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LUDWIG LEWISOHN: THE YEARS OF BECOMING

by

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Submitted in partial fulfillment

of the requirements for the

Master of Hebrew Letters Degree

and Ordination.

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ABSTRACT OF "LUDWIG LEWISOHN: THE YEARS OF BECOMING"

Ludwig Lewisohn was born in Berlin, Germany in 1883 to Jacques and Minna Eloesser Lewisohn who were first cousins. The atmosphere in which he grew up was that of a highly assimilated German-Jewish family of middle-class standing, and Ludwig had scarcely any Jewish contacts at all. Financial ruin impelled the Lewisohns to emigrate to the United States in 1890. They settled eventually in Charleston, South Carolina, where Ludwig attended high school and college and where he became increasingly alienated from both his German and his Jewish heritages. By the time, therefore, that he was fifteen, he had come to regard himself as "an American, a Southerner and a Christian."

In 1901, Ludwig graduated from the College of Charleston with two degrees, a Bachelor's and a Master's in English literature. Two relationships had come to dominate the years in Charleston: his love for his mother and his love for "the poetry of the English tongue." Determined to make a career for himself in the teaching of English literature, he prepared himself by taking another Master's degree at Columbia University in New York and subsequently undertook a doctoral program at Columbia. His Jewish birth, however, posed a formidable obstacle to his aspirations in an America devoted to the notion that only native-born Anglo-Saxons could be entrusted with the teaching of the native literature, and Ludwig felt himself and his hopes betrayed. He withdrew from Columbia and spent some years in New York as an unsuccessful free-lance writer until he had at length to return to Charleston in defeat. He did not, however, return alone. In 1906, demoralized by the humiliations he had suffered in New York, he married Mary Crocker Childs, a divorcee some seventeen years his senior.

In 1908, Ludwig published his first novel, The Broken Snare. The novel, whose theme was free love, was many years in advance of its time and was but poorly received. Poverty and failure forced him at length to seek a position as a professor of German, and he spent a year at the University of Wisconsin (1910-1911) and some eight years at the Ohio State University in Columbus (1911-1918). The unhappiness he suffered at the hands of the philistines in Columbus was only compounded by his mother's death and his deteriorating relationship with his wife. Those years in Columbus were creative, nevertheless, and he undertook in their course to edit the dramas of Gerhart Hauptmann whom he much admired. He also wrote three important critical works: The Modern Drama (1915), The Spirit of Modern German Literature (1916), and The Poets of Modern France (1918). His cultural Germanophilia won him many enemies in Columbus during the First World War, and he returned to New York during the last year of the War.

In 1919, he became drama editor of the Nation and produced some brilliant criticism. During his years on the Nation, he edited one highly important work, A Modern Book of Criticism (1919), and wrote another, The Drama and the Stage (1922), in both of which, as he had in his earlier criticism, he espoused the cause of naturalism and a modern literature in America. In 1922, Ludwig published his autobiography, Up Stream, which was one of the most searching criticisms of American life that American letters had produced. The book constituted literary evidence of the moral and intellectual growth he had undergone since his "Pan-Angle" days in South Carolina. It was, in its passionate appeal for moral and intellectual freedom, a significiant step on Ludwig's road to self-realization, a road that was, in the next few years, to lead to the intense Jewish loyalties for which he is most widely known and remembered.

S.F. CHYET

To My Wife Geri

מצא אשה מצא טוב

Werde Der Du Bist -- Become
what you essentially are!

-- Nietzsche

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PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

Sometimes a man's life is such that the patterns of the age in which he has lived seem to take body in him. Sometimes a man's life is such that the quality, the scope and the richness, of his experience can serve as a key to an understanding of his age. Ludwig Lewisohn was such a man. His life was such a life.

No doubt it is too early to judge this man. No doubt it is too early to attempt a significant evaluation of his life and his experience. Lewisohn himself wrote some twenty years ago, in The Answer, a collection of his Zionist writings, that his insistent advocacy of Jewish causes had compelled him to forfeit much, but nothing more precious perhaps than his enduring fame. "I have lost the world, present and future," he wrote. "Have I gained the Jewish people? Have I gained their support and their memory? Time will show." And time will. But it has not yet. It is too early to judge; it is too early to evaluate.

And yet . . .

And yet perhaps it is not too early to say of this man, in whose life were concentrated the actions and the passions, intellectual, social, religious, of the most active and passionate of eras -- perhaps it is not too early to say of him that, with his death in Miami on December 31, 1955, a great flame was extinguished in Israel and, more than in Israel, in America and in mankind. For, as Milton Hindus has written, "Lewisohn was a unique and significant personality who felt it to be his function... to project and interpret the meaning of his life in its totality."[1] To that function, that mission as he saw it, Lewisohn was never unfaithful.

What Hindus has further written of Lewisohn deserves our notice here. He wrote that Lewisohn "never found the secret of functioning simply as a cog in any complex machine or organization. That is one reason... that he is still so important to us. Our age, all over the world, is not particularly friendly to the individual. It refuses to recognize the vital difference between representativeness and eccentricity. It tries to break him or at least to flatten out his 'bumps.' Lewisohn will remain important to America and to the Jews because he insisted so strongly at all times on being himself."[2]

Ludwig Lewisohn was indeed an individual <u>par excellence</u>. As Hindus says, he was not an eccentric. Adolf Gillis wrote of him that, "despite the terrible doom upon the individual pronounced by modern thought," Lewisohn "still cherishes a faith in human freedom, and it is this faith and its summons to unremitting battle, which has kept his work so passionately alive."[3]

It is too early to say, perhaps, but one can only hope that Hindus is right, that the individualism Lewisohn represented "will remain important to America and to the Jews"; and one can only hope that Gillis is to be confirmed, that Lewisohn's faith in human freedom and his militancy in defense of that faith will keep his work "so passionately alive" for the generations to come. Those generations will need his faith and his militancy. Theirs will be the loss if Lewisohn is forgotten.

This biography is undertaken as, hopefully, only the first of many attempts to meet that need and to avert that loss.

S.F.C.

Dorchester, Mass.
December 22,1956

PART ONE

FOUNDATIONS: 1883-1897

CHAPTER ONE: 1883

On the 30th of May, 1883, in the city of Berlin, the capital of the newly formed German Kaiserreich, a son was born to Jacques and Minna Kloesser Lewisohn, and they named him Ludwig. Jacques Lewisohn was twenty three at the time of his son's birth; Minna was twenty one. They were to have no other children.

Jacques and Minna were first cousins. "Their racial and social origin was the same,"[4] and they came of "Jews of unmixed blood and descent who had evidently lived for generations in the North and North East of Germany."[5] Minna's father had "performed rabbinical functions to scattered congregations in East Prussia,"[6] but had been apparently of a Westernized, unorthodox viewpoint. "He had," his grandson tells us, "much rabbinical learning, but a whimsical contempt for the ritual law."[7] Jacques' father, it seems, had been something of a ne'er-do-well, and Jacques had been brought up by a wealthy aunt and uncle, themselves childless, who "had been, in the deeper sense, the only parents (Jacques) had ever known."[8]

Jacques, we are told, rather favored his lack-lustre father. He was, Ludwig would write of him, "only a boy, crude, passionate, impulsive... he tried hard to play the man and the man of business."[9] Jacques read a great deal and was musically gifted. He loved to play Mozart and Beethoven scores on the piano and could spend hours and hours at this pursuit. His attempts at business were, however, singularly ill-fated. All in all, the individual that Jacques was, it must be confessed, was scarcely calculated to win the approval of his family and associates in the Berlin of the eighties.

That Berlin was, in spirit if not administration, two cities. It was "the brilliant metropolis of the night cafes,"[10] and the theatres and the concert halls, "the great art-centre and imperial capital."[11] But there was also "the older Berlin... the peculiar Prussian city with its rather rigid middle class and its very marked folk-ways and folk-speech."[12] Inseparable from that "rather rigid middle class" was "its dense moral atmosphere, its pathetic dedication to an ideal of duty not always intelligently or discriminatingly embraced... its external plainness of aspect and its hidden wealth of deep and beautiful feeling."[13] Jacques' family and his associates were rather more a part of the older Berlin than the newer and, in particular, of the middle class of the older. Their "wealth of deep and beautiful feeling" was indeed very much hidden to Jacques, and he was dreadfully unhappy with the uncongenial role of businessman that had been assigned to him.

When Minna Kloesser had first come to Berlin from East Prussia after her father's death, she was twelve years old. Ludwig would later write of his mother that "she was all her life, despite her Jewishness, her wide and sad experience and her artistic tastes, a spiritual child of the German folk."[14] A graduate of the old-fashioned Hoehere Toechterschule, Minna was well versed in French, but her chief interest lay in the realm of music, the Lieder of Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Mendelssohn, and Brahms. She loved to sing these songs in a "well cultivated" alto voice. Like her cousin Jacques, Minna was something of a misfit in the narrow society of her Berlin. She was never able to adjust easily to the rigid middle class mores of her environment, but from Jacques "she received the most intelligent sympathy... They read the same books, loved the

same music, nursed their enthusiasm on the same plays."[15] Jacques "was reputed, moreover, to be the heir of a very large fortune,"[16] although, alas, unknown to either Minna or Jacques, his foster-father had lost the bulk of that fortune in the depression of the seventies, the Krach of '73. Minna thought that money meant "liberty in the higher and finer as well as in the coarser and more obvious sense,"[17] and so she married Jacques. She did not find with Jacques the liberty for which she yearned. She found only more of bitterness and frustration. When Ludwig was born, "into the channel of her maternal love she poured all her passionate ideality, all her deep yearning, all her half-inarticulate ambitions, all the splendor of her frustrate hopes."[18] If liberty were to be denied her in her own life, she would find it in the life of her son. And so began that fateful, essentially tragic relationship, from the spell and haunting of which Ludwig was never perhaps to be quite freed.

But it was the year 1883, and no one could know this, least of all the infant Ludwig. It was 1883, in many respects, one of the most significant years in German and European history. In that year, Bismarck formed with Austria and Italy the fateful Triple Alliance which enabled the new German Reich to pursue ever more urgently her imperial ambitions and which was ultimately to result in the global cataclysm of the First World War. Wagner died in 1883, and Nietzsche began to write Also Sprach Zarathustra. Liliencron published his strikingly original Adjutantenritte und andere Gedichte in 1883, and Fontane published Schach von Wuthenow. Two years earlier, Ibsen had published Ghosts, and the following year was to see The Wild Duck. Before the decade was out, Nietzsche's Jenseits von Gut und Boese, Sudermann's Frau Sorge, Tolstoy's Powers of Darkness, Holz and Schlaf's Die Familie Selicke, Hauptmann's Vor Sonnenaufgang, and

Stefan George's Hymen would have appeared on the scene. The course of the European and world history of our own era, so pregnant with change and pain, was already well underway in 1883. The winds of that Sturm und Drang of which Goethe had had so much to say were already streaming through European hearts and minds in gathering and ever more furious gusts.

But of all this, in the year 1883, Jacques and Minna Lewisohn could know but little as they entered into the parenthood which was to inspire them with so much hope and then again to cast them down into so much grief.

CHAPTER TWO: TWO SCENES

"The characteristic modes of thought and feeling of the North German and those of the Jew who has discarded his archaic Orientalism," Ludwig Lewisohn wrote in 1916, "are profoundly alike. Both have the same earnestness in the conduct of life, the same strong family sense, the hard, practical intelligence -- the capacity, too, of producing now and then individuals of the finest artistic sensitiveness and power: men like Robert Frey in (Georg Hirschfeld's play) The Mothers, like Georg Hirschfeld himself."[19]

What Ludwig would write as a professor of German at the Ohio State University in 1916 could have found a response in the hearts of any number of German Jews in the Berlin of the eighties. It would have found a warm response especially in his own family in Berlin.

The Lewisohns were Jews, but their Jewishness did not weigh very heavily upon them. As Adolph Gillis has said, Jacques and Minna Lewisohn "were Jews not by conviction but by sole accident of birth. Except for a certain self-consciousness which came from their difference of race, they were to all appearances as Christian and German as their neighbors."[20] Judaism was to them little more indeed than an "archaic Orientalism" which they were at pains to discard. All the members of his family, Ludwig was later to write, "seemed to feel that they were Germans first and Jews afterwards. They were not disloyal to their race nor did they seek to hide it. Although they all spoke unexceptional High German they used many Hebrew expressions both among themselves and before their Gentile friends. But they had assimilated, in a deep sense, Aryan ways of thought and feeling. Their books, their music, their political interests

were all German."[21] Ludwig recalled from those early days "but one phrase disparaging to their Christian countrymen. It was a curious one: 'What can one expect? The Gentile has no heart!'"[22]

The Gentile has no heart! The Lewisohns were not unaware of their somewhat anomalous position in a Christian society. Perhaps nothing about them was more curious than their hesitancy in abolishing a Jewishness at once unavowed and undisclaimed. Gillis has said that they would have been happy to lose themselves completely in the Gentile world. What restrained them, apparently, was a proudness in them. " ... they had a pride," Gillis wrote, "unwordly it may be, but sprung from the deeps of the spirit, which force only stiffens and prudence only inflames. And so they remained Jews while thousands of their coreligionists in the Berlin of the eighties succumbed to the lures of conversion."[23] They themselves indeed might have been taken by surprise to hear themselves so described. There is no reason to believe that they were very sensible of this pride on their part or that they ever gave it a great deal of thought, much less discussed it. There was, as Gillis observed, nothing in the way they lived to distinguish them from their Christian associates, and to the child Ludwig himself Christmas observance "was native and familiar" while Yom Kippur was, as he tells us, "weird and terrifying and alien."[24]

The fact remains that, while the Lewisohns seem to have had rather less sense of Jewish identity than a Heine or a Boerne, they did not emulate the Heines and Boernes among them. In name if not spirit, they remained Jews. It was a little easier, to be sure, to remain a Jew in the Germany of the Kaiserreich than it had been in the Prussia of the Kultur-Staat. The demoralization of the National Liberal Party had not yet been wholly achieved. If it was the day of Treitschke and Stoecker, it was also the day of Mommsen and Virchow.

Ludwig remembered his mother's oldest brother who had graduated from the Gymnasium in Insterburg and had studied law in Koenigsberg. This uncle had fought for Prussia in 1864, 1866, and 1870. He had returned from the War of 1870 with the Iron Cross, had subsequently abandoned the legal profession and had become a distinguished journalist in Berlin. If advancement for Jews in the Army or the Universities was very difficult, Ludwig's uncle had evidently been able to attain a large measure of success in journalism without the baptismal font, although he had married a Gentile woman. Ludwig's Gentile aunt got on quite well with her Jewish in-laws, if not with her husband, and the daughter of that marriage "was the companion and playmate of (Ludwig's) earliest years."[25]

It was never hidden from the child Ludwig that he was a Jew, but his exposure to Judaism went scarcely further than that. In later years, he was to recall in the following terms two scenes which symbolized "the character of the social group from which (he) sprang:"

> "I am sitting in a half-darkened room and my heart beats and my cheeks burn. It is Christmas Eve. I look out through the dark pane and across the street. Ah, there, behind an uncurtained window, a tree with candles. Quickly I turn my eyes away. I do not want to taste the glory until it is truly mine. And at last, at last, a bell rings. The folding doors open and there -- in the drawing room -- stands my own tree in its glimmering splendor and around it the gifts from my parents and my grandmother and my uncles and aunts -- charming German toys and books of fairytales and marchpane from Koenigsberg. And my mother takes me be the hand and leads me to the table and I feel as though I were myself walking straight into a fairytale."[26]

This scene, as he tells us, "was native and familiar to the heart of the child that (de) was."[27] The contrast between this and the second scene is striking.

It was, he writes, the custom of his grandmother, Minna's mother,

"in pious remembrance of her husband, to visit the temple on the chief Jewish holidays -- New Year and the Dayoof Atonement." Once, "on the day of the great white fast," Ludwig was taken to the Temple to see her:

> "The temple was large and rather splendid; the great seven-branched candelabra were of shining silver. The rabbi, the cantor and the large congregation of men were all clad in their gleaming shrouds and their white, silken praying shawls and had white caps on their heads. I can still see one venerable old man who read his Hebrew book through a large magnifying glass. The whiteness of the penitential scene was wonderful and solemn. Then the first star came out and the great day was over and in the vestibule I was my grandmother being reverently saluted by her sons who wished he a happy holiday."[28]

Yom Kippur, on this one occasion he was witness to it, was "wonderful
derful and solemn," but it evoked in the child no sense of participation, no feeling of identity with the worshippers or the "whiteness of the penitential scene." It was, on the contrary, "a little weird and terrifying and alien."[29]

And so for Ludwig it was to remain for almost forty years.

CHAPTER THREE: THE BEGINNING OF LIFE

Ludwig was "by no means a delicate child."[30] He was, as he has described himself, on the contrary, "sturdy and broad-chested," able to pass "vigorously through two rather severe illnesses that attacked (him) early."[31] It appears, however, that for all his robust physique, he was as a child extra-ordinarily hypersensitive and fastidious. He has written that, when sent to Kindergarten at the age of four, he "was so obviously unhappy and listless that the principal asked (his) mother to keep (him) at home."[32] Already at the age of four separation from Minna was too painful to be borne. Already at the age of four there was evident in him that melancholy he called "the badge of all our tribe."[33] And these would prove to be patterns that would not end with childhood.

Grandmother Eloesser lived with the Lewisohns at that time and undertook to teach Ludwig to read. Thus, as he would observe in later years, his "real life began,"[34] -- his <u>real</u> life, the life of "the beholding mind." For already Ludwig sensed that "the seat of beauty is... in the beholding mind."[35] He learned to read, and his <u>real</u> life began. It was as if he had found, at the age of four, a <u>raison d'etre</u>. Not that the child of four perceived it then as the boy of fourteen and the man of twenty four perceived it later, as we perceive it now. The child of four could not recognize passion; he could only savor its delight. The children's stories with which he began he thought "delightful," and for the first time in his life, he became, as he tells us, "insistent, begging for books and more books."[36] Children's books they were, but already the die was cast. As Ludwig himself was later to write, "it is character that creates the quality of action. Not what you do matters,

but what your soul makes of the thing you do."[37] And the peculiar equation of character and soul that was Ludwig Lewisohn was already awriting in the child of four. There is for all of us this peculiar equation, for some written in science, for others in business or building or cookery. For him, it was written in letters.

Reading became for him a hunger. He would read the Maerchen of many peoples, the fairytales "full of old racial memories, free as the imagination of childhood, deep as the heart of man."[38] He would read them "until (his) eyes ached and (his) forehead was fevered."[39] If he withdrew from his playmates, it was not through any timidity on his part, but because they interrupted his real life. Interruption was intolerable to him, and if interrupted or bidden to leave his Maerchenwald, he would weep "in a passion of despair" at the loss, so grievous to him, of that "pure and passionate joy, that ecstasy of absorption in which (he) became one with the things (he) read."[40]

But Minna had her own notions of what his real life should be. Her love was, as he tells us, "no ignoble indulgence,"[41] and Minna desired her son "to realize (his) highest possibilities, to develop every faculty, to attain every ability and grace that mark the complete man."[42] Four afternoons a week Ludwig would be sent to the Tiergarten under the care of a young Kindergaertnerin. On the other afternoons Minna herself would take long walks with him, another pattern that would long survive childhood. The boy's "diet was determined by the family physician, not by (his) liking," and he "slept on a pillow of horse hair; (he) used not the traditional featherbed but the hardier blanket."[43] He learned skating in the winter and swimming in the summer, "always under competent

instruction."[44] He was taught music and gymnastics.

In the autumn of his sixth year, Ludwig was admitted to the Vorschule of a Gymnasium, and there he received thorough instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic, gymnastics, and "religion," by which was meant the legends of the Old Testament. It was an exacting curriculum for a six year-old, but Ludwig was not permitted to be less than diligent. Minna saw to that. For her, as indeed for the entire society within which the Lewisohns lived, "it was an absolutely foregone conclusion that a liberal education was the necessary foundation of right and noble living."[45] And it was more than that. It was a conviction, "considered beyond discussion,"[46] so that "if anyone had questioned (his) being prepared for the gymnasium and proceeding from thence to the university," it would have been held "a prophecy of (his) early death."[47] So deeply did this conviction invade the consciousness of the young Ludwig that years later "the debate concerning the value of a higher education so often heard among us in America, (had) no more real content for (him) than a debate concerning the value of bread."[48]

Yet the labor of study was not the entire stuff of life. There was, as Ludwig recalled, "the magic of Christmas and Easter with generous vacations; there was the delight of spring with flower-girls on the curb."[49] There was an ample allowance, and there were plays and parties. Ludwig made friends at school, and he enjoyed long walks with Minna. There was wintertime skating, and there was summertime swimming. It was, he wrote in later years, "a rich and a happy childhood."[50]

But it was not to last.

CHAPTER FOUR: THE DESCENT

Ludwig was seven years old when Jacques' foster-father died, leaving to Jacques some twenty thousand dollars. It was the year 1889. Jacques, ever the imprudent, rashly invested this sum in a business scheme that was as unreliable as it proved to be ill-fated. Jacques was crushed. "In three months," Ludwig writes of his father, "he was ruined and, overcome by shame and despair, fell ill."[51] For months following this blow to his hopes and his pride, Jacques languished in a state of depression that resisted all relief and seemed beyond all healing. He could not face the world. After some time, it became evident to Minna that he never would be able to face it -- in Berlin.

Some years earlier Minna's youngest brother had emigrated to America and "was said to have prospered moderately there."[52] "Uncle S." lived in South Carolina, and a letter from him set the Lewisohns to thinking of America. If Jacques could not renew himself in Germany, perhaps he would be able to do so in South Carolina. Jacques seemed to revive even at the thought of America. Ludwig would recall "the hidden terror and the loud confusion"[53] of the weeks of preparation as Jacques "sold (their) furniture, (and) his excellent library; (and) with difficulty (Minna) saved the silver and linen and (Ludwig's) books."[54]

In the autumn of 1890, with two thousand dollars in Minna's safekeeping, the Lewisohns took their leave of Berlin. At Hamburg, they embarked for the United States on the Hamburg-American liner Suevia.[55] As yet they did not fully realize their changed circumstances, for they travelled first-class aboard the Suevia. Fifteen days later they were in Hoboken. Ludwig was eight years old.[56]

After spending a few what must have been bewildering days in New York, the Lewisohns took ship again, this time for an uncomfortable fifty-hour coast-wise voyage to Charleston, South Carolina.[57] From Charleston they travelled by train into the South Carolina interior, to the village of St. Matthews,[58] the home of "Uncle S." Ludwig, ever the hypersensitive and the fastidious, was rather revolted by the untidy man with heavy moustaches and red sweater that was "Uncle S.,"[59] and the Lewisohns were not much cheered by Minna's sister-in-law, "a Jewess of the Eastern tradition, narrow-mined, given over to the clattering ritual of pots and pans -- 'meaty' and 'milky' -- and very ignorant," though "a woman of some kindly qualities."[60]

They were dispirited by the wretched poverty of "Uncle S." and by the "squalid village" that, despite all their expectations, St. Matthews was revealed to be.[61] Suddenly they came upon the full realization of the change they had undergone.

Here, in "a squalid village" of South Carolina, "here did the descent begin."[62]

Yet St. Matthews was to be their home for two years. Here Ludwig was to fall under the sub-tropical spell of the Southern country-side, awakening in the "child that (he) was, a rich, and almost massive joy in nature."[63] Here he was to stammer out his first English phrases and to compose his first German verses. And here, in St. Matthews, South Carolina, was to begin "that alienation from (his) own race which (would be) the source to (him) of some good but of more evil."[64]

CHAPTER FIVE: A NEW WORLD

A New World! And, for Ludwig in particular, it was a new world -- a new world "with its bales of cotton and acrid-smelling sacks of yellow guano"[65]; a new world where "in spring the dogwood showed its white blossoms" and "in the mild Southern autumn a child could lie on the deep layers of brownish pine-needles and play with the aromatic cones and gaze up at the brilliant blue of the sky"[66]; a new world where "the heat smote (and) the vegetation sprang into rank and hot luxuriance — noisome weeds with white ooze in their stems and bell-like pink flowers"[67]; a new world of "frequent, fierce thunderstorms."[68] It was a new world of "cotton-fields and pine-forests"[69]; of wooden houses, many of them unpainted; of weather-beaten churches, Methodist and Baptist, with graveyards behind them; of "hot turmoil... (and the) characteristic odor of peanuts and stale whiskey and chewing tobacco"[70]; of "burly Negroes who gabbled and laughed weirdly" and "white men (who) wore broad-rimmed wool-hats, whittled and spat and talked in drawling tones,"[71] unintelligible as yet to the little boy from Berlin. It was a new world of "wildness, savagery and roughness... (in) contrast to anything (the Lewisohns) had ever known or seen."[72] A New World, this Southland village of St. Matthews.

It was not only a new world. It was a rude world into which they ventured now, these middle-class Berliners, accustomed to their "plane of civilized comfort"[73] and cherishing withal the recent memory of that Germany where, as Ludwig was to write in later years, "the finest fruits of civilization (were) 'In widest commonalty spread,' because common men (had) learned to desire and to prize them."[74] But not the common men of the South of 1890. It is difficult to characterize the contrast between

the Berlin they had left and this world of the South to which they had come. One is impelled to say, world of the South, because it was not to St. Matthews alone, squalid village that it was, that Berlin presented a contrast of bewildering proportions. It was to the entire South. These were indeed two different worlds, the lordly, triumphant Berlin of 1890 and the South of 1890, its shame of Appomattox and the Reconstruction days still very much in living, painful memory. In any intellectual or cultural terms, as the Lewisohns were soon to discover, the South in 1890 was a virtual cul de sac.

Yet not all this was to be blamed on the Civil War and the subsequent Reconstruction period. The Old South, the South of ante-bellum days and aristocratic ante-bellum fame, had been scarcely better. "In general," the late Wilbur Joseph Cash, himself a native South Carolinian, has written, "the intellectual and aesthetic culture of the Old South was a superficial and jejune thing, borrowed from without and worn as a political armor and a badge of rank; and hence," Cash concluded, "(I call the authority of old Matthew Arnold to bear me witness) not a true culture at all."[75]

In writing thus, Cash echoed the sentiments of Henry Adams who said, with reference to Rooney Lee, a member par excellence of the fabled Southern aristocracy and a classmate of Adams at Harvard, that "strictly, the Southerner had no mind; he had temperament. He was not a scholar; he had no intellectual training; he could not analyze an idea, and he could not even conceive of admitting two... "[76] Cash himself wrote of the Southerner that "from first to last, and whether he was a Virginian[77] or a nouveau, he did not (typically speaking) think; he felt; and discharging

his feelings immediately, he developed no need or desire for intellectual culture in its own right."78

Ludwig himself was later to observe that there was no "escape from the conclusion that the life of the old South was distinctly unfavorable to the most noble and unselfish of human pursuits -- that of the scholar... and that, therefore, the disinterested love of the things of the mind for their own sake and apart from all bearing on the more practical affairs of life was excessively rare... "79 Ludwig would write thus, deprecating the lengths to which the Confederate general, James Johnston Pettigrew, had been forced in concealing his literary penchant. And, to judge by what Cash has further to say on the matter of an intellectual culture in the Old South, Pettigrew had been more than even Ludwig might have cared to admit, a rara avis indeed. For, according to Cash, those "who... sincerely cared for intellectual and aesthetic values and served them as well as they might... in the aggregate... were hardly more than the exceptions which prove the rule -- too few, too unrepresentative, and, above all, as a body themselves too sterile of results very much to alter the verdict... (that) the intellectual and aesthetic culture of the Old South was a superficial and jejune thing... "80 As recently indeed as 1940, Cash could write that "The South read a good deal more now than in the past, to be sure. But the total number of those who read anything worth reading was still incredibly small."81

A likely world, indeed, into which to bring Minna with her ambition that her son "attain every ability and grace that mark the complete man" and her conviction -- "considered beyond discussion" -- "that a liberal education was the necessary foundation of right and noble living"!

A likely world, indeed, this South which "prior to 1900... could not boast a single city except New Orleans, with a population of one hundred thousand"[82] -- this South in which a city like Charleston, cultural centre that it was, lacked a public library[83] and in whose history "no poet or proseman... from Sims /sic/ to Timrod, had ever wrested a livelihood by his writings" and which "had always regarded (literature) as a mere adornment only, an avocation of gentlemanly leisure, to be rewarded otherwise than in dollars."[84]

But lack of intellectual culture was not all that the Lewisohns -- and especially Ludwig -- would have to contend against. For they had come to a South, in which, as Cash writes, Jews "were usually thought of as aliens even when their fathers had fought in the Confederate armies."[85] It had not, to be sure, been much otherwise in Germany, but that was a land in whose prejudices they were well versed, whose ways and mores they knew and to whose attitudes they, and their fathers before them, had had centuries to adjust themselves.

And this was the South into which they had, all unknowingly, come -- a South which, in Cash's words, "had relatively few Jews -- certainly not enough to constitute a Jewish problem under any rational view of the case... But fears and hates often clothe themselves in old forms. And the Jew, of course, was a butt and a scapegoat as old as Christianity. All the protests of scholars have been quite unavailing to erase from the popular mind, in the South as elsewhere, the notion that it was the Jew who crucified Jesus. And in addition... the Jew, with his universal refusal to be assimilated, is everywhere the eternal Alien; and in the

South, where any difference had always stood out with great vividness, he was especially so. Hence it was perfectly natural that, in the general withdrawal upon the old heritage (after Reconstruction days), the rising insistence on conformity to it, he should come in for renewed denunciations; should, as he passed the street, stand in the eyes of the people as a sort of evil harbinger and incarnation of all the menaces they feared and hated -- external and internal, real and imaginary."[86] This, then, was the South; and if France would have its Dreyfus Affair and Russia its Beilis Case, the South would have its Frank Lynching.

To all this South, to its demonology, the Lewisohns, it appears, would be permitted in St. Matthews to remain oblivious. They were to encounter nothing of that sort in their two year sojourn in the village.[87] But, once leaving St. Matthews, Ludwig was soon enough to learn that not only an unassimilated Jew, that even a young Jew who "accepted Jesus as (his) personal Savior,"[88] was "everywhere the eternal Alien."

CHAPTER SIX: FIRST FRAGMENTS

For the present, life took a more or less tranquil turn for the Lewisohns. It was not long before Jacques had added "another to the existing shops"[87] in St. Matthews, and, after a few months in the village, neighbors and friends helped the family to install itself "in some pleasant rooms beside one of the few brick stores on Main Street."[90] For Ludwig, adjustment to the new environment was relatively simple, and he soon ceased to yearn for the distant Vaterland.

It was less easy for Minna with her "emotional tenacity,"[91] and "she yearned very bitterly for her native land, her friends and kin, for music and for all the subtle supports of the civilization in which she (had been) so deeply rooted."[92] Jacques, however, "was a changed man... full of energy and buoyancy, splendidly patient and brave, always ready to cheer (Minna) in her fits of loneliness and depression. He had shaken off his morbid inhibitions"[93] and "was like one liberated from a dungeon."[94] Jacques, "in his impulsive way," as Ludwig would write, "attributed many extraordinary virtues to American life."[95] What he took to be the liberal temper of this new world, its relaxed and rather lackadaisical spirit, appealed to him, and he was happy in St. Matthews, even though he "was looked upon with some suspicion by the severer among his Gentile neighbors" because "he did not perform the external rites of the Jewish faith and... hesitated when asked to affirm categorically his belief in a personal God."[96] During the presidential campaign of 1892, Jacques "discussed politics with friends and neighbors, read the old Eclectic Review, Byron and Dickens, played chess, and neglected his shop or treated the Negro customers with contemptuous disregard."[97] Yes,

Jacques adjusted rather easily to the conventions of life in St. Matthews.

Ludwig's education had been interrupted by the crisis that had overtaken the Lewisohns in Berlin, and Minna lost no time in resuming that education in their new surroundings. This was not to be a simple matter, however, as St. Matthews had no public school in 1890 and the schooling that was available fell far below Minna's standards. After two brief and desultory intervals of schooling, one at the school maintained by the Baptist church and the other at a school "kept by a broken-down gentleman of Huguenot extraction who was said to have been immensely wealthy and to have lived in a state of barbaric splendor before the Civil War,"[98] Minna herself undertook Ludwig's education. Ludwig was later to write of his valiant mother that, although "her (English) pronunciation was very imperfect (and) she had to teach (him) with a German-English dictionary in hand," he "never had instruction more accurate or solid."[99]

It was in the course of this instruction that Ludwig came upon his "first fragments of English literature: Addison's Vision of Mirza, Childe Harold's Farewell To His Native Land (by Byron), and The Death of Absalom by Nathaniel Parker Willis."[100] Addison made the strongest appeal to him, he tells us, presaging the taste for form and style that was to dominate his work in later years. But Ludwig also read <u>The Swiss Family Robinson</u> by Jean Rudolph Wyss and stories of the Horatio Alger type.[101] He "read these books, at the age of ten, with the same sense of deeply satisfied absorption in the fine, (m)arrowy realities of life with which, at the end of another decade, (he) first read Vanity Fair and Mme. Bovary."[102] And so his <u>real</u> life was continued in St. Matthews, South Carolina. It was the year 1892, and Ludwig was ten.

Something took hold of Ludwig "amid the steady radiance of that Southern summer"[103] of 1892. He embarked, in that summer, upon "a solitary game," as he called it.[104] He began, for the first time in his life, to write, and "with daily but decreasing passion, for some weeks,"[105] he wrote "verse and prose: tales of disaster at sea, of ultimate islands, of peaceless wandering. The prose and verse were mixed indiscriminately, assonance sufficed in place of rhyme, all (he) felt was an intense inner glow. It was all instinctively done in German... (but) that childish outburst marked the first and last time on which (he) used (his) original mother-tongue in writing as a matter of course."[106]

It was another beginning... and also an end.

CHAPTER SEVEN: THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB

"Not inquisition, nor pale, nor pogrom revealed the eternal Jew," James Waterman Wise has written, "as does the freedom to lose himself, which in America is his -- freedom which somehow, despite himself, he does not, cannot use."[107] Wise wrote this in 1928, but in St. Matthews, South Carolina, in the early 1890's, the Lewisohns might well have regarded this as so much nonsense. Of Ludwig, in particular, even long after his days in St. Matthews, it could never be said that he did not use "the freedom to lose himself" as a Jew. And it would take long, bitter years for him to see that he could not use it to any good effect.

There were, of course, no Jewish houses of worship, no Jewish schools, in St. Matthews, and it is, in any case, unlikely that the Lewisohns would have been drawn to them, had there been such. There were, however, churches and church schools, and at the suggestion of a church-going friend, his parents permitted Ludwig to attend the Sunday school class of the local Methodist church in order to improve his English.[108] Ludwig liked the Sunday school hymns and was altogether charmed by the atmosphere of the class and the spirit of the proceedings. Often he would remain after the class for the morning service, and it was not long before he came to accept, as he says, "the Gospel story and the obvious implications of Pauline Christianity without question" and to feel "a spirit and a faith not wholly unlike that of the primitive Church."[109] What the centuries had failed to accomplish in Germany a year in South Carolina was able to achieve. Ludwig "accepted Jesus as (his) personal Savior and cultivated, with vivid faith, the habit of prayer in which (he) persisted for many years."[110]

That "freedom to lose himself" which Wise was to contend the Jew "does not, cannot use" was speedily, easily -- and, as it happened, insensibly --- grasped by the young Ludwig as the process of his Americanization proceeded apace. Not only was the boy encouraged by his parents' disregard for their ancestral faith to divest himself of any Jewish identity that might have clung to him; not only did he accept "the Gospel story and the obvious implications of Pauline Christianity"; he also absorbed "a very large set of moral and social conventions that are basic to the life of the average American... (and) at the age of ten (his) emotional assimilation into the social group of which (he) was a physical member was complete. (He) would not have touched any alcoholic drink; (he) would have shrunk in horror from a divorced person; (he) would have felt a sense of moral discomfort in the presence of an avowed sceptic. (He) believed in the Blood of the Lamb."[111] One can scarcely blame him if, writing of these things in later years, he found it "hard not to let an ironic note slip into" his self-description.[112] At the time, however, there was no irony that would not have been quite lost on the aspiring young Methodist that Ludwig had become and to which, clearly, Jacques and Minna made no objection.

Nor did they object when Ludwig withdrew -- "insensibly almost"[113] -- from his cousins and the other Jewish children in St. Matthews and found his chief playmates among Gentile children. So it was that, at Christmas and Easter, Ludwig felt himself "quite at one with the life about (him)."[114] He felt himself, he was, an American; and memories of the German home grew ever fainter until they "seemed hardly any more a part of this present experiencing."[115]

But, if Ludwig had changed in this new life, Minna had not, and Jacques especially had not. Happier Jacques may have been in St. Matthews, but wiser he had not become. He remained as imprudent, as naive, as impulsive as ever he had been in Berlin. And so it happened that Jacques again invested his money in a fanciful business venture -- with results as disastrous as those of the German scheme. With little more than four hundred dollars to their name, the Lewisohns took a forlorn farewell of St. Matthews where they had lived for two years and where they had found, as they were not to find again, "something of that honest simplicity, that true democratic kindliness which we like to associate with the years of the primitive Republic."[116] They took the train to Charleston, there to "begin life anew."[117]

Jacques was thirty two. Minna was thirty. And Ludwig was ten years old.

CHAPTER EIGHT: THE TROUBLESOME WORLD

"What Athens was to Attica," Ludwig would write after ten years in the city, "that... Charleston was to South Carolina."[118] And Charleston, especially after the squalor and gracelessness of St. Matthews, would exert on Ludwig a charm that lingered long beyond the youth he spent there.

"Here and there, in the lower city," he would write of Charleston's Battery,

> "stood houses of the Georgian period -- faintly and beautifully old. The effect of the whole was one of gentleness and peace, but also of quiet high-breeding. The eighteenth-century conception of classic elegance and propriety lingered in the sunny porticos of many houses. This, indeed, seemed... the distinctive note of all that was most characteristic here: an English, eighteenth-century sense of dignity and of reserved grace. Whatever was new (and there was much) seemed in very shame to have melted into the temperate comeliness of the general effect. Not a few of the residences on La Roche Street and Court House Street were sufficiently handsome, but they exhibited none of that impudent glitter of wealth which disfigures the better portion of American cities. The cleanliness and comfort of the rare tram-cars, the comparative absence of the motor-car pest, added to the city's air of dignity; and above all, the city ... was aware of itself, of its historic past, of its present difference from so much in American life that is crude and detestable. And that self-consciousness, serene but not obtrusive, was perhaps its last and crowning grace."[119]

One would think that the author of such an encomium must have had happy and untroubled memories of that Charleston. Yet nothing could be further from the truth.

It was in February 1892 that the Lewisohns arrived in Charleston and took up residence in a boarding-house near the centre of the city.[120] Their new quarters were comfortable enough, and their circumstances, they

soon found, were to be quite tolerable. But "almost immediately," as Ludwig wrote, "there came to (them) in some impalpable way a sense of something (they) had never felt in" St. Matthews: "invisible barriers seemed to arise about (them)... an iron isolation to be established."[121] That isolation was to mark all the long days and years that Jacques and Minna spent in Charleston.

The Lewisohns had come, it soon became evident, to "a city of very rigid social groups."[122] These groups were generally denominational in character -- Catholic, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian -- and insular in quality, such that the Lewisohns could hope to make few social contacts among them. A "quite tragically mistaken" instinct forbade Jacques and Minna to seek friends within the German or Jewish communities of Charleston. They saw," Ludwig has written, "no reason for associating with North German peasants turned grocers... nor with rather ignorant, semi-orthodox Jews from Posen. They had not done so in Berlin. Why should they in America where (as Jacques would have it) a democratic spirit must prevail, and where neither poverty nor a humble employment could keep an educated man from the society of his intellectual equals."[123] Poor, deluded Jacques who thought that Charleston was Berlin or St. Matthews or anything but what in fact it was! Jacques and Minna had come to a community whose hauteur was equal to their own; and so the result was that they were committed to an utter friendlessness, a spiritual and social isolation, "a state of solitariness which would have broken stronger and better-balanced natures."[124] But, most of all, Ludwig was to suffer.

Small wonder that Ludwig came to love "the Charleston of those days with its hushed gardens and its faded memories!"[125] Melancholy was,

indeed, the badge of all his tribe, and here in proud and lonely Charleston, a proud and lonely boy could discover an identity with the sadness of a decaying aristocracy. It was this quiet, subtle mournfulness, the myth of the old, brilliant, irrevocable South, that Ludwig loved in Charleston of the "faintly and beautifully old." And, in later years, he would write of this Charleston that it possessed an "element of pathos which ... accentuated so often beauty and repose. Many of these stately houses," he wrote of the Battery, "harmonized so exquisitely with land and sea because upon them had fallen a gentle touch of decay, a faint shadow of dissolution."[126] Upon them, and upon Jacques and Minna, too, whose isolate natures caused them to center "all their yearnings for an ultimate recompense" on Ludwig.[127] It was not fair to Ludwig, for one can live only one's <u>own</u> fate. And it was not fair to Jacques and Minna, for these "yearnings for an ultimate recompense" were as fated to frustration as those fine, proud Charleston mansions were to dissolution and decay. Yet Jacques and Minna would not look at this. And so it was that, as they hoped the hopeless, Ludwig became "alert to every sigh and shadow, prematurely steeped in sadness."[128] And many were the sighs and shadows, and many were the sadnesses, in the Charleston that the Lewisohns had chosen -- for themselves and for their son.

Jacques, after a while, found employment as a furniture salesman, and Ludwig took long walks with Minna. But Ludwig was glad to return to the lonely house where he would immerse himself in the vivid romanticism of the Waverley novels in which "one could really live... and forget the troublesome world of duties and compulsions."[129] As ever, Ludwig grasped a world in which he could <u>really</u> live.

He read Dickens, too, and continued to pray every night, but his reading absorbed him, and he "went neither to Sunday School nor to church."[130] His faith, he says, grew no less tenacious; it grew only "less active"[131] -- and less Methodist.

It was not long after the Lewisohns' arrival in Charleston that Ludwig chanced to visit a Catholic church. He was enthralled by the poetry and mystique of the mass, and "the services became (his) great passion."[132] And this was no infantile religiosity, he assures us. The loneliness and isolation of life in Charleston had taken its toll of him, and already the boy of ten "had a sense, shadowy and inarticulate, but deep enough, of our homelessness in the universe, of our terrible helplessness before it."[133] He was not to lose that sense.

CHAPTER NINE: DIFFUGERE NIVES

Minna's instruction proved accurate and solid indeed, and in October 1893, Ludwig was admitted to the High School of Charleston.[134] It was a good school, and Ludwig was enabled in the four years he spent there to "lay the foundations of a sound and permanent knowledge of Latin and French."[135] He "was taught to study with thoroughness and accuracy under pain of tangible and very wholesome penalties."[136]

There were other penalties, less wholesome, but no less tangible. At the High School, Ludwig had a taste of that Xenophobia in which the South excels. During his first year, as he says, he "was taunted with being a foreigner and a Jew"[137] -- and, in particular, by one school-mate whom he had finally to punch into respect.[138] If that encounter made no appeal to his discarded Jewish identity, it did so engrain itself in his memory that thirty years later, not alone in his autobiography, but also in a novel written about the same time, he would relive it and would write, with uneasy reference to it, that "all his life something within him had been violated by words."[139] We catch here a glimpse of the impact that encounter must have had on Minna and on Ludwig. We gather that, when Minna had learned of the brawl with the Jew-baiting school-mate, she "had bewailed (Ludwig's) misfortune; she had exclaimed against the brute who had maltreated her boy. She had vowed revenge. With prayers and tears (Ludwig) had had to persuade her not to appeal to the principal of the school."[140] Gradually, however, Ludwig did find friends among boys belonging, as he says, to "the gentler families" of Charleston,[141] and the Lewisohn hauteur was appeased.

