

GERHART HAUPTMANN

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GERHART HAUPTMANN AS AN IDEALIST.

Gerhart Hauptmann, already one of the most popular of living dramatists, has been brought into still greater prominence by being honored last year (1912) with the award of the Nobel Prize in Literature. The winning of this prize is no light incident in the life of an author, nor yet in the literary world at large. It is one of five equal prizes of about forty thousand dollars each, founded by Alfred Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, who died December 10, 1898, leaving his estate of about nine million dollars to be used for the benefit of humanity in this way. They are awarded to that individual who achieves the most notable work in each of five named fields of endeavor, the other four prizes being given in the fields of physical science, Chemistry, biological science and the propagation of international peace, respectively. The one which concerns us here goes "to the person who shall have produced in the field of literature the most important work of an idealistic tendency." The donor of the enormous fund was not unique in the belief that literature "of an idealistic tendency", exerts a profound and beneficial influence on human welfare and the world's civilization; in fact, such a statement would be generally accepted as a truism. His gift aims to recognize and encourage, real merit in this important field.

The world has taken Mr. Nobel's prizes seriously. The intelligent public watches the awards with interest and workers in the respective fields look upon them as among the highest honors and most desirable rewards of effort that may be obtained. The tribunals of award are probably as competent and fair as any that could be named, in the case of literature, ^{the selection is made by} the Swedish Acad-

emy, which is similar in all essential respects to its more famous French prototype. The competition is open on equal terms to all the world, as the will of the donor expressly forbade the consideration of the nationality of the candidate in making awards.

It seems reasonable, under these circumstances, that the work of the recipient of the Nobel Prize in literature should be, if not absolutely the best, at least fairly representative of the best that the world had to offer in the way of literature of an idealistic tendency at the given time. In view of this fact and the importance of this line of achievement, it should be of interest to make a study of the work of the most recent winner of this prize as an indication of the status of idealistic literature in the world of our immediate day. To this purpose the present paper is devoted. In order to interpret intelligently and sympathetically the literary product of an author some knowledge of the man and the general course of his life is always indispensable. Not less necessary is a general view of the conditions and movements in the literary world of the country in which he lived and in whose language he wrote, at least in so far as these might probably influence the trend of his thought and the character of his writings. After considering these things in as brief compass as maybe, we shall take up a general survey of the author's own work, with more detailed reference to representative specimens of it of particular significance from the view-point of that quality of it under consideration, that is its idealistic tendency. Finally an attempt will be made to determine what conclusions, if any, may reasonably be drawn from the whole investigation.

Gerhart Johann Hauptmann was born November 15th, 1862, at

the "Kurort" of Obersalzbrunn in Silesia, where his father, Robert Hauptmann, kept the hotel "Zur Preussischen Krone". He was the youngest of four children. His father was a thrifty middle-class citizen, of a family which had risen by merit from a more lowly station, Gerhart's grandfather having been in his younger days a poor weaver like those described in our author's great "Drama of the Forties". Gerhart's mother was chiefly remarkable for her piety, she being connected with the Moravian sect of nearby Herrnhut. Little of the outer circumstances of the son's early life need concern us here. He had little to do with his father's business, and in particular, was, with the other children of the family, strictly excluded from the bar rooms of the hotel. It is likely that he had abundant opportunity to see the ill effects of the use of alcohol, which may have combined with parental exhortations in giving him that strong feeling against it which is manifest in so many of his works and which must strike one as remarkable for a European, and particularly a German. Heller is authority for the statement that he is a total abstainer, which is to say, in Germany, something of a curiosity. As a lad, Hauptmann gave no promise, and his destiny was the great problem of his parents. In the village school he was marked as a poor student. He preferred loitering in the fields, which, since he afterward became a noted author, we may be justified in attributing to his great love of nature; otherwise we should probably assign other motives. He was, however, fond of reading the books of his father's library, and showed a wide and varied literary appreciation.

When twelve years old, young Hauptmann was sent to a board-

ing school in Breslau, the capital of the Province. Here also, he seemed a misfit, though we are told that he distinguished himself in one line, that of essay-writing. His brother Carl, of a more serious and responsible character than himself, began to take a great interest in him, and very early thought of the possibility of an author's career for the young dreamer. Meanwhile the business affairs of Robert Hauptmann, were thrown in bad shape by the newly built railroad diverting his guests to other resorts, and Gerhart was left for other hands to provide for. He was soon again taken out of school, where he seemed to be doing no good, and sent to the country home of a pious uncle to be brought up to the agricultural profession and ^{he} welcomed the change like a prisoner getting his liberty. Here he was in close contact with nature, and in addition to the religious atmosphere of the household his temperament was affected by their devotion to music of the best sort. Verses written at this period show strong traces of all these influences, particularly the deep religious feeling of the youth.

His first start toward a vocation for life, however, was not in the direction of poetry or authorship. A certain aptitude at modeling figures in clay and wax which young Gerhart manifested, led his brother Carl to consider preparing him for a sculptor's career, and the plan met with the hearty approval of father Robert. Accordingly the young man was sent to the royal art school at Breslau, where he entered the preparatory class on October 6, 1880. He showed great enthusiasm in letting his hair grow out and simulating what he conceived to be the proper artistic air, but not much in the serious work of mastering his craft. As for-

merly, he chafed under discipline and systematic strenuous work. He was soon warned regarding his behavior and a little later suspended from the school for indolence and bad influence on the other students, but was reinstated at the instance of Robert Haertel, an artist who had taken a liking for him. In April, 1882, he left the school forever, "on account of his health". He did, in fact, show symptoms of consumption.

After leaving the art school, Hauptmann again showed inclinations toward literature, and even wrote a drama, "Ingeborg", based on a poem by the Swede Tegnér, planned a Hermann epic in twelve cantos, and wrote ^{up} some one and a half of these, and meditated on another drama based on the Hermann story and to be called "Germanen und Römer". He also began to think earnestly of his wasted educational opportunities, and determined to retrieve what he had lost. Accordingly he went to the University of Jena, where his brother Carl was studying natural science, and matriculated as "studiosus historiae". Here he studied enthusiastically for a time-- philosophy under Eucken and Otto Liebmann and also Zoölogie under Haeckel and Botany under Stahl. After a few months his interest lagged, however, and he again turned to sculpture. He had formed some friendships of moment in Jena, being especially influenced by a student organization called the "Academic-Scientific Club", the main interests of which were evolution and sociology. His mind had already been confirmed in its ~~two~~ ^{two} main interests, art and sociology, by two friendships formed in Breslau, ^{one} with the painter Hugo Ernst Schmidt and the ^{other with the} race-hygienist, Alfred Ploetz. In Jena, he and another new found friend, the musical devotee, Max Müller, represented the domain of art in the youth-

ful circle, Hauptmann being the poet of the group. After a year in Jena, Hauptmann visited his brother Georg near Hamburg and then took a sea voyage around the coast to the Mediterranean. Following the path of Childe Harold, the young man carried a copy of Byron's poem in his pocket and relived in his soul Harold's anguish. That profound sympathy with "der Menschheit ganzer Jammer", which is the dominant note of his principal works, began to seize hold of him at this time. He met his brother Carl at Genoa and the two visited together "Das Land wo die Zitronen Blühen", loitering in particular in Naples and Capri. "But," as Schlenther puts it, "Gerhart Hauptmann was already not the man to enjoy, like the artist spirit of Gottfried Keller, the rags of poverty in aesthetic coldheartedness". His soul cries out for "Naples without the Neapolitan world",--(the rose without the thorns, we are tempted to translate it). Carl returned to Germany while Gerhart went to Rome. Here he soon fell ill with malaria, and in turn had to leave the country. He went again to Rome a year later, however, and established a workshop to study sculpturing in earnest. He again succumbed to the climate, however, and went to the German hospital for a long life and death struggle with typhoid fever. He was nursed through this attack by Marie Thienemann, sister of his brother Georg's wife, and whom Gerhart married shortly after, May, 1885, being the third brother to find his bride among the sisters of the Thienemann's household. The Thienemann's were a wealthy merchant family, and one result of Hauptmann's marriage was to relieve him from material and financial cares. His wife also had been brought up in the Moravian faith, partly in Herrnhut itself, and her influence doubtless accentuated Hauptmann's religious sentiment.

In the meantime he continued to hesitate between the two muses, the "lady with stone and chisel", and the "lady with wreath and lyre". He spent much study in the attempt to find or invent an art form which should combine poetry and plastic art, incited doubtless by the triumph of Wagner with his "art of arts". This result he thought might be accomplished in dramatic art, the embodiment of poetry in the figures of the stage. Remnants of this early idea are doubtless found in the minute, detailed, often ludicrously impossible stage directions and descriptions for the make-up of his characters found in Hauptmann's plays. The divided interest between static and dynamic art, if one may use such an expression, may also account for his principal weakness as a dramatist. This, which is noted by most of the critics and which is conspicuous in nearly all his plays is his predilection for careful, minute representation of scenes, situations, *while* but timid^{ly} fleeing from the portrayal of action. This leads to the selection of the really undramatic moments of his plots for representation, leaving the real action, the moments of soul struggle and process of development in characters to be narrated, described, and often even only inferred. Early in 1885 Hauptmann first came in touch with theatrical affairs, when he went to Berlin and for a time took lessons with a view to becoming an actor. This was given up, partly on account of a lisp in his speech, and catarrhal stoppage in the head. In May he married, in Dresden, but went shortly after to the Baltic coast and then, in the fall, moved ^{to} Erkner, a suburb of Berlin.

For four years the young couple lived in Erkner. Hauptmann spent the time in loitering, desultory study, and abortive

literary efforts. One of his "plans" was a life of Christ, which later furnished material for the novel, "Emanuel Quint". He had not yet found himself. Artistic and philanthropic motives still struggled for the mastery. During this time, he formed numerous acquaintances, coming in particular into ever closer relations with the younger literary circle of the Capital also with "Weltverbesserer"; this largely through the means of his wife's property, which enabled him to serve as a sort of free loan-agency to the chronically "hard-up" litterati. In the summer of 1888 he went to Zurich, and soon became so interested in physiological investigations in company with his brother Carl, that he seemed likely to join the latter in the scientific field. In a short time, he began again to "dichten", however, and continued working on an autobiographical novel, chapters of which he read aloud to his scientific associates. Parting from his Zurich friends, Hauptmann went on a bicycle tour to Frankfort am Main, and when he returned to Erkner, "the lady with wreath and lyre" had conquered. He was ready to devote his energies to literature as a calling and profession.

