

Golo Mann

The Intellectuals

3. Germany

IN a short story by the German romantic poet, Clemens Bretano, the narrator (who is Bretano himself) is asked about his profession. For some reason, unclear even to himself, he cannot bring himself to say that he is a writer. And so, after some hesitation, he answers: Scribe. . . . That was around 1800. Some one hundred and thirty years later a German professor was challenged in his seminar to say what he thought of Ludwig Klages, a then well-known philosopher. "Klages," he answered, "I consider a genuine thinker, especially in his early writings. But why not be frank about it? Klages is on his own, a free-lance, without office, without secure income. So, in order to win his bread, he must create all kinds of sensations and write books which are sheer nonsense. If he were protected by a university, he would not have to write such stuff; besides, his colleagues would make life hard for him if he did. . . ."

How often have I heard similar views expressed—and frequently with less sympathy! There was nothing more respectable than the university professor; nothing more dubious, economically and morally, than the "intellectual," the "writer," the "man of letters." In Germany, to be taken seriously, one had to have an office, a rank, a title. That may be due, in part, to the Lutheran notion of a "calling"; in part to the fact that the country had a capital city only at rare moments of its history, so that a metropolitan public was lacking and the writer had to seek princely patronage, together with the office of librarian, preacher,

tutor, theatre-manager, and the like. A free-lance publicist could hardly exist until late in the 19th century. When he finally emerged, the public looked at him as something foreign, bohemian, and probably subversive. Every *Studienrat* (teacher in a secondary school) felt superior to a Maximilian Harden or indeed, in retrospect, to a Heinrich Heine.

In contrast, the university professor was very near the top of the social pyramid even when he dealt with subjects—historical or literary criticism, social theory and general philosophy—which were not so far from the "intellectual's" fields of endeavour. He was a high servant of the State or, until the early 20th century, of his Prince; in old Austria he held the honorary rank of, I believe, colonel in the imperial army. Apart from his social rank, he has held a central place in the history of his country—which cannot be said of the free-lance writer. When, towards the end of the 18th century, there happened that expansion of intellectual forces on which the German mind has lived ever since, it was largely—not entirely—guided into academic channels. Kant in East Prussia, then Schelling in Bavaria, Fichte in Berlin, Hegel in Heidelberg and Berlin, all became immeasurable influences. Ever since, great professors have been intellectual leaders. They were the conservatives of the late Metternich period (Niebuhr, Ranke), the liberals of the eighteen-forties (Uhland, Dahlmann, Droysen), the Bismarckians (Treitschke, Sybel), the Wilhelminians (Harnack,

Willamowitz, Sombart), the anti-Wilhelmians (Max Weber, Friedrich Meinecke). There were prose-writers of great power among them as well as men of almost self-caricaturing pompousness. I do not wish to imply that they were as a whole superior to their Western colleagues, that Mommsen was a greater writer than Boissier, or Treitschke than Seeley. But in Britain and France the university had competition; the great novelist, the successful man of letters far outshone the scholar. In Germany, the university enjoyed something like a monopoly of respectable intellectual existence. Schopenhauer, who was not a professor, was very proud but at the same time very bitter about it. Actually, he had tried to become one. So had Ludwig Feuerbach; so, even, had Karl Marx.

The position of the German professor has been slightly declining of late; partly because during the Hitler period he did not cut a very impressive figure; more generally because of that deep and broad process which, for the lack of a better term, we may call the Americanisation of German society. But even in 1954, a public opinion poll concerning the hierarchy of the various callings brought this unequivocal result: there is nothing higher than the university professor. He still ranks above the industrialist, the trade union leader, the parliamentarian. The same poll gave the writer a standing far below that of the teacher in an elementary school.

