THOSE WERE GOOD DAYS!

CARL LUDWIG SCHLEICH

Those Were Good Days!

REMINISCENCES

by

Carl Ludwig Schleich

Besonnte Vergangenheit. Lebenserinnerungen

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TO MY WIFE HEDWIG, NÉE OELSCHLAEGER
AND MY SISTERS
KÄTHE AND GERTRUD
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

A song, a joyous, wanderer's song
I followed by the sound,
Sped the mighty stream along
O'er mead and marshy ground;
Many a place to which I'd come
I left ere night was over,
For that it was more than home
I never could discover.

TRANSLATED BY
Bernard Miall
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CHAPTER I

HOME AND CHILDHOOD

IT was in the ancient city of Stettin, on the Oder, at twelve noon of a Sunday, July 19, 1859, that I first saw the light of this world, and protested long and strenuously against the fact of my existence; or so I am told, for I must admit that I was quite unconscious of my entry into this vale of tears. I squealed appallingly, but I have quite forgotten the reason of my manifest discontent. I have only one really reliable witness as to the happenings of my early career; but she—my mother—is a witness whose testimony I have never, in all my life, found any reason to distrust. According to her account of the matter, I comported myself, from the very first, with a singular ingratitude toward the gift of life and its bestower; although I was greeted with much greater joy and satisfaction than was either of my two predecessors, my sisters Anna and Kathy. Indeed, as far as my mother was concerned I was actually a sort of atonement and means of redemption. Cruelly enough, my grandfather Schleich would hardly look at my mother after the birth of my sisters; he despised her because she was capable of bringing "only girls" into the world. The disgrace into which my mother had fallen, through no fault of her own, was happily effaced by my appearance; but I must confess that my service in this respect was as wholly unconscious, undeserving, and automatic, so to speak, as on other occasions when I have added to my mother's happiness. But was not this a truly barbarous mode of behaviour in my grandfather, to withhold his favour from a daughter-in-law until she had brought a boy into the world? Are we all of us, men and women alike, so convinced in our hearts of the greater value of the male? Could anxiety for a timely marriage have

shown itself so soon? Was it a question of keeping up the family name? Well, whatever the reason, I myself must regard it as a piece of the greatest good fortune that I did prove to be a boy, when I came into the world *ventre à terre* (as my mother and the midwife testified—my father, since he had professional duties elsewhere, had withdrawn from the scene), only to do my best to thrust it from me with protesting hands and feet. But the world proved to be the stronger, and so I remained upon the earth, although in later childhood I made all manner of attempts to withdraw from it, by means of a multiplicity of childish maladies. My principal witness tells me that I was really always ill, and altogether a sickly and delicate child, until I had entered my teens, after which I improved with remarkable rapidity. How hardy can an organism become which has at first to be pampered like a hot-house plant! For a second witness, my wife, will testify that I have shown myself to be blessed with a constitution of almost explosive vitality. And this, I think, is due mainly to my mother's love, which was closely rivalled by the love and care of my old nurse, who came from my mother's home on the island of Wollin. Bertha Gehm was the dear woman's name, and for thirteen long years she stood between me and harm. Mother-love can assuredly do much to make up for structural defects in the constitution of such a pampered little mechanism.

Needless to say, I caused my mother endless anxiety; I am afraid she still found me a handful even in her very old age—and she lived to be eighty-six. How many things I have to ask her to forgive me when I visit her grave in the churchyard of Stahnsdorf, by the Wannsee, always to feel the same grief at the sight of that flower-covered mound; the grief that is felt by all who visit the graves of those they loved; a grief due less to the fact that the dead are no more than to the thought that we were none of us so kind to them as they deserved that we should be. It is only when we have lost someone dear to us that we are fully conscious of all our failures in loving-kindness.

My family came originally from Bavaria. According to what my father has told me, one Christian Schleich—who, strangely enough, was a Protestant pastor—wandered northwards from Munich to Freienwalde on the Oder. We Pomeranian Schleichs, his descendants, are thus related to the Munich painters of that name; a relationship which fills me with pride, in view of the high artistic achievements of Eduard, Ernst, and Robert Schleich, and which explains why my brother and myself—and above all my uncle Hans Schleich, the well-known marine and landscape painter—felt the urge to paint and draw in our very bones.

In the course of time the Pomeranian Schleichs settled down in the neighbourhood of Stettin. About 1780 there was in Stettin a famous "Goldammer and Schleich" granary, founded by one of my ancestors. There survives even to this day a fragment of a popular song which alludes to the old granary:

Jo! Wer da wohnt up de Wyk
De is so rik
As "Goldammer und Shlyk."

(Ay, he who lives up at Wyk [a suburb of Stettin] is as rich as Goldammer and Schleich!)

Alas, this mercantile genius seems to be completely extinct!

On my mother's side we are pure Low Saxon. The Küster family came from Mecklenberg, and the earliest ancestor to be traced was a village schoolmaster in Malchin. His descendants were farmers and fishermen and squatters about the Stettin Haff and on the island of Wollin. The family of my maternal grandmother—Haushalter by name—had long been settled in the town of Wollin, hard by the place where the ancient city of Vineta is supposed to have sunk into the waves. The Haushalters were a typical dynasty of burgomasters.

Before I venture to describe my parents and their families I ought to say something of my old native city itself; just as when one is writing the natural history of a bird one specifies the tree or bush in which it nests before enlarging upon the

structure of the nest itself. From the structure of the nest, and the nature of the tree, much may be deduced as to the habits of the brood.

Stettin, the ancient stronghold of the Wendish race, is a true seaport, although it lies inland on the densely wooded slope of the Uralian-Baltic range. It extends over both banks of the Oder, whose many arms divide some parts of it into islands. The wide, grey, sluggishly moving river flows directly northwards through the "Old Town," bordered on either hand by docks, wharves, warehouses, villas, and the hilly and beautifully wooded suburbs; which presently, on the right bank, are replaced by level meadows. The river then expands into a great lake, the Dammschersee, and the wide Papenwasser, discharging itself at length into the mighty Haff. The Haff with its three radiating arms—Peene, Swine, and Dievenow—is enclosed, as though by enormous breakwaters, by the islands of Wollin and Usedom, which divide the Haff from the sea of the Pomeranians and Balts and Scandinavians —the Ostsee, the "Eastern Sea," or Baltic.

The island of Wollin was my mother's home, where she and her twelve brothers and sisters spent a singularly happy childhood. Her happiness was reflected in my own life, for it was shared by the whole prolific clan that inhabited the village of Kalkofen ("Limekilns") and the estates of my grandparents and my uncle. The whole of my childhood was spent alternately in Stettin and on the island of Wollin, of which the summer visitors have hitherto discovered only Mizdroy and its immediate surroundings. I shall have much to say in these pages concerning the wonders of the interior. It is the Ithaca of my childhood, whose memories are interwoven with all the glamour of lifelong nostalgia.

The western half of Stettin is hilly, and falls rather steeply to the harbour, and in my childhood it was still mainly a fishing and trading port. I myself have seen and shared in the whole of its prosperous development, from the days of the great schooners and full-rigged ships to those of the mighty

cargo-steamer and towering ocean liners. The world-renowned "Vulkan" shipyard, one of the largest concerns of its kind, built steamers and warships for all parts of the globe. We Schleichs were closely connected with the "Vulkan" works. Not only was my father the oculist of the shipyard, in which thousands of foundrymen, smiths, riveters, and boiler-hands were employed, of whose labours we boys were always the eager spectators, but the heads of the great business were our relations, or at least our intimate friends. Such were my uncles Schneppe and Koppen, the first being the auditor, and the second for ten years and more the director-in-chief of the shipyard; and Albert Schlutow, the favourite of Wilhelm II, who always called him "Uncle Schlutow," just as we did. My childish memories go back to a period whose *naïveté* is illustrated by a conversation which I once overheard, a dispute between my father and Uncle Schneppe, who was a true "original," with a high "choker," and the head of an ancient Roman; blunt of speech, incredibly behind the times, but a *bon viveur*. I can hear him now, as he expressed himself over the vexed question of ship-building: "Karl, it's all nonsense about these iron ships! Every child knows that wood floats and iron sinks. It's impossible that an iron ship should keep above water!" Curiously enough, in a certain sense his opinion was justified by the facts, for Stettin, in those days, had no luck at all with her great iron ships. In my childhood a passenger line between Stettin and New York was founded—the "Baltic Lloyd." Three magnificent ocean liners belonging to this company, all built in the "Vulkan" shipyard, foundered one after the other; two without passengers; but one, which ran on the rocks off the Norwegian coast, went down with every soul on board! Hundreds upon hundreds of the finest and most famous ocean giants were launched in after years from the slips of the "Vulkan" yard, but these three magnificent vessels were swallowed by the waves. How many celebrations we children witnessed, when the great Atlantic greyhounds were launched, or the first splendid progenitors of our proud and

flourishing navy, which now lie at the bottom of the sea, or rot dishonoured in foreign ports!

The shattering of the youthful hope of our fatherland, which I saw, with my own eyes, in all its stages of growth, was for me, a true child of the seaport, a grief which I shall never get over. I well remember how our childish eyes used to fix themselves upon the one short cable, on whose severance, when the bottle of champagne, swung by a royal hand against the stern of the vessel, had burst in foam, the colossus began to quiver and rumble, rocking almost imperceptibly from side to side, and then, like an ocean monster, slid backwards into the tide. . . . How proud we felt in our childish hearts when on dozens of such occasions we saw, as it were, our home and our country forging ahead into the great world where the nations meet on an equal footing!

We boys, of course, were constantly on the water, or rambling about the harbour—not always on the best of terms with the dock labourers and shipyard workers; for there were always things from overseas to admire, examine, pilfer, and taste. There were locust-beans, almonds, apples, sugar-candy, cane sugar, liquorice-root, and all sorts of spices to be nibbled. So my early childhood was spent in a somewhat warlike fashion, in the company of robber bands and dockside loafers, for my parents, as far as I can remember, never made the slightest attempt to bring me up "in accordance with my station"; for which I thank them from the bottom of my heart, since I have retained, from those years of intercourse with bandits, loafers, and longshoremen, whose futuristically patched trousers had a curious tendency to fall down, a certain lack of prejudice in respect of social differences, and a certain tenderness for the disinherited, as well as the humorous and fatalistic inclination to accept the approach of whatever fate may be allotted to me with the placidity of a dockside constable. The many street and quayside fights, and the skirmishes on the slope of the green "Redoubt," evolved into carefully prepared street battles, our weapons

being broomsticks or barrel-staves, which, when split, provided magnificent curved cavalry-sabres; and from many such encounters, in which, rather than eye for eye, tooth paid for tooth, I acquired a certain prudence during hostilities, and also a definitely respectful sympathy for my adversaries—for although we cudgelled one another we were really the best of friends—so that in the battles of life I have never been able to feel really angry with my numerous and often anything but gentle adversaries. I had learned, from the mock battles of my childhood, that one always made it up in the end; that a time always came when one could cry: "As you were!"

Perhaps we men do not realize how long we remain children, and play, with the most serious things, games that we take, alas! far too seriously. It is only when people take science too seriously that they grow angry. So long as we realize what fun the play of thought can be we are kindly and tolerant.

Our manners, of course, were softened by romantic adventures with the not always appetizing little sisters of our enemies, and I can remember many hours of wandering, in troops or in single pairs, along the ancient, strictly guarded walls of the fortress, and over the casemates of the garrison, and the presents of booty, the mock raids, the games of forfeits, the picking of flowers, and all sorts of caresses.

A kindly fate has bestowed upon me this natural bent for the romantic, so that even in my riper years I have retained the genuinely German faculty of floating through things and over them, and a definite feeling that this life with its phenomena is not the sole thing accessible; as though over and above it there were something else indefinable; as though things were not really quite so real as they seem. I remember that even in childhood we had many thoughtful discussions of such matters, sitting in the grass of the ramparts; deciding that we could never really be sure that there was not always "someone" beside us; an idea that was afterwards given literary expression by my dear friend—afterwards my brother-in-law—Paul Oelschlaeger, in the fantastic conception of a "Luftrobert," an "Airy

Bob," who was his constant companion; an idea which I have attempted to exploit poetically in my dream-romance, *Es läuten die Glocken*. In our games there appeared now and again a certain wit and precocity, a sort of mocking criticism and impertinence, which I can explain only as the reflection and afterglow of a sort of classic intellectual age which set in about 1840, and for the next twenty years maintained a high level of intellectual and artistic achievement, so that from what my parents and my older relatives have told me I have always felt that some radiation from the atmosphere of Weimar had affected the city.

This period of Stettin's development is deserving of attention, especially as I believe that it had a very considerable influence on the younger generation. It was not that the intellectual circles were ever concentred about an intellectual personality of the magnitude of a Goethe; nor was there any princely patron, any German Medici, to exert a special attraction upon eminent minds; but there were forgathered at that time in Stettin a great number of highly significant men and women, whose names were familiar throughout the country. The composer of ballads, Carl Löwe, the organist of St. Jacob's Church, whose heart, in accordance with the provisions of his last will and testament, was enclosed in a golden capsule and built into the cavity of the great C flue-pipe; Ferdinand Oelschlaeger, my wife's grandfather, a composer of magnificent mixed choruses, whose masterly quartets, unique in the literature of music, were once more popular in Pomerania and Brandenburg than those of Mendelssohn, and are greatly superior to the latter in refinement and the original arrangement of the voice-parts. Then there was the historian, Schmidt; the poet Ludwig Giesebucht, a lyric and epic poet of the first rank, a writer whose verse has notes worthy of a Goethe, and who furnished Carl Löwe with innumerable texts for songs, ballads, and oratorios; and Robert Grassmann, a universal genius, who was an authority on Sanskrit, a faultless musician, and a world-renowned

physicist, mathematician, and philosopher, on whom the French Academy conferred an honorary membership (but unfortunately he was already dead when the honour was conferred upon him); and the brilliantly intellectual Professor Calo, a genuine mystic; tall, slender, pale, his snow-white head always uncovered, and his person usually wrapped in a flowing cloak, which fell into peculiarly Hellenic folds; an impressive apparition, which I often saw wandering across the Horse Market. Calo had travelled all over the world, and according to my father and others he was a seeker after mysteries; he had a curious fascination for the scholastic youth of Stettin, who regarded him with the greatest enthusiasm. If—as indeed seemed the case—they had "vineleaves in their hair," and a drop of the Dionysian ichor in their veins, it was due to his influence. Calo wrote some highly original short stories, and some profoundly thoughtful sonnets. Inspired by the enthusiasm of my father and my uncles, I devoured them all, and to this day I cannot understand why they have not become generally known.

Stettin was a queer city. It never did anything for its eminent sons; it allowed their fame to remain confined within its walls; it behaved as though the fact that it numbered a Löwe or a Giesebucht among its citizens meant nothing to it; and it did nothing to ensure that the radiance of such luminaries should penetrate beyond its ramparts; yet it was so proud of their brilliant attainments that it absolutely refused to be impressed by outsiders, whether from Berlin or elsewhere, so that it was long regarded by musical and dramatic artists with dread and detestation. Even as late as my childhood the prevailing tone of the community was distinctly supercilious and snobbish. No outsiders must be acknowledged! We ourselves, thank God, had and could do everything that we required. It astonished us of the younger generation to hear that the Stettin Freemasons were by no means particularly impressed when every Sunday evening a certain Carl Löwe entered the Lodge, provided with a new setting of a ballad, which he played to them after supper,

and which they were pleased to find "very pretty!" and it was quite in keeping with the Stettin independence and complacency that many elderly townsfolk continued to wonder how it was that "our Carl Löwe" should have been something very like a genius and a classic. "But surely that isn't possible? That little fellow? Well, well!" It was quite in keeping, too, that the then fathers of the city should have simply dismissed this master of the ballad with a miserable pension, when, being very seriously ill, he applied for sick leave after more than fifty years' service. May they writhe in their graves with shame! It was their fault that the composer of immortal songs, Ferdinand Oelschlaeger, and his sons, had to break the ice in their bedroom jugs with their bootjack because they were too poor to buy wood for firing, and they too were to blame in that the same man, whose king gave him a golden snuff-box for a magnificent Hohenzollern Quartet, all but died of starvation, although, in his silent magnanimity, he continued to evoke the most heavenly strains from the organ of the little Castle church at the King's Gate! They never realized what a true German master he was; but a grateful posterity will one day discover the fact. They were not even aware that a versatile genius, Old Dohrn, the father of the famous Neapolitan zoologist, Anton Dohrn, was writing and composing and making his discoveries in their midst. He published several volumes of Spanish dramas, wrote plays of his own, collected folk-songs from all parts of the world, produced innumerable books and articles on natural history, and, like a true son of the Muses, fiddled and sang and wandered all over the globe, everywhere welcomed and honoured. Only Stettin, his native city, failed to realize his genius; all that it knew of him was that he seemed a queer sort of fellow. A pig-headed city! Stettin took everything as a matter of course, with a "Well, I don't suppose he's anything so wonderful!" Frau Goldammer, a sensitive poetess, furnished Oelschlaeger with songs which he arranged for four voices, and which, in my childhood, might still be heard in every cottage, and on the water, or in the

woods. Then there were the Zitelmanns, each cleverer and more musical than the others, whose descendant, Conrad Telmann, was admitted even by Stettin to be a poet. Käthe and Valeni Zitelmann are still living, at the date of writing, in Berlin, and are well known as writers and teachers of singing. There was the composer, Heinrich Triest, whose beautiful songs, for one or more voices, were sung throughout Pomerania; Robert Prutz; the poet Kugler; and old Glagan, a teacher in a girls' school, whose memory was cherished by thousands of Stettin's matrons. There was old Mahnke, a representative of the honourable bourgeoisie, a bachelor of the classic stamp, a man of the finest intellect, a simple wine-merchant, but a composer, and the owner of a magnificent bass voice; the very pattern of integrity and kindliness, who would bear comparison with the best of the characters in "Buddenbrooks." We often look with gratitude and reverence at the beautiful portrait of him that we still possess, for he was my wife's godfather. There were the Ivers, a family of musicians—I well remember hearing them play the Mendelssohn string octet; the Schlutows, our best representatives of the aristocracy of wealth and intellect; the Gennows; and the Plüddemanns, whose descendant, Martin Plüddemann, was the only true heir and equal of Löwe, whom Richard Wagner described as his most significant pupil. All but unknown in Stettin, he is to-day submerged and forgotten, but his works, which fill more than five volumes, await the rebirth that will surely be theirs; as surely as Löwe will one day be reckoned among our greatest classics. Of Adolf Lorenz, Löwe's successor, I shall have occasion to speak more particularly; he, too, was not honoured as he deserved to be. (Many of his oratorios are masterpieces, and his "Golgotha" is superlatively beautiful.) Then there were the critics, Kossmaly, Nathusius, and Robert Seidel, who were also keen musicians; the Wilsnachs, the Steffens, and the Behms, whose descendant, Rosa Behm, painted the portrait which forms the frontispiece of this book, while Eduard

Behm is likewise a well-known artist. And there were whole family circles of an artistic and intellectual calibre for which one might seek with a lantern in the metropolis.

From this golden, classic age of Stettin, a period which would amply repay the attention of the historian, a purifying breath was wafted into the days of my childhood. My father would often refer, and always with a gleam of enthusiasm, to the brilliance of those days, and it may well be that the adoring reverence with which he regarded his great teachers and contemporaries, despite his own uncommon gifts, was to a large extent responsible for my own intense longing for the things of the intellect. At all events, the old Stettin offered a cultural soil of a quite special character, in which my childish mind might well have developed more luxuriantly. We still have in our possession a document of the period, which is eloquent of the style of this intellectual springtide: a souvenir album, compiled and published in Stettin, the work of the "Opernverein," a society of dilettanti. This contains reminiscences of individual operas, and the artists who appeared in them, in the form of wonderful water-colour initials—and all these operas were produced in the family circle. Among them were "The Magic Flute," "Don Juan," "Jessonda," "Templar and Jewess," and "Fidelio." Never, if we are to believe our ancestors' report, were there operas more admirably staged and performed, and they were produced exclusively by the members of this unique operatic society. The conductor was Ferdinand Oelschlaeger, who accompanied the singers from the orchestral score, but still found time, in the midst of reading the score and conducting, gently to box the ears of his son, who sat beside him, if he failed to turn the page at the right moment. We may judge of the versatility of these dilettanti from the fact that once, when the tenor of the municipal theatre fell ill, a member of the society was able, without rehearsal, to make a successful appearance in Lortzing's "Armourer." At this theatre, too, sang Hans Schleich, my uncle, a tenor famous throughout Germany, who had been trained in

Paris by that king of tenors, Roger, at my father's expense. As a child I heard him sing the part of Raoul in "The Huguenots," and that of Joseph in "Joseph in Egypt," at the beautiful municipal theatre. I can vividly recollect the queer feeling that came over me when I proudly reflected that the singer whose heavenly voice so moved the audience that they leapt to their feet and roared their applause was my uncle; I felt as though I myself were somehow responsible for his triumph. Once he came to Stettin with the famous Roger himself, of whom Albert Niemann declared that he was a hundred per cent. better than Caruso. Roger wanted to see the home of his favourite pupil, who had become his friend. He himself appeared as Masaniello, and as George Brown. The excitement in the city was indescribable. In the evening Roger came to my father's house, and I have a vivid recollection of the little man with the artificial arm: for Roger's left arm had been amputated after a shooting accident. He ate his food by means of an artificial hand, to which he had attached a golden fork, while my brother and I peeped over the back of his chair. After supper he sang once, and my aunt, Therese Schleich, accompanied him. I can still hear his voice in Schubert's "Erl-King." I remember that we two youngsters crept behind the curtains in alarm when that mighty voice pealed out the words "brauch ich Gewalt!" on the upper A. My uncle Hans, who was staying with us, imitated him next morning, to the terror of my Grandmother Schleich, who was quietly drinking her coffee; rushing into her room just as God made him, and roaring: "Help! I am lost! For pity's sake! The victim of the dreadful snake!" he flung himself at full length on the carpet. The old lady was almost ill with shock, but my father, and we children, when we had recovered from our first amazement, were almost ill with laughter at our uncle's crazy incursion. He presently rose to his feet, saying, with ludicrous solemnity: "Well, but what is the matter? I was only practising, and imitating Roger!"

But I am going ahead too fast. My first clear recollections

go back to 1864; the fifth year, that is, of my childhood. I can state this with certainty, because I have a distinct recollection of the Austrian soldiers, in their white cloaks and blue caps, who were billeted in Stettin as they passed through the city on their way to Schleswig-Holstein. Often one of them would take me by the hand, and I would march proudly through the streets beside the company. That is a very vivid memory-picture. Also, I can still give an exact description of every corner of our courtyard: which was a regular arsenal of the wine-merchant's paraphernalia—gigantic barrels, bottle-racks, wine-jugs, huge filter-funnels and syphons, cellar-aprons, pulleys and hauling gear, and wooden rollers which had been worn into deep grooves by the ropes which slowly lowered the full puncheons into the cellar. This courtyard, with its corn-lofts, stables, wash-houses, and winding stairs, was a perfect paradise for our childish games. The little delivery-carts were our chariots, our triumphal cars. The deep, vaulted cellars, with their mediaeval stuffiness, had a mysterious fascination for us. Here, under the leadership of Georg Knaack, a queer, spider-legged, spooky sort of child, considerably older than the rest of us, we and our assembled playmates got up to all manner of mischief. Here we made gunpowder, and manufactured fireworks, not without many accidental explosions; here we melted lead, and cast it, incriminating ourselves as innocent coiners, and boiled and brewed solutions in retorts, so that it is a wonder that we did not blow the whole fabric of No. 22 Wollweberstrasse (Woolweaver Street) into the air. It seems astonishing now that we were allowed to do all these things. The fat old wine-merchant, Herr Scheibert, our landlord, let us do just as we liked, and regarded us, I fear, in the midst of his many tasks, as he busied himself with the barrelling, blending, and tasting of his wines, merely as a species of rabbit which might now and then run between his legs, but did not seriously hamper his rolling gait.

I can still vividly remember the particular spot in this paradisal and romantic playground where I sat myself down

and solemnly pounded with a heavy stone a watch which my father had most irresponsibly given me. It was presumably the thirst for knowledge that made me thus pull off the wings of the little bird of Time; at all events, I am told that when I was angrily scolded for this misdeed—even by my father—I blubbered out the excuse: "But a little boy has got to know what's inside it!"

CHAPTER II

SCHOOL AND EARLY ADVENTURES

CURIOUSLY enough—and fortunately for my readers—my memory has retained hardly anything relating to my early schooldays. I can remember only that I was sent to some sort of kindergarten; that one day, an occasion of great domestic excitement, I was equipped with a belted check pinafore, a very handsome bead-embroidered satchel was slung round my small body, and I was introduced by "our Bertha" to a stuffy schoolroom, of which I can recollect only the rows of benches, like so many graduation-marks, on which we innocent sacrifices to culture were perched. There were big blackboards, map-pointers, piles of picture blocks, and a handful of grey modelling-clay, with which we had to model little pigs, and cups, and so forth. I liked going to school, for I liked the friendly schoolmistress, and my little playmates, and I believe we were all very well-behaved. But even in these early days fate played me a mysterious trick. I was confronted with the curious accident of a lost day; in respect of which a whole mechanism of detection was set to work, and yet, even to the present time, the mystery of those apparently stolen or hypnotically veiled twenty-four hours has never been explained. Everybody declared, when I entered the schoolroom one morning, that I had been absent the day before: my teacher, my schoolfellows, and the servants. Yet I and my attendant Bertha were able to swear that I had arrived at the school, equipped as usual; but then, for the space of twenty-four hours, to the great distress of my parents, I simply vanished from the face of the earth. I myself know only that on the day following this obliteration of a day's conscious life I was overwhelmed with utterly unintelligible questions, such as "Karl, where *were* you? Where have you been?" A day for ever lost, which God still owes me! I

write the first great note of interrogation in the ledger of my life. Ah, how many such signs has life engraved upon my memory since then!

Before long I was removed from this infant school to the preparatory school of the famous Stettin Gymnasium. Here life was already a more serious business; here we were really broken in. I well remember "old Stahr," a black-haired, peevish little man, for whom I once had to bring, from his adjacent dwelling, the lidless cigar-box full of snuff, which he had that day forgotten. Less than a cigar-box full was useless to him: that was his daily dose, and his desk and the floor of the class-room were black with it. It seems to me now that the only thing he taught us was "alignment," for every few seconds a map-pointer, especially lengthened for the purpose with a long cane, would whistle down between two files of his pupils, who sat in column formation, as though on parade, reaching from the front bench to the back; and woe to him who was not sitting precisely in line with the boy in front of him, for inevitably the rod, clashing down in the space between the files, would catch him on head or hip! The Stahrs, by the way, were a very celebrated Stettin family, which had produced the well-known authority on Goethe, Adolf Stahr, and two sisters who were novelists, when the woman novelist was still a *rara avis*. From time to time another little man came to the school; a friendly, kindly little man, with a violin under his arm, a bow in his hand, and a little velvet cap on his head, who sang to us, and fiddled, and made us pipe little two-part songs. This was Carl Löwe, the genius. With the monstrous objectivity of children we accepted such historic moments in a perfectly cool and matter-of-fact way. I can remember only that now and again he beat time on my head with his bow; I am afraid on account of my not very keen sense of rhythm (syncopation has always given me some trouble in *ensemble* playing). I remember, too, that I thought these lessons great fun, and that I encouraged my schoolfellows to sing the two-part songs which we had been practising at the tops of their

voices as we went homewards across the Cathedral square and the parade-ground.

It is from this period—although it was really not yet time to give up my bachelor ways—that I must date my firm resolution to marry. "This girl or none!" I resolved, as one winter morning the dearest little maiden, wrapped in a high-collared blue-and-white checked cloak, with a fur cap on her charming little veiled head, and white gloves on her hands, stood in painful embarrassment at the apothecary's door on the corner of the Redoubt and the Lindens, while I carefully picked up her school-books, which had tumbled out into the snow, dusted the snowflakes from them, and packed them away in her big leather satchel, just in the order which the little pedant—which she was, and still is—demanded. She had lost only a sheet of blotting-paper in the snow, but I had lost my heart. For as I gently wiped the tears from her cheeks I made the firm resolve that she should be my sweetheart, and one day my wife. There was no need for reflection, since the world could not offer me anything more delightful. I must confess that the consistency which I displayed in this affair—for this dear little maid is now my wife, the good genius of my life—impresses me even to this day, as I cannot remember that I have ever been consistent in anything else. But in this case I have never regretted my consistency. For me it was always a settled thing—during my schooldays in Stralsund, and my student years, whenever I returned to Stettin—that I should one day marry Hedwig Oelschlaeger, the daughter of the railway-director Rudolf Oelschlaeger, a distant cousin of my father's, and his beautiful wife, Ria, who was tremendously musical, and the most delightful mother-in-law in the world. How the principal character in this romance—the little maid, the schoolgirl, and the full-blown belle of Stettin—regarded this question in the different phases of our interrupted intercourse, modesty forbids me to say.

Then came the war of 1866, and for the first time I witnessed the mass excitement which three times in my life—in 1866,

1870, and 1914—accompanied the departure of troops for the front.