It is appropriate at this point to pause and take a look at the German literary world into which our author had at last determined to launch himself

Most of the nineteenth century in Germany was spent in the ever-disappointed anticipation that something would happen, or some one appear, either to revive the great "classic" era of creative production which went out with Goethe and Schiller in the early part of the century, or else, better still, to give the world a new German literature of commanding greatness and raise literary art to a new and higher plane. But the Romantic School

came-- and went.-- It added much of permanent value to German literature, but was unable to maintain itself, and its failure was most striking in the dramatic realm. "Young Germany" likewise, showed plenty of enthusiasm, but did not fulfill its promises in really great works. First-class minds appeared --Kleist, Grillparzer, Hebbel, etc., but they failed to reach the highest heights, and they founded no schools, left no successors to carry their work farther than they had been able to do. After the glorious victories of 1870 and 1871 and the establishment of political unity and national greatness in the founding of the new German Empire, everyone confidently looked for a general outburst of creative genius expressing the spirit of the new nation in enduring works of literature. But how greatly they were to be disappointed! Critics and historians of German literature disagree on many things, but on one point they are unanimous: the hopeless decadence and "Epigonentum" of literature and creative art generally in the "seventies", when they sank even lower than in the preceding decade. Richard M. Meyer says of the last-named period that it was chiefly important for learned and semi-learned works, and of the former, that although "das glorreichste, das am meisten schöpferische, das inhaltsvollste, das Deutschland in diesem Jahrhundert erlebt hat", ...yet, "in der Leidenschaft dieser Gegensätze (the political problems of the young Empire, Kulturkampf, etc.) wurde fast alles verbracht was von Idealismus lebte. Nichts blieb übrig für ein allgemeineres Kunstinteresse". Priest, following Gotthold Klee, writes in a similar vein; "The events of 1870 and 1871 left almost no immediate traces on German literature. A few patriotic lyrics ... form the only direct expression of the

new national spirit. In the following years as well, little real poetry appeared. The drama was dominated for years by ephemeral imitations of French plays, and thus it fared hardly better than poetry". Wagner's triumph and Wildenbruch's historical dramas "are the only notable facts in the history of the drama between 1870 and the end of the eighties". Witkowski, uses still stronger language: "Allein der tiefe Stand der künstlerischen Bildung, das Überwiegen des gemeinen Materialismus, der gerade in den Jahren nach dem grossen "Krach" von 1873 alles Streben lähmte, vorallem aber die Verkommenheit der Schauspielkunst liesz^s diese Hoffnungen (those for a new 'Blüte' for the drama) zuschanden werden!" And again: "Schwerlich hat es bei einem Volk von hoher Kultur in einer Epoche grosz^s nationaler Erfolge jemals eine Bühne gegeben, die so verkommen war, wie die deutsche jener siebziger Jahre". Yet there were two real significant events in the period. One of them has previously been referred to, the triumph of Wagner's conception of the opera as an "art of arts", which influenced Hauptmann's ideas in his naïve search for an art form combining poetry and plastic art. The other (which we venture to substitute for the reception of Wildenbruch mentioned by Priest[†]) was the reform of the technique of dramatic presentation by the "Meininger". The central idea of this reformation was similar to Wagner's theory, perhaps based on it, and consisted in scientific "ensemble work"--the subordination of every part, incident and detail and the conscientious employment of every available means to the production of the effect of the whole intended by the author of the piece.

It was about the middle of the eighties that a new movement began to make itself felt in German literature and to excite a

deep and general interest. The new cult was the famous-- or infamous-- doctrine of naturalism. Its concept of art was indeed revolutionary, and the interest it excited general and intense, though the whole movement seems, on comparing its history with its product, more polemical than creative, and the interest in it more intellectual than aesthetic. The opinions expressed of the theory by those who should be competent to judge are so many, so various and so extreme, that it is difficult to reach any satisfactory conclusion regarding it. Like all aesthetic questions, its estimation must be finally a matter of taste, and in addition, a matter of time. We can only attempt to give something of its history and to express our own individual opinion concerning it.

The naturalistic dogma is only an exaggerated presentation of one phase of the realistic theory of literature, and is so far from being new, that in its broad outlines it is only the insistence on truth to life, which is as old as literature itself. Heller characterizes the extreme naturalism of Hauptmann's early work as "only a played-out episode in the consistent movement of the modern drama toward greater truthfulness." Circumstances combined to make both its novelty and its importance much overestimated at this time. In particular, the movement, as affecting recent German literature, did not originate in Germany, but was due to the influence of several great foreign writers, especially Ibsen, the Norwegian, Tolstoi, the Russian, and Zola, the Frenchman, and most especially the last. Yet this by no means follows it to its origin. As Kummer remarks (P.569): "Zola war eigentlich nur der Ausbreiter dieser Kunstlehre. Er fusz^{te} auf dem, was seine Vorgänger.. in Theorie und Praxis geschaffen hat-

ten." Realism in general, is, in fact, one of the chief characteristics of modern thought. The ultimate datum in all such cases is the fact of human interest. Now the fact is that with advancing civilization men show a tendency to feel greater interest in truth and fact and less, relatively, in the things of the imagination and fancy. This tendency has shown remarkable acceleration in the last few decades, characterized by the growth of scientific knowledge and interest, and art and literature are bound to feel the corresponding influence-- and feel it, we may add, in our view of the case-- to their decided detriment. Naturalism is good science, but it is bad art-- and pushed to the limit, no art at all. It confuses the depiction of life with its interpretation. But to return to its history. In the modern phase of the movement, it originated, as things have a way of doing, in France, and there it goes back in an especial sense to Balzac. As Dr. Firmin Roz points out in his able lecture on Realism in Modern French Literature, the final establishment of a liberal form of government after the Revolution of 1848 led to the general diffusion of a much higher degree of commercial prosperity among the masses of the people than had been known before. This, in turn, involved a rapid growth of the interest of the nation in material things and tangible achievements of every sort. The governmental policy of the Second Empire accentuated the tendency, just as the "Realpolitik" of Bismark did in Germany, a little later. The placing of the doctrine of evolution on a scientific basis (it was old as a speculation) by the promulgation of the theory of natural selection by Darwin in 1859 gave great impetus to the intellectual counterpart of the movement, the intensified interest in natural science.

Balzac was, in a sense, the prophet of the realistic movement in literature, his work combining many important characteristics of realism with those of the romanticism which dominated the first half of the century. After Balzac, the tendency was represented in France, in an ever-increasing degree, by such men as Flaubert, the Goncourts, etc., finding its critical defender in Taine, until it reached its most extreme form and most energetic advocate in Zola, and took on the new name of Naturalism. Zola was, thus, the great founder and spokesman of the modern naturalistic movement. The movement in Germany did not come from him and the French directly, however, but indirectly by way of Scandinavia and Russia. (Cf. Witkowski, p. 100). For this we venture to suggest the reason that Zola was purely a novelist, his single notable dramatic attempt, "Therese Raquin", being a confessed failure. The German literary genius is, on the other hand, preëminently dramatic. As writes Miss Elizabeth Lee: "The words, 'The Theater is the greatest nucleus of German literature' are as applicable now as when Carlyle wrote them in 1825".) For the same reason, naturalism attained an even greater development in Germany than in its original home, for as a method it is preëminently suited to the drama. In Ibsen and Tolstoi, certain of the principles of naturalism found their application in dramas of the first rank by men of high genius, and it was to these, especially the former, that the early German naturalists thought to find their master. This, Witkowski remarks, "war ein Irrtum, den Ibsen hat niemals in dem Sinne wie Zola naturalistisch gedichtet". "Der Irrtum... entsprang daraus, dass.. er der Schönfärberei abhold war, Bilder aus dem Leben der Gegenwart gab, dem Widrigen nicht aus dem Wege ging und die Ergebnisse der modernen Naturwissenschaften für die

Motivierung und Psychologie seiner Dramen verwandte. Aber alle diese neuen Mittel stehen bei Ibsen im Dienste der alten Aufgaben der Kunst, die vom Naturalismus nicht mehr anerkannt wurden. Er will mit ihrer Hilfe bestimmte Probleme lösen, Werturteile geben, und nicht der einfache Zusammenhang von Ursache und Wirkung, sondern das Walten eines, nur etwas moderner eingekleideten, Schicksals bestimmt den Ausgang, der in erster Linie durch höchst komplizierte Persönlichkeiten bedingt ist und dadurch den vom Naturalismus geforderten typischen Charakter einbüßt." (P.102). This somewhat lengthy citation seems worth giving in full, not so much for the comparison between Ibsen and Zola, with which we are only indirectly concerned, but because the words embody in a very concise and able statement from a great authority what seem to the present writer the necessary characteristics of a real literary work of the realistic type. It must, that is to say, preserve the essential qualities and aims of idealism, necessary to any great creative work of any kind, while using the realistic form and method. This is a subject with which we shall have to concern ourselves at greater length later on. Besides Ibsen, another great Norwegian dramatist, Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, won a large following and considerable literary influence in Germany, even prior in time to Ibsen. He was more truly naturalistic in the narrow sense than his superior and supplanter. The third great foreign influence was Russian, particularly that of Tolstoi. His drama, "The Power of Darkness", representing the moral degeneracy of the Russian peasantry, is very strongly suggested in Hauptmann's first work in particular. But a distinction similar to that in the case of Ibsen must be drawn between Tolstoi's art

and extreme naturalism. In the words of Witkowski again: (speaking of the above-named play) "Jeder Zug darin ist freilich treu beobachtet und unverfälscht wiedergegeben, aber weder ist die vom Naturalismus geforderte Vollständigkeit angestrebt, noch fehlt der moralische Maßstab. Vielmehr geht die Absicht des Dichters darauf hinaus, in einer dramatischen Handlung der alter Art den Zusammenhang von Schuld und Sühne nachzuweisen, und statt der naturwissenschaftlichen Anschauungen durchtränkt eine innige positiv-christliche Überzeugung das Ganze". "Moralische Maßstab", "Zusammenhang von Schuld und Sühne", (or any sort of ethical or purposive relations between things) "Überzeugung",--these are the very Anathema Marinatha of the German naturalistic school which presently became so vociferous.

Just what, then, did naturalism, in the German sense, mean? What did the literary revolution of "Youngest Germany" embody, and what creed did it preach? For a literary revolution it elected to be, in the most extreme sense of the words-- more so indeed than it really was, as has been shown. It is commonly compared to the Sturm und Drang movement which preceded the blossoming time of the classic period, and it does resemble it strikingly in many respects. Would that it might do so in producing a new Goethe and Schiller, but here, alas, is where the comparison so far fails. Still there is a fundamental difference between the older realism and the new naturalism. For a clear statement of the tenets of the new creed, it is necessary to go back to Zola. It corresponds philosophically to materialism and pessimism as classic art does to Idealism, and is in full accord with the spirit of the present age. Zola, as Sulger-Gebing remarks, (P.8) "is as a theorist a follower of Taine, who in turn had car-

ried the views of Darwin over into the field of art". Literature was to be made purely scientific and everything of the nature of "sentiment" eliminated. "Nicht der Mensch, der nach eigenem Willen sein leben lebt, sein Schicksal sich schafft, leidet, siegt ~~oder~~ zu grunde geht, sondern der Mensch als Ergebnis der Vererbung und Erziehung, als Produkt der Verhältnisse, unter denen er entstand und in denen er lebt, wurde nun Gegenstand der künstlerischen Darstellung". Sulber-Gebing, Loc.cit.) "Zola... will nicht Dichter sein im alter Sinne, d.h. Gestalter einer neuen, eigenen Welt, sondern Naturwissenschaftler, d.h. Beschreiber und Erklärer der durch die Natur gegebenen Wirklichkeit". (Ibid). Zola himself, had said in his book, "Le Roman expérimental": "Le romancier expérimentateur n'est plus qu'un savant spécial qui emploie l'outil des autres ~~savants~~, l'observation et l'analyse". Taine had before said that "virtue and vice are products, like vitriol and sugar", naively implying that they have no other interest for us than the latter! Such was the theory. Of course no one, not even Zola, ever tried to work it out literally. If Zola had done no more than observe and minutely describe a certain group of situations, characters and events, he could not have given us the great books which have come from his pen. He could moreover, have given us greater ones if he had followed his theories still less closely. It is simply a psychological and moral absurdity, a ridiculous flying in the face of that very realm of fact which naturalism claims to follow so devotedly, to assert that normal human beings have no interest other than a purely scientific curiosity in the occurrences taking place around them in the lives of their fellow men. They have, no doubt, such an interest (some of them, perhaps not most) and it is the business

of science to give them by "observation and analysis", what that interest demands. But the sphere and the task of literature are different; and no work which contains nothing but "observation and analysis" can ever be real literature. Some sort of idealism is as inseparable from literature as beauty is from art.