H IRED by the State to do a certain job, the professor recognised authority, Luther's *Obrigkeit*. He had nothing to do with politics, a well-known professor of philosophy once remarked in my presence.—But would you not try to help, when the house was afire?—No, he calmly answered, when the house was afire, he would call the firemen. To fight fire, to master a political or economic crisis, was a skill which had to be learned. He had not learned it, but had learned to philosophise. . . . If, however, the professor dealt with politics, it was the natural thing to do so in the interest of the State, to back up with historical arguments, say, the German mission of Prussia if he were teaching at a Prussian university.

There are great and numerous exceptions to this academic conformism. Rather, there was a period when it did not exist.

The Revolution of 1848 has been called (by Namier) the "Revolution of the Intellectuals," an appropriate term even for Germany. At that time, liberalism was chiefly represented by professors of whom, including the legists, some three hundred were sitting in the Frankfurt national assembly. The movement failed miserably. This settled the fate of the professors, in the eyes of the nation and even in their own. They no longer asked how society should be ordered but, rather, how things had come to pass as they had, and why they were quite as good as they were. Hegel triumphed over Kant, Bismarck over Hegel.

Meanwhile, the publicist, the man of letters who writes as he pleases, on any topic of his choosing but largely on politics, had made his belated appearance. It started with a bang during the Napoleonic time of trouble and immediately reached a very high point; more powerful editorials than those by Gentz, on the right, or by Goerres, on the left, Germany has never had a chance to read. In the early eighteen-thirties, the writers of the "Young-German" school were winning fame: less solemn than their predecessors, more "Western," urbane, frivolous. Their star is the immortal Heinrich Heine.

Heine—the German intellectual, if there ever was one. An emigré who preferred Paris to any city of his native country. A journalist who made his living mainly by reporting on France for German papers. A bohemian spendthrift, always in debt, taking money where it could be found, even from King Louis Phillipe. A philosopher of genius, but unsystematic, throwing out and wasting ideas as they came to him, in articles, essays, poems; unpredictable in philosophy and politics; playing with ideas but never entering a permanent alliance with any; prophetic as a commentator but not a mover of things historical; a socialist afraid of the "masses"; an aristocrat hating aristocracy; a rebel by birth and, there is no denying it, thoroughly subversive despite all his charm, his sadness, his personal conservatism; vulgar, at times truly infamous in his polemics; at the

same time a poet, and a fine poet. It was exactly this last point which never ceased to puzzle the "true German" critic: how a fatherlandless scoundrel could write such beautiful poetry; how a German poet could lead such a worthless existence.

In truth, the influence of Heine was not entirely to the good. He was the inventor of a new style in political poetry, criticism, satire, aphoristic philosophy, travel reporting. He was an inventor of dazzling genius; but it proved easy to imitate him—including his various poses, his irresponsibility, egotism, frivolity, his hatreds, all his obvious tricks. After the great Heine there came many smaller ones, in the 19th and, even more, the early 20th century. A whole branch of the race of German intellectuals derives from Heine and its members have not helped us much. To them, the world was almost always wrong, especially the German world. Right was what they were pleased to choose; the "proletariat" (with which, in fact, they had dismally little to do), France, later the Soviet Union, above all the clique to which they belonged (as long as the main battle did not take place within the clique).

THE early 1840's also saw the appearance of another type of German intellectual, the "Young-Hegelian," the sociologist of the left. He (Bruno Bauer, Arnold Ruge, Ludwig Feuerbach, etc.) was less happy than the Heine type, for he was neither poet nor brilliant journalist. He was the professor *raté*, the sharp-witted, aggressive, and bitter social scientist whom the reactionary State would not employ and the public would not read. Free and independent these men were—independent, that is, from the State; but not independent of dreary worries, always forced to outbid one another and bitterly quarrelling among themselves. The greatest of them was Marx; who, having contributed his fair share of quarrelling and hating, could turn to his lasting achievements as an economist, thanks to the generosity of that prosperous industrialist, Engels. The sociologist of the far left, Marxian or semi-Marxian, had his heyday under the Weimar republic. At that time, the State did employ

him. How much good it did to the democratic State, I shall not judge.