Twice I saw the King's Grenadiers, almost reeling under the weight of the children and women who were clinging to them, with flowers in their helmets, their belts, the barrels of their rifles, their knapsacks, their sabre-hilts, their drums, and the bandsmen's instruments; wheeling down the Schulzenstrasse, their eyes ablaze with enthusiasm. On each occasion they were preceded by fat "Orlin," the bandmaster, the darling of the city, literally swathed in garlands—heavy wreaths like the hoops on a living barrel—so that his little baton could do no more than wag to and fro like a compass-needle. Twice only did I see the crowd crying with joy, while friends and strangers exultingly fell into one another's arms. In 1866 and 1871!

The excitement in 1866 was all the more intense, inasmuch as a little while earlier a dreadful epidemic of cholera had been raging throughout Pomerania, and indeed all over Germany. The number of deaths in Stettin was terrible, and many of our relatives were victims of the scourge. We children experienced an uncanny thrill as we listened to the doctors assembling in my father's great consulting-room. The mournful whispering of those valiant fighters against the raging death! Only Uncle Wissmann, Father's particular friend, was still his old cheerful self. This brilliant man, whose translation of Aristophanes was famous, always in high spirits, a musician to the backbone, sat down to the piano, as was usual on special occasions, and accompanied himself while he whistled the voice parts of operatic arias. Now and again, however, one of his colleagues would inevitably ask him: "How is so and so doing?" Then, still playing, he would break off his whistling for a moment, turn his head, and jerk out the words: "Pulling through!" or "Dead!" to the accompaniment of arpeggios.

One day Father came home in deep distress: his sister Lotte was dead, and so was Wrentsch, our cabinet-maker and household factotum, and his best friend and colleague,

Schultze. All three were snatched away by the pest, on the same morning, in the space of a few hours! Even to-day I could repeat the whole symptomatology of cholera in the words which my father used as he vividly described the course of the terrible malady to my mother. I will only recall, as a curious detail, that he always used to declare that when the victims were suddenly seized with a sort of hysterical craving for stewed fruit, they were sure to pull through. "Old Geischow suddenly began asking again for stewed cowberries, and put away more then five pints of them! He'll pull through all right! Kanzow polished off a whole basket of whortleberries. He'll do now!" Of course, people began to pester all the sufferers with offers of stewed whortleberries and cowberries!

The cholera was the occasion of the first and only sound thrashing I ever received. I had a friend, a "street-boy," Wilhelm Dinse, the son of the washerwoman "close by," the only person who treated my literary ambitions with due respect. To him and his mother I used to read "real poems!" (I wish I still had some of them!) We had even concocted a sort of tragedy together, which we had dedicated to the humble priestess of soapsuds, to whom we had intended to read it. But our patroness escaped this ordeal by dying. She died quite suddenly, of cholera. We took counsel together, and saw no reason why the dead woman should not hear what life had denied her. So we sat before the white-robed corpse, loudly declaiming the parts in turn from an exercise-book, when the door flew open, and in rushed my father, horrified, speechless, dishevelled. He seized me by the collar, rushed me down the washerwoman's stairs, dragged me up our own, and shouted for my mother. I was bared for the sacrifice; Mother held me, and Father wielded his cane with a cruelty of which I should never have thought him capable, especially as even to-day I think this courageous fidelity to a promise made to the dead was deserving of reward rather than punishment!

Of course, in those days of the cholera we were strictly

forbidden to go into the streets at all, much less into the house of a deceased victim. From this point of view my father was perfectly justified. My mother acted as mediator; I can still hear her compassionate intervention: "Oh, but Karl, I think perhaps that's enough!"

From that time onwards I was so conscious of all that befell me, and my memory of every little incident of my life is so reliable, that I could undertake to describe it almost day by day. I shall not, however, adhere to a strictly chronological sequence, but will select only such events and situations as I may assume to have a certain interest even for strangers. If Goethe was right when he said that memory is an affair of the heart, I must have possessed a highly impressionable heart, for my nearest relatives have long ago forgotten many of our common experiences, and are able to recall them only when I resuscitate them, for example, on one of our "Küster days" (assemblies of all the members of my mother's family), in the presence of my numerous uncles, aunts, and cousins. How often have my reminiscences been greeted with astonished cries of "He's right! That's just how it was!"

There is an old German poem which tells us that remembrance has two servants, hope and gratitude. Truly, I had every cause for gratitude in the sunny days of my childhood, which were made radiant by my mother's love and the beauty of her home on the island of Wollin, of which I shall now tell you something. That son is to be pitied who did not feel, when a child, that his mother was the best person in all the world. Nothing can be more disastrous than to have had a bad mother. Our whole emotional nature is coloured by our mother's character. This is of especial significance for the man, whose lifelong attitude to the whole female sex depends on the knowledge and understanding of womanhood which he has gained from her. The man who has once experienced the full blessing of a mother's love will never be able to think altogether badly of any woman; while, on the other hand, the experience of a bad mother will afflict a man with an incurable

suspicion of women in general. Here, without a doubt, is the basis of the misogyny of such men as Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Strindberg, and Weininger, and here is the reason why Goethe's female characters were far truer to life and far more fascinating than his male characters (if we except Gotz and Mephisto). This became very evident in the thousand and one nocturnal debates in which Strindberg and I discussed the nature of women, when I always had to play the thankless part (thankless, since I was opposed to an intellectual giant) of the champion of the female sex.

For that matter, Strindberg admitted that his contempt and constant suspicion of women as such had been impressed upon his childish heart by the manifest defects of his mother's character (untruthfulness and intrinsic falsity). Unhappy man! On reading his short stories, which are frequently much more incriminating than the heartrending accusations in his "Son of a Servant," I often felt a thrill of gratitude run down my spine as I thought of my own kind old mother, from whom I never received anything but love, and who thought of nothing but our happiness, even when almost bowed to the ground with sorrow. For eighteen years she had lived happily beside my father, when destiny intervened and snatched away the one supreme gift of fortune, the love of her infinitely cherished husband.

CHAPTER III

"LIMEKILNS," MY MOTHER'S HOME

IF we follow the stream of the Oder northwards, on one of the paddle-steamers which have survived into the days of screw propellers, or on one of the swift modern passenger-steamers of the "Bräunlichsen Reederei," we pass, on the west bank, the slips and wharves of the huge "Vulkan" shipyard, the last ramifications of the city of Stettin, and its suburbs, Grabow, Budow, and Züllchow. As I remember it the inhabited bank was still shut in by wooded hills, while on the right there were only level meadows, with here and there a clump of bushes, flanked in the background by the Pomeranian woodlands, lit up, as it were, by my memories of innumerable excursions with my parents. But even brighter is my recollection of that memorable autumn evening when in honour of the old Kaiser Wilhelm, who was attending the manœuvres in Stettin, the Oder, both upstream and down, was illuminated with lavish splendour, by festoons of lamps, twinkling bonfires, blazing tar-barrels, flights of rockets, and Bengal fires; a magical, dazzling spectacle, the like of which I have never again beheld. Then, too, there were the thousands of rowing-boats and ships, beflagged and hung with lanterns even to the trucks of their masts, a festal flotilla which slowly twined its way downstream, like a vast luminous crocodile, to the deafening din of the bands and the cheering crowds—a rare scene of devoted homage to a venerable monarch.

If we descend this stretch of river from the harbour to the places which I have named, finally emerging into the Haff, where the last houses of Jascnitz, Stepnitz, and Ziegenort line the bank, the Haff presently widens out until one can no longer see land in any direction; but soon, on looking northwards, we shall see such a view as greets the eyes of the passenger to Heligoland. From the tide rises an island,

not so romantically grotesque as the red, rocky wall of Heligoland, but an island whose wooded heights and steep, gleaming shore offer the traveller a pleasant and unexpected welcome. As we approach the woods grow denser, and fleecy as a negro's head; the rugged coast is a bright yellow streak; houses become visible in the folds of the hills—valleys chequered and striped with the green of growing crops—and just where the steamer veers to the north-west, entering the Swine and the wide Vietziger See, there is a sort of cutting in the hills which runs almost down to the beach, and rising from this trough-like valley a pretty little church greets our eyes—the church of Lebbin, which was built by one of my uncles, in which, generation after generation, relatives of mine have served as pastor, and in whose vaults the bones of my grandparents and most of their children rest. Here, where one can look over the Haff and the three mouths of the Oder to the lagoon-like channels of the Vietziger See, one may enjoy a beautiful panorama of church and village, tilth and woodland, and on clear days one may even catch a glimpse of the sea above the tall woods to the north. It is here, where so many little promontories fall steeply to the wide Haff, on what is surely one of the loveliest spots that the earth has to offer, that I should like to be buried.

Behind the hills, far inland, lies my mother's home, "Lime-kilns," for all Schleichs and Küsters an unforgettable site, once a little settlement of my grandfather's employees, for it was here that he discovered a huge deposit of chalk, and built great kilns and sheds for the preparation and warehousing of the snow-white lime, and established a great farm, which is to-day a large village with a huge lime and cement works. In those days it was an idyllic spot, intimate and peaceful, girt about with the rustling forest and the inland lakes. For us the very mining operations, the work of winning the pure white calcareous earth, and the great quarry, sunk deep into the soil, with its cliff-like sides, had a magical and romantic quality. This quarry was a great

MY MOTHER

white valley, whose sides, as high as a church steeple, were like huge temple walls. These walls, topped by a stratum of black freestone, were crowned by a dark forest, and in the depths of the quarry was a pond whose waters were always a peculiarly vivid green. To this pond we children naturally made our way, descending the riven flanks of the quarry with a feeling of pious wonder at the marvels of the earth's interior.

Everything in the immediate neighbourhood of the quarry was powdered with a spectral and romantic coating of white chalk-dust, like a layer of hoar-frost. All the workshops, the farm buildings, the gigantic warehouses, and the kilns, were covered as with a bloom by this mineral flour, which gave the whole place the strange but peculiarly clean and chaste appearance of a world made of porcelain. At all events, the white quarry gave the landscape a much more charming and agreeable aspect than its black counterpart, the coalmine.

"Limekilns," the home of my grandparents, was a gem of a place. Here my energetic grandfather had literally established a little kingdom for his clan. One reached it from the Vietziger See, as steamers could not put to shore in the little harbour between Vietzig and Lebbin, which was practicable only for lighters. On landing at the Vietzig depot, opposite Misdroy, where the Vietziger See ends, one passes through the fishing village of Vietzig, in the neighbourhood of the chalk-quarries whose activities I have described in a play, *Um Dom und Gehöft*, as well as in various poems. A short story, *Charli*, describes the countryside and its inhabitants, and an adventure which might have cost me my life.

"Limekilns" is really my native village, for I have only the barest recollection of my paternal grandfather's estate at Zabelsdorf, near Stettin, since it unfortunately had to be sold when I was quite a child. But "Limekilns" and the island of Wollin are my real native land, for all my impressions of Nature, of life, and mankind, are rooted in its soil, its forests, its hills and lakes and pastures, and its inhabitants.

Didn't we Stettin Schleichs spend all our holidays with our grandparents or uncles, as though "Limekilns" were our home, and didn't we often, all the year through, migrate to the island on Saturdays (it could be reached by a delightful three-hours' voyage) in order to spend the week-end there?

A heavenly time, a wonderful childhood was ours in our island home, where in the long vacation it was no unusual thing for some dozens of grandchildren to be stowed away in the dwelling-houses, sheds, and village inns, all of which belonged to our relations. For my grandparents had begotten thirteen children, all of whom were married, and many of whom had been equally prolific—though there were "only" six in my own family. It would be impossible to give you any idea of this ant-heap of descendants of all ages, or of the din raised by all these hungry, excited, high-spirited bands, who enjoyed a freedom such as can have been vouchsafed to few children on earth. It was a regular tribal colony of "Haff islanders," completely isolated, for the time being, from all culture and civilization. We grew up like negroes, Red Indians, or gypsies. We were allowed to run loose in this beautiful world of forest and pasture, so that it was not surprising that while our elders played and sang, or eagerly debated, in the garden, the respective privileges of the sexes, or indulged in family disputes, or played cards, or talked politics, the whole noisy gang of some thirty cousins went roaming over the island, rollicking through the woods, and once attached itself to a genuine encampment of gypsies, wandering with them, eating with them, cooking at their fires, watching their dances and games, and squatting round their camp fire until late at night, without ever giving a thought to their parents, their homes, and their beds. At last, late at night, it occurred to our respected parents that they had certain family responsibilities—but, hallo! "Where has the whole tribe got to?" Then there was a great to-do in the village and about the farms, and finally a mixed expedition of men and women went forth into the woods with torches, in order to seek the young nomads; and it

was after midnight when they found them, somewhere between Mokratz and Wollin. We had all fallen asleep amidst the tents and horses, bedded on straw, under the heavenly illusion that we were the kinsfolk of the genuine gypsies, and as free as the rest of our fellow-tribesmen.

Well, on this occasion the gypsies stole no children, but as to their dealings with geese and hens and eggs I will say nothing, since for once in our lives we were their equals, and had also, without authority, "given" them such things as Grandmother's house and farm and cellar had to offer. It was no wonder that these wandering folk conceived a great affection for our village! And how pleasant it was to listen to their fiddles and harps and cymbals!

A black-eyed young man was once actually arrested by my Uncle Franz, who was the chief constable, as he was suspected of numerous thefts. His betrothed was a very young gypsy girl with whom I had often wandered hand in hand through field and forest, and once, in the woods, to the wild music of Jungo's violin, she had danced an eccentric dance, stark naked in the moonlight, before her lover and myself, without the slightest trace of embarrassment. I now helped her, by bringing a ladder, to smuggle the imprisoned Jungo's violin, with food and drink, through the barred window of his cell. After this the gypsy melodies were often to be heard in the night, and he played them with absolute mastery. Perhaps this is the reason why Sarasate's playing of the Hungarian gypsy melodies impressed me so deeply. For this gypsy romance had a tragic ending.

One night this brown Venus, returning from Jungo's window, climbed over the hedge of my uncle's garden in order to reach the open fields. Unhappily a young man who was studying forestry under my uncle was just setting out with his gun. His great mastiff, Nero, saw the gypsy girl and flew at her, savagely growling, paying no attention to his master's frantic calls. She fell to the ground, where the dog and the girl formed one confused mass. The young forester, distracted

with terror—it was said that he loved the brown girl—jerked the gun from his back, took aim at the dog, in order to save the girl from being torn to pieces, and fired three heavy buck-shot through the poor creature's heart. She died on my Uncle Franz's verandah; in the moonlight I saw the tears running down his cheeks.

After this the gypsies disappeared; except that every year, about harvest-time, an old, white-haired, blear-eyed gypsy appeared with his harp. On this very verandah he played his most melancholy airs; but if paid he would play dance-music for the young people. Was it in homage to her memory that he visited every year the place where she died her cruel death? And were the mournful strains which he played late at night, as he sat on a fallen willow, when at last the dancers had gone, dedicated to her memory?

How well I remember those romantic expeditions to the forest, the hills, and the lake! The games of "robber and princess," the pony races, the Indian fights, when the braves were equipped with feather head-dress, a belt adorned with scalps, and outlandish war-paint: the battles, and the negotiations over the pipe of peace! The furious assaults on hill-forts, the marriage feasts, the worship of idols, the torturing of prisoners! For days at a time we were genuine Red Indians, just as at other times we were a gypsy tribe, or a gang of pirates or a company of bandits!

Once, as "Unkas, the last of the Mohicans," I was bound to an oak-tree in the forest; the savage Sioux, a band of some twenty braves, hideously "tattooed" with yellow ochre, chalk, tar, and yolk of egg, fired their arrows and hurled their daggers and tomahawks at me with the most perilous enthusiasm. But Unkas endured everything with stoical equanimity! However, I thought it at first a stroke of good fortune when the whole feathered band, catching sight of a jay or what not in the undergrowth, left me and forgot the business of torturing me.

What then diverted their attention I cannot say; but the

hour grew later and later. Evening came, and night, and the forest became uncanny. I was still Unkas; my firmly bound limbs pained me; there was no possibility of freeing myself, and I might still be there, in the Stengower wood, in the form of a skeleton, had not the district forester passed that way about ten o'clock at night, and released me, with astonished compassion and most unkind laughter. I well remember my way home in the dark through the wood, which was strangely and spectrally alive. Now something crackled here, now there; now a bird shrieked; now some animal flitted swiftly through the underwood. It seemed to me that here and there luminous eyes were gazing at me from the bushes. All of a sudden everything seemed very uncanny, and I remember that I slowly groped for the horny hand of the old forester, so terrified did I feel in that impenetrable darkness. As we approached the village, of course, my parents, uncles, and aunts were at last coming out with torches to look for little Carl. And little Carl, despite the emotion of this moment of restoration, could find nothing better to do than fly at the chieftain of the Sioux, Cousin Hermann, and thrash him soundly before the eyes of all! I believe I was less enraged by the lack of consideration for my person than by the failure to play the game with proper seriousness.

These recollections of childhood! I could fill a book with them alone. Once a canary, a general favourite, had died, and we resolved to give the white-robed singer, whom we had laid in a little coffin, an imposing burial, with a proper funeral procession. Each one of the thirty boys and girls was to carry a burning candle and a wreath. The mourners were to start from the rose-garden punctually at six o'clock in the morning. All were there at the time appointed, excepting only the little six-year-old Paul. Where was he? He was nowhere to be found. We could not keep the pastor (my cousin Max Alverdes) waiting any longer; moreover, some of the ladies, who were wearing their mother's long skirts, were near fainting. The procession started. Three of us played the fiddle, and I sawed or plucked at the strings of a 'cello as I walked. We came to the

selected place of burial, a heath, which extended for several miles. Who was that sitting there, in that vast, lonely place, in which a whole army could have moved at ease: all alone, with folded hands, on a fallen tree? It was little Paul! We all rushed up to him: "But Paul, where did you hide yourself? Why did you come on ahead?" And the little fellow answered, quite solemnly: "I wanted to be sure of a good seat!"

On another occasion we were all of us—parents, grandparents, great-uncles, uncles, aunts, and cousins of every age—sitting at the incredibly large and heavily laden breakfast-table, when we heard, in the passage leading from the great entrance-hall of our grandparents' house, an indescribably lamentable childish roar, and in the background was audible the well-known voice of "Kukhans," the cowkeeper. We listened, and exchanged questioning glances: what on earth had happened? Then, with the effect of a rising curtain, the door flew open, and there, framed in it, like a tiny river-god covered from head to foot with dripping moss (or was it cowdung?) stood little Eberhard, his bedaubed fingers stiffly outspread and his face barely recognizable under its greenish coating. And "Kukhans," standing behind him in the doorway, bellowed, without regard for the modesty of the assembled females: "Well, he must keep on poking at the bull's privates from behind with a stick, so the bull just up with his tail and fair mucked him!" (To be exact, his language was much more racy.) I can still see the younger aunts and cousins springing to their feet, pressing their napkins or handkerchiefs to their mouths, and running to their rooms. Even Auntie Plinchen, the "Roman matron," the oldest of the family, and excessively prudish, was shaking with helpless laughter.

The result of this incident was that the tufted organ of the stately bull—already a familiar personality, by reason of his vocational duties—became, that morning, a sort of historical object of interest for all the members of the Küster family, for everyone wanted to have a look at the *corpora delicti.*

Then, early every morning, there was the infinitely delight-

ful journey to the sea, in traps and open waggons, which almost emptied our kinsmen's stables, even of their plough-horses, and some of us boys were allowed to ride on ponies to Misdroy, a watering-place about an hour's ride from "Lime-kilns." In the villages round about, and the watering-place itself, this cavalcade of the Küster tribe was famous, especially as my Uncle Franz, who always took the head of the pro-cession, driving a pair of magnificent and spirited blacks, and at other times strutted about in top-boots and spurs, with a riding-whip in his hand, was universally known and respected as the king or count of the island.

During the season those of us who could dance flocked to the public assemblies, and on Sundays there were excur-sions of the whole tribe, generally to the wonderful Jor-dansee to the north of Misdroy, where a mysterious woodland lake, with seven creeks, hemmed in by overhanging beech-trees and covered with masses of the most beautiful water-lilies, lies close to the coast, but about three hundred feet higher; a geological marvel, and a dream of beauty, rich in legend.

Here, in the forester's house, between the lake and the lily-pond, I have spent many gloriously happy days, both as a child and as a man. This was the scene of my fairy-tales; here, when I was a boy, my seven uncles and my grown-up cousins would sing a chorus; some on the banks of the lake, and some in boats, a magnificent family choir. My uncles Franz, Hugo, and Adolf—later the Commissioner of Woods and Forests for Upper Pomerania—had glorious tenor voices, and my Uncle August, the oldest of the Küsters, a magnificent bass. In later years I helped to support the tenors. Since we almost always sang from the printed score, under the leader-ship of Ernst Winter (a brother-in-law of my grandfather), who was the conductor of a well-known military band in Danzig, these open-air concerts were something to remember. Here I became familiar with all the compositions of Mendels-sohn, Oelschlaeger, Marschner, Kreutzer, and Abt for male

choirs, and tried my own hand at writing quartets for male voices.

Our chief delight, of course, was the sea-bathing, sailing, and rowing; we bathed every morning, and the rougher the sea the more we enjoyed ourselves. Unforgettable, too, were the great flounder breakfasts at Uncle Schreckhaase's—he was Aunt Ottilie's husband—when our plates were piled high with this finest of all smoked fish. Even in those days the liberality of our kinsfolk during the summer months must have entailed a considerable drain on their purses. I look back with genuine grief on the crab, eel, and bean breakfasts in my grandfather's house, when a bath-tub full of crabs could be had for a few shillings, and the farm provided so many eggs that a dish of a hundred scrambled eggs was by no means unusual; to say nothing of the rolls and cup-cakes and tarts and cream and other delicacies which were pressed upon us.

But the quantities of almonds and raisins and sugar and what not which we stole, like a genuine band of gypsies, through a hole in the window of Grandmother's store-room, were simply incredible. Naturally our knight-errantries and military expeditions called for supplies, if the warriors were to be kept in good spirits, but we perhaps exceeded the limits of our just requirements when with a great bucketful of yolk of egg and sugar we made, for the whole thirty of us, the golden egg-flip that is said to be so good for the voice!

To be sure, my grandfather, though originally a simple farmer's son and fisherman, was a prosperous and even a wealthy man. Thanks to a combination of good luck and genius, he traced the source of the chalk of which fragments were found on his little farm, found a great deposit of it under his land, bought the surrounding fields, and acquired the mineral rights. A great pit was dug, and a huge kiln was built, with hundreds of little furnace-mouths, from which the tall pillars of fire shot romantically upwards at night; innumerable lime-sheds, cart-sheds, and drying-floors stood in rows; a colony of smithies, coopers' shops, and timberyards slowly

edged its way between the sheds and stables; and in the direction of the Vietziger See a little harbour came into being, closely thronged with yachts and the lighters for transporting the lime.

All the boats in this harbour were at our disposal for races or naval engagements, and a railway-track, with dozens of little trucks, led from the quarry to the quayside. Here, in short, was a collection of workshops of all kinds, a very El Dorado for children frantic to be doing something; it might have been especially created for them. I can remember dozens of different types of smiths, coopers, furnace-men, labourers, firemen, and all manner of countryfolk, so that I could describe them minutely to this day.

There was the cooper with the ironical name of "Cash"; ironical, for he was hump-backed, and had sold his body, after his death, to my Uncle Ernst, a Marburg surgeon, who was subsequently the head surgeon of the Augusta Hospital; a worldly-wise, mocking gnome; there was the well-loved cooper Gehm, the father of my nurse, who sang so beautifully as he wielded his adze; and the bow-legged, weather-beaten "Captain" Yech, who steered his yacht through the channels of the Haff with the tenderness of a lover; who decades later, when I asked him if he recognized me, replied with another question: "How's the old gentleman?" for he had an almost romantic affection for my father, whom he often accompanied on his "moth and duck" hunts. Above all, there was the village blacksmith, Krause, a veritable genius, who by sheer intuition had duplicated Meyer's achievement of enunciating the law of the conservation of energy, and the discoveries of Lister and Bergmann in respect of the aseptic treatment of wounds. More than once, as the black-bearded smith pounded at his anvil until the sparks flew out all round him, he said to me: "Now you look, my boy, as I weld the hot iron with my hammer I am making the sparks fly. Some of them fly through the open window, into the street, and some fall on the ground, where the corn is growing. They help to

heat the roots of the corn, and the warmth runs up the stalk to the ear, and helps to ripen it, and the grain is ground to flour, and makes my bread, and the bread, with its energy, goes into my muscles, and then again back into the hammer and the glowing iron. Everything in the world goes in circles, always out and back again. Everything goes in circles!" Where in later years did I hear such thoughts praised as the greatest of German ideas? Why, from Meyer and Helmholtz, and it was said that the great Helmholtz had taken the idea from Meyer. Yet Carl Krause, the Wollin blacksmith, had long before thought it out for himself. But he was no publicist, and his only audience consisted of feather-brained children. Nor was he ever an accredited teacher of surgery or biology; yet he devised a method of treating all the wounds of the neighbouring villagers on the most up-to-date lines, and this at a time when no one troubled about antisepsis, much less asepsis. He always washed the wounds with water from his smithy bucket, which he had made reasonably aseptic by plunging white-hot iron into it. He was famed for his complete success in the treatment of wounds, and was accordingly derided by his more learned but less intelligent colleagues on the island.

But the most original personality in the village was undoubtedly my grandfather Ludwig Küster himself, who, quite single-handed, had built up this great enterprise, which absorbed the energies of several generations, and might easily, had he possessed rather greater financial talents, have amassed an enormous fortune.

But in his idealism and his strict regard for justice he was not unlike my grandfather Schleich. For both men it was enough to live in comfort and give their children the best education obtainable; they cared nothing for heaping up capital. Ludwig Küster, whom I knew up to his eightieth year (he died in 1874), was a man of medium stature, with clean-shaven, classic features, a high forehead, naturally waving hair, and large, bright blue eyes. Under great energy

and a masterful character slumbered the most sensitive kindliness and an intense love of children, by which we benefited greatly. How often we would sit round him, dozens of grandchildren, boys and girls, by the great tile stove, beside the throne of our great-uncle Johannes, the blind giant, who lived on his brother's charity, and listen to hair-raising stories of French officers who had disappeared without leaving a trace, or of the ghosts and bogies that haunted the farms! He had an especially warm corner of his heart for me, so my mother told me; for he used to say: "Constance, I tell you that boy will make something of himself!"

His was a steadfast character, and there was at times a certain Promethean defiance in his manner. I remember that once, when for a fortnight a contrary wind had blown, so that his barges could not sail—which meant a serious loss to his business—he angrily snatched his gun from the wall and rushed out of the house. With fear and amazement we followed the angrily cursing man, and watched him as he fired twice—at the weathercock, and then, growling, with distorted features, at the clouds. I thought he was trying to kill God Almighty, and when I asked him, timidly, as we returned to the house: "Grandfather, whom were you shooting at up there?" he growled, savagely, "At *him*!"

How proud I felt when, on the occasion of another great storm, I saw him waiting for us at the entrance of the channel into the Vietziger See! A number of hay-barges had been capsized by a terrific squall, and many men and women were thrown into the water. From all parts of the great lake boats put out to rescue them. Our own boat, a white long-boat for eight rowers, manned entirely by his grandsons, shot ahead of them all, and we rescued an old farmer and two of his grandchildren. The girls were sitting astride the overturned boat; the old man lay benumbed in the water, holding on to the rudder with failing strength. As we returned to the harbour we saw Grandfather standing on the extreme end of the landing-stage, and I shall never forget my feeling of pride as he

responded to our "Hurrah!" by a silent and prolonged military salute. At this our oldest cousin, Max Alverdes, cried: "Attention! Present oars!" They flew up into the air, while the boat glided into the harbour to the sound of our: "Hurrah, Grandfather!" Then he shook each of us by the hand, and spoke no more of the incident; he wanted to emphasize the fact that such actions should be regarded as a matter of course.

It was his greatest delight to watch us children at play, and our parents have often told us how impatiently he would number the leaves of the calendar to the beginning of the holidays, when his whole family would swarm into his houses, inspect his stables, and romp through his works like a little nation of nomads—and all of his flesh and blood.

My grandmother was an extremely plump old lady, who had enjoyed but the simplest education: a shrewd countrywoman with an extensive knowledge of human nature and a keen eye for life: she seldom left her armchair, in which she sat knitting from morning to night, but she seemed to be able to watch all our pranks from her window. If we became too unruly in her beloved garden she would open her window and scold us: "Boys, will you get out of my red dendron (rhododendron)!" or: "Don't you go smashing my nazaleas!" One of her daughters was called Natalie, and she thought the azaleas must have been named after her. There were some of us who laughed too loudly to please her: "Good heavens, that boy will bawl me into the grave!" She was stricter with us than our grandfather was. When he began to fail a little she would constantly ask us to be quieter. "Let them alone, Mother, the children! That's music to me!" She was often rather obstinate and irritable, and when she was really vexed she had an excellent method, of which I have inherited something. When she was angry she simply went to bed for some days, locked herself in, and refused to speak to anyone. We often saw Grandfather, like a pilgrim to St. Just's, knock in vain for admittance to their common bedroom: "Mother! Open the door! I want to get

my gun!"—"I don't care if you do!"—"Mother, for God's sake! I just want to come in for a moment!"—"Go out into the yard!"