The principal of the High School, as it happened, became one of the

more positive of Ludwig's memories. In fact, the man so impressed Ludwig that he came to regard him as something of a latter-day Thomas Arnold of Rugby and was drawn under his "influence and example... back to the Methodist church."[142] Ludwig also greatly admired his Latin teacher, a man of Italian descent, "gentle lineage and exquisite breeding... (who) might have been a friend of Petronius... (or) a friend of Addison."[143] It was this teacher, Ludwig says, that aroused him to a recognition of his gift for literature.[144]

All during his years at the High School, Ludwig filled little notebooks with verse, but already he had "abandoned the German books of (his) childhood" and had "stopped speaking German even at home."[145] It was yet another step in that passage into Americanization that was, with its hunger for success and security, to dominate this youth charged with a "passionate effort to leap the hurdle of his race and be accepted as a Gentile Southerner."[146]

In literature Ludwig had even as a child sought refuge from a demanding, disquieting world. The weary solitude of the Lewisohn household now fired more hotly that deeply felt, if yet unthought desire to escape the drear of an exile. It was a life of sorrows into which the boy had been thrust in Charleston, and boyishly he sought escape from those sorrows and their pain in literature -- in literature for which indeed he had a gift, but of which he lacked as yet the grasp to see, as he would in later years, that it was nothing if not bound up in life and in the myriad sorrows that are the heart of living. For Ludwig had not yet come to the understanding that literature must grow out of an encounter with life and not out of an escape from life.

And so he listened to that something which "told him that to be completely accepted he must forget his Jewish and his German past"; which told him "he must become as Gentile as his neighbors."[147] Already, thinking to find a relief and sensing that English letters were closed to the German and the Jew, Ludwig "longed to submerge himself in this alien culture and its alien code."[148]

He had "determined to become not only a poet but a scholar and a man of letters"[149] and absorbed himself in the writings of Macauley, Addison, Johnson, and Leigh Hunt.[150] Enchanted during his last year of high school by the odes of Horace, Ludwig "set about learning" to write by translating them and "hammered away, quite guilelessly at (his) own versions."[151] When, at length, he brought himself to show to his Latin teacher his own version of "the radiant and yet melancholy 'Diffugere nives,'"[152] that might-have-been friend of Petronius and Addison was quick to applaud his efforts and to encourage him.

By Ludwig's last year of High School, the process of his adjustment to life in America was manifestly complete; his "Americanization was complete."[153] And something else had begun to grow on him -- an imperious, if opaque, consciousness of sex. Yet Ludwig "would have regarded," as he has written, "a discussion of sex, the immense central problem of sex, as a little vulgar and more than a little disconcerting."[154] His will to assimilate himself into his Charleston environment only compounded the pain and the disquiet, and the pathos, of the growing consciousness. Already what Ludwig would call his Americanization had begun to demand its tax of misery. But Ludwig was willing to pay. He attended a Methodist church and became a member of the Epworth League,[154] but his misery grew

on him. He "soon fell into a wretched conviction of sin" which "neither prayer nor study were of much avail" to allay.[156] He was only "the more convinced of the wickedness of (his) thoughts by the absurd exaltation of woman which is so characteristic a note of Southern life. (He) had been taught by (his) whole environment to believe that woman is a being without passion, without any feelings of the grosser sort."[157] But he did not dissent. He prayed, and suffered.

Ludwig desired nothing more than to become a gentleman; and "a gentleman believed that the South was in the right in the War between the States, that Christianity was the true religion... that the Democratic party was the only means, under Providence, of saving the White Race from obliteration by the Nigger, that good women are sexless -- 'sweet and pure' was the formula -- and that in a harlot's house you must keep on your hat."[158] As Ludwig himself later wrote with an unsentimental bitterness, he "shared (the) faith and... morals (of the "gentlemen") and (his) Boyish soul was tormented and warped."[159] And still he did not dissent. "In one respect" did he dissent, "in the matter of games."[160] The spirit expressed in these was simply too abhorrent to him. Ludwig "loved the out-of-doors and the fine exhiliration of physical effort. But football and base-ball and basket-ball were all competitive -- aimlessly competitive. And this struck (him) ... as incomprehensible and odious."[161] It was an attitude in which he was to presist.

But a "wretched conviction of sin" was not all that Ludwig suffered from. He had, up to his last year in the High School, suffered acutely from a dearth of books, for Charleston had no public library at the time. Finally, however, Jacques found it possible to become a member of the

Charleston Library Society, which had been founded in the eighteenth century and possessed an excellent collection.[162] The dearth of books was over now, and Ludwig was enabled to immerse himself in Swift, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Johnson, and Goldsmith. Swift and Johnson, in particular, appealed to him, as he says, for his "opinion of life was not high, and already (he) felt not wholly an alien amid the stark gloom of the great Dean and the gentler melancholy of Johnson."[163] Already -- at fifteen.

Ludwig graduated from the High School of Charleston in June 1897, and his graduation was not without its moment of glory -- and hope. He was permitted to read in public at the commencement exercises one of his translations of Horace, and the verses were published in the News-and-Courier.[164] It was a great day for Ludwig, and for Jacques and Minna. For a moment the gloom of their days lifted. It was Ludwig's fifteenth year.

Seven years had passed since that grey late-autumn day the Suevia had docked at the Hoboken pier in 1890, and Ludwig could now characterize the fifteen-year old from Berlin as "an American, a Southerner and a Christian."[165] His Americanization, he could say, was now complete -- despite the slight foreign spirit of his home and the "touch of self-consciousness and... of militancy"[166] which was bound up in that Americanization. And he cah say further that "at this time... in (his) thoughts and emotions, (he) came upon a distinct and involuntary hostility to everything either Jewish or German. (He) seemed to have a premonition that, in some subtle way, these elements in (his) life and fate might come between (him) and the one thing in the world (he) cared for supremely -- the poetry of the English tongue."[167]

PART TWO

THE ANGLO-SAXONS: 1897-1904

CHAPTER TEN: A MOMENT OF ENTHUSIASM

In the autumn of 1897, Ludwig entered the College of Charleston. Founded in 1785, the College seemed to him "a place of peace -- gentle with an eighteenth century repose,"[1] and indeed his life there, despite such "snakes in (his) Paradise" as chemistry and mathematics,[2] "was, upon the whole, happy."[3] Yes, for the most part, these were to be the years of happiness and fulfillment for him, years given over wholeheartedly to what he would call in later years "the imperious instincts of youth -- youth, to which poetry and passion, beauty and love are one. One...!"[4]

Ludwig soon came under the influence of a young professor, Harris, whom he calls "Ferris," "brought from a Western university to fill the chair of English."[5] Harris "took notice of (Ludwig) at once, of (his) ambition and of (his) talent"[6] and undertook to teach Ludwig "how to train (himself) to write."[7] For his part, Ludwig "recognized in (Harris) at once a singularly subtle and exquisitely tempered literary intelligence,"[8] and this new mentor came to mean "everything"[9] to him. Alas, but Harris would prove as frustrating as inspiring to his ardent young protegé. Harris was a Virginian aristocrat, conscious no less of gentility than of literature, and gentility was the curse of Harris. He was a devoted more to the genius of respectability than to the genius of literature. "... the gentleman conquered the man. Since art means passion and since all passion has a touch of wildness, he was ever too much of a gentleman to be an artist. Not with his mind and heart, but with his unconquerable tribal self (Harris) always loved something else -- a quiet manner, reserve of speech, an artistocratic nose -- a little better than he

loved truth or beauty."[10] Ludwig would write of him with a quiet ruefulness that, "a stronger body, rougher life, a goad of love or hunger, a little less consciousness of gentility -- and he might have been a master."[11] It was not to be; gentility would remain his blight, and never, never would he be equal to the fervor of Ludwig. And years later, with a deep, pained regret, Ludwig wrote that Harris "never, I think, quite forgave me for being what I am."[12] And not Harris alone.

So Harris drew himself back from Ludwig, and if that drawing back was but slight and subtle, it was enough for the sensitive Ludwig; it remained for him "as the symbol of an essential isolation."[13] The wound was never really to heal; the symbol, never really to vanish. As Ludwig would observe in years to come, "it is in youth that we are extraordinarily sensitive to impressions: it is in youth that these impressions cling and are woven into the very texture of our souls."[14] And so, among the impressions that were woven into the texture of Ludwig's soul were not only the melancholy of his Berlin family and the radiance of the Southland summer and the eighteenth century grace of the Charleston Battery; but also the drawing back of a Harris, the unfertile antagonism between respectability and art. Ludwig could not know it at the time, but it is easily imagined how later and bitter experience would turn his thoughts back to Harris, willy-nilly the harbinger of Ludwig's fate in the world of American letters.

Already there has been occasion to remark how, when confronted with a realm whose meaning passed his power or will to fathom, Ludwig turned for <u>real</u> life to other realms. The pattern is here again -- in the case of Harris whose character somehow put the young Ludwig off. So

it, was, as Ludwig has written, that his "true life was given over to the absorption of (Harris') teaching, of his intimate, unspoken, but ever richly implied point of view. That point of view" could be summed up in one word -- "England."[15] If Ludwig could not really live in a relationship with Harris the gentleman, he could find a real life in his relationship with Harris the teacher. And he did.

Under the influence of Harris, an influence further strengthened by contact with the work of Kipling, the youth from Berlin came to feel himself "a Pan-Angle of the purest type."[16] Curious, that he who prided himself on the completeness of his Americanization, who himself had yearned to be a Southern gentleman, who had dissented in scarcely nothing from the conventions of his Charleston fellows; curious, that he now looked to England and called himself "a Pan-Angle." And yet not so curious. It was perhaps more than the influence of a Harris and a Kipling; it was perhaps the first, strange evidence of a love of the things of mind and spirit, the first strange evidence of a humanism, that could be stayed ultimately by no national boundary, much less restricted, once begun, to one national allegiance. If at the age of fifteen, Ludwig's Americanization was complete, his Humanization was only aborning; and it was his Humanization that would give him a name and a mission. And in this two Anglophiles, a Virginian aristocrat and a Punjabi-born English expatriate, would have, all unknowingly, aided.

It was not from Harris alone that Ludwig suffered a measure of isolation. All during this time he continued to attend a Methodist church, to teach Sunday school, and to serve as a leader in the Epworth League. Ludwig "found a good deal of unreserved human friendliness among these people. And (he) needed this."[17] He enjoyed cordial relations with his

class-mates by whom he was well enough liked and respected to be chosen president of the College's literary society and editor-in-chief of the magazine. "Yet there always came a point at which (he)felt excluded."[18] Few were the honors his fellows would have denied him, but "as tribesmen their resistance to (him) was tacit and final."[19] By his senior year, indeed, Ludwig had become "the most prominent student on the campus"[20] of the College of Charleston, and his class-mates "called themselves (his) friends -- voluntarily and without (his) seeking."[21] Yet "these very friends gathered to form the first chapter of a Greek letter fraternity at (the) college and -- left (him) out."[22] American he may have felt himself, Southerner he may have called himself, Pan-Angle he may have made himself -- to his fellows, he was a German Jew; and one did not admit a German Jew, however brilliant and distinguished a student, however devoted to the conventions of Charleston society -- one did not admit a German Jew to membership in a Greek letter college fraternity. Ludwig was hurt. He "withdrew into (himself) with sullen pride and intensified ambition, convinced that the incident was local, exceptional, unrepresentative, and un-American."[23] He was only eighteen.

Nothing was ever quite the same after this. Ludwig found that "gradually... (he) was losing the satisfaction that (he) had once taken in the society of (his) Methodist friends."[24] He came to feel that "these people who held Genesis to be a scientific document and whined over the damnation of the heathen were ignorant by temperament, profession, and pigheadedness."[25] At Jacques' behest, Ludwig had taken up John Fiske's Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy[26] and had read it "with an icy fervor."[27] He went on to read Huxley, Darwin, Draper, and Lecky and found the picture

of the universe represented by science "overwhelmingly and evidently nearer the truth than that represented by Christian doctrine."[28] Yet, perhaps to Jacques' disappointment, Ludwig did not become an avowed sceptic, but continued to hold "very fast to (his) faith in God and immortality," even though he could no longer "have justified the habit on any intellectual basis."[29] Nor had he come to "doubt the correctness and elevation of that system of Christian morals under which we live."[30] He would have, he has written, "felt quite at home in that half way house of the mind -- Unitarianism."[31]

During his last two years at the College, Ludwig specialized in English. He took every English course the College regularly offered and several more, philological and literary, that Harris conducted for him alone. He was able "to do a year's graduate work while (he) was still an undergraduate,"[32] and with the encouragement of Harris and other faculty members came seriously to entertain "the academic profession as a teacher of the English language and literature."[33]

Ludwig's enthusiasm increased as his graduation came closer. He prepared himself, as he says, "for (his) chosen calling in no common way. (He) read English literature with a white heat of passion."[34] Even aside from his exposure to Fiske and Darwin and Huxley, there is nothing very remarkable in the fact that he was losing interest in Methodism. If he no longer needed the Methodist faith and communion, it was because he had found for himself another, more compelling religion: his "chosen calling" of English literature. By the time he was nineteen, he had read and reread "all the great things in English literature"[35] from Chaucer to Kipling. These Scriptures of his new faith, "the works of the great poets... had entered into (his) very being."[36] Never did a mass fire more rapturously the heart of an acolyte.

It was abouth this time that Ludwig entered into his enthusiasm for Matthew Arnold, the great son of that Arnold of Rugby to whom he had likened his admired High School principal,[37] and he "read all of Arnold over and over again."[38] It was an enthusiasm, one of the few, that did not pass away with Ludwig's youth. In 1922, Ludwig could write that he still thought Arnold "the clearest-souled Englishman of his century."[39] Arnold was the subject of his Master's thesis which was published, in part, in the Sewanee Review of October 1901.

But Ludwig had to labor for his faith. "The uncriticalness of Southern culture confirmed (him) in demanding the utmost exaction of (himself),"[40] and he "lived and moved and had (his) being in the cultural tradition of the Anglo-Saxon aristocrat. (He) was of those who 'speak the tongue that Shakespeare spoke, the faith and morals hold that Milton held.'"[41] If Methodism could not hold him and he saw the surpassing shallowness and vapidity of his Methodist friends; if Fiske could not grasp his heart as his mind; Ludwig was not forlorn. It mattered not that ~~that~~ Shakespeare and Milton were dead. Ludwig had already begun to believe in himself.

And yet there was time in these fevered, peaceless days to fall in love -- and out again.[42] But, through it all, through the almost frenzy of the falling in love with a sadfaced, plainish girl, through the hungry adoration of "the great things in English literature," through the passion for Arnold, through it all there ran a deeper pang -- for Jacques and Minna -- and, who can doubt it, for himself. Ludwig had begun, as he tells us, "to see how the (Charleston) life was gradually telling on (his) father . . and mother. To (his) love of them was added a compassion that shook (him)

to the roots of (his) being and a deadly fear that in (his) race against time and circumstance, (his) race for their welfare and their future, (he) might arrive too late. (He) began to perceive objectively how the meanness and the humiliations of (his) father's business were beginning to shake his judgment and to exasperate his moods, how solitariness and repression were whitening (his) mother's hair."[43] He had begun to understand how they hoped in him, and perhaps, too, he had begun to quake lest they hoped the hopeless. It gnawed at him, and he grew ever more anxious to finish his college work for their sake.

It did not appear that Jacques and Minna hoped the hopeless. It appeared, in fact, quite the reverse. For those that thirst a cup of water can suffice, and it must have seemed to the Lewisohns a singular augury when a friend of Ludwig on the News and Courier had some of his verses published in the newspaper and when, "almost insensibly, (Ludwig) became quite a figure in that small, compact community"[44] of Charleston. When Ludwig graduated from the College in 1901 with two degrees, an A.B. and an A.M., Charleston had "a moment of enthusiasm" over him, and "it was a very great day for (him) and an even greater day for (his) parents: the happiest ~~day~~ they had known in years, the happiest they were ever to know again."[45]

CHAPTER ELEVEN: EMPEDOCLES ON AETNA

Ludwig's thesis was so highly regarded by Harris that he suggested Ludwig submit it to the Sewanee Review, in whose issue of October 1901 it found publication under the title of "A Study of Matthew Arnold." It was Ludwig's first work of any scope to be published, and, though he was only eighteen when he wrote it, "A Study of Matthew Arnold" may still be read with profit. It bore within it some of the first fruits of Ludwig's long labors in English literature and was revealing of his character and tastes in other respects as well.

Nothing in this work is more striking than the incisiveness and the cool maturity of Ludwig's views on literary criticism. "The function of the critic of literature is twofold," he wrote,

> "to judge and to interpret -- to judge what is best in literature, and then to interpret that best... the critic, in order to be a judge and interpreter of literature, must have sound and thorough knowledge. And yet there is perhaps no kind of intellectual activity in which the stock of knowledge is so shallow, so lacking in soundness, as in ordinary criticism.
>
> "I say shallow, for there is often no lack of comprehensiveness in the critic's knowledge. He has read widely and appreciatively; but he does not, as a rule, bring to the consideration of a particular author a sufficiently conscientious care to discover by close and disinterested observation all that there is to be known about the author and his works.
>
> "Perhaps the average critic does not attempt to do this, but relies solely on impressions, often vague enough, oftener totally misleading. And this method, too, has in it something presumptuous. We are grateful for the impressions of a Carlyle or an Arnold, but surely we lose time in considering the mere impressions of every professor of literature who possesses a clear style and a goodly outfit of well-expressed prejudices. Nor has such a one the right to obtrude his impressions upon the public. If he is to judge and to interpret literature, he must do it upon a tangible and visible basis of observed and demonstrated fact."[46]

Criticism was, in Ludwig's view, as much a science as an art. In the day of Francis Marion Crawford who chortled that realists are expected "to be omniscient, to understand the construction of the telephone, the latest theories concerning the cholera microbe, the mysteries of hypnotism, the Russian language, and the nautical dictionary;"[47] an eighteen-year old in Charleston, South Carolina, dared to regard the literary critic as bound to seek truth in literature just as the biologist is bound to seek truth in the laboratory. And just as a scientist ought not to publicize his prejudices or impressions as necessarily true fact, so a critic must be denied the "right," Ludwig insisted, "to obtrude his impressions upon the public" except when they are founded "upon a tangible and visible basis of observed and demonstrated fact." Literature to Ludwig was life, and he revealed himself here to be intensely aware of, deeply sensitive to, the responsibility that he felt rested upon those who would judge and interpret literature.

So sensitive, indeed, and so aware was Ludwig that he appears, in some of his comments, to have practically denied the critic any resort to intuition. " ... the purely impressionistic critic," Ludwig asserted,

> "will obtrude his crotchets, or fling his prejudices at us, when we are seeking for information or a better comprehension of literature. The critical method which is opposed to such impressionism is very simple. It is the long-practiced method of the historian and the scientist. Acquaint yourself with all the facts, and make no statement which the facts will not bear out."[48]

Ludwig objected to the assertion of R. G.Moulton "that the critic should not judge at all, but merely describe and classify. The public," Ludwig insisted, "needs the critic to judge for it what literature is best, and

therefore best worth reading."[49] We need the critic to judge and interpret literature for us, he felt, just as we must look to the physician to prescribe for us those remedies he judges best. Yet the critic ought not to "assume the garb and speech of natural science"[50]; he ought to apply to its method. In his own study of Matthew Arnold, Ludwig said, he had "earnestly endeavored to leave no statement unproved, to indulge in no suppositions, but to stick to facts."[51]

The boy of eighteen was prepared to defend his pointoof view even when it conflicted with the viewpoint of "a brilliant and eminent critic" like the Englishman, George Saintsbury,[52] "whose range of reading is simply enormous,"[53] and Ludwig took as "a good example of the worthlessness of... mere impressions"[54] Saintsbury's critical remarks on Arnold in his monograph, "Matthew Arnold." The English critic had found in Arnold's poetry a blend of Wordsworthian enthusiasm and Byronic despair, but, in Ludwig's view, "Arnold's enthusiasm is of an almost infinitely different nature from Wordsworth's... Arnold's despair... is in its origin and its objects the exact opposite of Byron's."[55] Ludwig took it for granted that by Wordsworthian enthusiasm Saintsbury had meant Wordsworth's enthusiasm for nature, but, where Wordsworth's love of nature was highly romantic, viewing nature as "the living garment of the Deity,"[56] as Ludwig pointed out, "Arnold's view of nature is the view of modern science. Nature is calm, restful, cruel, but just."[57] For Wordsworth, Ludwig was at pains to show, nature had been

> "a spirit that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things."

But nothing so romantic could be seen in Arnold's view that

> "Streams will not curb their pride
> The just man not to entombe,
> Nor lightnings go aside
> To give his virtues room;
> Nor is the wind less rough that blows a good man's barge."[58]

As for the Byronic despair which Saintsbury had asserted of Arnold, Ludwig wrote that "surely the despair of Byron was the emotional despair of a nature which realized the tameness and finiteness of earthly enjoyment. But the despair of Arnold was the despair of the intellect, which saw the ancient faith of a world passing away, and found nothing to replace it."[59]

It was, indeed, Arnold's intellect which had the strongest appeal to Ludwig. He considered Arnold a classical poet, one of those whose "poetry is identical with their ideas... (and who) practice restraint of emotion."[60] Ludwig, even at eighteen, prized this restraint. "The quality, the rare and beautiful quality, in a poet's character which such a restraint points to is saneness, a control of the emotions by the intellect, a treatment of life with one's soul, not with one's prejudices; with mind, not with passion."[61] Intellect, not gentility, not uncurbed passion, captured Ludwig's admiration. It was perhaps a measure of his weariness, unspoken but nonetheless felt, his weariness of the febrile, oft-times violent emotionalism, the lack of intellectual orientation and aspiration, so characteristic of the Southern environment, that he turned to the saneness and intellectuality of a Matthew Arnold and always, always would prize these qualities in a maker of literature.[62]

Ludwig took Matthew Arnold now to be a kindred spirit as, at a later age, he would take Hauptmann and Nietzsche and Goethe and Galsworthy to be

his soul-fellow. When he wrote of Arnold's inner life, he was as it were -- there is no excaping the feeling -- writing of his own, almost insensibly as Ludwig might himself have said. "... there was undoubtedly in Arnold's nature," he wrote,

> "a certain conflict between the emotions drawing him toward the beliefs and ideals of his youth, and his intellect, which caused him to discard those ideals; but it is just this conflict which many of us experience, and the final victory of intellect, of truth, over sentiment, which tends to make Arnold's poetry an intellectual and moral tonic. And here, too, lies Arnold's advantage over his contemporaries. Browning never seems to have experienced the spiritual struggles of which I speak. He never met the Sphinx. Tennyson could never emerge from the mists of sentiment to the white light of truth; but Arnold is distinctly our poet, his struggle is our struggle, his victory is our victory."[63]

And Ludwig had the same conflict between the ideals of childhood and the intellect of adulthood which he attributed to Arnold. As much in Ludwig's life as in Arnold's, the sphinx loomed large.

And what Arnold said of his childhood -- this, too, gripped Ludwig.

> "Rigorous teachers, says Arnold, seized his youth; they showed the new truth of the world; but he is like one raised in the shadow of some ancient abbey, and never can he forget the sights and sounds of his childhood."[64]

Ludwig, too, could never forget, as the later Up Stream would bear eloquent testimony, "the sights and sounds of his childhood," and even the Methodist ideals of his early youth, weakened, diluted, utterly transformed as they were to become, yet retained some hold of austerity and discipline on him. And what Arnold had to say of religion and "the inestimable value of spiritual surety"[65] -- these, too, gripped Ludwig who wrote that Arnold "thought... wisely and beautifully, that even a false

and mistaken religion is better for the majority of men than incertitude in matters spiritual."[66] And how this boy of eighteen could yearn for that "spiritual surety" he was perhaps never truly to know for himself, not even in later, later years.

Yet, even with regard to Arnold, there persisted in Ludwig a certain insuperable reticence, a garde-toi: he would not be so swept away by his admiration for Arnold and his need to identify with his chosen mentor as to lose -- himself. One can see this in Ludwig's comments on Arnold's "Empedocles on Aetna."

> "The time, says Empedocles, is oppressed by evil and by doubt. In these perplexities do not be led by this or that false prophet, but look within. And if we are not happy, consider that we have no right to demand happiness. We are strangers here; the world is from of old. We are new, and we must conform to the eternal course of things, for the world will not take our course... Nature is impartial, unfeeling. She knows nothing of righteous or unrighteous. So, loath to suffer mute, we people the world with gods, forgetting that they, if existing, are one with the only true Reality, the universal God, the divine power working in all things. We fail to comprehend life and the world, and think that gods must exist who do. We are unhappy, and expect happiness in another life. But not so will we earn content. It is by bowing to the inevitable and by nursing no extravagent hopes. Life, after all, offers a satisfying joy.
>
> "'Once read thy own breast right,
> And thou hast done thy fears;
> Man gets no other light,
> Search he a thousand years.
> Sink in thyself! there ask what ails thee, at that shrine.'
>
> "Emphatically, however, the thoughts expressed here are to a great extent not Arnold's, but are dramatic, for they are contradicted in some of the direct utterances of Arnold's convictions. The despairing calm here is not strictly his; it is that of Empedocles. These views are more hopeless than those uttered in his own person; and therefore this monologue, though interesting, is hardly to be considered in analyzing Arnold's opinions."[67]

Why then, one may ask; why then mention them -- and in such detail?

And, if "this monologue... is hardly to be considered in analyzing Arnold's opinions," -- though one may doubt this of the author of "Dover Beach" -- there seems reason enough to wonder whether it ought not to be considered in analyzing Ludwig's state of mind at the time -- Ludwig who, even at the age of ten, had sought solace in a Catholic church and refuge from "our homelessness in the universe!... our terrible helplessness before it."[68] Non est dolor sicut dolor meus, and Ludwig would need to read his own breast right; he would need to sink in himself.

CHAPTER TWELVE: A NAME, A FACE, A YEAR

A moment of enthusiasm, Ludwig has written, was accorded him by the Charleston intelligentsia, such as it was, on the occasion of his graduation from the College. It was but a moment, and it soon passed; and the passing was a bitter thing.

Moved apparently by the brief acclaim that greeted this newest alumnus of the College of Charleston, a board of Episcopal clergymen took it upon themselves to elect Ludwig "to the chair of English in a local academy. But the aged clergyman to whom the school really belonged arose from a bed of illness and removed the trustees he had himself appointed for electing a person distasteful to him. He used this expression quite openly in a letter to the Courier."[69] Again, Ludwig found, where important matters were concerned and, above all, the matter of <u>social</u> acceptance, he was, and he was made to remain, the little German from Berlin with a name and a face "characteristically Jewish."[70] And if "the gentlemen of the board... wrote (him) apologetic letters and (his) friends and parents agreed that it wasn't, after all, (his) ambition to teach in a denominational school... (and if he) was only just nineteen and the world seemed all before (him) where to choose,"[71] that was/a hurtful, a hateful thing for him to suffer -- ~~and~~ for Ludwig who "was passionately Anglo-American in all (his) sympathies (and) wanted above all things to be a poet in the English tongue."[72] Yet those sympathies did not wane; Ludwig did not waver. And the worst was yet to come.

Harris advised him to register in several teachers' agencies, but that long summer of 1901 "dragged on and nothing happened."[73] It was his "youth and inexperience,"[74] Harris assured him, and he was only too eager

to accept this explanation. Harris had, in the first place, urged him "to apply for a fellowship or scholarship in one of the large graduate schools of the east,"[75] and Ludwig now determined to act on Harris' advice that he "stay at home for a year, pursue (his) studies and write a few more scholarly papers to submit with (his) fellowship applications the following spring."[76] Jacques, "ever the soul of unworldliness in money matters,"[77] readily agreed, and Minna "was glad that she could have (Ludwig) with her for another year."[78]

It proved to be a good year, that year of 1901-1902, and Ludwig devoted himself freely to his studies. In the course of those months, he wrote his "first extensive piece of work,"[79] the fifty-thousand word history of South Carolina literature which the News and Courier subsequently published in installments during the summer of 1903 under the title, "Books We Have Made." Harris was pleased with Ludwig's work, and when Ludwig applied for fellowships at Harvard and Columbia ~~in~~ April in April of 1902, both Harris and he "were hopeful of the results."[80]

Was this not America where, as Jacques had been fond of insisting, "a democratic spirit must prevail, and where neither poverty nor a humble employment could keep an educated man from the society of his intellectual equals"[81]?

CHAPTER THIRTEEN: PRO PATRIA

"Books We Have Made" was, as Ludwig has written, his "first extensive piece of work."[82] He has called it "an essay in biography and criticism,"[83] but this does not begin to describe it. It does not begin to describe the intense need that underlay it -- the will to self-identification with his Southern homeland, with its culture and its traditions which he was trying so hard to make his own.

Ludwig's history of the literature of South Carolina was not only a scholarly, painstaking, laborious investigation of that literature -- all the more remarkable for the fact that Ludwig had not reached his twentieth year. It was also a defense of that literature. Yet, perhaps most remarkable of all, there was little of the apologetic in his approach; his work was as honest as it was painstaking, and he wrote with a sincerity and a clarity that an older, maturer writer need not have disdained, and sometimes he wrote with a conviction and a passion that, however misdirected and intemperate they may seem today, were never silly, never infantile.

No one at that time was at pains to undertake such a work except this immigrant youth who had made his own the literature of South Carolina. Gillis has noted somewhat ironically the fact that Ludwig entitled his study "Books We Have Made,"[84] but surely Ludwig's devotion to the literature he discussed and to the society from which it sprang, his zeal in studying that literature and in presenting the fruits of his study, invested that "We" in the title of his work with a validity to which a native-born, but un-literary-minded Carolinian, could have laid claim with rather less justice. Ludwig had made that literature part of himself.

He had identified himself with it and could justly write of "Books We Have Made."

Ludwig was not among "such young people as have existed everywhere and always to whom literature is a fleeting passion of adolescent years and not to be thought of as the serious business of life."[85] To him, literature -- even the obscure literature of South Carolina -- was very much "to be thought of as the serious business of life," and his devotion to that "business" partook of an Arnoldian high seriousness. All the more bitter and tragic is the fact that he than whom no one cherished a greater love, a deeper respect, for the productions and traditions of native American letters -- he than whom no one labored with greater earnestness, competence, and intelligence for knowledge of, and insight into, this literature and this tradition -- was to be arbitrarily denied a professional association with it on the grounds of foreign birth and background. He had given to his work "that continued and tireless devotion ... which every art, not excepting the art of literature, requires,"[86] and one finds in "Books We Have Made" a critical judgement and literary faculty of considerable merit.

The earlier American literature, Ludwig wrote, consisted "in the main of the unskilful imitations of obsolete models" and presented "to the lover of letters a peculiarly disheartening spectacle... The mere lover of literature, and too many of our critics are as yet nothing more, will pass by... early American products" like The Federalist Papers and The Declaration of Independence "with averted eyes."[87] Yet, he declared, we ought to change our attitude to early American letters and to "see in them the attempt of a great people placed in unparalleled circumstances

to become articulate... we must regard our early literature in the temper of the scientific literary historian, to whom a work is significant, not on account of its aesthetic excellence alone, but on account of its place in the history of a nation's artistic life."[88] Ludwig called for more than a mere love of literature; he called for literary criticism which to him, as he had said in "A Study of Matthew Arnold," was a science as well as an art.

"... argumentative prose," wrote Ludwig, was America's earliest literature,

> "and America produced an eminent school of orators before an eminent school of poets... in South Carolina, these early literary records have never yet been made the objects of a close scrutiny. But when they are studied the fact becomes clearer and clearer that there was a certain divergence, that here the literary origins were of a somewhat different nature, the literary evolution a peculiar one, and the literary product, therefore, distinct in some notable characteristics. It is this fact alone that would justify a monograph on the history of literature in South Carolina."[89]

Ludwig found that "what differentiates the literary origins of South Carolina from the literary origins in other States is" South Carolina's isolation from the other provinces, its comparatively easy accessibility to England and the British West Indies, and what Ludwig called "the liberal character of its inhabitants."[90] In South Carolina, wrote Ludwig with high Southern pride,

> "a love of polite letters seems always to have been regarded as the natural trait of a gentleman. The works of Mr. Pope and of Mr. Secretary Addison were in every house, a fact which... determined the nature of our earliest literary activity. In Massachusetts, on the other hand, pure literature, when not looked upon with suspicion, was regarded as secondary. The contrast becomes still more striking when we remember that in the fourth decade of the eighteenth century the

> theatre was a flourishing institution in Charleston and that as recently as 1850 theatrical performances in Boston had to be advertised as lectures."[91]

Already there was evident in Ludwig's writing the antagonism for the Puritan New England tradition which was to play so large a part in his later critical works, and with something of a malicious glee Ludwig quoted the epilogue to a Charleston play of 1735:

> "The little term that Heaven to mortals spares
> Is daily clouded with prolonging cares;
> Nor real virtue blames the pleasing strife,
> To blend amusement with the shades of life;
> Wise, innocent, serene, she smiles at ease,
> Nor hanging witches, nor abjuring plays."[92]

Ludwig took this as evidence of "the pleasant and cultivated attitude towards art"[93] prevalent in South Carolina, and his rebuke to the New England Puritan tradition is clearly implied. This tradition was to become, in later years, a veritable bete noire for him.

Ludwig made a great deal of South Carolina's association with England and English culture, and it was on this basis that he asserted for South Carolina "a somewhat more perfect development of pure literature of the eighteenth century type... than in any other of the literature producing States."[94] In the same vein, he averred that

> "South Carolina, more perhaps than any other province, shared the literary atmosphere of the mother country... those Carolinians who cared for pure literature were saturated with the style of Addison and the style of Pope... more people cared for pure literature here, and cared for it more sincerely, than in any other province. And the result was... that side by side with the common and necessary pamphlets, orations, and sermons we find in South Carolina some fairly accomplished literature of the traditional eighteenth century kind."[95]

Harris' mentorship and Ludwig's own reading had worked well, and nothing at this time, it might be said, appealed to him so strongly as the English literature of the eighteenth century whose "sound and admirable qualities"[96] he was at pains to discover in the early letters of Carolina. His standpoint was singularly that of the classicist, and he contrasted "the sensible and pleasant work produced (in South Carolina) under (the) influence (of the eighteenth century English literature)... to those outbursts of excessive silliness in prose and verse which were caused by the coming in of the more violent English romanticists"[97] like Ann Radcliffe and Lord Byron. Nothing pleased Ludwig more than to discover, as he did in a "Spectator-like periodical"[98] of 1795-1796 called the Traiteur, passages exhibiting "the more perfect prose of the eighteenth century -- its clarity and restraint, its delicate and pervasive rythm [sic], its quiet felicity of phrase,"[99] -- passages "Addison would not have despised... (and) Washington Irving would have admired."[100]

One might think Ludwig rather a chauvinist in some of his comments, especially those vis à vis New England; but Ludwig was generally too faithful a scholar to indulge himself to any great excess. He was undoubtedly most anxious to reflect credit upon his adopted Carolina, but his zeal did not prevent him from stating that "the earlier literature of Carolina has not unfrequently all sorts of respectable qualities, but is, alas, thoroughly unreadable"[101] -- with a few exceptions such as the Traiteur. He took issue with any inference that "Carolinian men and women of those years (1828-1870) considered the production of literature as somewhat beneath the dignity of gentle folks,"[102] but did not hesitate to concede that, in much of the earlier periodical literature of South Carolina, "expression

verging at all on adequacy is excessively rare."[103] Nor did Ludwig shrink from characterizing a great part of the literature of the Old South as "excessively provincial. Provincial --

> a word that one hesitates at first to use, in view of the honest and laborious attempt to aid in the creation of a national literature, for which these periodicals stood, but a word which must inevitably be used. Only it should be used not as conveying a reproach, but as stating a fact. The absence of a truly composite national life, of such literary traditions of secular age as nearly every European country possessed, and of large and influential seats of learning, necessarily rendered much of the literary activity of America prior to the civil war, and not least of the South, excessively provincial. From this condition of intellectual provinciality, produced by nearly the same causes, another great nation has emerged only within the last half century. When in that disunited Germany... the Prussian and the Bavarian and the Saxon was a Prussian or Bavarian or Saxon first and a German only secondarily, the same spirit of provinciality obtained. It cramped and hindered even Goethe and made him seek in a vague cosmopolitanism a refuge from the deplorable lack of a great and composite national life at home. And the Carolinian of older days who... was a Carolinian first and an American not until afterwards, had necessarily some of those traits which are conveniently called provincial. And in literature this provincial spirit shows itself in a confusion of values from which results inevitable a lack, not of honest and praiseworthy endeavor or a sincere love of letters, but of that true intellectual seriousness which the production of true art inexorably demands."[104]

The principle Ludwig attempted to abide by in this as well as in later criticism was that "it is... the truth that is salutary, and a sane severity of judgment is perhaps more likely to get at the truth in literary matters than a tendency to overestimates and extravagent praise."[105] This "severity of judgment" tempered his work so that, if he found Henry Timrod[106] "the most perfect lyrist of the ante-bellum Republic"[107] and considered the works of William Gilmore Simms[108] and Paul Hamilton Hayne[109] as well as of Timrod to be "lasting additions to the literature of America,"[110] he did so not on the basis of their Carolinian origins, but on

the basis of their literary stature. And few could object, for example, to Ludwig's estimate of Timrod "as an American poet who, prior to the (civil) war, transcended the tendencies of his age and country to such an extent that he produced no work that is technically crude (and) deserves for that reason, if for no other, a high recognition"[111]; or to Ludwig's contention that "the approximate formal perfection of his work is one of (Timrod's) highest merits."[112]

Nothing in "Books We Have Made" is more striking than Ludwig's treatment of the famous Charleston poet-novelist-historian, William Gilmore Simms. Ludwig admired Simms intensely and wrote of him that "no one believed with a more passionate earnestness in the righteousness of the Southern cause; not one was more ready to suffer for it than Simms... Though broken in health he... was always ready, as in his editing the 'War Poetry of the South,' to devote time and energy to the interests of his people."[113] So taken, indeed, with Simms' anthology, War Poetry of the South,[114] was Ludwig that he was willing even to suspend his strict critical standards in considering it; he regarded it as

> "a book that any nation may be proud to have produced. The book contains, it is true, no work that approximates to great poetry except Timrod's, but in it ring the voices of men and women as high-souled in ideal or endeavor, as nobly devoted to the cause that was all in all to them, as magnanimous under defeat and desolation as any of whom a record is preserved among men. The political principles for which they fought and suffered may seem mistaken enough to-day [!] What does it matter? Their memory is to the whole nation a possession forever... (Simms' anthology is) a book in the face of which it is hard to stick to one's hardly acquired critical standards. It is but an ungenerous nature whom these verses would fail to move."[115]

Yet there is something rather curious about Ludwig's attitude to

Simms' life and character. There is an ambivalence, a tension, an uneasy, uneven quality, in his treatment of Simms. Simms, as Carl Van Doren has written, "suffered...mfrom the conflict in him between his nature and the tradition which he inherited."[116] He appears to have felt, as Ludwig said, that Charleston never accorded him "the recognition due to his abilities...

> (and) as the years passed... seems to have regarded the matter with some bitterness. It seemed to him that his own people had never given him full recognition, either socially or in his capacity of a literary man... the Carolinians of his generation were men in whose lives many of the traditions of the eighteenth century in England were still present. Literature was to them one of the graces of civilized life and not the vital affair, the spiritual sustenance which it has since become to so many /Ludwig, it appears, was not above indulging in a bit of wishful thinking on occasion/. It was the elegance and the restrained beauty of Latin poetry and of the English prose of the eighteenth century that attracted Simms' contemporaries. They cared in literature for just those qualities which are most conspicuously absent in the work of Simms. It is true, of course, that nearly all of the literature of the old South lacked just these qualities. That does not change the fact and perhaps it helps to explain why native literature was looked upon with no very marked favor... this state of affairs was distinctly unfavorable to the formation of native literature, necessarily crude in its beginnings... "[117]

It is not difficult thus far to appreciate Ludwig's view of Simms, for Ludwig, too, suffered a conflict "between his nature and the tradition which he inherited," and Ludwig, too, had known exclusion in Charleston. It is not too much to say, perhaps, that we expect Ludwig to be sympathetic to the longsuffering Simms -- and Ludwig takes us by surprise when he writes that

> "all the men in Charleston who were truly worth knowing, who had gained distinction in any field of intellectual activity, were (Simms') familiar friends... loved him, admired him for his noble traits and bore with his grievous faults with much patience. It seems to me... that there was something unworthy of his better self in the chagrin with which he seems to have regarded his

> exclusion from certain circles. If there was foolish pride on the part of certain people, there was snobbishness on his."[118]

Now this is passing strange!

How, we may ask, should Simms have felt himself denied in Charleston the recognition due him when the Charleston intelligentsia befriended, loved, and admired him? Or did they love him, those proud, genteel Charlestonians, as Harris loved Ludwig -- with subtle, but nonetheless hurtful, reservations? And what were the "grievous faults" of which Ludwig spoke? Bad manners? Conversation "rather too Rabelaisian in character"[119]? Vanity? But these were faults no worse, certainly, than those displayed by a Swift or a Johnson or a Boswell, a Fielding, a Defoe, and Ludwig was not disposed to criticize these admired writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for any lack of gentility! They were, of course, rather more removed from him than Simms of Charleston.

Admire, applaud as he might the sterling qualities of classical English literature, Ludwig's closer, truer identity -- an identity he could not at the time admit even to himself -- was with Simms who had loved and had wanted to belong to the South, but had been spurned by the people to whom he had given his chief devotion. And Ludwig, too, had been excluded by "certain people." He, too, like Simms, the realist confronted with the romantics and the myth-makers of the Old South, was something of a misfit in the society he wanted to claim as his own. Yet to accept the full impact of this fact, to agree that there could be anything inevitable in this exclusion -- this would be, for Ludwig, to undercut his own spiritual and moral position, to make a mockery of himself and his tireless efforts to <u>belong</u> -- to Charleston, to the South, to the Anglo-American tradition he prized above all else.

In a sense, in writing of Simms as he did, Ludwig seemed to be saying: I <u>am</u> a Southerner! And if I have been excluded by "certain people," it could not be only that the excluders have been unjust -- it must be that I, too, am somehow at fault, be it through snobbishness or pretended superiority or what have you! For if it were true that the excluders alone were at fault, if it were true that he ought not to have been excluded, that his exclusion was inevitable -- for what had he labored these years? And what had he done but foolishly, agonizingly, impossibly attempted to make his own what could never be but alien to him? But <u>absit omen</u>!

What, then, does a nineteen-year old do, a nineteen-year old who would belong to a society that is insensibly hostile to him? It is difficult enough to be a nineteen-year old with a Jewish name and a Jewish face in a world that spurns Jews and regards them as something of the devil; it is all the more difficult when one admires that world and wants to belong to it. The result is that sometimes one comes to hate that world. And sometimes one comes to hate oneself.