Before taking up specifically the naturalistic movement in Germany, a word is in place regarding another man who profoundly influenced the literary development of the closing decades of the century. This man was Friedrich Nietzsche, one of the most remarkable figures in the history of literature or of thought. His influence on German literature was a dual one. His strange views of morality and human progress, promulgated especially in "Also Sprach Zarathustra" and "Jenseits von Gut und Böse" tended to confirm that "scientific" view of morality which is the natural deduction from Darwinism. The famous "Blond Beast" or "Super-man", as an ideal goal of progress, reversing the aim of all previous civilization and moral development and setting up the brutal ideal of might instead of right, to be developed in humanity by survival of the strongest and the ruthless extermination of the weak, has been a favorite theme in letters ever since. The other phase of his influence is seen in the development of symbolism in recent years, along side of naturalism. The two theories and their relations are of the greatest interest in the study of Hauptmann, since his work alternates strangely between the two types, the symbolic gaining in relative prominence with the passing years. Concerning the relation itself, there is a difference of opinion. Critics have generally emphasized the contrast, which superficially at least, seems great, between the two, and have hailed Hauptmann's

"Hannele", his first drama in which symbolism appeared, as an abandonment of his old standards. Kuno Francke, on the other hand, takes a different view. He says (P.339): "Symbolism and naturalism are closely allied with each other; they are both symptoms of an excessive subjectivism, of an unusually heightened, if not abnormally strained, inner life. It is a mistake to assume that the naturalistic artist is chiefly concerned in copying the external forms of reality"... etc., etc., proceeding to give a "romantic" interpretation to the whole naturalistic doctrine. "It is not surprising therefore, that in all epochs of highly strained nervous activity these two apparently conflicting tendencies of naturalism and symbolism should have been found side by side with each other". However, for my own part, I am inclined to take the naturalists as meaning what they say, and to attribute Dr. Francke's view to his 'patriotism' and very evident determination to give everything German an idealistic interpretation in spite of reason and the evidence of the senses. The fact which he states regarding the occurrence simultaneously of the two tendencies, in so far as it is a fact, is attributable rather to the natural tendency of extremes to react to opposite extremes in all movements of human thought; a fact of common observation which was even elevated to a principle of philosophic synthesis by Hegel.

The immediate 'founder,' if he may be so called, of the naturalistic school in Germany was Arno Holtz, though the critics, Heinrich and Julius Hart, Wilhelm Bölsche and others had been preaching revolution for some time. (Witkowski, P.130). A. von Hanstein gives an interesting account of Holtz' development, and the 'discovery' of the new canon of literary art, from the contemplation of a schoolboy's rough, unrecognizable sketch of a

soldier on a slate. The same author's criticism of the new canon itself is also excellent, proceeding from the pertinent suggestion that more might perhaps be learned about great art from the study of a specimen of such art, as Raphael's Sistine Madonna, than from the unintelligible scratches from which Holz got his 'inspiration'. He thinks the artist's work is not to copy minutely individual objects chosen at random, but to select the noblest features and present them with a holy-feeling content. Wallenstein, Hamlet and Faust, represent not mere individuals, but "the forms of nature filled with thought content and remolded according to an artist's idea". Holz found a collaborator to his taste in Johannes Schlaf, and the two proceeded to give the new ideas their embodiment in creative work. The first product of their labors was a group of three stories, "Papa Hamlet", "Der Erste Schultag", and "Ein Tod", published in a book under the title of the first story. The tales embody the main tenets of the naturalistic creed to a high degree. Von Hanstein gives the method the descriptive name of "Sekundenstil". Each grain of sand and each moment of time must receive the most conscientious attention of the author. Holz, who started out by combatting the theories of Zola, has ended by "out-Zola-ing" Zola himself. The French Zola had defined a work of literature as "un coin de la nature vu à travers un tempérament". The German Zola simplified the concept by eliminating the temperament-- decidedly the better half of it, from the artistic point of view. The play, "Die Familie Selicke", by the same authors, applied the principles in the dramatic field, where the new doctrine achieved its greatest significance, for the obvious reason that the drama is capable of copying and naturally

does copy life more closely than any other literary form. The main characteristics of the method are, to sum up, selection of material exclusively from the everyday life of the present, the close imitation of actual speech in the dialogue, giving rise to the use of the unfinished sentence, monosyllabic interjection and exclamation, repetition, jargon, vulgarity and dialect, the avoidance of monologues and "asides", exceedingly minute stage directions, etc. This method imposes three definite limitations on the subject-matter-- all of them to the decided disadvantage of the piece. In the first place, the consideration of mere length makes anything like an elaborate theme impossible with such detailed treatment, and restricts the author to a very few scenes, which are usually pictures of conditions rather than portrayals of real action. This is particularly striking in the case of Hauptmann, due to his temperamental distaste for and avoidance of the moments of action and struggle-- due, in short to his temperamental naturalism. The second limitation is that to possess any sort of interest, such a representation must be taken from the abnormal, the morbid, the repulsive in the world. The requirements of the method seem to proscribe anything cheerful, wholesome or uplifting, or really beautiful. Thirdly, from its insistence on scientific truth, which is conceived according to the materialistic, deterministic, pessimistic philosophical standard, the highest and only characteristically human form of action is debarred. Heredity and environment "produce" the individual and his vices and virtues, "like vitriol and sugar", and anything like the development of character, the triumph of will over obstacles, heroism, or in short, anything great, noble or inspiring, is not

"true to life", and cannot be treated. In this sense, naturalism shows the dominating influence of Schopenhauer, as well as Darwin.

It was as the great exponent of the principles of the new school that Hauptmann made his real entry into the literary world with his first successful work, the drama "Vor Sonnenaufgang", in 1889. Some of his earlier work, however, while he was 'feeling his way' seems worthy of brief mention, as showing the character of the author, if not very consequential in a literary way. Thus the poem, "Der Tod des Gracchus", written in Rome, showed (according to Schlenther--P.34) the author's sympathy for the socially oppressed, and at the same time his lack of confidence in reforms and reformers, and even the people themselves, a lack of confidence in things generally being one of the most prominent features of all his work. In the autumn of 1884, a drama, "Das Erbe des Tiberius", was refused in succession by two Berlin theater directors. A more ambitious attempt was the narrative poem "Promethidenlos", which, however, the author soon withdrew and had the edition, as far as possible, destroyed. The few copies that escaped are rare literary curiosities, one of them being (Mrs. Becker tells us) at the Deutsches Haus of Columbia University. The poem was an imitation of Byron, and took its hero, Selin, on the journey around the coast to Italy which Hauptmann had himself made, and gave him the latter's own thoughts and experiences. The struggle between social sympathy and aesthetic appreciation form the burden of the song and, as Mrs. Becker points out, it shows the tenderness of the poet's feeling and the problems which interested him. The hero's subjectivistic sympathy with himself becomes merged in a deep sympathy for humanity. Von Hanstein speaks of its reproach for the lack of ideals

in young artists and of the involuntary regard for suffering humanity as human beings and not merely so much raw material for art. The interest in the problem of the relation of the sexes which occupies so prominent a place in Hauptmann's later writing is already strongly manifested. Karl Bleibtreu wrote somewhat eulogistically of it (quoted in original by Schlenther, in translation by B. Marshall) that, "in grandeur of ideas, nobility and rhythm of language, it towered Titan-high above the weak-kneed, halting productions of the mediocre poetasters of the day". In 1888 Hauptmann sent to the printer for publication his first collection of lyric poems, giving the work the title, "Das Bunte Buch". After he had received a few proof copies, however, the publisher failed, and the author did not think enough of the work to get it published after the misadventure. Schlenther says of the poems, that "Manches allzu weichlich, allzu tränenselig geratene Gedicht verdiente sein Schicksal. Anderes hat sich im öffentlichen Vortrage bewährt," and proceeds to give them high praise. O. Heller says of the samples which Schlenther has given us in his biography that "they are not especially calculated to deepen our regret at the suppression of the work! Yet the same writer elsewhere ascribes to Hauptmann a preëminently lyric temperament and says (P.228) that he could be if he would the greatest lyricist of modern times. For my own humble part, I like the lyric snatches which Schlenther excerpts from "Das Bunte Buch" very much, though recognizing their somewhat exaggerated subjectivity and even occasional sentimentality.

In the early spring of 1889, Hauptmann made a memorable visit to Berlin. IN Niederschönhausen, he made the acquaintance of Arno Holz, the 'discoverer' of the new "Kunstgesetz" which

was to revolutionize German literature and carry it to new heights-- or depths-- undreamed of before. There is disagreement as to the extent of Hauptmann's debt to Holz, depending on the critic's admiration for Hauptmann and his work. Von Hanstein says, in speaking of the visit, "Der Wegweiser war gefunden". T. S. Baker among others thinks, on the other hand, that Hauptmann's debt to Holz was slight. Schlenther, of course, inclines to the latter view, and points out, with considerable reason, that "Bahnwärter Thiel", written in 1887, before he met Holz, is a piece of realism only less 'konsequent' than "Papa Hamlet", and as a finished literary work, is superior. It shows, in truth, the principal characteristics at the same time of naturalism and of Hauptmann's later productions. The signalman's 'lonely life', his unfortunate marriage relations, his weak, half-insane helplessness as a character, and his tragic, or perhaps we should say only pathetic, destiny, mark the favorite themes of the dramas which have made the author's reputation. It shows the author's strength-- which is the strength of naturalism-- in accurate, impressive milieu painting, and in making characters live before the reader's mental eye. It shows as well his weakness, which is again a naturalistic weakness-- the oppressive dominance of fate, the hopeless march of the tragic figure, to certain doom before its resistless impelling power, and the want of anything like character in any high or active sense of the term in the figures themselves.

Whatever influence the meeting with Holz may have had on Hauptmann's critical theories, even Schlenther admits that it finally decided him in favor of the drama as his literary form. This was natural, and in a sense fitting, if he was to be a "konsequent Naturalist", for naturalism is essentially dramatic as far

as the form of composition goes (however undramatic in fundamental character) and the drama is essentially the most naturalistic form of literature. Many critics, however, think that Hauptmann missed his calling when he chose the dramatic field. Heller ascribes his motive to a desire for the quick and tumultuous applause of the multitude, and others take a similar view. The same writer says he should have been a lyricist. Sulger-Gebing is equally sure that his genius is wholly undramatic, but insists that it is essentially epic in character. Holz, who has shown a predilection for collaborative work, offered to join with Hauptmann in the production of a naturalistic drama. The latter, however, who had probably first sought the offer, as Schlenther says, declined it after further reflection. "Vor diesem dämonischen Antrag, dem er anfangs entgegenkam, den er wohl gar herausgefordert hatte, bewahrte den andern sein guter Stern. 'Der Künstler ist immer der wahre Einsiedler'". He at once busied himself on a naturalistic drama of his own, and on October 20, 1889, at twelve o'clock, "Vor Sonnenaufgang" (at first called (Der Sämann)^{born in mid night}) was produced in the Lessing Theater of Berlin by "Die Freie Bühne". The last was an organization formed for evading the censorship and working for the interests of the 'new drama'.