Once the Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm, later the invalid Kaiser Friedrich, the father of the most unfortunate of all emperors, was a visitor to Misdroy in the bathing-season. He expressed the desire to see over my grandfather's works. It was arranged that he would come to the house for afternoon coffee, and Grandfather warned Grandmother not to chatter about her children as she usually did on such occasions; such exalted personages would not be interested in family gossip. His Royal Highness came and was received with due respect. My grandfather's warning was not superfluous, for when he was called out, as he so often was, by the foreman of the kilns, on account of some hitch in the firing, and the Prince was left alone with Grandmother for ten minutes, he returned to hear her saying, eagerly, "And what do you think of my thirteenth?" It had been too much for her; in five minutes she had recited a brief epitome of the family history. The exalted personage is said to have been greatly amused. Grandfather, however, was horrified, and wagged an admonishing finger at her.

My great-uncle Johannes lived in my grandfather's house. He was ninety years of age, and almost blind; once a lighterman, his only joys were smoking his pipe and ringing the bell for the workers to knock off. Only once in his old age did he rise from his deep armchair: in order to make his way to the quarry, when he heard that I, then some six years of age, had got stuck on the face of the quarry wall, half-way between heaven and earth. In defiance of orders I had been climbing the cliff, followed by one of the waggoners, and our foothold had fallen away beneath us. How the blind old man, with the intuitive clairvoyance of love, saved our lives, I have told in my novel, *Charli.*

Great-uncle Johannes was an original. Enthroned in his armchair beside the great tile stove, he looked on at the world through a comforting cloud of tobacco-smoke, and

expressed his judgment on events in laconic, proverb-like utterances. "Great-uncle, will it rain again to-day?"—"If it keeps as it is it probably won't!"—"Great-uncle, what will the weather be like to-morrow?"—"The weather's always the same for a bit. Most times it's the same to-morrow as to-day. But it's often different!"

"Brother Ludwig! You ought to get the corn brought in!"—"Why do you think that?"—"Well, when one has looked on for thirty years as I've done you know many things by the feel that you can't see with the eyes!"

Once upon a time the French had invaded the home of my grandfather and great-grandfather, and billeted themselves there. Grandfather often showed me where they landed from the Haff—just where a magnificent forest of beech and oak runs down to the shore from Wolgast; the very spot where the body of Gustavus Adolphus was brought ashore after the battle of Lützen, in the course of the weird and mournful return voyage to Sweden by way of Wollin. The French officers had been given quarters in the old house. General Lefebvre had spent the night there, and many of his signed orders and notes as to reprisals and requisitions were still lying about the place, and were sometimes employed for the basest of purposes.

One day a young lieutenant who had been quartered here was missing at the hour of coffee-drinking. He was found stark naked, sabre in hand, in the wardrobe in his bedroom, with money, weapons, and equipment all untouched, and the window shut. I myself have seen the document, signed by General Lefebvre and Burgomaster Haushalter of Wollin, in which it is stated that proceedings in respect of the alleged crime had been abandoned, since there was no proof that such had been committed, the post-mortem examination having revealed no evidence of a crime. This room was nailed up and sealed; no one was allowed to enter it; which did not prevent some of us boys—I am afraid at my instigation—from boring a hole in the door, through which I, of course, saw cobwebs

and a skeleton hand, which I must have suggested to my accomplices, since they all saw it "quite plainly."

A peculiar souvenir of the French occupation has survived on the island, and in Lower Pomerania, in the wording of a toast. To this day, when drinking, men will touch glasses or mugs, and solemnly repeat the words, without ever considering what they mean: "Prost! General Knusemong!" My mother was able to explain the origin of this drinking custom: in 1807 the Pomeranians had heard the Frenchmen saying to their commanding officers: "Mon général! Ce que nous aimons!" From this the popular ear had derived "General Knusemong." For that matter, there was a numbering game on the island in which an obvious reminiscence of the French invasion was preserved:

Lembolo, lemboli,
Sanfte Mode tipperi
Tipperi di Kolibri.
Ong, dong, dreo, katt,
Katt mokt sich de Näf' nich natt,
Juckt dat Fell und juckt de Leber,
Kümmt Napolon un Lefèbre!

We delighted in the romantic flavour of our games round the camp-fire in the open air, and in the wonderful tales of the furnace-hands at night, beside the great furnace-doors, where we crouched, shuddering with delight, and ignited chemical mixtures, and gunpowder, and Bengal fires, or perhaps watched the adders we had killed sputtering in their own fat. I personally arranged for surgical consultations and operations, when my cousins had to come to me with little tumours of sealing-wax or stearine, which I, as the surgeon, equipped with Grandmother's horn-rimmed spectacles, removed with the instruments borrowed from an old instrument-case of my father's. "Don't be afraid, my operations are perfectly painless!" And indeed I removed these pseudo-tumours under conditions of complete anaesthesia.

I was reminded of this childish game when Count Zeppelin once remarked: "You are quite right, our childish longings are decisive in respect of the so-called great achievements of later life. As a boy I bought as many red balloons as I could get, and tied them together, and weighted them with paper in order to obtain a floating equilibrium. I didn't succeed in doing that, but all the same, I invented the 'Zeppelin'!"

I must record one more event before I bid farewell to this wonderful chain of memories of "Limekilns" and all its beloved inhabitants: namely, the celebration of my grandparents' golden wedding. Kitchen and cellar could hardly hold all the good things provided: whole hampers of provisions, crockery, plates, and dishes, and glasses were carried in; for weeks beforehand there was a great slaughtering and smoking and roasting, since it was necessary to provide for a festival at which well over a hundred persons would be present, and which would continue for several days. A huge lime-shed was cleared of all its drying-floors, and transformed, by means of pine-boughs, garlands, and vases of flowers, into a banqueting-hall, from whose roof more than a dozen candelabra were suspended, with hundreds of stearine lamps. Several rows of long tables were spread with snow-white linen. A large stage was erected, with all the technical equipment for musical and dramatic performances. And here there was an actual contest between the two chief poets of the family, my eldest uncle, August Küster, the Landgerichtsrat of Stettin, and my mother, whom we had always teased a little on account of her poetical tastes. We youngsters declared that all her poems were followed by the words: "To be recited only by the light of Bengal fires." She had enough humour to be the first to laugh at such jests. Here, however, she came out of the contest beaming, as became the victor. While the other family poets confined themselves to such hackneyed figures of romance as the local nixies, water-sprites, mine-goblins, and the like, she had the delightful idea of presenting before her father (who was extremely fond

of card-playing, and had zealously taught his sons and sons-in-law and grandchildren to play, so that there should always be a third player available for a game of skat) a ballet of his own grandchildren, dressed as the various cards of the pack, each card having an appropriate verse to speak.

It must have been delightful suddenly to see these thirty-two children dealing themselves out, as it were, on the stage, shuffling themselves, and arranging themselves in a tableau. The children who represented the picture-cards were dressed above the waist in the appropriate costume, as king, queen, knave, and maid of honour, the lower half of the card being represented by a coloured placard on which the upper half was depicted upside down. Appropriately dressed children's heads peeped over the top of the eights, nines, tens, etc. Each child spoke his little verse. I was King of Hearts, and my sister Clara, a very pretty child, the Queen. In the end we all gathered close together, and in a carefully practised pirouette, to the music of all the bands of Wollin and Swinemünde, we spread ourselves out like a hand of cards held fanwise.

Never did poetess experience a greater triumph than my mother that evening. Grandfather sobbed incessantly, and kissed the poetess over and over again, saying: "You're the best of them all!" Uncle August himself owned outright that he was beaten. "Yes, indeed!" he said, "when anyone hits on such an enchanting idea!" It was a glorious day, though it had opened badly; for that morning we boys were romping through the kitchen when Ulrich Küster, our harum-scarum cousin, unhappily fell heels over head into a huge pan which was filled to the brim with freshly whipped cream. We stood there flabbergasted, until the cook, realizing the impossibility of returning all the precious snow to the pan, in view of the by no means irreproachable state of our beloved Ulrich's hide, left us to clean the poor fellow after our own fashion. For that matter, he himself did his best to absorb the adherent cream.

It was many years before I saw "Limekilns" again. I was then a student. All was different. Yet the swallows twittered in the village as of old. My Uncle Hugo, on inheriting it, had to sell the whole property, since the slump in the market for lime had apparently destroyed the value of the quarry, and now he who had always entertained us youngsters so royally, and had romped as wildly as any of us, was living in a lonely farmhouse. He had become a philosopher. My other uncle, Konrad, the well-known Geheimrat, a reformer in many different domains, and a physician, like his ripe and learned brother Ernst, my particular chum, had always been well disposed to me, and even to-day the longing to better humanity is a bond between us. Since he attempted to reform even religion, my witty father gave him the nickname of "Jesus Küster."

Many a time I have set out from Misdroy or Swinemünde on a pilgrimage to the scenes of my happy boyhood, where every spot whispered of beloved memories, and have wandered to the cliff overlooking the Haff, where I could wish one day to rest for ever in my native soil. Of all those I loved only my old Uncle Hugo is left; with the heart of a young champion of the ideal, German to the backbone. He lives now in the house of his long-dead brother Franz, which once rang to the music of our youthful gatherings, and harvest homes, and family feasts! But the old life has vanished, crumbled into dust! Like Vineta, that lies beneath the sea not far away, the paradise of youth has sunk into the ocean of the irrecoverable. On such pilgrimages to my home the loveliest memories will suddenly emerge like the fragments of golden amber which the sea throws up in greeting from the treasury of youthful happiness.

CHAPTER IV

MY FATHER

ON my desk a portrait stands: a leonine head. A waving mane of hair covers the neck. The eye is mournful, as though longing for home. There is melancholy in those weathered features. In his old age there was something strangely leonine about my father's head. (He was in his eighty-fifth year when he died in 1907.) On the upholstered ends of the sofa in my consulting-room are two finely carved lions' heads. Once, when a three-year-old grand-daughter of my father's came to see us—she was then living in his house in Stettin—she at once began, as a child will, to make a general inspection of my belongings. As she stood with her little legs a-straddle before one of the lions' heads, she raised her hands in astonishment, and stroked it, saying, with touching tenderness: "O papa!"

Every inhabitant of Stettin recognized my father by the fact that his white muffler divided the thicket of his hair into two halves, for its dark waves protruded beneath the lower edge of the loosely wound silk. Not this mane alone was leonine, nor the deeply thoughtful, finely chiselled, though not especially refined features, nor the rather too strong and massive nose, nor the wide, full mouth, with the lips a little narrowed by age, but above all the expression of the eyes, with their deeply wrinkled lids, a certain look of sorrowing over this "world of tears," the deep radiating furrows running from the forehead to the root of the nose, the plaintive horizontal lines over the bushy eyebrows, and the picturesque insertion of the mane-like hair, rising like a Promethean flame from the dome of the mighty forehead, gave this venerable head, especially in old age, a peculiar look of power. Yet he had the softest heart, that seemed to be always, as it were, singing to itself a song of compassion; the light that

shone from his warm, blue-grey eyes, which could look so majestically wrathful, told us that they understood everything and forgave everything.

My first memories of my father are associated, as I suppose those of all children are, with the paradise of the world of toys. I see a tall, slender man with a wealth of black hair laying a yellow papier-mâché camel on my sick-bed, and bending over me to stroke my forehead. But myself I see trampling and shouting and running up and down the room, the whip for my eight (!) bitted and bridled little horses (which ran on wheels) in my hand, greatly exercised in my mind, because the row of chairs which constituted my State coach was not equipped, on the off side, with the tubular leather whip-rest which I had so greatly admired on the box beside Hildebrand, my father's coachman. Meanwhile, as I afterwards learned, my good father had been scouring the city in order to obtain a ready-made "whip-hole," as I seem to have called the greatly coveted gadget, from a saddler's, toyshop, or livery stables. In vain! I must needs fill the hours which were lavished on this search for a handful of air surrounded by leather with paroxysms of weeping, which upset the whole household, until even my mother's tears were flowing. At last my rescuer, having abandoned his professional duties, appeared in the doorway, brandishing the passionately desired symbol of my status as coachman.

It was then my one ambition to become a coachman, and if possible a coachman with a stunted right thumb, like that of Hildebrand, my ideal. My mother has told me that at this time my father rarely returned from his professional rounds without bringing me a new whip, which I, in my childish passion for destruction, wore out in the course of the day. He thought too much of giving me pleasure; he should rather have broken one of the whips on me!—I have still an amusing portrait of myself as I was then, a plump little fellow in Scottish tartan, a dictatorial-looking driver, with the butt of my coach-whip resting on the floor. I can recollect another example of my

I WANTED TO BE A COACHMAN

father's incredible kindness. It was Christmas. For my brother and myself the supreme Christmas present was a great papier-mâché lion which moved by clockwork. The lion, which was almost the size of a poodle, on being wound up would run across the room with the most terrifying roar; only at the threshold did he check in his stiff desert gallop.

The first thing that occurred to our childish imaginations was to organize a lion-hunt, with all the refinements of stalking the beast from our very restricted cover under the sofa. Our weapons consisted of a table-knife and fork, which we had secretly abstracted from Mother's sideboard, and a great wooden pestle was a further protection against any undue importunities on the part of the lion. He roared, and as though at the word of command came rolling towards us over the smooth boards; a whistled signal, and we fell upon him like heroes, with pestle, carving-knife, and fork! He fell suddenly silent, and tumbled over; deep, dangerous wounds gaped in his soft sides.

We decided upon an immediate post-mortem, and were rummaging in his entrails when the door opened, and my father saw with astonishment what we had done. Then he said, with profound melancholy: "And the poor beast cost thirty talers!" A few taps on the head were all our punishment. Then the three of us, at Father's instigation, in order that we might at least derive some profit from the catastrophe, began to inquire into the physiology of the beast's movements, and its leonine roar. It would have been all to the good if we two rascals had received a much more exemplary punishment for this treacherous murder! Respect for living creatures has to be forcibly impressed upon us; in the natural man it is all but lacking. For the rest, it may be remarked, in mitigation, that the instinct to "open" playthings and mechanisms is innate in almost every boy. The little girl's character is quite different; she is more conservative and merciful in such matters.

But oh, those Christmas festivals! We could hardly sleep for delight. Once, in the depth of the night, having long lain

awake in joyful anticipation, I got out of bed and slipped into the drawing-room, where all our treasures were set out, in order at least to feel them in the dark. Creeping on tiptoe to the table on which they lay, and delicately passing my fingers over the boxes of bricks and conjuring-tricks, the engines and electrical apparatus, I heard a rustling under the table, behind the long damask table-cloth. It was my brother Ernst, brought thither by the same longing. "Pst! I've got here already! We'll have a light and play with the things!"

My father must have regarded the provision of appropriate toys as a most important means of education. He simply overwhelmed me with all such products of the toy industry as might be expected to arouse a boy's imagination. Boxes of conjuring-tricks, several large toy theatres, with innumerable sheets of scenery, and figures representing the actors in great historical events (these to be cut out by ourselves), humming and whistling tops, model steamships, electrical apparatus, and whole armies of tin soldiers were ours.

And my father, who had happily retained something of the child's play-instinct, would squat on the floor beside us, his long black hair falling in strands over his face, pottering about and making with corrosive acids the spots on floor-boards and carpets which Mother had strictly prohibited. He would scrabble to and fro beside us, pasting paper on great kite-frames, from which we gradually evolved gigantic butterflies which called for balls of string as big as a man's head, and were flown on the great drill-ground of Stettin, outside the Berlin Gate. "Hospital Fred," my father's factotum in his famous eye clinic, was the only person who could hold these hovering giants—which looked so tiny overhead—against the wind. There were now, of course, mass pilgrimages on to the kite-flying ground, whole families turning up.

On Sundays, too, the six of us, Mother included, would pack ourselves into the big doctor's carriage, and drive to some swampy, butterfly-haunted neighbourhood in the

environs of Stettin, unless we went on Saturday evening by the paddle-steamer to Wollin, to the tribal stronghold of my maternal grandparents, "Limekilns." Zabelsdorf, a big estate near Stettin, on which my father was born, was another objective of such "moth-hunts." For my father was a well-known entomologist. The fame of the lepidopterists is always international, since each country possesses only a few of the rare smaller butterflies, but they are all in close touch with one another, for they are constantly exchanging specimens.

My father had made a collection of more than 10,000 specimens of the smaller lepidoptera for the Stettin museum, and among them a number of species first discovered and described by himself. Science had to thank him for the detection of a wonderful instinct which these little creatures reveal in mating; he showed that they possess a sense of smell of incredible subtlety. Once, on one of his excursions, he found a little white butterfly which no one had hitherto described, and jubilantly drove home with it and us. It was a good three hours' drive. The little kidnapped snow-white princess was safely bestowed in a tall tin canister, filled with foliage, which my father placed between the cross-bars of a double window, where she was left for the night. Next morning the whole outer frame of the window was covered with dozens of white butterflies; they had divined the whereabouts of the beloved, although she was many miles away. What a marvellous instinct! This observation was subsequently fully confirmed by other observers.

The brotherhood of butterfly-collectors is a community of originals of like characteristics. No passion produces such similarity of type as that of the lepidopterists. Their enthusiasm for this fascinating world of winged creatures, resplendent with gold and silver and silken dyes, is so primitive that the theft of rare specimens seems to be tacitly permitted. We boys, when visiting my father's entomological colleagues, who had often come from distant parts of the globe, had our detective faculties abnormally developed; we held our tongues and kept

absolute confidence which he inspired. How many unhappy people he reconciled by his wisdom and humour!

One day a Stettin physician paid him an official visit and requested him, as president of the Medical Association, to take energetic proceedings against Virchow, who had presumed to tell him, the complainant, to his face: "Stettin has the monopoly of the stupidest physicians!"—"But that's terrible!" said my father, twinkling. "Of course, something has got to be done. There is only one difficulty. Wouldn't it be dangerous to take legal proceedings against him? Consider, now—you and I certainly don't reckon ourselves to be among the stupidest, but imagine, if a statistical inquiry were held, and it really came out that we were, in comparison, the greatest asses—shouldn't we be the first to be blamed?"—"Yes, I see that," said the aggrieved man, and he abandoned the idea of legal proceedings. Anyone who knew Virchow as well as my father knew him knew also that Virchow would never have said such a thing unless he had been pestered and annoyed.

And since I am speaking of Virchow, I must relate a further example of my father's ready wit. He asked his former fellow-student, the great Rudolf Virchow: "What do you really think of my son Carl?"—"Well, you know," Virchow replied, "he has made a very good impression on me; in three years he has never asked me for anything!"—"Ah," said my father, "that's why he hasn't got a post yet!"—Virchow nodded, saying: "I'm afraid you are quite right, but one tries first of all to get rid of the fellow who sits on one's coat-tails. That's unjust, but it's such a relief to get rid of a suitor!" However, soon after this Virchow offered me a post in the Biological Institute of Naples, under Anton Dohrn. How gladly I would have accepted! But my father advised me to decline the offer.

My father was in close touch with Albrecht von Graefe, the greatest oculist of all times, whose genius, according to my father's estimate, had restored the blessing of sight to ten thousand persons blinded by cataract. In him, his friend and teacher, he saw a kind of Christ; even the beautiful portrait of

Graefe that adorns my surgery reminds one of this ideal figure. Beside the portraits of Virchow, Wilms, and Helmholtz, above my desk, hangs that of my father. My early childhood was spent beneath the eyes of these heroes.

With Graefe my father paid several visits to Heiden in Switzerland, and he had wonderful things to relate of the hot-headed young fellow. He was like a man drunken with ideas; and at the age of twenty-three, when he was in Vienna, he wrote a letter to Helmholtz (which I myself have seen in the home of my honoured friend Ellen von Siemens, Helmholtz's daughter) in which he foretold all that he hoped to accomplish by means of the ophthalmoscope, which Helmholtz had just invented. At this time Graefe was already a mathematical celebrity. My father could not speak too highly of his genius. Once, at a medical congress, during the discussion of an address, he suddenly thought out and suggested one of the most valuable operations on the iris, amidst the enthusiastic applause of his colleagues. When questioned by Dieffenbach, during an examination for which my father and Graefe sat together, the young man extemporized such fascinating, almost visionary medical problems, that little Dieffenbach, still gaping in astonishment at the tall, slender speaker, wandered round the room and whispered to the other examiners: "My boys, you just watch that fellow; he'll be something quite out of the common one day!"

My father's eyes used to glisten when he spoke of this founder of modern ophthalmology, and his voice would be tremulous with affection and admiration. Once he was returning late at night from Wilms's house, after the latter had been showing to his friends the posthumous works of Graefe's father, who had preceded Dieffenbach and Langenbeck in the direction of the surgical clinic in the Ziegelstrasse. As he was crossing one of the bridges he met Graefe, who was rushing along, as was his habit, with his black cloak waving behind him and his brigand's hat jammed over his eyes. Even in the darkness there was no mistaking

him.—"Good God, Graefe! Where do you come from—where are you going?"—"I'm glad I've met you; I operated this morning, for cataract, on a Roumanian ratcatcher. I felt so abominably restless, I couldn't sleep. I must go and have a look at his eye. Come along with me!"—and he stormed along to the Steglitzer Strasse, where in those days only two or three houses were standing. They went up several flights of stairs and entered a garret. By the light of a candle he turned back the bandage over the eyes, and with a sight of relief examined the transparent cornea. "It's doing well," he said, and at the poor man's bedside, in the dead of night, he treated my father to a long lecture, a discussion of the problem why wounds of the eye generally heal so readily (it is still a problem to-day). "It is as well, for Nature and God Almighty look through the eye into the heart," he concluded. "Well, now we'll knock up Dressel and drink a bottle of sparkling Romanée to the health of the ratcatcher!"—Since then sparkling Romanée, which I christened *Lacrima Grafii*, has always been my favourite wine on festive occasions.

In the year 1864 Graefe was a guest in my father's house during the historic conference of biologists, at which Darwin, Haeckel, and Virchow were the mutually hostile protagonists. I, alas, who was only five years of age, was not even aware of this earth-shaking event, since I was lying unconscious in the grip of meningitis. My father had given me up. Graefe sat often beside my bed, shaking his head and stroking my forehead. I was told that on the third day I suddenly came to myself, seized Graefe by the long, coal-black beard, and asked, quite amicably: "Well, what sort of a person are you?"

Graefe sprang to his feet and called through the doorway: "Schleich! I tell you, man, he's saved!" Was it Graefe's hand that had beckoned me back? He could certainly work miracles. Perhaps the "lost day" of which I have spoken, the mystery of my life, was not unconnected with this attack, which followed a magnificent display of classical tableaux, illuminated by

Bengal fires, in Töpfer's Park. The roots of such problems lie deep. Perhaps I was in a state of twilight consciousness.

As a young man, my father had known the great Virchow intimately. Together with Carl Reinhard, they had spent many a convivial evening. It was in 1848. The Revolution had just broken out. Virchow, in frantic haste, rushed into my father's study (he was then a surgeon-major's aide in the Prussian service). "Schleich, have you any weapons?"—"Only this old gun and a rusty sabre!"—"Out with them! Off to the barricade!" And he was gone.

My father, during the fighting in the Alexanderplatz, was on duty in the Linienstrasse hospital, and there, with the best intentions, but against orders, he had received and treated wounded civilians, with the result that the surgeon-general raved at him and placed him under arrest. He never got on well with generals. After the Danish campaign he saw, during a parade, a certain generalissimo who had been severely wounded, and whom he had managed to patch up again, slowly riding towards him. With an impulse of purely human delight he went up to the general without saluting, expecting a cordial word of thanks. But he got more than he bargained for. "Sir! What are you thinking of! *Kreuzdonnerwetter!* Stand at attention, will you!"

My father never forgot his experiences of the Prussian army; for the people of Stettin he was always, to the day of his death, "the red Schleich." When two of his sons-in-law, who were officers, began to be something of an expense to him, he even proposed to write a pamphlet: "The Tragedy of a Father-in-law in the Prussian Army." But he got no further than the intention.

Even when we were children he brought us up on Goethe, who was for him the supreme poet. I well remember how I revelled in his Goethe library when I was a gymnasiast. It was almost complete. He had all the biographies, German and foreign, and innumerable commentaries, including a very remarkable commentary of Carl Löwe's on the Second Part

of *Faust*; and he obtained all the annuals, etc., as they came out. It is not surprising that my friends should often wonder at my knowledge of Goethe. It was fascinating to hear my father speak of the great poet. He once said that he would go round the world on foot if he could have two hours with Goethe.

He was also very fond of Byron and Bulwer Lytton; he translated some of their work, and he published a version of Bulwer Lytton's "Egyptian Mysteries." He translated also the whole of Emerson and Smiles. He liked to read the Bible in an old Dutch version, and often referred to the original *naïveté* of its comfortable idiom. I have still stacks of his manuscript translations. His style was fluent and vigorous. His letters, some of which I have shown to eminent writers, were in their opinion little masterpieces. His minute handwriting reveals the steady hand of the ophthalmic surgeon.

A great lover of literature, in his later years he frowned on the writings of his own son; not because he despised them, but because he was afraid I might abandon medicine and become a writer. I was to be a doctor, and nothing else, because he, cherishing the memory of Graefe and Wilms and Virchow, had promised himself, and expected, tremendous things of my modest talent. Only when I had done my best for his beloved medicine did he begin to listen to my poems; before this he refused to hear of them. If I spoke to him of my vocation as poet the expression of his eyes was so infinitely melancholy that I always ended such scenes with an affectionate embrace: "Well, never mind, Father; I'll stick to medicine!" I could not bear that mournful look of his. Once, when I assured August Strindberg that after my father's death I was able to write more comfortably and easily, the great mystic said, simply: "Of course! He has seen that. He releases you!"

In medical matters, after my invention of local anaesthesia and various medical preparations, he backed me up eagerly and smoothed the way for me. No doubt in his excusable paternal pride he rather overshot the mark, which naturally

irritated some of his Stettin colleagues, so that some good souls, greatly concerned for my welfare, whispered that I must try to prevent my father from blowing my trumpet so loudly. I silenced them rudely by exclaiming: "If my discoveries can't survive my parents' affection they can go to the devil!" My dear mother too was such an offender in this respect that I once teased her by saying: "Mother, you are like a nightingale sitting on top of a hoarding, who can sing nothing but the praises of her son. You must sing another tune sometimes!"

My father was a witness of that extraordinary incident at the meeting of the Surgical Society in 1894, at which eight hundred German surgeons showed me to the door because I had expounded my method of painless operation! I have described this deplorable scene at length, and without mincing my words, in another chapter.

When I left the hall, speechless with indignation, the only person who followed me was—my father. I was so afraid of meeting his embarrassed gaze that my heart seemed to be beating in my throat. But when he came down the steps leading from the hall with a smile of satisfaction on his face, and cried out to me: "Of course, those fellows are crazy!" we were both overcome by such an explosive fit of hilarity that we had to cheer ourselves up yet further with a bottle of sparkling Romanée at Hiller's. From this time onwards he wrote a number of polemical pamphlets, in such a savage, swash-buckling style that if I had published one of them we should certainly have found ourselves in prison.

His position in Stettin was that of a focus of intellectual life. Very few people were immune to his influence. His superiority was ungrudgingly admitted, for the edge of his exceptional intellect was softened by the greatest humanity and benevolence. To hear him speak in public was an event; few were insensible to the effect of his gentle voice and the profundity of his thought.

Born in an age when Stettin was, intellectually speaking, a little Weimar, where Löwe, Oelschlaeger, Giesebrecht, Calo,

Schmidt, and Zitelmann were active in their several spheres, he maintained the tradition of this circle of eminent men, and brought with him a breath of the old brilliant atmosphere.

One may ask why such a man should have remained tied down in a provincial town? The question is easily answered. He did not feel confident that he had the dynamic energy to do his work in the main current of life; and perhaps he was just a little lacking in the creative imagination that leads to decisive achievements. But he was always quite a match for the so-called celebrities of the capital. Of this I will give only one example.

In a difficult case he consulted the great Frerichs. After the consultation the old fox expressed his opinion of the patient and the state of her health: "Yes, my dear colleague, this is just a hysteria in the physical condition of the brain!" My father replied, quite unperturbed: "So you too are unable to diagnose it!"

Moreover, my father had perhaps too little ambition to work for a great career in Berlin, where Wilms, Graefe, Virchow, Langenbeck, and others would have furthered his advancement. Perhaps, too, he loved his home too well, and was happy to live within reach of Zabelsdorf, his father's lost estate, which the city of Stettin has recently bought for a million marks. Here he was born, and here he may have felt that he was within reach of all the places consecrated by the memory of his childhood. So he preferred to be one of the first in Stettin rather than one of the second-best in Berlin.

He lived to become the venerable sage of Stettin. Those who knew him will bear witness that I have said too little rather than too much.

I have known two really great men in my life; one was my best friend, August Strindberg; the other was my father.