There is something of this in the Ludwig of "Books We Have Made." It is very subtle, very covert, to be sure, but it is there. It is there in the Ludwig who would not, could not, bring himself to see that Simms had been excluded, not for his lack of gentility, but because, for all his literary merit, he was considered -- a <u>Fremder</u>! And so Ludwig could criticize Simms for his bad manners and "Rabelaisian" conversation, and threw himself into a militant defense of the society which had so deeply wounded its finest literary figure and was already in the process of wounding another -- Ludwig himself. But this Ludwig could not recognize, and he concluded his essay with a reverent and passionate encomium to

those "tribesmen" who would persist, as they had in the past, in resisting every blandishment of the "Pan-Angle of the purest type" with a Jewish name and a Jewish face:

> "The history of (the) literature (of South Carolina) ends practically with the year 1865. For it was the product of a civilization peculiar and distinct which, for better or worse, perished in that year.
>
> "That civilization of the old South has now become a matter of history, and it behooves judicious men to view it in the spirit of the historian rather than in that of the partisan. And when such a view of it is taken it will be found to have possessed all the characteristics of similar sociological formations. It was an oligarchical democracy. The best men ruled. Consequently it was free from the strident vulgarity which seems a necessary accompaniment of pure democracy. It appeals to the imagination, to the heart, to the nobler senses. It gave life ease, and dignity, and charm. But it came an age too late. It was in direct opposition to that stream of tendency which rules the modern world, and which no single society of men, however powerful, can hope to check. Therefore it was conquered by a civilization which progressed with and not against that unconquerable stream of tendency. This new civilization was imposed on the South, and the history of the old South ended, and along with it the history of its literature."[120]

To be sure, as Ludwig conceded, the literature of South Carolina, as of the entire old South, had been characterized by a heavy conservatism, a lack of artistic restraint, a brittle amateurish quality. To be sure, it had been subject to "an occasional insincerity, inseparable from the work of men to whom literature is a plaything and not the serious business of life... And yet," Ludwig wrote,

> "who shall call South Carolina unfruitful in this matter of literature? What other State, with the solitary exception of Massachusetts, has given to the literature of America a stylist such as Trescot,[121] a novelist such as Simms, poets so true and memorable as Timrod and Hayne? ... And all this literature was produced by a society consisting of a few thousand men. To the future writer of American history, whether political, social, or literary, in the first era of of our national existence, two States will appear predominant

over their sister States, typical of the two great opposing civilizations that grew up side by side, first, not only in power and influence, but equally in the vital sphere of letters -- Massachusetts and South Carolina.

"Since the close of the great war South Carolina has produced but little in literature. For over a decade the State lay prostrate under the intolerable tyranny of a barbarous and inferior race.[122] Since then the difficult work for material goods, which necessarily precedes literary achievement, has been her inevitable fate. In this work her people have succeeded in large measure. The higher things are yet to come. They will come. Civilizations flourish and decay, wars are fought and forgotten, but the voice of the muse is enduring as the stars, its appeal can only cease when the great essential elements of our nature fail us, and these cannot die."[123]

CHAPTER FOURTEEN: THE GREAT ADVENTURE

Harris and Ludwig "were hopeful of the results"[124] that April of 1902 as the fellowship applications were sent off to Harvard and Columbia. Soon enough the answers returned -- "pleasant acknowledgements"[125] and invitations to pursue graduate studies. There were no fellowships of scholarships available to him.

This was indeed "a hard blow,"[126] and it was only aggravated by Ludwig's unspoken desire to help Jacques and Minna "free themselves from the bonds of their (Charleston) life."[127] He determined then to borrow money for graduate work at Columbia and, after "a terrible struggle" with his pride, brought himself to apply for aid from "prominent citizens and alumni" of the College of Charleston -- men with whom he "felt quite at home... in all essential matters" and yet dreaded to ask for help.[128] Ludwig hoped to obtain six hundred dollars "to see (him) through the year at Columbia, since the tuition alone was a hundred and fifty,"[129] but was granted a loan of only three hundred and fifty. With "just money enough to get through one semester,"[130] Ludwig prepared himself to leave home.

In the fall of 1902, the "great adventure"[131] began, and Ludwig left Charleston for New York. What a wrench this first separation from Minna was to the proud, sensitive twenty-year old must be left to our imagination. They "tried to comfort each other, she and (he)," as Ludwig has written, "by dwelling upon the certainty of a successful career for (himself). But during the last days (they) gave up these feeble and hollow efforts and fell quite silent before (their) unavertible fate."[132] And so, the dreary, painful parting over, Ludwig looked upon the grimy battlements of the Lower West Side.

New York "seemed brutal, ferocious, stark"[133] to this bemused youth who "knew less of practical matters than many a child of ten"[134] and came to the metropolis "from a life that (had) touched reality so feebly."[135] Ludwig was utterly demoralized by the frenetic pace of the life that crowded the streets and subways of Manhattan; he was terrified by the cacophony of the city which assaulted his hearing "like the roar of a sinister and soulless machine that drags men in and crunches them between its implacable wheels."[136] Those first October weeks in a boarding-house in the West 100's were a "grinding misery."[137] Everything was strange and somehow affronting in its sharpness to Ludwig coming from "the bland and familiar South."[138] He recoiled from the crones "mouth(ing) and chatter(ing) over broken meats"[139] in a grocery on 125th Street, and Grant's Tomb seemed to him "top-heavy and a little absurd."[140] If the New Yorkers he saw about him were "modern, practical, alert," he seemed to discern on their faces "a strange and heartless smile,"[141] and he found depressing "the fragile convention by which, from the nocturnal city, its revellers strive to exile a consciousness of sickness and sorrow, of the gaunt face of life and the ineluctable shadow of death."[142] Wherever he turned in those first weeks, he met the gaunt face, sensed the ineluctable shadow. And in the midst of all this brooding rush and clamor, he stood alone and friendless.

The gloom was relieved in some measure by Ludwig's meeting with William Peterfield Trent,[143] Professor of English at Columbia University. Trent, who had been appointed to the Columbia Faculty two years before and with whom Ludwig had corresponded, was then forty years old. He "received (Ludwig) with a winning kindliness,"[144] and the lonely young new-

comer was warmed by this "scholarly and poetic figure, languid enough, but capable of a steady tenacity at the urge of some noble passion of the mind."[145] Perhaps it was the Southerner in Richmond-born Trent that comforted Ludwig at first, but a firm friendship grew up between these two, although "how magnificently (Trent) would stand the ultimate intellectual test of this, or perhaps, any age, (Ludwig) was to learn much later."[146] With Trent, even in 1902, Ludwig already shared common interests; Trent had published in 1892 a biographical study of Simms and in 1899 a study of the Southern hero par excellence, Robert E. Lee. As Ludwig found, Trent, Virginian though he was, was no Harris, but "a trenchant and intrepid thinker."[147]

There was also Professor Calvin Thomas of the German department, in which Ludwig had decided to "minor" as "it would be easy and would give (him) more time for (his) English studies."[148] Thomas, too, whom Ludwig found "a spirit of great rectitude, of a purity almost too intense to grasp the concrete forces and passions of the fevered world,"[149] was sympathetic to the ardent young Carolinian.

And there was, finally, Ludwig's class-mate, William Ellery Leonard,[150] whom Ludwig came to look upon as his "friend of friends... animae dimidium meae."[151] It was in November 1902 that Ludwig first met Leonard, seven years his senior. He "felt drawn to him at once,"[152] and they "soon saw a great deal of each other."[153] Leonard was "by blood a New England Brahmin of the purest strain,"[154] but had spent two years in Germany and had transcended "the moral and intellectual parochialism of his section and his blood."[155] Leonard was a poet, and Ludwig "was wholly carried away by (his) friend and his poems."[156] He found that Leonard and he were "in complete

harmony as to the deeper things in life."[157] That harmony was not to fade away, and in later years Ludwig would "account (it) as one of the few sustaining factors in (his) life" and would find Leonard's poetry "inferior to no poetry that has been written on this continent."[158] Animae dimidium meae.

These three, but especially the New Englander Leonard, sustained Ludwig in those difficult days of the fall of 1902 -- days whose burden of misery had been imposed on him by an acute homesickness and a deep revulsion from the coldness and the barrenness of New York. Yet the burden was to become weightier, the misery to be aggravated, by virtue of Ludwig's encounter with another New Englander -- one, unlike Leonard, "pale, hesitant, chill-eyed... with a thin strain of rhetorical skill and literary taste,"[159] the secretary of the English department at Columbia. This New Englander it was who would play the avocatus diaboli in the drama of Ludwig Lewisohn.

Ludwig called him "Brewer" in his autobiography, but "Brewer" is possibly to be identified as George Rice Carpenter,[160] Labrador-born and Harvard-bred, who had been appointed Professor of Rhetoric at Columbia in 1893 and was the author of several textbooks on literature and rhetoric as well as of biographies of Longfellow, Whittier, and Walt Whitman. Ludwig has written of him that, "excessively mediocre as he was, (he) had a very keen tribal instinct of the self-protective sort and felt in (Ludwig)... the implacable foe of the New England dominance over our national life."[161] The twenty-year old Carolinian was scarcely yet aware of any antagonism in himself to the New England Puritan tradition. This was to come later, but Ludwig's encounter with the unsympathetic New

Englander undoubtedly contributed to the consuming bitterness of that future antagonism. Yet, at the time, if Ludwig was unaware of his own feelings vis à vis Carpenter's tradition, he was made painfully aware of Carpenter's hostility to him, but "had no way of provoking a franker explanation."[162] Ludwig knew only that Carpenter was no friend to him.

Not yet had it been revealed to him that Carpenter, not Trent, not Thomas, and not Leonard, truly represented the American tradition in letters and academics. Not yet had it been revealed to him that the American tradition to which he had devoted himself so arduously and to which he willed to give himself so freely was girding itself to cast him out.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN: SEEKERS AND STRIVERS

The joy which Ludwig had taken in his studies on the Charleston campus was absent on Morningside Heights. Kind to him as Trent and Thomas were, he found their lectures "dull and dispiriting,"[163] and he complained that, "excellent professors" though they were, "they did not give themselves enough, nor freely enough."[164]

Trent and Thomas were not wholly to blame, of course. Ludwig, when he came to Columbia, was already in possession of the information they endeavored to impart in their lectures. But this information they were compelled to emphasize, given the state of knowledge -- or of ignorance -- that prevailed among the great majority of their students. Yet "what (Ludwig) wanted was ideas, interpretative, critical, aesthetic, philosophical, with which to vivify, to organize, to deepen (his) knowledge, on which to nourish and develop (his) intellectual self."[165]

Ludwig was in the position of "an ardent disciple" who "found no master,"[166] and neither Trent nor Thomas could meet his great need. Leonard, to be sure, met that need in part, but -- as always -- Ludwig turned to books to satisfy his hunger. These were different books, however, than he had ever read in Charleston -- "books that changed the whole tenor of (his) inner life."[167] Back in Charleston Ludwig had been almost wholly absorbed in English literature. Now, in New York, he came upon "certain modern German plays and poems and novels"[168] that had not been available to him in the South, where in any case all things German had only evoked in him distaste. But now, in freer, wider, more cosmopolitan New York, he read these new German books

> "with joy, with a sense of liberation, with a feeling that no other books in the world had ever given (him)... a conviction came upon (him) after some months with irresistible force. All or nearly all English books since Fielding were literature. This was life. All or nearly all the English literature by which (Ludwig's) generation (lived was), in substance, rigidly bounded within certain intellectual and ethical categories. This was freedom. (He) now understood (his) old, instinctive love for the prosemen of the eighteenth century. They had the sense for life... their sense of it was manly and incorruptible."[169]

This was life. This was freedom. Nietzsche, Liliencron, Sudermann, Holz, Schlaf, Hauptmann, Dehmel, Hoffmannsthal, George, Halbe, Schnitzler, Frenssen, Wassermann, Mann, Huch, Viebig -- how many, in America and England of the fin de siècle, how many novelists, poets, and dramatists of the English tongue had the vision and the fire, the life and the freedom, of these who wrote now in German?

This America in which Ludwig had grown up and in which he now hungered for ideas of life and freedom, this was still the America of the gilded age, the America in which, as Charles Beard observed, "the study of literature and the arts suffered more than one grave injury at the hands of mechanicians wearing the garb of cap, gown, and hood,"[170] and in which literature and art were held in subjection to the "conventions of an outmoded past symbolized by the two terms which later became quaintly synonymous, Puritanism and Victorianism."[171] It was a strange paradox, this America which had not feared to challenge the past by President Cleveland's "twenty-inch gun note" to the British Empire in 1895, by the war with Spain in 1898, and by Secretary Hay's enunciation of the "Open Door" in China in 1900, and which yet suffered literature to be judged, not by a living critical intelligence, but by the "articles" of the Puritan-Victorian "faith." And what were these "articles of faith"? A writer in this American of the

the gilded age had to be at pains to endorse the sanctity of marriage, the divine origin of the Moral Code, the infallibility of Saint Paul; he was obliged to decry the depravity of a Mrs. Warren, to exalt the utopian life of the American village, to extol the altruism of Big Business; he was enjoined to proclaim the superiority of man over woman, to exult in the inevitability of "Progress," to glorify the "good life" on the Mid-Western farm.[172] Such were the "articles of faith" grasped and cherished by an America more than a little wary of her call to power and grotesquely insistent, therefore, that she continue, as William Dean Howells declared, to be "a good deal 'amused and misled' by lights no longer mistakable for heavenly luminaries."[173]

And so this was the America in which Sister Carrie[174] had to be proscribed, and this was the America in which "Stephen Crane, who was looking upon the life which drove to suicide the Maggie Johnsons of the Bowery, and... Dreiser, who was reporting... the life of the Cowperwoods, were expected, if they must write about such things at all, to do it mildly and without offense in the tradition inherited from the Victorians."[175] This America would have nothing of the literature of life; she would have the literature of propriety.

And so Ludwig turned from this to modern German literature in which he found

> "a noble sentiment... grown inevitably from the sweat and tears, the yearning and the aspiration of our mortal fate... (but) never set down because it was a correct sentiment to which human nature must be made to conform."[176]

It was something of a revelation to this onetime adherent to the Methodist creed, this onetime aspirant to Southern gentlemanhood. He felt

"the pangs and aspirations of (his) own heart"[177] in this German literature --

> "the haunting echoes of (his) inner life, the deep things, the true things of which (he) had been ashamed and which (he) had tried to transmute into the correct sentiments of (his) Anglo-American environment."[178]

These volatile and courageous Germans

> "spoke (his) thoughts, they felt (his) conflicts; they dared to be themselves -- these modern men and women who were impassioned and troubled like (himself), who had not snared the universe in barren formulae, but who were seekers and strivers! ... They made (him) free; they set (him) on the road of trying to be not what was thought correct without reference to reality, but what (he) was naturally meant to be."[179]

And, searching yet further, he did find some echo, faint perhaps but there, in his beloved English tongue -- in George Meredith and William Ernest Henley and Alfred Edward Housman and Arthur Symons...

> "Now, of my threescore years and ten,
> Twenty will not come again,
> And take from seventy springs a score,
> It only leaves me fifty more.
>
> "And since to look at things in bloom
> Fifty springs are little room,
> About the woodlands I will go
> To see the cherry hung with snow."[180]

So, in these years of 1903 and 1904, Ludwig went "about the woodlands... to see the cherry hung with snow." So, he learned to write "directly and truly"[181] -- to write verse that "grew no longer out of the love of poetry but out of the pain of life."[182]

And it was well. For of that "pain of life" he would have his share and more.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN: THE PAIN OF LIFE

Money was never plentiful for Ludwig in New York. Two hundred dollars was hardly enough to keep him in food; "mean anxieties soon beset (him) as (his) slender borrowings came to an end and (he) tramped the streets in search of tutoring."[183] His earnings were meager, and "it was a bleak and tiresome business, but it paid room and board and tobacco and an occasional glass of beer."[184]

And yet life was not poor. Ludwig read, he wrote verses, he fell in and out of love.[185] He enthused, he suffered, he was twenty-one and twenty-two...[186]

But at Christmas and Easter during these harlequin years he would always go home to Charleston for a brief holiday, and "always (his) mother's hand in (his) and her eyes upon (him) made (him) well again."[187] Always, always there was Minna.

At the end of his first year at Columbia, Ludwig took his Master's degree -- it was his second -- and again applied for a fellowship. He hoped -- and, indeed, "among the group of students to which (he) belonged it was taken for granted"[188] -- that, at the conclusion of Leonard's doctoral studies, Ludwig would be chosen for the fellowship. He hoped in vain. The fellowship vacated by Leonard went to another despite Ludwig's demonstrated proficiency and despite Trent's championship of him. Carpenter cooly informed him that he would be recommended for a scholarship the following year,[189] and Ludwig endeavored to forget his "troubles in three beautiful months at home."[190]

In the fall of 1903 Ludwig returned to New York for his second year of graduate study at Columbia. This was the year at the endo of which he

had been led by Carpenter to expect a scholarship, and so it was in a somewhat sanguine mood that he came back to Morningside Heights.

It was abouth this time that Ludwig met George Sylvester Viereck, the German-American poet-novelist who was to become in later years so notorious and controversial a figure.[191] A student at the City College of New York,[192] Munich-born Viereck was not yet twenty. Reputedly an illegitimate scion of the Hohenzollern dynasty, the boy, who was already writing verses in the German tongue, seemed to Ludwig "no callow youth who embodies unutterable nothings in flowing verse."[193] Ludwig saw "something elfish and weird" in this aspiring young poet whose life-experience, like Ludwig's own, was "extremely narrow in range, but within certain limits... intense."[194] Viereck was apparently something of a puzzle to him, but Ludwig was drawn to him all the more. "It needs" he wrote, "the subtlest sympathy to penetrate to the essential humanity that lies hidden, to recognize the mature and serious artist in this defiant, engaging, and at times irritating boy. A slight affectation of cynicism and of wordly wisdom sits not ungracefully upon him."[195] But it was Viereck the poet that had the strongest appeal to Ludwig, and he wrote of Viereck that he had "lived these poems of his."[196]

In 1904, Viereck's Gedichte were published in a limited edition in New York. The little volume included an "Appreciation"[197] by Ludwig and bore, in the form of this "Appreciation," singular testimony to the metamorphosis undergone by Ludwig's Charleston-inspired antipathy to things German. No longer was he driven by an unsympathetic environment to proscribe those German elements in his character and background, and he could declare, in this essay, that,

> "Among the many more or less exotic literary phenomena to which our peculiar social conditions have given rise, no other is so interesting, or of such intrinsic value as the poetry written by German emigrants in their new homes beyond the sea... there has never been a time when men and women of German birth, living in the United States, have not yielded to this singularly unselfish impulse of song. Singularly unselfish, for they had at the best but little hope of any audience; of visible recompense for their work none at all... the fate of the German poet in America is not without elements of pathos. His audience here is of the smallest; the fatherland, with its plethoric literary market, will hardly heed him. Influences of many kinds are against him, and (Konrad) Nies (of St. Louis) created a phrase of tragic truthfulness when he called German-American poetry 'Roses in the Snow.'"198

Yet, enchanted though he was by the young Viereck's artistry, by his passion and his freedom from the prissiness which rendered unreadable so much of the American poetry of the gilded age, Ludwig recognized the poetry of Viereck as essentially decadent. "The best and greatest poetry," Ludwig insisted,

> "deals largely, sanely and nobly with man, nature and human life. Decadent poetry deals intensely and often with unforgetable charm, but often too with a deplorable lack of sanity and measure (,) with certain small segments of the great arch of human life, segments which do not face the stars, but are in the shadow of the earth. But after all, we are of the earth earthy. Passion has its supreme rights, and to have added a new and striking note to the large chorus of human passion is Viereck's praise... "199

If Viereck's passion was praiseworthy in Ludwig's view, sanity was, and remained, chief among Ludwig's canons of literature. It had been preeminently Matthew Arnold's sanity that had deeply impressed Ludwig as a student in Charleston, and it had been their at least occasional quality of saneness that endeared certain early South Carolina periodicals like the <u>Traiteur</u> to him. It was the saneness characteristic of the English literature of the eighteenth century that had won his devotion, and had

he not detected that quality in the modern German letters that absorbed him in New York, he would not have been moved to praise the life and freedom of them. And now, confronted with Viereck's verses, he was fully aware that, lacking that essential saneness and purity that made for great poetry, they bespoke their author's passion, they bespoke his ardor and genius, but Ludwig knew they were less great than striking. For

> "The best poetry cannot be written without a far profounder realization of the beauty and terror, the splendor and solemnity of the external world; without a keener consciousness of those great issues of human life and destiny which transcend even love."[200]

If the "great adventure" in New York had wrought many changes in Ludwig's thinking, in his perception of the world and his attitude to himself, it had left his taste untrammelled, and it had only deepened his critical faculties.

Ludwig's "Appreciation" of Viereck's Gedichte was not all that saw publication in 1904. In that year, Professor Trent brought out an edition of J. Hector St. Jean de Crèvecoeur's Letters from an American Farmer.[201] Trent himself composed a brief "Prefatory Note" to this new edition. Ever Ludwig's friend, he engaged his young protegé to write a fairly extensive introduction. It is unlikely, of course, that the book brought Ludwig much financial gain, but it was no small distinction to share the title-page of a book with a scholar as well-known and highly esteemed as William Peterfield Trent. Ludwig rose to the occasion. He composed an essay on Crèvecoeur that was as readable as it was erudite.

Nothing in Crèvecoeur's Letters impressed Ludwig so much as the ethical quality he discerned in the Frenchman, his humaneness and joie de

vivre. This eighteenth century Pennsylavnia farmer was a marvel to him. To Crèvecoeur, Ludwig remarked,

> "the meaning of 'Weltschmerz' was unknown, as it must be to every one, who finds, as he did, a continual source of pure joy in the ordinary duties of life's working-day. In this respect, indeed, the 'Letters from an American Farmer' is a book of tonic quality. To extract joy from common duties, to clothe them with a real dignity, not to weary of them in the slow process of the years -- this is no easy or unworthy task, and to have described its performance with power and charm is a service at once literary and ethical."202

It was, in some respects, a curious thing for Ludwig to say, Ludwig to whom the meaning of Weltschmerz was already only too well known and to whom "the ordinary duties of life's working-day" brought little but attrition. But Ludwig admired the Crèvecoeur whose writing was "at once literary and ethical." And how he envied this Crèvecoeur! How he was drawn to him despite -- or, perhaps it was just because of -- the altogether different character of his own experience. "The broadly simple, elementary emotions of humanity," Ludwig wrote of Crèvecoeur's second letter "On the situation, feelings, and pleasures of an American farmer,"

> "do not often find their way into literature as they do in this second letter of Crèvecoeur. He is proud of his essential privileges as a mere man. He is moved by the sight of his wife and children, for they are his, and the objects of his protecting care. He loves the acres which he tills and which had been cleared and tilled before him. The daily labors of his farm are saturated for him with sentiment, and his life is filled with love. His cattle, his chickens, above all his bees, and the wild doves that circle above his house -- all these he surrounds with an emotional atmosphere. Without fail he captures the aroma of life."203

Yet it was the "aroma"of a life Ludwig was never really himself to know.

Rarely indeed would Ludwig be permitted to relax with "the broadly simple,

elementary emotions of humanity," and still rarer would be the entrance into Ludwig's own work of such pleasant, uncomplicated emotions. Ludwig would know, as already he had known, not these "broadly simple, elementary emotions of humanity," but the bitter vagaries of the human spirit. If there is a certain Victorian nostalgia in Ludwig's words, we ought not to be surprised, much less deprecatory. For how often would Ludwig be denied the quiet pleasures that came so insensibly and with such abundance to a Crèvecoeur. And that source of Crèvecoeur's pride, "his essential privileges as a mere man," -- with what fury and agony and striving would Ludwig be obliged to battle for them. Barely twenty-one and still in thrall to hope, he was himself perhaps unaware of all that Crèvecoeur represented to him, the kind of American tradition Ludwig believed in and had devoted himself to and was to discover virtually non-existent -- at least for him.

And yet Ludwig's admiration for Crèvecoeur could not blind him to the whimsy of the man. Somehow he knew, could not escape knowing, that Crèvecoeur had been an American ideal, not an American reality. If Crèvecoeur had sought to answer the question: What is an American? -- Ludwig recognized that his answer was

> "delightful literature, but fanciful sociology. Had the colonial farmers all been Crèvecoeurs, had they all possessed his ideality, his power of raising simple things into true human dignity, of connecting the homeliest activity with the ultimate social purpose which it furthers in its own small way, his description of the American would have been fair enough. As a matter of fact, the hard-working colonial farmer, cut off from the refining and subduing influences of an older civilization, was probably no very delectable type, however worthy, and one fears that Professor Wendell[204] is right in declaring that Crèvecoeur's American is no more human than some ideal savage of Voltaire. But in this fact lies much of the literary charm of his work, and of its value as a human document of the age of the Revolution."[205]

It was the very whimsy of Crèvecoeur that gained Ludwig's affection, that touched his sensitivity. The apparent serenity of the man fascinated Ludwig, himself so much a stranger to serenity. Were Ludwig to have sought an answer to Crèvecoeur's question -- What is an American? -- he would have known the answer better than Crèvecoeur. Ludwig was not impressed by such information as the Letters supplied regarding American life; he was impressed rather by "the more permanent significance of (their) tone and atmosphere."[206] He was singularly drawn to the Crèvecoeur in whom were, as he thought, "no extremes of opinion or emotion," the Crèvecoeur who treated life justly and sanely."[207] This Crèvecoeur he idealized, and felt him worth the idealizing, and all the more so, all the more intensely, as his own condition denied him Crèvecoeur's happy power to treat "life justly and sanely."

Ludwig's comments on Crèvecoeur's ninth letter -- "Description of Charles-Town; thoughts on slavery; on physical evil; a melancholy scene" -- bore witness to the tension in Ludwig between his still unflagging Southern "patriotism" and his instinctive ethical sensitivity which ran counter to so much in the Southern tradition. Ludwig was moved to take issue with Crèvecoeur's uncomplimentary description of "Charles-Town." Crèvecoeur, wrote Ludwig,

> "loved measure, order, a quiet prosperity, the homely virtues of life. He was hardly the man to regard with sympathy the life of Charleston. In all probability his remarks on slavery are particularly untrustworthy. A humanitarian of the Age of the Revolution, a member of the Society of Friends, or, at least, closely connected with it -- he was as/incapable of approaching the slavery problem dispassionately as was some friend or follower of Wilberforce. At the same time, the powerful though repressed emotion with which he relates the almost incredible incident of the negro left to perish in a cage, bears witness in a man of Crèvecoeur's sincerity, to the fact that he must have seen not a little of callousness and inhumanity."[208]

How, one may justly ask, are we to approach slavery dispassionately? Had not Ludwig characterized Crèvecoeur elsewhere as "a man of 'serene temper and pure benevolence,' of good sense and sound judgment... (impervious to) extremes of opinion or emotion. He followed the dictates of his reason tempered by the warmth of his heart, and treated life justly and sanely."[209] -- had this not been Ludwig's own estimate? And now are we to assume that Crèvecoeur's judgment had been suddenly corrupted as touched Southern life and institutions? There is, to be sure, little of the whimsical in Crèvecoeur's ninth letter, but are we to find the Frenchman admirable only in his whimsy? And yet, even here, Ludwig's essential, intrinsic ethical sensitivity reasserted itself in his observation on Crèvecoeur's humaneness in "the almost incredible incident of the negro."

It is immensely interesting to contrast Ludwig's view of Crevecoeur with the view of the English novelist, David Herbert Lawrence.[210] Ludwig's view of Crèvecoeur was compassionate, warm, accepting, admiring, not really very critical at all.[211] Ludwig wrote an appreciation of Crèvecoeur. He avoided, where possible, anything but virtue in the Frenchman. He found Crèvecoeur's feeling for Nature admirable -- "broadly simple, elementary emotions... an emotional atmosphere. Without fail," Ludwig wrote, Crèvecoeur "captures the aroma of life."[212] Ludwig had nothing to say of Crèvecoeur's concern with Nature that was comparable to Lawrence's treatment of this theme. To Lawrence, Crèvecoeur's idealistic professions regarding Nature were "Blarney!" and Lawrence found it "curious that (Crèvecoeur's) vision sees only the lowest forms of nature life."[213] To Lawrence, the "aroma" was a stench, and the Frenchman's description of insects, snakes, and birds, in his view, "straightway gives the lie to Innocent Nature."[214]

Lawrence made much of something Ludwig never so much as mentioned. "I am astonished to see," Crèvecoeur had written in his second letter, "that nothing exists but what has its enemy, one species pursue and live upon the other... "[215] The sardonic Englishman delighted in such cynical observations; Ludwig wanted to hold onto the Crèvecoeur whose "life is filled with love."[216] Ludwig wanted to believe in Crèvecoeur; Lawrence wanted to disbelieve, and he characterized Crèvecoeur as the "emotional prototype of the American."[217] He was moved to disparage the very simplicity, the very regard for Nature that Ludwig idealized. Crèvecoeur had been "an emotional liar,"[218] in the view of the irreverent Englishman. "The real Crèvecoeur," observed Lawrence acidly,

> "is, in the issue, neither farmer, nor child of Nature, nor ophiolator. He goes back to France, and figures in the literary salons, and is a friend of Rousseau's Madame d'Houdetot. Also he is a good business man, and arranges a line of shipping between France and America. It all ends in materialism, really. But the Letters tell us nothing about this."[219]

Nor did Ludwig.

What a vast world of difference there was between a Ludwig Lewisohn[220] and a D. H. Lawrence! Lawrence was a latter-day "Wagnerian," an apostle of the atavistic in man. For him passion was truth, and truth passion. To be good, to be true, to be acceptable, everything had to be infused with a passionate intensity, had to give entrance to the dark of the soul. Lawrence admired passion almost for its own sake alone. It was something visceral to him. And for Ludwig, too, for Ludwig, admire as he might the Crèvecoeur who treated life justly and sanely, -- for him, too, life was to be lived with a passionate intensity, and the dark of the soul was not to be denied. Yet, the passion that Ludwig exalted was less of the viscera than of the

creating mind. Ludwig was preeminently a humanist while Lawrence was preeminently a romantic, and here lay the chief, the signal difference. Both men, indeed, -- Lawrence was two years Ludwig's junior -- were rebels against the effete values and standards of the Victorians and their protegés in post-Victorian America and England. Yet the "Arnoldian" that was Ludwig Lewisohn would become in later years a conservative -- while the "Wagnerian" that was D. H. Lawrence would come to look with some favour on Europe's emergent fascism.

To take up again the threads of our story, Ludwig must have thought, in view of Trent's sponsorship, his future career assured. He looked forward to the Spring of his second year at Columbia, the Spring of 1904. The Spring came, and Ludwig's friends were called in by Carpenter to discuss vacancies and openings and advancements. No call came for Ludwig, however, and in something very like a panic of anguish, he "thought of (his) father and (his) mother in the cruel sunshine of" Charleston.[221] And no call came from Carpenter, but only a letter -- in answer to one Ludwig had sent him in his frustration and in his despair. The New Englander wrote, not perhaps with intentional hurtfulness,

> "It is very sensible of you to look so carefully into your plans at this juncture, because I do not at all believe in the wisdom of your scheme. A recent experience has shown me how terribly hard it is for a man of Jewish birth to get a good position. I had always suspected that it was a matter worth considering, but I had not known how wide-spread and strong it was. While we shall be glad to do anything we can for you, therefore, I cannot help feeling that the chances are going to be greatly against you."[222]

There was no place for him at Columbia; there was no place for him at any university. And, irony of ironies, there was no place for him because he

was a Jew! He was far, far away on Morningside Heights, far, far away from those demented burghers and artisans who had crowded the streets of Kishinev on an April day the year before and had bellowed, "Death to the Zhyds! Beat the Zhyds!"[223] There was no mob of pogromchiks here on Morningside Heights. There was only Carpenter, and a letter, and the dying of a dream.

Jacques and Minna watched in Charleston and waited and hoped. But Ludwig was a Jew, and there was no place for him. And let the dream go, let the hope fade. He was a Jew; he was "an outcast."[224] Now he understood what he had not understood before. He had been wrong. There had been nothing exceptional in his exclusion from the fraternity in Charleston. There had been nothing exceptional in Harris' withdrawal, in Carpenter's hostility. This was America, and he understood now. "So long as there is discrimination, there is exile. And for the first time in (his) life (his) heart turned with grief and remorse to the thoughts of (his) brethren in exile all over the world."[225]

And yet of what avail was it to him? Of what avail was this understanding, this grief, this remorse? He had sustained a shock, and he had a sense of exile. And he was lost. He "could take no refuge in the spirit and traditions of (his) own people. (he) knew little of them. (His) psychical life was Aryan through and through."[226] Or so at least he thought -- and would persist in thinking for years and years yet to come. If he had discovered something of his fate, he had discovered nothing of his identity, and he knew not "what to do with (his) life or with (himself)."[227]

It was the Spring of 1904, and he was twenty-two. If the terrible

letter and the still more terrible understanding that had burst in on him had uprooted his hope, the high Lewisohn pride was left unnumbed. His doctoral studies uncompleted, Trent's protests ringing in his ears, he made up his mind with a dry and weary astringency. He quit Columbia.

PART THREE

HITHER AND YON: 1904 - 1918

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN: THE TROUBLED HEART

Professor Trent did not want Ludwig to leave. He tried to persuade him to remain at Columbia, at least to take his doctorate. Ludwig, however, was adamant, and whether or not Trent discerned what Ludwig could not "bear to tell him," how deeply he had been hurt, the professor "made every effort to find (Ludwig) some suitable employment."[1] Ludwig wrote years later of his suspicion that Trent had "actually walked the glaring streets that early summer from office to office"[2] in search of a job for his young friend. Ludwig went home in the meantime — "joylessly for the first time,"[3] but a shadow lay between him and his parents. Unable to tell them the hurtful truth, Ludwig permitted them "to suspect that (he) had, perhaps, neglected (his) studies."[4] He did not want to return to New York, but found it impossible to open his heart to Jacques. Ludwig "had grown up among a dumb folk who held it ill-bred to have a troubled heart; (he) had tried so hard to be like them, for the love of their art, that (he) had gained no power over life or speech."[5]

Trent was finally able to obtain for Ludwig a sub-editorship on Warner's Library, "one of those huge compilation sets which people seem to buy -- queer kinds of people that one never meets -- and, one hopes, read with profit."[6] This employment was not very palatable to the young man whose imaginativeness had not perished with his hopes for a professorship, and in a few months he moved on to a position in the editorial department of the publishing firm that Frank N. Doubleday and Walter Hines Page had founded in Union Square in 1899. Ludwig's task was to turn out sales promotion copy for the books and magazines that Doubleday, Page and Company published.[7]

It was not much more palatable than Warner's Library had been. Doubleday, Page and Company revolted Ludwig by their meanness of goals and sordidness of ideals. The fact that the company "did not consciously or purposefully publish a line for its literary or scientific value... (and) had no more to do with literature or science (except by accident: occasionally good work will sell), than a breakfast food factory"[8]; that, except for a "gentlemanly avoidance of sex in literature" -- Doubleday, Page and Company had accepted and then refused publication to Dreiser's Sister Carrie in 1900[9] -- , the firm "had no prejudices"[10] and published anything that would sell, including "a most slanderous and ignorant piece of Anti-Semitic propaganda"[11] like George H. Warner's The Jewish Spectre[12]; -- all this was bad enough. But that the firm's employees were expected to abase themselves by enthusiasm "over the growth of the business,"[13] to suffer and, more, to applaud the "unctuous lying," the "degrading of the souls of the wage-slave,"[14] -- this Ludwig could neither swallow nor stomach, and "openly and frankly... (he) showed (his) sense of the absurdity and vulgarity of the whole business."[15] Walter Hines Page released Ludwig at length with a letter of recommendation, and Ludwig spent some months attempting to earn his living as a freelance writer.

It did not go at all well. He wrote a few articles for the Review of Reviews and the New York Times. Collier's published an occasional poem. But as the winter of 1906 drew on and on, Ludwig knew that he had no choice but to return to Charleston. New York -- America -- had defeated him.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN: MARY

It was in New York during that mournful, defeating year of 1906 that Ludwig had met Mrs. Mary Arnold Crocker Childs. Mary Childs was a divorcee. Born in England, she had been brought to the United States in her childhood and had married Henry Arnoux Childs of New York City. She had borne four children to Henry Childs and was some seventeen years Ludwig's senior.[16] In later years, under the nom de plume of "Bosworth Crocker," Mary would become a poet and a playwright of some note, and Ludwig himself would praise her dramatic works -- they were largely one-act plays -- as "full of human voices and human woes."[17]

Mary soon followed Ludwig to Charleston, and there, on the 12th of December 1906, they were married. Jacques and Minna appear to have objected neither to their daughter-in-law's age nor to her previous marital history nor to the fact that she was not Jewish, and Ludwig has written, in fact, that Minna's "womanly and solitary heart yearned over Mary."[18] Together with Ludwig's parents, the newlyweds "settled down in an old, roomy house" overlooking Charleston Bay.[19] Mary was forty; Ludwig was twenty-three.

The die was cast.

It proved to be an extra-ordinary marriage, unquiet and mad and pathetic and tragic. And one cannot even be sure that there was ever any love in it. Out of it would grow Ludwig's exceptional preoccupation in his critical writings with problems of modern marriage and modern womanhood. Out of it would grow two of Ludwig's most striking novels, Don Juan[20] and The Case of Mr. Crump,[21] of which the latter at least deserves the rank of a twentieth-century masterpiece. And out of it would grow also -- and

this from Mary's pen -- a remarkable novel called Don Juan's Wife.[22]

To what extent Don Juan and particularly The Case of Mr. Crump[23] are autobiographical, at least in details, one cannot judge. They bespeak Ludwig's own reaction to this first marriage of his,[24] his own view of it, and it would be most surprising to find this view quite uncolored by subjective factors on Ludwig's part. In his frankly autobiographical Up Stream,[25] there is virtually nothing to indicate the unhappy character of this match. It is not portrayed as a mésalliance, and Up Stream has, in fact, very little at all to say of the relationship between Ludwig and Mary. Mary is by no means viewed in an unsympathetic or uncomplimentary light -- quite the reverse, indeed, insofar as she appears in the book at all. There is nothing in Up Stream of the monstous Mrs. Crump or the pitiable Elise Curtis. It is only in Don Juan and, overwhelmingly, in The Case of Mr. Crump that the mésalliance is unveiled in all its pathos, that the miasma is discovered in all its rot and stink.

Why, one wonders, why did a young man of twenty-three wed a middle-aged woman of forty? Why did Ludwig marry a woman seventeen years his senior and the mother of children from a previous marriage, a woman his relationship with whom would engender in him such hate and such fear that he would be driven to portray her finally in terms of the vicious, sadistic, scarcely human Anne Crump and to burn to kill her, as Herbert Crump killed Anne, with the brass handle of a poker? Why? It would be too facile -- and too cheap -- to insist that only a sick man would wed a woman several years his senior, or that the man who contracts such a marriage seeks, not a wife, but a mother. This could be said, but no more could be said, and still there would be no answer. And one could dwell

on the fact that Ludwig seems never to have had a mature relationship with a woman his own age, that he seems always to have formed relationships with women either many years older or many years younger. But this, too, would be no answer. The answer eludes us. Ludwig alone could know, and perhaps even he never fully resolved a problem of such delicacy and such depth. He wrote, in a brief introduction to the abridged edition of The Case of Mr. Crump, that he hoped "the young and younger people of this time (1947)... (would) not miss the meaning it may have for them."[26] But what, one wonders, of the meaning it may have had for him? And did he miss it? We cannot know what that meaning was; we can hope only that he did not miss it. Whatever it was, we cannot doubt, we must be moved by, the very intensity of the suffering that pushed that meaning into the life of this man.

And so in December of the year 1906 Ludwig married Mary Childs and for two years lived with her and with Jacques and Minna in a house overlooking Charleston Bay. Perhaps it was that he had been weakened by the pain and the defeat of those New York years. Perhaps it was that, in all that death of hope and dream, a death that he could not communicate to his parents and that they could not guess -- perhaps it was that, in all that wounding and that hurt, Mary alone seemed to understand, and Mary alone could offer comfort and a refuge.

CHAPTER NINETEEN: THE SACRED HILLS OF ART

Jacques was willing to support Ludwig and Mary in Charleston, but Ludwig chafed, grateful as he was to his father. He cast about for a living, but it became evident soon enough that "nothing (was) left (him) but such skill as (he) had in writing."[27] Criticism and verse, he knew, would earn him nothing, and "so (he) determined to become a short story writer and a novelist."[28] Years before, in his essay on Carolinian literature, Ludwig had written that

> "one of the essentially sad and deplorable things in the literary life of to-day is the necessity incurred by not a few to descend from the sacred hills of art, which are their true home, and to toil in dim valleys for a poor reward."[29]

Ludwig had put it a bit floridly perhaps, but now he was to realize for himself how truly sad and deplorable that necessity could be.

He studied the stories of Henry James, "the clear, brimming stories of his middle years,"[30] and "in a state of very high mental tension"[31] wrote three stories without "change or erasure in the manuscripts."[32] He felt at the time "a real and a new felicity"[33] in this work, and indeed Dreiser himself was later to say of it that he "never saw/stuff so full of a sense of beauty."[34] The editors of the Atlantic Monthly, to which Ludwig submitted the stories, returned them forthwith with the discouraging comment that

> "they were not unaware of the quality or significance of these sketches, but that even among the clientele of the Atlantic there were, they feared, not enough people who would care for them."[35]

Ludwig then attempted to study the popular fiction of the day as he

found it in the mass-circulation magazines and came away, his tastes and talents being what they were, with the uncomfortable feeling that he "might be doomed to penniless quality and unpopularity."[36] He persisted, nevertheless, and submitted the three stories to the Smart Set, in which he recalled having read at least occasional stories "with a touch... of vitality, earnestness, verisimilitude."[37] What the fastidious Atlantic Monthly editors had feared seemed not to affright the yound Kentuckian poet who edited the Smart Set. Two weeks had not passed when Charles Hanson Towne wrote Ludwig that he was accepting all three stories and would take more.[38] The Smart Set paid only one cent a word at the time,[39] but Ludwig was encouraged. His hopes rose even higher, and Jacques "saw visions of grandeur,"[40] whenthe renowned Joel Chandler Harris[41] bought his fourth story for the Uncle Remus' Magazine which he had founded in Atlanta and sent "a letter of enthusiastic praise and a checque for one hundred and twenty-five dollars."[42] The Smart Set took more of Ludwig's stories, and Henry Mills Alden of Harper's half agreed to buy a lengthier production if Ludwig would "give it a happy ending."[43] Ludwig longed to remain in those "sacred hills of art," but he was hardpressed. He needed money. He altered the story's ending, but Harper's rejected it after all. And so it went. The high hopes inspired by Towne and Harris soon submitted to the reality of Ludwig's condition. He could not long escape the knowledge that he would not be able to publish very much of the work into which his heart went. And, even were an occasional story to be accepted for the Smart Set or a similar journal, how much could he earn at the rate of one cent a word?

