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is pushed out by the force of growth *in the line of least resistance* at the rate of one inch in two months. This line of least resistance is equivalent to the *direction* of the hair, and over the greater part of each animal's body the course taken by the hair is from the head backward to the tail, and from the body to the ends of the limbs in the simpler long-bodied class of mammals, such as an otter, rat, or cat. But this simple slope becomes greatly modified in higher animals of a more complex form, such as a cow or a horse, and the varieties of its slope or direction are numerous. Besides this general fact, many animals display their own peculiar patterns in certain regions. These all have some definite mechanical reasons for their form, and are associated with the habits of life of the animal possessing them. Now some very well-marked patterns are produced in a certain number of horses by the reversed friction of harness in regions where no other such forces are acting. During the examination of several thousands of horses I have noted nine different regions where patterns such as *reversed areas*, *whorls*, or *featherings* are found. Of these none are proved to be inherited, as far as my present observation goes, except one—*viz.*, the ventral or under surface of the neck. Here the *normal* slope of hair is uniform and smooth, and no attempt at a pattern is present. But in a very large proportion of draught horses I have found that this normal, simple arrangement is being modified by the constant jolting of the lower portion of the collar, so that the *friction against* the current of hair is tending to produce many degrees of change of slope. Out of 749 horses that I examined for this particular point, I found 338 with the normal smooth slope, and 411 with some degree of the pattern produced by the friction of the collar. This result might not be very convincing to the stalwart neo-Darwinian, but the evidential value has been carried further than this, for I have examined certain very young foals still being suckled by their mothers, and, of course, innocent themselves of any harness, and in all these but one there was definite evidence of the presence of these patterns produced by the friction of the harness worn by their ancestors. This again will be called by the adversary a small result. Well, a straw is a small thing, but it shows the way the wind blows, and this evidence cannot be dismissed by the neo-Darwinian, who has swallowed whole the doctrines of Weismann, for here is a "character" inherited of just that kind that he has been asking us to produce for a generation or so. It is for him to square it with Weismann's sweeping doctrine.

The sum of the matter is that a few undesigned experiments by man have taught or fortified the doctrines of the germ-theory of disease, the septic origin of puerperal fever, the doctrine of biogenesis, the value of the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, of suggestion as an aid to medicine, and has produced two contributions, one negative and the other positive, towards the controversy as to whether or not acquired characters *can* be inherited.

WALTER KIDD.

THE GERMAN WAR AND THE GERMAN POETS.

THE Stuttgart philosopher, Friedrich Theodor Vischer, once wrote a long and elaborate treatise entitled *Krieg und die Künste* ("War and the Arts"), with the object of demonstrating the æsthetic value of war. It was a matter on which Vischer, whose *Æsthetik* is in Germany an often-quoted, but little read standard work, could certainly speak with authority, but no one can doubt that on this occasion he failed to prove his case. He was able to point, of course, to the enormous volume of literature, from the *Persæ* of Æschylus onwards, directly produced by war. But such illustrations are not of much value to such a thesis unless, at the same time, it be shown what was the attitude towards war taken up by each writer. If such a method of selection be applied the number of really great writers whose immediate inspiration was the glory of war will be shown to be very few indeed. It is rather a detestation or a dread of war, or, at least, the desire of representing war as it really is, laying bare its ugliness, that has moved the true artist and stirred his imagination. The terrible beauty of the *Trojan Women*, in which Euripides set forth the sorrows of an ancient Belgium, the coarse and brutal exactness of Zola in his *Débâcle*, the didactic purpose of Tolstoy in his *War and Peace* and *Sevastopol*—these are far more representative instances of the effect war produces upon art than any ultra-patriotic and bellicose novel or poem it would be possible to name.