On his tombstone in the great Stettin cemetery stand the words: *Terminus vitae sed non amoris.*—The boundary-stone of life, but not of love.

CHAPTER V

UNCLE BOYSEN, THE PRINCE OF DENMARK

IF a memoir is no more than a review of reflected images, which have survived, in the biographer's mind, in an especially vivid and plastic form, many of them preserved, perhaps, by that most precious fixative of psychic photography —gratitude—then this series of images must needs include a figure which seems inseparable from the image of my father, and indeed from the whole of my life up to 1906: the figure of Uncle Boysen.

He was a colleague of my father's in Stettin, our family uncle-doctor, a physician who for years had worked beside my father; his best friend, and a man of such originality as one finds only in provincial towns. He was the Dioscuros of my father; a broad-breasted man of imposing stature and extraordinarily proud bearing, with the great, powerful hands of a Frisian peasant. He had the head of a Viking, with finely-chiselled features, and bright blue eyes; in short, he was such a figure as might have emerged from a saga, every inch of him Nordic. His head was surrounded by an always well-groomed thatch of curly hair, which was reddish-yellow in his youth, but in later years it had the delicate golden-grey of old gilt filigree. A Lohengrin beard framed the bold, open, powerful face. He seemed a man of royal blood, who had dandled us all on his knee, and enchanted us with his unforgettable birthday and Christmas presents. And he was really of princely descent, as he constantly reminded us, half humorously, half regretfully, sometimes even defiantly, with comical earnestness and a certain resignation. "You may take my word for it, I am descended from the Danish royal family. If there were justice in the world I should be seated now on the throne of Denmark. The proofs are all in my possession. There is no

doubt about the matter." The only proof that I can remember was the fact that in Heligoland, where he always spent his summer holidays, he had been known for decades to everybody, "from fisherboy to hotel-keeper," as His Royal Highness or the Prince of Denmark. One never knew whether he was in jest or earnest when he feelingly stroked his handsome beard, as though he were caressing the insigne of his royalty. I was in my student years when he told me this story for the first time, and I almost laughed in his face, but he looked such a wonderful fellow, with the very port and habit of the complete Nordic warrior, that mockery was silenced by the real nobility of his aspect. His claims may have been justified; he was at all events a wonderful figure of aristocratic virility, and there was a radiant dignity about him, amiably softened by a subtle dash of self-irony, so that against one's will one somehow fell under the spell of his apparently serious dreams of kingship. I, and my father also, who always treated this "kink" of Uncle Boysen's with affectionate and fraternal consideration, would reply, if anyone questioned us: "Well, who knows?—he himself is quite serious about it—and doesn't he look the part?"

In the meantime this Prince of Denmark went his ways about Stettin, like my father, as a simple general practitioner, his doctor's carriage drawn by a sorry little nag; a big, gentle, kindly man, indefatigable, cheerful, and self-sacrificing. They were both examples of the good old family doctor, something more than the technical experts in personal hygiene which modern methods are producing. They were priest-physicians, as ready to give spiritual comfort as to offer medical advice. Such men were father confessors, silent and trustworthy, a very present help in trouble. There was for me always something touching and moving in the spectacle of these sworn brothers in well-doing as they passed each other in their modest broughams, each aware of the exacting day which the other had before him, each knowing from A to Z the whole gamut of private practice, yet each cheerfully assuming the yoke he had grown to love, as surely as his old grey horse

took his place between the shafts of the shabby carriage. Or one might see them meet in a corner of the market-place, and hear Uncle Boysen sigh, as he took Father's arm: "You know, Carl, I've got a case over there—it's enough to make one cry. Simply stuck fast. Now what would you do?"

Yes, this was a true and heartfelt partnership, without a shadow of rivalry (excepting indeed one very charming and gracious rivalry, of which I shall presently speak), and without a trace of envy. Neither was capable of grudging the other's success, and the "royal scion" recognized, quite as a matter of course, my father's greater intellectual powers, admiring them with rare cordiality, and stressing them almost as though they somehow reflected credit upon himself. It was always a joyful moment when he waved his stick to us children in greeting (a wonderful stick with a golden crutch, which he always used in walking, since an injury to his knee had afflicted him with a slight limp), and came up to us, and allowed us to pillage the pockets of his long frock-coat (he was always exquisitely dressed, like a monarch in mufti), with the passive bearing of a man in the hand of robbers, and the growling comment: "You needn't trouble yourselves—there's nothing there!" But even his breast pocket would be stuffed with bags of sweets. An externally cheerful bachelor, favoured of the Muses, who lacked for nothing, he lived very well in his bachelor solitude and had many women friends. My father declared that he had an Amazonian army of fair and ardent admirers; but then he said the same of my father. I do not think there was a line in their secret archives that needed to be concealed.

They had grown up together in Stettin as respected physicians, they played *hombre* and whist together, and together they entertained their colleagues; they presided alternately at the meetings of the Medical Society, and gradually they became so at one in their interests and adventures that in their old age the same biography would almost have served for both. Indeed, they even stole one another's good stories.

"Well, that beats everything!" one would declare. "That's my story!" Then there would be a long controversy, in which neither could convince the other that he had a prior right to the wealth of yarns which he had acquired in decades of practice as physician and minister to troubled minds. For they both had an equally keen sense of humour, their comical stories had the same trade-mark, and they reacted to the drolleries of life and the little weaknesses of their fellow-creatures as sensitively as a slip of litmus-paper, which is perhaps the mark of humour in general: the faculty of scenting it everywhere, even in the most serious circumstances, like a specific flavour. Their presence in any society, even at a funeral, became the source of the most delightful interchange of ideas. Neither of them ever missed anything. Once their mutual exchange of reminiscences had a very comical effect. My father was celebrating his fifty years jubilee as a doctor, and he made a very fine speech, which began as follows:

"Gentlemen! My friend Justinus Kerner, whom I have known personally since we were at Bonn together, once said to me: 'The most interesting thing about light is the shadow it casts,' and in so saying he really said what I should like to say on the present occasion. It is the shadow which age drags along with it that gives colour and brightness to life, as in accordance with Goethe's theory of colour . . ." and he developed this pretty idea, in his gentle, pensive way, in a very charming manner. After this Uncle Boysen stood up, touched glasses, and said: "Dear colleagues and fellow-guests! My old friend Carl Ludwig has just referred to Justinus Kerner, our highly gifted colleague, who is also a poet and mystic, as his friend. Here I am afraid I must insist on a slight correction. My colleague Schleich, as so often happens, has confused my reminiscences with his own. Justinus Kerner, of course, was my friend: Schleich has never met him." (Lively protest from my father.) "Take it easy, my dear Carl! It is so. Further, he did not say: 'The most interesting thing about

light is the shadow which it casts'; what he actually said was this: 'What should we do with the light alone if God had not permitted its twin brother shadow to be born with it?' " And he proceeded to develop the subject as gracefully as my father had done. But catastrophe was approaching. My old uncle, Pastor Friedrichs, a historian of the first rank, who had the keenest and wittiest mind in Stettin, a scholar of high reputation, and a most profound preacher, rose, and said, in his droll Stettin accent, alternately sing-song and explosive: "Our two respected colleagues of the Aesculapian brotherhood have just mentioned the name of Justinus Kerner as that of an acquaintance of theirs, and have even had a little dispute—but we are accustomed to such lovers' tiffs—as to which of them had this son of the Muses for a friend. Now this is very strange indeed. For I can assure you most definitely: neither of them ever knew him; for it was I who knew him—he was *my* friend! When we were all three students together in Bonn, I told them that I had been to see my friend Justinus, and I think they must have physically assimilated what I told them, thanks to what the physicians call a high absorbtivity. But for that matter, the sentence in question does not originate with Justinus Kerner, but will be found in Goethe's 'Doctrine of Colours'!" And then followed a little gem of an after-dinner speech, treating of the prismatic decomposition of life by the soul. But Stettin had many a good laugh over Kerner's relations to the Dioscuri, until at last they both explained that the other had sworn that he had known the poet.

In spite of their close friendship, there was yet a certain rivalry between the Heavenly Twins. It concerned the number of baskets of flowers, bouquets of roses, and pots of azalea or hyacinth which they received from their admirers on their birthdays, the dates of which lay close together, in such quantities that their rooms looked like a flower-show. I have often accompanied my father on a visit of congratulation to Uncle Boysen, and I always noted how, as he made his friendly little speech, he secretly but carefully counted the flower-pots

and baskets. Woe if their number exceeded that of the tributes which my father had received a few days earlier! And I have caught Uncle Boysen reckoning in advance the number of tributes with which my father's admirers were likely to honour him! They never discussed the matter, but for decades there was a keen and silent contest between them for the greatest number of tokens of admiration and gratitude.

One evening, in my father's later years, we six children, who had come to pay our respects to our mother, were all sitting round the big family table, waiting for the dear old man to return from the Medical Society, of which he was the president. At last he appeared—"Well, father, how did it go off? Was there anything interesting?"—"Nothing particular during the session. But afterwards, in committee, it was extremely interesting. There was a fellow from Berlin, a ventriloquist, an interesting man. He gave us a really most scientific lecture on the physiology of so-called ventriloquism." —"Oh, really? What did he say?"—"Oh, the matter is quite simple. It's a matter of articulating in a different position. Not at all difficult. Quite easily learned." We were all listening. —"Well?"—"Yes, we members of the committee all managed to do it; Boysen, Freund, Plath, and so on. Fifty marks apiece, he charged."—I nudged my sister under the table. "Now something's coming!"—"Yes, we all learned how to do it; mere child's play!"—"Father! Do you mean to say you can ventriloquize? Well, fire away! Give us a performance!"— "Certainly . . . it's quite simple!" He went into the corner by the stove, and began: "You there! Mr. Sweep! Are you up there?" And then followed an unspeakably comical muttering and a muffled breathing in Father's thick beard, the words being spoken between his clenched teeth, so that his beard, his jaws, and his whole head wagged to and fro—which movements should *not* be perceptible in expert ventriloquism. The muttering voice, which was supposed to come from a distance, was merely faint, but quite obviously close at hand: "Yes, I'm here all right. Coming straight down. One moment!"—

We could not contain ourselves; we broke into peals of laughter. Then the old man crept back to the table, quite depressed, and with hanging head, sank gently into an armchair, and murmured, mournfully, as if in apology: "Uncle Boysen does it much worse!"—The Berlin rogue had cleverly swindled each of the learned gentlemen out of fifty marks.

On the following day, when we questioned Uncle Boysen, he told us (for a king's son could not be quite so easily swindled): "It's quite true, at the time we could all do it excellently. You see, Carl, I fancy one can forget that sort of thing very quickly. I've been practising it a little at home. It didn't go quite so well, and this morning it was all gone from me. Quite gone. But we did manage to do it. No doubt about that!"

Dear old Uncle! How often he watched over us in sickness when Father had gone on a journey, or loyally helped him to heal us when we were seriously ill! I can still see his grieved, painfully distorted face when my sister Clara, a most beautiful child, who had contracted typhus, was repeatedly plunged into iced water, according to the method of "our colleague Brandt," when she was burning with fever; he was terribly distressed by her condition, and he shook his Viking head discontentedly, having little sympathy with such barbarous methods. I can still remember how gently he moved my limbs when I was seriously ill with articular rheumatism. He knelt like a priest in prayer beside my mother's bed when she was once battling with deadly illness.

Kind old man! How often we combed your long, kingly curls over your forehead, with a huge, antiquated comb, as you crouched before Father's great armchair, with your head in one of our laps, and you suffered it without a murmur! How often you came to us at Christmas, wrapped in your wonderful fur coat, peeping through the front door like St. Nicholas in person!

The last time I saw you was in my clinic in Friedrichstrasse; you were already ailing, and you said to me: "You mustn't

get excited!" For while you were there a baize curtain had burst into flames.

In 1906 you bowed your head for ever, the head of a Friesian king, crowned only with its own dignity.

When, on the day of the funeral, I begged my aged father to let me go to the cemetery alone, since the weather was so atrocious, he replied: "Ah, no! Do you know, he would take that ill of me, and rightly! Besides, I want to see if they give him enough flowers and wreaths!"

Sleep softly, old Prince of Denmark!

CHAPTER VI

SCHOOLDAYS IN STETTIN AND STRALSUND

ALTHOUGH my school life really impressed me as an unbroken series of more or less successful and idiotic boyish pranks, and especially devised, as it were, to facilitate the choice of comrades during a presumably long life, I always took a certain interest in my lessons; not so much on account of the humdrum knowledge inculcated as because of the personality of the master, since I had a decided talent for discovering some humorous aspect of him; an attitude which naturally proved to be infectious, so that the class in which I found myself on entering the gymnasium naturally earned a special reputation as a gang of roughnecks. But we were not malicious, and since most of our masters turned up at my parents' "Tuesday evenings," when philosophy and aesthetics were discussed over tea and cake and a firkin of genuine Stettin beer—at which gatherings I, with my friends Otto Vorpahl and Gustav Heinrich, were allowed to stand about and listen—there was always a certain zone of inviolable respect between my schoolmasters and myself. My father had a great regard for the professors of other faculties, and it is, of course, important that parents should foster that respect for the teachers of their children which is necessary for the voluntary absorption and elaboration of the details of the so-called truths imparted.

On these "evenings" my father's friend Dr. Wissmann, the whistler and translator of Aristophanes, used to whistle coloratura passages and recite scenes from "The Clouds" or "The Birds"; Dr. Pfundtheller, a professor of modern languages, read some of his own translations of French chansons, and it was thanks to him that I learned to love Bérenger; old Griesebrecht read his own ballads and oratorios; and my father discussed religious questions with my uncle, Pastor Hermann

Friedrichs, a great original, and an encyclopaedic historian. I followed these discussions, which were often extremely vigorous, with burning interest, as I had a great respect and affection for all these men, and I felt like a layman in a company of inspired scholars.

It is strange to note how deeply many of the arguments for and against the existence of God and immortality impressed themselves on my young mind;[1] so that even to-day I could point to the end of the sofa on which my Uncle Friedrichs was sitting when he cried: "Even Voltaire himself asserted that if there were no God, men would have had to invent one, so deeply rooted in the human heart is the belief in God!" To which my father retorted sharply: "That is no proof whatever either of the existence of God or of his wisdom; it is at most a proof of the poltroonery of men!" Such arguments would occupy me for days, and I recalled them during our divinity lessons, and even to this day they have their repercussions in my philosophical reflections. I found them much more interesting than did my schoolfellows, who could not understand how one could bother one's head "nowadays" over such "worn-out" ideas.

It will be obvious that the atmosphere of one's home may do much to instil life into the dry hours of scholastic teaching. Since my father was a great lover of Nature, and a specialist as regards the smaller butterflies, my interest in natural history was awakened at a very early age, and he had a fascinating way of demonstrating the symbiosis of plants and animals, and the action of the environment upon all living creatures, so that I took the greatest interest in our lessons in physics, chemistry, and natural history. Thanks to his extraordinary

[1] When I was confirmed I quite made up my mind, under the influence of Pastor Pfundtheller, the brother of the Dr. Pfundtheller of whom I have been speaking, that I myself would become a pastor. The finished sermons of this preacher (who had a head as curly as a nigger's) impressed me so greatly that I used to write them out from memory at a sitting. I still have in my possession the report of a sermon on the text: "Lord, if it be Thy will, let this cup be taken from me!"

grasp of almost every branch of knowledge I was able without difficulty to get my bearings in the world of science. He would kneel on the floor beside us, poring over globes, orreries, star-maps, and atlases, jumping from the Cape of Good Hope to the Pole-star, and dragging our young imaginations through the whole of the universe. This mode of research (lying on my stomach on the carpet of Father's study, surrounded by skeletons, specula, retorts, and phials of chemicals, with an atlas, a volume of Brehms' *Tierleben*, a biography of Goethe or what not open before me) is one that I have retained even in my so-called riper years. My father would simply settle down beside us, with his jolly: "Well, what have you got there?" and begin to teach us.

He possessed, I believe, even then, everything written by or about Goethe, and since he was all his life a great Goethe enthusiast, I began at a very early age to make my first tentative excursions into the world of the poet's imagination. And since my mother was a zealous defender of the rights of her sex, on which Goethe was alleged to have encroached, the disputes to which I listened at meal-times often cast a much more vivid light on many passages in Goethe's life than do the majority of the biographies. It may have been rash of my parents to allow a lively youngster of ten or twelve to listen to such discussions; but when two people whom I loved as dearly as I loved my father and mother took sides in respect of Goethe, and in respect also of the personalities and experiences of other great men of the past, I naturally found such debates extremely stimulating.

Generally speaking, our parents had no regard for our childish ears. Moreover, we had quite intimate acquaintances among the so-called street children, and were perfectly free to weigh the disadvantages of a lack of physical cleanliness against a certain unbroken freedom in our intellectual habits and inclinations. We were, so to speak, adjusted to two social classes. We could behave very nicely if we had to, and quite appallingly if the situation demanded. I have never quite

discarded this systematic psychic duality, and even to this day I like now and again to spend an evening in the wildest—provided they are the wittiest—Bohemian circles of the capital.

Often on such occasions I feel like a respectable renegade, or a bourgeois on the loose. At Frau Maenz's in Augsburger Strasse such guests foregather as my dear friend Jacques Frankel, my publisher Rohwolt, and a number of well-known artists, such as Paul Wegener, Jannings, Krauss, Tiedtke, Stahl-Nachbaur, with the painters Goetz, Orlik, and Heuser, to say nothing of dramatists, and the leading lights of the cinema world. Another set assembles at Xautner's in the Savignyplatz, around Franz Evers, Moeller van den Broek, Däubler, and others, most of them much younger than I. It is the longing for a plunge into the sea of young, seething ideas that ever and again leads me, an ageing man, to seek refreshment in this circle of brilliant young workers. It is just as well that all are turned out at half-past twelve; or nights of philosophical debate would follow, and I don't know that I should be equal to them nowadays.

In Stettin I never felt that education was in any sense a corvée. I never stopped to consider whether I was lazy or diligent. Most things came naturally to me; I worked because the others did. My real childish longings were directed towards the outer world; I longed to loaf and wander and dream, on the quays, or afloat, or in the woods, as I did at "Limekilns." But I very early conceived a serious passion for music, though I have never been quite sure what awakened it. My father, of course, was musical, and like his brother Johannes, who was then a professional singer, he had a very fine tenor voice; while my mother had been one of Löwe's favourite pupils; but in neither of them was there anything of that quite elemental instinct which has impelled me, whatever my circumstances, to probe the secrets of music, its structural mysteries, and the psychic significance of its idiom; an instinct which has never given me rest, so that at last, in spite of endless difficulties, with a tenacity that has often filled professional musicians with

astonishment, I acquired, without a teacher, a knowledge of instrumentation and the ability to read a score. "But how did you acquire your technique?" I have often been asked. Perhaps the Wollin gypsies, the old harp-player, the imprisoned Jungo, and the dead Mignon planted this longing for music in my breast? When I was very young I had lessons on the piano from limping old Father Rowe, who, what with his violin and pianoforte lessons (at which he beat time with his pencil) managed to raise a family of six, give his sons an education, and enable his daughters to marry cultivated husbands. There must have been forty-eight hours in his days. Now and again the dear old fellow would fall into a doze during a lesson, but he would always wake up in time to say: "Just run over it once more!" It is a curious fact that all the pianoforte teachers in Stettin walked with a limp: Rowe, Herr Schwenke, and my old friend Gustav Heinrich, who at the age of thirty-six ended his life with a revolver-bullet as the result of an unhappy love-affair.

Before long, since it seemed that I was "musical enough," I had 'cello lessons from Herr Rohde, who taught me every other day until I removed to Stralsund. I always practised diligently, and acquired a fair technique, which enabled me to play solo in a number of school concerts, and later on to play the 'cello in orchestras, in Stralsund, Griefswald, Berlin, and Zürich. Through my 'cello-playing, too, I acquired a very intensive knowledge of chamber-music. Otto Vorpahl, a schoolfellow, Gustav Heinrich, and I used to practise trios, and we studied harmony and composition at Kunze's Conservatoire.

After a time an orchestra was organized at the Stettin Gymnasium, led by our schoolfellow Paul Gutmann, a born pianist, and now professor of ophthalmology in Berlin. In later years, when he was assistant at the Griefswald Eye Hospital, we played the 'cello sonatas of Beethoven, Rubinstein, and Mendelssohn, and the E-flat Sonata by Brahms; besides practising piano quartets and trios with Freund, the

son of the famous gynaecologist. I shall never forget a droll orchestral performance of Bellini's overture to *Norma*. It was at Kunze's Conservatoire. The overture began, after an introduction and a few preliminary chords, with a flute solo. But the flautist, apparently, found the deadly seriousness of the youthful conductor too much for him; he began to laugh, and he could not stop. The miniature Bülow gave the flautist his entry with greater and greater emphasis, as though he were trying himself to wring the famous cantilena from the air—but in vain; the flute was dumb. We had to begin all over again, and only after the conductor had delivered a reprimand was the overture successfully launched. We atoned by our playing of the following item—an overture of Weber's. Our performance was greatly admired, and at the close several of us were apparently loth to leave the platform, mysteriously busied with our instruments or our music. It is a great joy to feel that one is a member of a warmly applauded orchestra; but the greatest joy of all is, as conductor, to make a full orchestra peal out one's own musical thoughts; the most exquisite self-exaltation, which I have enjoyed on at least a few occasions; for by sheer diligence, in spite of all my other occupations, I contrived at last to learn the secrets of writing for the full orchestra. Before he can do this the most musical person is what in literature we should call an illiterate.

We ought to teach children to read and write music at school instead of torturing them with mathematics. Music is, indeed, a kind of mathematics, but with an emotional colouring; and many children are born musicians, while very few are born mathematicians. In my own case the foundations of the study of music were laid in Stettin, by Kunze, Adolf Lorenz, and Eduard Krause. It was the latter, once a popular pianist, who corrected my first compositions—I can hardly have been ten years old when I wrote them. My mother told me how he smiled and opened his eyes when he read the superscription on these little pieces for the piano. "Funeral March, because I have not been moved up," and "The Song of the Jolly

Tailor: to amuse Mother." Then he looked through the little pieces: "Really, the boy has talent!"

After this I was seized with a regular fury of composition. I composed music for everything that fell into my hands: I set dozens of psalms, monologues of Jeanne d'Arc and Hamlet, "The Diver," "Dedication," "Prologue in Heaven," etc., as solos, duets, and trios. I filled dozens of manuscript books with my compositions. My mother piously preserved a whole stack of these books, and decades later I went carefully through them; unfortunately there was absolutely nothing there that I could use. All the same, there was nothing completely nonsensical: simply conventional harpings on the fundamental chord, the dominant, and the sub-dominant, a few modulations, and by way of high-light a whole series of diminished sevenths, a time-honoured device for concealing the lack of musical thought. Only Goethe's *Meerestille*, for "three young women's voices, but may also be sung by girls," had something in it of the breath of the quiet ocean. It is the only one of these things that I have kept; the rest I burned.

About this time, too, I made my first attempts to write poetry. At the age of twelve I fell deeply in love with a very beautiful girl of eighteen, Selma von Bredoreck, who lived in one of the flats upstairs, and every morning her lovely feet must tread a little poem in my handwriting before they kissed the earth. Weighted with a flower, the poem was laid upon the last step of the stairs leading from her door; and this homage really earned me a kiss from the "beloved"—a kiss which made my head swim, though it was really quite a sisterly salute. And then one day old General Bredoreck picked up such a poem, and the stupid fellow threatened to box my ears if I ever again dared to write such suggestive things to his daughter; so I then sighed out my thwarted passion in woebegone romances.

About this time, at the instigation of Adolf Lorenz, who had succeeded Carl Löwe, I became a chorister at St. Jacob's, where I sang soprano to Otto Vorpahl's contralto—in the

liturgy, and at weddings, and also in the choir of the Musical Society. We had so much practice in singing church music that Lorenz often made us sing the solo parts in Bach's or Handel's cantatas from the score, and rejoiced greatly in our accurate reading. To my father he once said: "These two rascals stretch their throats like a pair of starlings and troll out their passages as boldly as if they were singing in their sleep, so that it's a joy to hear them. Let your Carl be a musician!" But my father, greatly displeased, would reply, growling, that I must at all costs be a doctor. It was in this church choir that I earned my first money, by joining in the procession of poor scholars who sang in courtyards and outside the churches; Vorpahl and I, who were not poor scholars, being disguised by black cloaks and three-cornered hats.

About this time my brother Ernst and I (Ernst was such a lively little chap that my father always said that his eyes shone green like a cat's in the dark)—my brother and I conceived a violent enthusiasm for play-acting. Our father at once presented us with big puppet-theatres, Punch and Judy shows, etc.; and our new hobby made us the playmates of our younger sisters, Gertrude and Clara, as well as their charming little friends. We wrote and learned fantastic plays about knight-errants, and under the direction of Georg Knaack, who was black-haired as a gypsy, and had eyes that blazed like a Mexican's, we studied and enacted all sorts of Walpurgisnacht scenes, which we could not have performed as we did perform them—in the kitchen, the courtyard, and the cellars—without the absolute tolerance of our parents and our landlord. Whole choruses of supers would go roaring through the spacious rooms of the wine-stores, the warehouse, the stable, and the granary, and there would be headlong pursuits up and down the stairs. We forgot all about the inhabitants of this humdrum world, and if they encountered us they stepped aside, smiling at our childish eagerness, without disturbing our wild games. Once, at my father's instigation, Rosa Behm, the celebrated Stettin painter, caught me at some game of robbers, and dragged

me into her studio. The resulting portrait, which is still in my possession, and of which a reproduction forms the frontispiece of this book, shows me as I was at this period of juvenile romanticism.

About this time, too, we fell madly in love with the circus. We visited it almost every evening; we knew all the clowns, acrobats, and other performers personally, and did our best to convert Mother's big room into a ring. This was difficult, but we managed it. A layer of quilts and blankets represented the sand on which we imitated the feats of the clowns; my brother Ernst was extremely agile, and became an accomplished acrobat. With the help of chairs and ladders we performed the most perilous feats, being dressed for the part in borrowed jerseys. Round the room ironing-boards were laid across the backs of chairs, and on these—which represented richly-caparisoned horses—our little sisters and cousins, in bathing-drawers and chemises, had to dance a pirouette and leap through hoops, while Ernst or myself, as ring-master, in a dress-coat of Father's or Uncle's, pants, and top-boots, snapped the regulation whip. In the intervals the clown would crack his familiar jokes, and our sister Anna represented the circus band. About this time the famous illusionist, Bellachini, gave several performances in Stettin, and we, of course, did our best to imitate him. With Knaack as impresario, Father's skeleton made an admirable spectre.

It was all too good to last; Fate had perforce to strike a blow at the perfect happiness of my childhood. The blow fell, and I, an innocent child, was cast out of Paradise. The cause of my expulsion was a rift in the happiness of our parents' marriage; a rift that could not be mended. None of us, their children, can bear think of this, the greatest grief of our lives; and I cannot speak of it here. It is enough to say that I was its victim. It cost me my home, my Paradise. With a harshness that I have never been able to understand, my father tore me from my mother's arms; partly in order to hurt her, and partly, I think, in the honest intention of withdrawing

me from the influence of her too indulgent love. I had just arranged a great illusionist show for the following Sunday, and had invited the whole crowd of our friends, adults included —and without a day's warning, weeping bitterly, my mother packed my little trunk. It was all arranged by telegram in the space of a few hours. I was sent to a boarding-school in Stralsund, where I found myself among strangers.

I was like a creature stunned or stupefied. Gradually I came to my senses, in the house of the austere headmaster, Reisshaus, which seemed to me like a prison. My father simply delivered me there, wept, and drove away. What was I to do? I made up my mind to be a very good boy; to work, and do nothing but work. But after a time I began to realize that even here the sun shone—in the narrow streets, on the towers and steeples, and the sea, and yonder, across the Sound, on the lovely island of Rügen. After all, there were all sorts of things to be seen here! The wonderful old Gothic town-hall, with its circular windows; and the magnificent Marienkirche, where three days after my arrival the organist, Dornheckter, allowed me to try the organ. Lorenz had written to him, telling him that a talented young singer would soon be coming his way. Then there was the stone on which Freiherr von Schill collapsed when the Frenchman shot him, as a gilt inscription testified, and a fine bas-relief of the hero's head. And one of the prefects at the gymnasium was called Moritz Arndt.—"You aren't by any chance related to Ernst Moritz?"—"Why, yes, he was my grandfather!"—"Minn Grossvadding!" he said. What a comfortable, homely dialect! I resolved that I would learn it quickly.

There was canoeing on the ponds, and swimming in the sea; in winter, at the time of the skating festival, the frozen sea would bear heavily laden carts; and there was the sport of skate-sailing! That was something quite new to me. There were the old cloisters of the monastery, and the Weavers' House, where venerable Gretchens sat at their spinning-wheels; and there were dancing-lessons and boyish love-affairs! In short, my

heart began to beat with its old assurance; and in the wonderful old convent school I came to know the man who still has his special place in my heart, and of whose blessed influence I am conscious to this very day; so that I wish I could kiss my dead father's hands, and beg him to forgive me if once I secretly blamed him for dragging me away from my paradise.