In the meantime, however, he had "determined to make (himself)

independent of the magazines and their absurd requirements."[44] He began a novel, his first, and he called it The Broken Snare. Today, in the mid-1950's, the plot of that novel must seem rather trite in its restrained treatment of the theme of free love. It was considerably less trite in 1908, when the Victorians dominated the literature of America and Charles Dickens was considered ne plus ultra.

The plot of the novel revolves largely around the experience of one Frances Garnett, twenty-four years old, a naive, introverted, lonely, restless girl, who lives with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Garnett, in New York City. Dr. Garnett is a man determined to live by his ethical convictions which lead him to declare that "We don't need to be respectable, only self-respecting."[45] The result is that his family has been kept in a state of genteel poverty. Mrs. Garnett is reduced to a bitter and driving passion for respectability. Frances meets and finds herself attracted to Julian Ware, one of her father's acquaintances. Somewhat her senior, Julian is a wealthy dilletante and a would-be littérateur. He is attracted likewise to Frances, and the two find themselves in love. Julian, however, will not marry Frances, much as he loves her. Like Dr. Garnett, he is a man of stubborn convictions, including a disdain for the conventions of bourgeois society. He has, as he tells Frances, a "deep-rooted detestation of marriage"[46] and is determined not to "render (his) love for (her) official and Philistine."[47] Nonetheless, wearied of her mother's constant acerbity and vulgar quest for respectability, Frances consents to go away with Julian. She goes with Julian, but she does not go without mental and emotional reservations. Despite his disdain for the institution of marriage, Julian is yet unwilling to flaunt this disdain before society

and takes pains to pretend to all whom they meet on their travels that Frances is his wife. They travel by ship to Queenshaven, South Carolina (the name Ludwig would use for Charleston in Up Stream and again in The Case of Mr. Crump), where they stay for the winter at a resort hotel. Their life together in Queenshaven grows daily less harmonious. Frances is troubled by doubts as to her position, fears of exposure, and questions as to the steadfastness of Julian's love. Hew disquietude is exacerbated by Julian's withdrawal into his intellectual pursuits which are of a nature to demand the bulk of his time and energies. Then, too, his talent is such that he must work very hard at his writing and thus has pitifully little time left for Frances who, pregnant now, grows daily more restive, doubting, and unhappy. The presence of a cynical and dissolute poet, Arthur Langdon Held, and his attentions to Frances only unsettle her all the more, especially as she fears he knows her secret. The worst is at length realized for Frances, her position is exposed, by an accident -- Mrs. Garnett sends Frances a letter addressed to "Miss Frances Garnett" -- and Frances and Julian return to New York. Frances has often entreated Julian to marry her, but he remains adamant. Their relationship appears to founder as her emotions break on the rocks of his intellectualism. In New York, Julian and Frances take up residence in a drab and isolated boarding-house, and there Frances receives a message from her father to the effect that her mother has fallen ill. She returns to her home to care for her dying mother, whose hold on life is such, however, that her passing is slow. In the familiar surroundings of her parents' home, Frances finds temporary relief from her torment and from Julian whom she sees only briefly every day. She finds also that her waywardness has

not underminded the close and understanding relationship she had had with her father. She and Julian appear to grow increasingly estranged one from the other. The death of her mother leaves Frances filled initially with a terrible sense of the futility and piteousness of both life and death, but she comes to feel at length that, were futility and piteousness all, "man would agonize in the madness of an intolerable despair."[48] "But the universe does not madden us, does not confuse us. Form after form is obliterated; the ancient truths which are the conditions of life stand fast."[49] Frances, although pregnant, tells Julian she will not return to him. Yet his departure leaves her in the throes of a "bitterness... beyond the bitterness of death,"[50] and causes her to fall into a long sickness resulting in a miscarriage. On her recuperation, Frances cannot hide from herself the fact that she still loves Julian, but for her, "grief and love had forever lost the intolerable sharpness, the wild turbulence of the past, and had assumed a decent sobriety."[51] Her father gives her a letter from Julian, a letter he had sent weeks before her illness. Yet, fearing to renew the struggle, she does not answer it. Her silence gives Julian an opportunity to rethink and reform his principles, and his love for her compels him to seek out Frances again. He has realized, he tells her, the emptiness of his conviction "that we should not accept the imperfect, that we should not risk its dominance over us, that we should resist the elements of evil that inhere in all human institutions."[52] "It was a dream of youth," he tells her. He knows now that "one must accept, accept the good, forget the evil, live and be brave... <u>that</u> is manhood!"[53] To fight, as he has done, "for an exemption from the universal lot" is "cowardly." He loves her and will return to her -- on her own terms. Frances

feels that at last she has emerged "from the weary plains of life... into some fair, wide upland region... where love dwells, and blessedness, and a perennial peace."[54]

Gillis has observed that Ludwig's inexperience betrayed itself in The Broken Snare, particularly in the meagerness of the action which he attempted to offset "by a great zeal for style and for the niceties of craftsmanship."[55] Yet, for all the triteness of the plot and the frequent unreality of the characters, there was much deep feeling in the novel, much of poetic insight and philosophic cogency. If the novel was immature in many respects, and one ought not to forget that Ludwig was barely twenty-five at the time, it evinced a surprising maturity in others, in the style and the diction which throughout attained a high and promising level. Ludwig showed himself able to catch a mood and to communicate it with great beauty and power, as in the wonderfully evocative description of the Negro revival scene, surely one of the finest passages in the novel and worthy of quotation:

> "with hardly an empty space in the long pews, rose closepacked and seething in the warm, fetid atmosphere line after line of faces, black and brown and yellow, already swaying here and there with a slow, rhythmic motion... The organ that played the prelude was small and its reedy quaver disproportionate to the spacious room, but suddenly broke about them from a thousand voices the words of the song. It was a familiar hymn-tune, but never had Frances heard it sung in this fashion. Not only were the voices full of a wild fervour, but they transformed the strain into an echoing, melancholy wail that rose and receded, thrilled and quavered in poignant waves of indescribably troubling sound. At the close of each stanza the resonant voice of the preacher called out: 'All sing! All sing! Glory be to Gawd!' And when the last stanza was reached, hands were clapping and feet tramping to the rhythmic beat, rise and fall of the innumerable voices.
>
> "The congregation knelt and the preacher prayed, communicating to the conventional verbiage that he used a plaintive appeal, and from here and there in the hall rose single voices, as he prayed, ejaculating: 'Dasso!' 'Amen!' 'Oh, Lawdy,

dasso!' with fervent faith and gratitude. Another hymn was sung, followed by the sermon. The preacher used fairly correct English. His sentiments were threadbare, but through the discourse sounded a mad strain of incoherence and the man's voice rose in almost superhuman strength. By the mere volume of agonised sound he seemed to wish to drag sinners to repentance. He shouted echoingly of the saving blood of Christ, called upon his flock to bathe in that scarlet stream and cleanse themselves of sin. 'An 'ef you don't accept the glorious offer to come to Him and be clean, there's no hope for you -- no hope -- no hope!' The voice was full of wild sobs and lamentations as it repeated the words, and then without wavering it changed to an incomparable glory of exultation and sang, alone and unaccompanied by the organ:

> "'At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light
> And the burden of my heart rolled away,
> It was there by faith I received my sight,
> And now I am happy all the day!'
>
> "Voice after voice took up the strain until the church was filled by the thrilling, maddening storm of music. The singers arose from their seats, threw up their hands, and turned their shining black faces and dilated eyes. When the fervour was at its height the preacher raised his hand and commanded silence -- for a space -- the silence of unspoken prayer... From the silence, which seemed at length to grow intolerable with the suppressed travil of troubling ecstasy, burst a long, inhuman shriek. A thin, consumptive negro woman arose from her seat. The creature stretched out her arms to Heaven, panted, and from her lips fell flecks of foam. 'I see He, my Jesus! Yeh, Lawd, I come. Hallelujah!' Groans and cries answered her as she continued to pour forth a cataract of epileptic babbling, broken by wails and shrieks. Faster the words came and faster; her eyes became glazed; the woman fell back lifeless; and over her surged another sea of chanting and clapping and trampling, and halfarticulate sobbing cries: 'She save'! Oh, Gawd! Hallelujah! She converted! Oh! -- '"[56]

Another memorable passage in <u>The Broken Snare</u> is Ludwig's description of a service in a Catholic church; Ludwig was able, in this passage, to capture all the dramatic, dream-like atmosphere, at once so subtly langorous and so tense, of the Catholic worship he had undoubtedly seen as a child of ten in Charleston:

> "... she found herself kneeling in the dark nave of a small but beautiful Catholic church -- one of the few basilicas in America. It wanted still half an hour to the period of the

vesper service, but already here and there knelt a quiet, moveless figure with eyes fixed, through the gloom, upon the crimson glimmer of the eternal lamp that threw a faint ray upon the mild face of the Redeeming Lord, or with head bowed in contrition on the wooden pew. Frances knelt, too, and the heavy scent of the flowers floated to her from the white marble altar. The undying appeal of the ancient faith, in its full rigour, came to her. Oh, to cast off one's burdens here at the foot of the Cross; to solve, by one glorious acceptance, all the difficulties of life; to lay down all sins, all yearnings, all fears, all uncertainties; to be upborne by the Eternal Strength; to rest in the love and boundless compassion of the Everlasting Arms!...

"A red-robed acolyte stole softly from the vestry and passed behind the silver altar-railing. He knelt before the shrine of the Eucharist, and the light of the long taper which he held shone faintly on his delicate boy's face and soft hair. He lit taper after flickering taper until the white altar seemed dressed in brilliant, yellow gems... Then, apparently from far away, in small and wistful tones, floated the strain of the hidden organ, and through the vestry-door walked to its measure in slow and solemn procession, acolytes -- grave children swinging fuming censers or bearing tall candles -- followed by the celebrant priest... The candles flickered faintly through cloud after white cloud of incense that rose from the censers, which, as they swung to and fro, clinked softly. Gold glittered in cruciform lines upon the mystical vestments of the priest... The bell sounded; the people bowed; the Host soared. Her blood leapt to greet the sacred Flesh of the Divine Presence, and she knew a moment of complete ectasy... "[57]

The scene is strongly reminiscent of, and appears informed by much thesame mood and spirit as, one Ludwig, writing "Books We Have Made" some years before, had quoted from James Johnston Pettigrew's Spain and the Spaniards[58]: "I took my place among them (the worshippers in a cathedral)," the Protestant Pettigrew had written,

"on bended knee. True, I did not believe that the Virgin had descended upon the pillar any more than a great many good Catholics. Yet there was a certain pleasure in participating in the worship... I have knelt before the elevation of the Host and bowed my head on the posco at the solemn peal of the Angelus without feeling myself the worse therefor, and some of the pleasantest recollections of my life are those Spanish cathedrals, where the sombre grandeur of the architecture and the devotion of the congregation harmonized in elevating me

above the mere materiality of existence."59

Much in The Broken Snare bears testimony to Ludwig's troubled spirit at the time, and not least of all the craving for the comfort and sustenance of a faith, the consolation of religion, such as he had known in his childhood and in his teens. And this craving is very evident in his treatment of the Negro revival service, which, for all its air of hysteria and lack of sophistication, touched him deeply in its evocation of a "fervent faith and gratitude." It is evident, too, in his description of the Catholic worship with its message of individual salvation, its ecstatic solution of "all the difficulties of life." Perhaps it is not too much to say that, reflecting in those poverty-haunted and disappointing years in Charleston, he felt himself crushed and yearned for some escape, some solace from what Pettigrew had called "the mere materiality of existence," which had proved so harsh and so sere.

One wonders, of course, to what extent his relationship to Mary may already have been contributing to his bitterness of spirit. Yet, for all that its theme was one of sex and love, The Broken Snare evinces no compelling sense of strictly or pre-eminently domestic trouble. It evinces rather a sense of Ludwig's hurt at the hands of American society, and among the key passages in the novel is perhaps one that dwells on the "average American":

> "The talk of all these people was appalling in its sheer externality... Not the simplest reflection, not the faintest idea illuminated the talk. It was an interminable clatter of things, things, things..."60

Things, things, things... The mere materiality of existence... Ludwig was

discouraged and outraged by this America, revealed as so utterly unlike the America represented by the Charleston High School principal and his admired Latin teacher and Harris and Professor Trent. He struck out against it. Reminiscent of what he had years before written of Matthew Arnold, that Arnold "thought... wisely and beautifully, that even a false and mistaken religion is better for the majority of men than incertitude in matters spiritual,"[61] is Julian's angry speech in The Broken Snare:

> "When one considers the average American's complete immersion in the mere machinery of life one loses all hope in our future. The blackest bigotry of the most unintelligent creed would be better than this utter soullessness!"[62]

A great, deep, black unease possessed Ludwig who had found now that there was rather more to America than the soft and solitary dreaming of the Charleston Battery or the eighteenth-century revery of the College of Charleston or even the vigor and striving of mind that he had experienced on Morningside Heights:

> "One hardly meets (the Average American) in the mass in New York. But so soon as one begins to travel -- there he is, and always the same: good-natured and by no means stupid; full of a superficial intelligence, but utterly without intellect. He has forgotten his Bible and is cynical on the subject of politics. What remains? An interest in the mere mechanism of existence, the speed of trains and the trade of ports. It would be merely hateful if it were not so dangerous to our national future."[63]

And to the Ludwigs among us.

It was the hypocrisy, the false and facile moralism, the antagonism to intellectual achievement, characteristic of so much in American life, that affected Ludwig so adversely, that contributed to his peacelessness and disharmony and made him feel like a stranger. The Anti-Semitism he

had encountered had not as yet penetrated his full consciousness, so that it was not as a Jew that he felt alienated. The Carpenters in his experience notwithstanding, it was still as an artist and as an intellectual that he felt most estranged. He could no longer remain oblivious to the antagonism that would be directed against him as one of Jewish birth, but he did not grasp the nature of that antagonism now as years hence he would grasp it in Israel and MidChannel and The Island Within and The Last Days of Shylock. Anti-Semitism was still for himemore of an annoyance than a problem; it was the beast in the jungle, but it was against the jungle that he directed his fire.

If The Broken Snare was less a work of imaginative fiction than, as has been suggested,[64] a pièce à thèse, a sociological study, it was rendered so, not by its theme of sex, which was only the symbol, not the true substance, the thèse, of Ludwig's disaffection; it was rendered so by its indictment of American materialism and of America's Victorian ideals of gentility and respectability. The romance of Frances and Julian, for all its much-talked-about storm and passion, was only the outer skin of Ludwig's thèse. The skeleton, the abiding, internal structure, of that thèse consisted of a biting critique of contemporary American civilization. The romantic aspects of the novel may have been flimsy; the critique was not.

In a sense, then, Frances and Julian are the protagonists of the external plot. The real protagonist of the novel in its deeper -- less artistic, perhaps, but deeper -- character of a pièce à thèse is the Victorian Mrs. Garnett who, in striking contrast to Ludwig's ideal and heroic Crèvecoeur,

"through some warped energy of self-torture and self-humiliation

> ... had never transformed the wearier duties of her life into contributions to some fairer end, but had wilfully submitted her soul to their sway."[65]

It could as well have been said of America.

Ludwig finished The Broken Snare, and it seemed to him that, "with every allowance made, the thing was felt, seen rendered" and that "there were pages and chapters that both in the texture of the prose and the shaping of the matter had a touch of life and beauty."[66] He soon found, however, that he was unable to interest a publisher in it. What had befallen so many of his hard-labored and delicately wrought stories seemed now to overtake his novel as well. But he could not go on living off his father, and he could not support himself on pleasant, regretful notes from editors who, even if they admired, would never publish work which ran so devastatingly counter to the prissy romanticism of a Victorian-minded reading-public. It was a shabby trick fate had played on him, and "the thing was unendurable and throbbed in (him) with the fierceness of a wound."[67] There was nothing for it, but "to descend from the sacred hills of art"; he would have to become -- of all things he detested most -- a literary hack. "With a sense, at last, almost of despair, (his) father and (he) borrowed some money,"[68] and Ludwig returned with Mary to New York.

CHAPTER TWENTY: BEYOND THE PALE

They "took a small flat on Washington Heights. The house was new, but it was dingy by nature -- cheap, ugly, abominable."[69] Ludwig could forget all this, however, when Towne of the Smart Set "sent an enthusiastic letter concerning the manuscript of the novel and promised to get a publisher for it."[70] True to his word, Towne introduced Ludwig to Theodore Dreiser,[71] who was then editing the Butterick publications in New York. Dreiser, whose own first novel, Sister Carrie, had only recently reached the end of its chequered publishing history, liked The Broken Snare, and the great Hoosier's "approval repaid (Ludwig) amply for the snubs of the commercial editors and publishers."[72] Ludwig admired Dreiser and had been much taken with Sister Carrie. "There is no profounder illustration than the character of Hurstwood in all literature," he would write in later years of Dreiser's first novel, "of the great saying of Goethe that every concrete thing, if it perfectly represents itself, becomes the sufficient symbol of all."[73]

A friendship sprang up between these two -- a strange friendship in some respects. Alike in their naturalistic bent in a day when naturalism was a scandal, the two were nevertheless very, very different. It is true, to be sure, that what Maxwell Geismar has written of Dreiser could apply equally to Ludwig at that time, and this was, in fact, probably why Dreiser undertook to become Ludwig's "sponsor." Dreiser, wrote Geismar,

> "was a realist. He was opposed to the Victorian ideals of refinement and gentility, since they distorted the truth about human nature, and he wanted to cut through the dirt of our own Gilded Age, perhaps the most immoral epoch in the national history, and the most hypocritical."[74]

Yet, while the Hoosier, twelve years his protege's senior, cultivated "a basically sound but untutored agnosticism,"[75] the Carolinian was a deeply religious person, as must have been evident even to Dreiser from The Broken Snare. Of Dreiser it could be said that "few writers have started with worse equipment ... (He was) encumbered with a tin ear... and (suffered) considerable difficulty in writing a simple declarative sentence."[76] That, indeed, "he succeeded in writing five of America's best novels"[77] was something of a miracle, as it had been no doubt in the case of a Dickens and a Dostoyevsky, too, for "like Dickens and Dostoyevsky (Dreiser) wrote with fury -- and grammar, syntax and taste often flew out the window."[78] This could be said of many writers. It could be said of Thomas Wolfe. It could be said of James Joyce and of Louis-Ferdinand Celine. Ludwig, too, could write "with fury," but never did grammar or syntax, and rarely did taste, fail him, and never could it be said of Ludwig that he suffered from a "tin ear" or from "difficulty in writing a simple declarative sentence."

It was an emotional impact Dreiser was mightiest at rendering. There was no grace of style in him, and if Ludwig himself applauded him as "the kin... of the masters"[79] and as the man who saw "life more largely and truly than any other American novelist"[80] -- and who can gainsay this? -- still he could not forebear to mention Dreiser's "quaint vulgarities of phrase."[81] But one finds no "quaint vulgarities of phrase" in Ludwig's work. If Dreiser was the greater novelist, Ludwig was yet the greater stylist -- and a highly conscious one at that. His style at its best was warm and evocative, highly conscious and controlled. And it was peculiarly his own. Ludwig was no unself-conscious artist, and always and every-

where he endeavored to exert over his material a discipline that was quite beyond a Dreiser. Style was his forte, and he labored to purify and to distinguish that style. It was as if he felt that he owed as much responsibility to the English language itself as to the theme to which, in any given work, he addressed himself. And, quite unlike Dreiser, Ludwig made himself a master of the English language, so that, if that language itself was not enriched and expanded by a Dreiser's blood and power, surely it was by a Lewisohn's brilliance and style. Grammar, syntax, diction -- these were as important to Ludwig as the emotion and the thought he endeavored to convey. Where, practically at least, form for Dreiser was subordinated to content, they had for Ludwig to dwell in a symbiosis, and a weakness, a flaw, in form was almost ipso facto a weakness, a flaw, in content.

The Broken Snare was not, to be sure, the masterful novel that Sister Carrie was, but Dreiser liked it well enough to recommend it for publication to B. W. Dodge and Company, who had just brought out his own controversial, long-suppressed novel. B. W. Dodge and Company published Ludwig's novel in November 1908, but the book was poorly received. "In its theme of free love," Gillis has written,

> "it was ten years ahead of its time... There is not an untoward word or scene in the book; from beginning to end it is a work of art of a severe purity in diction and event... (today) The Broken Snair /sic/ seems almost innocuous in the concessions that everywhere it makes to prudery and convention; but, twenty-five years ago /Gillis was writing in 1933/, the very theme of Lewisohn's book put him beyond the pale. Emasculation of material, gentility of diction, were still the chief traits of American literature."[82]

And so, though the New York Times saluted the novel for its "ethical

significance" despite the fact that, as the Times saw fit to insist, its author might have "developed his story with more reticence and equal power and so have run less risk of offense"[83]; and though William Morton Payne, writing in the Dial, had no hesitation in recommending it for adults, while warning that it was "not a book for young persons to read"[84]; most typical were the fulminations in The News and Courier of Charleston, Ludwig's own hometown. For, if five years earlier The News and Courier had held it "a misfortune that Charleston and her college (could) not retain (Ludwig) for the rest of his natural life" and had described his history of Carolinian literature as "the subject of admiring comment, whether or not the reader always concurred in all of his criticisms and conclusions,"[85] that newspaper had now in 1908 only scorn for the iconoclast and vitriol for his work. The News and Courier now lashed out at The Broken Snare as

> "a profoundly disgusting story, dealing with the most intimate and personal concerns of men and women in their closest relationships, and reeking with the sweat of the vulgarest human passions."[86]

Fine words, these, for Jacques and Minna to read in Charleston; and a fitting end to Ludwig's months of labor. "How could (his) poor little book brave such" an onslaught? "It didn't sell. It didn't sell at all."[87] And woe to him who challenged the Victorian Faith, and woe to him who scraped away the gilding of the gilded age!

Yet, scarcely five years before, Thomas Dixon, Jr. of North Carolina had made a great thing of his viciously anti-Negro drama, The Leopard's Spots.[88] There had been no outcry on that occasion in the columns of The News and Courier; no threat in that to the faith and gilding of the gilded age.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE: A VARIETY OF TORMENTS

"It has been said," Ludwig would write in 1916, "that words are things. They are far more than that. They are the soul of beauty and meaning which the poet breathes into things."[89] And Ludwig would know whereof he spoke. He would know the glories that words can be, and he would know these so well because he had learned, learned with weary flesh and wearier brain, during those months of 1908 and 1909 as he watched his novel violated, as he watched it falter and succumb, learned the banality and unction and soullessness that words can be. It was not only in the attacks on his "poor little book" that he learned this. He learned it in the "serial" novels to which his circumstances had finally reduced him.

The literary hack who wrote "serials" was paid a paltry two-thirds of a cent per word, but one "could drivel to the tune of sixty thousand words and the company paid on acceptance" -- provided, of course, that each installment of three chapters was concluded with a "device of suspended mystery," that the mystery was not solved "until the last chapter of the last installment," that there was "little description and no analysis," "a powerful love interest but no hint of sex."[90] Wretched as it was, he "had to make money,"[91] and so he set himself to writing "serials" and sold them, six in all, to the Cavalier Magazine, All-Story, and Argosy.[91] He wrote, he concocted, he contrived -- "against every human and artistic instinct of (his) nature"[92] -- until he simply "broke down"[93] and "the vein of base invention wouldn't yield another drop."[94]

Ludwig had, in the meantine, been able to sell an occasional story, an occasional playlet to a New York weekly called Town Topics and edited by "a magnificent, militant and preposterous character... (of) pirate and

scapegrace nature,"[95] Colonel William D'Alton Mann, who subscribed to "the wise theory that not only do people like to read about the doings of high society but that members of high society like to read about the doings, especially the scandalous doings, in high society themselves."[96] Colonel Manm was in the market for "tales not too somber nor too analytical" and bulging with "interest and action."[97] And so, writing for the Colonel, Ludwig "bled over (his) inanities but thankfully welcomed the checks."[98] His meager income was further supplemented by reviews of German books he was able to sell to the Nation, at that time hardly the liberal publication it is today and under the editorship[99] of Paul Elmer More,[100] who was later to rank among Ludwig's more formidable opponents in the world of criticism. Now and again the Smart Set took a story; and a few of the stories Ludwig sold to the Smart Set during this period had "deeper touches... (and) moments of illuminating creativeness."[101] But Ludwig's earnings had begun to diminish -- almost, it seemed, from day to day. He and Mary were rapidly being reduced to the powerty of dependence on Jacques and on their friends. "The situation was an impossible one."[102]

How impossible the situation had become, how terrible the pressure on Ludwig must have been, is abundantly and pathetically evident in the fact that he could have been induced to write so maudlin and meretricious a piece as the Sunday school "Dramatic Poem," A Night in Alexangria, published in November 1909 and dreadfully precursive of the saccharine, turgid religious dramas sprung in such profusion during the past few years by an equally hard-pressed Hollywood. It was a martyrology that Ludwig had written, and indeed A Night in Alexandria, it may be said, was a martyrology in more than one respect.

Set in Egypt on Christmas Eve 360 C.E., the "Dramatic Poem," as it is subtitled, recounts an incident in the declining career of the exiled Archbishop Athanasius and presents a sickly picture of a confused adolescent, one Charito, a Greek Lady of Alexandria, unable to decide between the mystic heart-throbs of her religious faith and the visionary enchantments of a pagan lover, one Lucillian, a "Centurian" in the armies of Constantius. When on Christmas Eve, both the Archbishop, in flight from the "Centurian," and the "Centurian," in pursuit of the Archbishop, appear in Charito's chambers, she determines to resolve her dilemma by concealing Athanasius, resisting -- not very convincingly -- the blandishments of Lucillian, and offering herself for martyrdom. The prodigal Archbishop intervenes, however, to proselytize Lucillian, and the pièce ends -- not a moment too soon -- with Lucillian sinking slowly "to his knees" as "The dawn... breaks through the mist."[103]

Lucillian's comment on Charito's adolescent religiosity, that her "speech (is) a barren and a bitter fruit, like empty mutterings to the lute,"[104] may be taken as a true estimate of the entire work, its art, its depth, its effect. A Night in Alexandria is decently obscure. One hopes only that it served some good purpose by bringing Ludwig a few much-needed dollars, but even this is in doubt as no more than two hundred copies were printed.[105]

As the year 1909 drew to its close, Ludwig became desperate. Only one hope remained -- that of a university position. "It was a bitter thing to be forced to do,"[106] but he went back to Morningside Heights -- to Trent, in defiance of whose wishes he had quit Columbia, his doctorate unfinished, five years before. As Ludwig had hoped, Trent spared no effort

on his behalf. "He set in motion the whole machinery of the department" and gave Ludwig "the full weight of his influence." To no avail. Trent's appeals fell on deaf ears, and Ludwig found himself refused at the University of Virginia, at the University of Michigan, at the University of Minnesota.[108] "The reason was scarcely veiled; it was not debatable."[109] He was a Jew; he was not an Anglo-Saxon. Wherever Trent appealed for him, wherever Ludwig turned -- semper et ubique -- he was a Jew; he was not an Anglo-Saxon. And no position in the teaching of the English language was open to a Jew. His friend, Leonard, now Professor of English at the University of Wisconsin in Madison, "plead with his chief."[110] Trent and Thomas "wrote to the man."[111] But no position in the teaching of the English language was open to a Jew.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO: MADISON

Teaching English was barred to him. No English department would accept in its midst a Jew in this America where a "nativistic oligarchy"[112] decreed that Anglo-Saxons alone were worthy of teaching the native language and literature. Yet all hope of obtaining a university position was not gone. Ludwig's background in the German language was scarcely second to his background in English, and if he were not permitted to teach English, perhaps he would be permitted to teach German. When a position in the German department fell vacant at Princeton, Thomas wrote in Ludwig's behalf, but again Ludwig was refused on the ground that he was a Jew.[113]

In the meantime, Leonard at the University of Wisconsin had become "thoroughly alarmed"[114] for his friend. He appealed now to Professor Alexander Rudolf Hohlfeld, the head of the German department in Madison, and Hohlfeld, himself a German, of "the finest, deepest-souled type,"[115] lost no time in offering Ludwig an instructorship in German at one thousand dollars a year.

It was April 1910, and Ludwig was not due to take up his appointment in Wisconsin until October. Fortunately "a piece of translation"[116] came his way -- Ernst von Feuchtersleben's Zur Diaetetik der Seele,[117] which Ludwig edited and translated under the title, Health and Suggestion -- and his financial burdens were somewhat eased.

He was "convinced now, through experience and reflection, that (his) art product could not... commend itself to the strange minds of (his) countrymen,"[118] and he determined "to devote (himself) undividedly to" scholarship in the field of Germanics.[119] In order "to make a respectable entrance into (his) new profession,"[120] he set himself to writing a German text-book,

in which he gathered excerpts from the writings of Luther, Lessing, Goethe, Heine, and Nietzsche and, eager to demonstrate his aptitude for the career of a scholar, included a variety of scholarly minutiae such as statistics on questions of rhetoric, conventional and elaborate figures, synonyms, rhyme, and alliteration. Yet, if the text-book was "a dry technical dissertation, hardly suited to his gifts" and little more than "a propitiatory offering to an unkind world,"[121] Ludwig was unable, even in this unlikely and inhospitable context, to suppress his sense of beauty. There is at least one quotable passage in the book, a passage in which Ludwig presented with grace and succinctness his view on the matter of form and substance in literature. Heine, he said, had stated "the essential secret" of art "in his own sweeping way" when he wrote that,

> "'In art form counts for everything: substance for nothing. My tailor in Paris makes the same charge for an evening suit whether you furnish him the cloth or not. He charges you for the form and is willing to throw in the material.' That, from the artist's point of view, is the whole truth. The reader justly demands -- in the majority of cases -- excellence of substance. To the executant, however, substance must merge in form; thought and technique must become identical -- in terms of the latter. The high seriousness with which a craftsman treats the peculiar methods of his art, will, insensibly, communicate itself to his substance and lend the humblest incident, character or description a touch of nobility and charm."[122]

This "essential secret" was, however, as Ludwig wrote, something that had been but poorly grasped by German critics whose perfunctory interest in style he saw reason to lament. Most German critics, unfortunately, were "primarily concerned with the historical expression of ethnic ideals, and but little with that intellectual beauty which is the be-all and the end-all of the art of letters."[123] Ludwig permitted himself to hope, therefore, that his book would contribute to the criticism of German literature

a dimension that had hitherto been largely lacking in it.

It was a tiresome thing to which he had been reduced, to which his talent and imagination had been subjected, but it was better than contriving "serials" or specious Sunday school dramas. The book was duly published that year by Henry Holt and Company under the title, German Style: An Introduction to the Study of German Prose, and Ludwig was enabled to make his appearance in Madison with some scholarly credentials to his credit.

Wisconsin was a thousand miles from Charleston, and he had not been home for a long time. And when would he be home again? Before going out to Madison, therefore, he went home to Charleston for ten weeks. It was "with a feeling, half of delight and half of bitter, grinding remorse"[124] that he went. He knew now "that the good dream of the years was over and that (he)&would never lift (his) father and mother out of the life they were living, that (he) would not even be able ever to dwell near them again, but always half a continent away."[125] It was over, the good dream of the years. It was over.

In the fall of 1910, Ludwig arrived in Madison, and again he knew the joy of Leonard's presence and companionship. Leonard introduced him to Professor Hohlfeld whom he found to be "tall, elegant, careworn, expansive, one of the soundest minds and hearts in the world"[126] and to his colleagues in the German department which Ludwig would later characterize as "one of the goodliest fellowships of comradely and learned men on earth."[127]

It was a good year that Ludwig spent in Madison -- the best perhaps he had ever had, the best he was to have for a long, long time to come. The university on its lovely site along the shores of Lake Mendota a mile from

the State Capitol was prspering in that era of the "Wisconsin Idea" and seemed to Ludwig "as nearly as possible the free seat of learning of a strong and hopeful democracy."[128] Ludwig proved to be a successful teacher and enjoyed "in the fullest measure... the loyalty and gratitude of (his) students."[129] It was regretfully that he left Madison in the fall of 1911. It was regretfully that he left his students and colleagues and Professor Hohlfeld who begged him to stay and Leonard, animae dimidium meae. But a thousand dollars a year was not much to live on -- even in 1911. And so, when a professorship in German language and literature at the Ohio State University was offered him, he "accepted the offer, though not without doubt and hesitation."[130] How well-founded the doubts and the hesitations were, only the next eight years in Columbus would show.

It had been, after all, only an interlude, that good year in Madison.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE: A TIME OF DYINGS

Columbus at the confluence of the Scioto and Olentangy rivers is in the geographical heart of Ohio. It has never been a large city and, even in 1950, could boast a population of few more than three hundred thousand. For Ludwig and Mary who "had both been accustomed to richer and racier forms of life than (they) found in that characteristic city of the Middle West, to a more flexible society, a freer air,"[131] Columbus was provincial of the provinces. In later years Ludwig would write that he "could not... recall a single day of (his) life since (his) quite early childhood that had not been tarnished by less or more of moral suffering."[132] Here, in Columbus, the tarnish was to coat his very soul and that "moral suffering" to sweep across his days like some huge black storm sweeping across the flat monotony of central Ohio.

The campus of the Ohio State University lay some three miles north of the state house. It was, of course, an institution supported by public funds, and "any boy or girl in the state who (had) completed a high school course" could come to Columbus and "learn anything within the whole realm of human knowledge which may seem most effective in developing the individual."[133] Few, however, came for that, as Ludwig found. Few were the students, few even the faculty members, who believed in an education that meant "a liberation of the mind or a heightened consciousness of the historic culture of mankind."[134] Most of those he met in Columbus looked upon a college education as something "to fit you to do things -- build bridges, cure diseases, teach French. It (was) not supposed to help you to be."[135] Education meant "skill and knowledge with which to conquer the world of matter"; it did not mean "an inner change -- the putting on of a

new man, a new criterion of truth, new tastes and other values."[136] There was no stirring of mind on that campus in Columbus; there were "no rebellions or curiosities or yearnings. Young things there were not wild things."[137]

Eighty years earlier Alexis de Tocqueville had written of America that he knew "no country in which there (was) so little true independence of mind and freedom of discussion."[138] That America remained -- at least in Columbus of the Mid-West. It was truly a "singular perversion of middle-class values which flourished on the campus amongst students and professors alike,"[139] and it revolted Ludwig -- Ludwig who had admired Arnold of Rugby and Addison and Horace, Ludwig who had exulted in the freedom and passion of a Hauptmann and a Liliencron and a Nietzsche. But there was nothing here of the intellectual glory of the Arnolds, nothing here of the Sturm und Drang of the modern Germans. There was here no "passion of the soul."[140] There was instead the "cowardice and... effeminacy of mind"[141] of the professorate; there was the "stupidity and emptiness," the "football and fudge"[142] of the student body; and there was -- most monstrous and sterile of all -- the Presbyterian clergyman who was President of the Ohio State University from 1899 to 1925 -- in addition to his other interests as "insurance magnate,[143] farmer, and merchant."[144]

William Oxley Thompson[145] had risen from an underprivileged childhood to become one of Ohio's most successful and distinguished citizens. Among his many distinctions had been the presidency of Miami University in Oxford, Ohio[146] and the presidency of the Ohio Sunday School Association.[147] Nor had his honors culminated in the presidency of the Ohio State University, for he would go on in 1927 to become Moderator of the General Assembly

of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. Thompson, to be sure, was not unimpressed by the honors that had accrued to him, but "in the ordinary, concrete matters of daily living," it seemed to Ludwig, he "was both wise and just."[148] He was no Carpenter. "The old experiences of the race that had recurred within his own life he had grasped firmly, and concerning them his judgment was liberal and ripe."[149] A man of many marriages, he was no Victorian namby-pamby, was neither prudish nor prurient, and "had a saner insight than many supposed into the intricate relations of men and women."[150]

And yet this man was the very soul of all that Ludwig detested in Columbus. On all matters that transcended his personal experience, Thompson "talked like a child or a madman.and... acted from within a group and had always identified himself with that group's opinion of itself and with its attitude to other groups. The qualities of these other groups he had always loyally excluded from his experience."[153] But always, vis a vis Thompson, it was -- it could not have been otherwise -- it was to "these other groups" that Ludwig belonged and would belong.

So it was, in many respects, a dreary life into which Ludwig entered in Columbus. And it was a hard life. He "taught a section of beginners and conducted a seminar for candidates for the doctorate. (He) taught, intermediate classes. In a word, (he) was high school teacher, college teacher, university professor on the same day. (He) had constantly to practice and apply to (his) subject three utterly different methods."[154] The frequent waste of it all was appalling, but still he persevered. Always he sought, and rarely he found, "one student -- if but one -- who heard (him) in the deeper sense and accepted, however imperfectly, the spirit of

(his) teaching -- one who at least in the years to come would realize through memory that onee in his youth he had heard a summons from the common and the mean, a protest against the obliteration of all freer and finer values, a call to become a member of that small company of elect spirits who have been, in every age, the guardians of the torch of the true humanities."[155] Bound here in this bed of Procrustes, he burned to create -- if not in the art of letters -- at least in the art of teaching.

In the Spring of 1912, Ludwig's work in Columbus was interrupted by a special delivery letter from Jacques. Minna was to undergo surgery for cancer. He fled home to Charleston for ten days. But all hope was gone. He knew his mother was dying. A few months later, when Minna, "very ill and broken,"[156] came to Columbus, he knew she had come to die. The end came in October of 1912, and "the tentative and half-prayerful aspiration toward some extra-mundane source of power and good which had remained with (Ludwig) from (his) Christian youth died out entirely"[157] with her. Ludwig had lost not only Minna, "that burning symbol in (his) personal life."[158] He had "lost (his) last shred of respect for all religious and ethical formulations -- for all types of supernaturalism and absoluteness in thinking -- for everything except such forms of beauty or freedom or justice as might mitigate our stark wretchedness on earth."[159] Christianity failed him now as the Christian world had failed him in the past. There could be no comfort for him in Judaism of which he knew nothing, much less in the Jews whose overtures he had rejected in Columbus.[160] And so this new sense of the painfulness, the mournfulness of living grew forth from no "speculation or tradition"; it was founded "on the granite

basis of a tragic fact."[161]

Ludwig was alone now -- in an aloneness that even he had never known, an aloneness that neither father nor friend nor wife could ever penetrate, ever put to flight.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR: THE FLOWING, FLOWING, FLOWING OF THE WORLD

When in 1910 Professor Hohlfeld had offered him the instructorship in German at the University of Wisconsin, Ludwig had determined to devote himself "undividedly" to scholarship in his field. As proof of his intent, he had written German Style and published it the year he went to Madison. Now, in Columbus, he found little to distract him from acting further on his decision. Few indeed were the distractions amid the cultural and intellectual barrenness of Columbus society. Ludwig was appalled by the "mental vacuity"[162] that most of his acquaintances exhibited and before long had all but entirely withdrawn from society to pursue his scholarly interests.

In the year 1911 Ludwig had undertaken to edit a collection of Gerhart Hauptmann's dramas for the publishing firm of Benjamin W. Huebsch, for whom he had also translated seven of Hermann Sudermann's short stories, published in 1912 under the title, The Indian Lily and Other Stories. The first volume of The Dramatic Works of Gerhart Hauptmann appeared in December 1912[163] -- the first of two volumes of Hauptmann's "Social Dramas" -- and included Vor Sonnenaufgang (Before Dawn), Die Weber (The Weavers), Der Biberpelz (The Beaver Coat), and Der Rote Hahn (The Conflagration). Volume II appeared in 1913 and included Fuhrmann Henschel (Drayman Henschel), Rose Bernd, and Die Ratten (The Rats).[164] The translations had been authorized by Hauptmann himself, with whom Ludwig corresponded while preparing them.[165]

This was no "hack-work" Ludwig had undertaken, nor was it the wearisome compendium German Style had been. If his translations of Hauptmann's plays brought Ludwig money and reputation beyond the confines of Columbus, their artistic value was by no means second to any practical value they had

for him. These translations were indeed "the work of one who (had) preserved despite the passage of the years his own high ideals in creative art and, for the present suspended in their exercise, approach(ed) them as closely as he (could) in other people's writing."[166] Despite the depression into which Minna's death had cast him, Ludwig must have been cheered by the acclaim of his friends, Professors Trent, Thomas, and Hohlfeld. Trent publicized his opinion that

> "Especially in view of what I know of Professor Lewisohn's fitness for his task, I am much pleased that he has taken general charge of this important edition of Hauptmann, which seems in its first volume to open auspiciously."[167]

Thomas characterized Ludwig's introductory essay on Hauptmann in Volume I as "an excellent piece of work" and declared that he knew "of nothing else so good on the subject in the English language."[168] As for Ludwig's "work as a translator," said Thomas, he did not "see how the thing could have been better done."[169] Hohlfeld, for his part, stated in the New York Times that Ludwig's undertaking was

> "deserving of the widest recognition and support. The task of translating Hauptmann is an exceedingly difficult one. Let us say at once that the scholarly and experienced editor has solved it with remarkable success... The plays themselves are preceded by a well-written and illuminating introductory essay on the technique, range and significance of Hauptmann's dramatic art."[170]

Other applause came from the press in places as far apart as Chicago and London, Boston and even Columbia, South Carolina.[171] No less a personage than Henry L. Mencken himself wrote in the Smart Set that Huebsch and Ludwig "deserve(d) thanks for undertaking the extremely arduous enterprise of opening (Hauptmann's) whole canon to readers who are dismayed by the

original."[172] It must have been gratifying to see his genius, so long unsung, acclaimed now from so many quarters and with so much warmth, but how it must have grieved him that Minna lay beyond this comfort.

That Ludwig's work attained the level it did was due, of course, in no small degree to the admiration Hauptmann's plays had inspired in him since his student days in New York where he had first come upon them. For years now he had loved and revered this Silesian[173] whom he credited withimparting to the life of the common folk in his native country "the graveness of tragedy and the permanence of literature"[174] and whom he saw "absorbed not by any problem of art but by the being and fate of humanity itself."[175] It was not alone the dramatist's striking naturalism that endeared him to Ludwig, nor was it only the fact that "the silent burden of (Hauptmann's 'Social Dramas'), the ceaseless implication of their fables, (was) the injustice and inhumanity of the social order"[176] — much as Ludwig had in his own person suffered from that "injustice and inhumanity." It was the truthfulness of Hauptmann's vision, the fact that the German master was "content to show humanity"[177] as it was and not as fashion or prejudice would have it shown. "Few other dramatists," Ludwig wrote, "impress one with an equal sense of life's fullness and continuity,

> 'The flowing, flowing, flowing of the world.'"[178]

There was nothing in Hauptmann of the Victorian cant and hypocrisy, nothing of the Puritan distortion of man. There was the wonderful, truthful savor and vigor and raciness of life itself. And many times in the sickening years to come Ludwig would return to Hauptmann's vision to be healed by it.

