that strangely modulated and mellifluous voice about things in general, occasionally quietly laughing or frowning over headlines on papers published in English, German, French and Italian. His gestures were few but dramatic. In public or at home his phrases are separated by impressive pauses accentuating the dignity of his presence. One has only to hear him talk to his officers, as I had the privilege of doing, on the birthday of Rome, to understand that while he is an able statesman and politician, he is at heart a man of truth guided by tremendous will and admirable qualities of soul.

Italy needed a Cromwell. She makes no boasts of democracy. Mussolini has said that he was not so much interested in making the world safe for democracy, but rather to make democracy safe for the world. It took a Hercules to clean the Ægean stables and it took a Mussolini to begin a new order in Europe.

Il Presidente del consiglio has not accomplished his purposes without making hundreds of dangerous enemies. Men in his party who proved unworthy have been dismissed. His life is constantly threatened.

In his first speech before the 1923 Parliament, Mussolini said, "Italy wants peace with honor, the peace with justice, the peace that does not commit violence to anyone." Mussolini will not be displaced by the Opposition in Italy. If some day he should be he will be not less great—for he has functioned as a saving genius in the time of a great national crisis—thus heroically winning a permanent place among the *stelloni* of the Latin race.

NANCY COX-MCCORMACK.

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Substantial parts of this book appeared, in somewhat different forms, in *Perspectives in American History*, II (1968).

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K-S

IV / THE HUNGER FOR WHOLENESS: *Trials of Modernity*

I

The poets did not speak for themselves alone. Their critique of politics and their call for wholeness were guaranteed a wide audience, in part because poets had high authority, but in part also because they confirmed, and beautifully expressed, ideas that had been powerful in Germany's past and continued to be powerful during the Weimar years. There was deep, widespread discontent with politics in the Republic. "We young students did not read the newspapers in those years," Hannah Arendt has recalled. "George Grosz's cartoons seemed to us not satires but realistic reportage: we knew those types; they were all around us. Should we mount the barricades for *that*?"

This rejection of politics was a new version of an old habit of mind. For over a century Germans had looked upon politics with a mixture of fascination and aversion. The enormous numbers of newspapers and the space they gave to politics—once the censor would let them—and the high rate of participation in elections strongly suggest that Germans took to politics with a passion; as soon as they could be political, they were political. Much of this restless expenditure of energy might be self-important busy work—Germans themselves liked to satirize their incurable inclination to form clubs—or the public acting out of private passions, but it was at least what is normally called political activity: political talk, canvassing, voting.

Foolish politics is still politics. But side by side with this stream of thought there ran another channel, crowded with traffic and dug deep by careful dredging—the aversion to politics, not to this or that policy, this or that party, but to politics as such.

The pursuit of politics is a habit, like all habits strengthened by practice and atrophied by disuse. Germans had little practice in politics. The authoritarian states of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, large or small, had lived largely under the fiat of their rulers; there were few newspapers, and the newspapers there were had little political news and no political independence; only a handful of states could boast public debating societies known as parliaments. The imperial institutions that Bismarck built in 1871, by appearing to be better, made things worse; they were, as the veteran Social Democrat Wilhelm Liebknecht colorfully put it, "fig leaves for absolutism." The federalist structure of the new German Empire barely concealed the predominance of Prussia; the universal manhood suffrage for the federal parliament was badly compromised by Prussia's reactionary three-class electoral system, which kept all the power in the hands of the powerful; the Reichstag was only a shadow parliament, since the Chancellor was responsible not to it but to his Emperor. Deputies to the Reichstag were largely passive recipients of communications from those who really governed. The great Roman historian Theodor Mommsen, by his own confession a thoroughly political animal, warned against the damage that Bismarck was doing. "The decay of our representative system is certainly frightening," he wrote; the nation has contented itself with "pseudo-constitutional absolutism"; the Reichstag appears like "a building for momentary utility, to be thrown away after use"—in a word, "Bismarck has broken the spine of the nation."[1] Only a handful of others were as perceptive as Mommsen. And after Bismarck was dismissed in 1890, he left his institutions behind, to be managed by lesser men; what Meinecke would later call the "militarist-conservative combine"[2] kept

[1] These statements are quoted in Albert Wucher, *Theodor Mommsen: Geschichtsschreibung und Politik* (1956), 157, 180.

[2] See above, pp. 18–19.

control. Surely, the political mentality cannot train itself in an atmosphere of persistent frustration, or with the sense that it is all a sham. When the democratic Weimar Constitution opened the door to real politics, the Germans stood at the door, gaping, like peasants bidden to a palace, hardly knowing how to conduct themselves.

As realities usually do, these realities produced ideologies that explained and justified them. Leading German intellectuals, poets, and professors made an informal, largely tacit agreement with their state: they would abstain from criticism, even from politics in general, if the state in turn allowed them freedom to lead somewhat irregular private lives and hold rather unorthodox opinions in philosophy and religion. Schiller's celebrated call for *Gedankenfreiheit*—freedom of thought—was not so radical as it may appear. "*Gedankenfreiheit*," Hajo Holborn has written, "was directly felt as absolutely necessary, while social and political rights were regarded as perhaps desirable, but necessary only to a minor degree." In fact, "the whole intellectual movement of the German eighteenth century had as its almost exclusive aim the education of the individual, and to that it subordinated all political demands."[3] The world of the Germans—and here the poets helped, as models and spokesmen—came to be separated into the higher realm of self-perfection, *Bildung*, the achievement of *Kultur* for its own sake and free of politics, and the lower realm of human affairs, sordid with practical matters and compromises. The *Humanitätsideal* preached at the beginning of the nineteenth century by civilized men like Alexander von Humboldt was a noble ideal, and, in a sense, an education for humane politics both domestically and internationally; it served as a criticism of prevailing institutions and practices. But its dualism could easily be vulgarized, and was vulgarized, into mere sloganeering which elevated apathy into a superior form of existence and invidiously compared the traders' mentality of British and French politicians with the spirituality of the educated German. In fact, the separation from, and exaltation over, "Western" values was a prominent part of this German ideology.

[3] "Der deutsche Idealismus in sozialgeschichtlicher Beleuchtung," *Historische Zeitschrift*, CLXXIV, 2 (October 1952), 365.

Nor was this *"Vulgäridealismus"*—this vulgar idealism[4]—politically neutral; in valuing obedience and authority above debate and partisan activity, it was self-righteous, conservative, often reactionary, a valuable prop of the established order.

During the First World War, the unpolitical German found an eloquent spokesman, and fought a memorable battle, which was to reverberate through the short life of the Weimar Republic. In 1918 Thomas Mann proclaimed, both in the title and the six hundred pages of his *Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen,* that he was an unpolitical man, and proud of it. The volume—it is really an overgrown polemical pamphlet—was a salvo in a family quarrel conducted in the open. Early in the war, still caught up in his conviction of Germany's cultural mission, Thomas Mann had written an essay reminding the Germans of a historic hero, Frederick the Great of Prussia, who, with all his faults, incarnated Germany itself; the great coalition that had formed itself against Prussia in 1756, after Frederick had invaded Saxony in the name of self-defense, foreshadowed the great coalition that had formed itself against Germany in 1914, after the Germans had invaded Belgium for the same reason. "Today, Germany is Frederick the Great"; it is "his soul that has reawakened in us."[5] The reply to this aggressive defense of German *Kultur* and German conduct came from Thomas Mann's brother Heinrich, in an essay ostensibly devoted to Zola but actually—as the glancing hits at his brother and at German policy made plain—an uncompromising condemnation of the very ideal that Thomas Mann cherished and hoped to sustain. It is Zola, Heinrich Mann argued, Zola, the republican, the democrat, the pamphleteer against injustice and exploitation, the ruthless truth-teller, the idealist, the Utopian, in a word, the enlightened civilian, who is the truly admirable model. This exchange took place in 1915; Thomas Mann's *Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen,* begun then and published three years later, was, at least for a

[4] I have borrowed this happy phrase, a deliberate parody, of course, of favorite German expletives like "vulgar Marxism," and "vulgar liberalism," from Fritz Stern; see "The Political Consequences of the Unpolitical German," *History,* No. 3 (1960), 122.

[5] Kurt Sontheimer, *Thomas Mann und die Deutschen* (1961), 22.

time, the last word. Heinrich Mann appears, not by name, but by an untranslatable epithet, as the *Zivilisationsliterat*—the cultivated but shallow littérateur who is devoted to the cursed values of a rationalist, bourgeois, materialistic, superficial, optimistic civilization, who is blind to the abysses of the human soul, the mysteries of *Kultur*, the treacherous seductions of the theory of progress, the pitfalls of democracy, and who insists—and this is worst of all—on corrupting with politics the spheres of culture and the spirit. "I hate politics and the belief in politics, because it makes men arrogant, doctrinaire, obstinate, and inhuman."[6] When in the 1920s Thomas Mann underwent his conversion to the Republic and to democracy, he changed his mind about politics as well. "The political and the social," he now recognized, "are part of the humane sphere."[7] By then it was a little late, and not particularly impressive; there were many who interpreted Mann's change of front as treason or sheer irresponsibility, maliciously quoted his earlier in refutation of his later pronouncements, and refused to follow him.

Yet if Weimar needed anything, it needed rational politics. With the advent of the Republic, the possibility of political action, like the need for it, increased, suddenly and spectacularly. But the possibility was not realized, the need not filled. Not all the trouble lay with the unpolitical; many who had been unpolitical adopted politics of a kind that makes one long for a little apathy. Some mistook Expressionist declamation for a reform program; others chose murder as their favorite form of electioneering. At times the left seemed no less remote from the reality of reasonable conduct: in 1932 the men around the *Weltbühne* actually proposed Heinrich Mann for President of Germany, a proposal that Mann declined in favor of Hindenburg—against Hitler.[8] At the same time, as the memoirs—the literature of hindsight—make unmistakably clear, the unpolitical strain remained

[6] *Ibid.*, 39.
[7] *Ibid.*, 95.
[8] I agree with George L. Mosse, who writes: "When analyzing the *Weltbühne* people and Ossietzky it struck me forcibly how far removed they were from reality (trying to put up Heinrich Mann for the Presidency, for example)."

alive. Many simply could not bother to get involved. "I don't remember," writes the articulate philosopher Ludwig Marcuse in his autobiography, "if I voted in those years—and certainly not for whom."[9]

Doubtless this attitude, so widespread and so fatalistic, induced a certain distortion in perception; what was considered, in advance, to be not worth the trouble appeared to be not worth the trouble. Still, it must be said that the rejection of politics typified by Hannah Arendt and Ludwig Marcuse was more than an old attitude brought up to date; it had a good piece of reality in it. There was some reason to think the political life of the Republic a spectacle, remote and slightly ludicrous. Parliamentary debates, with their legalism and their occasional vehemence, had a curious air of unreality about them: party hacks quibbled, orated, and insulted one another while millions were hungry. Politics seemed a game to which all must contribute but which only politicians could win. Cabinet crisis followed cabinet crisis; in the less than fifteen years of Weimar, there were seventeen governments. It is true that there was more continuity than this figure might indicate: the so-called Weimar coalition, made up of cooperating ministers from the Social Democratic Party, the Catholic Center Party, and the Democratic Party, dominated several of these cabinets; and some men reappeared in cabinet after cabinet regardless of its general makeup; Stresemann, who presided as Chancellor over two cabinets, from August to November 1923, then became Foreign Minister in seven more, until October 3, 1929, the day of his death. Indeed, the Catholic Center was well named: it acted for much of the Weimar period as a parliamentary center of gravity.

Yet the changes of cabinet, coupled with the rise of extremist parties like the Nazis, suggested that the coalitions were papering over deep cracks; they were coalitions without consensus. There were too many for whom the general will seemed obscure or lacking altogether. The phenomenon of the party press did little to mitigate the divisions in

[9] *Mein zwanzigstes Jahrhundert: Auf dem Weg zu einer Autobiographie* (1960), 82.