Of Bismarck it is known that he made an amazing offer to Marx: to write for him, with complete freedom to propagate Communism at the same time. That weird episode is characteristic of Bismarck's attitude towards the intellectual life of his time and his nation. He clearly did not belong to the race of the intellectuals. His memoirs, beautifully written as they are, have next to nothing to say about general problems, ideas, constitutional issues. Where he does say something about them, he makes sense; but it happens in barely one out of a hundred pages. The rest is all diplomacy, court-gossip, intrigues, administrative stuff, and malignant personal portraits. All the same, the arch-conservative Baron kept in touch with the intellectuals of the left. He won some of the bankrupt radicals of the 1848 period over to his service; he deeply enjoyed his secret conferences with Lassalle; he made the offer to Marx which has just been mentioned. In his old age he saw Harden at his table—that talented but profoundly dubious publicist of the Wilhelminian era. Bismarck felt lonely among the stiff bores of his own class. A brilliant conversationalist himself, he liked to converse with quick-witted men. Communist utopias he feared far less than the intrigues of his Emperor's wife. At ideas he laughed. But they could be used for propaganda purposes; tools to be picked up, tried out, and thrown away.

Bismarck's government gave work to some intellectuals, but did not elevate their status as a class—very far from it. Nor could they find a real chance of self-realisation in the political parties which now, at last, came into their own. These were not intellectuals' parties. They were interest-lobbies, decked out with some ideological claptrap. There were two exceptions: the Catholic Centre and the Social Democrats. The German Catholic intellectual has always had a spiritual home, a public to talk to, superiors to watch and to protect him; his fate has been enviable in this respect. The Social Democratic party was dedicated to a highly sophisticated theory, Marxism. It took professional intellectuals to create Marxism as well as to keep it alive, to interpret and revise

it; while it took factory hands to create a workers' party. Hence the dualism within the party. Lassalle lamented the simplicity of his followers, "the many hard and hot hands" he had to shake; and one of his orders of the day, much to the hilarity of his enemies, began with the words: "Workingmen! Before I leave for the spas of Switzerland. . . ." His successor, Bebel, the true founder, an old worker himself, disliked brainy people. ("If a bourgeois wants to join you, look him over closely; if he is an intellectual, twice as closely.")

THERE had been a time in Germany when philosophers were near the government (Hegel), even when they were the government (Humboldt). There had been a time, the 1840's, when liberal intellectuals, while being excluded from the government, could reasonably hope to conquer it one day and when, therefore, they took Affairs of State seriously. So long as the State was authoritarian, anachronistic, obnoxious, there was hope that there would one day be a great, blessed change. But the State of the ageing Bismarck and of William II was in many ways no longer anachronistic. It was still authoritarian and military but also bourgeois; even the organised workers mustered considerable political influence. It was an efficient, powerful State, a prosperous, modern society. All the same, the State was stupid, the emperor ridiculous, the parties, including the socialist opposition, bureaucratic, ossified, uninspiring. Consequently, there developed something like a divorce between the political and the intellectual life of the nation, on various levels. Imperial Germany, with her princes, diplomats, court-preachers, generals, judges, industrialists, official poets, did not take notice of what was happening in the sphere of free thought. Nor was she taken notice of by the better writers; she was nothing to be worked for or fought against; at best, she could be ridiculed. On the other hand, political writers, critics, polemicists, did not win much respect from their non-political colleagues, or from the nation as a whole, which considered them outlandish and completely negative. One must confess that the most famous publicists

of the Wilhelminian era could not entirely refute this charge.