The scene of "Vor Sonnenaufgang" is laid in the author's native Silesia, where the discovery of coalbeds underlying their farms has made the peasants suddenly rich. The theme is the moral degeneracy of the peasants, with the economic oppression of the miners of the region in the background. The author calls it on the title page "Ein Sozial Drama", but, as Sulger-Gebing notes, the designation of "Familienkatastrophe" which was given to his next play, would have been more appropriate. It is the catastro-

phe of the Krause family, who are the victims of alcohol. The elder Krause has become a hopeless sot and passes the days and nights carousing in the neighboring tavern, and even his own daughter is not safe in his company. His wife, in turn, regularly shares her lodging with a neighboring degenerate, whom the family have betrothed to the daughter, Helene. The latter, born of an earlier marriage of her father, has been educated at a "Pension" and recently returned to the filthy surroundings of her 'home'. Her sister has been married to a young engineer, Hoffmann, a wily hypocrite, with designs of his own against Helene, and who is engaged in exploiting the mines of the district, including the miners. The pair are living temporarily with the Krauses, where the wife has come home to be confined. A son born to them some years before has, we are told, suicided at the age of five years by mistaking a poisonous potion for the coveted liquor. The play begins with the arrival at the home of the young socialist and reformer, Loth, a school friend of Hoffmann, who has come to make a study of the conditions of life among the miners, for some periodical. Hoffmann does all in his power to dissuade him from this purpose when he learns that its execution is likely to be prejudicial to his 'interests'. Loth is to Helene a messenger of release from the intolerable conditions of her life, and she at once falls in love with him, he returning her passion. One of the basic tenets of Loth's social creed is, however, to take no chances of transmitting any hereditary taint to his posterity, and on learning from Dr. Schimmelpfennig-- another school friend who just 'happens' to be practicing medicine in the community-- of the alcoholism of the family, he

writes his lady-love a brief adieu and precipitately leaves. She, on finding his message, immediately stabs herself; the mid-wife appears with the announcement, "stillborn", the drunken shouting and singing of the returning father sounding the while ever louder and clearer through the open doorway, and-- the curtain falls-- all "before dawn."

The performance of this play was the signal for the final struggle between the adherents of the old art and those of the new, and it created a situation similar to that occasioned by Victor Hugo's "Hernani". It was recognized at once by both the friends and the foes of naturalism as a typical and masterful embodiment of its principles, and greeted accordingly as either an arch-crime against art or its long-awaited redemption. It is impossible to adequately characterize the piece in brief compass. Technical crudities are indubitable, but for myself I must acknowledge the total effect produced on reading it to have been strong, the equal, in fact, of that of any of Hauptmann's works. E. S. Meyer characterizes the play as "a palpable compound of Ibsen, Zola and Tolstoi, crude, disagreeable, and utterly illogical", and again refers to the author as restating less distinctly and artistically Ibsen's "Rosmersholm" and "Baumeister Solness" and Tolstoi's "Power of Darkness". The dependance of the author on the foreign masters is plain, and the piece would be improved, to American taste, I am sure, by the elimination of some of its too obtrusive naturalism, at least the cries of the woman in labor which the stage directions say the audience are to hear from the adjoining room. Von Hanstein contrasts what Schiller would have done with the theme with Hauptmann's treatment. "Was

ein Heldendrama sozialer Weltanschauung hätte werden können wird nur eine Liebesgeschichte". It is certainly true that those characteristics of Hauptmann's technique which his critics regard as so fundamentally undramatic come out strongly in the play. Namely, his preference of situations to action, soul struggles and character transformation. I am not sure, however, that this criticism is so deadly as it appears. In the nature of the case, it would be difficult to prove that the representation of situations is less appropriate to the stage than that of actions. There may be more than one feature and even more than one kind of good dramatic art, and because Schiller's technique was good and different from Hauptmann's need not necessarily of itself prove that that of the latter is bad. The only real standard of judgment is the effect, and I do not find the effect of "Vor Sonnenaufgang" weak, nor yet that the weakness that does appear in it is due entirely to the characteristic we are discussing. When we turn to the situation itself, however, there is more room for criticism. The principal strength of the author and of his style is in character drawing and milieu painting. We find no fault with the latter, but the characters are some of them uncertain. The real 'hero', and best drawn figure of the piece is the heroine, Helene. The worst is very evidently Loth, which is unfortunate, as he is the most important of all, as the bearer of the ideas underlying the theme. The opinion is general among critics, and seems well founded, that the author expects the ^{spectator} ~~audience~~ and reader to take Loth's social idealism seriously and to regard him sympathetically throughout the action. Yet when all his high talk melts away before the shadow of a possibility of begetting unsound

heirs, and this comes out as the final objective point of the action, we are filled with astonishment bordering on disgust. It is not essentially a very dramatic theme, and in the final decampment the hero becomes very much like a coward. Anyway, he descends to the commonplace. So strong is this defect of the treatment that Kobbé seriously suggests that the figure of Loth be taken satirically as a thrust at social reformers in general, but I cannot take this as the author's meaning. The influence of at least two prominent thought-currents of the day is very strikingly manifest in the piece. The first is the evolutionist's biological conception of man. As Kummer puts it, "Der Schüler Haeckels stand in seinem ersten Dramen... ganz auf dem Boden der Vererbungslehre". The other is the pessimistic note. Dr. Schimmelpfennig, who, as outside of the main current of the plot, may be considered as a sort of impartial observer^r, makes observations that sound as if extracted bodily from Schopenhauer. He remarks that the medical profession is a "Spezifik gegen allerlei Staupen". His "Steckenpferd" is the "Frauenfrage", and he is "entsetzlich pessimistisch auf Weiber". Again, "Die Menschheit liegt in der Agonie und unsereiner macht ihr mit Narkotiks die Sache so erträglich als möglich".

Shall we look for idealism in this piece of "crass naturalism", as it has been called? Yet it may be found there, in two different senses. As says Miss Müller, "One of the relieving qualities of this apparently hopelessly pessimistic piece of naturalism is the idealism of the poet. It seems to creep out almost against his will. Although we are made to feel that there is no hope for the salvation of this rotten race of idle peasants, we are led to believe, on the other hand, that the human race as a whole is pro-

gressing, that the social question has become one of vital interest to men of education like Loth and the Doctor and that working men will with their help gain... their humanity". Whether the title can with any confidence be interpreted as referring to a 'dawn' of better things for society as a whole, however, seems a matter of doubt. The other point to be noted is that it is not all taken from the morbid and the repulsive. "Und doch trillern auch in dem neu erstandenen Drama.. die Lerchen in der Morgenröte". (Schlenthner). Perhaps the most effective scenes in the play outside of the final catastrophe, are the love-scenes between Loth and Helene-- "Blumen auf dem Mistbeet", as von Hanstein calls them. And one may add that the immediate setting of the piece is a charming, idyllic country scene. Nor is the remark of Schlenthner that "Noch nie zuvor ist auf natürlichere Art ein in sich geschlossener Vorgang auf die Bühne gebracht worden, ohne daß die Gesetze des Lebens irgendwie verletzt wären", anything but naively superficial. Even the monologue and aside have not been eliminated, though they have been minimized, and the play is still in many senses a play, and not a section taken out of reality.

Hauptmann's next drama, "Das Friedensfest," need not detain us long. It was called, as already noted, a "Familienkatastrophe", and is a drama of 'Nervosität' (v.Hanstein) as its predecessor was a drama of 'Alkoholismus'. It is recognized as showing some technical advance, (Sulger-Gebing, P.36) but "is and is likely to remain, the most unpopular of his works" (Marshall), its interest being too far removed from the highway of ordinary emotions. Von Hanstein says it met with no opposition when presented, but was

recognized as a successful execution of a theme indifferent in itself. It is notable as showing the first attempt of the author to introduce humor into his work (in the rôle of a Berlinese-speaking servant-girl), and the author just referred to thinks it shows some talent in this direction. The end is optimistic if it be taken as the real end of the action, which however, is a difficult thing for us to do, and this marks a decided fault in the work.

"Einsame Menschen", the author's next drama, is called by Witkowski (P.147) his first ripe work, and further characterized as the tragedy of inadequate genius unsuited to any action. It is a 'Familienkatastrophe' of a different character from the preceding, and is thought to have some connection with Hauptmann's own domestic relations. (His first marriage was legally dissolved). The author dedicated his work to "those who have lived it", and if it is true, as Miss Marshall says, that it "appeals perhaps more than any other of Hauptmann's dramas, to the literary élite," this is doubtless because so many of them come under the category of this dedication. The air is clearer in this play than in the previous ones, and there is some approach to normal conditions. Only an approach, however. An "invertebrate hero" (Marshall) is still the principal tragic figure. Heller thinks it is one of the best composed plays of the modern stage, and comparing it with Ibsen's "Rosmersholm", to which it bears a decided resemblance, says, "To me the German play appeals as the truer of the two as far as the humanity of the characters goes". This is not, however, the common view. E.S.Meyer considers it only "Rosmersholm transplanted, and like most things transplanted, sickly". The story is, like the plots of most of the author's plays, exceedingly simple.

Johannes Vockerat has started out to study theology, but has been turned aside into science with his religious convictions unsettled, by the influence of Darwin and Haeckel. Marrying a charming, simple little woman, and with her a competence, he has settled down to write a sociological Magnum Opus, or rather to fret over it, for he is a man with a broken will. His wife does not understand him; his parents likewise. The simple, pious souls are grieved at his irreligion and inaction, but look to the ^{influence of the} new-born child to restore him to his normal self. Yielding to the sentiments and wishes of the family, he consents to the christening of the infant, immediately after which ceremony the action proper begins. His friend Braun, a sort of foil for Johannes' own character, condemns him for this 'weakness'. Now arrives on the scene one Anna Mahr, a Russian student, a friend of Braun (both of them are artists and have met in Paris), whom she comes to see. She and Johannes 'understand each other' at once. She becomes a guest in his house, to the great grief of Frau Käthchen and the scandalization of the old parents. She and Johannes are inseparable companions. She gives him the 'inspiration' ("L.M." says the flattery) which his soul craves, and the magnum opus progresses thrivingly. Meanwhile, the opposition gains ground. Frau Käthchen sickens; the mother remonstrates; Anna herself sees her situation untenable and starts to leave, but is retained by Johannes until finally his mother takes matters in hand and requests her to leave. Johannes never admits, even to himself, that his feeling for her is other than Platonic, but the minute she is gone he finds that he cannot live without her, writes a few words of farewell, and seeks repose at the bottom of the little lake adjoining the grounds, where they have been wont to row together and discuss the magnum opus.

Two things in particular mar the effect of the play as a work of literature-- the spineless, contemptible character of the 'hero' and the commonplace, unsympathetic treatment of Anna Mahr. It is hard to say which disappoints us most. Anna impresses me as about the poorest drawn, the nearest ^{to} no character, of any I have met with in Hauptmann. Still, the scenes are so realistically drawn and the whole so vividly presented that the final effect does not fail. I cannot agree with the critic (von Hanstein) who sees in the treatment of Vockerat a change of attitude of the author toward the weakling as a type, as compared with "Das Friedensfest". He thinks that here he is held up to a sort of pitying contempt as opposed to the sympathetic treatment in the former play, but it seems clear to me that the attitude is the same as formerly. Hauptmann either does not understand strong characters and cannot portray them ^{or} is else is unsuccessful in the effort to make the forces that bring about their doom seem really great and overpowering (the true theory of tragic effect) and only weakens the characters in our eyes by the results of their losing conflict. Here may be found perhaps the greatest weakness, or at least the greatest danger, in this type of work, which may be called the modern fate drama. In the hands of any but a very great artist this is bound to be the result and any other better one can only be attained by the sacrifice of the fundamental tenet of the school, the 'scientific' view of human nature and motives. A literal acceptance of this tenet seems to preclude any great success in the production of tragic effect of the highest type. The result is sure to be pathos rather than tragedy. In my own judgment, this play is weakened by the over-

burdening of the theme with intellectual content. Too many of the great problems confronting society are brought into the story, and the hero, unequal to any conflict, is made at once the subject of several of diverse nature. In regard to these 'problems', perhaps the most superfluous is that of the relation of art and industry and their relative values in the scheme of things. Braun, who besides, as a character, has no direct connection with the plot and should have been kept in the background, is forever declaiming on the futility of intellectual or aesthetic creation and insisting on economic productivity as man's duty to society and the only means of ameliorating conditions. In the same way, the intellectual life of the thinker and author is set in opposition to family and domestic duties. The question of the basis of marriage and of a physical vs. a spiritual foundation for the social relations of the sexes comes in, likewise, for a generous share of rhetoric. The religious question, the opposition of traditional faith and scientific skepticism or a social-ethical concept of religion is one of the earliest of the 'problems' to be introduced and to play its part in the undoing of Johannes. Last, but perhaps not least, comes the question of attitude toward religious differences, Johannes believing in and practicing concessions to the feelings of those who hold sacred things that have lost their meaning to himself. Braun, on the other hand, regards this as no less, or at least no better, than apostasy or hypocrisy. Each of these problems involves the poor 'invertebrate hero' in its peculiar conflict. While devoting himself to his "higher work", the expenses of the little household exceed the income and the devoted wife must plan to earn money to cover

the difference. Her husband, meanwhile, neglects the duties he owes directly to his family in the interest of the same 'magnum opus'. He has from the beginning been torn by conflicting claims of religion and science, and scarcely less so by those of his parents' feelings and his own convictions. When now, fifth and finally, the "other woman", arrives, to whom he feels himself drawn by spiritual ties while bound in a physical relationship to the first, it is scarcely strange that his feeble soul succumbs and goes into moral bankruptcy. This compounding of motifs, many of them highly incongruous in themselves, in so short a work, seems to me to weaken the effect most decidedly. Johannes is of course under sentence of death from the first, and no one can fail to observe the fact. As the *Athenaeum* (Ap.6,'01) sarcastically puts it, "that a lake at the foot of the garden is destined to receive one of the chief supporters of the action was evident from the first. The question which of the three would become its tenant greatly exercised the mind of the spectator". One advance over "Das Friedensfest" we must note, and that is the definite conclusion, and we may remark that the suicide method of disposing of his heroes is a decided favorite of the author.