No country is quite free from the taint of militarism in its literature. The Crimean War let loose a flood of bombastic rhetoric in this country, and the poets, from Tennyson downwards, wrote a good deal in a manner we have become accustomed to label Prussian; France, too, has had her Jingo poets—the last, before the present war, was Paul Deroulède; as for Italy, anyone who thinks militarism a purely German phenomenon should read the Futurist poet Marinetti's writings on the Tripolitan campaign. But Germany's position among the Powers in regard to this matter is unique for this reason, that, while England speedily grew ashamed of her Jingoism, and most people in France forgot the existence of Deroulède, as Italy will some day probably forget Marinetti, while other countries have neglected their bellicose poets, Germany has always striven to keep their memory alive. Modern Germany has had two great decisive wars—her War of Liberation in 1813 and her War of Unity in 1870. Each of these gave a great impulse to literature in quantity, if not in quality. Among famous names the first produced Ernst Moritz Arndt; the second, Emanuel Geibel. Both poets had considerable lyrical gifts, and both are classics, lectured upon at the Universities, and discussed with care and minuteness in doctoral theses. Yet their work—notwithstanding Arndt's liberal views—is the most concise exposition it would be possible to find of Pan-Germanism and the Prussian doctrine of aggression.

It might have been expected that this, Germany's third great war, would have similar results. And it has. The literary output

in Germany during the present war has been tremendous, as befits a struggle of such unparalleled magnitude. Vast and highly-amusing calculations have been made in Germany by professors and critics as to the number of poems produced by the war. Thus a Professor of Munich University has solemnly estimated that three million poems were written from August, 1914, to January, 1915—within the first five months! Harry Schumann, a critic of some note, in his book *Deutscher Geist im Weltkrieg* ("The Mind of Germany in the World-War"), asserts that fifty thousand poems per day were written in the first month of the war, and six million in the first year. This, he triumphantly concludes, is surely an answer to those enemy-poets, such as Maeterlinck and Verhaeren, who accuse the German nation of barbarism! With such a record of imaginative activity before him, how can anyone persist in speaking of Germany's *Barbarentum*!

These ridiculous exaggerations may be disregarded. Very many of the boasted six million poems did not succeed in getting published—Herr Schumann is naive enough to admit this—and a large number of those published were absolutely without interest or value so far as literature is concerned. Nevertheless, it is true that German poets, in comparison with the French or English, have shown an amazing fertility during the past two and-a-half years of war. If it could be proved that they have been as inspired as they have been prolific, the enthusiasm of certain neutral observers, and their descriptions of a "great literary revival," might find some justification. At present this cannot be attempted; the utmost one can do is to state the facts so far as they are known. A clearer judgment will not be possible until the end of the war.

Nearly all the writers of established reputation are to be found among Germany's war-poets: Gerhart and Carl Hauptmann, Richard Dehmel, Sudermann, Holz, Wedekind, Otto Ernst, Rilke, Schaukal, Ernst Hardt, Ludwig Thoma, Paul Ernst, Casar Flaischen, and Hugo von Hofmannsthal. These names are rather an impressive testimony to the patriotism and unity of the German "intellectuals." Especially is this so in view of the fact that before the war many of them were not noted for any extraordinary degree of "Vaterlandsliebe"; they were either social rebels or exponents of a totally "undeutsch" romanticism. Gerhart Hauptmann was censured in 1913 for not writing with sufficient fervour in celebration of the glorious victory of Leipsic; Thoma and Wedekind were continually outraging convention; Rilke and Schaukal were taboo among the ultra-patriots, because they were subject to the romantic and "mimosenhaft" influence of Maeterlinck. But all traces of revolt and exotic beauty vanished in August, 1914, and docile patriotism took their place. Several writers, notably Hugo von Hofmannsthal, publicly acknowledged their conversion to a sterner outlook on life; each of these confessions was hailed as a fresh triumph for Germanism, yet one more loosening of the fetters which had so long held the German intellect and imagination captive.