German society; millions of voters read only the newspapers of "their" party, thus hardening attitudes they already held. The Center Party, for one, could count on about three hundred newspapers throughout the country, nearly all of them of modest circulation, all of them provincial and parochial. None of them was official—the Center had no equivalent for the Nazis' *Völkischer Beobachter* or the Social Democrats' *Vorwärts*—and they were stubbornly independent in management, but they remained dependably partisan in their treatment of political news.

There were exceptions, of course: major metropolitan dailies anxious for large circulation, and that voice of reason emanating from the provinces, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* was democratic, liberal, but free of parties; its tone was reasonable, its coverage wide, its politics intelligent and wholly independent. In its makeup and its stories, it refused to adopt fashionable sensationalism. Its reporting of parliamentary events was thorough, for it had an important bureau in Berlin; its commitment to the best in modern culture emerged in its championship of modern poets and playwrights, and in the civilized reportage of Siegfried Kracauer. In 1931 its chief editor, Heinrich Simon, spoke movingly of the "other Germany" for which his newspaper stood. Recalling the work of Leopold Sonnemann, the paper's founder, Simon reminded his audience: "It is good to remember that time in which the advocates of freedom, the advocates of a humane Germany, experienced hostility and persecution. It is good to remember that these persecutions did not cause them to surrender a single iota of their convictions. Where did this courage come from? From the belief in the other Germany which, through the centuries, again and again interrupted saber-rattling self-laceration, even when force sought to condemn it to silence. This newspaper has lived, to this day, on the belief in this other Germany, in the Germany of freedom and humanity.[10] Here was the outsider, the representative of the other Germany, the Weimar spirit at

[10] Excerpts from this speech, delivered on October 29, 1931, are quoted in "Ein Jahrhundert *Frankfurter Zeitung*, begründet von Leopold Sonnemann," special number of *Die Gegenwart*, XI (October 29, 1956), 39.

its best, speaking sadly and bravely, aware that he was an outsider still. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* sought to heal the fragmentation of party-ridden Germany with reason. But this, it turned out, was not the kind of wholeness most Germans were looking for. The Nazis had a sense of this; they had a party—the National Socialist German Workers' Party—but they preferred to call it a movement—a *Bewegung.* It sounded more organic.

II

The hunger for wholeness found its most poignant expression in the youth. After the war, German youth, restless, bewildered, often incurably estranged from the Republic, sought salvation in the poets, but it also found other, more prosaic if not less strenuous guides. The youth movement, which had had its modest beginnings at the turn of the century and flourished mightily through the twenties, collected among its ranks and preserved among its graduates many would-be thinkers hunting for an organic philosophy of life.

It would be impossible to draw an ideological profile of the *Wandervogel* and their many offshoots. The youth movements had no real philosophy. Many were anti-Semitic, some accepted Jews. Many tied their members together in strong if unacknowledged homoerotic friendships, some encouraged girls to join. Many expounded a pantheistic love of nature and mystical love of the fatherland, some were casual associations devoted to healthful walks. Many repudiated attempts to introduce politics; some, especially after 1918, allied themselves with Communist, Socialist, or Nazi groups. But all *Wandervogel* except the most casual attached an enormous importance to their movement, an importance dimly felt but fervently articulated; as solemn, rebellious bourgeois—and they were nearly all bourgeois—they saw their rambling, their singing, their huddling around the campfire, their visits to venerable ruins, as a haven from a Germany they could not respect or even understand, as an experiment in restoring primitive bonds that overwhelming events and insidious forces

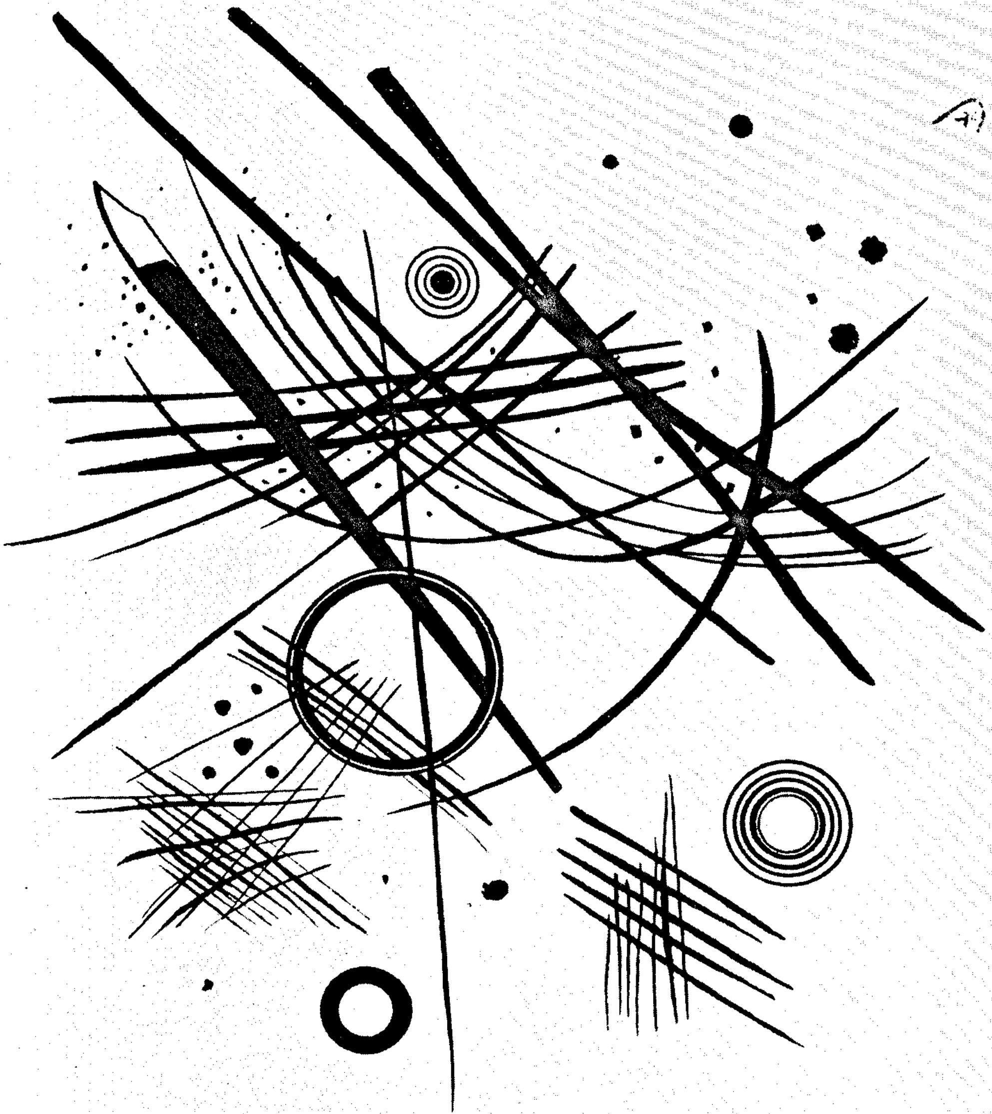
had loosened or destroyed—in a word, as a critique of the adult world.

The rhetoric of the leading spokesmen for the youth movements betrays this high idealism, unremitting search, and incurable confusion. Many of the youth leaders hailed an idealized, romanticized medieval Germany as a refuge from commercialism and fragmentation. Hans Breuer, who compiled the songbook of the youth movement—one of the biggest best-sellers of twentieth-century Germany—insisted in his prefaces that he had gathered his folk songs for "disinherited" youth, a youth "sensing in its incompleteness—*Halbheit*—the good and longing for a whole, harmonious humanity." What, he asks, "What is the old, classical folk song? It is the song of the whole man, complete unto himself—*in sich geschlossen*."[11] The youth, singing these songs, was a self-conscious rebel against his father; indeed, Hans Blüher, first historian of the *Wandervogel* and apologist for its adolescent eroticism, explicitly said that "the period that produced the *Wandervogel* is characterized by a struggle of youth against age." Alienated sons sought out other alienated sons and formed a great "confederation of friendship."[12] To judge by these writers, the *Wandervogel* sought warmth and comradeliness, an escape from the lies spawned by petty bourgeois culture, a clean way of life unmarked by the use of alcohol or tobacco and, above all, a common existence that could rise above self-interest and shabby party politics. Leaders and followers alike used a verbal shorthand that was sign, and token, of their emotional intimacy; certain words were talismans for them, invocations with passionate resonance and almost magical powers—words like "*Aufbruch*," a rather poetic term evoking revolution, and "*Gemeinschaft*"—community.

As the philosopher Paul Natorp, full of sympathy and concern, warned as early as 1920, these aspirations and usages were of doubtful value. The facile irrationalism of the *Wandervogel*, he said, their

[11] "Vorwort," to the 10th edition of *Der Zupfgeigenhansl* (1913), in *Grundschriften der deutschen Jugendbewegung*, ed. Werner Kindt (1963), 67, 66.

[12] *Geschichte des Wandervogels*, from vol. I (1912), in *Grundschriften*, 47.



From the collection of the author

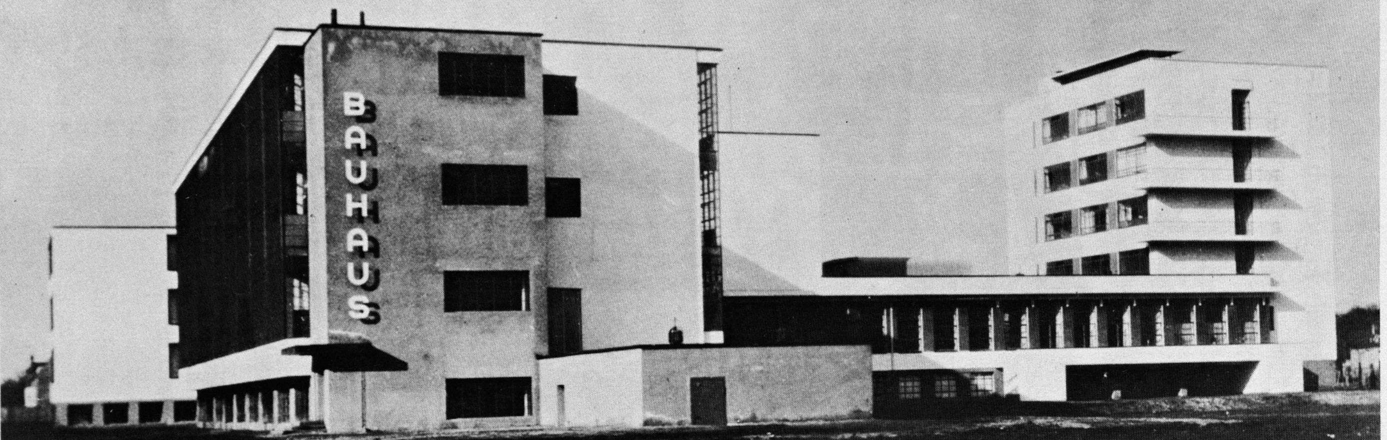
WASSILY KANDINSKY: ABSTRACTION — LITHOGRAPH, *ca.* 1925

Kandinsky, the most influential among the abstract artists, worked in the Bauhaus from 1922 to its closing in 1933; there he did some of his most effective geometric abstractions—testimony to the modernity of the Weimer spirit.