That intellectuals, like artists, are egotistical is a trivial fact. They want to succeed, to impress; and as what they are doing seems important to them, so do they who are doing it, and the more so when the world remains unmoved. It is a matter of degree. In a man like Ferdinand Lassalle, histrionic vanity had already reached striking proportions. In Maximilian Harden, in Alfred Kerr, in the Viennese Karl Kraus, it became maniacal and repulsive. Harden in his way understood diplomacy, Kraus the German language, Kerr the drama (he greatly helped the rise of Gerhart Hauptmann). But they were not fortunate influences, all three of them. Unbearably mannered in their style, sensationalist, apocalyptically hating and castigating each other as well as most people, they were negative representatives of the Wilhelminian period and did not really outlive it. For Kraus it can at least be said that he remained adamant in his pacifism during the First World War. Harden, like Kerr, turned to a hectic worship of war and power. It is a strange experience today to go through the pages of Harden's review, *Die Zukunft*. Brilliant they are at times, and not entirely without prophetic sense. But what an inflated lurid style! What lack of taste, of mere decency! And how stale the whole work!

In August 1914, the divorce between the intellectuals and the State came suddenly to an end, much to the satisfaction of the weaker, if not of the stronger partner. Those who had so far led the chilly intellectual life, away from the main stream, now jumped into the crowded waters of enthusiasm. Everybody, or almost everybody, wanted to share the wonderful experience—if not as a soldier, then with his pen. Psychological warfare—bureaux—the name did not yet exist—swallowed a good number of writers and lecturers. There were the notorious "war manifesto of the intellectuals," the battle cries of professors and poets, the songs of hatred; on the more serious side, the brilliant paradoxes of Thomas Mann's *Reflections of a Non-political Man*, the geopolitical phantasies of Friedrich Naumann, the warlike metaphysics of Max Scheler. It has been argued

that by giving some meaning to a catastrophe which had none, but which was there in any case, the intellectuals did a service to the community. It depends how one looks at it. A Voltaire would find more folly than helpfulness in that *trahison des clercs*.

THE so-called revolution of 1918-19 was more of a collapse than of a rising. At least, it created a power-vacuum and where this exists various people will try to step in and fill it with the embodiments of their ideas. Within the Social Democratic party the tough practical men triumphed over the radicals and restored law and order with the help of General Hindenburg. But there were regional upheavals of a more extreme character. If ever impractical men played at revolution, it was the men who set up a soviet republic in Munich in March 1919: young intellectuals, fresh from Heidelberg university, who, with a little more luck, might have become disciples of Stefan George the poet, or of the sociologist Max Weber, the sterner, better man—in which case they might now be respected, grey-haired teachers somewhere in America. As it was, they became the victims, first of Marxism, then of Lenin's intoxicating example, and now the hour had come when they had to prove the solidity of their science of revolution. They perished in the attempt, some of them; one hates to imagine the writer Gustav Landauer, a fine Shakespeare scholar and an idealist, being beaten to death with rifle-butts by Prussian soldiers. In justice, one must add that these idealists tried to do what was none of their business, that many of them were foreigners in Bavaria and even in Germany, that their attempt was utterly rootless, hopeless, senseless from the start, and that they should not have done it. The notion, popular in Germany ever since 1848, of the crazy, obnoxious *Literat* who should be kept out of politics by any means, if necessary with rifle-butts, has been greatly strengthened by this tragic adventure.

From that time on, there was no escape from politics. To have one's say about the world situation, the crisis, the future of civilisation, the past war and the next one, became the intellectual's normal endeavour—even the anti-

political intellectual's. The philosophy which came to be called the "Conservative Revolution," was itself political; highly contradictory, to be sure, vague, dynamic, but anti-constitutional and political nevertheless. Their representatives, much as they despised *littérateurs* and the craft of writing books, expressed their contempt in books which they wrote and they clearly lived the life of *littérateurs*; the terrible Oswald Spengler not being an exception.

The middle-of-the-roaders continued Germany's humanist, liberal, and European tradition. They were republicans, democrats, protagonists of a lasting Franco-German understanding, the League of Nations, Count Coudenhove's Pan-Europe, progress without revolution, and so on. Not that the republic, as a whole, had much use for them. The political parties which now ruled directly, no longer through bargaining with an imperial government, had changed their names rather than their character after the Kaiser's abdication. They were as uninspiring as before and so were Weimar's heads of government: elderly administrators, former city managers, financiers, industrialists, bureaucrats, at best trade-unionists. They were as foreign to the German literature of their age as Bismarck had been and with less justification; German literature had been stale and mediocre in Bismarck's time, while it was very much alive in the nineteen-twenties. The man of experience who gets things done, as against the scribbler who moves whole worlds in his mind while in reality he does not know a marriage certificate from a wage contract—that, essentially, was their attitude, as it had been Bismarck's before them.

