

risers and the family income decreases in purchasing power. The League is also using its influence to support the Government in its efforts to increase the food supply of the country, to prevent the crowding out of wheat and rye by more lucrative crops, such as sugar and tobacco. In short, housewives no less than professional women are taking their share in the huge task of rebuilding the national life on new foundations.

One can but admire these women who, though bowed down by domestic loss and national humiliation, faced by almost desperate economic conditions, and worn by privations of which those who have not seen Germany since the war can have no conception, can still find courage and determination to go on with their work and to plan for their country.

## Republican Germany and the Arts

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

IT was in 1871 that Matthew Arnold in the series of brilliantly ironical letters called "Friendship's Garland" pointed out to his countrymen the remarkable and, as it seemed to him, saving preoccupation of the Germans with *Geist*—with the concerns of the mind and the spirit. The hungry and distracted republic of today has little left in common with the empire of 1871 except precisely that preoccupation, that impassioned desire to comprehend and to reshape through thought or art both man and nature. The difficult years that have passed since the armistice and the revolution have not produced such solid and permanent works as undoubtedly adorned the politically bankrupt Wilhelmian period. But the activity in all the arts is intense and enormous. And it is not an activity for gain—there is none to be had—nor even for reputation, but springs from the profound though often feverish desire to grasp the world anew and to find forms in art that are to be expression and salvation at once. Such is the twofold inner spirit of that expressionistic movement—*Ausdruckskunst*—which, despite its myriad varying shapes, serves to clarify and guide one's view of the arts in Germany today.

The superficial view of the tourist may easily miss all the phenomena of this essential life of the nation. In the Berlin of the profiteers he may note the Americanization of the cabarets and the fact that both "Kiki" and "Potash and Perlmutter" are being successfully performed. He may neglect the less advertised productions of Hebbel and Ibsen and Hauptmann and of new plays by Johst or Wildgans or Kokoschka, Hasenclever or Sternheim or Kaiser. He is almost certain not to read the intensely serious and subtle weekly or monthly periodicals wholly dedicated to the art of the drama: *Das blaue Heft*, *Komödie*, *Die Schaubühne*. Nor is he likely to gather the little paper-bound volumes of the two series called *Der dramatische Wille* and *Dramatische Bibliothek unserer Jüngsten*. Thus he may not learn a fact of the first importance, namely, that in Germany today the drama, for the first time in centuries, is seeking and finding new forms to embody its new intentions and that the actual production of these plays is attempted because modern German stage-craft has always sought to serve and never to imprison or limit the dramatist and his work.

In the fields of poetry and prose fiction the significant facts are neither to be grasped nor set forth so simply. A rich and intense lyrical movement with Franz Werfel at its head seeks to unite a fearless contact with all reality with an equally fearless exploration of the inner life. Except by the ecstatic extremists free verse has been not so much abandoned as transcended in favor of the creation of new and more personal rhythms through forms comparatively fixed. This poetry is almost wholly pacifist and humanitarian in spirit. But its pacifism and humanitarianism are rarely facile or polite. They arise from a bitter experience that has been philosophically grasped and interpreted. The novel, the common entertainment of the masses, lags behind poetry and the drama. The horrible and the fantastic have, as in the books of Gustav Meyrink, attained a wide popularity, and both the harmless and the erotic lady novelist continues to flourish. But side by side with these we find the enormous editions attained by the works of such artists as Thomas Mann and Jakob Wassermann and single books, Arnold Ulitz's "Ararat," for instance, that seek to grapple in an astonishingly original manner with the most perplexing problems of our age.

More significant for the broader intellectual life of the nation than the production of new works is the dissemination of great literature. Amid poverty and hunger this dissemination has assumed new proportions in the German republic. During the past three years there have been issued new collected editions of practically all native and foreign authors of first and second rank. For astonishingly little one may buy a complete Dostoevski or Tolstoi, Strindberg or Wedekind, Ranke or Fichte, Hölderlin or Heine, Nietzsche or Hauptmann or Schnitzler. Quite minor modern writers like Peter Altenberg may be had in a little set of admirable volumes. Yet the paper shortage is so constant and acute that no German publisher would dare to set out upon these ventures without the assurance of a sale that fills our American publishers with amazement and envy. In addition, new series of books are constantly springing up. And all of these series, like the latest ventures of the Insel-Verlag or the charming little art books of the Delphin-Verlag in Munich, have a profoundly and often subtly cultural aim. Thus there is a cheap series of foreign masterpieces—English, French, Russian—in the original tongues and exquisitely illustrated volumes on all aspects, ancient and modern, of the plastic and pictorial arts. Alexander Koch still publishes his *Kunst und Dekoration* and the familiar *Blaue Bücher* and Seemann's *Künstlerrappen*, a little more cheaply executed than before the war, are still announced in first editions of one hundred thousand.

The shrunken and impoverished public that makes these ventures possible does not limit itself to the aesthetic or the literary. Echoes of the public success of solid and brilliant philosophical works, primarily of Keyserling's "Reisetagebuch eines Philosophen," have reached us. What has scarcely reached us is the fact that German scholarship, never as wholly given over to dry research as has been thought, has achieved two triumphs in quite recent years—the new Shakespeare versions of Franz Gundolf and the centenary translation of the *Divine Comedy* by Hans Geisow. The latter is marvelously fresh and attractive. The specialist may deny its Dantesque character. It promises to do for Dante in the twentieth century what Pope did for Homer in the eighteenth by refashioning the poet in the idiom and spirit of our age.