Museum of Modern Art

ERICH MENDELSOHN: EINSTEIN TOWER, POTSDAM, 1919

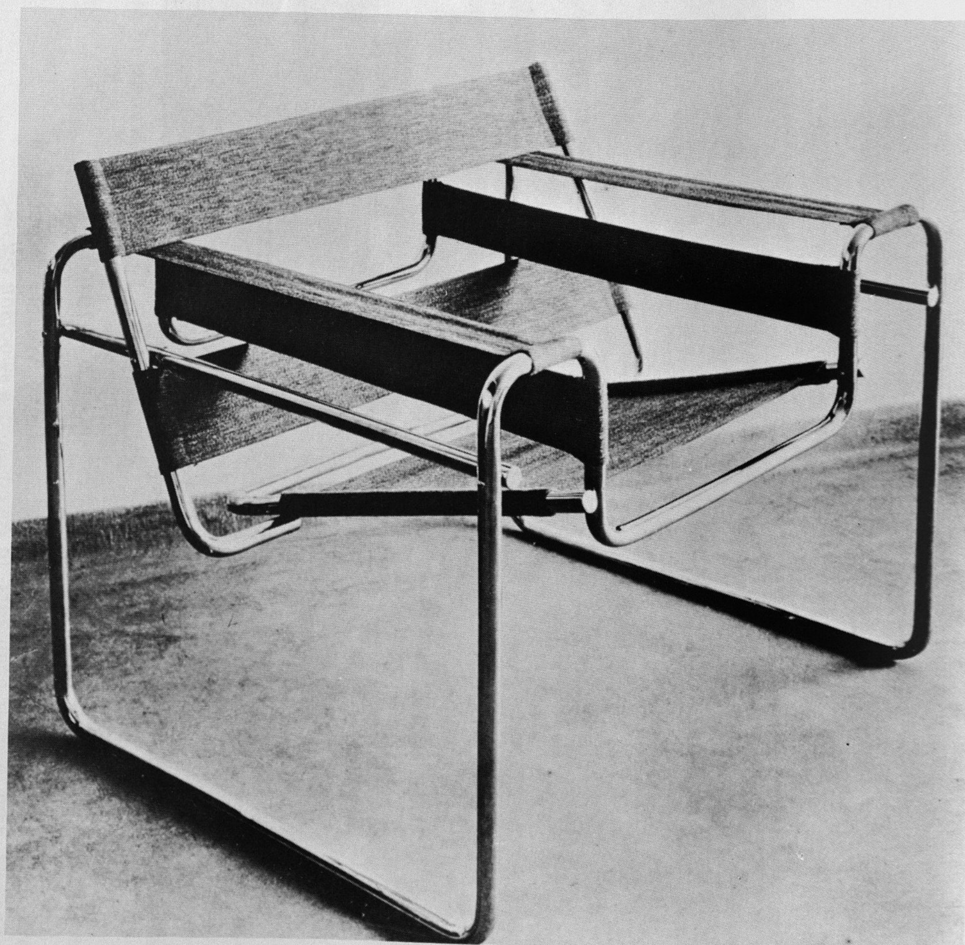
One of Mendelsohn's best-known Expressionist buildings. When Albert Einstein was taken through this observatory, he said one word—the right one: "Organic."



Museum of Modern Art

WALTER GROPIUS: BAUHAUS BUILDING IN DESSAU, COMPLETED IN 1926

Perhaps the most celebrated structure built during the Weimar Republic, a striking contrast, with its clear angularity, to Mendelsohn's swooping curves.



Museum of Modern Art

MARCEL BREUER: FIRST TUBULAR CHAIR, 1925

A splendid design, characteristic of the Bauhaus, as influential as the Gropius building in which it was produced.

search for the soul and distrust of the mind, was bound to produce false ideals and lead to antisocial behavior: "You fear the dismemberment of your being in all the piecework of human wishing and knowing, and fail to notice that you cannot achieve wholeness if you reject such large and essential parts of that which has been allotted to all mankind. You seek the indivisibility of man's being, and yet assent to its being torn apart."[13]

Natorp's warning was wasted. The unbridled neoromanticism and emotional thinking of the prewar years had not been cured by the experience of the war and the peace that followed it—these events, on which youth leaders dwelled obsessively, only compounded the confusion. The result was a peculiarly undoctrinaire, unanalytical, in fact unpolitical socialism—it was "a self-evident proposition," one observer noted, for all people in the youth movement to be Socialists.[14] Young men and women, seeking purity and renewal, were Socialists by instinct; the *völkisch*, right-wing groups demanded the "reawakening of a genuine Germanness—*deutsches Volkstum*—in German lands," while the left-wing groups called for "the restoration of a *societas*, a communally constructed society."[15] Everywhere, amid endless splintering of groups and futile efforts at reunion, there was a certain fixation on the experience of youth itself; novels about schools and youth groups exemplified and strengthened this fixation. Except for the Freudians and a few others, psychologists and sociologists studied adolescents and neglected child psychology; the concentration of their work on the youth reflected a real need and real concern, but it was, in its own way, part of the fixation it sought to understand. Flight into the future through flight into the past, reformation through nostalgia—in the end, such thinking amounted to nothing more than the decision to make adolescence itself into an ideology.

[13] "Hoffnungen und Gefahren unserer Jugendbewegung," a lecture first given in 1913; the quotation is from the third edition of 1920, in *Grundschriften*, 145.

[14] Elisabeth Busse-Wilson, "Freideutsche Jugend 1920," in *Grundschriften*, 245.

[15] See Ernst Buske, "Jugend und Volk," in *Grundschriften*, 198.

III

The leaders of the youth movements did not need to generate their own ideas; if anything, Weimar enjoyed too many ideas, variegated, mutually (and sometimes internally) contradictory, unanalyzed and often unanalyzable. It was swamped with polemics designed to expose the inferiority of republican culture to the imaginary glories of the First and Second Empire, or the imagined glories of the Third Empire to come. And for those who confined their reading to book jackets, authors provided slogan-like titles. Werner Sombart's indictment of the commercial mentality confronted, in its winning title, *Händler und Helden*, traders (the West) with heroes (the Germans); it was a characteristic product of the war, but kept its public during the 1920s. Even more remarkable, Ferdinand Tönnies' classic in sociology, *Gemeinschaft und Gesellschaft*, first published as far back as 1887, made its fortune in the Weimar Republic, with its invidious contrast between the authentic, organic harmony of community and the materialistic fragmentation of business society. Hans Grimm's novel of 1926, *Volk ohne Raum*, which was a long-lived best-seller, expressed in its very title a prevailing sense of claustrophobia, an anxiety felt, and played upon by right-wing politicians, over "inadequate living space," and the "encirclement" of Germany by its hostile, vengeful neighbors. In 1931 the *völkische* author Hans Freyer called, ecstatically, for a revolt against liberal ideas in his *Revolution von Rechts,* thus offering another striking novelty, the idea of a revolution not from its usual point of departure, the left, but from the right. Perhaps most effective was the pairing offered in the title of a three-volume work by the anti-Semite Ludwig Klages, who had in early years belonged to the George circle: his *Der Geist als Widersacher der Seele* pitted mind against soul, and assailed the intellect in the name of irrationalism. These fabricators of titles thought themselves aristocrats, but they did not disdain, in fact enjoyed coining, popular clichés.

Books spawned movements, which generally paraded before the

public covered in deliberately incongruous labels—Conservative Revolution, Young Conservatism, National Bolshevism, Prussian Socialism—ostensibly responsible attempts to get away from traditional political terminology, actually testimony to a perverse pleasure in paradox and a deliberate, deadly assault on reason. It was strange: the pundits who proudly proclaimed that they had outgrown or—a favorite word—"overcome" the traditional labels of liberal politics, "left" and "right," generally ended up on the right. Meinecke saw it precisely in 1924: "The deep yearning for the inner unity and harmony of all laws of life and events in life remains a powerful force in the German spirit."[16]

The spokesmen for this yearning were as varied, and as incongruous, as the ideas they proclaimed: Martin Heidegger was a difficult, it would seem deliberately esoteric, philosopher who clothed the revolt against reason in a new language of his own; Hugo von Hofmannsthal was an exquisitely cultivated *Literat*, who sought to hold high the flag of civilization in a time of decay; Ernst Jünger translated his experiences of adventure and war service—that half-authentic, half-mythical *Kriegserlebnis*—into a nihilistic celebration of action and death; the industrialist, economist, and Utopian Walther Rathenau turned on the industry on which his fortune rested by constructing elaborate and ambitious indictments of machine civilization and forecasting a new life; Oswald Spengler impressed the impressionable with his display of erudition, his unhesitating prophecies, and his coarse arrogance.

Among these prophets, Heidegger was perhaps the most unlikely candidate to influence. But his influence was far-reaching, far wider than his philosophical seminar at the University of Marburg, far wider than might seem possible in light of his inordinately obscure book, *Sein und Zeit* of 1927, far wider than Heidegger himself, with his carefully cultivated solitude and unconcealed contempt for other philosophers, appeared to wish. Yet, as one of Heidegger's most perceptive critics, Paul Hühnerfeld, has said: "These books, whose meaning was barely decipherable when they appeared, were devoured.

[16] *Staatsräson*, 490.

And the young German soldiers in the Second World War who died somewhere in Russia or Africa with the writings of Hölderlin and Heidegger in their knapsacks can never be counted."[17] The key terms of Heidegger's philosophy were, after all, anything but remote; more than one critic has noted that words like "*Angst*," "care," "nothingness," "existence," "decision," and (perhaps most weighty) "death" were terms that the Expressionist poets and playwrights had made thoroughly familiar even to those who had never read a line of Kierkegaard. What Heidegger did was to give philosophical seriousness, professorial respectability, to the love affair with unreason and death that dominated so many Germans in this hard time. Thus Heidegger aroused in his readers obscure feelings of assent, of rightness; the technical meaning Heidegger gave his terms, and the abstract questions he was asking, disappeared before the resonances they awakened. Their general purport seemed plain enough: man is thrown into the world, lost and afraid; he must learn to face nothingness and death. Reason and intellect are hopelessly inadequate guides to the secret of being; had Heidegger not said that thinking is the mortal enemy of understanding? The situation in which men found themselves in the time of the Republic was what Heidegger called an "*Umsturzsituation*," a revolutionary situation in which men must act; whether construction or utter destruction followed mattered not at all.[18] And Heidegger's life—his isolation, his peasant-like appearance, his deliberate provincialism, his hatred of the city—seemed to confirm his philosophy, which was a disdainful rejection of modern urban rationalist civilization, an eruptive nihilism. Whatever the precise philosophical import of *Sein und Zeit* and of the writings that surrounded it, Heidegger's work amounted to a denigration of Weimar, that creature of reason, and an exaltation of movements like that of the Nazis, who thought with their blood, worshiped the charismatic leader, praised and practiced murder, and hoped to stamp out reason —forever—in the drunken embrace of that life which is death. By no means all who read Heidegger were Nazis, or became Nazis be-

[17] *In Sachen Heidegger* (1961), 14.
[18] See *ibid.*, 54–55.

cause they read him; Christian existentialists or philosophers concerned with the supreme question of Being found him interesting and sometimes important. But Heidegger gave no one reasons not to be a Nazi, and good reasons for being one. "It is not without *some* justification," Paul Tillich has cautiously said, that the names of Nietzsche and Heidegger "are connected with the antimoral movements of fascism or national socialism."[19] and of these two Nietzsche was certainly far more remote from modern barbarism, both in time and in thought, than Heidegger.

I am not offering this scanty paragraph as an adequate summary of Heidegger's philosophy; I am suggesting, rather, that this is what Heidegger's readers thought, by and large, they were reading in him —and not without justice. When the Nazis came to power, Heidegger displayed what many have since thought unfitting servility to his new masters—did he not omit from printings of *Sein und Zeit* appearing in the Nazi era his dedication to the philosopher Husserl, to whom he owed so much but who was, inconveniently enough, a Jew? But the notorious address of May 27, 1933, with which Heidegger inaugurated his rectorate at the University of Freiburg, was not simply servility; it was a logical outgrowth of his philosophy, with its appeal to the *Führer* and the *Volk,* the abuse of words like "self-determination," the attack on objective science, the fervent proclamation of the powers of blood and soil, the call for an end to academic freedom in the name of higher things. The essence of the German university, he said, "arrives at clarity, rank, and power only when, above all, and at all times, the leaders themselves are the led—led by the inexorability of that spiritual mandate which forces the destiny of the German people into the stamp of its history." The mandate consists of three kinds of service: "Labor service, military service, and knowledge service—they are equally necessary and of equal rank." The will of the students and the will of the *Volk* together, mutually, must be ready for the struggle. "All powers of will and thought, all the forces of the heart and all the capacities of the body, must be unfolded through struggle, elevated in struggle, and preserved as struggle."