Exceptions are worth mentioning, although they do not disprove the rule. Rathenau, foreign minister in 1922, was a rare combination of industrialist and philosopher, an intellectual with tremendous practical achievements to his credit. He was also an outsider in the government, suspected and blindly hated by a large sector of the nation exactly because he was an intellectual, and a Jew to boot; I remember what joyful noise we schoolboys made when we learned about his assassination. Stresemann made at least one brave effort to

show his interest in the world of books. A Prussian minister of education, C. H. Becker, went so far as to found the institution which came to be called the "Prussian Writers' Academy." (Its exact name was "Prussian Academy of the Arts, Section for Literature.") It was an attempt to make writing something official, like in France, to give the man of letters a dignified place in the state. Alas, few people took the Prussian Writers' Academy seriously. It was considered as republican, as purposeless, and, not entirely without reason, as a flat imitation of the French Academy.

On the far Left we find, apart from the Communists, the non-committed leftist intellectual, Heine's heir. He had ridiculed the Kaiser, now he ridiculed the republic which evidently was not lacking in pathetic aspects—though, being better in her potentialities than anything that might succeed her, she would nevertheless have deserved help, rather than hilarious contempt. Heine's heir lived from saying No; from accusing, unmasking, and putting the world in the wrong, a function which gave a secure superiority to the accuser. Indeed, one could hardly see how things could ever improve unless he himself were given command—the slimmest chance of which would have made him run for cover.

What an intellectual Babylon of voices, that Weimar Republic! Talking of decline, of crisis, of doom—but joyful talking. Philosophers demonstrating that there was no longer time for any philosophy, sociologists unmasking all creeds, values, moral standards as "ideological," economists calmly proving that five or six million unemployed had come to stay and would not be gotten rid of in any future, legists affirming that the very notion of natural justice was a hoax and that any positive law, duly codified, was as good as any other—far too many people assiduously sawing off the branch on which other people or they themselves were sitting. There was then, I should say, too much intellectual freedom in Germany; and all of a sudden there was none.

MOST modes of life have their characteristic temptations, and so has that of the intellectuals, academic or other. The German

intellectuals have given in to them as much as have the intellectuals of other countries, to say the least.

There is the pretention to know what cannot and must not be known, the secret law of the ages:—We understand the past, the present, the future, we have the key to it, we or someone we choose to follow. We understand Necessity. We also know that Necessity is good, was good, shall be good. Or again, that the notions of good and bad make no sense when applied to the Inevitable. Hence we are far above the many who ignore where they are going and think they are free to choose, poor fellows. . . .

If this presumption of looking behind the stage of history and discovering the strings which are pulling the actors is characteristic of certain writers everywhere, it is especially characteristic of a large sector of the German mind: the Hegelians, the Marxians, the Spenglerians, and a host of lesser schools and men. There is a profound lack of charity connected with it, as the French critic, Edgar Quinet, noticed already in the eighteen-thirties.

These are the yes-men. There are also the no-men—those who, confronted by history, past or in the making, put on a permanently hurt look. With a little reason, everything could have been straightened out; but it was not and there is little hope that it ever will. Because the rulers are so stupid. . . . This feeling of a considerable superiority is something that yes-men and no-men have in common. Similar also are the practical consequences of both attitudes. The yes-men see no need for, the no-men no hope in, strenuous limited efforts of their own. On a more restricted level, the contrast between the yes-men and the no-men appears in the attitude towards one's own nation. German intellectuals were either of an aggressive patriotism or of a cosmopolitanism marked by a supercritical, if not hostile and contemptuous, view of their own nation. The golden mean did exist, of course, but not as naturally as in Britain and France. (America is a different story.)