## The Entente and the Burgenland

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

THE treaties of St. Germain and the Trianon, which made such an appalling hack-work of Central and South-eastern Europe, after depriving Austria of her arms and legs, sought to compensate her for the loss of these essential members by bestowing upon her a tail in the form of West Hungary. From the first, the Austrians displayed no enthusiasm over this acquisition. They are an exceedingly sophisticated people, and humorous, even in their misery. Facing complete collapse, they saw no salvation in the Burgenland—as West Hungary was to be called when it became Austrian. In the cabarets and coffee houses of Vienna they made jokes about it. “Let the Burgenland join the Borgenland,” they punned.

Moreover, they were not blind to dangers inherent in the transfer. To acquire the Burgenland a finger had to be lopped from obstreperous Hungary. Austria knew that her neighbor would yowl fearfully at the operation, and could take revenge. She might, for instance, boycott Austria in food. The Burgenland could not compensate for this. It yields an inconsiderable surplus over the needs of its own population. Its chief value to Hungary lies in the industries of its largest city, Sopron (Oedenburg), but these derive their raw materials from other sections of Hungary, and Austria hardly has need of sugar factories without beets.

There was no great moral issue involved in the Burgenland dispute. Austria's claim was purely a legal one—that the territory had been ceded her by the treaty. True, the population was, roughly speaking, two-thirds German. But the Burgenland had been an integral part of Hungary for a thousand years. The Germans there had not been conquered and subjected. They had been settled there, by the first Hungarian king, Stephen, who considered them a desirable population and offered them concessions in the way of land. The German minority in Hungary is probably the only national minority which has never been oppressed. Throughout the whole controversy national rights were never an issue, and national feelings were not played upon. The Pan-Germans urged the West Hungarian residents to join Austria in the hope of an eventual German union and the substitution of the mark for the krone. The Hungarians urged them to keep away from the Austrian Communists who would confiscate their property. The few Austrian Social Democrats who half-heartedly participated in the controversy—they themselves favored a plebiscite—used the argument of escape from the reactionary Horthy Government, but with small success, since the reaction received its strongest support from this territory. The insurgents, who poured into West Hungary from Hungary proper, and particularly from the other lost territories—Slovakia, Transylvania, and the Banat—could not inflame the Hungarians against the Austrians at all. They had to say to the peasants, as one insurgent said to me, “This is not resistance against Austria; it is a fight against bolshevism.” Austria *does* look communistic beside Hungary; so much can be done by mere contrast!

The whole controversy was artificial. It was not even a case of the victorious taking their spoils from the conquered, as when Czechs, Yugoslavs, and Rumanians took

their pound of flesh from Hungary. An adjustment of the question could have been made peaceably. Why wasn't it?

Because the Entente was trying to keep its “face” and preserve its “prestige.” Because the Little Entente, reared by the great Powers for themselves, which also had an interest in West Hungary as a means of communication between Yugoslavia and Czecho-Slovakia, insisted that the Entente *should* preserve its prestige. The treaty had to be enforced, otherwise the inviolability of all the treaties would be open to question. Poor Austria, rattling the sabers of others, demanded her territory. Official Hungary, not greatly worried as to what the Entente would do—did she not have her own private dealings with France?—but a little uncomfortable at the noise made by the Yugoslavs and Czechs, yielded. But unofficial Hungary, for long organized into irresponsible military detachments, some of which had been armed by the Entente military missions back in 1919 when bolshevism and the possible return of Bela Kun were the bugbears, marched into West Hungary, repelled the Austrian gendarmes who came hopefully in to take possession, and subsequently went through all the motions made familiar by D'Annunzio, swearing never to leave the country alive, declaring the land an independent free state with proclamations and officials and an escutcheon of its own; incidentally making the disinterested population thoroughly miserable. The result of this slap in the face of the Entente was the conference at Venice between Hungary and Austria, called under Italian protection, at which Hungary agreed to clear out the insurgents (she, who had throughout maintained a pious dissociation from them, and had sworn she could not control them!) and make it possible for Austria peaceably to take over “Zone A,” the countryside; at the same time Austria agreed to a plebiscite in “Zone B,” the city of Oedenburg and its environs—the plebiscite to be taken while Major Osztenburg, of the official Hungarian army, occupied the city with 1,200 Hungarian troops, under Entente control!\*

What was the position of the Entente in West Hungary? Outwardly seeking to preserve a show of unity, internally it pulled as many wires as it had members. The French, outwardly proclaiming the inviolability of the treaties, with an eye to Versailles, were really horrified at the Pan-German propaganda which was the best argument to support the enforcing of this particular treaty. Britain, highly uncomfortable at her undignified position, was cynical and disinterested. Italy, fearing the strengthening of her Slavic neighbors, Yugoslavia and Czecho-Slovakia, who are allies only in name, was for a compromise. The raggedest insurgent felt that France was friendly to him. The lack of solidarity was patent to everyone. “Keep Miss Thompson away from the British,” said the Hungarian press agent to a friend of mine who was acting as my interpreter in West Hungary. “They are less friendly to us than the others.”

The British General Gorton took me to Eisenstadt, a small town which was the headquarters for the band of insurgents led by the former Hungarian premier, Stephen Friedrich. We had tea with the French General Michel, on the second floor of the Esterhazy castle, which he occupied as head of the Entente mission in that territory. On the first floor of the same castle, directly under the Entente rooms, the insurgents held their headquarters, and planned their campaigns, and brought their captives to trial. And

\* At the election “Zone B” voted to join Hungary.