It must be admitted that many poets sustained the rather unusual rôle of patriot with great ability. One or two of Gerhart Haupt-

mann's lyrics are excellent, in particular his *Reiterlied*, which was dedicated to Fritz von Unruh, a younger fellow-dramatist and poet, who, at the outbreak of war, became an officer in an Uhlan regiment. The opening lines are typical of the sentiment which was almost universal in Germany at the time when they were written:—

" Three robbers came upon us.
Who goes there? Who goes there?
Germany, yield your honour to us.
Never shall we yield!
And were you not three, but were you nine,
My honour and country should still be mine;
No one shall take them from us,
God, Emperor, and Germany's army fight for us,
Never shall we yield!

The German official account of the events leading up to the war, as given in Germany's notorious "White Book," may seem to us very unsatisfactory and insufficient, but a glance at the most popular war-poems of the first few months will show how completely it was impressed upon the imagination of the people. The dramatist Hermann Sudermann, for example, in addition to one or two stirring songs, such as his *Kaiserlied*, wrote, in obvious sincerity, a poem entitled, *Die Grosse Stunde* ("The Great Hour"), which begins thus:—

" Whether, O Father in Heaven, we still put our trust in You,
Or whether You are but a dream of a sacred past—
See now, we swear to You, witness of Truth,
We have not desired it—
This murder, this world-ending murder—
Which now, with blood-hot sighs
Stamps over the shuddering earth.
True to the soil, the bread-giving soil,
Happy and cheerful in business and trade,
Peaceful we sat in the oak-tree's shade,
Peaceful—
Though we were born to the sword."

It may be remarked, however, that few poems written during this first period were so regretful or apologetic as this. The temper of the German nation as a whole was warlike; it was not anxious to examine the rights or wrongs of the case; the war was there—that was sufficient; the great opportunity had come for the German people to show its warrior-spirit, its devotion to the State and its military prowess. There was one poet who reflected this mood with peculiar exactness—Richard Dehmel, and in consequence for many months he remained by far the most popular poet in Germany. It would have been almost treasonable for Germans to suggest that his songs were not great masterpieces—landmarks in the history of German literature. But beyond a certain rhythmical facility and vigour, the impartial critic will see nothing very original or remarkable in them. In spite of the patriotic critics who asserted that at last Dehmel's creative period had opened, it seems likely that his work before the war will be much more enduring.

His war-poems occasionally reach an unusual depth of commonplaceness; they are filled with stock phrases—"death's hour," "heroic mind," "Tod," "Rot," "Vaterlandsliebe," "Sieg," "Krieg"—mere following of the outworn Arndt tradition. At other times there is an energy of manner, a flame which consumes the triteness of matter. This is particularly the case in the *Lied an Alle* ("Song to All"), without which no German anthology of war-poetry seems able to appear:—

"Blessèd be now this solemn hour,
Making us one and our hearts of steel;
In everyone's mouth were the words of peace,
But suspicion had paralysed friend and foe,
War now is here,
War for our honour!

One fiery will in its clearness hovers
Over the powder and dust and smoke;
Not for life, oh, not for life,
Is man fighting the battle of life!
Death always comes—
Death divine!

Strong in our faith, we seize the sword,
Fight for the spirit of our race,
Nation, thy honour is at stake,
Man, in sacrifice be thy joy—
Then will come triumph,
Glorious triumph!"

This joy in fighting, then, is the first "Leitmotiv" of Germany's war-poetry—

"Deeds at last,
Pepper for the salad of blood . . ."

as the gentle novelist, Ludwig Ganghofer, humourously put it. The last writers one would expect to find glorifying war—idyllic poets such as Isolde Kurz and Caesar Flaischlen—published poems full of extremely bellicose sentiments, exhorting Germany to draw the sword and show a world of foes how real warriors can fight. At the same time every event of the war—the important as well as the trivial—was accompanied by an immense amount of lyrical comment. The capture of Liège, the entry into Brussels, the march on Paris, the "victory" of the Marne, the sinking of the three English cruisers by Captain Weddigen, the execution of the spy, Hans Lody, the exploits of the *Emden*, even the raising of the first war-loan, above all the opening of the submarine "blockade"—each of these events had, so to speak, its own literature. The last group of poems—those which hailed Germany's declared intention of blockading England—forms part of a very large body of verse, inspired by the second "Leitmotiv"—hate for "perfidious Albion."