What sustained Ludwig in Hauptmann's "Social Dramas" sustained him

also in the novels of another German, the Holstein-born Gustav Frenssen,[179] of whose novel, Joern Uhl,[180] Boni and Liveright brought out a translation in 1913. F. S. Delmer translated the book; Ludwig, his reputation already established by the Hauptmann volumes, was engaged to write an introduction to the English version of Frenssen's masterpiece. "There are not many books in modern literature," wrote Ludwig of the Holstein pastor's novels, "that offer us fresher and more nourishing art... They are like bread, and at many moments that bread is the bread of life."[181] How far he had come from the naivete of those long-past days in St. Matthews and Charleston, those days in which he could write that

> "the greater writers of romance [Scott, for example] are truer to the essential facts of human life than the professed realist, for they are apt to create characters which are typical of humanity at all times, and to lay less weight upon peculiarities, however interesting, which are the fleeting products of a certain stage in the evolution of society,"[182]

is clear from the Goethean spirit pervading Ludwig's introduction to Joern Uhl. "Universality," he wrote now,

> "comes from the folk; the fundamentally is also the broadly human. The sectional novel [such as Joern Uhl], in its highest aspect, has the best chance of being not only a national but a universal one. The concrete, closely considered, is more far-reaching in its significance than the broadest generalization, and from simple men we learn most concerning man."[183]

Simms had sensed this in his own day and had been scorned for it as somehow vulgar, and Ludwig had justified the scorn back in those days when gentility had beckoned as anxiously as art; but now no more.

It was not only his distance from the notions of his Charleston youth that was evident in the introduction to Joern Uhl. How much Ludwig

stood in conflict with the Victorianism of Columbus was also clear when he wrote that Frenssen

> "breaks with the Augustinian, or, rather, with the Pauline, antithesis between the flesh and the spirit. He seeks to heal the wound that historical Christianity inflicted upon human life. His people are entire people. They have senses, reason, emotion. They are not trying constantly to run away from an essential part of their own natures. If they are saved, it is the whole of them that is saved. The senses are accepted, the flesh is made beautiful and spiritualized."[184]

And Ludwig challenged more than one canon of the society in which he lived by the existentialist approach that was apparent in his words on salvation and holy church:

> "All men do, indeed, desire to be saved. That is, they desire to become reconciled in spirit to that universe of which their lives are a part. Such is the real meaning of salvation. The Church, taking the easiest way, seeks to reconcile man to his fate by negating its importance and finality and pointing to extra-mundane worlds of reward and completion. Its aim is to save man from life. But this is precisely what the modern spirit cannot endure. It says with Goethe: Here or nowhere is America. We must be saved through and within life. Our concrete experiences must somehow hold the spiritual values that are to satisfy the reason and the heart."[185]

Such is the real meaning of salvation... but hardly the Christian meaning, hardly the meaning that a Thompson would eke out. Gone forever were those days when an evangelical Christianity could stir Ludwig or a Catholic mass captivate him. One wonders what Thompson might have thought on discovering such sentiments in a member of his faculty -- if discover them he did. But the showdown with the Thompsons was not yet. It lay still in the future.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE: A HUNGER OF THE NERVES

The third of the Hauptmann volumes -- "Domestic Dramas" -- appeared under Ludwig's editorship in 1914. The introductory essay which Ludwig wrote for it dwelt at some length on Hauptmann's marital problems. The dramatist's first marriage, Ludwig pointed out, had "proved an unhappy one and ended in dissolution."[186] This period of Hauptmann's life had fallen between Colleague Crampton, published in 1892, and Michael Kramer, published in 1900. These eight years had been restless ones for Hauptmann, and he had surrendered during them to a wanderlust which took him on several long journeys, including one to America. From a literary point of view, wrote Ludwig, they had been

> "characterised by an intense and painful absorption in the problem of modern marriage. In The Reconciliation, in Colleague Crampton, in Michael Kramer, above all, in Lonely Lives, the recorded struggle has its roots in the marriage of an intellectual idealist to a woman of inferior knowledge and endowment... The experience in question cannot be overlooked in any rational interpretation of Hauptmann's work. He returns to the problem again and again."[187]

Ludwig, too, returned to this problem again and again during the years in Columbus, nor did his sensitivity to the problem disappear with his departure from the Mid-West at the end of the War. He had taken care, to be sure, in his preface to Volume I of the Hauptmann series, to thank Mary "for faithful assistance in the preparation of" Hauptmann's "Social Dramas."[188] That had been in June 1912 -- during the final months of Minna's fatal illness. Yet the profound concern Ludwig displayed, in Volume III and, particularly, in Volume VI[189] of the Hauptmann plays, as well as in The Modern Drama,[190] with "the problem of modern marriage" indicates that

his own marriage had become very much of a problem to him. And yet again, as he had done when otherwise afflicted, he turned to literature for solution.

In his comments on Gabriel Schilling's Flight, a play in which, as Ludwig wrote, Hauptmann "grapples with the problem of sex in its acutest and most modern form,"[191] Ludwig waxed eloquent on this problem:

> "The strictly modern problem of the relation of the sexes -- especially as it affects the intellectual worker -- has never been long out of Hauptmann's mind... In Gabriel Schilling's Flight his analysis... is projected creatively in the characters of the two women -- Evelyn Schilling and Hanna Elias. What is it, in these women, that -- different as they are -- menaces so fatally the man and the artist Schilling? It is a passion for possession, for absorption, a hunger of the nerves rather than of the heart. These modern women have abandoned the simple and sane preoccupations of their grandmothers; the enormous garnered nervous energy that is no longer expended in household tasks and in child bearing strikes itself, beak and clawlike, into man. But man has not changed. His occupations are not gone. He cannot endure the double burden. That is why Gabriel Schilling, rather than be destroyed spiritually by these tyrannies and exactions, seeks a last refuge in the great and cleansing purity of the sea."[192]

It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that Hauptmann's perception of the problem, his treatment of the relation of the sexes in the modern world, was among the strongest appeals he made to Ludwig who saw in him a kindred spirit -- whether or not justifiably is another question -- and looked to him for relief from the turgid conventionalities and formulae of Columbus.

That Ludwig, too, was deeply troubled in his marriage is beyond doubt in view of what is known of his marital experiences, the frequent allusions in his critical writings in these years to problems of sex and marriage, and particularly of later novels like Don Juan and The Case of

Mr. Crump. These two novels sprang from his own experience, and the marital relationship described in them could not have developed suddenly, but must have been troubling Ludwig for many years -- perhaps even from the beginning of his marriage to Mary. As early as 1908, Ludwig had written in The Broken Snare of how

> "elemental man and woman, stripped bare of all superficial complexities, confronted each other again, in their eternal enmity -- he striving to give reality to the conceptions of his intellect, she to the hopes of her heart."[193]

It had been "the hopes of her heart" in 1908; it became "a hunger of the nerves" in 1915. Yet, even in 1908, the question had been treated with an occasional intensity akin to Hauptmann's far from occasional vision in Gabriel Schilling's Flight. In answer to Frances' protest that the woman who loves a man is willing to sacrifice even her life for him, Julian retorts in The Broken Snare:

> "... if he has ceased to love her he does not want her life -- he wants his own... Your love is merciless, your fidelity is implacable and your very unselfishness enslaves!"[194]

The sinister poet Held tells Frances that

> "there is nothing so pitiless as the love of woman. It gives us much, but it would withhold the one thing which we dare not lack -- the undisturbed life of our own soul."[195]

At another point in The Broken Snare, we find woman characterized as "the enemy of man's work."[196]

No personal writings, no letters or memorabilia of any kind from the years in Columbus, have been available to us, but it appears beyond doubt that Ludwig's sensitivity to the problem of marriage, his regard

for dramatists like Hauptmann and Georges de Porto-Riche in their statement of the problem,[197] -- that all this stemmed, not from any sociological theorizing on Ludwig's part, but rather from direct and bitter personal suffering. It seems evident -- even lacking the proof of personalia -- that Ludwig's marriage had already undergone a painful deterioration when he edited Hauptmann's "Domestic Dramas" and "Later Dramas in Prose" and wrote The Modern Drama in the years 1914 and 1915. Certainly in The Case of Mr. Crump, written over a decade later, Ludwig saw the problem in much the same terms as Hauptmann had seen it in Gabriel Schilling's Flight and as Porto-Riche had seen it in Amoureuse[198] -- as imminent in the antagonism between a man of superior and a woman of inferior intellectuality, as imminent in the modern woman's unmediated nervous energy. "The modern malady of love is nerves,"[199] Ludwig wrote in 1915. There is more than this to Crump, of course, but "the modern malady" plays a significantly large role in that novel. Even more perhaps than the disparity in age and temperament between Anne and Herbert Crump, it was Anne's "hunger of the nerves" -- pitted against Herbert's intellectuality and weakness -- that made their marriage a veritable symbol of all that is most ill and evil in the world. Of Herbert's weakness -- and consequently of his own -- Ludwig had little explicitly to say. It was always on the woman -- in his own novels, Don Juan and Crump, as well as in his critical analyses of other works -- that the burden of responsibility rested in his view. Or it was on society. It was never on the Gabriel Schillings or the Etienne Feriauds or the Lucien Curtises or the Herbert Crumps -- or the Ludwig Lewisohns.

We are not concerned here so much to judge Ludwig's view as to understand it, to establish a basis for it inso far as that is possible.

Ludwig saw the problem largely -- indeed almost exclusively -- in terms of an intellectual man who was confronted with a woman intellectually his inferior and thus posing a threat to his intellectual activities. Such is the character of women like Frances Garnett to some degree, like Mrs. Garnett to a greater degree, like Elise Curtis and Anne Crump, or -- proceeding beyond Ludwig's creations -- like Hauptmann's Evelyn Schilling and Hanna Elias and Porto-Riche's Germaine Feriaud. He spoke always in terms of the woman's "hunger of the nerves," of her possessiveness vis à vis her man, a possessiveness arising from the fact that her place and tradition have been, largely by her own will and effort, unsettled in modern society, that her role has become somehow vague and ill-defined and whitout comfort or security in the modern world. Man, on the other hand, Ludwig saw fit to insist, "has not changed." One cannot, however, escape the feeling that all this was irrelevant to Ludwig's own problem and to his own condition.

Intellectual as he was, Mary Lewisohn does not appear to have been a woman of endowment markedly inferior to his own. She was able, in her own right, to establish for herself a reputation of some note as a playwright so that Ludwig himself mentioned with praise her one-act play, The Last Straw,[200] and said of her Humble Folk that it was "full of human voices and human woes,"[201] -- and this at a time in the early 1920's when, as is evident from Don Juan, he yearned to be rid of her and to involve himself with Thelma Spear, the singer who was as much his junior as Mary was his senior. Ludwig was never one to seek a relationship with a woman of inferior intellect. His dwelling on this theme seems, therefore, to have constituted an evasion of the real problem that faced him in his marriage -- at the very least, an extension of that problem to a realm

which had faint application, if any at all, to his own condition.

Ludwig, the truth is, had met Mary at a time that personal defeat, frustration, and disillusion had left him in dire need of someone on whom to lean -- in fact, on someone like Minna. Mary may not have been like Minna in other respects, but she was only a few years younger than Minna, and she must have been sensitive to that need in Ludwig and able, at the time, to meet it. And so he had married her. In later years, however, when he could claim a measure of success and recognition, when he could, in some degree, assert his creativity, -- consider Ludwig's completion of his first novel, The Broken Snare, poorly received as it was; his much-belated claimed editorship of the Hauptmann volumes; his masterly survey of modern dramatic literature, The Modern Drama; the honorary Doctor of Literature degree conferred on him in 1914 by the College of Charleston -- in these later years, that need abated, and Ludwig found himself a young man in his thirties allied to an already aging woman who was perhaps wounding him in that she still attempted to meet a need that was no longer existent. It was perhaps too threatening, too devastating, to the young man to recognize, much less to admit, that he had ever been subject to an exigency that could drive him into a marriage now become so distasteful to him. That could be unutterably painful to anyone. To a man of Ludwig's sensitivity and pride, it was perhaps doubly so. He translated the problem, therefore, into terms of a man of intellectual depth married to a woman of intellectual shallowness -- into terms of the woman's "hunger of the nerves." But it had in fact been Ludwig's, not Mary's, or not alone Mary's, "hunger of the nerves" that had formed the basis for this admittedly unhappy and ill-advised alliance.

The sad fact is that human beings do have needs and must be prepared to pay for their satisfaction. And Ludwig was called upon now to pay -- but he did not want to pay. He did not want to pay at all.

[illegible] and the possibility of its extension largely to the friendly interest shown [him] by Mr. Julius Rosenwald[202] of Chicago, [who] if he had up to this point[ly] doubts as to the recognition of his merit, he could abandon them now. The Modern Drama firmly established his reputation as perhaps even the American volume had not done. The book rendered him private from considerations like Felix Emmet Kendrick,[203] Professor of English Literature at the University of Pennsylvania and a contributor to The Cambridge History of Literature, and Paul Wilstach (the Speaker, at the time co-editor of the Bobbs Set, and James Gibbons Huneker,[204] the New York Sun's favorite art literary critic.[205]

It was evident that, along with a relatively small coterie of writers such as Mencken, Randolph Bourne, Van Wyck Brooks, John Macy, and Floyd Dell, Ludwig had understood the need for a literature of vigor and modernity in a world burgeoning with revolution and on the brink of global strife. He had understood, too, that he must serve in the front ranks of the battle for that new literary movement which, already apparent in Europe, announced itself, not with moral formulas, but with the unromanticized life of man.

"With a few honourable exceptions," Ludwig wrote, "books about books and art, at present in America, to be anything but critical,"[206] his book would be critical and, more, it would aim "at historical evidences and intellectual coherence."[207] The literature of the theatre would be the focus because always it had been the drama that, "through

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX: THE MODERN DRAMA

The Modern Drama made its appearance in 1915. In the preface which Ludwig wrote in Columbus during February of that year, he said that the book owed "the possibility of its existence largely to the friendly interest shown (him) by Mr. Julius Rosenwald[202] of Chicago."[203] If he had up to this pointeany doubts as to the recognition of his merit, he could abandon them now. The Modern Drama firmly established his reputation as perhaps even the Hauptmann volumes had not done. The book received high praise from academicians like Felix Emanuel Schelling,[204] Professor of English Literature at the University of Pennsylvania and a contributor to The Cambridge History of Literature, and from critics like Mencken, at the time co-editor of the Smart Set, and James Gibbons Huneker,[205] the New York Sun's dramatic and literary critic.[206]

It was evident that, along with a relatively small coterie of writers such as Mencken, Randolph Bourne, Van Wyck Brooks, John Macy, and Floyd Dell, Ludwig had understood the need for a literature of vigor and modernity in a world burgeoning with revolution and on the brink of global strife. He had understood, too, that he must serve in the front ranks of the battle for that new literary movement which, already emergent in Europe, concerned itself, not with moral formulae, but with the unromanticized life of man.

"With a few honourable exceptions," Ludwig wrote, "books about books are apt, at present in America, to be anything but critical."[207] His book would be critical and, more, it would aim "at historical orderliness and intellectual coherence."[208] The literature of the theatre would be its focus because always it had been the drama that, "through

its portrayal of the acting and suffering spirit of man, (had) been more closely allied than any other art to his deeper thoughts concerning his nature and his destiny."[209]

It was specifically with "modern" drama that Ludwig wished to deal -- with the drama that had arisen largely during the three decades between 1885 and 1915 and whose content, technique, and aim had been deeply affected by "the free scientific and philosophical inquiry of the later nineteenth century."[210] "Modern" was "the briefest and most convenient term"[211] for this drama which, "in its stricter sense... (did) not arise until both romantic technique and romantic philosophy (had) been more or less definitely discarded."[212] But what was the difference between the drama that was "modern" and the drama that was not? It was not merely a matter of time. In a historical sense, to be sure, the "modern" drama was a continuation of the older drama. The difference, particularly where tragedy was concerned, lay in the realm of spirit.

> "Traditionally the serious drama deals with the transgression of an immutable moral law by a self-originating will. The tragic action began with, or, more usually, rose toward the incurring of that tragic guilt, and ended with the protagonist's expiation of his transgression. Thence resulted the triple effect of tragedy: The compassion aroused for human frailty, the warning addressed to the equal frailty of our own wills, and the vindication of the moral order native to the spectator in that age and country in which the tragedy was produced."[213]

This account of the nature of tragic drama, it seemed to Ludwig, was essentially Aristotelian, although it applied as much to Shakespearean tragedy and to "an inferior but still authentic"[214] example like Schiller's Wallenstein as to Greek tragedy itself whose central motif was to be understood in terms of the Sophoclean choral theme:

"All-seeing Time hath caught
Guilt, and to justice brought."[215]

In each instance of the older, "Aristotelian" tragedy, the poet was ever

> "conscious of an absolute moral order affronted by the will of man; in each instance the destruction of the protagonist recon-cile(d) the spectator to a universe in which guilt is punished and justice is upheld."[216]

There was perhaps no better symbol of historic tragedy than Othello's

"poignant cry of self accusation...

> "'I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee; -- no way but this,
> Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.'"[217]

It was the symbol of an "acquiescence in retributive justice as re-establishing the moral harmony of the world."[218] Suffer as man might and did, "the moral harmony of the world" was undoubted. In striking contrast to this is Beatrice Cenci's speech in Shelley's Cenci[219] -- taken by Ludwig as the symbol of modern tragedy:

> "My pangs are of the mind, and of the heart,
> And of the soul; ay, of the inmost soul,
> Which weeps within tears as of burning gall
> To see, in this ill world where none are true,
> My kindred false to their deserted selves,
> And with considering all the wretched life
> Which I have lived, and its now wretched end,
> And the small Justice shown by Heaven and Earth
> To me and mine; and what a tyrant thou art,
> And what slaves these; and what a world we make,
> The oppressor and the opprest... "[220]

There was no question in Cenci, as there had been in Othello, of the transgression of an absolute and universal moral law by the individual and of that law's vindication in the punishment and the suffering of the transgressor.

There was, in Cenci, no question of an absolute guilt, much less of a retributive justice. Beatrice Cenci was, on the contrary and very much in contrast to the Moor of Venice, a solitary soul, unable to rely on truth or justice anywhere in the world. For the fact was that the modern world had reduced the moral texture of Othello's universe to something unreal and unthinkable, while it had -- sadly enough, it may be, but unmistakably nonetheless -- raised the moral, or if one will, amoral texture of Cenci's universe to an inescapable and palpable reality. Othello, insofar as his moral relevancy to modern men's condition was concerned, had become little more than a beautiful but obsolete relic, for, as Ludwig declared,

> "The free scientific and philosophical inquiry of the later nineteenth century... rendered the traditional principles of tragedy wholly archaic. It became clear that the self-originating element in human action is small. The individual acts in harmony with his character, which is largely the result of complex and uncontrollable causes. It became even clearer that among the totality of moral values an absolute validity can be assigned to a few only. Hence the basic conception of tragic guilt was undermined from within and from without. The transgression of an immutable moral law by a self-originating will was seen to be an essentially meaningless conception, since neither an eternally changeless moral law nor an uncaused volition is to be found in the universe that we perceive.
>
> "Thus the emphasis of the drama was shifted from what men do to what they suffer. A questioning attitude exercised itself upon nature and upon society. Tragedy was seen to arise not from the frailty or rebellion of a corrupted will defying the changeless moral order, but from the pressure upon the fluttering and striving will of outworn custom, of unjust law, of inherited instinct, of malevolent circumstance."[221]

Some seventy years earlier Søren Kierkegaard had called "genuinely Greek" the fact that "the life-relationships when once assigned to (the tragic heroines of Greek drama) are like the heaven under which they live. If this is dark and cloudy, it is also unchangeable. This furnishes the keynote of the Greek soul, and this is sorrow, not pain."[222] But it is

pain, as the Dane said,[223] that is the keynote of the modern drama -- the pain of suffering which can lead to no reconciliation with an absolute and unchangeable moral cosmos, since no such moral cosmos is felt to exist. No sensitive person could claim, of course, the non-existence of guilt -- but there could be no absolute guilt, and hence there could be no tragic guilt. Guilt was become pathetic in the modern world.

Yet there was nobility in man. Modern tragedy, Ludwig wrote,

> "consists in man's failure to achieve that peace with his universe which marks the close of Oedipus the King or of Othello. Such endings in the drama correspond to a state of religious or moral certitude in the playwright and the audience. The loss of that certitude, the crying out after a reconciliation with an uncomprehended world -- this it is that constitutes tragedy in the modern drama. The tragic idea in (the modern drama) is not based upon a fearful sense of human frailty or guilt and a final acquiescence in its punishment. It is based upon a vision of the apparently 'small justice shown by heaven and earth' and of 'what a world we make, the oppressor and the oppress.' ... these endings (in the modern drama) are, in the truest sense, both artistic and philosophical. They interpret our incertitude, our aspiration and search for ultimate values. Historic tragedy deals with man's disloyalty to his moral universe and the re-establishment of harmony through retribution. Modern tragedy deals with his perception of a world in which such things can be and such things endured and in which, nevertheless, he must strive, if he would live at all, to be at home."[224]

It was in this striving that man's nobility and his tragedy were realized. In the midst of a moral chaos, man strove for cosmos, and this was both noble and tragic. The tragedy was imminent in the fact that "our yearning for harmony and permanence (were at once) quenchless and doomed to an eternity of defeat."[225] This tragic striving it was that, in Ludwig's view, lay at the root of the best modern drama.

One may say that three great themes dominated Ludwig's thought in these years -- his vision of the free personality, his concern with sex

and love in the modern world, and his enthusiasm for naturalism, particularly the naturalism of the German theatre of that day -- and these three themes pervade The Modern Drama.

"The great thing is not to will one thing rather than another," Ibsen had written. The great thing is "to will that which one is absolutely impelled to will, because one is oneself and cannot do otherwise. Anything else will drag us into deception."[226] Ibsen had spoken not only for himself; he had spoken for Ludwig, too, and Ludwig seized eagerly on the formulation.

> "In these simple words (Ibsen) shifts the whole basis of human conduct, denies the supremacy of any ethical criterion, social or religious, sweeps aside the conception of absolute guilt and hence undermines the foundations of the historic drama in its views of man."[227]

He felt it necessary, nevertheless, to adumbrate Ibsen's statement. Ibsen, he added,

> "desires that will to act in utter freedom, guided by no law but that of its own nature, having no aim but complete sincerity in its effort after self-realisation... His great and grave warning is not to let these volitions be smothered or turned awry by material aims, by base prudence, by sentimental altruism, or by social conventions external to the purely willing soul. For every such concession leads to untruth which is the death both of the individual and of society."[228]

It was in these terms that Ludwig admired An Enemy of the People, ending as it does "upon the magnificent and characteristic note: 'He is the strongest man in the world who stands alone.'"[229] It represented to him, in view of his own experience, the challenge of existence. This faith burning in Ludwig, this determination not to be numbered among those whom Bjoernson called "small souls amid small circumstances who develop wretchedly

and monotonously like turnips in a bed,"[230] -- this was to him no more a matter of abstract theory than his concern with marital problems in modern society. Both sprang from personal experience and suffering. He had had in Columbus to become something of "an enemy of the people," and he had seen enough of those "small souls amid small circumstances" on the campus of the Ohio State University. No one knew better than he who had gone through it all in Charleston and even in New York the crippling effects of abandoning one's own individuality. Nothing less than the vindication of the free personality would satisfy him now, and he was as critical of a conception like Shaw's "Life Force" as he was contemptuous of the "turnips" about him.

> "... it is Shaw's conception that a new order of relationship between the sexes will breed a nobler race -- that race of supermen, namely, which will repair the miserable failures of our democracy, which will stamp out the crimes of war and poverty, the disgraces of slavery and disease. To this end has the Life Force been in travail thus far in vain. But the Life Force... is at last becoming purposeful and self-directing in the brain of philosophic man. Thus man... helps to build up a universe whose incessant aspiration is 'to higher organisation, wider, deeper, intenser self-consciousness, and clearer self-understanding.'
>
> "The trouble with this metaphysic[231] is that it suits only a world of Shavians to whom 'the true joy of life" is 'the being used for a purpose recognised by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap-heap; the being a force of nature.' Need I say that ideal has its own valour and nobility? But we cannot all be social reformers or martyrs to moral passion. To many of us the development of a free personality in a free universe will always seem the only ideal that can make life worth living. We must be able to believe that our efforts in art and thought have a measure, at least, of final validity, and our free personalities an enduring relation to something in which 'there is no variableness neither shadow of turning.' With a burning recognition of human suffering and injustice we refuse to be earthly socialists because we dare not to be cosmic socialists."[232]

It was not only socialism, earthly or cosmic, that Ludwig rejected in this sense. It was a Life Force which used him, but took no account of him, that he rejected. He could not believe in a view of man that did not -- and could not -- include the man that he was.

Ludwig possessed a certain sense of sobriety that Bernard Shaw, great as he was, could never approach. Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin -- each was to see in himself "a force of nature," and to each Shaw was to devote a measure of admiration. There was never any danger that Ludwig would do so. He could not have done so. He meant too seriously, too uncompromisingly what he said of the "development of a free personality in a free universe." If he could bestow on the Shavian conception a faint, abstract praise, he knew he was no force of nature; he knew it was not for him. It was the memory of Charleston and Columbia welling up in him when he asserted that

> "The denial of one's sincerest self, even though made in the service of what men call morality and instituted as law, is an unmixed evil. It corrupts the soul that is guilty of it and infects others. Society cannot be purified until it is a society of free, self-directing personalities."[233]

It was as Ibsen had said in The Pillars of Society.

> "The spirit of truth and the spirit of freedom -- these are the pillars of society."[234]

Not "higher organisation"; not "the being used for a purpose recognised by yourself as a mighty one."

These pillars, Ludwig insisted, had to apply also to love and marriage. Nowhere, he believed, was the vindication of the free personality more essential, and nothing, he recognized, could be more painful, more soul-destroying, than "the disharmony between the emotional gestures

forced on us by a romantic civilization and our real feelings."[235] He was frankly anti-romantic, but it was not "a false or pinchbeck romance" that he deprecated. It was "two notions, both Christian and romantic, and both ddeply rooted in the consciousness of Western society -- the beauty of romantic passion, the nobility of romantic honour."[236] And Ludwig admired the French playwright, Paul Hervieu, who had stated this anti-romanticism so cogently in a drama like Le Reveil and had exposed these "two notions" for the nonsense they were.

> "Rapt to their heights of passionate enchantment Therese Megee and Prince Jean in (Hervieu's) Le Reveil are made suddenly to feel the touch of our real destiny and of our real duties. And at that touch the enchantment vanishes. At once they see each other and their passion in the light of common day and it falls away from them like an outworn garment."[237]

As it had undoubtedly, assuming that it ever existed for them, in the case of Ludwig and Mary. Ludwig knew, life had imposed on him, as it had on General Siberan in Hervieu's Connais-toi, the knowledge, "that beyond the traditional notions of romantic honour and revenge there watches in the human heart a better and more patient vision."[238] Yet that vision was so often fleeting, so often hard to grasp, for always, always there brooded the insistence of society -- in Columbus, in Charleston, wherever one turned, wherever one stood -- that its compulsion be enforced, that its law be vindicated -- at the expense, if need be, of the individual's self-fulfillment and happiness. Was it not easier, more comfortable that way? What did it matter, so long as the mass remained unscathed, that there were individuals whose every last hope and every last freedom had been violated by an unjust and insensible social compact? It did matter, of course, to Ludwig who numbered himself among those individuals -- and

nowhere more agonizingly than in the matter of marriage. It was not so much of distant France that Ludwig thought as of America when he applauded Hervieu's attack on

> "the characteristically French conception of marriage as primarily a social institution and hardly at all as a union of free personalities. Fergan and Ragnais (in Les Tenailles and La Loi de l'homme, respectively), though calmly convinced that marriage has ceased to mean anything to them personally, refuse to envisage the possibility of divorce. They are unwilling to incur the moral, material and social diminution of their power and status which divorce would entail. One can, at least, they agree, keep one's dignity and present an uncrumbled social façade to society. It is against this conception of marriage that... Hervieu directs his weapons. And he is at no loss to show... the evil and the sorrow that arise from the pressure of such meaningless bondage."[239]

We cannot know, of course, to what extent his marriage to Mary had "ceased to mean anything... personally." Nor do we know that divorce was so explicitly an issue between Ludwig and Mary in 1915 as it surely was in 1922 and 1923 and during all the long years until Mary, then passed seventy, liberated him in 1937. Certainly Ludwig came to feel later that it was her unwillingness "to incur the moral, material, and social diminution of (her) power and status which divorce would entail," her desire to "keep (her) personal dignity and present an uncrumbled social façade," that stood at the root of Mary's refusal to grant him a divorce. And perhaps the problem was only compounded by Ludwig's understanding of how marriage could become "an institution into which are inextricably knotted all the strands that bind men and women to their kind" so that "its dissolution (might) be, in the totality of consequences, more widely tragic than even a hunger of the heart."[240] Even in Crump, Ludwig could never bring himself to regard Anne, modelled on Mary as she was, quite beyond human compassion.

Still the bitter truth burned in him, as it had in Ibsen, that it was "the relation of the sexes in which law and custom, prejudice and social pressure, (had) most tragically wrenched the impulses of the free individual."[241] This theme Ludwig would take up most incisively in Don Juan and Crump, but even in 1915 the suffering which would find such intense expression in those two novels must already have been leaving its mark on him. The motif of the woman's overriding passion against which the man is all but helpless returned again and again to the pages of The Modern Drama, as in Ludwig's assertion that Strindberg had

> "chosen to depict the cruelest malady of the age -- the malady that has stolen into the ancient and honourable relations of the woman to the man... So soon as the woman loses her sense of the man as friend, protector and, in the last analysis, arbiter, she is in the individual case stronger than he. Not the wife of the navvy; but the wife of the thoughtful gentleman, inhibited by ages of chivalric forbearance and defenceless against a primitive craft and tenacity which he has long outlived... when Laura (in Strindberg's The Father) was a little girl she used to feign death to have her will. No doubt small boys are self-willed too. But as the male grows older he realises the compacts of society and the necessity for comradely human action... The woman, tragically often, continues the tactics of the child and has the power of all unscrupulous and irrational forces."[242]

That Ludwig rather over-generalized here as elsewhere and that his view was rather one-sided and highly biased -- this is not to be denied. If anything, however, it indicates that Ludwig did not regard the problem as an academic one, but that he saw it as possessed of an urgent reality. It is imminent again in his observation of Porto-Riche's La Chance de Françoise where Françoise is characterized as

> "the modern middle-class woman, freed from nearly all physical burdens and material tasks, and making of love her calling and her occupation. Thence arise the enormous emotional demands which she makes upon her husband."[243]

One would never guess from this reference to La Chance de Françoise that Porto-Riche had written it as a comedy. Ludwig himself was never able to approach the problem in even faintly comic terms. It was for him, as a novel like Crump indicates, a question of heavy seriousness.

Ludwig's comments on Hauptmann's The Beaver Coat and The Conflagration are, in retrospect, perhaps among the most interesting and illuminating in the book. In these plays, in which Hauptmann set down "with cruel and quiet exactness" the world of the Berlin populace "in all its shrewdness, impudence and varied lusts,"[244] Ludwig found perhaps the prototype for his depiction of the vulgar and primitive passion of Anne Crump. "Mrs. Wolff, the protagonist of both plays," he wrote,

> "rises into a figure of epic breadth -- a sordid and finally almost tragic embodiment of worldliness and cunning."[245]

The clearest, the most significant and penetrating, exposition of Ludwig's concern with these problems of love and marriage would have to wait upon his novels just as his most moving appeal for the rights of the free personality and individual conscience would not find truly adequate expression before Up Stream and Mid-Channel. Yet in the pages of The Modern Drama they were already aborning.

There was little of note or significance in the modern European theatre of his day that Ludwig overlooked in The Modern Drama which included accounts and estimates of the drama in France, England, Ireland, Belgium, and Scandinavia as well as of the neo-romantic and symbolist movements in modern theatre art, but his most searching analysis was reserved for the naturalistic theatre enjoying at the time, in the works of playwrights like Hauptmann, Schnitzler, and Hirschfeld, its greatest

success in the German-speaking lands of Central Europe.

As early as 1878, Ludwig noted, Emile Zola had said of his own plays that "the action resides not in some plot but in the inner conflicts of the characters; the logic used is not one of facts but of sensations and sentiments."[246] His characters, the Frenchman had written, did "not play but live(d) before the public."[247] Ludwig considered this "a remarkably early statement... of the methods of the best modern dramaturgy."[248] It was more, of course, than a dramaturgical innovation. It was one of the first attempts to introduce into the European theatre that naturalism which Ludwig characterized as "the visible evocation of moral and material environments and the creation of character."[249] It was this movement, "firmly founded on socialism and social compassion,"[250] that Ludwig espoused as the most significant achievement of the modern theatre. Naturalism, he wrote,

> "is the product of a brooding and contemplative mind. It is watchful of the vision of life, but very patient; not overzealous to change this essentially changeless world, nor desirous of reducing its vast multiformities to the trim confines of a moral or an inference."[251]

It was the function, as Ludwig saw it, of the naturalistic artist to search out the reality of existence and to recreate this reality on the stage, for

> "naturalism sees life analytically... (and) sets down the facts of experience... Naturalism describes love and hate and the many things that fill the world."[252]

Yet, said Ludwig, the naturalistic artist was to be

> "essentially passive. And so, in fact, (he) must be. He must not break in upon the vision of life; his imagination rounds and completes; it does not change the reality which experience furnishes."[253]

Of two pitfalls such an artist had, furthermore, to be wary --"a shallow positivism"[254] such as permeated Eugene Brieux' La Foi[255] and the calculated reinterpretation of experience. These were to be studiously avoided. Writing in reproach of Brieux -- and the warning could hold even today in view of the theories of art advanced most frequently by Communist critics -- Ludwig did not hesitate to declare that

> "art, even were one to grant it the mission of practical influence, must exercise that influence by implication, by creation alone."[256]

The naturalistic artist was bidden to devote himself to the absorption of life and to its recreation, not to its reinterpretation, for "so soon as he thinks, as Goethe said of Byron, he becomes a child."[257]

The naturalistic drama enjoyed no enormous popularity even in Ludwig's day, but Ludwig disposed of "the critical delusion, so frequently nursed in England and America, that a dramatic movement lacks greatness and force because it does not at once appeal to the populace"[258] by referring to the place in the history of the modern drama of theatres like the Théâtre Libre,[259] the Verein Freie Buehne,[260] and the Independent Theatre[261] -- the theatres in which the modern drama had been first presented. Germany had been the scene of the naturalistic theatre's earliest and greatest triumphs and of its most creative stirring. "The drama of modern Germany (had) broken more completely with the past than any other body of contemporary literature,"[262] and to this drama Ludwig devoted his most substantial analysis.

With the production of Die Familie Selicke in 1890, Arno Holz and Johannes Schlaf had "founded a new art" in Berlin and had "made possible

the modern drama."[263] Die Familie Selicke, with its

> "representation of life through the authentic speech of men -- not speech rewritten and rearranged in its order, nor, above all, heard with the merely literary instinct, but the humble speech of our daily lives with its elisions, its hesitations and iterations, its half-articulate sounds and cries, but also with its sting and sob and clutch"

was "the first consistently naturalistic play."[264] The play seemed to Ludwig,

> "in the fullest possible sense, a piece of life observed with stringent closeness and set down with austere veracity. There is but one scene for the three acts, the living-room of poor people; the action takes place within a few hours. The room is sharply etched in the stage directions; the people are completely visualised. If you met them on the stairs of a house in the north of Berlin, you would recognize them at once... The little that happens is neither new nor striking. Life and death and love appear in their immemorial guise. A good deal of sordidness, a gleam of goodness and self-denial, souls warped by the wrongs of the world; what more does one want?... There is, as Fromentin said of Rubens, 'no pomp, no ornament, no turbulence, nor grace, nor fine clothing, nor one lovely and useless incident.' There is life."[265]

There is life. This was, and this remained, the chief criterion by which Ludwig measured works of art in his criticism. There is life. And life brought forth life. Die Familie Selicke "gave the creative impulse to a whole literature of uncommon beauty and power and volume"[266] so that Ludwig could sum up his view of the German naturalistic drama in the following encomium:

> "(The) naturalistic drama of Germany... has attained (its high) qualities by turning its vision not upon man as he ought to be, but as he is. It has not shaped its characters or fables according to anterior laws, conventions or decrees; nor has it forced its material into those moral categories by which we seek to rationalise the life of man, even as by another series of categories we seek to rationalise the life of nature. Nor yet has the naturalistic drama of Germany, like the naturalistic novel

> of France, merely narrated that concrete, that free, that boundless reality, but has brought it immediately home to our eyes, our ears, our hearts. The merely popular and the almost equally shallow pseudo-idealistic protest that such art is depressing need not disturb one's estimate of this drama at all. Such is the life of man. If we cannot wring a bracing philosophy or a far-reaching hope from it, we shall, at least, not be deceived. But nothing, as a matter of fact, is so impressive or so heartening as the number of souls, created without didactic consciousness or premeditation by the German naturalists, who under the tyranny of hunger, of passion, of despair, still toil and battle for some ideal value: for beauty, for justice, for liberty, for inner freedom, for truth -- the souls whom Hauptmann has described so well in Henry of Auee;
>
> "'For they who strive are they who live albeit
> Erring. Tireless to strive is still to be
> Upon a goodly road.'"[267]

II Hauptmann! It was on Hauptmann that Ludwig lavished his chief praise in The Modern Drama -- on Hauptmann who, as no other, had "heard the inflection of the human voice, the faltering and fugitive eloquence of the living word, not only with his ears but with his soul."[268] With no one else could Ludwig so closely identify as with this man, stricken, even as himself, "by the shattering doubts, the searching complexities, the vast driftings of modern life,"[269] and for the young critic Hauptmann was "as surely the representative dramatist of our time as Shakespeare and Moliere were of theirs."[270] Of whom was Hauptmann more representative than of Ludwig himself? And who more than Ludwig hungered for, and was sustained by the master's vision? If Ludwig admired the Silesian poet-playwright as he admired no other modern artist, it was because

> "the reality which experience furnishes... -- so sensitively observed and so greatly rendered -- has always inspired Hauptmann with a boundless compassion. To him the world's life has been the world's woe; his very austerity and apparent harshness pay tribute to the sacredness of human sorrow. Such a temperament adopted the technique of the naturalistic drama not only as an artistic but as an ethical act. It sought the

> tragic beauty that is in truth and almost instinctively rejected all the traditional devices of dramaturgic technique. From such a point of view artifice is not only futile, it is wrong. There could be, in the drama of Hauptmann, no complication of plot, no culmination of the resultant struggle in merely effective scenes, no superior articulateness on the part of the characters. There could be no artistic beginning, for life comes shadowy from life; there could be no artistic ending, for the play of life ends only in eternity."[271]

In a sense, Ludwig's thoughts on Hauptmann are not an inadequate or inaccurate commentary on his own work in The Modern Drama. Ludwig, too, had achieved something that, in its own way, was as ethical as it was artistic, and if anything may be accounted responsible for the coherence and unity that The Modern Drama displays, it is the ethical and religious quality that runs through the book, at times explicitly, at other times not, but always there -- semper et ubique. Some years before, at the time of Minna's death, Ludwig had been moved to reject "all religious and ethical formulations -- ... all types of supernaturalism and absoluteness in thinking."[272] Yet he had been unable entirely to uproot the religious depths of his nature. A religious credo, an ethical formula -- such, to be sure, were beyond him at this time and found no echo in his work. But the deeper and the truer religious sense, the ethical consciousness, at the core of his being -- these the sadness and frustrate hopes of his experience had not undermined; if anything, his experience had only strengthened them. "A merely positivistic and hence, despite all pretence, utilitarian ethics has never influenced mankind," he declared in The Modern Drama.

> "An ethics without foundation in metaphysics or religion never will. We need a nobler mandate to secure our obedience. A voice crying on the market-place or from the stage: 'There are no gods! There is no divine sanction in the universe! But curb your instincts and destroy abuses!' -- such a voice, without persuasiveness or sweetness or power will only alienate

wisdom and darken counsel."[273]

Secularism, he believed then as later, could be of slight value to mankind, and he denounced in a Brieux "the negligible passions of a secularist preacher."[274] The trouble with such a work as Brieux' drama of Ancient Egypt, La Foi, was precisely that it lacked a viable foi. Brieux, wrote Ludwig acidly, subscribed

> "to the old-fashioned rationalistic nonsense that religion was invented or, at least, fostered by priests and kings to keep the common folk in poverty and subjection... it has never, apparently, occurred to M. Brieux that hunger and stripes are not needed to make us desire a divine rather than a dispeopled universe, and that his Pharaohs and high-priests (in La Foi), in moments of weariness and insight, felt that desire as profoundly as their most abject slaves."[275]

What, on the other hand, distinguished a Hauptmann from his fellow playwrights in Europe was

> "not only his austere power as an artist, but his profoundly religious nature. He is not committed to any dogma nor the Pharisaism of any moral convention. But he lives not only in the world; he lives in the universe. Like Goethe, like the great poets of England, he is aware, above all, of the three or four eternal problems that exercise the spirit of man. From his most uncompromisingly nauralistic plays -- from The Weavers, Drayman Henschel, Michael Kramer, Rose Bernd -- there rises that heavenward yearning of which he has spoken, the struggling cry of men, even though broken by despair, for some reconciliation with the universe in which they live."[276]

There is no question that, given the necessary limitations of its scope as a critical compendium, The Modern Drama ranks as a great work, ~~as a great work,~~ as literature. It remains eminently readable forty years after its original publication and continues to pass Ludwig's own test of what constitutes a work of art -- there is life in it. Ludwig proved

himself in The Modern Drama not alone a great critic; he proved himself a great writer. His prose was wrought with a grace and an elegance, a fervor and a force, that a Tacitus himself would not have despised, and what Ludwig wrote of the critic's qualifications in The Spirit of Modern German Literature, published the following year, he himself displayed abundantly in The Modern Drama -- "a deep sense of the nature of life and a sensitive perception of living beauty."[277] There is perhaps no higher praise.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN: THE WINTER OF WAR

Even as Ludwig was writing The Modern Drama, that world of Hauptmann and Schnitzler and Hervieu and Galsworthy slipped away into a chaos worse than anything the naturalists had imagined. On June 28, 1914, in the Balkan village of Sarajevo, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the Hapsburg throne, fell before the bullet of a Serbian patriot, and by August all Europe had been engulfed in a war the like of which, for ferocity and destructiveness, history had never known. "Wage neutrality" as he might, President Wilson was unable to render America impervious to the passions erupting across the Atlantic -- and not only there, but also in the propaganda mills of the Allies and the Central Powers in the United States. The grinding of those mills was neither slow nor fine, and the propaganda that flooded America was such as to unbalance the most impartial judgment. The confusion that reigned on these shores was never better epitomized than by the fact that in September Former-President Roosevelt could urge neutrality on America and a few weeks later swing "violently over to the English view of the crisis."[278]

Among German and Irish Americans, the one group moved by a natural affection for its or its ancestors' Vaterland and the other by a scarcely less natural antagonism to the ancient oppressors of its "emerald isle," there was no small sympathy for Germany and her allies. Many American Jews, too, had little love for the Romanovs at whose hands so many Jews had suffered so much and who were now at war with Germany. But if America had been ambivalent, the issue was largely decided by the German invasion of neutral Belgium and Luxemburg in August 1914 and the sinking of the Lusitania in May 1915. This last created a particularly ferocious clamor.