The overmastering interest of Hauptmann in social problems and that intense sympathy for the oppressed which is the spirit of his best work come out most strikingly in his fourth great play, the most successful up to its time. This play, entitled "Die Weber", is a dramatization of the uprising of the Silesian Weavers of the Eulengebirge in 1844. The author doubtless got his suggestion of the theme from his father's stories of his own father's sufferings, as indicated in the dedication. As already

noted, Gerhart Hauptmann's grandfather had sat at the loom as a common workman in his youth. The data for the play, however, which follows history rather closely, he obtained from a history of the uprising by Alfred Zimmermann, a political economist who wrote about 1885. "Die Weber" was first published in Silesian dialect, and later in an "Übersetzung", so-called, into literary German, but ~~with~~ still containing such a liberal sprinkling of provincial forms as to make it exceedingly difficult and much of it unintelligible without special study. As a specimen of dramatic art, it is "different", really making a contribution to dramatic technique. For the first time, mass psychology is successfully treated and mass action directly represented on the stage. There is no hero; 'the weavers' are the hero. It is not really a drama, however, but a series of realistic scenes from the conditions preceding the uprising and from the latter itself. There is no pretence of causal development in the action, and the order of the so-called "acts" may be changed, and some even omitted without necessitating any other change or seriously altering the effect of the piece. As E. S. Meyer remarks, it is "without any particular action, and however interesting, is not dramatic". But this is a broad statement, and, as already shown, one more easily made than proved. The effects produced on the audiences by its representation would indicate that it is dramatic enough. The piece received valuable free advertising by being at first prohibited by the German censorship on account of anticipated inflammatory effect on the working people, but the ban was afterward raised. It is of greater interest in the present connection to consider it rather as a problem-play than as a work

of art. Here as elsewhere, however, the reader who seeks for the political creed or social gospel of the author in his work is likely to have a vain search. He was accused of socialistic tendencies and designs in connection with the play, but these he vehemently denied. He wrote: "My grandfather was a weaver and I learned from my father the story of the misery that stalked through the Silesian mountains in 1844. To teach avaricious employers to deal humanely with their employees never entered my head. Any such interest which attaches to my play is secondary to the dramatic impulse under which I wrote it." ("Quoted, Elizabeth Lee). The work certainly shows the deepest sympathy with the suffering workers, but more than this we can scarcely say. Heller formulates a theory for the author in the words: "In Hauptmann's view the responsibility for the wretchedness of the proletarians rests evenly with the manufacturers because they carry on a ruthless scheme of spoliation, and with the state because it stands by and allows the merciless exploitation of the laborer". For myself, however, I cannot imagine on what passages in the play itself such a view, or any other particular view, could be based. The weavers themselves of course blame the "Herrn Dreisziger", (the employers) but as to what Hauptmann thought about it, I find nothing to indicate that he either fixed any responsibility or saw, much less advocated, any remedy for such conditions. Perhaps this fact is the most disappointing feature of the piece. To offset the denunciations which occur against the employers there are numerous observations tending in other directions. Thus for instance, the frequent reference to the abnormal sizes of the weavers' families (one wonders if Hauptmann has not read Malthus as well as

Schopenhauer), their waste of money on costly funerals and their exploitation by the clergy in various ways, and finally, (that to which there is nearly always some reference in any work of Hauptmann's) their drinking. To be sure the government comes in for a fair share of denunciation, but hardly more. The reader is left with the feeling that all is the working of a pitiless, inexorable fate. Indeed, the last incident, the killing of Old Hilse, the only character depicted who is wholly innocent of any part in the uprising, with his pious utterances still on his lips about duty and staying where his Heavenly Father has placed him until he is called away, etc., this, I say, is not tragic. It is simply a scathing satire against Destiny. Yet "Die Weber" has been extremely popular and is frequently named as the author's greatest work. Kummer takes this view, and adds that it is "kein Ewigkeitswerk, aber ein hervorragendes Werk unserer Zeit". A. Henderson calls it his greatest achievement, and adds, from the standpoint of social idealism, about the best that can be said: "If it does not seek to solve social problems, yet it forces these problems upon us for consideration. It suggests, almost creates by contrast, social ideals. It is a sign-post pointing the way to the future". We may anticipate our final judgment of the author a little and add that in this respect this drama is characteristic of him, and seems to be the best that can be hoped for from him in an idealistic way. He sees the problems, is sincerely and sympathetically interested in them, and communicates this interest to us quite impressively through his work. Beyond this he is either unable or disinclined to go. "Die Weber" represents the high-water mark of his social drama. He next turned his at-

tention in another direction.

The next year, (1893) appeared Hauptmann's first attempt at comedy, entitled "Kollege Krampton". Altogether he has written five plays of this class, but the group may be briefly disposed of for our purpose. "Krampton" is interesting as an attempt to handle comically a sort of combination of the themes that received tragic treatment in "Vor Sonnenaufgang" and "Einsame Menschen". Schlenther thinks the author was led to write it by a revival of Molière at the Berlin Theater. Krampton, the old artist-professor, is, like Vockerat, 'not understood' by his wife, but instead of drowning himself in the lake, he drowns his sorrow in the cup, all of which is supposed to be very amusing. Von Hanstein says it scored the first real stage success any "Jüngstdeutscher" except Sudermann had so far achieved, and considers one of the characters, the elder Straehler, the only complete, well-rounded man Hauptmann has drawn. The greatest weakness of the piece is that of "Das Friedensfest"; it ends abruptly with a momentary apparent 'reform' of the old sot, which we have no reason to believe will be permanent, and are left to guess the final conclusion of his career. "Der Biberpelz" (1893) is well characterized by Miss Müller as "a trifling comedy of thieves". Its theme is the miscarriage of justice through the stupidity of a court officer who is so busy seeking promotion by courting the favor of the government in persecuting suspected socialists that he has no eyes for the machinations of the moderately clever Waschfrau Wolf. The piece is chiefly discussed in connection with its similarity to Kleist's "Der Zerbrochene Krug". "Der Rote Hahn" (1901) is a sequel to the preceding, and as C. Harris remarks, "like most sequels inferior to the first

work". The 'heroine' of the former play now burns her house for the insurance, and gets the blame laid on the idiot son of a neighbor. Then to appease the moral sense of the spectator, she is killed off suddenly with heart disease. "Schluck und Jau", which appeared a year before "Der Rote Hahn", is an expansion of the prologue of Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew". Von Hanstein thinks it the nearest approach to true comedy the author has written, but that genuine humor we miss even here. Of "Die Jungfern von Bischofsbert" (1907) we need say no more than to apply Sulger-Gebing's phrase: "Ein in jedem Betrachte verfehltes Werk, das des Dichters nicht würdig ist".

In 1893, the year after "Krampton", and "Die Weber", appeared a play which was hailed with loud acclaim by the enemies of naturalism, as marking the conversion of Hauptmann from the dark error of his previous ways. This was "Hanneles Himmelfahrt", called on its title page, "Eine Traum-Dichtung". "Weltweh und Himmelssehnsucht",-- thus Schlenther characterizes the theme, and quotes as follows from the introductory words of "Das Bunte Buch": "Wie eine Windesharfe sei deine Seele, Dichter! Der leiseste Hauch bewege sie. Une ewig müssen die Saiten schwingen im Atem des Weltwehs; denn das Weltweh ist die Wurzel der Himmelssehnsucht. Also steht deiner Lieder Wurzel begründet im Weh der Erde; doch ihren Scheitel krönt Himmelssehnsucht". And the play gives indeed a vivid picture of both realms. Into a village almshouse, which, with its outcast denizens is painted with the poet's wonted realism, is borne the unconscious form of Hannele Mattern, a little girl driven by suffering and fear of her drunken father to seek "the Lord Jesus" at the bottom of a near-by

pond, from which a passerby has fished her out. After being restored to consciousness, her mind begins to wander and she sees visions. The second part of the play represents what passes in her mind-- her death-dream. Then at the close the scene changes back to show us the still form on the couch, the kind deaconess standing by and the doctor with the stethoscope in his hand. "Tod"? asks the sister; "tod", answers the doctor, and the curtain falls. In all of which I must confess I for one see not the slightest evidence of any 'conversion' of the author; rather merely the extension of his work to a new field. He himself said later: "Nichts was sich dem Äusseren oder inneren Sinn darbieten, kann.... ausgeschlossen werden". And, as Sulger-Gebing (from whom the quotation is taken) adds, "auch hier sucht und findet 'eine Persönlichkeit ihren natürlichen Ausdruck'". Nothing here at all inconsistent with the most naturalistic naturalism. E.E.Hale, Jr., thinks there is never a moment when the author's interest is not clearly centered in watching the last flickerings of the faint little flame of life as it goes out, and so eliminates both Weltweh and Himmelssehnsucht except as incidental considerations. Certainly nothing is more conspicuous than the author's conscientious care to label the second part-- in the momentary reversion at the close to the original situation, as well as on the title-page-- "A Dream"-- we are tempted to say "Only a Dream", for that is more descriptive of the effect produced. We cannot deny, however, that the piece is exceedingly well executed and that it possesses intrinsic poetic beauties of a high order. But let us not be too hasty in calling it 'Idealism'.

For two years after the production of *Hannele*,² Hauptmann

gave nothing to the public. He was working on what was to be his masterpiece. The design was to dramatize on the naturalistic plan a historical event offering a theme of the same general kind as those of the author's previous creations, and the event chosen was the Peasant War of the early sixteenth century (Luther's time). The inspiration, Schlenther tells us, as well as the historical data for the play, came from Zimmermann's history of the struggle, in a form re-edited by Wilhelm Blos and published in 1891. Hauptmann's drama was called after its hero, "Florian Geyer", and appeared early in 1896 as a printed book of three hundred pages, with seventy spoken parts. It was an absolute failure, in the original draft and several re-workings and abridgements. The author had attempted a new technique, which proved impossible, at least for him, to use successfully. He wished to depict a historic character and to dramatize stirring events of history, not by showing the main action of the plot directly, but through the means of their reaction on the surroundings. It simply did not work. As von Hanstein remarks, it was not road builders but army leaders that were needed in the drama. The failure of this, much his most ambitious attempt, was the disappointment of Hauptmann's life. Out of this disappointment, however, came almost immediately the greatest success the author has so far before or since achieved. Late the same year appeared his 'Märchendrama', "Die Versunkene Glocke," whose principal character and central theme, critics agree, symbolize Hauptmann's own experience.