[19] "The Transmoral Conscience," in *The Protestant Era,* 166.

No question: "We want our *Volk* to fulfill its historical mission. We want ourselves. For the young and youngest power of the *Volk*, which already grasps beyond us, has already decided that."[20] The words may be a little obscure—though they are, with their reminiscences of editorials in the *Völkische Beobachter* and speeches by Goebbels, rather less obscure than Heidegger's normal style—but the message is plain enough.

Nothing could seem more remote from this dark antirationalism than the troubled musings on the modern world which Hugo von Hofmannsthal offered to an audience at the University of Munich in 1927, yet they have more in common than might at first appear. Hofmannsthal's address bore a strange title: "Das Schrifttum als geistiger Raum der Nation—Literature as the Spiritual Space of the Nation." Not unexpectedly, it was a highly civilized performance; its diction was elegant and its cultural purpose unimpeachable. But it was also a mystification, elusive, strenuously vague: Hofmannsthal speaks of seekers and prophets, and discerns in the Germany of his day a "conservative revolution" of a "magnitude hitherto unknown in European history." But he does not identify the seekers and prophets, and specifies the aim of the conservative revolution only as "form, a new German reality, in which the whole nation can participate." This elusiveness was itself, though perhaps not intentionally, a political act, for if the Germany of 1927 needed anything, it needed clarity, concreteness, demystification.

Yet a careful reading of Hofmannsthal's address suggests, if not a program, at least a coherent attitude. Evidently, Hofmannsthal believed that Germany failed, but needed, to be a cultural organism in which spirit and life, literature and politics, the educated and the uneducated, might join in common possession of cultural goods, in a living tradition that all could enjoy. We are "connected to a community," Hofmannsthal argued, not by physical coexistence or intimacy, but by some "spiritual adherence." Indeed, only where there

[20] *Die Selbstbehauptung der deutschen Universität,* Freiburger Universitätsreden No. 11 (1933), *passim.*

is "believed wholeness of existence—*geglaubte Ganzheit des Daseins*" —*there* is reality. And now, in the 1920s, there are some seekers and prophets in Germany who are groping for this reality, and in two ways. They "seek, not freedom, but connection," and they have achieved the insight "that it is impossible to live without believed wholeness," that "life becomes livable only through valid connections," that "scattered worthless individuals" must become "the core of the nation"—that, in a word, "all partitions into which mind has polarized life, must be overcome in the mind, and transformed into spiritual unity."[21] Hofmannsthal was fortunate; he died in 1929, before he saw the consequences to which fatigue with freedom and the denigration of individuality would lead.

In contrast with Hofmannsthal's dim vistas, Spengler's *Preussentum und Sozialismus*, first published in 1920 and often reprinted, is clear at least in the target of its scorn. Spengler had leaped into immediate prominence with the first volume of his *Untergang des Abendlandes*, in 1918, and retained his position as a deep thinker with *Preussentum und Sozialismus*, the first of his political pamphlets. It is one long insult to the Weimar Republic—"The revolution of stupidity was followed by the revolution of vulgarity." But it is also more than that: *Preussentum und Sozialismus* appropriates the word "socialism" to special purposes. Spengler agrees with most prophets of his day: socialism is inevitable. But there are two types of socialism—English and Prussian—and we must learn to discriminate between them, and choose. To Spengler, Karl Marx, "the stepfather of socialism," was an English Socialist—the materialist imbued with unrealistic, "literary ideals"; the cosmopolitan liberal in action. The task, clearly, is "to liberate German socialism from Marx." With frightening shrewdness, Spengler recognized that the so-called Marxist Socialist Party of Germany really contained powerful anti-Marxist and true Prussian elements: "The Bebel party had something soldierly, which distinguished it from the socialism of all other countries: clanking step of

[21] The address is conveniently reprinted in a posthumous collection of Hofmannsthal's prose writings, *Die Berührung der Sphären* (1931), 422–442.

the workers' battalions, calm decisiveness, discipline, courage to die for something higher—*Jenseitiges*." Class struggle is nonsense, and the German Revolution, the product of theory, is nonsense, too. The German instinct, which, rooted in the blood, is truthful, sees things differently: "Power belongs to the whole. The individual serves it. The whole is sovereign. The king is only the first servant of his state (Frederick the Great). Everyone is given his place. There are commands and obedience. This, since the eighteenth century, has been authoritarian—*autoritativer*—socialism, in essence illiberal and anti-democratic—that is, if we think of English liberalism and French democracy." The true German must recognize the needs of the day and, yielding to them, transform the authoritarian socialism of the eighteenth into the authoritarian socialism of the twentieth century. "Together, Prussianism and socialism stand against the England within us, against the world view which has penetrated the whole existence of our people, paralyzed it, and robbed it of its soul." The one salvation is "Prussian socialism." Here are Hofmannthal's search for community and leadership in the language of the officers' barracks.

IV

Quite naturally, almost inevitably, the searchers for a meaningful life in a meaningless Republic turned to German history, to find comfort or models there. They found what they sought; German historians were ready to join them, and German history turned out to be singularly rich in oversized heroes and memorable scenes, both of them invaluable to mythmakers. One famous scene, from which nationalist and *völkische* elements derived much inspiration, had taken place in October 1817, three hundred years after Martin Luther had nailed his theses to the church door at Wittenberg. German students, wearing old-fashioned costumes, gathered at the Wartburg, a historic and romantic spot; they shouted "*Heil*," sang patriotic songs, said fervent prayers, and burned some books. They were members of the new *Burschenschaften*, radical, nationalistic, anti-Semitic, anti-French

student associations with names drawn from the legendary past: Germania, Arminia, Teutonia. They were at the Wartburg to celebrate the liberation of their country—or, rather, countries—from the alien yoke, and in their celebration they linked the reformer Luther with the general Blücher as twin liberators of the German spirit and the German land, determined to draw strength from ancient myths for the political and moral tasks before them.

This spirit survived into the Weimar Republic, drawing on a widening repertory of heroes: on Bismarck, the man of blood and iron, the tough realist who had unified the German nation by the sheer force of his will; on Frederick II of Prussia, invariably called "the Great," who with a historic display of self-discipline had grown from an effete flute player into the *Alte Fritz*, tough, sly, hard-working, in a word magnificent, gaunt from a lifetime of exhausting labor as first servant of his state; on Martin Luther, defiantly forging a new faith and a new language, doing what he must do; on Wagnerian Teutons, who had inspired eighteenth-century French lawyers as they had inspired classical Roman historians with their purity, their valor, their political prowess. It was a heady and, to susceptible spirits, a poisonous amalgam. "The younger generation," wrote Ernst-Walter Techow, one of Rathenau's assassins, in 1933, "was striving for something new, hardly dreamed of. They smelled the morning air. They gathered in themselves an energy charged with the myth of the Prussian-German past, the pressure of the present and the expectation of an unknown future."[22]

The wholehearted commitment to Weimar required the repudiation of all such mythology. By its very existence, the Republic was a calculated affront to the heroes and clichés that every German child knew, many German politicians invoked, and, it turned out, most Germans cherished. In the battle of historical symbols the republicans were at a disadvantage from the start: compared with Bismarck and other charismatic leaders, at once superhuman and picturesque, the models available to Weimar were pallid and uninspiring: the Goethe

[22] *Gemeiner Mörder?! Das Rathenau-Attentat,* 20, quoted in James Joll, *Three Intellectuals in Politics* (1960), 128.

of modern Weimar was a benign, ineffectual cosmopolitan, full of memorable observations about *Humanität,* whom everyone quoted and no one followed—"Official Germany celebrates Goethe," wrote Carl von Ossietzky in 1932, on the centenary of Goethe's death, "not as poet and prophet, but above all as opium."[23] And the revolutionaries who were supposed to inspire the republicans were the revolutionaries of 1848, with their black-red-gold flag, their well-meaning speeches, and their decisive failure. Significantly, Heinrich Heine, perhaps the least ambiguous and most vital ancestor of the Weimar spirit, had found no fitting memorial even by the end of the Republic; for seventy-five years proposals to erect a statue to him had aroused vehement tirades, unmeasured slanders, and, in the end, successful obstruction.[24]

While Weimar's need for a transvaluation of historical values was urgent, the hopes for achieving it were small; indeed, the need was great and the hope small from the same cause: the German historical craft, far from subjecting legends to criticism or the acid of humor, had long rationalized and refined them. Theodor Mommsen was a notable exception; in general, German historians had fitted easily into the imperial system. Professionally committed to a conservative view of things, more inclined to treasure established values than to urge change, they were thoroughly at home in the German university system, rejecting new men as much, and with equal vehemence, as they rejected new ideas. In 1915 the journalist and historian Gustav Mayer, a Jew and an independent political radical, applied for a job as a lecturer at the University of Berlin, and was advised to take the step by Erich Marcks and Friedrich Meinecke. Mayer, skeptical whether "the old prejudices against democrats, Jews, and outsiders" had "really lost their power over the university clique," decided to risk it; he subjected himself to humiliating examinations only to find his skepticism justified—he did not get the appointment he obviously deserved. It was not until the Weimar years that he was im-

[23] *Weltbühne,* in *Ausnahmezustand,* 236.

[24] For this tragicomedy see the account by Ludwig Marcuse, "Die Geschichte des Heine-Denkmals," *Tagebuch* (1932), in *Ausnahmezustand,* 227–236.

posed on Berlin University, but the dominant university clique of historians changed little.[25]

The ideology that continued to dominate the German historical profession through the twenties was tenacious in part because it had a long history of its own; it could invoke a figure as charismatic for German historians as the personages of the German past were for the German people: Leopold von Ranke. Beyond doubt, Ranke was a very great historian; it must be confessed that if German historians often took a high tone of self-congratulation, they had much to congratulate themselves on. Ranke was a pioneer in the use of archives, a master of complex materials, a splendid dramatist, and the founder of a new style of historical thinking. Ranke's central doctrines—the autonomy of the historian and his duty to understand each segment of the past from within—were of enormous service to the profession. But in the hands of German historians in the late Empire and the young Republic, the autonomy of history turned into its isolation. The segregation of history from ethics drove most German historians into a passive acceptance of things as they were, and the segregation of history from other disciplines alienated most German historians from the social sciences. For all his acknowledged historical erudition, most historians dismissed Max Weber as an "outsider";[26] for all his extravagance, the medievalist Georg von Below spoke for his fellows when he insisted that historians could "do without a new science of 'sociology.' "[27]

[25] *Erinnerungen,* 282–286, 310 ff; the quotation, with the crucial word "outsider" in English, is on p. 282.

[26] Hans Mommsen, "Zum Verhältnis von politischer Wissenschaft und Geschichtswissenschaft in Deutschland," *Vierteljahrshefte für Zeitgeschichte,* X (1962), 346–347.

[27] "Georg von Below," autobiographical sketch in *Die Geschichtswissenschaft der Gegenwart in Selbstdarstellungen,* ed. Sigfried Steinberg, vol. I (1925), 45; Below is referring to an article he had written in 1918. During the war itself he had predicted that "the monster of a major science of sociology will never be born." *Die deutsche Geschichtsschreibung von den Befreiungskriegen bis zu unseren Tagen: Geschichte und Kulturgeschichte* (1916), 102. Meinecke, whom no one could accuse of prejudice in behalf of the social sciences, conceded in 1922 that his profession had neglected disciplines from which it had much to learn. "Drei Generationen deutscher Gelehrtenpolitik," *Historische Zeitschrift,* CXXV (1922), 248–283.