Related to this is the polarity between the "Western" and the "Pure German" intellectual, which goes back to the beginnings of

modern Germany. To be a free publicist—say, the editor of a politico-philosophical review in Berlin in 1795—meant to imitate French and English styles; for there was no German model to work on. Ever since, the free intellectual has had a somewhat outlandish, Western air around him. Frequently he did imitate Anglo-Saxon and French examples, both in what he had to say and in the way he said it. For this the great progressive papers of the Wilhelminian and Weimar period, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and the *Berliner Tageblatt*, are striking instances. The reaction is equally old. When a Prussian baron, Achim von Arnim, founded his “Christian Round-Table” in Berlin around 1810, it was, I think, the first attempt to organise an intellectual milieu which would be purely Germanic. Jews, Frenchmen, and friends of France were rigorously excluded from von Arnim’s club; and its members, like Heinrich von Kleist, may be said to represent a new type of German writer: highly poetical, at the same time savagely political and nationalist, the producer of ideas about State and Nation which could not be identified with any Western tradition. The conflict between the two German intellectual schools, the Western and the Germanic, has been going on ever since, among various groups, around various issues.

The Westerner easily passed for subversive, merely negative, socially useless if not dangerous, a dubious product of metropolitan swamps. So did the Jewish intellectual; and both were identified for all practical purposes. Already, around 1800, literary critics who were not Jewish were jokingly referred to as “indirect Jews.” Nobody but the Jews had made Bonaparte an emperor, a German patriot complained; as they were supposed one hundred and twenty years later to have caused Germany’s defeat in the First World War through their diabolic machinations.

There is a grain of substance behind such nonsense. Among German intellectuals of the Western type, the Jewish percentage has been high, for good historical reasons. The Western intellectual, following his French prototype, did throw in his lot with the causes of progress, democracy, free science, positivism,

socialism, and so on. That great movement, having its negative as well as its constructive aspects, its intellectual backers can be rightly charged with both, and sometimes, according to their character, more with the one than with the other. It was, I believe, de Maistre—also Burke—who predicted that the progressive intellectual was making a mistake from the point of view of his own interest; that his natural place was with the aristocracy and the church; and that, having helped to destroy the old order, he would not find in the new that worthy position of which he was dreaming. There have been moments in recent history when de Maistre’s prediction seemed sagacious enough—exceptional moments, we hope.

SOMEHOW, most of us expected that the history of the nineteen-twenties would repeat itself after 1945. The humanists made ready to fight the nationalists once again; the apocalyptics pulled their manuscripts out of the drawer where they had been hiding since 1933, to renew their prophecies about the decline of the West, the destruction of man by the machine, and so on. Nobody was prepared for the West-Germany we have today, that incredibly busy, prosperous, crowded, pleasure-seeking place; least of all the intellectuals. It happened that way. And as it happened, intellectual positions changed, as well as functions.

One can still hear the complaint that the writer has no respected place. The President of the Federal Republic himself is making regretful allusions to this fact. On the other hand—there are always other hands—the intellectual can keep himself busy enough, what with all those congresses, public discussions, summer-schools, publicity and self-publicity campaigns, Unesco, Franco-German reconciliation, Pan-Europe, cultural attachéships, trips to America, exchange services and, above all, the radio, that inexhaustible market for words. As a man above or outside society, prophet or bohemian, he will find life unrewarding. As a member of a consumers’ society he can win a market for his goods and services; and then he can do what any German likes to do nowadays: marry young, rent an apartment, perhaps

own a car, live a regular life. If he is talented and clever, he will write novels on topical subjects which have a chance to appear in an *Illustrierte* and to become best-sellers—the only way for a novel to pay its way. He will work for the radio, the press, if he is very lucky for the movies. In any case, his work is a job like another, nothing particularly solemn; not the writing of “doomsday accounts of our souls,” as Ibsen defined the art of the writer. There are still those who write for the sake of truth rather than with their eyes on the market. But they are few and their readers are few; a fine highbrow review like *Merkur* barely sells 3,000 copies. The broad cultured and leisured public which existed in Wilhelminian and pre-Hitler days is gone—in that public, too, the Jews had a very high percentage.