Meister Heinrich, an old bell-founder, specimens of whose work are numerous up and down his native valley and ^{also} regularly set its atmosphere into harmonious vibration, has cast a great

bell which is to be his master-piece, for a church on the mountain-top. But as it is being carted upward, it is hurled down a precipice and lost in a mountain lake by the Waldschrat, one of the primitive nature spirits of the mountains, who are hostile to Christianity and hate the sound of the bells. The master attributes the disaster to the fact that his bell was a failure and not the master-piece he had thought, that it resounded in the valley, but was unfit for the heights, and he throws himself after it.

(As to why he should think this, as for the logic of the piece in general, we have to draw on our imaginations). The action begins as he, crippled and nearly dead from the fall, crawls to the door of the hut of the Old Wittichen, a mountain witch. The water spirit Nickelmann is making amorous advances to the fair nymph Rautendelein near by. Friends from the town find Heinrich and take him back to his wife and children, but Rautendelein has seen him and fallen in love with him, and been seized with the desire to share the human lot. Following him to his home, she magically restores his strength, and he leaves family and friends to follow her to her mountain abode. Rautendelein, whom we must take for the personification of the powers of nature, inspires Heinrich to new creative effort. He sets up his workshop and the mountain dwarfs are forced to help him prosecute a vast new work, a great bell and a tower and a temple, all dedicated to a new gospel of humanity, a symbolic sun-worship. The village parson finds him, but entreats and remonstrates in vain. An attack on his retreat by the enraged people is repulsed by magic arts. But when the master sees his two little sons struggling up the mountain with a jug containing their dead mother's tears-- she has

out of sorrow over his unfaithfulness drowned herself in the same lake in which his bell was lost-- he is touched with remorse; and when he hears his sunken bell tolling at the bottom of the lake, its clapper moved by his wife's dead hand, he feels himself undone. He curses and leaves Rautendelein, who immediately descends into the well and becomes the bride of old Nickelmann. But he cannot return to the life of the valley, he cannot live without his 'inspiration', his temple has gone up in flames, and there is nothing left for him to do but die. Rautendelein reaches him the fatal cup prepared by Granny Wittichen and he dies in the arms of his love with a prophetic cry of ecstasy on his lips:

"Hoch oben: Sonnenglockenklang!
Die Sonne... Sonne kommt!-- Die Nacht ist lang".

What does it all mean? What much of it means I don't know, and don't believe the author did. Much of its symbolism-- for we must call it symbolism-- is hopelessly obscure, not only in the details, but in some of its broad outlines. Yet we cannot help being greatly impressed by the piece, and must recognize it, in Heller's phrase, as "the work of a real, whole-souled poet". No more, on the other hand, can we help a haunting sense of dissatisfaction at the necessity of asking questions for which there are apparently no answers. If only it were less obviously symbolic or else there were some interpretation to its symbolism! As it is, we must insult, or stifle, our intellects to feast the aesthetic sense. Doubtless the feast is worth it, but the price seems needlessly high. For a brief characterization, perhaps we cannot do better than condense Heller's excellent treatment. "The Sunken Bell", he says, is just as little a drama as "Hannele"-- perhaps even less so, but nevertheless it is an art work

of singular beauty, couched in language of appoetic splendor unparalleled in modern letters and fraught with a pure and truly German ins^uardness. Its real worth does not lie in its far-sought symbolism, but in its wondrous romantic atmosphere. The eye of a Böcklin is combined with the ear of a Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. Never yet has a poet stood in a more intimate sensuous relation to nature; at least no poet has been more successful in vivifying her. Poetically, "The Sunken Bell" can hardly be praised too much. But our praise cannot be equally unstinted when we view it as a drama and a channel of philosophic thought. It is then that we miss, back of the lovely allegory, the clarified world-view of a ripened individuality. Heinrich's fate fails to appeal. He is a calamitous blend of the Titan's ambition and the weakling's lack of self-control. Thus Heller. With this it is amusing to compare the discussion by "L.M." (in the Academy), who is astonished that anyone finds its meaning anything but perfectly simple. His comparison of Heinrich with Moses, who also "went up into a mountain", is suggestive, however, it must be admitted. Von Hanstein calls the play a plenitude of magnificent words with no meaning, and contrasts it strongly with the author's previous work: "Selten ein begabter Poet mit einem nachfolgenden Werke alle Grundsätze des kurz vorangegangenen umgeworfen hat wie Hauptmann", and compares the third act with the naturalistic hastility to pathos and rhetoric. It was of course hailed, like "Hannele", as marking the 'conversion' of the author, and with much better reason, it must be said. It is really a poetic creation. As to its idealism, in the sense of dealing with the creatures of fancy, moving in a world of the im-

agination, there can be no question. Also, it is certainly this characteristic which has been the basis of its enormous popular success. The general public gives itself up unreservedly to the pure sensuous enjoyment of its free, romantic atmosphere and the poetic beauty of its setting and situations, and troubles itself little or not at all over little details like obscurity of meaning or even logical incoherence in the plot itself. This attitude is doubtless the wise one to assume, as H.E. Hale, Jr., unreservedly asserts, perhaps even the only possible one except that of rebellious protest. In thought content, the play is strikingly similar to "Einsame Menschen", as even the most casual reader must note, the artist between his family and his higher 'calling'; between an old and new ideals, tradition and prophecy and even between two women, being all in close parallel. And it may be added that so far as the 'problems' are concerned, the symbolic treatment detracts from the intellectual result most if not all of what it adds to the aesthetic interest. There is, in fact, in the nature of the case, a decided tendency to opposition between the two concepts; and the author who aspires to create works of a high aesthetic literary quality and which shall at the same time embody great moral and idealistic aims and serve a purpose beyond themselves, as indeed all really great literature must do in some way, is face to face with a difficult and delicate situation. This is clearly Hauptmann's aspiration, and we cannot say that in the present play or in his work in general, he has been strikingly successful in solving the problem. In "Die Versunkene Glocke", the pendulum reacts from its first strong impulse toward the problem aspect of the task and swings to the opposite extreme of

poetic beauty at the expense of logical clearness and consistency.

We now reach what is, from the view-point of Hauptmann and of his admirers, the saddest part of our story-- that is, that in spite of the fifteen and more intervening years, right in the heart of what should be the author's period of ripe productivity, there really isn't a great deal more of importance to tell. He has gone on giving to the public new works at about the same average interval as formerly, and many of them are very good works in their way, but I feel safe in saying that none of the works-- at least none of the plays-- written since "Die Versunkene Glocke", will add anything to their author's permanent fame. With one or two exceptions, they may be briefly disposed of. In his next drama, "Fuhrmann Henschel", (1898) Hauptmann reverted to the crassest naturalism, giving us what critics (B.g. Priest and E.S.Meyer) consider the best naturalistic drama the whole movement has produced. We have again for a 'hero' a morbid weakling, a great overgrown child sort of man, and he also, like Vockerat, is under the author's sentence of death from the beginning, and ends the action by hanging himself. "Michael Kramer" (1900) is another piece of naturalism, but in it less emphasis is laid on the milieu and more on earnest effort to depict psychologically the inner workings of the mind and heart. Heller suggests that it may have been written to refute critics like R.M.Meyer, who had said that Hauptmann lacked "the higher intellect, the mastery in the realm of ideas, the power to deal with the abstract, the quick flash that lights up the mystery of things". He proceeds to place his own estimate on the work, however, by adding that if this is true, the author only furnished such critics with addition-

al proof of their allegation. The play is especially interesting in one respect which really detracts from its literary merit, which is that it seems to give more of its author's philosophy and general view of life than most of his other works. This philosophy, put principally in the mouth of the elder Kramer, is the somewhat gloomy one which many great minds have been driven to accept. Life is an insoluble riddle, the attempt to reach any solution through rational thought is but futile anguish, and the only escape is to drown reflection in strenuous activity. "Rose Bernd", (1903) is also of a piece with the author's earlier works. It is a powerful but repulsive version of the old, old theme which Goethe used in the first part of "Faust". We are only grateful to the author for his abrupt conclusion of the piece after the infanticide. None of these plays can be said to add anything substantial to the 'message' (if they may be said to bear any) of the earlier social dramas.

In 1902, between "Michael Kramer" and "Rose Bernd", appeared a play in which the author entered a new field, and which was again hailed as evidence of his 'conversion'. This was "Der Arme Heinrich," a dramatization, with an attempt at remotivation according to modern ideas, of a Middle High German poem by Hartmann von Aue. It received the most extravagant and exaggerated encomiums from Kuno Francke, but most critics fail to concur in his exalted estimate. He says, for example: "In depth of feeling, in simplicity of structure, in beauty of language, in strength of character-drawing, in spiritual import, it surpasses to my mind everything that has come from the hand of living dramatists.".. It is "for the few of all ages, and has added a new

treasure to the spiritual possessions of mankind". A. Henderson expressly dissents from Dr. Francke's view. Vogt and Koch, for example, give a very different characterization: "Wie wenig diese photographische Kleinkunst zur Behandlung tieferer seelischen Probleme ausreicht, hat sich in geradezu erschreckender Weise geoffenbart bei Hauptmann's Versuch, Hartmanns von Aue rührende Legende von der Ertötung selbstsüchtigen Lebenswillens in der armen Bauernmagd und im Ritter Heinrich, zu dramatisieren. Weder den küsseren dramatischen Gang der Geschichte noch ihre Seele, die Lehre von der flüssenden Macht der Selbstaufopferung, vermochte der moderne Bearbeiter zu erfassen". 'What is truth'? In my own judgment, the truth lies between these two extremes. The piece does, as Dr. Francke says, "aim high", higher than much of Hauptmann's other work, but he has not been strikingly successful in the execution of the design. This seems to be Heller's view, also. While admitting the poetic beauty of many passages, he says it is certainly not that truly great work which Hauptmann's admirers have been expecting and hoping for from his hand, which should silence his critics and place him finally among the immortals. It marks again the entry into a new field-- that of the "Sagendrama". After "Rose Bernd", passing over the unimportant fragments, "Das Hirtenlied" and "Helios" and the second rate dream-drama "Elga", copied after Grillparzer in both form and content, Hauptmann's next notable work was the drama "Und Pippa Tanzt", (1906). It is another piece of symbolism on the order of "Die Versunkene Glocke", but much more obscure even than the latter and without possessing in any high degree its redeeming features of romantic atmosphere and lyric beauty, while it adds to its shortcomings that of being composed in dialect. The reviewer for the "Nation"

(82:531) thinks two things will prevent its becoming popular: "the symbolic character of the story with its atmosphere of deep mysticism, and the dense Silesian dialect, besprinkled with Italian patois". These two seem to be sufficient, and the fate of the piece will hardly be averted by the lengthy "key" which the author condescended to give for its interpretation after it was produced. (This will be found reported by Alfred Holzbook in the Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger of January 20, 1906, and quoted at length from the same in Sulger-Gebing, P.116 et.seq. Further reference to it is impracticable here).

"Kaiser Karls Geiszel" (1908) is also taken from a medieval source, this time an Italian story of Charlemagne. It is a study in abnormal sex psychology, the 'subjects' being a girl devoid of modesty, and the old Emperor, who is enamored of her. It is regarded by Sulger-Gebing as a rather unsuccessful treatment of the "Doppelproblem: die Liebe des dem Greisenalter sich nähernden Mannes zu dem eben erblühenden Mädchen und die Liebe des hoch- ja höchststehenden Mannes zu der verworfenen Dirne". "Griselda" (1909) is, like "Der Arme Heinrich", an attempt to remotivate according modern conceptions a medieval legend, and again, like so much of the author's work, centers around a form of the problem of sex-- this time the relation of husband and wife to each other and to their child. The theme was an old one in literature, having been handled in English (Chaucer), in French (Perrault) and in German (Friedrich Halm). It is not generally considered that Hauptmann has improved upon the previous treatments.