As their work shows, they did without it, and badly. What they could have learned from sociology and from political science was critical distance from the social and political structure in which they so comfortably lived. But then the whole energy of Ranke's historical thinking had been away from the criticism, and toward the sunny acceptance, of power; his celebrated insistence on the primacy of foreign policy was only a corollary of his cheerful resignation to the realities of the modern imperialistic state.

Ranke's triumph as a historian was as fateful as it had been glittering; his legacy was unfortunate. While many of his epigones were competent men—and few escaped being Ranke's epigone—they turned Ranke's pride into conceit, his diligence into pedantry, his acceptance of power into a mixture of servility at home and bluster abroad. This was perhaps less their fault than the fault of history itself—Ranke's teachings were more appropriate and less harmful to the nineteenth century than to the twentieth—but whatever the cause, the effects of these shifts were disastrous. We tend to make much of historians' efforts to revise the work of their predecessors; we make too little of the continuity of historical schools. Ranke's declared disciples before the First World War—capable historians like Max Lenz, Otto Hintze, Erich Marcks, Hans Delbrück—took Ranke's mystical belief in the nation-state and its ceaseless struggle for power and projected it onto the world as a whole: in the history of modern Europe, the great powers had, through war or diplomacy, prevented any single state from gaining hegemony. But now, they reasoned, in an age of imperialism, Germany was threatened by the hegemony of a single naval state, Great Britain. Germany, therefore, must arm and, if necessary, fight to secure its proper place among the great powers.

The consequences of such thinking were inescapable: unquestioning support for the political-military machine that was ruling the country, and an unpolitical evasion of domestic conflicts. The historians of the post-Rankean generations thus displayed a curious mixture of bloodless rationalism and half-concealed mysticism; they coolly shoved armies and frontiers across the chessboard of interna-

tional politics, and, at the same time, reveled in the mysterious workings of History, which had assigned to Germany a sacred part to play, a sacred mission to perform. They subscribed to the dictum of the democratic imperialist Friedrich Naumann, who defined nationalism as the urge of the German people to spread its influence over the globe.[28] Thus, when the war came, they simultaneously defended the unrestrained use of naked power and Germany's special mission to preserve, and spread, *Kultur*, a product in which Germans apparently excelled, and which they thought they must defend against the barbarous mass society of Russia, the effete decadence of France, the mechanical nightmare of the United States, and the unheroic commercialism of England. Distinguished historians—Troeltsch, Meinecke, Hintze—lent themselves to collective volume after collective volume proclaiming to an incredulous world the superiority of German *Kultur* over the mere *civilization* of the Allied powers. Much of the substance of Thomas Mann's *Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen* was anticipated in these manifestoes.

This type of historical thinking did not survive the revolution unchanged; even historians noticed that something had happened in 1918, But the myth-making mentality that had produced such thinking went underground and emerged in disguised form, more inaccessible than ever to unmasking or self-criticism. The traditional boasts about German *Kultur* and Germany's mission had embodied elaborate fantasies, wish-dreams sprung from deep needs, and historians in the Weimar Republic found it psychologically more economical to patch up their fantasies than to discard them. The Weimar spirit, I have said, was born before the Weimar Republic; so was its nemesis. As in the Empire, so now, too, there were exceptions and, thanks to Weimar, there

[28] Quoted in Ludwig Dehio, "Gedanken über die deutsche Sendung, 1900–1918," *Historische Zeitschrift*, CLXXIV (1952), 479–502; now as "Thoughts on Germany's Mission, 1900–1918," in *Germany and World Politics in the Twentieth Century*, (tr. Dieter Pevsner, 1959), 72–108. It is indicative of the respectfulness of German historians that in an article on Ranke published two years before (in 1950!) Dehio should still have thought it necessary to disclaim any arrogance, and profess respect for the "great men of earlier generations." "Ranke and German Imperialism," in *Germany and World Politics*, 38n.

were more exceptions than before, but the bulk of the historical profession trafficked in nostalgia, hero worship, and the uncritical acceptance—indeed, open advocacy—of apologetic distortions and sheer lies, like the notorious stab-in-the-back legend.[29] "The full devotion to Bismarck, and to the house of Hohenzollern," the cultural historian Walter Goetz lamented in 1924, "produced that profound aversion to democracy which was characteristic of German educated strata of the period between 1871 and 1914," an aversion that survived into the Republic, and was unhappily supported by leading historians. Respect has its value, but now, in the 1920s, it had become a burden: "The task of the historian is not cultivation of piety for a misunderstood past, but the pitiless exploration of the truth." But this, Goetz argued, was precisely what the German historical profession seemed incapable of grasping. What Germany needed was "clarity about itself," but what it got from its historians was yearning for the good old days, and misreading of recent history; historians were investing the old military caste with false glamor and the Republic with imaginary crimes. "Preceptors of the nation! Do you really think you are fulfilling an educational task if you command history to stop in its course and return to an old condition?"[30]

The vehemence of Goetz's outburst betrays his despair; he must have known that those who would listen to him did not need his warning, and that those who needed his warning would not listen to him. Patriotic, antidemocratic myth-making went on. "Above all," wrote the aged historian Karl Julius Beloch a year after Goetz's article, "I do not want to close my eyes forever before I have seen Germany rise again to its old glory. But if this should not be my lot, I shall take with me the conviction that my people will one day remember that God, who made iron grow, wanted no slaves."[31] Beloch's quotation of Ernst Moritz Arndt's patriotic *Vaterlandslied* only un-

[29] See above, p. 19.
[30] "Die deutsche Geschichtsschreibung der Gegenwart," in *Die deutsche Nation,* November 1, 1924, now in Goetz, *Historiker in meiner Zeit: Gesammelte Aufsätze* (1957), 415–424.
[31] Beloch's autobiographical sketch in *Geschichtswissenschaft der Gegenwart,* vol. II (1926), 27.

derlined the continuing vitality of the old Wartburg spirit. And, indeed, some of Beloch's most respected colleagues did their bit to restore Germany's glory. Felix Rachfahl was only one among many in the twenties to defend Germany's invasion of Belgium in 1914 as historically perfectly justified;[32] while von Below, coyly refusing to comment freely on the revolution and the Republic, in ostensible fear of the libel laws, did feel free to denounce democracy as "the great danger of our time," a force that was devouring and devastating the German people.[33]

These were the voices of grand old men among German historians. It is not surprising that in 1931 Hajo Holborn should note little progress toward scientific objectivity among his colleagues. "The profound transformations experienced in all areas of intellectual, political, and social life as a consequence of the world war," he wrote in the *Historische Zeitschrift*, had "scarcely touched the core of scientific historical studies." Old academic "traditions and institutions" had been powerful enough to make "criticism of customary procedures, directions and aims of historical research and writing" extremely rare; what was far more in evidence was "a certain pride" in the discovery "how few of one's inherited ideals one had to give up." All too many historians thought themselves heroes for "swimming against the stream of the times." But, Holborn warned, these "inclinations to a kind of 'Faith of the Nibelungs' " were no better than "self-satisfaction," mere symptoms of thoughtlessness and self-deception which were threatening to "become dangerous to our craft."[34]

In retrospect, Holborn's solemn strictures are even more poignant than they must have seemed in their day, for they apply to some degree to Holborn's revered teacher Friedrich Meinecke, the best-known and doubtless the most distinguished historian in the Weimar Republic.

Friedrich Meinecke is the Thomas Mann of German historical

[32] Rachfahl's autobiographical sketch in *ibid.*, 215.

[33] See Below's autobiographical sketch in *ibid.*, I, especially 44.

[34] "Protestantismus und politische Ideengeschichte," *Historische Zeitschrift*, CXXXXIV (1931), 15.

writing, and his *Idee der Staatsräson* is his *Zauberberg*, published, like the *Zauberberg*, in 1924, and written, like the *Zauberberg*, to confront recent history, to grasp the dialectical struggle of light and darkness battling one another in unappeasable conflict yet yoked together in indissoluble brotherhood. Like Mann, Meinecke was a cultural aristocrat converted to the Republic; like Mann, Meinecke was master of ponderous irony, enjoyed the subtle interplay of motives, sought the good but found evil fascinating, and from the pains of war and defeat derived the single lesson that if man is ever to conquer the daemon that is within him, he can conquer him only by looking at him unafraid, and taking his measure. Thomas Mann leaves his simple hero, Hans Castorp, on the battlefield, his chances of survival uncertain, but sustained by the hopeful question, Will from this universal lustful feast of death love arise some day? Meinecke, wrestling with *his* daemon, *raison d'état,* ends on a similar note: "Contemplation cannot tire of looking into its sphinxlike countenance, and will never manage to penetrate it fully. It can only appeal to the active statesman to carry state and God in his heart together, that he may prevent the daemon, whom he can never wholly shake off, from becoming too powerful."[35]

Die Idee der Staatsräson is literature, philosophy, and, as Meinecke himself openly confessed, autobiography; he had written it, he said, to pursue some themes he had first taken up before the war, in his *Weltbürgertum und Nationalstaat*, but the grave events of the war had given him new perspectives, while "the shock of the collapse" had pushed the central problem into the forefront, "in all its terror."[36] But the book, I must quickly add, is scholarly history as well. In more than five hundred closely printed pages, Meinecke traces the conception of *raison d'état* from the origin of modern political thought in Machiavelli, through its great representatives like Frederick the Great, to the twentieth century. And, in tracing it, Meinecke demonstrates its importance and its problematic quality; the state has its needs—maintenance and expansion of its power in a system of com-

[35] *Staatsräson,* 542.
[36] *Ibid.,* 27.

peting states—and the statesman finds himself compelled to act in ways that he, as a moral man or in private life, would condemn. Power, it seems, is dominated by a tragic duality: seeking its own good, it is committed to evil means—to cold calculation, to fraud and force.

There is much penetrating analysis here, informed by deep moral passion and great subtlety—though, strange to say, not enough subtlety. Meinecke, the master of words, is also their victim, and a victim in a way peculiarly representative of the *Vernunftrepublikaner*: for all his critical energy, Meinecke cuts short criticism by taking rhetoric for reality, and mundane psychological conflicts for philosophical difficulties.[37] His very vision of power as a tragic phenomenon is an unfortunate philosophical habit inherited from German Idealism; it gives a practical question metaphysical dignity, which must lead not to analysis but to resignation. "Hatred and revenge," he cites Bismarck, "are bad counselors in politics," but he does not stop to ask if Bismarck followed his own counsel;[38] "At least in his own eyes," he quotes Frederick the Great, "the hero must be justified," but he fails to inquire whether the word "hero" does not prejudge the issue, or whether Frederick was indeed justified in his own eyes;[39] he quotes some isolated, high-flown moral pronouncements of Treitschke's and, despite some rather severe criticisms of Treitschke's aggressiveness and crude social Darwinism, grants him "deep ethical seriousness and spiritual breadth."[40] Meinecke takes his ideal of the state—an organic unity in which rulers and ruled join—for the reality, thus assuming as demonstrated what needed to be—and could not be—proved. Caught in his presuppositions, Meinecke never saw that the tragic view of the state helped to excuse its crimes, that the poor

[37] "Meinecke's whole life work," Eckart Kehr wrote in 1928, reviewing Meinecke's *Geschichte des deutsch-englischen Bündnisproblems, 1890–1901* (1927), "is pervaded by a deliberate and disciplined self-limitation of his *Problemstellung*—the questions he asks." *Die Gesellschaft*, V, part 2 (1928), 27.

[38] *Staatsräson*, 8.

[39] *Ibid.*, 492.

[40] *Ibid.*, 506. Though far from uncritical of Treitschke, and silent on his anti-Semitism, Meinecke significantly separates him from disciples like Dietrich Schäfer, whom he rejects as truly intolerable.

had no stake in the state's growth in power or glory, that the state was not nature's final answer to the problem of human organization, and, quite simply, that the state did not always, indeed not often, represent the public interest. If Kantorowicz regressed by turning scientific questions into myths, Meinecke regressed by turning them into philosophical problems.