One should add that both spheres, that of the intellectual entertainment industry and that of the absolute creative effort, are still connected at various points. Some find energy enough to participate in both, and the radio gives generous support to higher literature through its “night-studios” and other special offerings comparable to the BBC’s Third Programme. As a whole, however, the situation of the German intellectual tends to become similar to that of his American colleague—minus the colleges, those great if none too comfortable refuges of the American highbrow. The German secondary schools (Gymnasiums) are still almost completely isolated from intellectual life, traditionalist, narrow, bureaucratic. Universities are few, tightly organised, and very much afraid of overstaffing their faculties.

Where there is no market for a Spengler, no Spengler will appear. Today, the prophets of doom are silent; those of a “Conservative Revolution,” a purified spartan German community, hardly audible. Silent is their counter-

part, the “leftist intellectual,” Heine’s heir, who has practically vanished from the German scene. (He leads a ghostly and distrusted existence in the Eastern Zone, filling the pages of the same red-covered weekly, *Die Weltbuehne*, with the same giggling vituperations as in 1925.) A left there is, but not a very literary one; trade unions which, through well-trained economists and well-paid lawyers, are studying the theoretical basis for their action. The age-old conflict between the Western and the “pure German” intellectual has died down, for everybody is somehow pro-Western now and everybody a good German to boot. Gone are the passionate polemics of the Weimar period, the sensational propositions, the mutual accusations. A cool but general agreement on the essentials prevails, as between parties in parliament so between intellectuals. Politics itself is no longer in the centre of interest, not even for those who are unhappy over Adenauer’s Germany, who think her materialistic, business-dominated, unimaginative, reactionary, and what not. There is an esoteric community and the values they serve are not to be realised by any political action. It is nothing but the old *l’art pour l’art*—an unmistakable symptom of normalcy, of a stable society.

These symptoms may delude us. Normalcy, after all, is itself something abnormal when balanced against the crazy Berlin situation, the Eastern Zone, the Oder-Neisse frontier, and all the monstrosities of a still recent past. When one remembers the Germany of nine or eleven years ago—some do—the present appears as if created by witchcraft. That country has surprised us before; it may do it again. But the present is what it is, and looking at the way the Germans are building, they seem to trust the future.

Invocation upon the Deaths of Great Men

THEIR day was eloquent: morning was the spun
blue savagery of wind, and noon the call
of trumpeters to lions. Triumph undone,
warm in the ebb of bee-light was begun
their dying: colour of autumn; the grey scrawl
of ash-of-apricot upon the wall,
that names us weighed and finds us wanting. *Seal
their sunlight on our dark, you who appal
our closing landscape—moon, their mirror of steel,
oh face of Lazarus, look down and heal.*

They died among their jewelled evening: none
to hear their anger, feel or hear at all
the honey and lions'-mating of their sun,
grow sour and impotent. But one by one
the alien lesser stars dare and grow tall—
night's peacock, light of the gnat's voice. *In our hall
of kneeling shadows, give us grace to kneel
self-shadowed. Angel or eagle or animal:
moon, from the wasting of your cherub wheel,
oh face of Lazarus, look down and heal.*

Not in this nightyear may their cataract stun
with honey of wrath of thunder of carnival
by golden milk. But we, the million
trillings of little silver, glitter and run
and whimper through the dark: we are the small
vibrations of dead music, we must crawl
through strings we cannot sound. *You who repeal
the deaths of suns—you their memoriai—
even such waking lemures you anele:
oh face of Lazarus, look down and heal.*

Fierce blazon upon earth, armorial
colours we cannot fire—we stoop and reel
under the sea-weight of your weapons; fall
by theft of honour. *Moon whose moons we steal—
oh face of Lazarus, look down and heal.*

Terence Tiller