CHAPTER VII

"OLD FREESE"

BY far the most remarkable, influential, and inspiring teacher at the excellent Stralsund Convent Gymnasium was the Vice-Principal, Leopold Freese, known as "Poseidon"; then about sixty years of age. His handsome head, with its finely chiselled features, made one think of a cameo, and he had the bearing of a Roman senator. His face was slightly wrinkled, and his clean-shaven, rather flaccid cheeks would become distended if he talked with eagerness. (It was for this reason, and because of his impressive knowledge of Greek, that he was nicknamed Poseidon.) His lips were thin; his hair, still dark, was evenly parted; and there was a merry, confidential, roguish twinkle in his blue eyes. There was a solidity, a universality, in the ideas of this unforgettable man which I have learned to value more and more highly with every year of my life.

His influence over his pupils was vital and enduring. He grounded one so thoroughly in the classics that no pupil of his would ever be able to understand how one can speak of culture without an intensive knowledge of Greek philosophy and literature. Inevitably, where two Stralsunders met in after life, they would exchange anecdotes of their beloved teacher, and recapitulate his virtues. The glorious fellow lived so absolutely under the spell of antiquity that he would have felt much more at home in ancient Athens or Rome than in Stralsund—as he once admitted, with the utmost *naïveté*. In one of our so-called hours of recreation, during which the conversation was supposed to be "general," we begged him to tell us something about Wallenstein's investment of Stralsund. Whereat he replied, with a troubled expression, in his singsong Pomeranian German: "Oh, my dear boys—well! I know nothing about that; it was after my time!"

He spoke, as a rule, in dialect, and in the queerest personal idiom. It was a sort of verbal shorthand; without grammatical structure; often without a predicate; subject and object had to suffice. He had, in fact, created a language of his own, a "Freesish," which we had to learn like any other foreign language. For example, he once said, on entering the classroom: "Er—my dear Teichen! Schwing's parents have—and I should like—!" As we all began to laugh at these fragmentary phrases, he said, crossly: "Now then, don't. That'll—er—afterwards." The uninitiated would never have grasped the meaning of his announcement; but we, with our years of experience, understood him perfectly. What he meant to say was this: "Teichen, Schwing's parents have informed me that their son is to have private coaching in Greek, so I should like to know, Teichen, if you are prepared to act as coach in return for payment!"

The classic example of his anacoluthic idiom was the speech which he really and truly delivered on a certain graduation day. Stralsund spoke of it for years, and me it impressed so deeply that I can reproduce it almost word for word. The Director, who should have delivered the speech, was unwell, and Freese was asked to represent him. Like lightning the news ran through the town. All the notables and burghers of Stralsund had heard countless droll stories about the queer old fellow; and now he was going to make a speech in public. The opportunity was too good to be lost. On the morning of the great day the hall was crowded with notabilities—officers, councillors, merchants, and shipowners, with their ladies in festal attire.

This is the speech that "Old Freese" delivered:

"Er . . . My dear . . . The Director is ill. Not bad; just middling. Well, and so I . . . Er . . . That is, of course . . . And afterwards, I suppose . . . The graduation address. Leaving school. The young people. Ah! Free! (Raising his voice, with a comically sing-song delivery.) 'The dust of the schoolroom we shake from our feet!' Out! Yes . . . study.

Vocation. Choice. Father, mother, friends advise. Always people who know everything. My most heartfelt good wishes. —Yes, I see some who intend . . . philology. What says Goethe? 'New speech, new life!' English and French, too. Ah, don't forget the classics . . . the foundation. One longs. . . . Don't forget your old Freese. Learn, learn, and then teach! My most heartfelt good wishes.

"Yes, I see some who intend . . . jurisprudence. Yes. That is . . . the State. Green baize. District administration. Scales of Justice. Half blind: compassion, severity. Er . . . the statutes. Duty . . . conscience. The human soul. What says Goethe? 'There is no crime which I cannot imagine myself committing.' Think of that sometimes . . . drastic punishment. Referendar, assessor, president! My most heartfelt good wishes!

"Ah! I see some . . . intend medicine. Yes, yes, natural science. The world of the infinitely little. The microscope. What a struggle! Everything—struggling. Yes, the mystery of the very little. Great significance. National welfare. Healing . . . sympathy. What says Virchow? 'Medicine involves the concept of healing!' Yes . . . that's fine. No anxiety—none. My most heartful good wishes!

"Yes. Two intend mathematics. Well, well? Yes. Curious. The bare bones of things! Where's the individual? Everything typical. But intellectual. My most heartfelt good wishes!

"Yes, and I see some who intend . . . theology. Good God! (Everybody burst out laughing.) No, don't laugh; the hour is coming; doubt, the raven, pecks at our throats, probes, bites, one doesn't know where to turn . . . the world, evil seemingly rewarded . . . good thrust to the wall . . . virtue overlooked! Mockery! No faith. Pulpit. Sunday sermons useless; one falls asleep; yes, painful! Don't laugh; the hour is coming . . . terrible, suffering, the bread of life; don't know where to turn. Martyrdom! My most heartfelt good wishes!"

This was the address he delivered in 1880. There are plenty of witnesses who will confirm my report. But if you read this extraordinary speech attentively you will realize how much

genuine cordiality, and love of humanity, and profound knowledge of the world underlie this stammered utterance of a man whose simplicity was so elemental that such an incident as the following was possible: He suddenly cried out, during a lesson in Greek prose (we were reading Demosthenes): "Well, my dear Wegely! Why do you laugh like that?"—"Excuse me, Herr Professor, I had such a pain in my right leg!" To which Freese replied, in all seriousness: "Oh, that's a different matter!"

Every second term, as we were moved into a fresh classroom, we played him the same trick. Von Tigerström, an abnormally tall and lanky boy, sat on the third bench from the front, directly behind me. I myself, quite unjustifiably, sat on the front bench. Every year, according to programme, during Freese's opening lesson, I stretched out my legs into the sacred gangway between the master's desk and the front bench. Freese came, saw my feet, and pointed with a benevolently roguish forefinger at my legs, as much as to say: "Make way there!" I, feigning surprise, bent forward inquiringly, without moving my legs. "Yes, Herr Professor? What is it?"—"Out of the way with your feet!"—"I don't understand, sir!"—"My dear fellow, your legs!"—"Oh! Oh, I think that'll be Tigerström! Tigerström, would you kindly draw your legs back?"—And now, while I drew in my legs without moving my body, Tigerström, wriggling on his bench, would make the appropriate movements of withdrawal. Freese never realized what had happened, but made quite a speech. "Ah, growth! The bones, but not the lungs and heart! Ah! Take care of yourself, my dear Tigerström!" We rascals enacted the same scene several times a year. Freese was a most kindly man, and his pupils had the greatest affection for him; and although we ragged him, we admired him immensely.

As a rule, in his classroom the general chatter of the interval persisted into the time appointed for the lesson; a confused buzz of voices, mostly speaking the local dialect. He would

endure this with perfect good temper, and then he would begin: "Well, to-day we have our beloved Demosthenes! Well, begin, my dear Wegely! I will translate freely. Listen: 'When Philip saw that although the Lacedaemonians, despite in the meantime the troops, because after all, although a turning of the troops, which if—but of course Philip, taught by an experience which' "—and then we began to laugh.

But this would anger him. "Now, then, stop that! (Stamping his foot.) The poor teacher wants to—and can't! Yes, indeed! The involutions, the many genitive absolutes—it's too difficult! Well, we'll try again: 'When Philip, etc.' "

As a general thing the room was in an uproar when he entered. But once we decided to sulk. We believed we had a grievance; so the whole class agreed to maintain the most profound and painful silence. It evidently surprised him greatly; he was quite taken aback when he entered the room. "Och, what's the matter with you?" He turned pale, and was plainly most uncomfortable. He tried to begin the lesson in a jesting tone. "Well, Wegely, insufficiently prepared? Still want a little help on the sly, etc.? Well, that's all right. Courage, courage! Our beloved Demosthenes. Begin!" (Dead silence) —"Och, what's the matter with you? What is it? Come now —Primus! What is it? Can't you speak?" Then we let fly. "Herr Professor! You reported Carl Krüger to the Director for frequenting a prohibited place of refreshment, because you saw him coming out of Möller's, and he had simply gone there with his uncle!"—"So? Yes, but didn't the uncle leave Stralsund a week ago?"—"Well, in any case Krüger didn't drink any beer. To report him—"—"Yes, I mustn't, I mustn't! Too bad, too bad! You see, Primus, you see, my young friends, the poor teacher, he must—duty, his oath, his conscience. What is he to do? Yes, but if Krüger wasn't drinking or playing poker, well, then, after all, it's a different thing. I'll tell the Director directly after the lesson!"—"Thank you very much indeed, dear Herr Professor!" Forthwith the accustomed babble of voices arose, and Freese,

obviously relieved, proceeded to construe "our beloved Demosthenes."

Despite his eccentricities, Freese was a man of great depth of character. He was a thorough-going idealist, sunny, wise, and humorous. We read, with him, an anthology of Greek lyrics; even Sappho and Anacreon were included. He once described Pindar as "the Gleim of antiquity"—Gleim being a poet who wrote battle-songs in the days of Frederick the Great. He delighted in such modern parallels. When we were reading the Sapphic Odes we asked him, naïvely enough, what was meant by Sapphic love. "Och, my dears," he said, "that isn't really for schoolboys' ears. But you'll understand later. Well, it's like this: The Greeks, the sun, the warmth, the blue sky, the warm sea, yes! Nudity wasn't at all what it is with us. They go bathing—they snuggle up to one another, they admire one another: shoulders, hips, and so on—yes! And then comes wicked calumny. Yes, if later on you hear something—don't believe it! It's nothing bad, believe your old Freese. Ignore it. Don't let unclean imaginings enter your mind. Unclean phantasies. You know—Phantasus, yes, isn't he the third servant of Hypnos, the god of sleep? Yes, and who are the other two? Now listen—how clever the Greeks were! Eikelos, the sculptor, yes, the juggler. Now listen: there's an echo there. Eikelos, Gaukelos, Gaukler, juggler—yes, he plucks flowers, playing-cards, out of the darkness, as it were; yes—and Phobetor, the spinner of fear—he's the nightmare, the terrifying dream, the vampire on the bosom!" So he led us quickly away from the ticklish subject.

Once we were reading Anacreon. We had to lay our translations on his desk. "Have you done it, my dear Schleich? Och, what do I see? In rhyme? Well, well! Och, no, no, my boy! —Now why had the Greeks no rhymes? Curious, isn't it? Well, I'll tell you. Rhyme is echolalia, imitation of the echo, a caressing sound. You know, Echo is the woman who never speaks of her own accord, but once she is spoken to she has to reply. Yes, there you have the witty Greeks; witty, and a bit

malicious. Think: Aristophanes, 'Lysistrata,' 'The Birds!' Yes, but rhyme is the imitation of echo. The Greeks didn't need to imitate her; they had the original; she was everywhere in the mountains. Rhyme is something exceptional, a sort of holiday affair: ballad-singing—ceremonies—that's why the North Germans wrote their poems in rhyme. Where echo is rare in Nature, there you have rhyme. Well, you've put Anacreon in rhyme. Och, my God! Well, my dear Schleich, don't worry. You will sing of the Atridae yet! Yes, but love—it's difficult! But console yourself: someone else has had a try! A great poet! —Primus, just make sure that no Second-form boy can hear us; this is only for the ears of the First." And someone actually had to open the door a crack. "No, Herr Professor, there's no one there!" "Well, then, I'll tell you. A great poet has tried Anacreon. . . . The Cicada. Goethe!" (Lifting his hands, confidentially, with disdain.) "Miserable! Console yourself, my dear Schleich! Yes! Your rhymes! They're miserable too!"

Another time he was speaking of Pericles. "He had an onion-head. Schinoskephalos. Yes, people said: Criminal! Embezzlement! Yes, that's so. You know: the Acropolis, like the Council House here in the market-place. There they have the Areopagus. The County Court. Well, you know the Archogerontes: that's the County Court judge, like our Prieschke. The Ecclesiast—you know, Public Prosecutor Neumann. Och, I can see them all sitting there! Pericles is accused. 'Yes,' says the Public Prosecutor. 'Pericles, it's a proven thing. You've had your fingers in the treasury. Pilfering! How did you come to do such a thing? What does it mean?' Yes, and Pericles says: 'One moment!' Goes to the door, and comes back again—with Phryne! Quite naked, and he says nothing at all, only: 'This is my beloved: Phryne!' And the judge acquitted him. Yes, such things happened only in Greece: the sun, the light, the beauty; no, in Stralsund it wouldn't go down! Here he'd be put in quod!—Well, well, now to work!"

On another occasion we were "in" Rome. The subject under discussion was the elections to the Comitia. Here again Freese was most adventurous.—"Well—we are in the Capitol, in the market-place; the Capitol is our Council-house. Och—you know it! Here are Chrischan Piepenborn and Hans Peter Kunz—crossing the market-place in Rome. Then Hans Peter Kunz says: 'Yes, my boy! What did I tell you? Caesar, the beggar, insists on hanging on; the man's a revolutionary; a hothead; he crosses the Rubicon, and then! the devil to pay! The next thing is, he comes through the Knieper Gate (one of Stralsund's fine city gates), and there we are!'—'Well,' says Piepenborn, 'how does that concern me?'—'It concerns you so much that it'll cost you your head if you don't elect Caesar to the Comitia!'—'Well, that I shan't do! The Pompeys are a fine aristocratic family; my grandfather was the Pompeys' stableman, my father was the Pompeys' stableman, and I am our Pompeys' stableman, and for that reason I shall vote for Pompey!'—'Well, vote for him! The next thing will be you'll be breaking stones on the Via Appia, up by Griepswold!'—'Well? All the same, I shall vote for Pompey! Didn't he send two doctors when my little Cecilia was ill—a Greek, and an old Etruscan? And my Caius Sempronius Livonius (not our apothecary's son Livonius), I should never have had him but for Pompey. No, there's nobody to match him! And now let's be off to the shooting-gallery; there's no time to be lost; they're voting! The lictor (oh, you know the lictor, the policeman, Neumann, he's the lictor), there he stands by the big ballot-box. And if you come across Caesar by the Knieper gate, give him my best wishes, and tell him to come on; old Cassius and Brutus will teach him manners!' "

In this way he conjured up a picture of all the important political events in Rome and Athens. How often we played the drama of ostracism for him! We had to sit on a semi-circle of benches, and enact the ostracism of Aristides with counters, making speeches for and against his expulsion. Sometimes he would deliver the indictment of Socrates as a

seducer of youth, and one of us, a doddering Socrates, had to sit in his chair while he thundered at the prisoner. He reproached the philosopher (quite in the modern style) with allowing Plato to use him as a mouthpiece, but held him entirely responsible for the revolutionary attitude of the aristocratic youth of Athens!

His analysis of the Greek tragedies was both profound and witty, and never have I heard the beautiful Greek choruses more skilfully interpreted, as the voice of conscience, the spiritual conflict, and public opinion simultaneously. He once said: "Well, the chorus—that is what one thinks in the quiet of one's own room, if one is Œdipus; and secondly, what the Stralsund morning paper says about that affair in Aulis! The Greek chorus says both these things at once!" We recited such choruses at a walk, he leading us, advancing and retreating, as in a procession, scanning the text and marking the rhythm of the "Actis äelliou to kalliston" as we tramped through our beautiful cloisters, and roared out the wonderful, sonorous verse in the Gothic hall!

The metre was impressed upon our minds by practical choral exercises. That is—he recited the trochees, iambs, anapaests, etc., and we scanned them after him, to the beat of his map-pointer, which he wielded like a baton. And he asked us, from time to time, to bring him poems of classic beauty—even German poems. My friend Wilhelm Kobes—himself a poet to-day—tried to pull the old gentleman's leg.—"Och, Kobes, have you some verses too?" asked Freese.—"Yes, Herr Professor!"—"Give them here, then!" And Kobes handed him a slip of paper, on which the lines were written:

Er deckt ihn in das eine
Und schnitt ihm beide Beine
Ganz kurz vom Rumpfe ab!

Freese started. "My dear Kobes, what is this? What does it mean? What is it supposed to be from?"

"That is from a posthumous tragedy of Heine's: *Procrustes*!"

"Och! Heine, Procrustes? That is interesting. I don't remember any such tragedy. Heine? Procrustes? Heinrich Heine? Och, Kobes, you are mistaken. What do you know about it? When did you find it?"

"Why, Herr Professor, an old uncle of mine collects manuscripts, and among them I saw this fragment of Heinrich Heine's!"—"Och, that's interesting! Kobes and literary research. Well, I must show this to my colleague Thümen (the German master) after class, and ask him to confirm it. But now we'll go through it together!" And the whole class roared: "Heine. Procrustes. Iambics.

"Er deckt ihn in das eine
Und schnitt ihm beide Beine
Ganz kurz vom Rumpfe ab!"

Having been let into the secret by Kobes, we were like to have died of laughing. But it was we who were the real dupes! For I am convinced that our kind old Father Freese saw through the trick, but was magnanimous enough to allow us our joke; he was so fond of his boys, and had such a sense of humour. He never referred to Heine's *Procrustes* again.

He was simply a teacher who lived and worked with us, and knew, better than we ourselves, every fibre of the schoolboy's psyche, and like a jolly grey-haired Greek youth, let us, in our childishness, exult even at his expense. But once he described for us, beating, with his gigantic paws, the rhythm of the young Greek girl's ballet-dance, the scene in which Anacreon was mocked by the young dancers. " 'Anacreon! Go away, what do you want here with us? You are an old man!' Well, what said Anacreon? 'White is my hair, but see the green vine-leaves in it! So green is my heart, and every spring it blooms afresh for the loveliest among you!' " And at this a light of such unearthly beauty shone upon the old man's face that we, deeply moved as we looked up at him, saw him with vineleaves in his hair, in Dionysian ecstasy, himself an Anacreon, saved by a kindly fate from the winter of the heart. He entered into all our jests, and we loved him for it. Every

one of his pupils would have gone through fire and water for old Freese.

He was one of those very rare natures who have the courage, in the fulness of their golden hearts, to let people laugh at them if they must, or admire them if they will. He had sufficient humour to laugh at himself if in the midst of the laughter he inspired he could hit the nail on the head.

When on coming from the Stettin Gymnasium, as a boy in the third form, I first made Freese's acquaintance, I could not for the life of me help laughing at the comical old fellow. My laughter was clearly audible above the chuckles of my more tolerant schoolfellows. Freese realized at once, of course, that I was laughing at him. Any other master would have avenged his dignity by disciplinary action. Not so Freese. With his truly godlike understanding of the schoolboy soul, he said, on the occasion of such an outburst of laughter: "Och, look at the foreigner! He laughs. He is amused. Once more. Well, my dear young gentlemen from Stettin, it's the old story.

> Drawn to Athens once from Corinth
> Came a youth, there yet unknown!

Yes, look at him. The foreigner. He is putting on airs!"

He was a great psychologist; a true Baltic sage. I often think of him to-day. He was our venerable mentor, and we grown men are still conscious of his influence. He would have been the proper pedagogue for kings. At the touch of his humour all presumption and pretentiousness melted away, and he looked right into our hearts. He was a virtuoso in puerile psychology. On graduation day he gave us all his private prognosis. We were confounded to realize how perfectly he knew us.

To me he said: "Well, my dear Schleich. To be sure. Talent. A good head, if I may say so. You'll make your way. Might do something big. Invention perhaps. Evolution. Yes, but the daemons! There is the danger. Och. Think of Hercules. The

seven-headed hydra in one's own bosom. Yes, you'll get on. But I've got my misgivings!"

What did the old man know about my daemons? Old Freese, I thank you; I have truly done my best to subdue them.

I saw him for the last time when I paid him a farewell visit before leaving Stralsund.—"Where are you going, my dear?" —"To Zürich,"—"Och—take care of yourself. You'll be homesick; yes, the sea, the sea, it keeps a hold on its children!" —"But there's a great lake there, Professor! Almost an inland sea!"—"Yes, but not *the* sea!"

He was right. Even in the midst of our student revels I was seized by an elemental longing for home. I grew thin as a neglected cage-bird.

But I still feel homesick for old Freese.

CHAPTER VIII

ZÜRICH AND GOTTFRIED KELLER

NEVER, perhaps, did any mortal creature fly through the streets of Stralsund—where tufts of grass still forced their way up between the cobblestones—from the old school cloisters to the post office in the New Market, so joyfully as I, after the round little spectacled school-inspector from Stettin had solemnly handed me my dispensation from the viva-voce examination before the assembled body of teachers, and had pronounced sentence upon the dejected victims of the examiners. I was eager to telegraph the joyful news to my parents without delay. I experienced an indescribable sense of absolute spiritual relaxation, the ecstasy one feels on watching the sunrise, blended with the romantic feeling that a door was opening upon life, the feeling that an exulting voice was crying: "Out, out into the world!"

Only once in a man's life does that feeling possess him. How profound must be the impression produced by the discipline of our schooldays, and the terrified anxiety as to whether all our enforced labours, all our subjection to the tyrannous necessity of learning may not have proved, in one short morning, to have been in vain! For this dejection, this terrible prevision of our possible failure, remains with us all our lives, ever and again emerging from the depths of the past as a sort of nightmare, the "examination dream," even when the nerves are slack and tremulous with age! And how blessed the happiness of the moment when we learn that our boldest hopes are fulfilled!

If there had been a silent witness of the triumphant delight with which I threw my tattered textbooks, one by one, against the walls of my little boarding-house bedroom, the berserk joy with which I tore and symbolically thrashed the scribbled exercise-books—especially those interlarded with the "Mene,

mene tekel" of the mathematics master—he might have feared that I was slightly unhinged. When at last, with a sigh of infinite relief, I sank into my seat in the railway-carriage, my arms comfortably sprawled across the arm-rests, he might well have felt a pang of envy, like the apprentice in Eichendorff's immortal *Aus dem Leben eines Taugenichts*, who cried after the receding mailcoach: "Ah, if one could go off with them, into the glorious summer night!" I cannot describe the joy of my reception in my parents' house, or how my dear mother declared that the Stettin market-place—which our windows overlooked—was not wide enough for her pride in her eldest son, while my good father treated the event as a matter of course, which was even more flattering. I naturally looked down upon my sisters with a kindly but unapproachable pride, and sunned myself in the feeling that they would defer in all things to their big brother.

I had returned home with a stack of poems, and several tragedies and epics, all of which I insisted on reading to them and my parents in the evenings, with a cruelty for which only its *naïveté* could plead excuse. In the meantime my father and I had to make plans for the future. It was still decided that I was to study medicine. I was entirely under the spell of my honoured and venerated father—a compulsion from which I could never free myself as long as he lived—perhaps to my own advantage. Secretly, however, I was quite determined to be "a poet" as well as a doctor. Medicine, to me, was the inevitable tribute of love.

For a long while my father was uncertain as to whether I had better study in Bologna, Grenoble, or Zürich. In any case I was first to see something of foreign parts. In those days many young Stettiners went to Zürich, and so everything was prepared with a view to my sojourn in that city, and Uncle Schlutow of the "Vulcan" shipyard, the Stettin banker, assured my father that it would be absolutely necessary to provide me with a letter of credit for some thousands of marks, "since one never knows what one may come up

against abroad!" Good heavens! The ghastly truth was that in a few weeks they had trickled away in the whirl of pleasure, for I had no idea that the bank would indiscreetly betray such matters to my father. The dread of the very plain questions, as to what I had done with the money, contained in the old gentleman's letters, cast one of the first shadows that fell on my young life.

But I will not anticipate. With my friend Wolter from Anklam, who had graduated from Stralsund at the same time as myself, and who intended to study natural science, and the friend of my childhood, Curt Zander, who became a jurist, I set out for Zürich. In Berlin, where we "rested" for three days, we were robbed. All the money I had on me—eight hundred marks—was stolen from me in the otherwise quite amusing Walhalla Theatre. Next day my father sent me a telegraphic money order for the amount. The dear old man made good this unexpected loss without a word of reprimand. But, indeed, I was a perfectly innocent victim.

Then, without further halt, we proceeded by way of Lindau and Romanshorn to Zürich. When, beyond Munich, we saw from our carriage window the first snow-covered mountains, we children of the Baltic plains felt that we were gazing at a distant fairyland, and to Zander and myself it seemed a matter of course that the moment we arrived in Zürich we should leave our luggage at the railway-station, make tracks for the Limmat and the lake shore, get into a boat, row into the middle of the lake, ship our sculls, and lie at full length in the bottom of the boat, gazing in blissful silence at the sky, and the shores of the lake, and the remotely glistening ring of glaciers in the Glarner Alp, which filled the southern horizon with their fabulous beauty. We were both so thrilled that it was a long while before we could find words to express our emotion. In a flash we understood why the Swiss are so often homesick. Something like envy entered our ungrateful hearts; envy because we had not been born here! Our Baltic sea, our meadows, our misty plains were all forgotten!

As a matter of fact, they had their revenge three months later, when I became so homesick for Pomerania that I was seriously ill for a time. Homesickness is a mass assault of everything alien. I felt it amidst the glorious beauty of Switzerland. But just at first we drew long breaths of the heavenly air of freedom, in which the Alpine panorama rose before us like a fantastic Fata Morgana, and suddenly I somehow understood the eternal, politically senseless expeditions of the Goths, Vandals, and Saxons, the Italian madness of Theodoric and Alaric, Conradin and Enzio. I too felt the daemonic power of the soft air, understood the mountain spectres and fabulous apparitions of the Cordilleras. It was as though by sheer longing the force of gravity had been reversed. We longed to row then and there towards the Alps, to climb and climb until we reached the gleaming glaciers, and the loftiest peaks of this magnificent portico before the Italian flower-garden. To begin with, however, we found quarters in the hills above Zürich, at Hottingen, near the Polytechnic, where I myself remained for the first semester; later I moved into the town, to a little house on the promenade, facing the balcony from which Richard Wagner once announced to the German people that it possessed a German art if only it would recognize him as the master of all masters!

After a somewhat intoxicated attempt to estimate the resources of the city and its environs in the way of possible amusement, we turned to the indispensable preliminaries to further study. And during my all but two years' sojourn in Switzerland I never got beyond these preliminaries. I could not study there; it was too beautiful; one could study, if one must, far better in a less intoxicating environment; here the important thing was to enjoy, to dream, to romance, to rave!

I was a victim of the peculiar wildness of the student, who feels that now is his one brief opportunity "to be free as the birds are free!" It is this mediaeval flavour, this afterglow of our once classic Germanity, this all but vanished romanticism of the German student's life, that constitutes the fascination

of "being a student." High spirits verging on wildness, tottering on the brink of debauchery, and yet the sense of security, the feeling that one knows how to live, that one is a fine fellow. Think of these recruits of the intellect, each with the field-marshal's baton in his knapsack; with presumptuous aims, and yet casually ready to give his life at any moment for his honour, ready, at the slightest injury to it, to stand face to face with his enemy, sabre in hand, in the colours of his corps! All this, of course, is illusory to the point of insanity, and yet it is a powerful and incomparable urge towards an ideal of the highest human possibilities, towards brotherhood, and the community of blood and mutual love! It is a communion of hearts.

From time to time we put in an appearance in the halls of science, although for the greater part of the day the mere feeling that we were students—thirsty for quite other things than knowledge—completely satisfied us. Now and again I attended the anatomy lectures of Hermann Meyer, a dear old hot-tempered gentleman; but I got on with him very much better on our jolly bachelor evenings, over our wine or beer, than in the dissecting-room or at the microscope. He was especially kind to me, and knowing me for a notorious truant, he often dragged me out of bed at an unconscionable hour of a morning and took personal charge of me, so that I should not quite lose "the innervation with medicine." On the way to the University the dear old man, a true father to his students, would give me many a private lecture, for it would really be a pity if I didn't keep my head above water.

For the rest, I must confess that to me the entry into the vestibule of medical science was an absolutely ghastly and revolting experience. The uncleanliness in the dissecting-room, the bits of dead bodies lying about everywhere, the brutality of the attendants who carried in the corpses of our unfortunate subjects, the vile stench, and the business of rummaging in parts of the body which I had never before seen—the denuded viscera, the eyeless skulls, the glistening brains, the opened

hearts—all this, together with a secret suspicion of the sacrilege of an all too general thirst for knowledge, which glutted itself on the bodies of the outcast, the nameless and homeless, the victims of crime, poverty, and degeneration—and perhaps an unconfessed dread of the danger of blood-poisoning—all this filled me with absolute horror! And when in the physiological laboratory of Professor Hermann, the inveterate opponent of Dubois-Reymond, I had to witness, as an *entr'acte*, the beheading of six frogs with a snip of the shears, and the sudden puncturing of the medulla of a poor, cooing dove, there was an end of my enthusiasm for medicine. I felt furious, and resolved to have done with medicine for ever. It seemed to me impossible that I could ever help to perpetrate these senseless cruelties. Out of compassion for humanity I, like a fool, had wanted to physic the suffering, and here I stood appalled before a doctrine, nay, a cult, of the cruellest indifference towards dead and living. When shall we have anatomists and physiologists who in the full consciousness of the awful nature of their work make the first steps of the novice in the art of healing easier by kindly encouragement, and comforting references to the lofty and humane aims of the physician, and at least from time to time attempt to instil something like a doctrine of compassion for all suffering creatures in the hearts of young men who are still capable of feeling?