The Tragi-comedy, "Die Ratten", (1911) is a return to the author's early naturalism, but is to my mind inferior to his early

social dramas. It lacks their profound interest in a really vital problem, though similar in other respects. It adds nothing to the author's 'message', and is not likely to add anything to his reputation. In 1912 appeared his latest play to date, "Gabriel Schilling's Flucht", which had been written in 1906, and withheld from the public through the intervening years, due, Miss Tevis thinks, to the author's fear of criticism, to which she regards him as almost morbidly sensitive. It achieved a notable success on the stage, and is possessed of considerable merit and power. The more or less "romantic" atmosphere of the island in the Baltic where the scene is laid contributes to its attractiveness. It is similar in theme and general characteristics to the author's other social dramas, and in particular to "Michael Kramer" in one respect, that of 'airing' his wisdom regarding the fundamental problems of life, of which it gives a similar view. Schlenther thinks it harder on women than any other of Hauptmann's works.

Of late years, Hauptmann, who had started out with an autobiographical novel (never finished, so far as we know) has shown a tendency to return to this form of composition. In the spring of 1907, he travelled in Greece, and the next year in the summer appeared his "Griechischer Frühling", a small book consisting of reflections of every sort which had come to him at the various places visited on the trip, rather than of travel sketches in the usual sense of the term. His most notable prose narrative work is, however, the famous novel, "The Fool in Christ" ("Der Narr in Christo Emanuel Quint") which appeared only a year or two ago. As early as 1890 he had written the 'novelistische Studie', "Der Apostel", which suggests the larger work very strongly-- some have

characterized "Quint" as only an elaboration of the former-- and showed that the idea was already in his mind. Even back in the Erkner years he had worked on a projected "Leben Christi", as already noted, and Schlenther says that the theme was much more in his thoughts than were the characters of historic Hellenas on his Grecian tour. "Der Narr in Christo" is worthy of a much more extensive treatment than is possible here. It does not embody a new idea, as is pointed out in the able review of the book in Current Literature (Feb., '11), where two previous notable works attempting to put the Christ life in a modern setting are named. Elsa Barker, an American novelist, was the author of "The Son of Mary Bethel", and the German Gustav Frenssen's "Hilligenlei" achieved some renown. Nor, indeed, is it even entirely fictitious, for there was such a character, who wandered through Silesia in Hauptmann's youth, and the above authority thinks our author had even heard him preach, and that he followed history rather closely in his own "Christroman". "It is not the story, however, but the remarkable psychological delineation which makes Hauptmann's Quint so compelling a figure". Here as elsewhere in Hauptmann's work, we are impressed with the difficulty of telling just what he means. As Miss Tevis notes in her sketch, many serious-minded persons find a noble embodiment of the true Christ Spirit, while others equally so, as for example Mr. Joyce Kilmer, regard it as frankly and repulsively blasphemous. The same contradiction is found in the critics' opinions of all the author's works, due to his obscurity and the association of incongruous elements, naturalistic and idealistic. It all depends, to my mind, on what we consider the author's own attitude, and this I confess myself unable to find any basis for determining, in this

cf. Rosenberg

and many other of his productions.

Schlenther thinks it will not occur to anyone to compare the poor Fool with the real Jesus Christ; but this is just what so inevitably and immediately does occur to any one reading the work, that the statement sounds like a defence. It is too naïve to be taken seriously. How else, indeed, could we be led to the question which the amiable biographer himself thinks so natural as well as so world-shaking, of how the real Jesus would be received if He should step out among present-day humanity with the ideal demands of His Sermon on the Mount? To me, the striking closeness of the parallel, which is followed out to the last trifling detail, together with the perpetual insistence on the deficiencies of the Fool, make the satirical interpretation of the story, and hence, for a pious Christian, the position of Mr. Kilmer regarding it, perfectly reasonable. When we read such passages as, "Denn Quint, wie alle Narren, nahm seine Torheit für Weisheit und seine Schwachheit für Kraft", and "Es ist die Todesangst die den Menschen nach der Phantasmagorie des Ewigen Lebens greifen lässt", and add to these the stories of the Fool's miracles, it is quite easy and natural to take the book as a naturalistic explanation of the current history of the real 'Christus' and to see in His character also, through Hauptmann's eyes, a "Heilandswahn". As to how the author meant it should be taken, I can, as said before, only wish there were some indication for guidance. I am inclined to regard it as a scientific psychological analysis of the religious sentiment in general on both the objective and subjective sides, so to speak, with the particular religion of Christianity taken merely as an illustration. The result of such

an interpretation is necessarily not very creditable to the particular religion and the religious sentiment itself, since the nature of the task involves a fundamental departure from the religious spirit at the outset. It is quite clear to me that the 'fool' is no fool at all, except in so far as he imagines himself the reincarnation of the Messiah, and he seems to embody to a very high degree what we should like to take for Hauptmann's own views. If we take him symbolically and seriously as parallelling Christ, the God-man, then we get a picture of the world of today in its attitude toward Him which is decidedly not encouraging to the idea and the hope of the progress of Christianity. It is only a question which acceptation gives the more disillusioning view of things as they are, as contrasted with what it is considered 'proper' to consider them and to desire them to be. Whatever we do get from the piece, there is one thing I think no one can bring away from a thoughtful reading of it, and that is the belief that its author has any conviction of the practical efficacy of the Christian gospel of love in righting the wrongs of the world; and it must be difficult in the extreme to regard him as holding any vital faith in any supernatural significance of historical Christianity. Von Hanstein tells us that early in life, while his passionate sympathy with social wrongs was leading him to the study of sociology and philosophy, he rejected religion as a "morsche Stütze, eine überwundene Sache", despite the influence of his early training, of his Moravian mother and of his naturally religious temperament. In "Der Narr in Christo Emanuel Quint", I for one see--somewhat regretfully, I must confess--Hauptmann's religion reduced to that into which his social philosophy had already resolved itself in his previous works; that is, a profound sympathetic interest, a

clear view of the nature of the problems and-- nothing, hopelessly nothing, beyond. For anything of the nature of solutions or convictions of any positive character, I have looked long and longingly, but in vain. This will introduce as well as to some extent anticipate the nature of our concluding discussion of the man and his work, for we may pass over "Atlantis", another novel, published last year, which even Schlenther characterizes as too hastily completed and a disappointing work with which to close his new edition of Hauptmann's Life.

In looking back over the product of the twenty-three years of Hauptmann's productive career and trying to form some final estimate of his final place and importance in literature, one is forcibly struck by the great variety in his productions and at the same time the combination of diverse elements and characteristics in the individual works. It is this wide range of theme and method, no doubt, which has at least in part been accountable for the diversity and conflicting character of the judgments which have been passed upon him. Also, as being, in a large sense an innovator, he has inevitably stirred up the eternal opposition between the two great camps into which literary men, like those in every other field of endeavor, are divided, the conservatives and liberals (or, if they are young and extreme, reactionaries and revolutionists) those who worship the past and those who condemn it and look to the future. Thus we can find all possible opinions of Hauptmann espoused and ably defended. The fulsome praise of Dr. Kuno Francke for "Der Arme Heinrich" has already been commented on, and many periodical reviewers take a similar attitude toward

the author's work as a whole. We might expect the English translator of "The Sunken Bell", C.H.Meltzer, to hold more or less of a brief for him, but we are hardly prepared to have him see in him "the gift of genius," and to regard him as the "legitimate successor of Goethe,.. the completer of Ibsen,.. akin to Tolstoi, and the heir of something-- yea much of Shakespeare." Yet these are his words. On the other hand, the sarcastic handling he receives from E.S.Meyer and the Athenaeum reviewer already quoted, among others, seems harsh. The concensus of opinion seems in favor of an attitude of rather doubtful praise. He cannot be denied great merits, but no more can he be held free from decided defects and limitations-- limitations which I think will undoubtedly debar him from the narrow circle of the great, immortal names in literature. R.M.Meyer (P.846) well characterizes Hauptmann's dramatic type as the "Drama des reifen Zustandes," and attempts to find a general form which will fit most or all of his plays. "Ein paar Personen, jede eine ausgeprägte Individualität, sind vom Schicksal zusammengeworfen; in ihrem Zusammenleben nähren sie gegenseitig jeder des anderen Eigenart. Eine unter ihnen fühlt vor allem das Bedrückende, Gefährliche dieser Existenz und sehnt sich heraus. Eine Bote aus der grossen Welt ringsum kommt und scheint einen Augenblick die Möglichkeit zu bringen dass^s der Gebundene sich löst. Aber die Gebundenheit ist zu stark und so führt der Versuch der Rettung nur die Katastrophe herbei." He then proceeds to apply the formula to the principal plays up to and including "Fuhrmann Henschel." The difficulty with this is that Hauptmann succeeds rather in making his characters too weak than the circumscribing conditions too strong. This seems to me to be

due to a fundamental defect in the philosophy underlying the naturalistic theory of literature. My own judgment of the whole case-- for the outcome of the discussion can be after all but a personal judgment-- has already been largely indicated. It is as the leader of the naturalistic school that Hauptmann must be judged. He believes the theory and follows it for the same reason everyone believes theories and follows them in every sphere of life,-- it fits his temperament. But his temperament-- the typical scientific temperament plus sensitive feelings-- makes it impossible for him to understand and hence to portray strong moral personalities or characters with profound convictions and the energy and the courage thereof. For such individuals, science finds no place in its system of the world. This of course closes to him the realm of really great literature, which is essentially idealistic in character. Of this more presently, in connection with idealism.

Just here we may note that it is not yet time for a final judgment of Hauptmann and his product. This can only be formulated when his work is complete, and also some distance in the past, whereas he is now just fifty years old and his art should still be in process of development. We must say, however, that when we look for the evidence of such development with a view of trying to **determine** its trend, we are disappointed. Outside of a greater mastery of technique, little indication of consistent or substantial progress is to be discerned, as most critics agree, though with some conspicuous exceptions. Priest and Heller remark upon the fact; Vogt and Koch (P.508) give it as the most startling characteristic of the author's work. It should be

stated, however, that one marked difference appears between a later and an earlier group into which his works naturally divide themselves. Whereas those up to and including his great failure, "Florian Geyer," restrict themselves more to milieu painting and the presentation of outward situations, thus conforming closely to narrow naturalistic standards, those which come after this time make a serious effort to depict psychologically an inner soul transformation. Another equally noticeable distinction is the use of symbolism, so marked in the first play of the second group, "Die Ver⁵unkene Glocke." We note also the frequent reworking of old material and a general evidence of the quest for a new lead to replace the old, worked-out vein. It must be admitted, it seems to me, that this new lead (one which the poet can effectively work) has not been found. It is these later works that have been so disappointing to his admirers. Witkowski, to be sure, thinks the reflection on those who fail in their appreciation, but the burden of proof is with him and the consensus of critical opinion is opposed to his view. Nor can I agree with those who see a steady progress toward idealism in this later work. It is to his earlier productions that this discussion especially applies, for I regard them as more representative of the man. Hauptmann was in his element in the social dramas, out of it in his later attempts. He evidently recognized the deficiencies of the first type, or took the word of his critics for them, and tried to raise himself to a higher plane of artistic creation, but he has not 'made good' in the newer field. His obscurity, due finally to the lack of clear, positive views about the meaning of things, spoils his symbolism, and his gifts do not extend to the portrayal

of the inner development of character, or of soul-struggles over moral issues. Nor yet, as already indicated, can I any more agree with those critics who think he would succeed better in other fields than the dramatic. An essentially naturalistic genius is an essentially dramatic one, for the drama is essentially the most naturalistic of the literary forms. I do not believe the naturalistic limitations would be less detrimental-- rather more-- in any of the other types.