The complex of feelings and responses I have called "the hunger for wholeness" turns out on examination to be a great regression born from a great fear: the fear of modernity. The abstractions that Tönnies and Hofmannsthal and the others manipulated—*Volk, Führer, Organismus, Reich, Entscheidung, Gemeinschaft*—reveal a desperate need for roots and for community, a vehement, often vicious repudiation of reason accompanied by the urge for direct action or for surrender to a charismatic leader. The hunger for wholeness was awash with hate; the political, and sometimes the private, world of its chief spokesmen was a paranoid world, filled with enemies: the dehumanizing machine, capitalist materialism, godless rationalism, rootless society, cosmopolitan Jews, and that great all-devouring monster, the city. Othmar Spann, the Austrian Catholic social philosopher, whose fantasies were enormously popular in right-wing circles, offered a list of villains his readers could accept with ease: Locke, Hume, Voltaire, Rousseau, Ricardo, Marx, Darwin, filthy—*unflätig*—psychoanalysis, Impressionism, Dadaism, Cubism, and the film drama. It was this conglomerate of hostile feelings masquerading as philosophy that prompted Troeltsch in 1922, not long before his death, to warn against what he regarded the peculiarly German inclination to a "mixture of mysticism and brutality."[41]

V

Yet the Weimar situation was nothing if not complicated. Not all who, in the twenties, hungered for connection and unity were victims

[41] Quoted in Klemens von Klemperer, *Germany's New Conservatism: Its History and Dilemma in the Twentieth Century* (1957), 113.

of regression; a few, outnumbered and not destined to succeed, sought to satisfy their needs not through escape from but mastery of the world, not through denunciation but employment of the machine, not through irrationalism but reason, not through nihilism but construction—and this last quite literally, for this modern and democratic philosophy was formulated in their writings and carried out in their buildings by architects.

Among the most self-aware of these architects was Erich Mendelsohn, who was to build some distinguished buildings in the Weimar period, among them the Universum movie theatre in Berlin in 1927 and the Schocken department store in Chemnitz in 1928–1929. Mendelsohn insisted that the architect must unite what he called analysis and dynamics, reason and unreason: "Between these two poles—the rational and the irrational, move my nature, life, and work."[42] Certainly, he wrote to his wife, "the primary element is function, but function without sensual admixtures remains mere construction. More than ever I stand by my program of reconciliation" in which beauty and utility are joined. "Both are necessary, both must find each other." Using the convenient Hegelian term "*aufheben*," which means at once elevating, canceling, and preserving, Mendelsohn thought that in the good building all dualisms are "*aufgehoben*," just as they are "*aufgehoben* in every organism, creature, and work of art."[43] In 1920 Mendelsohn, still young and unknown, built an observatory and astrophysical laboratory, the Einstein Tower; he designed it, he said, out of some unknown urge, letting it emerge out of "the mystique around Einstein's universe."[44] When Albert Einstein walked through the building, he approved of it with a single, appropriate epithet—"organic."[45]

Such a philosophy seems proper to an architect like Mendelsohn, who preferred powerful curves to the straight line. But Walter Gropius, the advocate of a classical, geometric style, substantially subscribed

[42] Wolf von Eckardt, *Eric Mendelsohn* (1960), 11.
[43] Erich Mendelsohn, *Briefe eines Architekten*, ed. Oskar Beyer (1961), 57, 73.
[44] Eckardt, *Mendelsohn*, 9.
[45] Arnold Whittick, *Erich Mendelsohn* (1940), 64.

to the same philosophy. After doing some fine buildings before the First World War, Gropius was already well known when the Republic was born, but he achieved his real fame in the Bauhaus, which will always be linked with his name. Gropius opened the Bauhaus in early 1919, in Weimar, merging in the new venture two older schools, an academy of art and a school of applied arts. Clarifying and boldly advancing beyond principles first enunciated in the German Werkbund before the war, Gropius from the beginning dedicated his school to the creation of a single artistic unity—the building. Then and later he insisted that his was not merely a craft philosophy; craftsmanship was a "preparation for architecture." Nor was it simply a "functional" philosophy limited to the practical or to industry; it was explicitly an aesthetic philosophy resting on psychological investigations. "Architects, painters, and sculptors," he wrote in his opening manifesto of April 1919, "must once again recognize and grasp the multiform shape —*vielgliedrige Gestalt*—of the building in its totality and its parts." Only then will their work be filled by the "architectonic spirit" now lost in "salon art." Older schools of art "could not produce this unity," since they had separated art from craft. This must change: "Architects, sculptors, painters, we must all turn back to craft." There is no essential difference between craftsman and artist: "The artist is the craftsman in his highest form—*Steigerung des Handwerkers*." Let all, forgetting snobbish distinctions, collaborate in "the new building of the future, which will be everything together, architecture and sculpture and painting, in a single shape, rising to heaven from the hands of millions of craftsmen as a crystal symbol of a new emerging faith." Lyonel Feininger illustrated this call to a new unity with a woodcut depicting a tall, slender, secular cathedral, lit by stars.[46]

The course of studies at the Bauhaus was designed to turn this rhetoric into reality. After passing the elementary course, each student was trained in the workshop by two masters, who imparted, it was hoped, a mastery of materials as well as aesthetics, of content and

[46] The manifesto is reproduced in full in *Das Bauhaus, 1919–1933: Weimar, Dessau, Berlin*, ed. Hans M. Wingler (1962), 38–41.

form together. "A dual education of this kind," Gropius later wrote, "would enable the coming generation to achieve the reunion of all forms of creative work and become the architects of a new civilization." In 1922 Klee drew a symbolic representation of this program: a seven-pointed star is inscribed in a circular band; this band represents the preliminary training that encloses the several materials (glass, stone, wood) and the several courses (construction, color, composition) and leads to the heart of the star, another circle, in which the double aim of the Bauhaus is proudly displayed: "*Bau und Bühne*—building and stage."[47] The atmosphere of the new Bauhaus was experimental, cheerful, splendidly vigorous; one need only think of some of the teachers to recreate it: Paul Klee, Wassily Kandinsky, Lyonel Feininger, Gerhard Marcks, Oskar Schlemmer, Laszlo Moholy-Nagy, Josef Albers.

The activity of the Bauhaus was inventive and versatile; typography, furniture design, lamps, rugs, pottery, book-binding, the dance—all were treated with enormous freedom, and many of them, as we know, had lasting influence; we still sit in chairs designed by Marcel Breuer and read type faces first drawn by Herbert Bayer. The atmosphere at the Bauhaus was curious, exhilarating: the Bauhaus was a family, a school, a cooperative business, a missionary society. Neither Gropius nor the other masters believed in disciples; it was not an academy where the great teacher reproduces little editions of himself, but "a laboratory," where "students stimulated teachers" and teachers, students. Utility and beauty did not merely stand side by side; the masters strove to make them as one, though there was room for pure beauty as well; some of Feininger's, Klee's, and Kandinsky's most interesting graphic work was done at the Bauhaus. And high morale was essential not merely to creativity but to sheer survival: the appropriations for the school were meager and poverty, especially among the students, was extreme. In 1923, Walter Gropius recalls, when the Bauhaus mounted its first exhibition, there was no money for cleaning the building, and the masters' wives volunteered their

[47] See *ibid.*, 10.

services as charwomen. "The spirit," Walter Gropius has said, "was simply excellent, and some of the informal activities, like our celebrations—the *Feste*—when someone would set a theme, like 'black and white,' or 'square,' were splendid occasions."

Inevitably, there was some tension within: Johannes Itten, a painter and educator whom Gropius had imported from Vienna to conduct the all-important elementary course, was passionately and exclusively dedicated to aesthetics, and more indifferent to practical results than Gropius thought right or possible. In 1923 Itten resigned, and the preliminary course was taken over by two other great teachers, Josef Albers and Laszlo Moholy-Nagy. But with the passing of time, and with a congenial atmosphere inviting free debate, these tensions relaxed, and the Bauhaus even profited from that rather premature exhibition of 1923 on which the government had insisted against the better judgment of Gropius and others. The true enemy, in any event, was not internal dissension, but outside hostility—the political and aesthetic aversion of right-wing, tradition-bound craftsmen to the revolutionary implications of the Bauhaus' experiments and to the Bohemian conduct of its students. Gropius, aware that he was "sitting on a powder keg," strictly prohibited any political activity, and this helped a good deal. In 1925 the Bauhaus migrated from Weimar to the more congenial city of Dessau; there Gropius built his celebrated buildings—perhaps the most photographed artifacts of the Weimar period—Klee and Kandinsky continued to do their paintings, Breuer built his furniture, and the workshop designed its lamps and china and silverware, clean, sturdy, and beautiful, which made the Bauhaus as famous abroad as it was becoming notorious at home. Finally, in 1932 politics and depression drove it to Berlin, for its final twilight existence.

In the writings of his later years, Gropius simply developed the lines he had laid down in his opening manifesto of 1919: the new architecture sought for wholeness by seeking to satisfy both economic and aesthetic needs. Mechanization must be made to serve; the Bauhaus, in fact, had been designed "to avert mankind's enslavement by the machine by giving its products a content of reality and signi-

ficance, and so saving the home from mechanistic anarchy. . . . Our object was to eliminate every drawback of the machine without sacrificing any one of its real advantages." True, modern man had been torn apart, but to abandon the division of labor would be not merely impossible but also undesirable. The tragedy of fragmentation was not caused by the machine or the minute subdivision of tasks, but by "the predominantly materialistic mentality of our age and the defective and unreal articulation of the individual to the community." What was needed was a frankly modern philosophy, unafraid of mechanization or of the right kind of standardization. "What we preached in practice was the common citizenship of all forms of creative work, and their logical interdependence on one another in the modern world." The "guiding principle was that artistic design is neither an intellectual nor a material affair, but simply an integral part of the stuff of life." Reason and passion here must collaborate. "It is true that a work of art remains a technical product, but it has an intellectual purpose to fulfill as well which only passion and imagination can achieve." The Bauhaus, in sum, had been a true community which, "through the wholeness of its approach," had "helped to restore architecture and design of today as a social art"; it had developed "total architecture."[48]

The language of architects is notorious for its imprecision, pretentiousness, and addiction to cliché, and Gropius himself did not always escape the temptation of playing oracle. Yet his work—the houses he designed, the products he supervised, the pupils he trained, the public he educated—gives solid, concrete meaning to his most fanciful expressions. What Gropius taught, and what most Germans did not want to learn, was the lesson of Bacon and Descartes and the Enlightenment: that one must confront the world and dominate it, that the cure for the ills of modernity is more, and the right kind of modernity. It should surprise no one that the Bauhaus survived the Weimar Republic by only half a year.

[48] I have drawn these quotations from Walter Gropius, *The New Architecture and the Bauhaus* (tr. P. Morton Shand, 1965 ed.), and *Scope of Total Architecture* (1962 ed.), *passim.*

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GUERNICA

The Biography of a Twentieth-Century Icon

Gijs van Hensbergen

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Published by Bloomsbury Publishing, New York and London
Distributed to the trade by Holtzbrinck Publishers

All papers used by Bloomsbury Publishing are natural, recyclable products made from wood grown in well-managed forests. The manufacturing processes conform to the environmental regulations of the country of origin.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Van Hensbergen, Gijs.
Guernica : the biography of a twentieth-century icon / Gijs van Hensbergen.—1st U.S. ed.
p. cm.
Includes bibliographical references and index.
ISBN 1-58234-124-9 (hardcover)
1. Picasso, Pablo, 1881–1973. Guernica. 2. Spain—History—Civil War, 1936–1939—Art and the war. 3. Art—Political aspects—Spain—History—20th century. I. Picasso, Pablo, 1881–1973. II. Title.