This "hate" movement, it is fair to acknowledge, was speedily discredited among intelligent Germans. Several professors and teachers, in particular Professors Förster and Sieper, poured

ridicule on it; Karl Bleibtreu, the dramatist, wrote an emphatic protest against what came to be called "Lissauererei"; and Ernst Lissauer himself, the chief exponent of "hate-poetry," published a partial disclaimer in the *Berlin Tageblatt* for August 12th, 1915. Nevertheless, for the few months it lasted, the "hate" and the "Gott strafe England" cult was extraordinarily intense and fanatical. Many poets helped to stir up the popular frenzy. Herbert Eulenberg, one of Germany's best dramatists, wrote a *Song against England*, in which England's intervention is ascribed solely to "Geldinteressen"; Paul Keller, in an hysterical poem called *Tod England* ("Death to England"), chanted "ewiger Hass" and, addressing this country, shrieked "Judas, thy hand is red!"; Otto Ernst devoted an entire booklet of poems to the task of calling England a "Mordergouvernante"; Ludwig Finck, a well-known writer of South German *Novellen*, summed up the matter in the pun—"Engelland ist Teuffelland" ("The land of angels is the land of devils"). Finally, a whole anthology entitled *Wehe dir England!* ("Woe to thee, England!") was published—a complete collection of excited tirades against the arch-enemy of the German race.

These curious products of overheated political passion may have some interest for students of national psychology, but from the literary point of view they are of no account whatever—with one exception. This is, of course, the famous *Hassgesang gegen England!* ("Hymn of Hate against England"), by Ernst Lissauer, which has, what any other "hate-poem" can claim, a refreshing freedom from artificial energy and the cliché phrase. The last lines in particular have a restrained vigour and impressiveness which the more fanatical outbursts completely lack. They are an excellent piece of rhetoric, and, read aloud in the original German, have an almost prophetic drone about them:—

"Hate by water and hate by land,
Hate of the head and hate of the hand,
Hate of hammers and hate of crowns,
Hate, throttling hate, from seventy millions.
They love as one and they hate as one,
And all of them have but one foe alone—England!"

Lissauer also wrote several other poems—among the most noteworthy are one on Heligoland, another called *England Dreams*, and a third with the title *Bread*, which first appeared in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* in March of 1915. The last is an odd example of how even England's so-called "Aushungerungsplan" was made a theme for poetry:—

"With arms they cannot overpower us,
With hunger they would fain devour us,
Foe beside foe in an iron ring.
Has want crossed our borders, or hunger, or death?
Listen: I chant the tidings of Spring:
Our soil is our ally in this great thing;
Already new bread is growing in the earth.
Save the food, and guard and hoard!
Bread is a sword. . . ."

The most serious criticism which can be made on most of the poets I have mentioned is this—that they are quite out of touch with the realities of war, and are therefore liable to all the faults of commonplace artificiality and rhetoric which result from such a condition. This was clearly shown during the "hate" and "Gott strafe England" period. Professor Wilhelm Förster put the matter concisely in his little essay in idealism entitled *Deutschlands Jugend und der Weltkrieg* ("Germany's Young Men and the World-War") :—

"Hate disorganises, love disciplines. Fill yourselves with deepest sympathy for all who suffer in war, whose hearts are crushed, whose bodies are broken, whose homes are burned. Fill yourselves with enthusiasm for everything which your nation in the future shall build above these wrecks and ruins, and then charge and fight as one consecrated to death, doing your utmost to end this horror and win a peace which shall make a recurrence of such things impossible. Such a purification from the passion of hate is often easier on the field than at home. Those who remain have an abstract enemy in view."