In those days the first Russian women students were working in the dissecting-room, and although in other places and at other times I was by no means bashful in my dealings with the other sex, here I found it simply impossible, in view of all the nudities displayed, to look my fair fellow-students in the face—and some of them were very pretty indeed. I raved like a Berserker over all these commonplace matters, and was naturally well ragged by my "riper" fellow-students over our morning pint, or the midday meal which I could hardly stomach. To talk about dissecting at meal-times! It was enough to drive one crazy. And so one day I wrote to my father, saying that after full consideration I felt that I was

unable to continue my study of medicine. (My study—an arrogant term for my occasional fits of curiosity!) I would rather be a cobbler, a tailor, a painter, a composer, a 'cellist, a poet—anything rather than this cruelty to the living and the dead.

My father's reply was intended to comfort and encourage me. They had all had to go through the mill, and the horrors of which I spoke had not prevented a Graefe from restoring the sight of thousands of blind persons, or his friend Wilms from saving the lives of thousands of children; they had indeed been the necessary condition of their activities. "I myself, your father, of whom you surely believe that his humanity and tolerance have not been extinguished by such a life as you are leading, felt exactly as you feel, and yet am full of compassion for all suffering. All the noble things in the world demand sacrifice. Look at all things with your own compassionate eyes, and try even to get your fellow-students to see things as you see them, but above all, for my sake, don't turn your back on medicine!"

The letter did its work, and I confess, to my shame, that subsequently I was guilty of attempting to explain my chronic truancy by the persistent sentimentality of my sensitive nature. The wonderful environment of Zürich, which for my friend Zander and I extended as far as Basle, Berne, and the Rigi; the expeditions on the lake, the rambles among the foothills, and the inspection of all the inns and taverns in the neighbourhood, interested a young man overflowing with *joie de vivre* far more than the halls of the temple of science. Life was more than learning.

Once a party of us were rowing across the lake in the dark. I was singing like a Bacchante to the star-spangled heavens, when a boat rowed alongside of ours, someone called out to us to stop rowing, and a little dark man asked us eagerly, in the broadest Zürich patois: "Who was that singing? *Wä hätt do äbe g'sunge?*"—"That's the man!" cried Zander.—"Then just come to me some time, early in the morning, please, in

the Berggasse. I can get you a good engagement. I'm the conductor, Attenhofer. A fine voice you've got there!" Names and addresses were exhanged, and next morning I found myself confronted by the celebrated composer of the splendid male choruses which we constantly sang in the students' choral society, in which I had for some time been singing tenor.

He tested my voice, and informed me that he was also the conductor of the Zürich male choir, which comprised a hundred and forty singers. In a week's time there was to be a great international song festival in Rotterdam, in which the Zürich choir was going to take part, with every prospect of success. A prize chorus had been written for the occasion, with a solo quartet, in which the first bass, in a very ticklish passage, had to sing higher than the first tenor. My voice, which had a high compass, but was baritone in quality, seemed to be made for the part. They had been quite unable to find any suitable voice. The employment of a true tenor would be too obvious a trick. Was I musical? Then I simply must take the solo part in question. "So you'll be at the Rathaus hall this evening. You'll come with us to Rotterdam!"—"I'm sorry, but I'm a poor student: I haven't the means!"—"Nonsense! It won't cost you anything. All done by vouchers. Fare, hotel, food, drinks free!" So a week later, with my Pomeranian heart thumping under the uniform of the choral society, and a Swiss cockade in my hat, I joined the hundred and forty singers. We travelled by special train to Bingen, and went from Bingen down the Rhine to Cologne in a specially chartered steamer.

I shall never forget the jolly company on board the steamer, the magic of the trip down the Rhine to Cologne, and Cologne itself, with its cathedral, its bridges, and the river. On the river-bank stood the famous Cologne male choir, our keenest competitors at the Rotterdam festival; their womenfolk were all in white, and the singers themselves were bedecked with flowers. As we neared the bank a hundred German voices were raised in song: *Wem Gott will rechte Gunst erweisen!* (Mendelssohn). The tears came into our eyes. We replied with:

Gott grüsse dich! Then we landed. Each of us was captured and embraced by a youth and a girl, and so, arm in arm, we went to the Vereinshaus, where we were royally welcomed and entertained.

In the evening there was a singing contest in which the choirs and solo voices took part. My rendering of Löwe's "Edward" was applauded, and with Attenhofer I played some things of Schumann's on the 'cello. Next morning we were to go on to Rotterdam. Attenhofer admonished our solo quartet to avoid places of refreshment. Nevertheless, we found our way into the Rathaus cellar at three in the morning—and were caught by Attenhofer, who was spending the night in gossiping with Ferdinand Hiller, whose duets were sung in every house in Stettin. There was a terrible outburst of righteous wrath from the conductor, but his lecture ended with the request: "Well, at least sing your solo for Hiller!" So we trolled out our song under the Gothic arches; but we had to go to bed without further refreshment.

We need not have been so abstemious, for next morning a telegram arrived: "Visit of choirs cancelled on account of death in Dutch Royal Family." I must confess I was near weeping. Then there was a committee meeting, and it was decided that we should give further concerts in the towns lying on the Rhine and Main.

Hurrah! That was, to say the least of it, as attractive a prospect as the other. And accordingly we visited Düsseldorf, Frankfort, Mainz, Heidelberg, Baden-Baden, Strassburg, etc. The concerts were given by a picked choir, and every few evenings we gave our full Rotterdam programme, with the prize song and the solo chorus, some wonderful ballad quartets of Hegar's, and as a rule a few 'cello pieces from me. In Mainz I was lodged with an old physician who had a most charming little daughter. He pricked up his ears when he heard my name. "Schleich? Schleich? No, no! It can't be the same. Of course, you are Swiss!"—"Not a bit of it, I'm a Pomeranian, from Stettin!"—"Not the son of my old friend Carl Schleich, of the

Bonn Franconians?"—"Why, yes!"—"Come to my arms!"—and so forth! This romantic incident ended, of course, with a thumping but most willingly granted loan from the old gentleman. "For," as my father wrote, "since you apparently have to pay for nothing on your Rhineland tour, which I am far from grudging you, I do not see why I should constantly fill your purse by telegraphic orders!" The dear old man had no idea of the incidental expenses of such a romantic tour!

By the time we returned to Zürich I was quite music-mad. I studied harmony, counterpoint, and fugue with Hegar and Attenhofer, and played in Hegar's magnificent symphony concerts; and on many occasions I played 'cello solos with orchestral or organ accompaniment, as I had in Stralsund. During the winter term I played 'cello every night in the operatic orchestra. By the end of the first month my colleagues willingly left all the prominent solo 'cello passages to me, as this meant a lavish distribution of free beer on the first of each month. My means were usually exhausted the day after pay-day, but I enjoyed unlimited credit with the Zürich waitresses and landladies—many of whom were most delightful young women. When I think of the sums of money for which I sometimes had the audacity to ask, I conclude that my persuasive eloquence in respect of my destitute state must have stood me in good stead. I remember that the charming black-haired Liesel on the other side of the lake, who so often waited for me under the lime-trees while I rowed across the water on leaving the tavern, would sometimes shed tears at my description of my professional anxieties.

A truant from the medical schools, I gaily sang and fiddled on my 'cello, and this delinquency came near to landing me on the stage for good and all; for old Meyer said one day, on the occasion of a concert given by the students' choral society: "We shan't keep that fellow; with a voice like that he'll buzz off to opera!"

And I did almost become a professional singer. One morning we had to rehearse *Faust* in the Municipal Theatre (the

opera-house), since the celebrated Vogls from Munich were appearing that evening as visiting "stars." For some reason Vogl, our Faust, was out of temper; he went on strike, and refused to sing. Gretchen (Frau Vogl) was incensed, and there was a little matrimonial scene on the open stage which had no resemblance to the opera. The acting conductor was in despair.

"Then we can't rehearse. Curiel (the lyric tenor) can't sing Faust; I shall have to cancel the opera!"

I, laying my 'cello aside, stood up, and declared that I could sing the part, as I knew it by heart. General astonishment. I had to climb over the footlights, and the rehearsal began. "And yet this God, what can he do for me?" I was encouraged by sympathetic glances, and I must have done pretty well, for in the middle of the second act Vogl's voice returned to him, and he sang admirably to the end of the opera. My untrained but youthful voice had inspired him to show for once what he could do if he liked. After the rehearsal he said, before all the company: "Man, you must become a singer! Who knows what there is in that throat of yours? Why do you go on bothering yourself with that wretched instrument of torture?"—"I am playing only for pleasure! I am studying (?) medicine," I said proudly. "Oh, very well!" But then he said: "I hear Curiel is going to Italy to-morrow. Let them test your voice in the Conservatoire there. They'll certainly give you a contract, and then you can go into opera!"

I felt as though my blood were on fire; but "No," I replied, "I can't do that; I've no money. I'm a poor student!"—"Nonsense! Here are two hundred francs; they'll take you there. The rest will easily be provided!" And so next day I actually went to Milan with my "colleague" Curiel, was thoroughly tested at the Conservatoire, and received a contract by the terms of which I was to receive free tuition and board, for three and a half years, and was then to pay 20 per cent. of my salary to the *alma mater*.

I telegraphed at once to Stettin: "Am at Milan, going to be singer. Your devoted son." The reply was not long in coming: "Shall be in Milan the day after to-morrow. Your devoted father!" Heavens, what was going to happen?

He came, and employed a method of weaning me from my intention which did credit to his knowledge of psychology. At first he showed no surprise whatever. To be sure, if one had a fine voice why shouldn't one become a singer? It was an honourable calling, like any other. The honour of any profession depended on the man who followed it. But was it wise to stake everything on such a little organ as the larynx? "Of course," he said, humorously, with a delightfully ironical glance out of the corner of his eye, "you fully understand the structure of the vocal mechanism!" I blushed. "Everything depends on two short, delicate bands. As happened to your uncle Hans (who had been a famous tenor), a little wart grows on one of them, and all the resonance of the voice is gone! But apart from that, a tenor needs such fabulous self-assurance, such complete confidence in his conquering personality and his divine vocation; I'm not at all sure that you possess them in a sufficient degree!"

In the meantime the cunning old gentleman had led me out into a great square, where a covered barrel stood beside a lamp-post. Suddenly coming to a standstill, he cried: "I will tell you something. If you have the courage, get up on that and begin to sing. The Italians are a highly musical and easily excitable people. If they carry you back to your hotel on their shoulders, you may become a singer; but if the police take you into custody you'll drop the idea!" The thought flashed through my mind: "Walter Stoltzing. The Preislied!" But then I hung my head, and said: "Come along, father! Let's go back to Zürich. I'll stick to medicine!"

Years later, in Berlin, before a numerous company, I was relating the story of my brief but glorious career as a singer, when an old gentleman at the head of the table jumped up and cried: "So you are the damned fellow who gave us the slip in

Milan! Contract signed, a good voice, and *ecco*—he's off! You wait, you rascal!" It was the celebrated teacher of singing, Lamperti, who had tried my voice in Milan, and was now testing voices here, at Alterssitz, who so unexpectedly confirmed my account of my adventure.

I had secretly telegraphed to Zürich: "Look out! Father coming!" My corps-brothers understood the hint. My room was transformed into something like Faust's cabinet. Parchments, folios, retorts, phials, skeleton and skull complete! My father looked about him and observed: "Well, well, you needn't try to make a fool of me." He paid my debts, accompanied us to a *Kommers*,[1] and went home. After this I was really diligent for a time. But I had bad luck with my studies. In the following winter the Lake of Zürich was frozen over, and the ice was thick enough to bear not only skaters, but horse-drawn sleighs and carriages, a thing which had not happened for thirty years. The weather was glorious, and everybody went absolutely crazy; the whole city was abroad on the smooth mirror-like surface of the lake. What games, what midnight waltzes, what concerts, what torch-dances, what flirtations on the frozen waters! From Frankfort, Paris, Vienna, came excursion trains full of skaters. A frenzy had seized upon us all. My friend Grimm and I liked nothing better than to slip out of the students' club of an evening, strap on our skates, and arm in arm, like Dutchmen, swing out into the starry night, which hung like a vast, spangled dome above the splendour of the Alps.

This enthusiasm of ours came very near to costing us our lives. On such an ecstatic nocturnal excursion we had called a halt in Bendlikon, where we looked up an old gentleman of our acquaintance, a pastor, and allowed him to stand us a number of drinks. When at last we got up to go he warned us to be extremely careful, and to keep to the right, since towards the left the ice in the middle of the lake was dangerous, on account of a warm spring which flowed out-

[1] The ceremonial beer-drinking assembly of a students' corps.

wards from the shore. He was very urgent with his advice, but unhappily, perhaps as a result of his unwonted potations, he no longer knew his right hand from his left; however, we set out, in the order which we had previously determined by casting dice: Grimm a hundred yards ahead, and I following him.

It was agreed that in the event of mishap to the leader the other was to pull off his overcoat, throw an arm of it to the man in the water, and so pull him out. That was a journey! The half-moon floating in the sky, the reflections of the moon and the stars, bright as ships' lanterns, in the glassy ice, the gleaming panorama of the Alps, the dark yet incessantly sparkling ebony of the lake, whose gurgling lips were locked fast in silence by the frost! Only from time to time we started at a sudden report, almost like a pistol-shot, and a quiver would run through the taut satiny carpet. I felt like a man in a dream, and with folded arms I glided onwards in sweeping curves. Suddenly I realized that Grimm was no longer visible. My God! On approaching I saw him treading water, and could hear him gasping heavily. Off with the overcoat! As agreed, I swung it out to him. But alas! as I tore it off and swung it out at arm's length there was a crack like that of breaking glass—the ice parted under my feet, and down I plumped into the cold water. I clutched at floe after floe, but the cakes of ice slipped away before me; at last I came to a more resisting edge, sharp as a freshly cut sheet of glass. I had enough presence of mind to turn shorewards. But this too broke away. Further still, towards the shore! But when the thin ice broke over and over again I gave up the struggle. "This is death!" Quite calmly I lay back in the water. Above me were the stars, and suddenly I thought of my mother. I started. I would try again. The ice held. I succeeded, gropingly, dragging my knees after me as cautiously as a thief, in getting one leg on the firm surface, and then the other, and at last I stood up and looked back. I could see the water rippling still beneath me and beside me in the moonlight. But of Grimm or

my overcoat, not a trace! I began to race for the shore, frantic and blubbering, and shrieking "Help! Help!" It was farther than I had thought. When I reached the shore—who was that sitting on the trough by the fountain? My good Grimm, weeping and groaning: "Schleich! My poor dear Schleich is drowned!"

"So?" I said. "You deserter! And where is *your* overcoat? Eh? And where is mine? Judas!"

When next day I telegraphed to my father, asking him for two hundred marks to buy a new overcoat, I received, with the money, a letter in which he begged me to refrain from bolstering up my constant requests for subsidies with such romances as that of the overcoat, as he never believed such tales. And here, when I really did for once tell him the whole truth, he never, as long as he lived, believed me!

In the following spring there were May festivals, excursions along the lakeside, and singing contests, which our students' choral society attended (and at which we always carried all before us with Attenhofer's *Rothaarig ist mein Schätzelein!* It was a season of enjoyment and enthusiasm, when our days were fully occupied in rehearsals and performances. At most of the festivals I sang or played something of my own composition, and the Russian Kornitzki (who had a magnificent bass voice), Vonwyler and I sang the craziest trios of our own invention. Who could find time to study in such circumstances?

My best friend in Switzerland—he was to be a lifelong friend—was a medical student, Felix. One day, when our solo quartet had just sung the Swiss National Anthem, composed by Attenhofer, the door opened, and a plump little elderly man came in, and said: "Sing that again! The text is mine!" We had to sing it four times. Then he sat down beside us, and a crazy drinking-bout began. He must have been profoundly impressed by my drinking capacity, for a little later he reappeared in the "Gambrinus," and asked our Reseli: "Who's the German who's such a magnificent drinker?" I signalled to him, and he came up to me. "I'm Keller!" I received the

information calmly. He invited me to take supper with him at the "Meise." Again we poured many libations to Bacchus. From that time onwards the old gentleman appeared every six weeks or so, in order to carouse with the "German students." Once, when I was writing to my father, I told him that I was on very friendly terms with a municipal official, by the name of Keller. My father asked me by return of post whether by any chance my friend was Gottfried Keller? If so, I was a lucky fellow, for to his thinking Keller was the greatest of all poets after Goethe.

Well, he was really the divine Gottfried, of whose works I, at the age of twenty, had not read a word. My father, however, sent me his collected works, and I read all his magnificent poems line by line. This great man was my boon companion! In a state of the greatest excitement I waited for his reappearance. He came. I walked beside him to the "Meise," silent, and almost breathless with awe. I was well prepared. When we had found seats I plucked up my courage and began: "Herr Keller! I hadn't the least idea that you were such a great poet!" He blazed up immediately: "Say a single word about poetry, and I'll punch your head. We have come here to drink, not to chatter about poetry! So hold your tongue!" And there was I prepared with all my analyses of novels, legends, and the "Grüne Heinrich"! I reached for my glass, and we were friends again.

Often I had to escort him to his house, where his sister would be waiting anxiously at the door, which she would slam in my face with a volley of abuse, so that I slunk away like a wet poodle. This mighty intellect, this truly great writer, in whom the greatest delicacy of feeling would suddenly break out into volcanic wrath, who would silently and diligently weave his wonderful stories until a daemon dragged him out of his silence, was in his cups the simplest, most genuine, unpolished, Helvetian, who took it very ill if anyone mentioned his work.

Still, later on we did sometimes chatter about literature. He once even said a remarkable thing about the art of writing.

I had asked him, as he himself had touched upon the subject quite amiably: How did a writer contrive that all his verses, and every line of his prose, should express his individuality, his inimitable personality? "How," I asked him boldly, "does one really become a writer?"

Gottfried Keller looked at his glass and reflected, and at last he said, very gently: "If you discover wonder in yourself—then you are a writer!" Involuntarily a line of one of his poems sang itself in my mind: "Hold it to your ear, something you shall hear!" and I asked him if he knew Brahms's setting of the poem. Yes, but he did not care to listen to it, for it made him cry bitterly. Like the boy in the poem, he had stood helpless in the face of life. There was something of Fabius Cunctator in him. I thought of the irresolution of his "Grüne Heinrich," to whom one always wanted to cry: "Come, get a move on! For once, love your fill!"

This intellectual and emotional giant had the shyest soul, and one saw no evidence of his earth-born, primitive strength save in his occasional volcanic outbursts of robustious coarseness. Once he told me about his visit to Berlin. He was asked to tea at the Duncker's house. Lindau, Spielhagen, Heyse, and all the rest of the "young scribblers" were foregathered there. Someone asked him "right out" what he thought of the work of the young Berlin writers. "Do you know what I did? I went out, and I saw in the lobby the silk hats of all those blessed poets, and I smashed them in! Then I hooked it—never to return!" Paul Lindau told me subsequently that the story was perfectly true.

Once, very timidly, in a tremulous voice, I read to him some verses of my own: a poem on the *Föhn*, the terrible south wind of the Alps, and a song of the lake. He then listened attentively while I told him eagerly of our Pomeranian lakes and lagoons, and at last he said; "You ought to write about them: you don't understand the *Föhn*!"

CHAPTER IX

STUDYING WITH MY FATHER: GREIFSWALD

I WAS terribly depressed when I returned to my father's house, although outwardly I was extremely proud of my status as a member of a student corps. I could not conceal the fact from myself and my family that I was in a state of complete moral collapse, and on the way to degenerating into the chronic and dissolute idleness of the eternal student, which has been the ruin of so many promising young men. In just under two years my absolute liberty had led me into a course of frivolous dissipation which even my great physical strength and my perfect health could not withstand. Moreover, I was in a state of acute moral depression by reason of the crazy way in which I had run into debt. It was true that an old friend of my father's had of his own accord paid my debts: Professor Horner, like my father a friend and pupil of Albrecht von Graefe; but this too greatly depressed me, and worst of all was the thought of the inevitable confession to my father.

But before I continue I must say something more about my dear Professor Horner, for the manner in which he made this by no means inconsiderable loan (which amounted to thousands of francs) was so generous and so unusual that I must not pass it over. A few days before I left Zürich, Horner sent for me, and received me with the words: "You must go home! Your father is beseeching that you will do so. Go! Don't make difficulties, but be off!" I must have looked distressed.—"Of course, you have debts!"—I nodded, hesitatingly.—"Well, well, what's the amount? Don't feel embarrassed; I'm a rich man. Once when I was hard up in Paris I tried to 'touch' a millionaire, because I had lost all my cash on the journey there. So I applied to a manufacturer to whom I had a letter of introduction. He laid twenty

francs on the table; I threw them down at his feet. So out with the sum! Such a thing won't happen to you! But be honest! It's the greatest stupidity, when you confess to being in debt, to name too small a sum! Just remember that. So—how much?" —I mentioned, stammering, about two-thirds of the total. "Then we'll say, *summa summarum*, honestly, so and so!" He had hit upon the actual sum. He went to his safe. "Here it is. Don't say anything to your father about our private transaction. Pay it back if you have the money; if not, let it be!"

It is because of my attempts to repay the money that I am telling the story here. Of course, I told my father of Horner's generosity; I knew the magnanimity of a member of his profession would delight him. Many years later, when I was beginning to prosper in my clinic, I got the money together and sent it to Horner. To my astonishment he sent it back to me, with the comment that my father had repaid the sum long ago; but I was not to speak of it, as the dear old gentleman had particularly requested that his repayment of the sum should remain a secret. But many years later I did once speak of the matter. —"What?" my father cried: "It's true that I did send him the money on your behalf, but Horner returned it to me with the statement that you had repaid it long ago!" The good old man had deceived us both in the most amiable fashion! We would have thanked him in common, but he was dead.

My state of collapse on my return from Zürich may best be judged from the fact that when I caught sight of my sister Gertrud in the Stettin railway-station I promptly fell upon her bosom, weeping uncontrollably. A dreadful sense of guilt overpowered me, and in spite of the affectionate welcome I received from both my parents, I was able to shake it off a little only by adopting my grandmother Küster's method of going to bed for a week.

The kindness with which my father gradually set me on my feet again was so wonderful that a perfect flower-garden of repentance began to sprout in my bosom, and at times I felt quite jolly again as I sat at our long table in

the evening; with my father and mother, my five brothers and sisters, and a good supply of beer. I began to tell them all sorts of amusing yarns about the students, recite comic poems, relate stories of our escapades, and enact little scenes, and gradually I worked them all up into a state of boisterous merriment, so that my father's eyes began to gleam, and my sisters began to caress me again, for my father had said, with a twinkle in his eyes: "After all, he's still a good boy!"

And now I went full steam ahead with my work during the long weeks of the vacation. My father's library afforded me ample opportunity of mastering the elements of medicine; for I returned from Zürich as empty of knowledge as my purse was empty of money. I confessed as much to my father, and he began systematically to set me a daily task, which I accomplished with such zeal that he once told one of my sisters: "The boy is so gifted that he learns in a day what I used to learn in a fortnight when I was a student!" I mixed in polite society once more; and my old love for the little maid whose school-books I had once picked out of the snow, Hedwig Oelschlaeger, revived, and shed its purifying light into my darkened soul.

When I was still a First-form schoolboy, spending my holidays in Stettin, my father invited me one evening to accompany him to the house of my uncle Rudolf Oelschlaeger, director and president of the Berlin-Stettin railway, whose family doctor he was. There was to be music after supper. It was then that I saw her again; the dear little girl of old, who had bloomed into a striking beauty, and whom I had never ceased, since our first meeting, to regard as the girl born into this world to become my wife; although I betrayed the existence of this secret bond only by solemnly and chivalrously saluting her, or standing and staring at her in admiration, or following her on the other side of the street, in a dumb and romantic yearning for something infinitely remote and unattainable. Now I suddenly found myself face to face with a young woman, and was conscious of the whole elemental force and inevitability

of my longing for her. We sang duets; she accompanied me admirably when I played the 'cello, and her delightful voice completely conquered me. When, in the evening, we went out on to the wide balcony of the director's house, whence we could see far over the Oder and the riverside meadows, and the woods of the Pomeranian hills, the moon flooded our glorious home with its silver light, and I, carried away by the beauty of the moment, began, as though speaking spontaneously, to repeat the words of Goethe's lovely poem, *Füllest wieder Busch und Tal*, I knew that my heart was irretrievably hers. And my childish premonition had not deceived me; this good angel was indeed destined for me. But at that time I fell into a state of amorous melancholy, lying awake at night and soaking my pillow with my tears, and sitting hunched like a sick canary in a window that looked over the market-place.

Now, when I returned to the Oelschlaeger's home as a student, there was, of course, no end of music-making and flirtation. The brothers of my future wife were extremely musical, and so was Hedwig's lovely little sister Margarete; and so, above all, was the handsome but corpulent "old lady," the comfortable "Ria." Her mother, Madame Glagau, was still living; a native of French Switzerland, who never learned German quite perfectly, and who was the first to suspect my love for Hedwig; for she said one day, in her droll, broken German: "Little one, I believe young Schleich is interested in you!"

Max, now a judge of the Supreme Court, was an accomplished musician even as a schoolboy; he played and composed, and I have never met his equal at improvisation. Paul, who was equally musical, but less astonishingly productive, played the violin to perfection, and since Hedwig was an excellent pianist, and could sing almost anything, we were able to indulge in regular musical orgies. More than once we began at four in the afternoon and broke up at the same hour in the morning. On Sunday afternoons we sat round the big coffee-table, the men smoking the most delicious cigars, enjoying the "old gentleman's" curious anecdotes, or "Ria's"

original observations, or Paul's unforgettable humour. Or they would ask me to describe our student frolics. Sometimes accident, the greatest humorist in the world, would contribute to the programme. Once, I remember, we asked Uncle Rudolf whether it was not time for one of us to bring out the cigar-boxes. He stood up, settling his pince-nez, saying: "Nonsense! Only the old gentleman is allowed to do that!" He returned with a lofty pyramid of the precious boxes, skilfully balancing it in his hands, but in the doorway he turned, and—was it a puff of wind, or the cord of his pince-nez?—the whole skilfully built pyramid crashed to the floor. I have never heard my brother-in-law Max laugh so heartily as he did then. But Uncle Rudolf, settling his pince-nez again, remarked: "Yes, my fine fellow! Anyone can have bad luck, but only the old gentleman could have let it fall so skilfully!"

At that time I was leading very much the life of a Cyrano de Bergerac, which did not, subsequently, make the Stettin public more inclined to accept me as a physician, nor did it help me in my efforts to win my "Princess Snowdrop." It may have been in consequence of my reputation for wildness that I subsequently suffered a severe defeat at a session of the Medical Society. Nowhere have I found so little understanding of my new theories of pain and life and death as in my native city. I suppose my Cyrano period robbed me for ever of any vestige of scientific credit.

But in spite of my varied pastimes, and my social activities as singer, 'cellist, improvisator, and poet, I was working diligently under my father's direction; and it was well for me that he had so many good friends among the apothecaries, schoolmasters, and professors of the city. To study chemistry I went to the laboratory of the apothecary before whose door I had first lost my heart to Hedwig; physics I studied with one of the professors at the technical school; anatomy in the dissecting-room of the hospital; and botany I learned, though in a rather one-sided fashion, from the ferns which my father was growing, in a big hot-frame, for my brother Ernst, who

ASSISTANT IN THE SURGICAL CLINIC IN GREIFSWALD

was going to be a botanist. I also read the whole literature of the subject, including the great botanical atlases of Count Liczynski, all of which my father had obtained for my brother, who preferred riding or rowing. Subsequently this proved to be very fortunate for me. For although I was as innocent of botany as a blank sheet of paper, a few months later, during an examination, Professor Münter asked me, perhaps in compassion, since medical students rarely knew much about plants, whether I was interested in any particular branch of botany; a question which was usually answered by the recitation of some page which the examinee had learned by heart. To his great astonishment I replied: "Yes, ferns!"

I did not know that the study of ferns was his special preserve. He stared.—"Ferns? *My* ferns?"—"Of course," I said boldly, although I knew nothing of his proprietary rights in the order.—"Then I suppose you are aware of the unheard-of theft which has been committed, in this very Institute, by a scoundrelly Count, the theft of my whole intellectual estate?"—"By Count Liczynski," I said, boldly, "I know the thing!"—"Then, to begin with, my dear fellow, tell me—what do you know of ferns?"—I came out with everything I had read in my father's books about the truly wonderful history of the ferns; I had always loved the ferns in the Wollin woods, and the subject had interested me, so that I was able to recollect in every detail the pictures in the atlases, and was even able to reproduce them.