When we turn to the consideration of Hauptmann's idealism, we are dealing chiefly, as I look at the matter, with a negative consideration. This should be sufficiently clear from the preceding. Before proceeding to draw final conclusions respecting this phase of his work, however, it is highly desirable to make some attempt at defining out terms, and here a great, and to me unexpected difficulty supervenes. Literary critics are free indeed in their use of the word idealistic and its kindred forms, but scrupulously avoid, as a rule, telling anything of what they mean by it. Even in philosophy, it is vague enough. It is a far cry from Plato to the empirical idealism of Berkely^e, and neither of them is strikingly similar to any of the numerous modern German 'idealistic systems', nor these to each other. Everybody understands, in a general way, what everybody means by "idealistic", and beyond a very general understanding and use, few care to go. Even so precise an authority as the Century Dictionary offers a varied assortment of definitions, and none of them startlingly definite. There are two common significations of the word which concern us here. The first refers to things that exist in the mind, that is, in the imagination, the world of

thought or fancy, as opposed to objects and conditions in the so-called real world or realm of objective fact. The other use of it is to denote things either real or imaginary, which possess the quality of perfection. Of perfection, again, there are two kinds, moral and aesthetic. All these meanings of the word "idealistic" are commonly used though rarely distinguished, in the discussion of literature. When we read of Hauptmann's idealism, as we nearly always do in popular reviews, one of two things is meant. The first is the use of imaginative material and fanciful treatment in some of his works, and the second refers to what may be and often is called his 'social idealism', which may be defined as meliorism or moral purposiveness.

Idealistic in the first sense, some of Hauptmann's plays undoubtedly are, as for example, "Die Versunkene Glocke" and "Und Pippa Tanzt", while there is an idealistic element of this character in all of them. This sort of idealism in literature usually goes by another name, however, that of "romanticism", and it seems preferable in the interest of clearness to follow this usage. We have already commented on the romantic 'spots', so to speak, in "Vor Sonnenaufgang" and "Gabriel Schilling's Flucht". There is another reason besides definiteness for restricting 'idealism' to the second sense of moral purposiveness in the present discussion, which is that it refers particularly to the specifications of Mr. Nobel's will, founding the literary and other Nobel Prizes and it seems plain that here this is what is primarily meant. Certainly the two cannot be kept wholly separate, and a view of life idealistic in the ethical meaning of the word will very likely go with well-developed aes-

thetic appreciations and an imaginative temperament. Yet the two are not the same thing, and the words "of an idealistic tendency" seem to imply the ethical rather than the aesthetic construction. As has been frequently indicated in the foregoing discussion, literature may, in the present writer's view, or may not, be idealistic in the first sense, but great literature must be idealistic in the second sense. (Cf. Winchester, Chaps. V and VIII). That is, there must be some sort of ethical interest attaching to the work, or it is not great literature. Literature must also be true to life, as a condition of this moral interest. This does not mean that it must be naturalistic, at all, for the general truths in which moral interest inheres may be exemplified as well-- often better-- by imaginative symbols than by concrete examples. But imaginative creations must have a symbolic meaning to possess this interest, and what is more, their symbolism must be intelligible, or at least definitely suggestive, a fact which Hauptmann has ignored or disregarded to the grievous detriment of his results. It is really a truism to say that the greatness of literature, or of anything else, depends on the depth and universality of the human interest to which it appeals. Now there are just three possible kinds of interest in anything, the intellectual, aesthetic and moral, ranged, I think, in the order of their potential depth and intensity. But I believe a close psychological analysis will show that they cannot be isolated, not even the purely intellectual, while to a much greater degree the other two are dependent upon it and each other. In any case, anything to be judged really great must appeal to all three.

Turning then, finally, to the question of the moral idealism

of Hauptmann's work. Here again we must distinguish, I take it, three separate factors, and will find all three essential to the highest results. They are the desire for or interest in moral perfection, or improvement, the faith in its possibility, and if not the demonstration of, at least the belief in, some particular means of achieving it. Now in the first sense, Hauptmann's ethical idealism will be undisputed, at least in his earlier plays, which I have taken as most truly representing him. If there is one thing unmistakable as the soul of his work it is his deep sympathy with social wrongs. But in the other two senses, he is emphatically not idealistic. Not less apparent than his sympathy for suffering is his hopelessness of his view of the conditions which bring it about. He not only advocates no remedy for any of the evils he so movingly portrays, but he never shows a gleam of faith in the probability or possibility of any ultimate escape by any means. Rather the reverse. He seems to revel in orgies of despair, and never lets pass an opportunity to add any little touch that contributes to the elimination of any bright side to the picture. In life, men may be vanquished physically and yet preserve unbroken their heroism of spirit. But in Hauptmann's "Weavers", the famished employee servilely, even tenderly, flicks the speck of lint from Dreiszigiger's coat. (And Mrs. Becker interprets the incident as an evidence of the author's idealism!) Nature has inspired many a faint-hearted, conquered soul to the courage of new effort, further struggle, and ultimate success. But Nature, in the most 'romantic' settings of Hauptmann's plays, is callously indifferent to the sufferings and aspirations alike of her human children, when she is nothing worse. Moreover, there is scarcely a spark of residual greatness, gen-

erosity, nobility, anything fine or high, in any of Hauptmann's characters, to nourish in the spectator or the reader the belief that any sort of moral worth comes out of the refining fire of the misery he depicts to justify or atone for it in an ultimately good scheme of things. "Character", indeed! What is it, for Hauptmann? A name in a "Dramatis Personae"; and back of the name-- "a product, like vitriol or sugar". This is "Naturalism", and Hauptmann is a 'naturalist'. No wonder the public soon tires of this sort of thing, and that E.E.Hale, Jr., can write that the name of Hauptmann, fifteen years ago a word to conjure with, is now scarcely heard. All of which is the natural outcome of a deterministic ethics, which is, in turn, the necessary implication of a scientific, materialistic philosophy. And that is the dominant philosophy of the present age-- explicit in the majority of the intelligent, thinking people and implicit in the majority of the rest. Hedonistic determinism may be 'true' as an ethical philosophy-- this is not the place to argue that question-- but as a basis for high art, there is but one word for it, and that word is "IMPOSSIBLE". Aristotle (Woodbridge, P.22) long ago pointed out that tragic effect can only come from an action that is serious, and for this view of life, nothing is serious. Tragedy is again the kind of effect produced by the losing struggle of a strong individual, etc. (Ib., P.36). Where is there a strong individual in Hauptmann, or in Naturalism?

What shall we say of an idealistic interest and aspiration, of an acute moral sympathy such as Hauptmann so strikingly shows, without an idealistic faith to back it up? The only reasonable thing, at first glance, to say is to recognize that the interest

itself must be illusory, and to give it its 'scientific' explanation on evolutionary grounds. This is what contemporary science consistently does; but not Hauptmann. Even this poor satisfaction is denied us. We must cherish the feeling, to no end but to torture us. And this is his far-famed idealism!

And yet, I think that in many ways the granting to Gerhart Hauptmann of the great world-award for the "most excellent work of an idealistic tendency" in the field of literature was not only strictly proper but singularly appropriate. We have shown that one kind of idealism, that of a deep, sympathetic interest in moral and social problems, he does possess in a striking degree. And this is the idealism, perhaps the best, in any case the typical idealism, of Hauptmann's time, which is our time. One of the commonest sins (and their sins are legion) of literary critics is the exaggeration of the relation of an author to the spirit of his age. But there must be some relation, (if no other, then at least one of contrast) and it is doubtful whether there can be found in the whole field of creative literature a man who so fittingly and so thoroughly sums up the thought of the time in which he lived as does Hauptmann. And in particular, I think, in respect to its idealism, does he represent it most adequately and at its best.

For the age, like the author, is idealistic in interest, but not in faith. It is realistic first, and determined not to sacrifice its realism to its desire for idealism, but to combine the two, to find the ideal in the real. On this condition, it wants to be idealistic, witness the intense popular interest taken in the doctrines and systems of thinkers like Paulsen, Eucken,

Bergson and others who claim to meet this dual demand. Hauptmann himself is fully convinced of his idealism. Read this stanza from one of his early lyrics, (Quoted by Meltzer) written before his first successful drama:

"Dir nur gehorch ich, reiner Trieb der Seele
Des sei mein Zeuge, Geist des Ideales,
Dass keine Rücksicht eitler Art mich bindet.
Ich kann nicht singen wie die Philomele.
Ich bin ein Sänger jenes düstern Tales,
Wo alles Edle beim Ergreifen Schwindet".

Most of his critics and reviewers also recognize his idealism, as many references on this point already given clearly show. One or two more are of special significance. Says Mrs. Becker: "At first sight it seems a little disquieting that a life-message so 'human, all too human', as that of Hauptmann should stand for the best the world can do today for the cause of idealism in literature.... His concern is indeed with the ideal alone, and in this his title to the award is clear." Kobbé thinks that every work he has written must "impress us with the fact that we have in him both a realist and an idealist". R.M.Meyer (loc.cit.) calls him the "Bahnbrecher einer neuen Kunst, in der Realismus und Idealismus sich die Hände reichen". Now compare with the stanza of verse above quoted the famous 'schema' (reproduced by von Hanstein) which Hauptmann sent in early in his career to Curt Grotte-witz in answer to the questions of the latter's "Enquet über die Zukunft der Deutschen Literatur".

Himmel	:	Erde
Idea	:	Leben
Metaphysik	:	Physik
Abkehr	:	Einkehr
Prophetie	:	Dichtung

Zwei Lager
Wird das eine fett, wird das
andere mager.

This will certainly impress on one very strongly the idea of finding the ideal in the real, or at least not discarding reality for an imaginary world. Von Hanstein himself regards Hauptmann's naturalism as the means to an idealistic end, the vehicle of social idealism. "In der naturalistischen Schilderung des Elends sah er die weckende Mahnung zur Menschenliebe und zur Hilfe."

In all of which I think I see the spirit of the times. In the best speculative thought of today, neither narrow realism nor narrow idealism finds a conspicuous place, but philosophers recognize that both claims must be met. (Cf. concluding pages of Weber's and of Rogers' Histories of Philosophy). Similarly in sociology and every practical sphere. The best minds everywhere agree that great and enduring results in any field can only be achieved on the basis of a broad and thorough knowledge of the data involved. Little confidence is longer placed in quick-hatched theories or in action that is not based on exhaustive scientific study. We are not to reach ideal conditions by fleeing the facts of reality, but by facing, understanding them, and then using them. We must study the real world to produce the ideal one. In this view of the case, in so far as Hauptmann's purpose is to call attention to and arouse interest in vital problems of society and morality, his fundamental theory is quite tenable. For this is enough for pure literature to do, perhaps all that it should attempt, toward the solution of practical problems. But there is another side to the picture, by no means so bright, and it is as strongly reflected in Hauptmann's work. While awakening to the realization of the importance of scientific knowledge, thinking men have had their con-

fidence shaken in the validity and the adequacy of the knowledge they already possess and even in the power of the human mind to reach truth that will be final and adequate to the solution of its problems. Hence the hopelessness, the lack of an idealistic faith in ultimate improvement shown in so much of our author's work, is also in harmony with the "Zeitgeist" of the present day. The intellectual 'cock-sureness' about things characteristic of the thought of a few decades ago is not found abroad today, And we may add that periods productive of great literature are periods of strong convictions and great enthusiasms. The present is not such a period, and we need not feel surprise on finding the better half of idealism wanting in the work of this typical representative of the time we are considering. But whether this is a good sort of idealism or not, this is not the place to discuss at length. Oftentimes a little "faith cure" is of the greatest therapeutic value in cases of social pathology. But it is not the fashionable treatment these days, and the conclusion of our study must be drawn in the recognition that the Idealism of Gerhart Hauptmann, timid, imperfect and unsatisfying though it be, is the idealism of the time in which he lives and for which he speaks.

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