ND553.P5A65385 2004
759.6—dc22
2004055054

FINE
ND
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A65385
2004

First U.S. Edition 2004

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

Typeset by Hewer Text Ltd, Edinburgh
Printed in Great Britain by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc

Introduction

On 3 November 1998 Kofi Annan, Secretary General of the United Nations, stood up to address the International Council of New York's Museum of Modern Art: a world elite of tastemakers and guardians of culture. Referring to the *Guernica* tapestry, a copy of Picasso's original painting, that was hanging in the corridor outside the Security Council chamber room, Annan declared:

> The world has changed a great deal since Picasso painted that first political masterpiece, but it has not necessarily grown easier. We are near the end of a tumultuous century that has witnessed both the best and worst of human endeavour. Peace spreads in one region as genocidal fury rages in another. Unprecedented wealth coexists with terrible deprivation, as a quarter of the world's people remain mired in poverty.

It was a grimly realistic analysis of how far the world had progressed since 1937, when Picasso reacted so powerfully to the catastrophe of the bombing of the Basques' spiritual capital, but also of how far we were from achieving that elusive goal of the UN mandate for enduring world peace. Annan's statement to MOMA's International Council also recognised *Guernica*'s unique position in the history of world art, elevated as it had become to the status of moral exemplar, a universal icon warning that unless we studied its lessons, history was doomed to repeat itself.

Just five years later, in the final week of January 2003 and in the wake of the Twin Towers tragedy, a blue shroud was ignominiously thrown over the Picasso tapestry to hide it from public view.

Considering the central role *Guernica* has played in the UN education programme, it was a strange and highly symbolic decision. According to Fred Eckhard, a UN spokesman who had been given the impossible task of playing down the significance of the action, it was merely that blue was a more appropriate colour as a backdrop for television cameras, in contrast to Picasso's visually confusing mixture of blacks and whites and greys. Other observers, however, were quick to draw their own conclusions. It wasn't colour or shape that was the problem; what the picture showed up was the embarrassing contradiction of presuming to take the moral high ground while simultaneously campaigning for war.

On 5 February Secretary of State Colin Powell, shadowed by George Tenet, Director of the CIA, had been scheduled to brief the Security Council in a last-ditch attempt to win UN approval for the war with Iraq that would start, according to military analysts, with a massive aerial bombardment of Baghdad that was to receive the chilling codename 'Shock and Awe'. That same week Hans Blix was expected to report back on either the discovery, or, as seemed more likely, the lack of any concrete evidence proving that Saddam Hussein had been stockpiling weapons of mass destruction. On an almost daily basis, John Negroponte, US Ambassador to the UN, had come out into the corridor to brief the world's press, while hovering in the background over his shoulder the viewer could easily make out the mutilated bodies and screaming women of Picasso's painting. The presence of Picasso's *Guernica* was, it seemed, confusing the viewer. Painted as a passionate protest against senseless violence, it was once again succeeding only too well, illustrating perfectly the truism that we never seem to learn from our own mistakes.

Defiantly, in response to the cover-up of the painting, Laurie Brereton, a UN delegate representing Australia, pointed out that:

> Throughout the debate on Iraq there has been a remarkable degree of obfuscation, evasion and denial, and never more so than when it comes to the grim realities of military action. We may well live in the

> age of the so-called 'smart bomb', but the horror on the ground will be just the same as that visited upon the villagers of Gernika [the Basque spelling of the town] . . . And it won't be possible to pull a curtain over that.

It was obvious that from the day of its creation *Guernica* has never lost its power to shock. Even when reproduced, in tapestry (as here), or in poster form, it still continues to mirror the horror of war and throw a harsh spotlight on our propensity for cruelty. Subtly, over the years, *Guernica* has reinvented itself and changed from being a painting born out of war to one that speaks of reconciliation and the hope for an enduring world peace.

On Monday, 26 April 1937 as Franco's Nationalist forces pushed north to cut off Bilbao and take control of the Basque country, the decision was taken to crush resistance with an overwhelming show of force. At 4 p.m., and for the next three hours, sixty Italian and German planes rained incendiary bombs down on Gernika, reducing it to a burning fireball. Nothing like this had been seen in Europe before. And no single act was so prescient of what the whole world would soon come to understand as the appalling reality of total war, where innocent people are bombed indiscriminately, or strafed by machine-gun fire as they escape from the carnage in the town up into the hills. The newspapers reported graphically on the tragedy, and the shock waves circled the globe.

In Paris, on 1 May, Pablo Picasso, who was by then the world's most famous living artist, started to give concrete form to his powerful sense of revulsion, jotting down at lightning speed some initial ideas. Over the next fortnight preparatory sketches, drawings, and paintings poured out with a feverish passion. By late June 1937 Picasso was ready to put the finishing touches to a painting that had been executed on such a large scale that he had been forced to jam it in at an angle in his enormous studio on rue des Grands-Augustins. The canvas, which had acquired the title *Guernica*, was covered with what at first sight seems a chaotic jumble of animals and contorted human bodies drawn out in an austere palette of

blacks, whites and scumbled greys. Photographs taken by Picasso's new lover Dora Maar show the artist reaching forward from the top rung of a stepladder, stretching out to make a quick addition at the top of the canvas. Sweating, almost manically absorbed, Picasso paces up and down the painting's length, feeling and reading its almost palpable presence and testing out, again and again, the suffocating pressure of its interior space. Torn paper was pasted on to the canvas to try out possible changes and then quickly removed. Ideas and doodles were torn out of the ether, built up and overlayered, one on top of the other, as they were drawn into the painting's creative vortex and hammered into shape. Desperately short of time, Picasso had covered the almost thirty square metres of canvas in little less than six weeks. By any standards it was an extraordinary achievement.

Out of the chaos Picasso had managed to give shape to an arresting and profoundly disturbing image. There was nothing that specifically alluded to Gernika, or the terror that rained down from the skies. Instead, Picasso had resorted to employing images whose simplicity and meaning could travel across every cultural divide. At the base of the painting, decapitated, splintered and crushed, lies the corpse of a dead warrior, strangely reminiscent of a classical bust. Above him the weight of a horse, contorted with pain and clearly in its death throes, threatens to collapse to the ground. On the right, three women in various states of distress look in on the scene. In the background, barely discernible at first, a cockerel is crowing up at the skies from the top of a table. Most poignant of all, at the extreme left edge, the picture is anchored and framed by the tragic image of a mother with the limp body of her dead child held in her arms, who in turn is overshadowed by an impassive bull. Only the ghost of a wind blows across the canvas to lift the beast's tail.

At first sight there seems to be no clear relationship between cause and effect. There is no easy way in to read the story or discover exactly at what point we have joined the narrative. But amongst the shattered walls, blind doorways and roofs we come to a growing realisation that something terrible has happened here.

When first shown in Paris in 1937 at the Exposition, the painting's reception was strangely muted. In fact, considering the coolness with which it was initially received, particularly by the official Basque delegation, it would have been reasonable to assume that *Guernica* might end up rolled and stored in the back of Picasso's Paris studio, like the *Demoiselles d'Avignon*; left to collect dust and haunt those who had seen it with ever fainter echoes of a drama that had long since played itself out. Awkward and difficult to transport, this was perhaps the most likely outcome. After all, in the remaining Republican strongholds of Madrid, Barcelona and Valencia, the most obvious venues for showing the work, it would have served only to demoralise the militiamen who were witnessing daily what was painted out so graphically across Picasso's large backdrop.

During the Second World War, however, and particularly after the bombing of Pearl Harbor, *Guernica*'s imagery became more recognisable, indeed painfully familiar. City after city in Europe was bombed. Finally the catastrophic lessons of Hiroshima and Nagasaki brought the stark realisation that the world would never be the same again. With no hint of irony, the President of the United States, Harry S. Truman, announced sombrely: 'I fear that machines are ahead of morals by some centuries and when morals catch up there'll be no need for any of it.' *Guernica* had been horribly prescient. What it depicts is modern mass slaughter only faintly disguised behind the ancient rituals of death. Every community in the world that has suffered an appalling atrocity has become synonymous with *Guernica* the painting and Gernika the town, the brutalised spiritual heartland of the beleaguered Basques.

As the prolonged sound of air-raid sirens boom out across a threatened city somewhere far away, each new conflict, each new bombing, each act of total devastation begs the question – shall this be the Gernika of our age? Warsaw, Coventry, Dresden, Rotterdam, Hamburg, Stalingrad, Hiroshima, Stalin's Gulag Archipelago, Pol Pot's Cambodia and, closer to us today, Rwanda, Southern Sudan and Srebrenica. Iraqi Kurdistan has its Halabja. Recently, during the

Balkan crisis in Kosovo, Serbs attempted to liquidate the Kosova Liberation Army. Each and every example has been cited as the Gernika of its day.

On 23 September 1998 in Washington DC, Senator John McCain took to the Senate floor:

> We have not lacked for rhetoric, but we have proven woefully inadequate at backing up our words with resolute action . . . Mr President, prominently displayed in the United Nations building in New York is Picasso's famous and haunting *Guernica*. That painting symbolised for the artist the carnage, the human suffering on an enormous scale, that resulted from the Spanish Civil War as prelude to the Second World War. Perhaps it is too abstract for those countries in the United Nations that oppose the use of force to stop the atrocities that have come to symbolise the former Yugoslavia, or that believe the war in Kosovo is the internal business of Serbia.

Just as Anne Frank's story has become symbolic of all the Jewish children lost in the extermination camps, and Auschwitz shorthand for the apocalyptic horror of the Holocaust, *Guernica* has become synonymous with indiscriminate slaughter in whatever corner of the world such tragedy takes place. On any given day, somewhere in the world, in parliaments, council chambers and in open debate, *Guernica* is cited to add a sense of moral suasion and urgency to the argument. Picasso's *Guernica* is the image that draws our constant attention to the proximity of catastrophe. Reproduced by the million, copied by other artists, reinterpreted by even more, *Guernica* remains, none the less, inviolate and unspoilt.

The extraordinary thing about *Guernica* is that despite everything, it refuses to yield and drown under the weight of its own ubiquity. It is still an image that can awaken the nightmares of our historical past whilst also painting a terrifying scenario of what is yet to come. Despite the marketing and the myriad psychological, sociological, historical and art historical interpretations – enough to fill an entire library – it can still be guaranteed to stun the viewer

into silence as he witnesses it afresh. *Guernica* has, and this is even more unusual, the capacity to speak intimately to the individual while also remaining a universal symbol that is understood by all.

From Paris in 1937 to the United Nations today much of the painting's meaning has lain beyond Picasso's reach and control. *Guernica* has had its own life, forging a relationship with its audience that has often been entirely separate from the life of the genius who brought it into our world. Over the years that audience and the historical circumstances have continued to change. And *Guernica*, as is completely inevitable, has become stylistically dated. But while the fabric of the painting – a result of its rich and varied life – has become increasingly fragile, as a work of art it has nevertheless been ageing well. It has never lost its relevance, nor its magnetic, almost haunting appeal. From its first showing in Paris to its arrival in Spain forty-four years later, it has witnessed and helped to define a century. That its lessons have still not been heeded or learnt makes it as relevant and iconic today as it ever was. *Guernica*, for better or for worse, more than any other image in history has helped to shape the way that we see.

PART 29

EUROPE BETWEEN THE WARS

The inter-war years of the 1920s and 1930s were some of the most unsettled in modern Western history. Europe came out of World War I with tremendous debts and vastly reduced manpower, which hampered the rebuilding of the continent. Yet the greatest loss was the loss of confidence. The Age of Progress no longer seemed quite so assured. The United States had earned the respect of Europe, playing her first major role in international politics, but chose to retreat into relative isolation after the war was over and the treaties were signed. The economic catastrophe of the Great Depression, which began in 1929 (although the seeds of the crisis were in place in the mid-1920s) only served to deepen the sense of angst in the West.