The facts that the German Embassy in Washington had advertised in the American press an admonition against travelling on British ships and that the Lusitania had been "an auxiliary war craft, heavily laden with ammunition"[279] as well as passengers, were quickly forgotten in the uproar that greeted the news of the disaster and the loss of over eleven hundred lives, one hundred and twenty eight of them American. Forgotten, too, were the American lives that had been claimed by British mines "unlawfully sown in the North Sea."[280] To such an extent was hatred of Germany pressed on a still non-belligerent America that "in wide and powerful circles it became as fixed as the law of the Medes and Persians. To question any part of it in those spheres was to set one's self down as a boor and a 'Hun'... "[281]

Yet some persisted in questioning large parts of it, and Ludwig was among the questioners. Invited in 1915 to deliver a series of lectures on German literature at the University of Wisconsin, he published those lectures in 1916 in a slim volume entitled The Spirit of Modern German Literature. "It was an unpolitical little book. It tried to convey a spirit, an atmosphere, a mood."[282] But it was more than that. It was a brave little book to publish in 1916 in an America whose most distinguished operatic institution, the Metropolitan Opera of New York City, saw fit, during the world frenzy, to banish Wagner and Strauss from its stage. Passages like the following were not calculated to endear Ludwig to those who were arousing or falling prey to the anti-German passions sweeping America in those years:

> "The modern German spirit knows no... despair in the real qualities of our common nature, and has addressed itself in art, as in science, on one whole side of its activity to understanding

> that which is. It has felt a deep reverence for the erring and aspiring life of the race, and has loved that life and the facts about it for their own sake. It has seen old values disintegrate and change in every other thing that concerns man, and has known that from this change his ideas of conduct can no more be exempt now than they have been during other periods in history. Hence while attempting to form new values of develop them from the old, that spirit has striven to know, in all its intimacy, the reality from which alone such values can arise."[283]

Few Americans were able in that year of 1916 to distinguish between German culture and the German Wehrmacht, and rather understandably, of course, the German reverence and love for life which Ludwig acclaimed appeared illusory to those who contemplated German deeds like the violation of Belgian neutrality and sinking of the Lusitania.

It was, to say the very least, imprudent in the atmosphere of 1916 to write approvingly, as Ludwig did, of "the change from the separatist and provincial to the national spirit which came over the German people between 1830 and 1870"[284] or to characterize the identification of one's "will with a higher, super-personal will and purpose" and service "in a great cause with complete effacement of self and stern self-discipline" as "the gift of Prussia to Germany and to the world."[285] To hold such sentiments was more than merely unpopular in America; it was dangerous. Ludwig could not have been unaware of the reactions his views were liable to provoke, but he was undeterred and did not hesitate to praise German culture in the most glowing terms:

> "If the student of literature desired some further evidence of the modern German's quest for beauty, he would but need to turn to the other arts. And not alone to music and painting and sculpture... but even to the humbler crafts and decorative arts. He will find there an admirable effort to render comely the plainest utensils of daily life: lovely glasses and vases and cups, chairs and beds and couches of delicate and strong design.

And he will meet in his daily studies, among his least expensive volumes, charming examples of the modern German craft of bookmaking... In modern German, in a word, the finest fruits of civilization are

'In widest commonalty spread,'

because men have learned to desire and to prize them."[286]

Ludwig, the writer and the literary critic, could overlook what Thorstein Veblen, the political scientist, saw only too clearly, that, "since the modern technology fell into the hands of the Germans they (took) the lead in the application of this technological knowledge to what may be called the industrial arts of war, with at least no less zeal and no less effect than in its utilisation in the arts of peace."[287]

Ludwig, indeed, defied public opinion so utterly that it could seem almost as if public opinion did not exist for him. "If I dared... to outrage all normal critical /italics added/ susceptibilities, and forestall the verdict of time," he wrote in 1916, "I would say that... Stefan George is to-day the first lyrical poet in Europe."[288] It was not, of course, primarily "critical susceptibilities" that he would outrage by declaring a German "the first lyrical poet in Europe." But even here Ludwig was not at his most daring.

It was one thing to laud Stefan George, though many were the Germanophobes to resent the accolade bestowed on even a relatively unknown German artist. It was quite another thing to lavish praise on Friedrich Nietzsche who had become identified in the popular mind with all that was most bestial and discreditable in the German national temper. Altogether unknown to the great mass of Americans was Nietzsche's distrust of absolutism and the State, a distrust summed up in his prophetic words that

> "there is no harsher misfortune in all the fate of man than when the mighty ones of earth are not also the most excellent. Then all is false and awry and monstrous."289

Most Americans had heard of Nietzsche -- and misunderstood him -- in terms only of his vision of the Superman. "We must remember," Ludwig wrote,

> "that (Nietzsche's Superman) is a vision, a poetical method, after all, of urging upon us certain ideals and values. It is neither a sociological plan nor an attempt at practical eugenics. The wealth and splendor of his teaching, however, lies in just this fact -- that we may substitute another will and another ideal with its service for his own. And yet, must not every ideal include that hope for harmony and power and health and beauty which Nietzshe called -- superman? What is most universal, in his teaching, at all events -- after the transvaluation of values -- is his description of that creative spirit -- <u>des Schaffenden</u> -- who has a right to shape new values which may... not be identical with his own, but who may live in their service, free of the restraints of the old. He will be, as ever, rejected of men."290

If Ludwig had come to think of himself as something of a Nietzschean personality, he was to learn anew the meaning of rejection, for most Americans could not remember what they had never known, what had never in their estimation concerned them. The knowledge that Ludwig's book included an appreciation of Nietzsche sufficed for many to invoke against Ludwig and his work the curse of "Hunnishness." Those who were aroused by praise of Nietzsche would find little interest, and less consolation, in Ludwig's brilliant explanation that Nietzsche's conception of the Superman proceeded

> "quite naturally (from Nietzsche's) despair not so much over the ways and institutions of men, as over their very minds and souls... He simply transfers the developmental view of modern biology from the physical to the psychical life and reaches the vision of a race that shall be strong, harmonious, and capable of a constant largeness and intensity of experience. It is a popular error to suppose the superman asplendid barbarian astride the neck of his slaves. For, according to Nietzsche, all men, in that age, will be superman. The unfit, the far too many will have disappeared, even as whole species and

genera disappeared according to the Darwinian theory...

> "The question obviously arises: From whom among us shall the superman be born?... From those 'whose footsteps have now so lonely a sound in the streets of men.' 'Ye solitaries of to-day... ye exiles, ye shall some day be a people: from you who have chosen yourself a chosen people shall spring -- and from it the superman.' Contrary to the popular conception, again, Nietzsche was thoroughly aware of the practical dangers of these admonitions. Callow youths, the arrogant and the slothful may consider themselves among those chosen and take the liberties not destined for them. But what master has not been betrayed by those who called themselves his disciples?... Few and solitary... are those chosen ones, the self-directing souls who have the right to say: 'This is my good and evil... this now is my way!' And even those few must exercise that freedom only in the service of a transcendent ideal -- in the service of that conscious will toward a new and better race."[291]

The aroused Germanophobe, the convinced jingoist, the average American possessed of no critical apparatus with which to evaluate the barrage of anti-German propaganda that clattered about him -- these would be scarcely put off by Ludwig's contention that

> "Nietzsche is the sworn enemy of all that is negative -- mere shirking, mere conformity, mere worldly prudence in the face of valorous instincts... He is the enemy of all over softness, of that mad humanitarianism that sees in pitiableness a positive good and a menace in strength and virtue... 'That I saw the sufferer in his suffering, thereof was I ashamed for the sake of his shame; and when I helped him I sinned against his pride.' These pure, proud words seem harsh to a civilization that teaches the average to be smug and self-sufficing and looks upon excellence with envy and distrust."[292]

Nor would they take much comfort in the assertion that

> "None quite attainsthe ideal... not even the tested solitary and creative soul, not Zarathustra himself! So Nietzsche warns the free spirit to be impelled in his great freedom which is also a great responsibility only by a love of the object of his striving... To him, then, and to him only who can stand these ... tests Nietzsche give the command to break the table of the laws, to create new laws for himself and for mankind, to become that which, in the innermost core of his being, he was destined to become. '<u>Werde der du bist</u>!' It is clear, then, that even

if we strip Nietzsche's work of its questionable metaphysics, and even discount the doctrine of the superman, there is left the noblest and austerest summons to freedom, fortitude and greatness in the personal life that ours or, indeed, any age has known: -- there is left the inspired philosophic vision of that free creative personality, so tragically forgotten among us, but in all ages the giverof law and beauty and order to his kind."[293]

But it would not be clear to them at all! Now would it be clear to them that, far from offering a pro-German apologia, Ludwig was preaching his faith of the free personality.

Irrelevant to those who had been moved to hatred of Germany would appear Ludwig's question: "Allowing... for the enormously increased complexity of the social and psychical life of our age, what real difference is there between the two-fold spirit of Goethe -- mastery of fact and the transmuting of fact into higher values by free personalities -- and the two-fold spirit of modern German literature?"[294] If they knew of Goethe at all, they knew of him not as the man who had distrusted "anything but the truly excellent"[295] and not as the man who had written: "Es irrt der Mensch so lang er strebt!"[296] They knew of him as numbered among the German foe, and that sufficed to discredit him in their eyes. They would not be mollified, then, by Ludwig's answer to his own question:

> "For in (the two-fold spirit of modern German literature) wem find on the one hand: naturalism, cultivation of science, social organization for the collective welfare and practical efficiency -- Tuechtigkeit, again a favorite Goethean word; and on the other hand we find: an individualistic humanism, the cult of beauty as 'a rest in the whirly of existence,' the widest moral and intellectual liberty and tireless spiritual striving. Striving -- Streben -- that is the central word. And this very watchword of the German spirit has recently been criticized as a concept empty of any real content. Wrongly! For it includes and transcends all specific forms of human energy. It means nothing less than the grasping of experience in its totality through an impassioned yet self-governed participation in its

> concrete forms, in order that there may arise values ever higher and more personal which shall make life, for a constantly increasing number of men, deeper, richer, more reasonable and more beautiful. That is the spirit of modern German literature: that is the spirit of modern German civilization."[297]

Ludwig's admiration of Goethe could not have been more sincere. It was indeed very much in the Goethean spirit of "magnificent individualism"[298] that Ludwig had delivered his lectures in Wisconsin and subsequently published them. To speak, in the anti-German hysteria of 1916 and 1917, of the spirit of modern German literature and civilization as embodying "the widest moral and intellectual liberty and tireless spiritual striving"[299] required a truly Goethean courage. By 1917, indeed, the anti-German sentiments had become so formidable that President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University could force the resignation of the pacifist Professor James McKeen Cattell[300] and make his tenure so unpleasant for another anti-War professor, Charles Beard, that Beard left the university, with which he had been associated since 1907, only two years after his appointment to a full professorship.[301] What Butler could do in New York, Thompson could do -- perhaps even more easily -- in Columbus, but Ludwig persisted in his heterodoxy. Like Goethe, he distrusted "anything but the truly excellent" and admired "spiritual energy as opposed to a mere conformity to any given set of social or ethical values."[302] This was more important to him than the anti-Germanism of the times or the accounting to which those times were likely to call one who, like Ludwig, chose to overlook their prejudices and to defy them and to set down eloquently, forcefully, and beautifully his love for the values he perceived in German literature and civilization. What he knew of German civilization -- and, excepting a few childhood memories, he knew nothing from

personal contact or observation -- led him to believe that it lacked "the vast and awful spiritual levels of our own civilization."[303] Surely he was aware that to be silent in anti-German America was easier and more prudent than to cry out. Yet, had he not written in The Modern Drama that "it is braver to live than to die: more difficult to be than not to be"[304]? And was it not true that "to transform life one must... grasp its full reality and face all its facts"[305]? The reality he had grasped, the facts he knew, he had set down in the pages of The Spirit of Modern German Literature -- and this reality and these facts were none other than the values he saw in German civilization. These very values -- individualism, humanism, love of the true and the beautiful -- bade him brave, very much alone and exposed, the winter of war and Germanophobia.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT: AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE

The Spirit of Modern German Literature was not all that Ludwig published in 1916, nor was it the only vehicle he employed in the expression of his view of German culture. In that year, he also undertook to translate for Doubleday, Page two important German dramas, Georg Hirschfeld's The Mothers and Max Halbe's Youth, both of them products of the German naturalism Ludwig analyzed and defended so brilliantly in The Modern Drama and in The Spirit of Modern German Literature. Both plays seemed to him illustrative of his conviction that "the meaning of life is not summed up in a moral or a lesson or even a principle. The meaning of life is -- life! From the concrete and particular human truth, if it be full and exact, arise the reflections and emotions that reach into eternity."[306] They gave body to his belief that the meaning of life is, and must be, coextensive with life itself. Both plays, moreover, appeared in his opinion to be further confirmations of the thesis he expounded in both The Modern Drama and The Spirit of Modern German Literature, that "the modern German drama in prose, more perhaps than the drama of any age or country, (had) set itself the aim of understanding the nature and the qualities of human life."[307] The "supreme concern of this art," Ludwig wrote, was with "character -- character which makes life and is fate,"[308] and "many of the souls who people(d) that (modern German) stage illustrate(d) the struggle of all our modern world for new values and ideals by which life can be made more tolerable and more meaningful."[309]

That struggle Ludwig himself undertook in the year 1916, not only in his translations and critical writings, but in an even more frankly and outspokenly personal form. In that year, he began to write Up Stream.[310]

In the meantime, denunciations of him shadowed his days in Columbus. It is not unlikely, of course, that, even had there been no war, such souls as took umbrage at Ludwig's views would still have been affronted by them and found threatening to themselves Ludwig's esteem for the Goethean-Nietzschean spirit of individualism. The War served only to inflame an antagonism that would have in any case existed, and so there is nothing surprising, however appaling it is, in the fact that, when The Spirit of Modern German Literature "fell into the hands of a real-estate broker"[311] in Columbus, that worthy saw fit to attack Ludwig as "seditious" and "disloyal" in a letter to President Thompson.[312] To his credit, Thompson "balked a little"[313] at the man's demand that Ludwig be dismissed from the university faculty. The real-estate broker was, however, apparently not the only one to have been aroused to wrath by Ludwig's sentiments, and Ludwig was subjected in Columbus to the indignity of an interrogation by the district attorney.[314]

Thompson as well as "several influential members of the faculty"[315] interceded in Ludwig's behalf, and the district attorney "consented to (Ludwig's) remaining in the service of the state" of Ohio.[316] The intercession sprang, however, from personal kindness on the part of both the president and Ludwig's colleagues, not from any understanding of, or tolerance for, his views. There was, in fact, a "tacit understanding" that Ludwig "could buy a continued tenure of (his) job by silence, conformity, slavish submission."[317] It was too high a price to pay. Ludwig "asked for a sabbatical year that was due" him[318] and made plans to return to New York.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE: THE LOVER OF EUROPE

Had there been any real basis for it, the defamation to which Ludwig fell victim in Columbus would have been less agonizing. As it was, however, that defamation sprang in the main from prejudice and hysteria. Nothing could have been a greater distortion of the truth than the popular conception of Ludwig as a German agent or a pro-German apologist. He had, in The Spirit of Modern German Literature, entreated his critics "not to ascribe (his) estimates (of German literature) to the enthusiasm of the narrow specialist."[319] He was "not that. Period by period, (he knew) English literature rather better than German, and French reasonably well. Nor (had he himself) much respect for any criticism that (was) not intelligently aware of at least two literatures besides the one under discussion."[320] These were not the words of a German nationalist or, indeed, of any other variety of nationalist. They were the words of a man deeply sympathetic to the internationalism of the "art of letters" and to "the historic civilisation of mankind."[321]

He had written that he knew French literature "reasonably well." How "reasonably well" he had already demonstrated, to a striking degree, in his discussion of the modern theatre of France,

> "restlessly intelligent and even argumentative... (and), like the whole of French literature, vividly social, immensely preoccupied with moral ideas and careless of facts except as they illustrate the ideas which the playwright has at heart,"[322]

in The Modern Drama. It lay in the nature of French theatre-art, not in any prejudice of Ludwig Lewisohn, that the modern French drama, based as it was "upon an observation that (was) often very exact within its limits but... neither many-sided nor solid,"[323] lacked the "echo," the note of

liberation"[324] to be heard in the drama of Germany.

In 1918, Ludwig published The Poets of Modern France, and this little volume, more even than The Modern Drama, should have given the lie to any suspicion of pro-German bias on Ludwig's part. The book consisted of an introductory essay on modern French poetry and of translations from the works of thirty French poets. "To translate a poet is always to wrong him,"[325] Ludwig had written in 1916. The art of translation, Ludwig now wrote in his introductory essay, is,

> "like acting or the playing of music... an art of interpretation, more difficult than either in this respect: that you must interpret your original in a medium never contemplated by its author."[326]

The aim of the translator of poetry should be, he said, "to produce a beautiful poem... If he has produced a beautiful poem, much should be forgiven him,"[327] although "the translated poem... should be such as the original poet would have written if the translator's language had been his native one."[328] The task of translation Ludwig had, in these terms, set himself was beyond even his talent. In many instances, to be sure, Ludwig did achieve translations that were in themselves beautiful poems, but the poems of the modern French poets frequently became, in his hands, rather "less theirs than" his own.[329] Swinburne, Ludwig had written elsewhere, once described a perfect translation "under the figure of wine being poured from one goblet into another without the loss of a single drop."[330] In The Poets of Modern France, many were the drops lost and many the drops added that the French poet never perhaps intended. Yet this, in any case, was not the chief importance of the book. That importance was, it may be said, two-fold, lying on the one hand in what Ludwig

said and, on the other, in what he left unsaid.

Ludwig's thesis in The Poets of Modern France was presented in terms of the correlation between poetry and self-hood, the significance and influence of the personal element in poetic art, the poet and his sense of life. "What characterises a poet, above all else," Ludwig wrote,

> "is the way he uses his medium, his precise and unique method of moulding his language -- in respect both of diction and rhythm -- for the expression of his personal sense of life."[331]

It was a matter of form, but form, in Ludwig's view, was much more than cadence or "prosodic contour."[332] It was "the expression of (a poet's) personal sense of life."[333] This it was, in large and perhaps even insuperable part, that rendered the translator's task so difficult.

What struck Ludwig about modern French poetry, the poetry of the Symbolists, was its struggle for freedom as "the right to complete realisation of one's self-hood -- which includes and demands economic justice -- in action and in art."[334] Those who had preceded them in Post-Revolutionary France, the Romantics and the Parnassiens, had seen freedom in quite different terms -- as "an outer thing concerned with votes and governmental action"[335] in the case of the Romantics; as "the right to observe the present and historic world objectively and let the reason draw its own sombre conclusions from that vision"[336] in the case of the Parnassiens.

It was only the Symbolists that approached Ludwig's vision of moral freedom as the realization of self-hood in action and in art. "'A personal song,'" Ludwig said in the words of the symbolist poet,,Gustave Kahn, "-- that ambition is the secret of the age and the movement."[337] A personal song! Symbolism, Ludwig recognized,

"was all essentially... a liberation from the scientific, the objective, the relentless reality of earth to which -- in the doctrine of the Naturalists -- our souls are in bondage; it was a reaction of personality, of the freedom and splendor of the inner self; it was... the modern striving toward self-hood."[338]

In the symbolist poetry, it seemed to Ludwig, despite his predilection for naturalism, there was imminent "the struggle of man, however blind and stumbling, however checked by tribal rage and tribal terror.., toward self-hood."[339] It was precisely his "self-hood" that "the tribal rage and the tribal terror" in Columbus would have denied him. Ludwig was drawn to those poets like Gustave Kahn and Remy de Gourmont who appeared to understand that

> "the pang of beauty, the exaltation in truth, the vision of the tragedy of life arise, in the fullest sense, only when the individual liberates himself from the tribe and faces the universe alone,"[340]

and Ludwig applauded Gourmont's

> "plain and sensible belief... that a work of art is precious not through the tribal or social elements in it, but through the personal, that art knows no ought-ness of convention or precedent and that the test of beauty, different in that respect from truth, is a pragmatic one."[341]

What Ludwig found enervating in the poetry of modern France was its utter subjectivity, its withdrawal "from the dust andheat of the race into the twilit chambers of the soul."[342] The modern French poets, for all their emphasis on freedom and self-hood, had not gone far enough in one direction and too far in another. "After centuries of a literary life in which the social, the general, the typical, the objective employed all the creative energies of France," he lamented,

> "these poets could not go beyond the discovery of the world within, the simple finding of their self-hood. But there has been among them hitherto no personality so balanced, so fully self-achieved as to grapple with reality, interpreting or transforming it by the power of the creative intellect, of the creative imagination. That, I take it, should be the next step, the next development in the poetry of France. A movement that brought forth such personalities would give to French literature a poetry more bracing, even though less charming, not quite so beautiful but more valorous and severe."[343]

What Ludwig left unsaid, but what was perhaps the greatest power of the book, was -- Europe! That Ludwig's reverence for German culture and his appreciation of the achievements of German civilization sprang, not from an uncritical and superficial Germanophilia, but rather from a searching and penetrating humanism, are nowhere more evident than in this fact -- that The Spirit of Modern German Literature and The Poets of Modern France came from the same pen, and in the same period. It was not true, for Ludwig, that the vision of German culture precluded any fair insight into another, even an apparently rival, culture. In The Poets of Modern France, he set himself to present with justice and sympathy the creative achievements of modern French poetry -- achievements that had hitherto, in fact, been but meagerly, if at all, revealed to English-speaking people. The power of this book, deriving as it did from a time in which national passions and particularisms had been aroused to fever pitch, lay in its realization of values and forms that transcended those passions and particularisms. The vision of The Poets of Modern France as of The Spirit of Modern German Literature was essentially the vision of European, of Western civilization. As Ludwig wrote in the preface to his work on the modern French poets, his thinking had been filtered, not through the ways of national passion and prejudice, "but through the ways of the World Spirit."[344]

To be sure, German culture was, in Ludwig's estimate, more substantial, more energetic and vibrant. He could not write of France, as he had of Germany, that Streben was its spirit. He found in modern France no Nietzsche and no Hauptmann, no Rilke and no George. But there were none. There were Verlaine, Mallarme, de Regnier, de Gourmont, Jammes -- there was Verhaeren in Belgium -- and to these Ludwig gave their due as he gave Nietzsche and Hauptmann theirs. The fact is that, at the time, the civilization of Germany was more substantial, more energetic and more vibrant, than that of France. Yet Ludwig saw in this fact no inherent Germanic superiority. The transforming encounter with reality, Ludwig wrote in The Poets of Modern France, "should be the next step... in the poetry of France."[345] He envisaged its possibility. He did see, however, in the German civilization of the time the strongest, the freest and highest, expression of European values. His approach was not political; it was aesthetic, intellectual, social. That the Germany he admired was en route to overreaching itself, he did not know, perhaps could not know, as he was neither an economist nor a historian, but a man of letters and an interpreter of values. His insights into European civilization grew out of his examination of European -- and particularly German, French, and English -- letters. It was in this realm that he was able to envisage the values of European civilization. Undoubtedly, had he been trained in political science, he would have been better able to evaluate that civilization whose values as expressed in its art commanded his interest and devotion. But, if he was a social thinker, he was not a social scientist.

The fact remains, in any case, that where others at the time lost sight of moral values through their pre-occupation with politico-economic

factors, Ludwig persisted in his vision. Where others saw in German life only the German General Staff, Ludwig saw Hauptmann. Both -- the General Staff and Hauptmann -- were facts of German life. Yet, in a deeper sense, Hauptmann was more than a fact of German life; he was a fact of European life. Perhaps it was all to the good that Ludwig was not a political scientist, but an interpreter of values. He was able, in this way, to serve in American thought much the same function that Romain Rolland could serve in French thought or Thomas Mann in German thought -- to transcend the nation-state and to see -- Europe. The great virtue -- and perhaps the great uniqueness -- of Ludwig's vision of European or Western civilization was that he could approach that civilization, not in politico-economic terms, but in terms of "the struggle of the true personality to possess itself."[346] It was in these terms that Ludwig so enthusiastically endorsed German culture. He felt that German culture, more than any other at the time, had perceived this struggle. Where, in 1917 and 1918, the American public, swept away by a wave of Germanophobia, regarded Germany as the land of the "Huns," the barbaric despoilers of Belgium and France, the scourge of trans-Atlantic shipping, Ludwig insisted on regarding Germany as the land of Goethe and Nietzsche andHauptmann -- the land which, as no other had done, produced a "personality so balanced, so fully self-achieved as to grapple with reality, interpreting or transforming it by the power of the creative intellect, of the creative imagination."[347] In a word, he regarded German culture as the highest expression of <u>European</u> values.

PART FOUR

THE WATERSHED: 1918-1922

CHAPTER THIRTY: CHARACTER AND FATE

The War was to last another "black year"[1] as Ludwig and Mary returned to New York. That year of 1918 proved a dismal year indeed. Ludwig was able to obtain employment teaching Latin and English in a private boys' school in the city, but was revolted by "the stony contempt for literature, art and learning" he found among his new students and by the faith in money and materialism which gripped them as it gripped their parents.[2] "The war-fever throbbed,"[3] and Jacques succumbed at last to the "unrelieved melancholy"[4] into which the years since Minna's death had cast him. The loneliness and wretchedness of these last years had unbalanced his mind, and Ludwig "felt no pang for his death, only for his life."[5] The descent was final now.

Ludwig had, in the meantime, taken up magazine-writing again. Even before his departure from Columbus, he had begun writing for the International, a weekly of markedly pro-German sympathies edited in New York by his old friend, Viereck. Germanophilia was, however, not the only distinctive feature of the International. Viereck had undertaken to publish in its pages works by a number of talented but unrecognized writers such as Leonard, whose Two Lives appeared in the International, and Ludwig was able to publish in Viereck's journal "A New England Fable,"[6] which has been called "one of the best poems of his career."[7]

The Armistice came at last, and the carnage came to an end. In 1919, Oswald Garrison Villard,[8] the editor of the Nation, took Ludwig on as the magazine's drama editor, "an occupation... which (Ludwig) found more satisfying to the mind than any in which (he) had yet engaged."[9] Villard never suppressed or altered a single word from Ludwig's pen,[10] andperhaps for the

first time in his life, Ludwig was "at liberty to apply his standards of the best to drama and literature in a style always pure yet powerful, and for a public that... was in complete sympathy with his aims."[11] That year of 1919 was, in more than one respect, a year of liberation for him. In 1920, he would become an associate editor on the Nation and was to remain in that position until his departure from the United States in 1924.

In addition to his work for the Nation, Ludwig translated A. A. Latzko's Judgment of Peace in 1919 and briefly renewed his connection with the Smart Set, edited at the time by Mencken and George Jean Nathan.[12] He also published during that year a little anthology of modern critical writings called A Modern Book of Criticism and including selections from the work of twenty-five European and American critics, not excepting himself. Among the critics represented were Mencken, Randolph Bourne, Bernard Shaw, Remy de Gourmont, Jules Lemaitre, Friedrich Hebbel, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, John Galsworthy, and VanWyck Brooks. "It was characteristic of" him, Alfred Kazin has written, "that... A Modern Book of Criticism... included more of his own criticism than that of any of the other... critics represented."[13] But, for all his tartness, even Kazin has had to admit that, following the War, "in those first great days of liberal criticism (Ludwig) was more than a working critic; he was a force for progress."[14]

And Ludwig was -- a force for progress against the idealism and moralistic traditionalism of critics like Harvard University's Irving Babbitt[15] who could not forebear to blame the World War on that very naturalism Ludwig treasured as liberating and concluded bitterly that he was

> "living in a world that (had) gone wrong on first principles, a world that, in spite of all the warnings of the past, (had) allowed itself to be caught once more in the terrible naturalistic trap... The leaders (had) succumbed in greater or less

> degree to naturalism and so (had) been tampering with the moral law."[16]

Naturalism appeared to the jaundiced eyes of Professor Babbitt as so much Rousseauistic emotionalism. "A man may safely go into himself," he wrote, "if what he finds there is not, like Rousseau, his own emotions, but like Buddha, the law of righteousness."[17] Babbitt was a moralist, not a humanist, and even the church, in his view, "so far as it (had) become humanitarian, (had) itself succumbed to naturalism."[18]

Ludwig's foremost antagonist was perhaps Paul Elmer More who had edited the Nation in its less liberal ante-bellum days and for whom Ludwig had reviewed German books.[19] More, whom Kazin has called "a formidable anachronism,"[20] was an extremely capable and extremely conservative critic and "opposed the emergence of a modern literature in America."[21] In the ninth volume of his celebrated Shelburne Essays, More wrote that

> "We are bound, in any clear-sighted view of the larger exigencies of the relations of man with man, to fortify ourselves against such a perversion of the institutions of government as would adapt them to the nature of man as he ought to be, instead of the nature of man as he actually is, and would relax the rigour of law, in pity for the degree of injustice inherent in earthly life... Looking at the larger good of society, we may say that the dollar is more than the man, and that the rights of property are more important than the right to life."[22]

More overreached even Babbitt in his "iron legality."[23] Yet Ludwig ranked him among the

> "critics who conceive more nobly and severely of their calling ... (More) is a scholar of high and fine accomplishment. He not only knows but with a cold passion proclaims his knowledge of the oneness of literature and life and of the deep sources of the critic's aims and works."[24]

It was, in Kazin's words, words which perhaps would have surprised Ludwig in 1919, a

> "Hebraic humanism in Lewisohn, the belief he held, with William Blake, that 'truth cannot be uttered so as to be understood and not be believed,' that enabled him to appreciate Paul Elmer More's quality at a time when the modernists and traditionalists merely suspected each other."[25]

Highly, however, as he regarded More's scholarly accomplishment, Ludwig did not hesitate to cross swords with him. "Unfortunately for the solidity of his fame and the extent of his influence," Ludwig declared, More suffered from

> "an icy and cosmic arrogance which, by its antecedent assumptions, invalidates his whole critical thought. Undaunted by history or science, unsubdued by the surging of the 'cosmic weather,' calmly oblivious of the crumbling of every absolute ever invented by man, he contimues in his fierce and growing isolation to assert that he knows what human life ought to be and what kinds of literature ought to be permitted to express its character. That a form of art or life exists and that it engages the whole hearts of men makes little difference to him. He knows... /the ellipses are here original in the text/ And what does he know? Only, at bottom, his own temperamental tastes and impulses which he seeks to rationalize by an appeal to carefully selected and isolated tendencies in art and thought. And, having rationalized them by an artifice so fragile, he seeks to impose them upon the men and the artists of his own day in the forms of laws."[26]

More saw fit to characterize "novelists and poets of discontent" as men "deliberately preying on the intellectual defeat and spiritual dismay of the times, as vultures fatten themselves on carrion."[27] Ludwig launched a frontal assault against More's view

> "that if you abandon his method, you sink into universal scepticism and indiscriminate acceptance. The truth is that I believe far more than he does. For I love beauty in all its forms and find life tragic and worthy of my sympathy in every manifestation.

> I need no hierarchical moral world for my dwelling-place, because I desire neither to judge nor to condemn. Fixed standards are useless to him whose central passion is to have men free. /italics added/ Mr. More needs them for the same inner reason e- infinitely rarified and refined, of course -- for which they are necessary to the inquisitor and the militant patriot. He wants to damn heretics... /ellipses original in the text/ I do not. His last refuge, like that of every absolutist at bay, would be in the corporate judgment of mankind. Yes, mankind has let the authoritarians impose on it only too often. But their day is nearly over. /sic!/ And I need not stop to show how flimsy a fiction that corporate judgment is, so soon as any reasonable interpretation is given to the word judgment... But we are not left, most fortunately, wholly to the mercy of Mr. More's and Professor Irving Babbitt's and Professor Stuart P. Sherman's vision of a static universe with themselves in the inner shrine determining the eternal fixities that they promulgate. A group of critics, young men or men who do not grow old, are at work upon the creation of a civilized cultural atmosphere in America."[28]

A Modern Book of Criticism was nothing less than a call to arms against the critical and literary leviathan that More, Babbitt, and Sherman represented.

Art and life were not discrete in Ludwig's view. They were to be identified, insofar at the very least as both were chaotic enough to stand in need of a vigorous and extensive interpretation, a discipline. Ludwig looked upon the critic's role as one of ethical, even religious, significance. The critic was to be -- and in much the same sense that Maimonides had intended his own magnum opus -- a guide to the perplexed. The professional critic, wrote Ludwig,

> "deals constantly with the deepest forces that govern the life of man/.] He is in daily contact with men's notions of those fundamental values that determine their selection and shaping of the stuff of life into the structures of art; he is in contact with the infinitely varying moods that the world evokes in the soul, and with the flaming apparition of beauty in its myriad forms. And by virtue of his self-appointed office he is a guide, a universal guide, through the mazes of art and life."[29]

Literature was no "elegant diversion -- like tennis or motor-boating," but

"a thing of blood and tears."[30] Nor was criticism an "isolated thing... an amusement of elegant triflers... a sport of aloof academicians."[31] Criticism was

> "as present as the air, as concrete as bread, and far more necessary to human civilization than steam or petrol. The proverbial Philistine who refuses to see a play that will not make him laugh practices criticism of the most formidable kind and reveals in that practice all he is. For consider the implications of his critical reaction: the utter lack of humane sympathies, the stubborn defiance of all gentler influences, the hard determination to give no part of his earnings for anything that neither stirs his senses nor flatters his consciousness of superiority. Consider, furthermore, the forces in his civilization that have made him what he is: the insistence on mechanical values, the steely ferocities of business competition, the militant subordination of all the elements of life to one coarse and impoverishing kind of success. I could go further and point out how this Philistine's lack of a subtle shame in his attitude, indeed his brazen pride in it, demonstrates the failure on the part of the intellectuals of his age and country to create a cultural atmosphere in which he would be forced, despite himself, into an uneasy awareness of the poverty of his own soul."[32]

This was more than literary criticism; it was more than a tour de force in iconoclasm. It was social criticism of the most searching and provocative kind, and nothing was more needed in this America whose business, a dour Vermonter could say, was business. Ludwig hated whatever was destructive of man -- manin the Goethean sense — and whatever strengthened the brute. Nowhere perhaps than in this angry passage is there a better, a more succinct expression of his contempt for those he called the Philistines. Nietzsche would have called them the "lastmen."

The fate and character of literature, Ludwig contended, rested in no formalist category, in no technique. Vers libre as against vers fixe was not the issue.

> "The fate and character of literature, as the fate and character of all art, rests upon the relation which it sustains to life in the consciousness of men. No literary reforms can reform literature; no written programme of protest will avail. Wherever the fundamental conception of life is artificial and militantly rigid, wherever, in a word, there is a dominant orthodoxy, political, moral and economic, it follows that the free play of the literary intelligence will be neglected or suppressed... the singificance of the suppression resides in its saddening conformity with the immediate reactions of the average man. It is on this point that the very young liberal is apt to be deceived. It is useless to set books free until minds are set free [italics added]."[33]

This confronts us, as it confronted Ludwig, with one of the overriding themes in his life. Had he written no more than the above, it is no exaggeration to say that he would have been entitled to a place of esteem among American critics and social thinkers. That place he was to be denied in America for precisely the same reason that, in France, for example, his work would be acclaimed as "un ardent plaidoyer en faveur de la liberté de conscience et de pensée... "[34] It was by no means simply that he was a Jew and thereby disqualified ab initio from membership in the fraternity of American writers as he had years before in Charleston been disqualified from membership in a college fraternity.[35] It was much more that, in the day of Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More and Stuart Sherman, Ludwig was a literary maverick, impelled to a quest for freedom as they were impelled -- and theirs was the hegemony -- to a quest for absolutes. And again, in later years, he was to be denied his literary due when, in an American literature that moved to skepticism and relativism, he moved to traditionalism and neo-Orthodoxy. Somehow it was his "character and fate" ever to be the maverick, ever to swim against the dominant tide. The title of the autobiography on which he was working at this time, Up Stream, was more than descriptive of the first forty years of his life; it was prophetic of the remaining

thirty.

Ludwig was never disposed to view literature and life in terms of the prevailing climate of opinion, but always in terms of his own standpoint and his own experience -- and he was subjected to sharp criticism for this, as when Kazin called him "a humorless lover-hero of the Freudian epoch who translated his domestic difficulties into pompous dicta for everyone at large" and spoke of "the imperturbable gravity and messianic confidence with which (Ludwig) refused ever to look beyond his own ideas"[36]; as when the Hearst journalist, himself a Jew of Sephardic ancestry, Benjamin de Casseres,[37] dismissed him as "The Wandering Jewish Niobe of the ages" and fulminated against the "sickly plaint" in all that Ludwig wrote.[38] Yet Ludwig was all but impervious to these barbs. Hurt he may have been, but he declined nonetheless to compromise; he refused to conform. If it was his admittedly unhappy task to toil against the tide, then, as Nietzsche said, -- What is happiness? I have my work! For Ludwig Lewisohn may have made many mistakes in his life, but never among them was the mistake of being anything but Ludwig Lewisohn.

With Zarathustra, he could always say: this is my way, what is yours?

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE: THE DARK FOREST

In the year 1934, Burton Rascoe and Groff Conklin edited and published an imposing volume entitled The SMART SET Anthology. The book consisted of work that had appeared in the Smart Set from the pens of a variety of distinguished writers, including, to name but a few, Maxwell Anderson, Leonid Andreyev, Stephen Vincent Benet, Joseph Conrad, Theodore Dreiser, F. Scott Fitzgerald, James Joyce, D.H. Lawrence, Sinclair Lewis, Eugene O'Neill, William Butler Yeats -- and Ludwig Lewisohn. The Lewisohn story reprinted was "The Story Ashland Told at Dinner" from the Smart Set of February 1919.

That story, which dealt with problems of modern marriage, was rather a brittle piece of work, and what interests us about it is hardly its literary merit. In permitting Messrs. Rascoe and Conklin to reprint "The Story Ashland Told at Dinner," Ludwig, the editors tell us, requested them "to take pains to emphasize his own distaste for it as an example of a period of style and point of view which he (had) since outgrown"[40] and urged them to state in the anthology his "philosophical repudiation of these scribblings of (his) earlier years."[41] This was in 1934, some ten years after Ludwig had departed from America -- and not only from America, but also from his conviction that Judaism was an "archaic Orientalism"[42] best discarded.

In view of the fact that in 1919 Ludwig could have put into Bill Ashland's mouth these words:

> "... did you ever see one who, after marriage, subdued herself, didn't, in however high-class a way, nag -- but try to give her husband a chance to live his own life?"[43]

we may perhaps doubt his insistence of 1934 -- the year in which, incidentally, he wrote The Permanent Horizon -- that the story evinced "a point of view which he (had) since outgrown." Don Juan, Crump, The Island Within, and Roman Summer all followed by many years "The Story Ashland Told at Dinner" and were not quite free of that "point of view." A fact of no merely incidental interest is that, in 1919, Ludwig wrote, if not precisely as a non-Jew, at best as an indifferent Jew. In 1934, he wrote most unmistakably as a very positive, committed Jew indeed; by that year, books like Israel, Mid-Channel, and The Last Days of Shylock, and short-stories like The Holy Land and The Romantic, were all behind him. If fifteen years later more persisted of his attitude to sex and marriage, of that attitude characteristic of him in 1919, than he may have been aware of or cared to admit; if his thoughts and experiences of the 1930's regarding the relations of the sexes stemmed, to no small degree, from his thoughts and experiences of the time around 1919; what, we may wonder, of his attitude to Judaism? What had been his real attitude to Judaism around 1919? There is no gainsaying the fact that by 1934 his attitude to Judaism had become highly conscious and positive. But had this assertion of Jewish identity been in the nature of a creatio ex nihilo? Or had there been in 1919 a forewarning at least of "the spirit of '34"?

"The awakening American mind," Ludwig wrote in 1919 in A Modern Book of Criticism,

> "will hardly turn to religion except in so far as, to quote Arnold again, 'its best part is its unconscious poetry.' For religion is, of course, thoroughly institutionalized among us and the Churches have largely allied themselves with the brisk forces of ignorance and moral repression. The religious instinct will itself have to be born again in another and, I am tempted to say, a more Pagan embodiment. It will, at least,

have to go beyond the Society for the Suppression of Vice, the Anti-Saloon League, the Lord's Day Association and the committee of business men to raise funds, and approach the spirit of One who forgave the woman taken in adultery, changed water into wine, declared the Sabbath to be made for man and drove the money-changers from the temple."[44]

It is apparent that, in 1919, insofar as Ludwig thought of himself at all in terms of a religious orientation, insofar as he may be said to have had, in any formal sense, a religious orientation, it was undoubtedly a Christian one. It was within the realm of Christian reference. Yet, if it was morally and ethically Christian, it was not theologically Christian. And if Ludwig could speak of "the spirit of One" who did thus and so -- and that "One" is in the context, of course, Jesus -- still he had displayed for years, and displayed now, no theological bent which would militate strongly against his departing the Christian fold.

Ludwig's use of a reverent capitalization -- "One" -- seemed rather more pro forma than a matter of feeling. This "One" of whom he spoke was the Jesus who taught morality -- and not the Christ who suffered and saves. This "One" was, in effect, the Jewish Jesus of Nazareth, not the Christ of Calvary. There was already the possibility that Ludwig would come to the realization that what most appealed to him in the Christian outlook, what most fed the humanism and ethical striving of his own outlook, was nothing other than the Judaism in Christianity. And so there was already the possibility that, realizing all this, he would be able to peel away the Christological skin of the apple and bite deeply into the Jewish meat.

The Christianity to which Ludwig subscribed, insofar as by 1919 he he subscribed to Christianity at all, was not that of Paul. It was the "Christianity" of Jesus of Nazareth -- no Christianity at all as we

understand the term, but perhaps more aptly described as a sort of revisionist Pharisaism. If anything, it was a Uniterianism to which he subscribed at the time, and it is not a very formidable step, especially for one of Jewish birth, from Unitarianism to Judaism. If it had been the "Jewishness" in the Christian tradition that, perhaps all unknowingly, Ludwig had valued, it would be the Jewishness in himself that he would come to value -- and no longer unknowingly.

Ludwig had a will to affirm. "... from the very darkness of the moment in our American life," he wrote in 1919,

> "even a mind not given to fatuous hope may infer that a reaction is at hand... the instinct of self-preservation in humanity of which Arnold spoke cannot be extinct in a people so numerous, so powerful and, happily, so multiform as ourselves. The day must come when a sufficient number among us will awaken to our perils -- the peril of cutting ourselves off from the historic culture of mankind, the deadly peril of suppressing all the normal instincts of life except business and baseball."[45]

He affirmed America, and he affirmed, in some sense, a Christian spirit: the One who forgave the adulteress. Is it too much to say that it would be Jewishness -- the fact of Jewish existence and tradition -- in an otherwise bleak world that could permit him to focus his will to affirm? One could argue that Ludwig always valued his Christian orientation, such as it was, his sense of the One who forgave the adulteress, and that he perceived the spirit of that One, not in what passed for Christianity, but in what seemed to be Judaism. And so Judaism could become the focus of his affirmation; there was reason to value a world that contained Judaism within it. In later years, in <u>The Island Within</u>, Ludwig would see fit to characterize Jews as standing at the human centre of things. But it was almost as if he were trying to realize, to actualize his original Christian

orientation, his sense of the spirit of the Nazarene, through a growing attachment to Judaism and a growing affirmation of Jewishness.[46]

"Where thou canst not love -- pass by!" Nietzsche had said. Ludwig would write little of Jews before 1924. As late as 1922 he believed his "psychical life" to be "Aryan through and through. Slowly, in the course of the years," he wrote in Up Stream, he had "discovered traits in (himself) which (he sometimes) call(ed) Jewish. But that interpretation (was) open to grave doubt"[47] -- in 1922. In an edition of Up Stream appearing in 1926, he could already add that such an interpretation was "no longer"[48] open to doubt. Before 1924, Ludwig could not love Jews, he knew scarcely anything of them or of their life -- and so he passed by. When the will to affirm had at last focused on Jewish life, when the love was there to be grasped and known and realized, he passed by no longer.