After some ten minutes of romancing about the loves and sorrows, life and death of the ferns, Professor Münter interrupted me, exclaiming: "My dear, my excellent young friend! This is really magnificent! For forty years I have been examining students in my subject in this university! And never yet has so learned a young man entered the lists! And a medical student to boot! What talent! What profound science! I should like to embrace you! Would you like to be my assistant? But first of all your marks!" And he wrote: "Exceptionally good! Justifies great hopes!"—"I have never before written that!"

he said. "But now come with me. I owe it to you to put before you the documents of the greatest of historical thefts!" And I had to listen for some two hours to the lamentations of a *savant* who had certainly been robbed of the results of his researches; but my delight over my unexpected success was so great that I would have endured much worse things. If I had not had good luck, if the professor had questioned me about the buttercup or the horsetail instead of the ferns, I should have failed as certainly as my predecessor, to whom Münter said: "Now, my dear fellow! You know absolutely nothing! Can you even tell me the Latin name of the camomile flower of which people make tea?" (It is called, of course, *Chamomilla.*) The poor fellow cheerfully replied: "The Camomile is called Camilla!"—"No, my dear fellow!" said Münter, "your girl cousin may be called Camilla, but you are ploughed!" And this might have happened to me.

But in examinations luck was always on my side. Fortune shone upon me even in my matriculation. On the day before the examination Rollmann, our professor of mathematics, who looked more like an old general, asked me to explain the binomial theorem on the blackboard. I was always a bad mathematician at school, and to this day I hate the mathematical dissection of life, that mania for reducing everything to type, of destroying the individuality in Nature; and at this particular time, the day before the examination, I knew absolutely nothing about the subject. Rollmann smote his hands together above his head. "And you expect to matriculate to-morrow? Man, do you think the Devil is going to help you?" The floor seemed to give way beneath my feet. Never did I leave the schoolhouse in more disconsolate mood, and never have I felt more like a man about to be hanged than when I entered the examination-room on the following day. Rollmann saw me enter. He called me aside. "Now, man, hold your head up! You've got a dispensation! But it hung by a thread. You young monkey, you simply turned the German subject upside down!" (It was: "Why does Horace

always awaken our renewed interest?" In a spirit of sheer impudence I had tried to demonstrate, on the evidence of my own translations from the Greek—in rhymed verse—that Horace was a garrulous plagiarist, but not an original poet!)—"The Director did not know what he should do; the essay was good in itself, but to take a set theme and simply turn it topsy turvy, even though the feat displayed taste and knowledge, was an audacious proceeding. He called a committee. It decided against you. But the Government Inspector thought the essay remarkable. He wrote 'Highly commended' under it, and so you had the necessary surplus of marks for the dispensation."—My paper must really have pleased the Inspector, for he advised me on leaving school to devote myself entirely to literature; my talent was unmistakable. Ought I to have followed his advice? But after all, have I not followed it?

Now that I am speaking of my beloved Stralsund, I must relate yet another episode to show that in my journey through life a guardian angel always sat on the box. A Swedish foundation still survived, in the Free City of Stralsund, from the old days of the Swedish power: a "large silver medal for diligence and good behaviour" had to be awarded, once in every ten years, to the best scholar of the gymnasium.

The next date of this solemn award was approaching when I was in the First Form. Unsuspectingly we all assembled in the hall. I was just beginning to chew an apple when I heard my name called from the platform. And thereupon this silver medal, which in later years was a plaything for all my little nieces and nephews, was solemnly handed to me. I grew red as a beetroot. For my surviving schoolfellows—Oberregierungsrat Livonius, Geheimrat Jonas, Bürgermeister Palleske, President Franz Berg, and the author Wilhelm Kobes—will all testify that I was the greatest good-for-nothing in the school, and indeed in the town, whose crazy tricks scandalized the very sparrows on the roof-tops. Carl Schleich—and diligence—and good conduct! Alas, I was a stranger to both!

I wanted to refuse the medal, but the Director simply turned me about. Only once, in later years, when the Surgical Congress showed me to the door on account of my discovery of infiltration anaesthesia, was I ever again so flabbergasted as on this morning, when I passed through my classmates on my way to the door, the undeserved honour a heavier burden than the scientific sentence of death was to be! What an uproar there was in the classroom! Although I was not unpopular, this seemed altogether too crazy. I collapsed into a chair in the corner of the room, and nothing I could say would appease the tumult until I made the following speech from the platform: "I want to propose something to you! I couldn't help it. I'm perfectly ready to hand over the blessed medal to somebody else if you'll tell me who is to have it!" But at this they were greatly perplexed. "Well, then, I'll tell you what! After school, at six o'clock, you all come along to the brewery. I'll stand treat, and then we'll dice for the thing!" They accepted; we diced and diced, and "the thing" remained faithful to me!—so that after all I have a certain legal title to the medal.

But to return to my preparation for the examination in medicine! Before I sat for it my anxious father sent me for two further semesters to Greifswald, taking precautions to limit my activities; I had, with a heavy heart, to restrict myself to a festive meeting of the Pomeranian and Prussian corps. I would only too gladly have continued the life of a corps student. The romanticism of this last symbol of mediaeval chivalry had an intense fascination for me. There was something great and glorious in the organization of the student corps. Although many of its concepts of honour may be false or debatable, it is none the less an organization built about that finest jewel on the human breast—namely, honour. To teach a young man to keep his honour unsullied, so that he sees in clean hands the alpha and omega of citizenship, can only be conducive to the public welfare.

In the event of my entering one of the corps Professor

Sommer was instructed to send me straight back to Stettin. In other respects I spent the two semesters in Griefswald in absolute freedom. Otto Vorpahl had entered himself as a theological student; later he changed over to medicine, and is to-day a respected physician in his native city of Stettin. Together we founded a choral society with lady members. I conducted, or sang solo; Vorpahl played the flute. We gave some very pretty performances of oratorio. Two very charming ladies of the name of Rohdes were the mainstay of the ladies' chorus. There were plenty of basses among the bibulous students. Our choir was in much demand as a means of enlivening balls and other social functions; we were often invited *en masse*, and we ourselves organized banquets and excursions. And I even sang ballads in public to further the cause of charity.

So the time passed quickly enough in Greifswald, and when the examination in medicine drew near my father appeared, and I rejoiced his heart by winning the right to style myself thenceforth *cand. med.*

I was very near becoming a *cand. mort.* For the few weeks of my further stay in Greifswald almost led to my tragical undoing.

One evening a medical student, an old schoolfellow of mine, dropped in for a chat. We talked of this and that, and had a few drinks. I was struck by a certain look of distress on his face, and a curious dullness in his eyes, while this formerly vigorous and attractive young man had adopted a strangely cynical way of speaking. Suddenly he came quite close to me, and said, almost in a whisper: "I think I know what to do with you, Carl. I see that you too are distinguished by a certain intellectuality and superiority, and are not such a fool, such a slave to convention, as the rest. We have a club of eccentrics here. Devotees of Schopenhauer, Buddhists. . . . A spiritual élite. 'The Club of the Resigned.' You ought to join us. Just come for once. You'll like it." He showed me his card. It bore the words:

Wilhelm N——.
cand. mort. † † †

"And so we all style ourselves. Be there at four o'clock to-morrow." He gave me the address: a room in one of the Government Institutes. I do not know what drew me thither, but I felt that I had to go. I opened the door; it was a singular spectacle. Some eight young men were lying there, half undressed. A strange medley of humming, muttering, and singing greeted my ears. One youth, lying on the bed, was singing a parody of "The Erl-king," in broad dialect. On the sofa another student was reading something out of a scientific work on Satanism in love. In a corner of the room yet another youth was singing:

> Houris, houris, now he comes!
> Pipe the flutes and roll the drums!
> Palm-leaves fan the sweet air cool.
> Light, light the elephants tread,
> Tread not on the coolie's head!
> Fol-de-rol, fol-de-rol, fol-de-rol, la!

In the middle of the room someone was playing the flute. The air was thick with cigarette-smoke. A tea-kettle was boiling. Suddenly a student in a turban, a stranger to me, rose to his feet:

"Carl Schleich! Welcome to the cave of renunciation! Is it your will to be one of us? Hold out your arm! You shall make the trial. Candidate, this is the renunciation of the resigned!"

Moved by curiosity, I was rash enough to hold out my arm. He bared it, and before I could prevent him he had injected a syringeful of some unknown liquid under my skin. I had hardly felt it burning me when I lost consciousness. I reeled and fell. When I came to myself I was lying on a sickbed. There were a number of people standing around it. Professor M— was bending over me. "He's living," I heard him say. Summoned in haste, he had administered three injections of camphor. The turbaned stranger had given me an injection of hashish,

and I was intolerant to it. I had found my way into a club of hashish addicts. My collapse was my salvation. Five of the members died in a madhouse or committed suicide. Not one of them was ever cured of the craving.

If only my guardian angel had been off duty! . . .

CHAPTER X

BERNHARD VON LANGENBECK

SO at last, against all expectation, and with the manifest assistance of the gods, I had passed the examination in medicine, and my triumph over those of my relatives who had suffered from my excess of vitality, and had given me up as lost beyond redemption, was enjoyed to the full by my father and myself. The rosiest hopes for the future were expressed in a half-choking: "And now . . .!"

I went to Berlin at the beginning of the year 1882, and there, apart from brief intervals, I have remained ever since. One of the first acquaintances whom I met was Hermann Bindemann, a school-fellow from Stralsund, who had become a probationer (*cand. med.*) a week earlier than myself. My inquiry as to how he was behaving himself he answered in his droll Pomeranian dialect. "Oh, well, it's good-bye to all that! A nice lot of swine we were! We are with von Langenbeck in the Guards Hospital." He then suggested, in a patronizing manner, that he would speak to "Sonnenburgen"; he believed there was room for a junior assistant, and if I liked he would take me there.

That was a piece of great good luck for me. Under von Langenbeck I entered upon a course of study which had not the least resemblance to the usual course of the medical probationer in his clinical semesters. From 1882 to 1887 I was really only a "famulus"; that is, I was employed as co-assistant in a number of different institutions, and as such I worked under von Langenbeck, Bergmann, Senator, Virchow, and Olshausen, to say nothing of their less celebrated colleagues. But under Helferich, who subsequently went to Greifswald, I was employed as actual assistant.

This early contact of the young physician with specialist practice under masters of international reputation, without

any preparation worthy of the name—this jumping into deep water—though under supervision—in order to learn to swim, was once customary in England, and it has its good points. The theory and foundations of medical science came after a preparatory term as assistant to medical practitioners. For example, I did not read Virchow's "Cellular Pathology" until after I had had eighteen months' practical experience of dissection and microscopic examination; one did one's best to imitate one's betters, and such instruction as they imparted was fragmentary and unsystematic. Later the theory of what one had done, and the study of text-books, filled up the gaps.

It is a great advantage, in the study of medicine, if one is able to compare all that one learns by reading with what one has already seen. The reverse method is more difficult. In observing pathological symptoms in the light of what has been learned from books or lectures one has to recall the abstract theory of each given case, which demands a much greater effort of memory than is required if on reading a systematic exposition of the subject one's memory is constantly able to refer to actual experiences, which, being novel, are, as a rule, very deeply imprinted on the youthful mind. I should like to see a reformation in the study of medicine: instead of sitting on a bench and listening to lectures in the university, the student should be set to work at once; for although his duties would at first be of a subaltern nature, they would help to develop the most essential faculty of the physician: they would teach him to observe exactly and to state the scientific problems involved.

For myself, I entered von Langenbeck's surgical clinic in the Ziegelstrasse, and to begin with was attached as *famulus* to Gluck and Sonnenburg in the very busy Poliklinic. Here I found Bindemann, who behaved in the most supercilious manner, although this was his first experience of a surgical hospital. I remember that on sounding a patient's heart he applied the wrong end of the stethoscope to the apex. Since

I had often seen my father using the stethoscope, I diffidently ventured to ask him whether he had not better reverse it, whereupon he replied, with an embarrassed but supercilious expression: "We (the cheek of the man!) use it *so* in this clinic!" I myself, on the first opportunity, tapped the patient's bare ribs with the hammer (instead of laying my fingers upon his chest and tapping them, in what is known as "mediate percussion"). How often we have teased one another since then in respect of our apprentice absurdities!

Gluck, the now celebrated surgeon, the originator of the modern technique of transplating tissues in cases of organic defect, who suffered the fate of all pioneers, took us both under his wing, and I had to thank him, then and afterwards, for many an invaluable hint. Gluck was a great humorist. An undeservedly red nose adorned a face which bore the scars of many sabre-cuts (received in student duels), and his eyes had a shrewd and kindly twinkle. He was a Rumanian, and had obtained a vast amount of surgical experience in the Turko-Rumanian war. A great contrast was Sonnenburg, a Hanoverian, who spoke precisely, in sibilant accents; a stiff, dignified little man. He walked with a very self-conscious gait, with his head thrown back and his little corporation protruded, for all the world like the cock in Grandfather's courtyard. We malicious *famuli* called him (I fear at my suggestion) "Helios with the arrogance-lordosis" (or, the pigeon-breasted sun-god).

His colleague Hoek, on the other hand, an extremely mysterious personality, suffered from a humility-cyphosis (an actual spinal deformity, which he shared with such philosophers as Kant and Moses Mendelssohn). Sonnenburg, who as the chief surgeon of the Moabit Hospital in Berlin became so famous for his appendix therapy that for a time it was the fashion in Berlin to have one's appendix removed by him, was the acting head of the Poliklinic, where he taught us much by his masterly diagnoses.

It was some time before I came into contact with von

Langenbeck. I was making an ophthalmoscopic examination of one of the nurses, who took it for granted that I had inherited my father's genius as an oculist. Langenbeck came over to me and told me, since he saw at a glance that I was quite inexperienced in the use of the ophthalmoscope, the following true story:

Old Jüngken, the surgeon who had preceded von Bardeleben at the Charité, absolutely refused to believe in von Graefe and his concave mirror; he had never thought it worth while to use the instrument. At last, however, bowing to the tyranny of facts, he trod the Canossa path to Graefe's private clinic. Graefe led him up to a patient, gave him the lens and mirror, and the headband with the perforated speculum. But alas! instead of shining into the patient's pupil, the spot of light flew capriciously about the wall, while Jüngken croaked, with narrowed eyes: "But this is most fascinating, oh, most fascinating!" Graefe, behind his old adversary's back, held his sides to suppress his laughter. Although I had already heard the story from my father, who had witnessed the incident, and gave a most humorous description of it, I was immensely interested to compare the different styles of the two accounts. Langenbeck, the elegant aristocrat, related the anecdote in a tone of graceful irony, while my father emphasized its burlesque comedy. Then the great man sat himself down in front of me, and instructed me, with touching patience and the greatest courtesy, in the proper use of the ophthalmoscope. Bindemann said to me afterwards: "There you have a man of real breeding; he talks to us fellows as though we were counts!" This was true; he was the most chivalrous aristocrat I have ever met. The whole personality of this little man—his slightly rolling gait, his shock of unruly, waving locks, already white, his almost excessively lofty, convex forehead, his finely chiselled features, his nose, sharp as a vulture's beak, his König-Wilhelm whiskers, his clean-shaven chin, and above all his big, blue, kindly eyes, which required the assistance, when he was operating, of a pair of large, gold-rimmed pince-nez, was

marked by the quiet, impressive courtesy with which he treated even the least of us. If we *famuli*, when we met him in the corridors of the clinic, forgot to bow until we had nearly passed him, he was nearly always ahead of us with his bow and his morning greeting. I remember how angrily I contrasted his behaviour with that of one of my later chiefs, an uncouth creature who regarded his assistants as mere aseptic drudges.

Von Langenbeck was the most exquisite surgeon who ever wielded scalpel, and the father of the whole domain of plastic surgery.

When I first saw him operate, with his incomparable perfection of technique, I once more began to waver in my resolve to become a doctor. It was a very bloody extirpation of both inguinal glands. I uttered a short and fervent prayer, and told myself, shudderingly: "You'll never learn how to do that!" But before long surgery itself interested me far more than anatomy had ever done in the Zürich dissecting-room. And Bindemann's sense of humour came to my assistance. "Carl," he said—it was his only criticism of surgery—"sticking pigs is even worse!"

Von Langenbeck never missed an opportunity of teaching us something. It was he who taught me the elementary technique of narcosis, and thanks to him I presently became the chloroform specialist of the clinic. He was always very nervous of narcosis; he told us once: "Every narcosis is as though you were holding somebody by the throat out of a fourth-floor window!" Perhaps I have to thank him for the earnestness with which I subsequently attacked the problem of schematized narcosis.

It always delighted him if he could set us to draw a tooth from the unbreakable jaw of some grenadier from the neighbouring barracks. He himself had a great fondness for dental extraction—all surgeons have such caprices—and I well remember his astonished smile when I successfully dealt with my first molar. Langenbeck examined it attentively. "Oh," he

said, "that is the wrong one!" He then took the elephantine grinder and restored it to is socket. This manipulation, whose purpose he immediately explained—"Kindly Mother Nature will repair such little mistakes! It will grow in again!"—confused me even more than my wrongful assault upon the victim, who remained as silent as a statue.

To see Bernhard von Langenbeck operate daily, and to accompany him, now and again, as assistant, in his private practice, meant hours of great nervous tension, and I was always conscious of the favour which Providence and Bindemann had vouchsafed to me, in allowing me to make the acquaintance of this eminent man. His portrait, which is one of my valued possessions, is adorned with a dedication in his own hand: "B. V. L. to his last *famulus*, C. S."; for with Keitel, one of his nephews, now Surgeon-General, I was one of his last two assistants, and was taken over by his successor, Ernst von Bergmann.

The rapidity with which Langenbeck operated is inconceivable. He himself used to relate an anecdote in this connection. He had introduced various "amputation-cuts" which facilitated rapid operation, which in the old days, when all wounds became more or less septic, was of the greatest importance, since a protracted operation naturally increased the danger of infection; also in earlier times, before there was such a thing as chloroform, to operate rapidly was to diminish suffering. Acting in this humane intention, Dr. Larrey, Napoleon's medical attendant, who was also a military surgeon, contrived to perform an amputation of the thigh, with complete disarticulation of the hip-joint, in $5\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, including all ligatures, stitches, and bandage! Langenbeck too used to operate very rapidly, and for the same reason. Once a certain surgeon was supposed to have come from America expressly to watch his new circular incision in amputations of the leg. But the unfortunate man was an inveterate snuff-taker. "There he stood," said Langenbeck, "and just as I was preparing to run the knife, quick as lightning, round the

leg, he turned away to take a pinch of snuff, and pulled out his handkerchief, and when he turned round again to watch me at work—the leg was off, and the doctor had sneezed away a voyage from America! He was very snuffy about it!"

We once had to make an interesting dissection of an injury to the skull, when the pathologist Carl Friedlander and Oscar Israel, Virchow's assistant, who was also a son of Stralsund, were invited to attend. The beautiful equestrienne, Carola Renz, who had fallen from her horse in the circus, had fractured her skull, and was brought to our clinic in a dying condition. This was the first scientific autopsy which I had witnessed, and I shuddered with horror as I saw Friedlander's sharp inquisitive knife sink into the classical beauty of this woman's body. On such occasions I have, as it were, to switch off my sense of the inviolability of a noble human body, together with all aesthetic considerations, lest I should fall to the ground in a faint, as men not seldom do during the dissection of a corpse. (I have often seen public prosecutors, reporters, witnesses, etc., faint in the dissecting-room.) When the beautiful head had to be opened it appeared that there was no attendant available for the difficult business of sawing round the skull—a task which requires constant practice. Accordingly, the learned Freidlander had to set to work, and it was obvious that the technical difficulties would be too much for him. Israel, too, made a mess of the job; which, after all, was not surprising, as it called for extraordinary skill or constant practice. Langenbeck began to fidget; at last he shook his head, and said, politely: "But, gentlemen! Anatomists! One should serve in the ranks! Rise from the ranks! Perhaps you will allow me!" He took the bow-saw, and with extraordinary accuracy and technical mastery he lifted the cranium from the congested meninges.

I must not close this brief recollection of the great Bernhard von Langenbeck without recalling an episode which had a profound and lasting effect on my whole attitude to medicine.

One morning Langenbeck had employed, for the third time, a method of his own devising for the resection of the oesophagus. Even to-day the operation is regarded as a delicate one, which calls for the skill of a master. The great plastic surgeon had hoped that this case would add a glorious page to the history of medicine. The operation was a brilliant success—but Langenbeck and his assistants, in their mood of self-gratulation, had forgotten to tell the sister that she must not give the patient anything to drink. Being terribly thirsty, he greedily gulped down the glass of milk which she offered him. The stitches were torn out, the infected liquid escaped into the thoracic cavity, and the unfortunate man was dead by the evening. Next morning, as we presented ourselves at the door of our chief's room in order to present our clinical reports, our head attendant—a splendid fellow—slipped quietly out of the room, with his finger to his lip, closed the door behind him, and whispered:

"Herr Geheimrat has locked himself in. Herr Geheimrat is still here; he has been here all night. He is lying before the crucifix. He has never stopped praying!" The picture of this man of genius prostrated by his sense of guilt has never left me.

I became very intimate with Langenbeck's chief attendant and factotum Wernicke. He had undergone the operation of laryngotomy, and could speak only in a whisper, between a croak and a whistle. He was a capital fellow, with a heart of gold, and he possessed Langenbeck's entire confidence. His position in Langenbeck's clinic—every hospital surgeon has such an indispensable right-hand man—he owed to the following tragic accident: As a soldier, he was sent to the Ziegelstrasse clinic with a trifling wound in the hand. When it was almost healed Langenbeck asked him to take back to his captain the sum of 300 marks which had been paid as deposit. He duly reported to his captain, but he had lost the money. The captain merely made a peculiar grimace. Wernicke ran straight back to the hospital, got hold of an amputation-knife, and cut his

throat. Langenbeck saved him. Next day the lost money was found in the vestibule of the captain's apartments. Langenbeck kept the man by him, and made him his surgical *adlatus*, who gave us probationers private lectures on fractures and dislocations, which I have never heard bettered by the most distinguished professors. The laryngeal cicatrix, the symbol of his high sense of honour, made ordinary speech impossible. A great bond between us was our love of music. And he was enraptured if when we were cutting bandages or sterilizing instruments in the operating-theatre I imitated Carl Swoboda for him, whom he had heard at the Friedrich-Wilhelm Theatre. Old Wernicke would be quite moved on such occasions, and the bass strings of his maltreated vocal cords would creak in time to my cantilena. He repaid me by giving me an exact and thorough training in the theory of surgical instruments, and initiated me into all the little mysteries and technical details of bandaging. This pearl of a surgical orderly gave me a most valuable insight into many departments of surgical knowledge which are often completely neglected by the specialist.

When von Langenbeck left us Wernicke sobbed like a child. Bernard von Langenbeck retired to a villa in Wiesbaden. A strange fate robbed him of his fortune, and so, in his new home, where he had hoped to rest after his incessant labours in war and peace, and his faithful service to his beloved Kaiser, whom he had attended when an assassin's bullet had wounded him, this prince of surgeons had to earn his daily bread as a general practitioner, running up and down other people's stairs, hammer and stethoscope in hand.

"Isn't it tragic?" said Sonnenberg to me as we left the premises of the Medical Society, where two years before Bernard von Langenbeck had given a lecture on "The Treatment of Articular Tuberculosis by the internal administration of Arsenic"—"isn't it tragic, that this operator *par excellence*, this virtuoso of resection, should suddenly have to practice

conservative surgery because he must earn his keep?" As a matter of fact, the physicians of Wiesbaden had addressed a protest to the Berlin Medical Society, because Bernard von Langenbeck, with his great name, was competing with them unfairly as a "family doctor." This was the reward for the life-work of a genius.

CHAPTER XI

ERNST VON BERGMANN

THE funeral hymns had been sung, the last farewells of love and reverence had been spoken, and the wreaths of flowers, which had made the final journey of a man of the rarest quality such a pageant as befitted a brilliant and successful life, were now beginning to fade. Ernst von Bergmann, the very sound of whose name seemed to fill the hearts of those who knew him with a warmer radiance than the common light of day, a man from whose personality there emanated, even in his lifetime, a classic, significant, and unforgettable influence, was laid in his grave at Easter, 1907, and even as he died he entered the ranks of the immortals. He died during the sessions of the German Surgical Society, in which he had filled the place of a leader; and now he had joined the silent and elect community of the great dead, whose living influence over their survivors is presently recorded by the objective stylus of history; but the very shadow which his going hence cast over the transactions of his colleagues gave light enough to indicate new paths and desirable goals.

The fact that he died during the session of the celebrated Surgical Society gave me a welcome pretext for revealing something of Ernst von Bergmann's life and work to a wider public, and at the same time tracing his influence upon German surgery.

Ernst von Bergmann was a native of Russian Livonia (which at heart was German). He was born in Riga, in 1836, the son of an Evangelical pastor. The sonorous German of which he was such a master never quite lost the accent of his province: the sharp, rather hard, explosive consonants of the Russo-German, which seemed to exaggerate the Prussian dialect, left one in no doubt as to his origin. They were most conspicuous when he uttered short aphorisms in his native idiom. "When

a man *b*rreaks his nec*k* he *d*ies"; so he once concluded his evidence in court, when asked if it was possible for a man to live with a fracture of the cervical vertebrae.

As a rule, however, his native idiom was softened by the unusual grace of his delivery. When addressing an audience he could be infinitely courteous, diplomatic, and charming, but sometimes, in debate, you seemed to hear the sudden ring of steel. I have often had occasion to allude to his extraordinary readiness of speech; here I will only remark that the roots of his being ran deep into his native soil (which, after all, is true of every great man). If his speech—for speech both betrays and conceals the secret processes of thought—revealed the influence of the land that was the home of his youth, this influence was even more discernible in his deepest convictions. In his parents' house he was accustomed to consider all things as controlled by the eternal Powers, and he remained, throughout his life, a profoundly religious man; as the clergman who read the funeral service said above his coffin: much to the surprise of many of his hearers. "Praise ye the Lord, my soul," was his favourite hymn; and the problem of educational reform, with the tendency to abolish religious teaching in the schools, caused him serious misgivings, and he resolved to intervene, on the side of religion, in the House of Peers, of which he had become a member at the Kaiser's desire: "Because religion is the best thing that we can salvage from our childhood." When his last hour had struck Bergmann turned to his God in humble prayer. It is of the greatest value to know that a man of his stamp was no materialist; that in spite of his medical training he kept alive within him a religious undercurrent from which his enthusiasm for all altruistic action drew secret nourishment. Despite his worldly success, and his profound knowledge of natural science, he had not forgotten the faith or the prayers of his childhood.

His love of his Russian home must often have been subjected to a painful test; for example, when at the instance of the Tsar

he was offered the chair of surgery in St. Petersburg or Kiev, and at the same time received a call from Wurzburg (1878). The Tsar would assuredly have wished to retain so eminent a man for the Russian Empire; and Bergmann's speech on the battlefield of Plevna proved that his decision in favour of the German Fatherland cannot have been an easy one. After all, it was in Russia that he had been reared and educated.

After some years of study in his parents' house he was sent to a private school near Wenden (Birkenruh), whence he was prepared for the university—and his university was Dorpat. To judge from his incidental references to his student days, and his jovial and humorous manner on convivial occasions, he must have been a jolly and even a boisterous student; and he never quite lost a certain roguish quality, despite his high dignities and offices. But only a few of his admirers had experience of his hearty, childlike sense of humour; in his dealings with most of his colleagues he behaved with a certain reserve, though he was always courteous, and never unduly insistent.

Bergmann graduated at Dorpat in 1860. His thesis for the doctorate dealt with the effect of balsams upon the bodies of animals. Soon after this he was appointed to the post of assistant in the surgical clinic of the university hospital. Four years later he qualified as *Privatdozent* for surgery. He pursued his graduate studies in Vienna and Berlin, and in 1866 he accepted the post of assistant extraordinary to Surgeon-General Wagner in Königsberg, and, permanently attached to the Surgeon-General, he accompanied the latter into the field during the Prusso-Austrian campaign. In 1870 he had just begun to work in Professor Kühne's Physiological Institute in Amsterdam when the war broke out. He hastened to Berlin, and secured a position in the Medical Army Reserve which enabled him to take part in the battles of Weissenburg and Wörth. It was his good fortune to help the two greatest living surgeons after Langenbeck—Billroth and Volkmann—in their exacting labours; in Mannheim, where the "Seilebohn" reserve hospital was entrusted to him. In Karlsruhe he was appointed for a

time to a barrack hospital, and subsequently proceeded to Belfort and Paris with the Baden ambulance train. After 1871 he returned to Dorpat, where he was appointed, in the July of the same year, as the successor of his teacher Adelmann.

Thus, as a comparatively young man he was vouchsafed the opportunity of surveying the greatest theatre of surgical wounds. Observations which in time of peace would not be granted during a man's whole lifetime were here marshalled in a single year before the astonished eyes of the young surgeon. It was an impressive experience to listen to Bergmann's vivid descriptions of this period; his keen vision and his warm heart saw and felt, besides all the bewildering surgical data, the wounds inflicted on humanity in war, the infinite misery which such a human catastrophe involves. Here and later, in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877, when he was attached to the headquarters of the Grand Duke Nicholas, Bergmann conceived the methods which he afterwards recommended for the treatment and care of the wounded. The time was not yet ripe for antisepsis. Lister, indeed, had published his first results in 1869, and a German staff surgeon, Schulze, had eulogized the system of avoiding the infection of wounds by micro-organisms; but it was long before the methods of Lister, that great benefactor of humanity, were generally adopted in surgery. Bergmann, as surgical consultant to the Danube Army, was present at the battles of Plevna, Felisch, and Gornji-Dubnick, and had witnessed the ravages of gangrene, dysentery, and cholera in the Russian Army. What he had seen filled his heart with such an intense longing to improve these terrible conditions that he became one of the first and most ardent advocates of Lister's methods, and this at a time when even a man like Billroth went so far as to deride Volkmann for being taken in by "the Lister rubbish."