It is true that Dehmel, early in the war, volunteered for the front, but he has probably taken no part in the fighting. In regard to the majority of his ultra-Jingo, ineligible fellow-poets the criticism which—even in Germany—has been levelled against them, is, on the whole, justified; they are charged with being merely writers of *Schreibtischlyrik*—poetry written at the writing-table, in perfect security. In spite of the protest of one of their number, the poet and journalist, Alfred Kerr—

"We, who are far from the battle-field,
We fight with you, we die with you. . . ."

no fact is clearer than this, that the poets who, like Rudolf Herzog, cried "To Calais! To Calais! and Death to the 'Britt,'" were generally men over fifty, skilful or talented writers, in a few cases true artists, but totally unable to appreciate the realities of war and present them in their true light. For many people in Germany it was a relief, after so much noisy and facile patriotism on the part of favourite poets, to turn to less popular writers whose contact with the war had given them artistic sincerity or to those who steadfastly refused to put a barrier between themselves and the artists of opposing nations.

In January, 1915, a young and almost unknown poet named Walter Heymann was killed on the Western Front, in a night attack near Soissons. Shortly afterwards a selection of his letters and poems from the firing-line was published. These seem to have had a sobering effect; the reviews, at least, appear to indicate this. There was nothing in them approaching pacifism or lukewarm patriotism, only a certain questioning—What, after all, are we fighting for? That Frenchman over there—what is he fighting for, and why should I kill him? Another poet-volunteer, Bruno Frank, supplied an answer, pathetic in its ingenuousness: We are fighting because we wish to end war for ever. There is no "kriegerischer Geist" in these utterances; the artist, with clear insight and true imagination, has seen through the outward splendour of war to

the inner, ugly reality. Fritz von Unruh, Hauptmann's friend, poet and soldier, is more martial, but there is little boasting or jubilation in his poems. Here is the beginning of his *Gebet* ("Prayer") :—

"Holy God, in Heaven's height,
Thou who livest eternally,
Give Germany's dreams reality,
Give her a soul again!
And from the battle's powder-smoke,
Send Thou down humility,
Thou from whose mind the world came forth,
Give faith the victory!"

There are many other signs that militarism has not entirely conquered the intellectuals of Germany. Certain poets, in particular René Schickelé and Ernst Stadler, have made great efforts to keep alive an appreciation for foreign—especially French—culture, and so in some way prevent an absolute collapse of that generous cosmopolitanism on which Germans used to pride themselves. Stadler, unfortunately for international culture, met his death on the Western Front some time early in the spring of last year. Among his last correspondence, so the reviews inform us, were several letters dealing with Verlaine and later modern French poets. Schickelé, who is a half-French Alsatian, was his friend in that group of artists which gathered round the periodical *Die Weissen Blätter*. This he still edits, and the fact is a hopeful one for the future of German art after the war. At present an unhealthy national self-consciousness is all-prevailing—"Deutschtum" is making its influence felt in every direction. Verhaeren's lyrical attack on German "barbarians" was received with incredulity. The critics asked, Has he, then, ceased to be *germanisch*?, which shows how the race-fallacy associated with the name of Houston Stewart Chamberlain has affected literary judgments. Or, again, Stefan Georg, the well-known Symbolist poet, has been boycotted because of his refusal to write war-poems; he has ceased, they say, to be "deutsch." But there are a few poets, particularly those who have been brought into actual touch with the war, who remain unaffected by this race-romanticism. They see how impossible it is for German art and German literature to remain for ever devoted to a narrow national ideal; they perceive that no art can thrive for long on mere patriotic bellicosity. Every day, as this brief summary may help to show, the tendency has been for the German poets to turn more and more in the direction of peace, or at least away from empty military boasting and mere blind hate. Even Dehmel, the super-patriot poet, entitles his most recently published poems *Friedensgedichte* ("Poems of Peace"); they are a notable contrast to his work of two years ago. In this Dehmel is typical of German war-poets in general. They may have failed to demonstrate the truth of Vischer's thesis, they may have failed to show how war can produce great lyrics; but they have at least provided us with an extraordinarily voluminous body of verse, sometimes of great interest in itself, but always of the highest value as an index to the changing mood of intellectual Germany.