All this was yet to be, but in 1919 Ludwig was already "near that middle of the road of life at which Dante found himself in the dark forest that was to lead him to his vision."[49]

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO: THE ONLY EXCUSE

The battle for a modern literature in America -- that battle of which A Modern Book of Criticism had been but one of many skirmishes -- continued apace as the 1920's dawned. For Ludwig it was as much a battle for selfhood as for literature, and the personal equation between literature, and selfhood which Ludwig had enunciated in books like The Modern Drama and The Poets of Modern France became increasingly important in his eyes. Men went to literature "for life," he wrote in A Modern Book of Criticism,

> "for more life and keener life, for life as it crystallizes into higher articulateness and deeper significance... The enlargement and clarification of men's experience, that is, -- so far as all formulation is not futile -- the function of literature... (Literature) will make (men) wiser and, above all, deeper. For it will immeasurably heighten their consciousness of their own selves and of the other selves that fill the world."[50]

In every modern European country, Ludwig declared, "literature (was) felt, clearly or obscurely, to be a part of that total life process which strives toward an ever freer, more varied self-realization."[51] That America seemed to have set itself against this view of literature and that her preceptist critics like More and Babbitt and Sherman "read... not with peace in their hearts but with a bludgeon in their hands"[52] only fired the more hotly Ludwig's ardor for the cause which he had espoused and in which he believed ever more urgently.

In 1921, Ludwig composed an introduction to a book by one of the modern critics he most admired, Remy de Gourmont's The Book of Masks. "The only excuse a man has for writing," the Frenchman had said, "is that he express himself, that he reveal to others the kind of world reflected in

the mirror of his soul; his only excuse is that he be original."[53] Ludwig, who had only a few months before completed the writing of Up Stream, seized eagerly on Gourmont's formulation. "... the best thing a man can give in art as in life is his own self,"[54] he wrote, assenting not only to Gourmont but to himself as well.

> "To write like the Greeks or the Elizabethans or the French classics is precisely what we must not do... All that we have to contribute to mankind, what is it but just -- ourselves?... all we have to contribute to literature is, again, ourselves. This moment, this sensation, this pang, this thought -- this little that is intimately our own is all we have of the unique and precious and incomparable. Let us express it beautifully, individually, memorably and it is all we can do; it is all that the classics did in their day. To imitate the classics -- be one! That is to say, live widely, intensely, unsparingly and record your experience in some timeless form."[55]

No "fixed scale of objective values,"[56] Ludwig knew, could suffice to nourish literature, much less to measure it. Literature could be classified in terms of no category less than life itself.

> "... we are done with arbitrary exclusions, exclusions by transitory conventions or by tribal habits lifted to the plane of eternal laws. All experience, the whole soul of man -- nothing less than that is now our province."[57]

And no one, in Ludwig's view, had done more than Gourmont "to bring us that critical and creative freedom and enlargement of scope,"[58] for the French poet-critic had grasped

> "what the mere academician, the mere scholar, can never grasp, that literature is life grown flame-life and articulate; that, therefore, like life itself, it varies in aim and character, in form and color and savor and is the memorable record of and commentary upon each stage in that great process of change that we call the world."[59]

The whole soul of man -- it was from this that the Babbitts and the Mores and the Shermans averted their gaze. All their brilliance and acumen notwithstanding, they could not bear to look upon the whole soul of man which, in its peacelessness and its vagary and its ululation, could never feed itself on the arid moralism of their "great tradition."[60] But, where they, bound up in their "union... of an Athenian vision with Yankee self-reliance,"[61] had perforce to turn from it, Ludwig could recognize in it the spirit and the meaning and the justification of modern literature.

In an admirable essay only recently published and entitled Freud and the Crisis of Our Culture, Lionel Trilling has written that

> "In its essence literature is concerned with the self; and the particular concern of the literature of the last two centuries has been with the self in its standing quarrel with culture. We cannot mention the name of any great writer of the modern period whose work has not in some way, and usually in a passionate and explicit way, insisted on this quarrel, who has not expressed the bitterness of his discontent with civilization, who has not said that the self made greater legitimate demandsthan any culture could hope to satisfy. This intense conviction of the existence of the self apart from culture is ... its noblest and most generous achievement. At the present moment it must be thought of as a liberating idea without which our developing ideal of community is bound to defeat itself."[62]

What Trilling, in this essay, has imputed to Sigmund Freud -- Freud's "paranoid version of the relation of the self to culture"[63] -- is in very essence also the problem, and for us the striking significance, of Ludwig Lewisohn. It was, particularly in this sense, that Ludwig epitomized and embodied the central intellectual and moral questions, the central concerns and experiences, of the first quarter of the twentieth century. It was, in this sense, too, that he epitomized and embodied the dilemmas of the modern thinker.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE: TESTS AND TESTS

"... a country's living stage-literature," Ludwig had written in A Modern Book of Criticism, "is a searching test of its people's intellectual freedom,"[64] and during the five years he spent in New York with the Nation, Ludwig devoted perhaps the bulk of his time and energy to a critique of the "living stage-literature" of America. He was enabled by Oswald Garrison Villard's "really magnanimous editorial policy"[65] to pursue this critique where he would. If Villard was himself remote from Ludwig's "moral radicalism,"[66] he nevertheless "respected the conclusions he could not accept,"[67] and "in the many hundreds of articles (Ludwig) wrote for the Nation not a syllable was ever changed or expunged"[68] by Villard. A good deal of Ludwig's drama criticism for the Nation was at length gathered together and published in 1922 as The Drama and The Stage.

Alfred Kazin, certainly not to be numbered among Ludwig's uncritical admirers, has written of The Drama and The Stage that in this book Ludwig's "exciting contribution to the postwar renaissance is seen at its best."[69] Ludwig himself asserted in a prefatory note to his work that

> "the brief essays and studies that compose this volume... were written on, but not for a particular day, and seek to illustrate, whatever the date or the material, a theory of both the drama and the theatre that is coherent and that is profoundly implicated with permanent qualities of life and art."[70]

That theory was, in brief, that the drama had to be a criticism of life or it was nothing. The drama had to "be, in a sense, more real, more packed with reality than any fragment of the sprawling, shifting world of appearances," and it had to hold "fast a concentrated bit of reality for our

contemplation."[71] The only "serious modern drama" was that drama in which

> "conflict and solution are transferred from the superficial compacts and modes of social life into that realm of the reason and of spiritual values in which those modes and compacts are themselves questionable and on trial."[72]

The test of a play, Ludwig insisted, was not "right craftsmanship,"[73] nor did it lie "in the mechanism of the theatre or the technique of writing ..."[74] It was not Francisque Sarcey's criterion of the scène à faire. "There are good plays and bad ones," Ludwig wrote, "but none that are not plays because they fail to conform to a convention or a pattern."[75] To test a play in terms of technique or craftsmanship was less than useless; it was wrong and stupid. The true test was nothing other than whether a play "accepts the rules of the social or political or moral game as fixed or final or whether it goes to those sources of truth in the nature of man and of his world which these rules often slander and betray."[76]

The theatre as it was during his days with the Nation, he felt, was better held "a little cheap."[77] It was "being killed"[78] by its concern with the mysteries of dramaturgical mechanism rather than "the mysteries of the earth,"[79] by its concern with the intricacies of technique rather than the intricacies of man.

> "Revolving stages, subtle lights, elaborate scenes are in their right order beautiful and useful things. They become a menace when they cause it to be forgotten that the platform is the platform of the eternal poet struggling with the mysteries of the earth. This is not fine language; it is the plain and sober truth."[80]

For the function of the drama, as Ludwig saw it, was neither entertainment nor amusement. It was nothing less than a criticism of the life-process,

a criticism of the world which "is only a world of appearances."[81] It was the function of the drama "to interpret the spiritual meaning of that phenomenal order by an act of heightened and condensed and clarified imitation."[82] The drama had, in short, to come to grips with reality, and technique would suffice nothing. The trouble with the younger playwrights was that they were "too much concerned with technique and too little concerned with their minds."[83] Art had to come, not from technical accomplishment, but from "the fire and compulsion of an inner experience."[84] The bitter truth was, however, that

> "The wide dissemination of technical instruction has persuaded persons to write plays whose inner equipment sufficed for a family letter... the patter about learning one's craft does not apply to literature. What truly destined 'maker' was ever silenced for lack of craftsmanship? True matter creates form. The only discipline the writer needs is self-discipline. His impulse must be like love or prayer. It is resistless or it is nothing."[85]

For Ludwig there could be in the theatre no ars gratia artis, no art for art's sake. Such "would cease to be art and become mathematics."[86] Art could not be for art's sake; it had to be for man's sake. It had to be expressive of man, reflective of the world in which he lived, and sensitive to man's character and to his fate in the world.

Nor could art deal with man abstractly. "We cannot feel anything from art," Ludwig declared, "unless art is the expression of life in a concrete, recognizable embodiment."[87] An art that failed this requirement would be virtually bereft of significance to man and could have no relationship to him as a being of flesh and blood with all the problems, feelings, strivings, and sufferings that flesh and blood imply. Art could not

generalize man, because man was not a general, but a specific, being. Nor could art treat man in terms of categories, because man did not live in terms of categories. He may have thought in such terms; he did not live in them. But art, and particularly the art of the theatre, was called upon not so much to deal with man's thoughts as with man's life.

What Ludwig did, in effect, was to raise dramatic literature to a position of ethical importance, and the function of the theatre appeared to him as an ethical function. Nowhere did he make this clearer than in the fourth and last section on The Drama and the Stage, the section entitled "Art, Life and The Theatre" with its sharp and wonderful little character-studies and portraits. It was particularly in the piece called "Conversation" that Ludwig stated the problem of the modern dramatist faced with the dual menace of philistinism and theatrical technology as succinctly and as cogently as perhaps it has anywhere and ever been stated -- and, withal, with unsurpassed irony:

> "The critic sank deeper into his chair. The blond playwright was so sure of himself. But just then he seemed to withdraw to an inner contemplation of his own assurance, and from farther down the room came the Voice which the critic specially dreaded. It was not rivalry or envy, Heaven knows, that made him dread the other critic. It was the icy moment of terror that he always feels when unbridgable chasms open between his mind and another's. But the Voice arose: 'I admit the merits of The Brothers. But its success or failure will not affect the development of a native school of drama. Tragedy is foreign to us.'
>
> "The critic jumped from his chair. A lady regarded his rude suddenness deprecatingly. But he was beyond the reach of her rebuke. 'Then we are less than human,' he cried, 'or more. The tragic is in art because it is in life! Why is nine-tenths of all great literature shot through and through with tragedy? Because human life is. The very Fool in Shakespeare has a somber heart, the very grotesques of Dickens throw a shadow on the understanding mind. If tragedy is foreign to us, then so are birth and love and death and all spiritual conflict, then we are apes or gods but not men!' The

critic gasped. He hadn't meant to preach. He was known as a sinister 'highbrow" even so. He smiled wryly. 'Have it your own way,' he said. 'But what a world you're making: bevo instead of beer, drug-shops instead of taverns, flirting instead of love, shop-work instead of Greek, business instead of beauty, and Tillie's Triumphs instead of tragedy!'

"With cool precision the Voice -- it seemed a collective Voice -- floated above the dead silence: 'You do not understand the theatre.'

"'And you,' retorted the critic wearily, 'understand nothing else.'"[88]

How well Ludwig understood the theatre and, what is more important perhaps, how well he understood the society from which the theatre sprang, the life which gave it such life as it had, is very likely nowhere better illustrated than in his comments on a little-known play, Ernest Howard Culbertson's Goat Alley: A Tragedy of Negro Life, which was first presented in New York in June 1921 and to the published text of which Ludwig wrote an introduction in July 1921. Culbertson, Ludwig wrote, had neither sociological nor propagandistic intent in this picture of Negro life in a Wahington slum. With one exception, the actors who played Goat Alley had been amateurs, "colored working people who gave their time and services for the sake of what they felt to be an artistic expression of the life of their race."[89] The playwright, moreover, "had not even a special interest in the racial problem,"[90] but understood "that tragedy does not reside in pomp and circumstance, but in the profound realities of human helpfulness and human suffering."[91] It was precisely this that the Voice of "Conversation" had failed to understand.

The drama that Culbertson had achieved was, in Ludwig's eyes, "the evidence of an effort as serious, as intelligent, as sensitive to the character and quality of what makes tragedy as our recent theatre has produced."[92] And Goat Alley was all this, not by virtue of a technological mechanism, but

by virtue of its confrontation of a social and moral reality. Culbertson had

> "built up his action from within. He saw that the Negro cannot yet hope, like the white man, to transcend common standards. He must first reach them. Hence the Negro girl's struggle for her own integrity is not yet the struggle of Nora or Magda -- the struggle to be true to herself; it is the struggle to remain true to the man of her real choice. To transcend a necessary order one must first have achieved it. The achievement of social order in the moral sense is therefore the right and necessary aim of the Negro proletarian and the right and necessary theme of a drama dealing with his life."[93]

There was something more there that ought not to pass unnoticed. These words had been written not be a man simply interested in the theatre. They had been written by a man who, in his youth, had fulminated against the Negro as belonging to "a barbarous and inferior race."[94] Yet now, eighteen years later, he could regard "poor Lucy Belle struggling to maintain her spiritual integrity in Goat Alley (as) a protagonist worthy of the sternest art and the largest sympathy."[95] And Ludwig could speak thus because, despite all, his own battle for "spiritual integrity" had not been lost.

For the Voice of "Conversation" it had never begun.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR: Up Stream ** THE FIRST CLIMAX

"No matter how ruined man and his world may seem to be, and no matter how terrible man's despair may become, as long as he continues to be a man his very humanity continues to tell him that life has a meaning. That, indeed, is one reason why man tends to rebel against himself. If he could without effort see what the meaning of life is, and if he could fulfill his ultimate purpose without trouble, he would never question the fact that life is well worth living. Or if he saw at once that life had no purpose and no meaning, the question would never arise. In either case, man would not be capable of finding himself so much of a problem."[96] Thus writes a man whose experience of life has been vastly different from Ludwig's -- as vastly different as the solution this man found for his problems. Thomas Merton has achieved a measure of peace in the solitude and silence of a Trappist monastery in Kentucky. For Ludwig such a solution would have been utterly impossible. No monastery beckoned -- save the monastery of his own selfhood and his own mind. Solitude there may have been in these, but no silence. The clash and the clamor echoed in the pages of Up Stream. And yet it is far from improbable that Merton's words would have made sense to Ludwig.

Ludwig had begun writing his autobiography in 1916. He completed it at length about 1920 "after many hesitations and much earnest search for inner guidance."[97] The approval of Henry Mencken and Carl Van Doren induced him finally to complete the work,[98] and Up Stream appeared in 1922 under the imprimatur of Boni and Liveright. The interest it inspired was such that it was later included by The Modern Library in its list of distinguished titles.

Up Stream was very much a part of the American 1920's. The novels of Theodore Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis, the critical writings of Mencken and Joseph Wood Krutch, these, Gillis has said, were "no different in temper from Up Stream; there (was) the same evangel of protest, the same embittered attitude towards American civilization and culture."[99] It is true enough that, in Up Stream, there was much the same "evangel of protest," much the same "embittered attitude," as found expression in The Titan and Main Street. And yet the "temper" was not the same. The novelist, wrote Ludwig,

> "sacrifices to a form and the thinker to a system. Each has had an anterior vision into which he lets his facts and even his emotions melt. And this anterior vision... is nothing but a mask. For both the novelist and the philosopher is [sic] only an autobiographer in disguise."[100]

Ludwig "could easily have written a novel or a treatise."[101] But he had "chosen to drop the mask."[102] There was to be in Up Stream, Ludwig thought, no disguise, no evasion. In later years, Carl Van Doren described Abraham Cahan's The Rise of David Levinsky, which had been published in 1917, as the account of a Russian Jewish immigrant who,

> "in the end... with all his New World wealth, lacks the peace he might have had if he had not sacrificed his Old World integrity and faith... (and) who knew he had lost something by his change of country, and could not be wholly proud of changing or wholly grateful to America for changing him..."[103]

The Rise of David Levinsky had been a novel, but "the criticism that Cahan implied was clearly stated in Up Stream..."[104] And this indeed was the unique and signal quality of Ludwig's book -- its clear, unequivocal, undiluted statement of the feeling his American experience had engendered in

him. Perhaps nothing is more striking about Up Stream than its apparent explication. Ludwig seemingly left nothing to implication; as when he wrote, with reference to Professor Carpenter's letter,[105] that

> "I had believed the assertion and made it myself that equality of opportunity was implicit in the very spiritual foundations of the Republic. This is what I wanted to believe, what I needed to believe in order to go about the business of my life at all... At one blow now all these delusions were swept away and the facts stood out in the sharp light of my dismay. Discrimination there was everywhere. But a definite and public discrimination, is at least, an enemy in the open... We boast our equality and freedom and call it Americanism and speak of other countries with disdain. And so one is unwarned, encouraged and flung into the street. With exquisite courtesy, I admit. And the consciousness of that personal courtesy soothes the minds of our Gentile friends."[106]

Or when he wrote that "Life among us is ugly and mean and, above all things, false in its assumptions and measures."[107] Nor was he hesitant in detailing what struck him as the ugliness and meanness and falsity of America's life. One need but point to his excoriation of the Anglo-American moral dualism which had become his bete noire:

> "In this matter of freedom and equality and democratic justice... I found in my Anglo-American world precisely that same strange dualism of conscience which I had discovered there in the life of sex. The Brewers[108] in the academic world do truly believe that our society is free and democratic. When they proclaim that belief at public banquets a genuine emotion fills their hearts. Just as a genuine emotion filled the hearts of my Southern friends (who used Mulatto harlots) when in the interest of purity and the home they refused to sanction the enactment of any divorce law in their native state."[109]

A Mary Antin could extol America in The Promised Land[110]; an Edward William Bok could echo her sentiments in The Americanization of Edward Bok,[111] which won a Pulitzer Prize in 1921. A Ludwig Lewisohn, however, was quite unable to add his voice to what Carl Van Doren called "the ordin-

ary immigrant chorus of praise."[112] With Russian-born Mary Antin Ludwig had, in any case, little in common. With Dutch-born Edward Bok he agreed in scarcely anything but his analysis of American education.[113] And so he delivered in Up Stream "the bitterest indictment of American civilization that American literature (had) ever produced."[114] It was an indictment that was unsparing even of the most cherished "fables" of that civilization. "... the notion of liberty on which the Republic was founded, the spirit of America that animated Emerson and Whitman," wrote Ludwig, "is vividly alive to-day only in the unassimilated foreigner, in that pathetic pilgrim to a forgotten shrine,"[115] in an old Yiddish-speaking, Torah-intoxicated, bearded Jew from Southern Russia, in an old Low German grocer from Mecklenburg, in a grimy, garlic-breathed Italian laborer on Staten Island.[116] There was, in Ludwig's view, no true, vital spirit of liberty in America. "When the personal consciousness emerges from the merely tribal consciousness," he declared,

> " -- there is the birth of liberty. Hence in a deeper sense the common phrase is true: liberty means progress -- the liberty of individuals to rebel against the mass-life, to repudiate mass-thinking, to shatter the folk-ways, to be the instruments of change. A society in which the majority opinion and public law have not risen to the tolerance of such free personalities is a society without liberty and without hope from within. It may build machinery and heap up wealth. It is as stagnant as a rotting pool."[117]

Where, he cried out, was liberty to be found in an America in which "two things (were) nation-wide and engage(d) the passions of the Anglo-American stock: base-ball and the prohibition of wine, love, speculation and art"[118]? What had the Kansan prohibitionists, the Georgian lynchers, the National Security League, the American Legion, "the hard-headed businessmen

in the chambers of commerce in a thousand cities,"[119] -- what had they to do with liberty? What could liberty, what could the beautiful things which "are beloved because they are beautiful, because there is in them an irresistible attractiveness, because they are conformable to the needs of the soul,"[120] -- what could all this mean to a people which produced and exalted to power and influence an Andrew Volstead and a Hiram Warren Johnson?

Perhaps Ludwig was sometimes less than just in his estimate of America. Perhaps it is not to be denied that what passed for criticism on not a few of the pages of Up Stream would be more aptly described as invective. An agony of frustration spoke through the book, and Horace Bridges was not unjustified in complaining that Ludwig made "almost no discrimination between what (was)... fairly chargeable to the Republic, or its citizens, and what (arose) from the inevitable law of frustration inherent in the world."[122] Let all this be granted, and yet the worth of Up Stream remains undiminished. The richness of humaneness and reason would survive an occasional hyperbole. If in some judgments Ludwig was extreme, in others, and these his most significant and most searching judgments, he delivered his thrusts with unerring aim and accuracy. What person of thought and sensitivity could refute his estimate of "the incurable dilemma of democracy"[122]?

> "A democratic community, in order to be free, wise, selfgoverned, needs minds that are so -- minds that will think closely, resist delusions, discriminate and really will and choose. An historic and philosophic culture is, in a democracy, no longer a luxury or an accomplishment. It is a bitter necessity. Lacking it, the group-life is at the mercy of every odious folly, of every brazen demagogue, of every machine-boss, of every catchword."[123]

Who had better understood that "incurable dilemma"? Who had spoken more

clearly and more pertinently? And who had informed his thinking with a higher degree of seriousness?

Years before, in The Broken Snare, Ludwig had written that "for the comminication of truth... there needs not only the teller but the competent hearer."[124] This thought is worth bearing in mind when one considers the mixed reaction that Up Stream produced in the months and years following its publication.

One of the most curious reactions came from the pen of Dr. Jacob Zeitlin who had been associated with the English Department of the University of Illinois in Urbana since 1907 and was at the time of Up Stream's publication an associate professor of English at that institution. Dr. Zeitlin had been born in Russia the same year that Ludwig had been born in Berlin and had taken his Master's degree from Columbia University only a year after Ludwig's abrupt departure from Morningside Heights. Reviewing Ludwig's book in The Menorah Journal of June 1922, Zeitlin undertook to defend Professor Carpenter and the New Englander's attitude toward Ludwig. He himself, Zeitlin said, had "followed close on Mr. Lewisohn in the English department at Columbia and (had) encountered substantially the same advice from Professor 'Brewer.'" Yet he felt it

> "his duty to acknowledge that he (had been) aware of no personal hostility or racial ill feeling behind this advice, which he (had) ascribed rather to a praiseworthy candor in facing things as they were. To warn the Jewish aspirant of what he might reasonably expept in the quest of academic employment, of the many doors that would be inexorably locked to him, of the barriers he would be called upon to overleap (where his good fortune fully as much as his prowess would be called into play), was not the dictate of an unkindly spirit. When the student advisedly undertook to risk the outcome, no further obstacles were put in his way. If he did not meet with the same encouragement and cordiality as his fellows, he at least had no great reason to complain of injustice. Disappointment he might excusably feel, in proportion to his naive

> anticipations of a world free from sentimental prejudices, but to make his disappointment a ground of pique and resentment against either institutions or persons argues him incapable of the philosophic detatchment of a critic."[125]

Characterizing Ludwig as "a sensitive, dreamy idealist who is disappointed at not finding the realization of perfect justice and perfect freedom in a world in which philosophers and poets will never constitute the ruling majority,"[126] Zeitlin proposed that "the root of (Ludwig's) unhappiness (lay) in his own spiritual organization"[127] and further declared that Ludwig's protest, born of an "anarchic idealism," was not such as could "be identified with any recognizably Jewish outlook."[128] Ludwig's "being a Jew," wrote Zeitlin, seemed "only to be an accident in the story,"[129] although such could not be said of Ludwig's Germanism. If Ludwig had been "nominally a Jew," he had been "indubitably a German, and," declared Zeitlin,

> "it is open for American colleges to justify their attitude toward persons of his antecedents by alleging an absence of sympathy with their cultural outlook which they have a right to look for in one whose function it is to interpret the ideals imbedded in the native literature."[130]

Carpenter, of course, had made no allusion to Ludwig's German antecedents. He had rejected Ludwig the Jew, as had also Princeton and such universities as Virginia, Minnesota, and even Wisconsin, where he had been refused by the English department initially and accepted by the German department only by virtue of Leonard's personal appeal to Professor Hohlfeld. If Zeitlin possessed a superiority over Ludwig, it seems to have been rather in respect to sang froid than to realism.

Perhaps the best answer to Zeitlin came from a Hebrew Union College student, Walter Rothman, who asked, in The Hebrew Union College Monthly of

November 1922, "How... can a man escape himself?"[131] If, wrote Rothman, the root of Ludwig's unhappiness lay in his own spiritual organization, as Zeitlin had said,

> "the root of Professor Zeitlin's happiness must lie in his spiritual organization... It is foolish to find fault with a man's experiences. They are the stuff out of which autobiography is made. We should look for nothing else in 'Up Stream' except the impressions of one man. And if these impressions are recorded finely, philosophically and keenly, we can ask nothing more."[132]

Some years later, following Ludwig's "conversion" to Judaism, another Hebrew Union College student, William G. Braude, wrote in The Hebrew Union College Monthly that if he spoke "unpleasantly of some of Lewisohn's ideas," he was "bound to confess (his) admiration for the courageous, devout, and searching spirit of the writer of Up Stream."[133] Such appears to have been the view of a number of distinguished commentators, non-Jewish as well as Jewish. Joseph Warren Beach, for example, "failed to find in (Up Stream) passages... capable of being put alongside of passages from the finest prose-writers -- Remy de Gourmont, say, or Bernard Shaw,"[134] and complained of Ludwig's humorlessness,[135] but regarded Up Stream nonetheless as "no mean augury for the future of American prose."[136] And if Horace Bridges felt that "on the whole" Ludwig's "general case (was) exaggerated, onesided, and by consequence in large measure unsound,"[137] he did avow that case, "seriously argued by a man of marked ability, in a style of literary excellence approaching the rank of genius," deserving of "a patient hearing" and worthy of moving Americans "to honest self-examination."[138] Bridges responded also, if not without reservations, to Ludwig's thrusts against the condition of American education[139] and "the obsolete

and self-contradictory ideas and the unconscious but tyrannical hypocrisy of the Puritan-perverted mind."[140] Dr. A. J. Levine, reviewing Up Stream in The Jewish Forum of August 1922, wrote that "One may not agree with (Ludwig's) sentiments, but one could hardly hope to improve the literary vestment in which they are clothed."[141] Zeitlin himself had tempered his criticism of Ludwig's book by writing that,

> "as a document of its writer's mind, as a touching record of the sufferings of a sensitive spirit in adverse surroundings, its interest (was) of a high order. And furthermore, (Ludwig was) a real artist and handle(d) English exquisitely."[142]

Others were, however, less generous in their reception of Up Stream. Not untypical was Joseph Collins' sarcastic characterization of Ludwig as "the man who went upstream so successfully, despite the hydra-headed, anti-semitic monster who tried to devour him."[143] Perhaps the bitterest attack stemmed from Stuart Pratt Sherman, the editor of the book section of the New York Herald Tribune and the third member of the More-Babbitt-Sherman triumvirate. Sherman wrote that, in his autobiography, Ludwig revealed himself, "for all his Jewish radicalism, as essentially a sentimental and homesick German, longing in exile for a Germany which exist(ed) only in his imagination."[144] Sherman thought it

> "a help to fruitful controversy... when a man abandons his absurdly insincere professions of 'universal sympathy' -- his purring protestation that he desires 'neither to judge nor to condemn' -- and frankly admits that he likes the German life, what he knows of it, and that he regards American life, what he knows of it, as 'ugly and mean.'"[145]

Speaking of his desire "to mitigate Puritan barbarism,"[146] Ludwig, in A Modern Book of Criticism as well as in Up Stream, had written rather

unflatteringly of Sherman. Offered now the opportunity of avenging himself, Sherman assailed Ludwig with a cold and merciless fury:

> "The militant hostility of alien-minded critics towards what they conceive to be the dominant traits of the national character is, on the whole, to be welcomed as provocative of reflection and as a corrective to national conceit. But the amendment of that which is really ugly and mean and basely repressive in our contemporary society is less likely to be achieved by listening to the counsels of exiled emancipators from Munich than by harking back to our own liberative tradition, which long antedates the efforts of these bewildered impressionists."[147]

Sherman quoted with evident satisfaction Zeitlin's view that Ludwig's

> "criticism of State universities (had) little relevance to his character as a Jew. It indicate(d) nothing more than his sensitive aesthetic organism recoiled in pain from an environment that was uncongenial. And the same observation (held) concerning his reaction toward American life in general."[148]

Few indeed seemed willing to concede that Ludwig's rejection had arisen from the fact of his Jewish ancestry or that racial antagonism accounted for any of Ludwig's sufferings. Horace Bridges, for example, urged that

> "it must be remembered that those responsible for appointments to professorships have to consider not only specialist equipment, but questions of personality and temperament, and the manifold subtle ways in which educators affect their students. Such a responsible executive may quite inculpably inquire whether there is anything in the personality and temperament of an otherwise brilliantly qualified candidate that might render him not the best possible influence upon young men and women."[149]

Bridges went on to impugn Ludwig's views on marriage and sex as these views were expressed in the novel Don Juan, described by Bridges as "a pamphlet, disguised as a novel." These views, wrote Bridges, "if held by (Ludwig) in

earlier years, would in (Bridges') judgment amply justify the authorities of any college in excluding him from the faculty."[150] Yet, even had Ludwig's views in Don Juan been so scandalous as Bridges alleged, Don Juan was not published until 1923; Ludwig's unhappy encounter with Professor Carpenter had taken place in 1904, and he had been rejected by Princeton and the Universities of Virginia and Minnesota in 1909. Neither Carpenter nor those of his ilk in other universities could have argued in 1904 and 1909 as Bridges argued in 1925. Nor, indeed, had Carpenter's letter proposed any but racial and religious reasons for Ludwig's exclusion.

Ludwig had, in a sense, anticipated the criticism that would array itself against Up Stream when he wrote that

> "There is no certain good but truth, no certain effectiveness but in an abstention from all force, no final consolation save the integrity of one's own mind."[151]

Milton Hindus disposed rather too glibly of Ludwig's works before Up Stream by referring to them as "little more than academic and literary exercises springing mainly from his professional duties as a teacher of German."[152] The Modern Drama, The Spirit of Modern German Literature, The Poets of Modern France, A Modern Book of Criticism, The Drama and the Stage were all emphatically more than mere "academic and literary exercises." Yet Up Stream was perhaps the first climax in Ludwig's life. Certainly it was this book, more than any that had preceded it, that defined his role and his mission in American life and letters. And it was, in the writing of this book, more urgently than in any other, that Ludwig discovered "in his own heart the eternal heretic and rebel who has but to arise and to reflect to know that it is the essence of his manhood to be free."[153]

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE: THE BECOMING

Ludwig observed at one point in Up Stream that he had learned, while yet a student in New York, to "conquer many moods and free (himself) from them by fixing them in art."[154] Up Stream itself bore witness to this conquest and this freedom, and Maurice Samuel has called the book "the great watershed"[155] in Ludwig's life.

Up Stream was neither an apologia pro sua vita nor a confession. The book, for all the personal feeling that dominated it, was not so much the autobiography of a man as the biography of an experience, and Ludwig indeed did not intend it as an autobiography in the usual sense. "There are thousands of people among us," he wrote, "who can find in my adventures a living symbol of theirs and in my conclusion a liberation of their own and in whom, as in me, this moment of history has burned away delusions to the last shred."[156] It was perhaps in order to emphasize the universal in his experience that he employed in Up Stream such geographical and personal pseudonyms as "Queenshaven" for Charleston, "Monroe" for Madison, "Brent" for Trent, "Brewer" for Carpenter, and the like.

In Up Stream Ludwig undertook not so much to relate as to "chronicle" his own experience in and of American society, his own relationship to that society, -- and it was, as we find, a relationship of singular fullness and directness and immediacy. "... I have written of America," he said, "for the simple reason that I am an American and I have spoken strongly for the equally simple reason that the measure of one's love and need is also the measure of one's disappointment and indignation."[157] Thus, Up Stream was not a mere memoir. It was itself, as it were, a relationship, one of great and compelling urgency, the measure of a love and a need and

and the measure of a disappointment and an indignation. Hence, the lack of calm, the lack of tranquillity and ballance in it; and hence, the troubled sense, the burning in it, the passion and the wrath, the fear and the ache. One might say that Up Stream was less by or of Ludwig than ~~in~~ Ludwig.

And yet Up Stream was a purgative, too. "... we must master life," he wrote, "or it will end by destroying us. We can master it only by understanding it and we can understand it only by telling each other the quite naked and, if need be, the devastating truth."[158] Up Stream was Ludwig's instrument of mastery and liberation. Somehow, in this book, he was able to purge himself of all the obstacles that his American experience had placed in the path of his self-realization.

All the obstacles -- but one. In Up Stream, curiously enough, as we have already had occasion to mention,[159] nothing is perhaps more striking than Ludwig's reticence with regard to his own marriage. He did scarcely more than mention Mary --and, for the most part, in entirely casual and matter-of-fact, even inconsequential and opaque, terms. This was especially curious in view of the emphasis placed in his other writings at the time on problems of the modern woman and modern marriage. Apparently it was too painful for him to dwell in so frankly personal a book as Up Stream on his deteriorating relationship with Mary. He chose to dwell rather on his relationship with his mother, and it was to Minna's great love that he described himself as "but an unprofitable servant."[160] The lack was, however, shortly to be made up in the highly autobiographical novel, Don Juan, published in the year 1923. In Don Juan, since it was presented as a novel, it was not necessary "to drop the mask," but even here Ludwig

found it difficult to grapple with the problem and, in fact, postponed work on it until the last moment. At length, after repeated urgings from his publishers, Boni and Liveright, he compelled himself in the summer heat of New York, in 1923, to write it, and he finished it in twenty-nine days.[161] He took care, however, in Don Juan, to make Mrs. Curtis her husband's junior.

Yet Ludwig may be said in Don Juan to have purged himself, to a large degree, of the fear and the ache of his unhappy and unfortunate marital relationship -- and, too, of the most immediate obstacles that mesalliance presented to his self-realization. After Up Stream and Don Juan, Ludwig was free, as never before, to realize for himself the Nietzschean dictum: Werde der du bist -- become what you essentially are. No longer would he be, to use a phrase from The Island Within, homeless and a wanderer without a goal.[162]

Epilogue

Maurice Friedman has called Sonia Dubov's life "the life of dialogue, logue."[1] Ludwig Lewisohn's life could be called "the life of dialogue," as characteristic of it was a tension of alienation between a seeking for security and a seeking for promise, between a profound sense of tradition and an equally profound spirit of rebelliousness. He was very much a pluralist."[2]

"... for in blood, the heart, indeed," says Luther in Lewisohn's My Brother Luther. "It's love too sometimes... The awful thing is that beauty is mysterious as well as terrible. God and the devil are fighting there and the battlefield is the human soul."[3]

"... it is in this very **EPILOGUE** Maurice Friedman has written, "that lies Buber's central importance. In the midst of Israel (this concept of Buber's personal values grew for a true point of reconciliation of opposites, but only for a tormented existence at the very heart of existence. It is this existence which Dostoievski lived and suffered. That he could accept its tension with the honesty and openness that he did and that he could emerge from this tension with so much affirmation as he showed in his portrayal of Zossima and Alyosha is truly a thing at which to marvel."[4] The antinomy of which Friedman has spoken here can be said also to include Lewisohn, and equally in Lewisohn's case as in Dostoievski's is the ultimate affirmation "truly a thing at which to marvel." Lewisohn's Socratic and Alyosha work. In these years of which we have written, Goethe, Nietzsche, Dostoievski, William Riley Parker, Salmagundi, Herbert Arnold -- each, as Lewisohn's chastise from force, the integrity of one's own mind."[5]

William C. Braun says it best that "the essential realism of D. H. Lawr

EPILOGUE

Maurice Friedman has called Martin Buber's life "the life of dialogue."[1] Ludwig Lewisohn's life could be called "the life of dialectic," so characteristic of it was a frenzy of alternation between a seeking for security and a seeking for passion, between a profound sense of tradition and an equally profound spirit of rebelliousness. He was very much a paradox.[2]

"... man is broad, too broad, indeed," says Dmitri in Dostoevsky's The Brothers Karamazov. "I'd have him narrower... The awful thing is that beauty is mysterious as well as terrible. God and the devil are fighting there and the battlefield is the heartof man."[3]

"... it is in this very breadth," Maurice Friedman has written, "that lies man's cosmic importance... in the mouth of Dmitri (this concept of man's breadth) cannot stand for a true union or reconciliation of opposites, but only for a tormented antinomy at the very heart of existence. It is this antinomy which Dostoievski lived and suffered. That he could accept its tension with the honesty and awareness that he did and that he could emerge from this tension with as much affirmation as he showed in his portrayal of Zossima and Alyosha is truly a thing at which to marvel."[4] The antinomy of which Friedman has spoken here was not alien to Ludwig Lewisohn, and equally in Lewishon's case as in Dostoevsky's is the subsequent affirmation "truly a thing at which to marvel." Lewisohn's Zossima and Alyosha were, in these years of which we have written, Goethe, Nietzsche, Hauptmann, William Ellery Leonard, Galsworthy, Matthew Arnold -- truth, abstention from force, the integrity of one's own mind.[5]

William G. Braude wrote in 1929 that "the careful reader of Up Stream

would predict that a violent and basic revulsion to American life of the type Mr. Lewisohn experienced would lead, either to suicide, or to an equally passionate surrender to another mode of life."[6] It did not lead to suicide, and in the years to come, Ludwig Lewisohn would find other Zossimas and Alyoshas to affirm -- Martin Buber, the Law and the Prophets, Zionism and Judaism. He has been referred to, with reference to his espousal of Zionism and Judaism -- which was soon to follow on the period with which this study has been concerned -- as a <u>baal teshuvah</u>. We cannotchelp thinking, however, that it is not truly accurate to refer to him as such. <u>Teshuvah</u> -- repentance -- means man <u>changing</u> himself. It means <u>changing</u> his personality from what it has been to something other and different; it means creating his personality and thus his experience, his character and his fate, anew. Of Ludwig Lewisohn this was but superficially true. The fact that he may have at one time dabbled in Methodism or Unitarianism is of less consequence than the fact of his always impressive and undoubted ethical sensitivity which led him from growth to growth and at length to a positive stand in Jewish life. The outer manifestations of that ethical sensitivity did undergo vast changes as he became a spokesman for Zionism and Orthodox Judaism, but the ethical sensitivity itself did not change. That is to say, the heart and the core of the man did not change, and <u>teshuvah</u> affects the heart and the core and not merely their outer manifestations.

The ethical sensitivity which the Jewish consciousness, the Jewish Weltanschauung, demand of a man was in him -- always. It never changed except to become stronger and surer, except to find more forcible, more intense and more direct experience and expression. In this sense, it

cannot be said that Ludwig Lewisohn was a baal teshuvah. His ultimate emphasis on Jewish values qua Jewish values was almost inevitable, given the man, his sensitivity, and his experience. He was never converted to Judaism and never had to be converted. He was moved into Judaism by the man that he was -- a man that, in the deepest aspects of his personality, had never in any case been far from Jewish values.

What Ludwig Lewisohn had wanted before Up Stream and Don Juan, we may say, was the courage to shoulder that ol hat-torah which, in some sense, every Jew is obliged to shoulder. The freedom he grasped in Up Stream and Don Juan, the liberation he sustained, struck away the fear and supplied the strength.

"... whatever may still overtake me as fate and experience," Nietzsche's Zarathustra had said," -- a wandering will be therein, and a mountain-climbing: in the end one experienceth only oneself."[7]

Cincinnati, Ohio

February 18, 1957

FOOTNOTES

1. Milton Ehrman, "Ludwig Lewisohn: An Early or Parve Poem -- The Spanish Gal Reloza, Hilda and Pan Americanism" in Jewish Frontier, XXXVIII, No. 3 (May, 1971), 31.

2. Ibid.

3. Adolph Gillis, Ludwig Lewisohn: The Artist and His Message (New York, 1933), 175.

4. Ludwig Lewisohn, Up Stream: An American Chronicle (New York, 1922), 4.

5. Gillis, op. cit., 31.

6. Ibid.

7. Ibid.

8. Gillis, op. cit., 32.

9. Up Stream, op. cit., 4.

10. Ibid.

11. Ibid.

12. Ibid.

13. Gillis, op. cit., 10-30.

14. Oscar Handlin, The Uprooted, Grosset and Dunlap, by Permission of Little, Brown, (Garden City, N.Y., 1951), 214.

15. Ibid.

16. Ibid.

17. Ibid.

18. De Casseres, op. cit., 10.

19. Op. cit., 10.

20. Ibid.

21. Gillis, op. cit., 3.

22. Up Stream, op. cit., 11.

23. Op. cit., 11-12.

PROLOGUE AND PART ONE

1. Milton Hindus, "Ludwig Lewisohn: An Essay on Three Books -- Up Stream, The Island Within and The American Jew" in Jewish Frontier, XXIII, no. 5 (May 1956), 20.

2. ibid.

3. Adolph Gillis, Ludwig Lewisohn: The Artist and His Message (New York, 1933), 106.

4. Ludwig Lewisohn, Up Stream: An American Chronicle (New York, 1926), 9.

5. op. cit., 8.

6. ibid.

7. ibid.

8. op. cit., 10.

9. op. cit., 15.

10. Georg Hirschfeld, The Mothers, trans. and with an introd. by Ludwig Lewisohn, (Garden City, N.Y., 1916), xii.

11. ibid.

12. ibid.

13. ibid.

14. Up Stream, op. cit., 16.

15. op. cit., 18.

16. ibid.

17. ibid.

18. op. cit., 18-19.

19. Hirschfeld, op. cit., xiii.

20. Gillis, op. cit., 1.

21. Up Stream, op. cit., 11.

22. op. cit., 11-12.

23. Gillis, op. cit., 2.

24. Up Stream, op. cit., 13.

25. op. cit., 11.

26. op. cit., 12.

27. op. cit., 13.

28. op. cit., 12-13.

289. op. cit., 13.

30. op. cit., 19.

31. ibid.

32. op. cit., 21.

33. op. cit., 11.

34. op. cit., 21.

35. op. cit., 4.

36. op. cit., 21.

37. Ludwig Lewisohn, The Drama and the Stage (New York, 1922), 187.

38. Up Stream, op. cit., 21.

39. op. cit., 22.

40. ibid.

41. ibid.

42. op. cit., 23.

43.6 op. cit., 22.

44. op. cit., 23.

45. op. cit., 24.

46. ibid.

47. ibid.

48. ibid.

49. op. cit., 27.

50. ibid.

51. op. cit., 28.

52. op. cit., 29.

53. op. cit., 30.

54. ibid.

55. op. cit., 31.

56. op. cit., 30.

57. op. cit., 34.

58. In Up Stream, St. Matthews, S. C., is called "St. Marks"; Charleston, S. C. is called "Queenshaven."

59. Up Stream, op. cit., 36.

60. op. cit., 41.

61. ibid.

62. ibid.

63. op. cit., 38.

64. op. cit., 45.

65. op. cit., 38.

66. ibid.

67. op. cit., 39.

68. ibid.

69. op. cit., 36.

70. op. cit., 37.

71. op. cit., 35.

72. ibid.

73. op. cit., 41.