In addition to the continuing problems faced by the West, the inter-war period was also unstable because there was no consensus, by either people or states, on how best to deal with the new reality of life, the lack of faith in progress. The inter-war period was a time of experimentation in all levels of society, bar one: politics. The Great War had revealed that even progressive, liberal states were not proof against disaster. Instead, one by one Western states (for this includes the United States, which could no longer be omitted from any discussion of the West) looked for political stability by turning into anti-democratic, conservative, authoritarian states. Above all else, these states were reactionary, and the most common targets were Jews and Bolsheviks.

Diversity was apparent, however, in the arts and culture. Hemlines got higher, music faster, women of all classes went to work, and art became less narrative, more imaginative. The sources of this section highlight the cultural and political responses between the wars.

29.1

SURREALISM AND DADAISM: RENE MAGRITTE AND MAN RAY

Surrealism was an artistic and literary movement that emphasized an unrestrained imagination, and attempted to recreate dream experiences. As one might expect, it was heavily influenced by the theories of Freud. The movement began in France in the early 1920s. It is sometimes related to Dadaism, another artistic and literary movement popular in Europe during the first World War. Dadaism used the absurd, the extreme, and the irrational to convey the experience of absurdity. Both Dadaism and Surrealism were

attempts to break away from traditional realistic or rational art forms, not by denying that reality exists, but by denying that reality had any meaning.

The first source in this section is an essay by Rene Magritte (1898-1967) on why he became a Surrealist. The second source is a statement on Dada by Man Ray (1890-1976). Ray was a photographer, sculptor, painter, and writer who worked in both Dadaism and Surrealism.

QUESTIONS

1. How is the statement by Man Ray both a statement *about* Dadaism and a statement *of* Dadaism?
2. According to Magritte, what do his surrealist paintings have in common with Marxism?
3. Why does Magritte paint every day objects out of their original context?

LIFELINE

In my childhood I used to play with a little girl in the old crumbling cemetery of an out-of-the-way provincial town, where I always spent my vacations. We would lift the iron grates and descend to the underground passageways. Climbing back up to the light one day I happened upon a painter from the Capital, who amidst those scattered dead leaves and broken stone columns seemed to me to be up to something magical.

When, about 1915, I myself began to paint, the memory of that enchanting encounter with the painter bent by first steps in a direction having little to do with common sense. A singular fate willed that someone, probably to have some fun at my expense, should send me the illustrated catalogue of an exposition of futurist paintings. As a result of that joke I came to know of a new way of painting. In a state of intoxication I set about creating busy scenes of stations, festivities, or cities, in which the little girl bound up with my discovery of the world of painting lived out an exceptional adventure. I cannot doubt that a pure and powerful sentiment, namely, eroticism, saved me from slipping into the traditional chase after formal perfection. My interest lay entirely in provoking an emotional shock.

This painting as search for pleasure was followed next by a curious experience. Thinking it possible to possess the world I loved at my own good pleasure, once I should succeed in fixing its essence upon canvas, I undertook to find out what its plastic equivalents were.

The result was a series a highly evocative but abstract and inert images that were, in the last analysis, interesting only to the intelligence of the eye. This experience made it possible for me to view the world of the real in the same abstract manner. Despite the shifting richness of natural detail and shade, I grew able to look at a landscape as though it were but a curtain hanging in front of me. I had become skeptical of the dimension in depth of a countryside scene, of the remoteness of the line of the horizon.

In 1925 I made up my mind to break with so passive an attitude. This decision was the outcome of an intolerable interval of contemplation I went through in a working-class Brussels beerhall: I found the door moldings endowed with a mysterious life and I remained a long time in contact with their reality. A feeling bordering upon terror was the point of departure for a will to action upon the real, for a transformation of life itself.

When moreover, I found that same will allied to a superior method and doctrine in the works of Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, and became acquainted about that time with the Surrealists, who were then

violently demonstrating their loathing for all the bourgeois values, social and ideological, that have kept the world in its present ignoble state, — it was then that I became convinced that I must thenceforward live with danger, that life and the world might thereby come up in some measure to the level of thought and the affections.

I painted pictures in which objects were represented with the appearance they have in reality, in a style objective enough to ensure that their upsetting effect — which they would reveal themselves capable of provoking owing to certain means utilized — would be experienced in the real world whence the objects had been borrowed. This by a perfectly natural transposition.

In my pictures I showed objects situated where we never find them. *They represented the realization of the real if unconscious desire existing in most people.*

The lizards we usually see in our houses and on our faces, I found more eloquent in the sky habitat. Turned wood table legs lost the innocent existence ordinarily lent to them, when they appeared to dominate a forest. A woman's body floating above a city was an initiation for me into some of love's secrets. I found it very instructive to show the Virgin Mary as an undressed lover. The iron bells hanging from the necks of our splendid horses I caused to sprout like dangerous plants from the edge of a chasm.

The creation of new objects, the transformation of known objects, the change of matter for certain other objects, the association of words with images, the putting to work of ideas suggested by friends, the utilization of certain scenes from half-waking or dream states, were other means employed with a view to establishing contact between consciousness and the external world. The titles of the pictures were chosen in such a way as to inspire a justifiable mistrust of any tendency the spectator might have to over-read self-assurance.

One night in 1936, I awoke in a room where a cage and the bird sleeping in it had been placed. A magnificent visual aberration caused me to see an egg, instead of the bird, in the cage. I had just fastened upon a new and astonishing poetic secret, for the shock experienced had been provoked by the affinity of two objects: cage and egg, *whereas before, I had provoked this shock by bringing together two unrelated objects.* From the moment of that revelation I sought to find out whether other objects besides the cage might not likewise show — by bringing to light some element that was characteristic and to which they had been rigorously predestined — the same evident poetry as the egg and cage had produced by their coming together. In the course of my investigations I came to a conviction that I had always known beforehand that element to be discovered, that certain thing above all others attached obscurely to each object; only, this knowledge had always lain as though hidden in the more inaccessible zones of my mind. Since this research could yield only one exact "tag" for each object, my investigations came to be a search *for the solution of a problem for which I had three data: the object, the thing attached to it in the shadow of my consciousness, and the light under which that thing would become apparent.*

The problem of the door called for an opening through which one could pass. I showed, in by *Réponse Imprévue*, a closed door in a room; in the door an irregular shaped opening reveals the night.

Woman was responsible for *Le Viol* (*The Rape*). In that picture a woman's face is made up of the essential details of her body. Her breasts have become eyes, he nose is represented by her navel, and the mouth is replaced by the sexual zone.

The problem of the window led to *La Condition humaine*. In front of a window, as seen from the interior of a room, I placed a picture that represented precisely the portion of landscape blotted out by the picture. For instance, the tree represented in the picture displaced the tree situated behind it, outside the room. For the spectator it was simultaneously inside the room; in the picture the outside the room. For

the spectator it was simultaneously inside the room; in the picture the outside, in the real landscape, in thought. Which is how we see the world, namely, outside of us, though having only one representation of it within us. Similarly, we sometimes situate in the past something going on in the present. Time and space then lose that unrefined meaning in which daily experience alone takes stock.

A problem to the solution of which I applied myself, over a long period, was that of the horse. In the course of my research I again had occasion to find that my unconscious knew beforehand the thing that had to be brought to light. In fact, the first glimmer of an idea was that of the final solution, however vaguely adumbrated. It was the idea of a horse carrying three shapeless masses. Their significance became clear only after a long series of trials and experiments. First I painted an object consisting of a jar and a label bearing the image of horse, with the following printed letters: *HORSE PRESERVE* (*CONFITURE DE CHEVAL*). I next thought of a horse whose head was replaced by a hand, with its index finger pointing in the direction: "Forward." But I realized that this was merely the equivalent of a unicorn.

I lingered long over an intriguing combination. In a black room, I placed a horsewoman seated near a table; with her head resting on her hand, she was dreamily gazing at a landscape whose limits were the silhouette of a horse. The animal's lower body and forelegs were earthen-colored, while upward from a horizontal line at the level of the horsewoman's eyes, the horse's coat was painted in different sky and cloud hues. What finally put me on the right track was a horseman in the position assumed while riding a galloping horse. From the sleeve of the arm thrust forward emerged the head of a noble charger, and the other arm, thrown back, held a riding whip. Beside this horseman I placed an American Indian in an identical posture, and I suddenly divined the meaning of the three shapeless masses I had placed on the horse at the beginning of my experiment.

I knew that they were horsemen and I then put the finishing touches to *La Chaîne sans fin.* In a setting of desert land and dark sky, a plunging horse is mounted by a modern horseman, a knight of the dying Middle Ages, and a horseman of antiquity.

Nietzche is of the opinion that without a burning sexual system Raphael could not have painted such a throng of Madonnas. This is at striking variance with motives usually attributed to that venerated painter: priestly influences, ardent Christian piety, esthetic ideals, search for pure beauty, etc., etc.... But Nietzsche's view of the matter makes possible a more sane interpretation of pictorial phenomena, and the violence with which that opinion is expressed is directly proportionate to the clarity of the thought underlying it.

Only the same mental freedom can make possible a salutary renewal in all the domains of human activity.

This disorderly world which is our world, swarming with contradictions, still hangs more or less together through explanations, by turns complex and ingenious, but apparently justifying it and excusing those who meanly take advantage of it. Such explanations are based on a certain experience, true.

But it is to be remarked that what is invoked is "ready-made" experience, and that if it does give rise to brilliant analysis, such experience is not itself an outcome of an analysis of its own real conditions.

Future society will develop an experience which will be the fruit of a profound analysis whose perspectives are being outlined under our very eyes. And it is under the favor of such a rigorous preliminary analysis that pictorial experience such as I understand it may be instituted.

That pictorial experience which puts the real world on trial inspired in me belief in an infinity of possibles now unknown to life. I know I am not alone in affirming that their conquest is the only valid end and reason for the existence of man.

DADAMADE

Who made Dada? Nobody and everybody. I made Dada when I was a baby and I was roundly spanked by my mother. Now everyone claims to be the author of Dada. For the past thirty years. In Zurich, in Cologne, in Paris, in London, in Tokyo, in San Francisco, in New York. I might claim to be the author of Dada in New York. In 1912 before Dada. In 1919, with the permission and with the approval of other Dadaists I legalized Dada in New York. Just once. That was enough. The times did not deserve more. That was a Dadadate. The one issue of New York Dada did not even bear the names of the authors. How unusual for Dada. Of course, there were a certain number of collaborators. Both willing and unwilling. Both trusting and suspicious. What did it matter? Only one issue. Forgotten — not even seen by most Dadaists or anti-Dadaists. Now we're are trying to revive Dada. Why? Who cares? Who does not care? Dada is dead. Or is Dada still alive?

We cannot revive something that is alive just as we cannot revive anything that is dead.

Is Dadadead? Is Dadalive? Dada is. Dadaism.

Source: "Lifeline," Rene Magritte and "Dadamade," Man Ray, from *Surrealist Painters and Poets: An Anthology*, Mary Ann Caws, ed. (Cambridge: The MIT Press, 2001), pp. 33-39, 43-44.

29.2

PROFESSIONS FOR WOMEN, VIRGINIA WOOLF

Virginia Woolf (1882-1941) lived in a world of writers from her earliest childhood. Her father was a critic and writer, and frequently brought writers home. In 1904, with both her parents dead, Virginia and her siblings moved to Bloomsbury, which became a home to a revolving list of writers and artists known as the Bloomsbury Circle. She married Leonard Woolf in 1912; eventually the couple would open up their own press. In spite of this joint venture, Virginia was a vehement proponent of women's financial independence. She believed that it was the only way women would achieve artistic and personal independence.

Virginia wrote numerous novels and several collections of essays, including the following one on women.

QUESTIONS

1. Why does Woolf have to kill the "Angel in the House?"
2. When Woolf asks "…the room is your own, but is it still bare?" of whom is she speaking?
3. Why is this essay called *Professions for Women*?