74. Ludwig Lewisohn, The Spirit of Modern German Literature (New York, 1938), 113.

75. Wilbur Joseph Cash, The Mind of the South (Garden City, N.Y., 1954), 105.

76. Quoted in Cash, op. cit., 109.

77. In Cash's parlance, an aristocrat regardless of state of origin.

78. Cash, op. cit., 109-110.

79. Sunday News (Charleston, S.C.), August 30, 1903: Ludwig Lewisohn, "Books We Have Made," 20.

80. Cash, op. cit., 105.

81. op. cit., 417.

82. Allan Nevins and Henry Steele Commager, A Short History of the United States (New York, 1945), 264.

83. Up Stream, op. cit., 83; Charleston was not alone in its lack of a public library. Though they had privately endowed free libraries, even cities like New York and Philadelphia had no public libraries, New York until 1895, Philadelphia until 1891. Boston, whose public library was founded in 1852, was one of the few cities to have a public library before the founding of the American Library Association in 1876.

84. Gillis, op. cit., 5.

85. Cash, op. cit., 300.

86. op. cit., 334-335.

87. Up Stream, op. cit., 43.

88. op. cit., 53.

89. op. cit., 43.

90. ibid.

91. op. cit., 54.

92. op. cit., 44.

93. op. cit., 42.

94. op. cit., 55.

95. ibid.

96. op. cit., 43.

97. op. cit., 55.

98. op. cit., 46-47.

99. op. cit., 48.

100. ibid.

101. op. cit., 49.

102. op. cit., 50.

103. ibid.

104. op. cit., 51.

105. op. cit., 50-51.

106. op. cit., 50.

107. Analyticus [pseud. James Waterman Wise], Jews Are Like That! (New York, 1928), x.

108. Up Stream, op. cit., 51.

109. op. cit., 53.

110. ibid.

111. ibid.

112. ibid.

113. op. cit., 54.

114. ibid.

115. ibid.

116. op. cit., 58.

117. op. cit., 57.

118. Sunday News (Charleston, S.C.), July 5, 1903: Ludwig Lewisohn, "Books We Have Made," 21.

119. Ludwig Lewisohn, The Broken Snare (New York, 1908), 147-148.

120. Up Stream, op. cit., 60.

121. op. cit., 60-61.

122. op. cit., 61.

123. op. cit., 62.

124. op. cit., 63.

125. Gillis, op. cit., 3.

126. The Broken Snare, op. cit., 140.

127. Gillis, op. cit., 3.

128. ibid.

129. Up Stream, op. cit., 66.

130. op. cit., 67.

131. ibid.

132. op. cit., 68.

133. ibid.

134. op. cit., 69.

135. op. cit., 70.

136. ibid.

137. op. cit., 70-71.

138. op. cit., 71.

139. Ludwig Lewisohn, Don Juan (New York, 1923), 5.

140. op. cit., 6.

141. Up Stream, op. cit., 71.

142. op. cit., 72.

143. op. cit., 73.

144. op. cit., 75.

145. op. cit., 76.

146. Gillis, op. cit., 4.

147. op. cit., 6-7.

148. ibid.

149. Up Stream, op. cit., 77.

150. op. cit., 76-77.

151. op. cit., 79.

152. ibid.; Diffugere nives (the snow dissolves) is the seventh in Book Four of the Odes of Horace.

153. op. cit., 80.

154. ibid.

155. The precursor of the Methodist Youth Fellowship of today.

156. Up Stream, op. cit., 81.

157. ibid.

158. op. cit., 81-82.

159. op. cit., 82.

160. ibid.

161. ibid.

162. op. cit., 83.

163. op. cit., 84.

164. ibid.

165. ibid.

166. op. cit., 86.

167. ibid.

PART II

1. Up Stream, op. cit., 89.

2. ibid.

3. op. cit., 90.

4. Max Halbe, Youth, trans. and with introd. by Ludwig Lewisohn, (Garden City, N.Y., 1916), xvii.

5. Up Stream, op. cit., 90; "Ferris" was Dr. Lancelot Minor Harris (1868-1941), whose father had been a professor at the University of Virginia and a friend of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. According to Harry Simonhoff, another of his students, "As a teacher of English, (Harris) had no superior anywhere in this country. My statement was corroborated by Ludwig Lewisohn, who also studied under him. In his early book, Upstream, Lewisohn calls Harris by the name of Ferris... " (Harry Simonhoff, Miami, Fla., to Maxwell Whiteman, Cincinnati, February 7, 1957).

6. op. cit., 91.

7. ibid.

8. ibid.

9. ibid.

10. op. cit., 92.

11. ibid.

12. op. cit., 93.

13. op. cit., 94.

14. Hirschfeld, op. cit., xi.

15. Up Stream, op. cit., 94; italics added.

16. op. cit., 98.

17. op. cit., 99.

18. ibid.

19. op. cit., 100.

20. ibid.

21. ibid.

22. ibid.

23. op. cit., 101.

24. ibid.

25. op. cit., 102-103.

26. Published in 1874.

27. Up Stream, op. cit., 103.

28. ibid.

29. ibid.

30. ibid.

31. op. cit., 104.

32. ibid.

33. ibid.

34. op. cit., 105.

35. ibid.

36. ibid.

37. See Chapter Nine above.

38. Up Stream, op. cit., 106.

39. op. cit., 106-107.

40. op. cit., 108.

41. op. cit., 109.

42. op. cit., 109-111.

43. op. cit., 111.

44. op. cit., 112.

45. op. cit. 113-114.

46. Sewannee Review, IX, (1901), 442.

47. Cited in Alfred Kazin, On Native Grounds: An Interpretation of Modern American Prose Literature (Garden City, N.Y., 1956), 6; Crawford (1854-1909) believed that imaginative literature like the novel should be "a pocket-stage" purely for entertainment.

48. SewaneeReview, op. cit., IX, 444.

49. ibid.

50. ibid.

51. ibid.

52. George Saintsbury (1845-1933) was at the time professor of rhetoric and English literature at Edinburgh University. His Short History of English Literature had been published only a few years before, in 1898.

53. Sewanee Review, op. cit., IX, 442.

54. ibid.

55. op. cit., 443.

56. ibid.

57. ibid.

58. ibid.

59. op. cit., 443-444.

60. op. cit., 445.

61. op. cit., 445-446.

62. See Lewisohn's comments on Crèvecoeur, Chapter Sixteen, below.

63. Sewanee Review, op. cit., IX, 447.

64. op. cit., 449.

65. op. cit., 450.

66. op. cit., 449.

67. op. cit., 452-453.

68. Up Stream, op. cit., 68.

69. op. cit., 114.

70. op. cit., 118.

71. op. cit., 114.

72. op. cit., 118.

73. op. cit., 114.

74. ibid.

75. op. cit., 115.

76. ibid.

77. ibid.

78. ibid.

79. ibid.

80. ibid.

81. op. cit., 62.

82. op. cit., 115.

83. ibid.

84. Gillis, op. cit., 8.

85. Sunday News (Charleston, S.C.), August 2, 1903: Ludwig Lewisohn, "Books We Have Made," 20.

86. ibid.

87. op. cit., loc. cit., Julay 5, 1903, 21.

88. ibid.

89. ibid.

90. ibid.

91. ibid.

92. op. cit., loc. cit., July 12, 1903, 18.

93. ibid.

94. op. cit., loc. cit., July 5, 1903, 21.

95. op. cit., loc. cit., July 12, 1903, 18.

96. ibid.

97. ibid.

98. ibid.

99. ibid.

100. ibid.

101. ibid.

102. op. cit., loc. cit., August 2, 1903, 20.

103. ibid.

104. ibid.

105. op. cit., loc. cit., August 16, 1903, 20.

106. Henry Timrod (1828-1867), the "laureate of the Confederacy."

107. Sunday News (Charleston, S.C.), July 12, 1903;: Ludwig Lewisohn, "Books We Have Made," 18.

108. William Gilmore Simms (1806-1870).

109. Paul Hamilton Hayne (1830-1886).

110. Sunday News (Charleston, S.C.), August 2, 1903: Ludwig Lewisohn, "Books We Have Made," 20.

111. op. cit., loc. cit., September 13, 1903, 20.

112. ibid.

113. op. cit., loc. cit., September 6, 1903, 20.

114. Published in 1867.

115. Sunday News (Charleston, S.C.), August 23, 1903: Ludwig Lewisohn, "Books We Have Made," 20.

116. Dictionary of American Biography, ed. Dumas Malone, (New York, 1946), XVII, 174.

118. Sunday News (Charleston, S.C.), September 6, 1903: Ludwig Lewisohn, "Books We Have Made," 20.

118. ibid.

119. ibid.

120. op. cit., loc. cit., September 20, 1903, 20.

121. William Henry Trescot (1822-1898), author of Diplomacy of The Revolution (1852) and The Diplomatic History of the Administrations of Washington and Adams.(1857).

122. Gillis, op. cit., 9, comments: "Was ever Southerner more bitter in denunciation of the Northern Occupation?" Lewisohn's reference seems to have been specifically to the Northern-sponsored Negro control of the state during the Reconstruction Period. It is, however, worth nothing that, in 1868, during the reign of the Negroes, the carpetbaggers, and the scalawags, South Carolina first acquired a modern free school system.

123. Sunday News (Charleston, S.C.), September 20, 1903: Ludwig Lewisohn, "Books We Have Made," 20.

124. Up Stream, op. cit., 115.

125. ibid.

126. op. cit., 116.

127. ibid.

128. ibid.

129. op. cit., 117.

130. ibid.

131. op. cit., 118.

132. op. cit., 118-119.

133. op. cit., 120.

134. op. cit., 118.

135. op. cit., 120.

136. op. cit., 121.

137. ibid.

138. op. cit., 120.

139. The Broken Snare, op. cit., 6.

140. op. cit., 25.

141. op. cit., 231.

142. ibid.

143. William Peterfield Trent (1862-1939)

144. Up Stream, op. cit., 122.

145. op. cit., 123.

146. ibid.

147. ibid.

148. ibid.

149. ibid.; Calvin Thomas (1854-1919) was professor of German language and literature at Columbia University from 1896 to his death in 1919. He edited Goethe's Faust (two volumes, 1892-1897) and was the author of Goethe (1917).

150. William Ellery Leonard (1876-1944).

151. Up Stream, op. cit., 125.

152. ibid.

153. op. cit., 126.

154. ibid.

155. op. cit., 128.

156. op. cit., 126.

157. op. cit., 128.

158. ibid.

159. op. cit., 123.

160. George Rice Carpenter (1863-1909); George Sylvester Viereck has written to me that he is "sure Brewer is supposed to be Carpenter." (George Sylvester Viereck, New York, to Stanley F. Chyet, Cincinnati, January 25, 1957). An inquiry to Columbia University brought the response that there are "no records in the Department of English and Comparative Literature regarding a secretary in the years 1902-1904." (Marjorie Nicolson, Executive officer of Columbia University, Department of English and Comparative Literature, New York, to Maxwell Whiteman, Cincinnati, January 29, 1957). See Chapter Thirty-Four below.

161. Up Stream, op. cit., 140.

162. op. cit., 141.

163. op. cit., 124.

164. ibid.

165. ibid.

166. op. cit., 125.

167. ibid.

168. op. cit., 129.

169. op. cit., 130.

170. ibid.

171. op. cit., 135.

172. "Loveliest of Trees" by A.E. Housman.

173. Up Stream, op. cit., 139.

174. op. cit., 145.

175. op. cit., 128.

176. op. cit., 139.

177. op. cit., 136.

178. Kay is reminded here of Dowson's "When I was one-and-twenty":

"When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
'Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But keep your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free.'
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

"When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
'The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue.'
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true."

170. Charles Beard, The Rise of American Civilization (New York, 1927), II, 475.

171. Harlan Hatcher, Creating the Modern American Novel (New York, 1935), 10.

172. ibid.

173. Cited in Kazin, op. cit., 9.

174. Published in 1900.

175. Hatcher, op. cit., 10.

176. Up Stream, op. cit., 132.

177. ibid.

178. ibid.

179. op. cit., 133.

180. "Loveliest of Trees" by A.E. Housman.

181. Up Stream, op. cit., 139.

182. op. cit., 138.

183. op. cit., 128.

184. op. cit., 129.

185. op. cit., 136.

186. One is reminded here of Housman's "When I was one-and-twenty":

"When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
'Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free.'
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

"When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
'The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a-lpenty
And sold for endless rue.'
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true."

187. 18Up Stream, op. cit., 138.

188. op. cit., 139.

189. op. cit., 140.

190. op. cit., 141.

191. Viereck, born in Munich December 31, 1884 and brought to America in 1895, was sentenced to prison in 1942 "for failure to register as a German agent in U.S." and was subsequently freed in 1947 (Webster's Biographical Dictionary ((Springfield, Mass., 1951)), 1521).

According to Scripps-Howard Staff Writer, Jack Steele, among Viereck's friends at present are "some of the ringleaders in the National Renaissance party, branded as neo-Fasciest by the Un-American Activities Committee." A cocktail party honoring Viereck's seventieth birthday was arranged, says Steele, by H. Keith Thompson, a former registered agent for the neo-Nazi Socialist Reich party, and Viereck was given at that time a bound volume of tributes from people like Hjalmar Schacht, Franz von Papen, and Gerald B. Winrod, all well-known Nazis or Nazi sympathizers. (New York World-Telegram and The Sun, May 3, 1955: Jack Steele, "Peddlers of Hate.")

According, however, to Ludwig Lewisohn's widow, Mrs. Louise Wolk Lewisohn, Viereck is not, and was not, a Nazi despite all popular belief to the contrary, and Mrs. Lewisohn insists that her late husband and Viereck always remained friends. (Conversation with Mrs. Lewisohn at her residence, 24 Concord Avenue, Cambridge, Mass., August 30, 1956). In a letter to me, she has spoken of Viereck as "an old, old friend." (Louise Lewisohn, Waltham, Mass., to Stanley F. Chyet, Cincinnati, January 18, 1957). Viereck himself has written to me that "Ludwig Lewisohn was (his) life-long friend." (George Sylvester Viereck, New York, to Stanley F. Chyet, Cincinnati, September 14, 1956). He has stated further that he, too, is "in the book (Up Stream), but as Lewisohn wrote in his dedication to me I have 'a being, but not a name.'" (George Sylvester Viereck, New York, to Stanley F. Chyet, Cincinnati, January 25, 1957). There seems then to be no doubt of the continuing friendship between these two men.

It is, of course, difficult to imagine that Ludwig Lewisohn would have maintained a friendship with a Nazi. That seems entirely impossible. Lewisohn, indeed, felt so strongly about the Nazi atrocities that he was unable to hear with pleasure German music -- even the Lieder of Hermann Wolf which he had loved so well and for so long. Trumpet of Jubilee (published in 1937), if nothing else, would convey his attitude to the Nazis. He appears, nevertheless, to have maintained a friendship with Viereck.

No one, to be sure, should be surprised to discover that human beings

are highly complex and often contradictory organisms. We are perhaps given too often to thinking in stereotypes, in blacks and whites. Is it possible that Mrs. Lewisohn and Jack Steele are both correct in their views of Viereck? Can it be that Viereck was so swept away by a German nationalistic mystique that he overlooked the terrible activitoies of the Nazis and saw only the re-emergence of Germany to great power twenty years after the debacle of 1918?

I must say, in any case, that Viereck has shown me every courtesy in his correspondence with me.

192. Viereck took his A.B. from C.C.N.Y. in 1906.

193. Georg Sylvester Viereck, Gedichte, with an Appreciation by Ludwig Lewisohn, (New York, 1904), 12-13.

194. ibid.

195. ibid.

196. ibid.

197. This "Appreciation" was reprinted from the Sewanee Review of 1904.

198. Viereck, op. cit., 11.

199. op. cit., 13.

200. op. cit., 18.

201. Originally published in 1782.

202. J. Hector St. John Crèvecoeur, Letters from an American Farmer, reprinted from the Original Edition with a Prefatory Note by W. P. Trent and an Introduction by Ludwig Lewisohn, (New York, 1904), xviii.

203. op. cit., xix.

204. Barrett Wendell (1855-1921) was the author of A Literary History of America. (1900).

205. Crèvecoeur, op. cit., xix-xx.

206. op. cit., xvi.

207. op. cit., xv.

208. op. cit., xxi-xxii.

209. op. cit., xv.

210. David Herbert Lawrence (1885-1930) was the author of Studies in Classic American Literature, originally published in 1923.

211. Though Lewisohn was only twenty-one when he first wrote of Crèvecoeur, while Lawrence was thirty-eight when he publihed Studies in Classic American Literature, Lewisohn's view of Crèvecoeur had not changed substantially by 1932 when he was forty-nine and published Expression in America. (See Expression in America ((New York, 1932)), 36-38.)

212. Crèvecoeur's Letters, op. cit., xix.

213. D. H. Lawrence, Studies in Classic American Literature (Garden City, N.Y., 1953), 35.

214. ibid.

215. Crèvecoeur, op. cit., 29-30.

216. op. cit., xix.

217. Lawrence, op. cit., 32.

218. op. cit., 34.

219. op. cit., 39.

220. See note 211 above.

221. Up Stream, op. cit., 142.

222. op. cit., 142-143.

223. S. M. Dubnow, History of the Jews in Russia and Poland (Philadelphia, 1920), III, 72-73.

224. Up Stream, op. cit., 143.

225. op. cit., 144.

226. op. cit., 146.

227. op. cit., 147.

PART III

1. Up Stream, op. cit., 149.
2. ibid.
3. op. cit., 149-150.
4. op. cit., 150.
5. ibid.
6. op. cit., 149.
7. Gillis, op. cit., 16-18.
8. Up Stream, op. cit., 151.
9. See Maxwell Geismar's introduction to the abridged edition of Sister Carrie, published by Pocket Books Inc., New York, in 1948.
10. Up Stream, op. cit., 151.
11. op. cit., 152.
12. Published in 1905; it is only fair to note, however, that in 1905 Doubleday, Page and Company also published The Colonel's Dream by Charles W. Chestnutt, a Negro writer. The Colonel's Dream was Chestnutt's last novel, but Chestnutt was the first Negro to have his work published by an accepted commercial publisher. See Maxwell Whiteman, A Century of Fiction by American Negroes 1853-1952: A Descriptive Bibliography. (Philadelphia, 1955), 14.
13. Up Stream, op. cit., 152.
14. ibid.
15. op. cit., 153-154.
16. Mary Arnold Crocker Childs Lewisohn died in New York City April 8, 1946 at the age of eighty according to her obituary in the New York Times, April 11, 1946, 25.
17. Bosworth Crocker [pseud. Mary Crocker Lewisohn], Humble Folk: One-Act Plays (Cincinnati, 1925), 10.
18. Up Stream, op. cit., 159.
19. ibid.
20. Published in 1925.

21. Published in 1926.

22. Published in 1924.

23. Republished by Signet Books, New York, in 1947 in an abridged edition entitled The Tyranny of Sex.

24. This marriage was not legally dissolved until 1937, although in the 1920's Lewisohn had obtained in Mexico a divorce whose legality was never accepted and had even gone to Poland in an unsuccessful attempt to obtain a rabbinical Get. (According to a conversation with Mrs. Louis Wolk Lewisohn, 24 Concord Ave., Cambridge, Mass., August 30, 1956).

25. Published in 1922.

26. Ludwig Lewisohn, The Tyranny of Sex (New York, 1947).

27. Up Stream, op. cit., 155.

28. ibid.

29. Sunday News (Charleston, S.C.), September 6, 1903: Ludwig Lewisohn, "Books We Have Made," 26.

30. Up Stream, op. cit., 156.

31. ibid.

32. ibid.

33. ibid.

34. op. cit., 157.

35. ibid.; I regret exceedingly that these early stories have been unavailable to me.

36. Up Stream, op. cit., 157-158.

37. op. cit., 158.

38. ibid.

39. The Smart Set Anthology, ed. Burton Rascoe and Groff Conklin, (New York, 1934), xviii.

40. Up Stream, op. cit., 159.

41. Joel Chandler Harris (1848-1908).

42. Up Stream, op. cit., 159.

43. op. cit., 161.

44. ibid.

45. The Broken Snare, op. cit., 49.

46. op. cit., 64.

47. op. cit., 67.

48. op. cit., 270.

49. op. cit., 270-271.

50. op. cit., 277.

51. op. cit., 279-280.

52. op. cit., 286.

53. ibid.

54. op. cit., 288-289.

55. Gillis, op. cit., 23.

56. The Broken Snare, op. cit., 177-181.

57. op. cit., 208-210.

58. Privately published and circulated in 1861.

59. Quoted in Sunday News (Charleston, S.C.), August 30, 1903: Ludwig Lewisohn, "Books We Have Made," 20.

60. The Broken Snare, op. cit., 132.

61. Ludwig Lewisohn, "A Study of Matthew Arnold" in Sewanee Review, IX, 449.

62. The Broken Snare, op. cit., 132.

63. op. cit., 132-133.

64. Gillis, op. cit., 59.

65. The Broken Snare, op. cit., 260; cf. Crevecoeur, op. cit., xviii.

66. Up Stream, op. cit., 162.

67. ibid.

68. op. cit., 163.

69. ibid.

70. ibid.

71. Theodore Dreiser (1871-1945).

72. Up Stream, op. cit., 167.

73. ibid.

74. Theodore Dreiser, Sister Carrie, edited and with an introduction by Maxwell Geismar, (New York, 1949), introduction.

75. Theodore Dreiser, An American Tragedy, Abridgment and Introduction by George Mayberry, (New York, 1949), introduction.

76. ibid.

77. ibid.

78. ibid.

79. Up Stream, op. cit., 168.

80. ibibid.

81. UpStream, op. cit., 167.

82. Gillis, op. cit., 26-28.

83. Quoted in Gillis, op. cit., 26.

84. Quoted in op. cit., 26-27; see also Up Stream, op. cit., 169.

85. The News and Courier (Charleston, S.C.), September 21, 1903, 8.

86. Quoted in Gillis, op. cit., 27.

87. Up Stream, op. cit., 171.

88. Cash, The Mind of the South, op. cit., 203.

89. Spirit of Modern German Literature, op. cit., 100.

90. Up Stream, op. cit., 164.

91. Gillis, op. cit., 25-26.

92. Up Stream, op. cit., 166.

93. ibid.

94. ibid.

95. The Smart Set Anthology, op. cit., xv-xvi.

96. op. cit., xvi.

97. Gillis, op. cit., 20.

98. ibid.

99. From 1909 to 1914.

100. Paul Elmer More (1864-1937)

101. Gillis, op. cit., 21; unfortunately such stories as "A Matter of Habit," "White Roses," "Prince Carnival," "The Eternal Fire," and "The Signal" -- Gillis mentions them -- have been unavailable to me.

102. Up Stream, op. cit., 172.

103. Ludwig Lewisohn, A Night in Alexandria (New York, 1909), 15.

104. op. cit., 12.

105. According to the title page of the "first edition" in the possession of the Boston Public Library.

106. Up Stream, op. cit., 172.

107. ibid.

108. op. cit., 173; Gillis, op. cit., 29-32.

109. Up Stream, op. cit., 173.

110. ibid.

111. ibid.

112. op. cit., 174.

113. op. cit., 173.

114. op. cit., 174.

115. ibid.; Hohlfeld, who was born in Dresden, Germany December 29, 1865 and died in Madison, Wisconsin April 18, 1956, headed the German Department at the University of Wisconsin from 1904 to 1936.

116. ibid.

117. Originally published in Vienna in 1838.

118. Up Stream, op. cit., 174.

119. ibid.

120. ibid.

121. Gillis, op. cit., 30.

122. Ludwig Lewisohn, German Style: An Introduction to the Study of German Prose (New York, 1910), xxvi.

123. op. cit., v-vi.

124. Up Stream, op. cit., 175.

125. ibid.

126. op. cit., 179.

127. ibid.

128. op. cit., 180.

129. ibid.

130. op. cit., 181.

131. op. cit., 182.

132. Ludwig Lewisohn, Mid-Channel (New York, 1929), 30.

133. Up Stream, op. cit., 182-183.

134. op. cit., 192.

135. ibid.

136. op. cit., 185.

137. op. cit., 193.

138. Alexis de Tocqueville, Democracy in America, trans. Henry Reeve, ed. and with introd. by Henry Steele Commager, (New York, 1947), 164.

139. Gillis, op. cit., 32.

140. Up Stream, op. cit., 201.

141. op. cit., 200.

142. op. cit., 184.

143. Thompson was President of the Midland Mutual Life Insurance Co. of Columbus, Ohio from 1905 to 1925.

144. Up Stream, op. cit., 185.

145. William Oxley Thompson (1855-1933).

146. From 1891 to 1899.

147. From 1897 to 1902.

148. Up Stream, op. cit., 187.

149. ibid.

150. ibid.

151. ibid.

152. op. cit., 186.

153. ibid.

154. op. cit., 204.

155. op. cit., 205-206.

156. op. cit., 214.

157. ibid.

158. op. cit., 216.

159. op. cit., 214-215.

160. See Wm. G. Braude's "The Jewishness of Ludwig Lewisohn" in The Hebrew Union College Monthly, XVI, no. 3 (January 15, 1929).

161. Up Stream, op. cit., 216.

162. op. cit., 224.

163. Vol. II: "Social Dramas," appeared in 1913; Vol. III: "Domestic Dramas," in 1914; Vols. IV and V: "Symbolic and Legendary Dramas," in 1914 and 1915; Vol. VI: "Later Dramas in Prose," in 1915; Vol. VII: "Miscellaneous Dramas," in 1917; Vol. VIII: "Poetic Dramas," in 1924; and finally, Vol. IX: "Historic and Legendary Dramas," in 1929 (this last published by the Viking Press, with whom Huebsch merged his firm in 1925). The entire collection included twenty-eight plays, of which Ludwig Lewisohn had translated sixteen.

164. Translated by Mary Morison; the other three were translated by Lewisohn.

165. Gerhart Hauptmann, The Dramatic Works of Gerhart Hauptmann, ed. by Ludwig Lewisohn, (New York, 1912-1929), I, vi.

166. Gillis, op. cit., 37.

167. From "Opinions and press notices" appearing at the back of Hauptmann, op. cit., II.

168. ibid.

169. ibid.

170. ibid.

171. See the "Opinions and press notices" appearing at the back of Hauptmann, op. cit., II-III.

172. op. cit., III.

173. Gerhart Johann Robert Hauptmann was born November 15, 1862 in Obersalzbrunn, Silesia and died June 8, 1946.

174. Hauptmann, op. cit., I, ix.

175. op. cit., xiv.

176. op. cit., II, ix.

177. ibid.

178. op. cit., x.

179. Gustav Frenssen (1863-1945).

180. Originally published in 1902.

181. Gustav Frenssen, Joern Uhl, trans. by F.S. Delmer, introd. by Ludwig Lewisohn, (New York, 1913), 8.

182. Sunday News (Charleston, S. C.), September 6, 1903; Ludwig Lewisohn, "Books We Have Made," 20.

183. Joern Uhl, op. cit., 7.

184. op. cit., 6.

185. op. cit., 5-6.

186. Hauptmann, op. cit., III, ix.

187. ibid.

188. op. cit., I, vi.

189. Published in 1915.

190. Published in 1915.

191. Dramatic Works, op. cit., VI, ix.

192. op. cit., x-xi.

193. The Broken Snare, op. cit., 216.

194. op. cit., 72.

195. op. cit., 264.

196. op. cit., 251.

197. See Lewisohn's remarks concerning Porto-Riche in The Modern Drama (New York, 1915), 51-54, and The Drama and the Stage, op. cit., 86.

198. Curiously enough Porto-Riche Amoureuse was produced in English as The Tyranny of Love while Lewisohn later gave to the abridged edition of Crump the title, The Tyranny of Sex.

199. Dramatic Works, op. cit., VI, xi.

200. The Drama and the Stage, op. cit., 118.

201. Bosworth Crocker, Humble Folk, op. cit., 10.

202. Julius Rosenwald (1862-1932).

203. The Modern Drama, op. cit., preface.

204. Felix Emanuel Schelling (1858-1945).

205. James Gibbons Huneker (1860-1921).

206. See Gillis, op. cit., 35.

207. The Modern Drama, op. cit., preface.

208. ibid.

209. op. cit., 1.

210. op. cit., 3.

211. op. cit., 2.

212. op. cit., 8.

213. op. cit., 2.

214. ibid.

215. Quoted in op. cit., 2.

216. op. cit., 2-3.

217. op. cit., 4.

218. ibid.

219. Cenci was written in 1819.

220. Quoted in The Modern Drama, op. cit., 4.

221. op. cit., 3-4.

222. Søren Aabye Kierkegaard, Either/Or: A Fragment of Life, trans. by David F. Swenson and Lillian Marvin Swenson, (Princeton, 1944), I, 126.

223. op. cit., I, 120.

224. The Modern Drama, op. cit., 4-5.

225. op. cit., 159.

226. Quoted in The Modern Drama, op. cit., 10-11.

227. op. cit., 10.

228. op. cit., 11.

229. op. cit., 13.

230. Quoted in op. cit., 10.

231. Lewisohn was well aware of its connection with Spencer, Bergson, and the Pragmatists; see The Modern Drama, op. cit., 197.

232. The Modern Drama, op. cit., 197-198.

233. op. cit., 16-17.

234. Quoted in op. cit., 12.

235. op. cit., 82.

236. op. cit., 88.

237. ibid.

238. ibid.

239. op. cit., 87.

240. op. cit., 87-88.

241. op. cit., 12.

242. op. cit., 28-29.

243. op. cit., 53-54.

244. op. cit., 126.

245. ibid.

246. Quoted in op. cit., 36.

247. op. cit., 36-37.

248. op. cit., 37.

249. op. cit., 76.

250. op. cit., 148.

251. op. cit., 51.

252. op. cit., 227-228.

253. op. cit., 110-111.

254. op. cit., 226.

255. op. cit., 73-74.

256. op. cit., 80.

257. op. cit., 146.

258. op. cit., 46.

259. Founded in Paris in 1887.

260. Founded in Berlin in 1889.

261. Founded in London in 1891.

262. The Modern Drama, op. cit., 103.

263. op. cit., 106.

264. ibid.

265. op. cit., 107-108.

266. op. cit., 107.

267. op. cit., 164-165.

268. op. cit., 1120113.

269. op. cit., 257.

270; ibid.

271. op. cit., 111.

272. Up Stream, op. cit.,214.

273. op. cit., 76.

274. ibid.

275. op. cit., 73.

276. op. cit., 250.

277. Spirit of Modern German Literature, op. cit., 5.

278. Beard, op. cit., II, 615.

279. op. cit., II, 621.

280. op. cit., 621-622.

281. op. cit., II, 618.

282. Up Stream, op. cit., 257.

283. Spirit of Modern German Literature, op. cit., 57-58.

284. op. cit., 44.

285. op. cit., 45.

286. op. cit., 12-13; Theodor Herzl, who later became one of Lewisohn's heroes, had had much the same view of German civilization. Contemplating a German protectorate over the Jewish national homeland in Palestine, Herzl wrote on October 8, 1898 in Berlin:

"To live under the protection of strong, great, moral, splendidly governed and thoroughly organized Germany is certain to have the most salutary effects upon the national character of the Jews." (The Diaries of Theodor Herzl, ed. and trans. with an Introduction by Marvin Lowenthal, ((New York, 1956)), 252.)

287. Thorstein Bunde Veblen, "Imperial Germany and the Industrial Revolution" in The Portable Veblen, ed. and with an introd. by Max Lerner, (New York, 1948), 565-566.

288. Spirit of Modern German Literature, op. cit., 87.

289. Quoted in op. cit., 66.

290. op. cit., 69-70; in his discussion of Zarathustra, Lewisohn said nothing of the doctrine of the Eternal Recurrence. But Nietzsche himself, in Ecce Homo, wrote of Thus Spake Zarathustra that "its fundamental conception (is) the idea of Eternal Recurrence, the highest formula of affirmation that can ever be attained... "

291. Spirit of Modern German Literature, op. cit., 67-68.

292. op. cit., 64.

293. op. cit., 70-72.

294. op. cit., 117-118.

295. op. cit., 115.

296. "And man still errs the while he strives": from Goethe's Faust quoted in Spirit of Modern German Literature, op. cit., 115.

297. The Spirit of Modern German Literature, op. cit., 118-119; we for our own part, living in America in the mid-1950's and knowing today what we know and Lewisohn could not know, but what the anti-statist Nietzsche may have guessed -- we must find it painful to consider how wrong Lewisohn was, how quickly, utterly, and devastatingly the Germany of which Lewisohn wrote was to pass away, this Germany of "the widest moral and intellectual liberty and tireless spiritual striving." It is painful to consider how the Tuechtigkeit of the Goethean spirit was to become the Gruendlichkeit of Bergen-Belsen and Dachau and the lamp-shades and the soap!

A grim foot-note to Lewisohn's admiration for German "naturalism, cultivation of science, social organization for the collective welfare and practical efficiency" is the observation of Sir Hartley Shawcross, chief prosecutor for the United Kingdom at the Nuremberg Trials:

"Twelve million murders! Two-thirds of the Jews in Europe

exterminated, more than six million of them on the killers' own figures. Murder conducted life some mass production industry in the gas chambers and the ovens of Auschwitz, Dachau, Treblinka, Buchenwald, Mauthausen, Maidanek, and Oranienburg." (Quoted in Lord Russell of Liverpool, The Scourge of the Swastika; A Short History of Nazi War Crimes ((New York, 1954)), 155).

298. Spirit of Modern German Literature. op. cit., 115.

299. op. cit., 118.

300. James McKeen Cattell (1860-1944).

301. Gillis, op. cit., 38.

302. Spirit of Modern German Literature, op. cit., 115.

303. op. cit., 62.

304. The Modern Drama, op. cit., 97.

305. Spirit of Modern German Literature, op. cit., 78.

306. Hirschfeld, op. cit., vii.

307. op. cit., v.

308. op. cit., viii.

309. op. cit., vii.

310. Gillis, op. cit., 48.

311. Up Stream, op. cit., 257.

312. op. cit., 258.

313. op. cit., 259.

314. op. cit., 261-263.

315. op. cit., 263.

316. ibid.

317. ibid.

318. ibid.

319. Spirit of Modern German Literature, op. cit., preface.

320. ibid.

321. The Modern Drama, op. cit., 30.

322. op. cit., 51.

323. op. cit., 100.

324. op. cit., 102.

325. Spirit of Modern German Literature, op. cit., 84.

326. Ludwig Lewisohn, The Poets of Modern France (New York, 1918), v.

327. op. cit., vi.

328. op. cit., viii.

329. Gillis, op. cit., 42.

330. Hirschfeld, op. cit., xi-xii.

331. Poets of Modern France, op. cit., viii.

332. op. cit., vii.

333. op. cit., viii.

334. op. cit., 7.

335. ibid.

336. ibid.

337. op. cit., 25.

338. op. cit., 21.

339. op. cit., 1.

340. op. cit., 2.

341. op. cit., 51.

342. op. cit., 69.

343. op. cit., 70.

344. op. cit., x.

345. op. cit., 70.

346. Hirschfeld, op. cit., viii.

347. Poets of Modern France, op. cit., 70.

PART IV

1. Up Stream, op. cit., 274.

2. op. cit., 266.

3. op. cit., 274.

4. ibid.

5. ibid.

6. This poem has unfortunately not been available to me.

7. Gillis, op. cit., 41.

8. Oswald Garrison Villard (1872-1949).

9. Up Stream, op. cit., 278.

10. Mid-Channel, op. cit., 5.

11. Gillis, op. cit., 43.

12. See Chapter Thirty-One, below.

13. Kazin, op. cit., 206.

14. ibid.

15. Irving Babbitt (1865-1933).

16. Irving Babbitt, Rousseau and Romanticism (New York, 1955), 278; Babbitt's book was originally published in May 1919.

17. op. cit., 280.

18. op. cit., 322, n. 8.

19. See Chapter Twenty-One above.

20. Kazin, op. cit., 232.

21. op. cit., 197.

22. Quoted in Kazin, op. cit., 237.

23. op. cit., 236.

24. Ludwig Lewisohn, A Modern Book of Criticism (New York, 1919), ii-iii.

25. Kazin, op. cit., 210.

26. A Modern Book of Criticism, op. cit., iii.

27. Quoted in Kazin, op. cit., 236.

28. A Modern Book of Criticism, op. cit., iii-iv.

29. op. cit., i-ii.

30. op. cit., ii.

31. op. cit., i.

32. ibid.

33. op. cit., 181.

34. Larousse du XX^e Siècle, publié sous la direction de Paul Augé, (Paris, 1928-1933), IV, 434.

35. See Chapter Ten above; also Up Stream, op. cit., 100.

36. Kazin, op. cit., 204.

37. Benjamin de Casseres (1873-1945).

38. Quoted in Twentieth Century Authors: A Biographical Dictionary of Modern Literature, ed. by Stanley J. Kunitz and Howard Haycraft, (New York, 1942), 824-825.

39. "The Story Ashland Told at Dinner" is the only one of Lewisohn's Smart Set stories that has been available to me.

40. Smart Set Anthology, op. cit., 344.

41. op. cit., viii.

42. Hirschfeld, op. cit., xiii.

43. Smart Set Anthology, op. cit., 348-349.

44. A Modern Book of Criticism, op. cit., 185.

45. ibid.

46. As late as 1928, Lewisohn spoke of Jesus as "the eternal symbol, sacred even to those who question his very historicity... " (The Island Within ((New York, 1928)), 121).

47. Up Stream, op. cit., 146.

48. ibid.

49. Mid-Channel, op. cit., 15.

50. A Modern Book of Criticism, op. cit., 183.

51. op. cit., 182.

52. Rémy de Gourmont, The Book of Masks, trans. by Jack Lewis, introd. by Ludwig Lewisohn, (Boston, 1921), v.

53. op. cit., iii.

54. ibid.

55. op. cit., ii-iii.

56. op. cit., iv.

57. ibid.

58. ibid.

59. op. cit., ii.

60. Stuart Pratt Sherman, Americans (New York, 1922), 27.

61. ibid.

62. Lionel Trilling, Freud and the Crisis of Our Culture (Boston, 1955), 58-59.

63. op. cit., 58.

64. A Modern Book of Criticism, op. cit., 183.

65. Mid-Channel, op. cit., 5.

66. ibid.

67. ibid.

68. ibid.

69. Kazin, op. cit., 205-206.

70. Drama and the Stage, op. cit., "Prefatory Note."

71. op. cit., 182.

72. op. cit., 187.

73. op. cit., 73.

74. op. cit., 5.

75. op. cit., 78.

76. op. cit., 187.

77. op. cit., 3.

78. ibid.

79. ibid.

80. ibid.

81. op. cit., 181.

82. ibid.

83. op. cit., 119.

84. op. cit., 118.

85. op. cit., 119-120.

86. op. cit., 137.

87. op. cit., 138.

88. op. cit., 215-216.

89. Ernest Howard Culbertson, Goat Alley: A Tragedy of Negro Life (Cincinnati, 1922), 7.

90. ibid.

91. ibid.

92. op. cit., 8.

93. op. cit., 7-8.

94. Sunday News (Charleston, S.C.), September 20, 1903: Ludwig Lewisohn, "Books We Have Made," 20. See Chapter Thirteen above.

95. Goat Alley, op. cit., 7.

96. Thomas Merton, No Man Is An Island (New York, 1957), 11.

97. Gillis, op. cit., 48.

98. ibid.

99. op. cit., 49.

100. Up Stream, op. cit., 1.

101. ibid.

102. ibid.

103. Carl Van Doren, The American Novel 1789-1939, revised and enlarged edition, (New York, 1940), 300.

104. ibid.; italics added.

105. Up Stream, op. cit., 142-143; See Chapter Sixteen above.

106. Up Stream, op. cit., 144-145.

107. op. cit., 298-299.

108. Lewisohn referred to Professor Carpenter of Columbia University as "Brewer."

109. Up Stream, op. cit., 147.

110. Mary Antin (1881-1949) was born in Russia and came to the United States in 1894; The Promised Land was published in 1912.

111. Edward Bok (1863-1930) was born in the Netherlands and came to the United States in 1869; The Americanization of Edward Bok was published in 1920.

112. Carl Van Doren, op. cit., 301.

113. See Horace James Bridges, The God of Fundamentalism and Other Studies (Chicago, 1925), 277.

114. Gillis, op. cit., 50-51.

115. Up Stream, op. cit., 284-285.

116. op. cit., 287-289.

117. op. cit., 234-235.

118. op. cit., 284.

119. op. cit., 285.

120. op. cit., 284.

121. Bridges, op. cit., 284-285.

122. Up Stream, op. cit., 196.

123. ibid.

124. The Broken Snare, op. cit., 102.

125. Jacob Zeitlin, "The Case of Mr. Lewisohn" in The Menorah Journal, VIII, no. 3, 189.

126. op. cit., 187.

127. ibid.

128. op. cit., 191.

129. ibid.

130. op. cit., 188.

131. Walter Rothman, "Up Stream: A Review" in The Hebrew Union College Monthly, IX, no. 1, 19.

132. op. cit., 19-20.

133. Braude, op. cit., 7.

134. Joseph Warren Beach, The Outlook for American Prose (Chicago, 1926), 215-216.

135. op. cit., 216-217, 219-221.

136. op. cit., 224.

137. Bridges, op. cit., 292.

138. op. cit., 270-271.

139. op. cit., 292-293.

140. op. cit., 294.

141. The Jewish Forum, V, no. 7 (August 1922), 280.

142. Zeitlin, op. cit., 191.

143. Joseph Collins, Taking the Literary Pulse: Psychological Studies of Life and Letters (New York, 1924), 161.

144. Sherman, op. cit., 24.

145. op. cit., 25; Sherman's quotation regarding Lewisohn's "universal sympathy" and desire "neither to judge nor to condemn" refer to A Modern Book of Criticism, ii-iv; "ugly and mean" refers to Up Stream, 298.

146. Up Stream, op. cit., 286; See also A Modern Book of Criticism, op. cit., iii-iv.

147. Sherman, op. cit., 25.

148. Zeitlin, op. cit., 190; quoted in Sherman, op. cit., 24.

149. Bridges, op. cit., 288-289.

150. op. cit., 289.

151. Up Stream, op. cit., 282.

152. Hindus, op. cit., 19.

153. Drama and the Stage, op. cit., 8.

154. Up Stream, op. cit., 158.

155. Quoted in Hindus, op. cit., 19.

156. Up Stream, op. cit., 2.

157. op. cit., 298.

158. op. cit., 1.

159. See Chapter Eighteen above.

160. Up Stream, op. cit., 19.

161. Living Authors: A Book of Biographies, ed. by Dilly Tante/[pseud. Stanley J. Kunitz/, (New York, 1931), 228.

162. The Island Within, op. cit., 243.

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1. Maurice Friedman, Martin Buber: The Life of Dialogue, (Chicago, 1955).

2. Lewisohn's widow, Mrs. Louise Wolk Lewisohn, so described him in a conversation, August 30, 1956, in Cambridge, Mass.

3. Dostoevsky, The Brothers Karamazov, op. cit., Book III, Chapter III.

4. Maurice Friedman, Martin Buber; Mystic, Existentialist, Social Prophet: A Study in the Redemption of Evil. (Unpublished doctoral dissertation, for the University of Chicago), 497.

5. Up Stream, op. cit., 282.

6. Braude, op. cit., 6.

7. Nietzsche, Thus Spake Zarathustra, op. cit., III, "The Wanderer."

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