While from 1878 to 1882 Bergmann was living in Wurzburg as a teacher of surgery a new programme of wound therapy took definite shape in his mind. Hitherto the whole orientation of Bergmann's training had been expressly anatomical and

physiological. His close acquaintance with the brilliant physiologist of the blood, Alexander Schmidt in Dorpat, may have been responsible for the physiologico-chemical tendency apparent in his first important works, *Das Putride Gift*, *Das Sepsin*, etc. At this time, at the height of his powers, Bergmann, in accordance with the doctrines of humoral pathology, was inclined, as we are to-day, to attribute all morbid phenomena to a chemical alteration of the blood-serum. How it was that in his later years he departed from this opinion will presently be explained. In the beginning Wurzburg was for him the source from which he derived Virchow's fundamental doctrine of the cells as the ultimate biological units. From this evolved the science of bacteriology, founded by Pasteur, applied by Lister, and expanded by Koch into a new, vast field of biological labours.

Well equipped with the weapons of all the existing arsenals, in 1882 Ernst von Bergmann came to Berlin, a man hitherto completely unknown, and yet the successor of Bernhard von Langenbeck. People quoted the comment of the aged Bardeleben: "Heaven only knows where the Ministry dug him up"; from which it may be judged how little was expected of the still unknown man. It was the expectant calm before the storm.

I myself, as the last co-assistant of von Langenbeck, taken over by the new chief, was a witness of the sudden revolution. Before our eyes a bewildering new order came into being, which constitutes one of the most interesting chapters of my medical reminiscences. Under the resolute hands of the new conqueror scarcely a stone was left upon another. A system of antiseptic drill, worked out to the last details, was introduced, with the strictness and pedantry of military discipline, in the place of the old familiar practices. If Langenbeck had been a genius whose sure and elegant aristocratic hand had demonstrated almost exclusively the operative methods which he himself had devised, as a virtuoso displays his inimitable and amazing skill—if Langenbeck was

the very mind and soul of surgery, his successor was like a great organizer of the accepted and integrated and systematized ideas of the past and present. As Moltke, combining the ideas of Frederick the Great and Napoleon, forced upon an army, by manœuvres and the much-decried Prussion drill, the weapons that forged our Fatherland, so Bergmann placed our traditional practices and our dispersed discoveries on a firm foundation, and forced them upon his pupils with all the means at the disposal of a dictator. There was much shaking of heads at the outset, and even the most brilliant objected, with some temper, that "they had grown accustomed to Langenbeck," but we cannot doubt to-day that the system of training whose lines were laid down by Bergmann, and whose object was the creation of a technique of the surgical conscience, has been a tremendous blessing. With these methods in his knapsack—every detail of which was devised with a view to its efficiency in the war upon bacteria—every recruit could feel that he had some prospect of becoming a general. Genius could look after itself; but here, for the first time, we were taught, by drill, how to use our weapons: to spend half an hour in preparation, to learn how to behave as though we were always in the presence of danger, before we were allowed to fight a battle.

Perhaps Bergmann was not the first to venture on the great step from antisepsis (fighting the bacteria) to asepsis (the method of keeping them at a distance), from error to the truth still hidden in the shell; perhaps Neuber of Kiel will be for ever famous for having already done almost all the things which Schimmelbusch and Bergmann combined into an apparently brand-new system; nevertheless Bergmann was the man by whose hand the full benefit of the ideas and achievements of Lawson Tait and Neuber was dispensed. Neuber, indeed, might well be grateful to the great organizer; for through Bergmann the immortality of his achievements and his name was more surely founded.

In the first days of the new dispensation a strikingly handsome boy of twelve was brought into the clinic one morning.

An injury to his foot had been followed by violent tetanic spasms. Although the wound was opened and disinfected with the greatest care, the spasms recurred towards evening, and Bergmann instructed us, his younger assistants, to watch beside the patient all night, and to fight every attack with chloroform narcosis. It was three o'clock in the morning when the door suddenly opened, and the new chief entered, in evening dress, and wearing all his orders. He had come to see how the boy was doing. He turned back the blanket from the profoundly unconscious child, and spoke a few impressive words: commented on the classical beauty of the young body, praised the blessing of narcosis, and touched upon the mystery of death. It moved us deeply to see how he mournfully stroked the forehead of the dying child, and pensively left the room. On me the scene made an unforgettable impression. Never in my life have I heard any man speak words so magical, so profoundly sorrowful, so wholly befitting the priest-physician at the sickbed.

And how inspiring were his lectures! What temperament, what enthusiasm for the task in hand, what wealth of special knowledge, what modernity, what a mastery of all auxiliary sciences—as, for example, pathological anatomy! We who listened to Bergmann and Virchow always felt that Bergmann was at least the equal of the classic pathologist in the domain of pathological anatomy, so complete was his mastery of every histological detail.

And if in the lecture-room he fascinated us by the vigour of his delivery, in the dissecting-room he held us enchained by his indefatigable devotion to the cause. By six or seven o'clock in the morning he was already at work in the Charité Hospital. His energy seemed inexhaustible. Sixteen hours—so said the clergyman at his graveside—was his normal day's work; yet in his hours of rest no sufferer ever appealed to him in vain. His family had hardly ever seen him tired, but always, even when his duties were heaviest, full of love and sympathy for each individual member. No wonder, for he had told them: "One isn't on earth for one's own happiness, but

in order to make it possible for others to be happy." When we reflect that in spite of the burden of his work Bergmann was an eminently sociable man, one is amazed by the superhuman energy of this sound and wholesome nature.

In the Medical Society, in the surgeon's common room, in the sessions of the Surgical Aid Society, we often had proof of his vigorous eloquence and winning cordiality, even at a late hour of the night. He had devoted all his rich gifts to the service of his profession; he could be a diplomatist and man of the world when money was needed for some extensive foundation or endowment; he seemed able, without the slightest difficulty, to persuade great artists a d millionaires to give their services or their money, and always succeeded in laying his hands on the right people.

But his most beneficent work was his training of his assistants and pupils, for by virtue of this his art and his science gained the widest dissemination. What the knife can do to-day in the hands of the surgeons thus trained even the layman has learned from his newspaper, so that there is no need to describe in detail the triumphant progress of aseptic methods under the leadership of Bergmann, Billroth, Czerny, Miculiczs, Biers, Payre, and others. No part of the body—not even the integument of the heart, not even the hidden fountain of the life-blood itself—is so withdrawn that the knife, saw, and scissors, needle and ligature of the surgeon cannot reach it; there is not an organ—whether stomach, or bowel, or kidney, or spleen, or liver—on which the surgeon fears to operate in his effort to save life.

It was Bergmann himself who taught us the classic method of opening the skull and operating in the case of a great number of morbid conditions of the brain. Bergmann and the clinic in the narrow Ziegelstrasse were a source from which the surgeons of the whole world received light. So long as he drew breath he fed this beacon with his own hand; from his lofty post he kept a constant watch, to see whether here and there in the country and beyond the frontiers there did not

glimmer some torch whose light could be won for his cherished flame. Of course, he was often mistaken; holding a brand that miserably flickered out for a heavenly radiance, or stifling a genuine spark. I remember his enthusiasm—which was, alas, but short-lived—for inoculation with tuberculin. When he repudiated the modern humoral pathology of Behring, he said, woefully, in allusion to his advocacy of tuberculin: "You understand, gentlemen; as a burnt child I dread the fire!"

It is true that now and again he hindered the fruition of things that had a future before them; but he also encouraged and gained credit for others past counting. I shall only be paying a debt of gratitude if I say in his praise that once he had convinced himself of the practicability of the method (which he employed in the case of his imperial master) he warmly if secretly furthered my efforts to introduce my system of infiltration-anaesthesia, although the innovation was so generally ignored or attacked. He openly confessed to Robert Kuttner: "Schleich's anaesthesia is the first great *German* surgical achievement of any kind. With this exception, we have nothing of equal value to compare with narcosis and Lister's antisepsis. Schleich's suppression is a disgrace to German surgery. We were simply blind!" So Robert Kuttner, the director of the Kaiserin-Augusta House, reported him, word for word. But the last time I saw Bergmann he accosted me, saying: "Walk a little way with me. I have turned up too early for a consultation. Let us have a chat!" He was feeling depressed. When I spoke of his great achievements he said: "My young friend, I have discovered absolutely nothing new. I have only drawn deductions. But you have done a bit towards digging a new well. Yes, yes," he insisted, as I deprecated his praise: "late in the day, but sooner or later, people will be conscious of what you have really done, and done quite independently. Your theories of the function of the neuroglia will be the foundation of an epoch!"

I have never before published this utterance of one of our greatest surgeons (and how welcome it was after the long

night of suppression!), but in this chapter of my reminiscences I may perhaps be permitted to adduce it—as though turning to a dried and faded blossom that once filled my heart with its consoling radiance.

But the whole of posterity looks up with gratitude at the golden monument which Ernst von Bergmann has raised to himself by his achievements. He was a great master and a great man: one of the few who are able to fulfil the fiery longing of their youth even in their richly blessed age. What was to be achieved by a man of his noble nature he did achieve, in happiness and gratitude; after the darling wish of his last years, the foundation of the Berlin Rescue Society, had been successfully realized, almost to its final consummation, the taking over of the work of rescue by the city of Berlin, he died, a Moses who did not only behold the land of Canaan from afar, but was himself permitted to take a hand in its cultivation, in order to give it to others as their home.

Who was to be his heir? By what new path would he arrive? How would he withstand the comparing, appraising eyes of the survivors? Bergmann, a kingly pilot, had steered a prosperous vessel into harbour. From what new quarter would the wind blow, swelling the sails for new voyages of grave discovery? The surgery of his day was represented by Ernst von Bergmann as completely as it had been represented before his advent by Bernhard von Langenbeck. What possibilities, prospects, purposes had the newcomer?

What the technique of surgery can accomplish is near its final accomplishment, and it will complete its triumphant progress without a halt. The future of medicine will be methodical, or medicine will retrograde. Narcosis, asepsis, anaesthesia, Röntgen rays, serotherapy, electrical diathermy, the hormone theory: these are examples which tell us what a wealth of benefits has flowed from the methodical, exact, universally accepted and permanently valid discoveries. In all these things, in the place of the caprice which followed all manner of roads to Rome, is one definite path which leads

directly to the goal. Wherever we can feel quite certain of anything in medicine there is no teaching of opinions, there are no schools of medicine, no outsiders, no quacks, no individualizations (a tempting word, well-sounding, but so poor, so wretchedly poor in content!). The flattering conception of the layman, that medicine can be mysteriously dependent on something quite undefinable—the biological personality, the individuality—is unfortunately no more than a phrase. If it were more, one would have to dignify the choice of a greater or smaller dose, a deeper or shallower incision, with the proud word "individualization"; but there is just as much "individualization" in measuring a customer for a larger or smaller hat or boot. No: instead of seeking to perform miracles by some mysterious faculty which here and there some individual may possess, we will strive, like Bergmann, to discover a strictly communicable method, a never-failing programme, for every ill. One day there will be no quacks or mysterious healers; when medicine has attained the ideal of devising a methodical treatment for every malady. Only until then will many roads lead to Rome; even to-day, when we know what we are doing, there is only one direct way—a road gladly followed. It is in this fashion that surgery has grown to maturity: and in this, medicine, especially in respect of the mental disorders, will become more and more allied to surgery, for the incessant striving after new methods of diagnosis will result in transformations in the methodical care and cure of the patient.

The heir to this precious legacy of Bergmann's was August Bier, the pupil of Esmarch. We all know how he has guarded and increased it, and I have always regarded this courageous and inventive generalissimo of surgery with admiration and professional sympathy. He has even courageously followed my example in excluding narcosis when it can be dispensed with —a course which I have always urgently recommended; or at all events, has gone a little way in the direction indicated by my brutally suppressed signpost in the forest of possibilities.

He has always opposed me, when he has opposed me, in a frank and open and friendly manner. I have a letter of his to a publisher in which he refers to my modest capacities in terms of the greatest admiration. Chance dropped this generous expression of his professional opinion into my hands.

CHAPTER XII

RUDOLPH VIRCHOW

IT was a remarkable change of climate that occurred in the venerable Ziegelstrasse hospital when Bernhard von Langenbeck, whose last *famulus* I was, and under whom I had to anaesthetize innumerable patients, quitted the stage on which he had accomplished the work of a surgical pioneer, to make way for the younger genius of Ernst von Bergmann.

The old world and the new—the Middle Ages and the modern era—how often are they amalgamated if one is old enough to learn from them that each period of knowledge and ability is at the same time antiquated and novel, standing always between a so-called bygone and a so-called coming age! It is the function of the imagination to elucidate, in all progress, its twofold relation, its emergence from the past, and its certain supersession by the future. Bergmann came like a conquering dictator, looking down almost scornfully at the not very antiseptic methods of Langenbeck, and to-day, forty years later, we already see that Bergmann's achievements were decidedly inferior to the technical innovations of Langenbeck and the universally progressive reforms of August Bier, his successor.

After I had been working for some nine months—the spring, summer, and winter of 1883—under Bergmann in the Surgical Clinic, I heard that two similar posts were vacant in the Pathological Institute of the Charité; and so, on the recommendation of my father, my friend Bindemann and I went to work under a man who had a tremendous reputation in medical circles, a reputation which extended far beyond the limits of his profession: namely, Rudolf Virchow.

When I took my leave of von Bergmann he dismissed me with the words: "Well, young man, you are now entering the finest and most remarkable school in the world. Make the most

of it, and we shall meet again!" How it was that we met again I shall tell in another chapter.

This profoundly respectful allusion to the great man, uttered in Bergmann's harsh, dictatorial Baltic accent, the world-wide reputation of the great pathologist, and a general rumour of the sharp and sarcastic mordancy of this creator and founder of an absolutely new school of medical thought, made our hearts sink into our boots as we stood before the famous scientist's door in dress coats, white ties, gloves, and silk hats. Bindemann's sense of humour, which never deserted him in any situation, came to our rescue at this painful moment. Just outside the door of the sanctum he whispered, in his broad Stralsund dialect: "I don't believe the man's a proper Pomeranian at all! If he is, and if I just say: '*Gudd'n Dag, min Jung!*' he'll understand me!" The door opened; the chief attendant, Hübner, Virchow's autocratic factotum, ushered us "medical apprentices," as he called all probationers, into the room, and we stood before the potentate: a little yellow-skinned, owl-faced, spectacled man with peculiarly piercing yet slightly veiled eyes, which were conspicuously lacking in eyelashes. The eyelids were parchment-like and thin as paper. The nose was firmly chiselled, expressing the pride of its owner in its gracefully curving nostrils, which quivered, as though half scornfully, when he spoke. The lips were pale and bloodless, and the grey beard was thin. He was eating a roll and butter as we entered, and beside his plate stood a cup of café-au-lait. This was his lunch; his only refreshment between breakfast and dinner, though his day was spent in lecturing, receiving callers, examining candidates, recording the findings of the dissecting-room, making anthropological measurements, attending the sessions of parliament, etc. His wife, who in her manners and way of speaking had acquired the very rhythm of her husband, and was entirely under the spell of his eminence, told me once that Virchow almost always worked until 1.0 a.m. and later at home, and was never in bed after 6.0 a.m. Nevertheless, during the six

semesters which I spent in his Institute he was never once absent (apart from holidays and professional journeys); which is more than I can say of myself.

Well, we stood before him, and as he solemnly advanced towards us, offered us a cool hand, pushed his spectacles up on to his forehead, and proceeded to survey us at close quarters, Bindemann, whose proposed greeting must have stuck in his throat, whispered, inaudibly as he thought: "No, it wouldn't do!" Instantly Virchow asked: "You said, sir?" I drew a deep breath, and stammered a few words to express our gratitude and satisfaction at entering upon a new field of activity; whereupon he graciously ushered us into the laboratories.

Presently we found ourselves sitting in the big microscope-room, each in his appointed place, before his own microscope. We had to supervise the work of the students. As we had little experience in the management of the microscope, we were advised to attend during the afternoons, when the students would not be present, in order to get ahead of them in respect of their studies. Virchow, I must say, did all that he could to help me. How often he would suddenly look in when the staff and assistants had long left the Institute, and ask me pleasantly what I was doing! Once, I remember, he convicted me of the crassest ignorance, which led to one of those exposures which will make a man blush for shame all the days of his life when he recalls them—perhaps in the solitude of his bedroom, in the small hours of the morning.

I had before me a piece of flesh infected with trichina. And Virchow asked me: "Have you seen this sort of thing before?" —"Yes, in the microscope!" I said, proudly.—"No, I mean with your naked eyes!" I burst out laughing, for I thought Virchow was trying to make fun of me. But he said, gazing at me sternly: "You must get out of the way of laughing at anything new to you; it's the stupidest thing one can do!" And he then showed me that if the trichinae are encysted in their calcareous sheaths a lateral illumination reveals them

plainly to the naked eye as little white specks in the muscular tissue. After this it became a speciality of mine to look for the presence of trichinae in the muscles of the neck and back at post-mortems, and I found that no fewer than 20 to 30 per cent of the corpses examined revealed the presence of a few encysted trichinae, although there was no history of actual trichinosis. It is highly probable that many cases of muscular rheumatism and lumbago (with slight fever) may be due to the comparatively scanty migration of trichinae from the intestine. Perhaps everybody acquires a few trichinae. I took Virchow's rebuke to heart, and never again laughed like a fool because an idea was new to me.

One should be tolerant and cautious in respect of unfamiliar ideas, even if they seem ridiculous. Once, indeed, I saw Virchow himself forget his own warning: "First test, then laugh!" It was when he first saw Koch's cholera bacillus under the microscope. "It is impossible that such queer little commas should cause a pestilence! Pettenkofer swallowed a whole culture of bacteria, and did not even suffer from diarrhoea!" Yet only the most stubborn heretic would venture to doubt the omnipotence of the specific bacteria. In a sense, of course, Virchow might have justified his opinion if he had directed his attentions to the exact determination of the preliminary conditions which enable bacteria to colonize. The real problem of bacteriology is the problem of "disposition."

Day after day I assisted in the work of dissection, cranial measurement, examination of specimens, and delicate microscopic research, and I often had to put Virchow's expert evidence in writing; for as the greatest authority in the country he was frequently asked for his opinion. It sometimes happened, on such occasions, that he employed technical expressions which were unfamiliar to me. For example, his celebrated verdict in the Szegedin ritual murder trial began with the word, which I took down at his dictation: "Denata." I looked at him inquiringly; he understood me at once, and said: "That

means, the deceased; natus born, denatus—well, how should one put it?—de-born, dead!"

He had a passion for philology, which betrayed itself in his tendency to verbal subtlety. We had to be absolutely *au fait* with his sharp distinctions between such synonyms as "hypertrophic" and "hyperplastic," "exudate" and "transudate," etc., or a sarcastic comment would follow, and his nose would turn white. It would change colour, chameleon-like, if anyone ventured to argue with him, or if a passably ingenious idea outside the limits of his scientific horizon occurred to anyone else. His essay on "Barbarisms in Medicine" shows how keenly he traced the derivations of words: and to the day of his death he loathed the amalgamation of Greek and Latin borrowings. Incorrect adjectival forms were abhorrent to him; he would become quite violent in his repudiation of them. I was once acting as his amanuensis when he interrupted an unfortunate candidate for examination who was guilty of some such misdemeanour with the words: "Stop! Whom do you more closely resemble, your mother or your father?"—The candidate stammered confusedly: "I believe my mother!" Whereupon Virchow exclaimed, to our horror: "Poor woman!" In expiation, he passed the man, who was but indifferently prepared, and who, in his delight over his unsuspected success, was ready to regard a deadly insult as a harmless jest.

But once the great philologist was himself guilty of an amazing error. He ploughed an older physician in the examination for the post of district medical officer because he did not know the derivation of the word "serum." At a professional banquet, being asked by von Bardeleben why he had "ploughed" the latter's nephew, Virchow gave the above reason. The question went round the table: not one of all these intellectuals knew the derivation of the word. Whereupon Virchow explained, with a superior smile: "It comes from serus, a, um—clear!" In the meanwhile, "Bones" Wegner, his first assistant, a coarse, churlish fellow, who

had gone to consult the dictionary, returned and said sharply: "That's wrong. Serum is of Greek origin and comes from *to serron*—the blood-fluid!" General astonishment—and Virchow himself was caught in the philological mouse-trap. He sent for the "ploughed" candidate, tore up the fateful document, examined him anew, and marked his papers: "Passed first class. Virchow."

How well I remember a curious scene in the microscopic laboratory! The staff had all gone to dinner; the only people present were three Japanese and a Chinese doctor, who had a very good knowledge of German. According to Hübner Virchow had long left his workroom (which opened out of the laboratory, and in which some thirty rare or abnormal skeletons, exhumed in all parts of the world, kept grisly watch) as he had to make a speech in Parliament; and I was lecturing our Oriental friends on Wagner's music, with demonstrations: that is, I sang in my by no means contemptible tenor voice (witness my stage experiences in Zürich and Milan) passages from *Lohengrin*, *Tristan*, etc. Just as I was attacking Stolzing's aria from *Die Meistersinger*—I can still see the astonished yellow faces of my Asiatic colleagues before me—Virchow's door opened, and the Chief himself entered, with a terribly serious and inquiring glance.—"I should really have thought that this laboratory, which is dedicated to death and the earnest pursuit of knowledge, was no place for operatic reminiscences!" When I approached him, confessing myself to be the guilty party, he said: "I know! I know! We have only one 'Johann, the merry soap-boiler.' But in future please do this sort of thing in the skittle alley!"

The children of the East took refuge behind their microscopes; and I stood there discomfited. "Johann, the merry soap-boiler!" Could Virchow have had a premonition that I should one day invent a marble soap which he himself was to use in his later years! Perhaps this was a case of verbal suggestion; if so, it may eventually cost me my life, for I have sworn

to hang myself in my wife's wardrobe if I should ever become famous as the inventor of Schleich's soap! To yearn in vain for the stars and shine as a soap-boiler!

Another comical scene was evoked by my friend Bindemann, the Pomeranian original. We wanted to make some sort of injection under the skin of a rabbit, and owing to our lack of practice we had fastened the rabbit very unskilfully. Seeing this, Virchow came over to us, saying angrily: "But you are hurting the beast like that! Give it here, I'll show you!" Bindemann unbound the pretty little creature, lifted it as one would lift a child, and handed it, kicking, to the Chief, saying tenderly: "There, there, go to your uncle!"—a remark which that austere gentleman graciously failed to hear. I must confess, alas! that this was the only time when one of my many teachers ever conveyed a deep and lasting impression of compassion for the living creature, of tenderness, of sympathy with suffering. How skilfully he showed us the requisite knack!

His dissections were masterly, and their technique incomparable. I once saw him perform an autopsy in evening dress. Not a spot, not a drop on his shirt-cuffs. Nothing escaped his unique perspicacity and his genius for logical deduction. One day his learned assistant Jürgens, the genial and elegant *bon vivant*, the searcher into the mysteries of the ganglions, Granitz, the prophet of the slumbering cells, a man of the greatest significance in his day, Israël, the ambitious cynic, and, of course, we budding anatomists, stood baffled over a corpse which had been obducted in accordance with all the rules of the art, and not one of us could discover the cause of death. In the end one of us had to go and fetch the Master. He pushed up his spectacles, glanced at all the organs in turn, made an incision in the pelvis, and said, smiling: "Gentlemen, you did not open the *plexus vesicalis*. Here is the thrombus from a small ulcer in the bladder, and here the little embolic plug in the *arteria coronaria* of the heart. Is not that enough for you? Men die of such things!"

His was an eagle's eye, that saw deep into the most secret

reaction of the morbid organism, and traced the grey footprints of death and sickness over the flower-strewn fields of life, and it is right that men should have given him a monument on which he is engaged in a symbolic struggle with the monster of pain. He never rested in his efforts to trace the dragon of sickness to its remotest lair, and it was his unforgettable achievement to follow it to its final retreat in the mosaic caverns of the organism, the cells.

His ideas were not wholly original, though it was he alone who put them into practice. To begin with, strangely enough, he had for many years approved the ideas of old Kölliker in Wurzburg, who had advanced the very theory which Virchow himself proclaimed in later years (as Kölliker relates in his autobiography), and secondly, Karl Reinhard, a young man of genius, who died at the age of 27, was responsible (according to my father, who knew them both intimately) for the conception that Swann's cellular theory could be applied to the human organism. The early chapters on the cells in *Virchow's Archiv* are not Virchow's, but Reinhard's, while Virchow contributed to the first volumes only papers on general problems, such as "Authorities and Schools," "Hunger-typhus," "Pestilences," etc. Indeed, in the sixth volume of the *Archiv* we may not only read between the lines of his speech by the grave of Karl Reinhard that the latter, by a sort of divination, had conceived a cellular pathology which Virchow worked out to its logical conclusion, but Virchow has categorically stated the fact. The idea was not wholly his, but the work was his alone.

It is not possible for me to say all that I know of Virchow, and I could fill a book with incidents of my days in his laboratories, for the man still lives in my heart. I cannot here speak of the gloriously instructive excursions among the Araucarians, the microcephali, the giants, and monsters of every kind, from the fairs, the Zoological Gardens, and the Aquarium. Nor can I linger over the excavations on Wollin, and the exhumation of a negro who for six months had been

sleeping the sleep of death in my native soil near Stettin, or the thousands of cranial measurements, which were often accompanied by the drollest incidents. And I do not feel that this is the place to describe such incidents as occurred in Virchow's house, at balls, and on other festive occasions. Here I will merely record something of the conversations which passed between us when I had the great good fortune (or, as my father always said, the audacious luck) to accompany Virchow alone on a scientific excursion; since they reveal something of the philosophy of this highly gifted though somewhat biased investigator. Let it be said at once that Virchow was a crass mechanist and materialist, who insisted that all vital phenomena could be explained by the mechanism of the cells.

Thus, we once had to dissect the body of a girl who had recently died in the Augusta hospital, not far from the Charité. The conversation began with a few disrespectful comments on the Empress Augusta: "Just as he (Wilhelm I) has his soldiers, so she has her hospitals! The good people must have something to occupy themselves."

From this we proceeded to discuss questions of faith. I expressed my doubts as to whether the universe could have come into being as a result of chance. I remember that I called chance the clown of the possibilities, of whom it was inconceivable that he could have created the iron laws of Nature. "Now in you," said the Master, "we have just another such case of a dissolution (he actually said, 'a colliquative condition') of the brain. You are still holding on, as all of us did when we were children, to all sorts of theistic or pantheistic fairy-tales!"—"But does Herr Geheimrat really think even a Goethe, for example, suffered from such a colliquative condition, despite his otherwise impeccable intellect?"—"Naturally the poetical way of regarding the world is quite different from the scientific. His inaccessibility to exact thinking is plainly shown in his 'Theory of Colours.' That is really colliquative."—I wish I could have told him then what I learned when I was working with Strindberg!

"You can find pages and pages in my work," said Virchow, "which will tell you what I think of all the metaphysicians and transcendentalists. But there my interest ceases!"—"Yes," I interposed, "but it is a remarkable fact that this is just where many people begin to be interested: that is, in the quest for God!"

"Putting all the theological simpletons aside," he said, "read in Kant what he thought of the so-called evidence of the existence of God!"—"Yet those who believe in God find themselves in very good company. I don't know of any really eminent and significant man who didn't believe in something like God or the spirit of Nature!" I said, rather incautiously. Virchow stood still and looked at me, and asked me, quite ingenuously: "Don't you regard me as an eminent man?"—"Of course!" I stammered.—"Well, then!" was the answer.

On another occasion we rambled on to the subject of Darwinism. "I don't believe in all this," Virchow told me. "If I lie on my sofa and blow the possibilities away from me, as another man may blow the smoke of his cigar, I can, of course, sympathize with such dreams. But they don't stand the test of knowledge. Haeckel is a fool. That will be apparent one day. As far as that goes, if anything like transmutation did occur it could only happen in the course of pathological degeneration!"—"That is," I said, very knowingly, "Darwin ought to have studied pathological anatomy in Berlin!" A crushing silence followed. Jürgens, to whom I reported this conversation, said: "You mustn't do such things; Virchow will never overlook that!"

That I did not believe. He was always friendly and pleasant to me, save on one occasion. Years later, when I was exhibiting a series of tumours which I removed painlessly, without narcosis, by my method of infiltration anaesthesia, Virchow, who was in the chair, asked me: "You did all this with injections? I don't believe you!" I replied with an invitation: "Herr Geheimrat, my hours of instruction are ten to twelve a.m.!" Well, if my own specialist colleagues showed me to the door

on account of this beneficent achievement, I need not have felt insulted if Rudolf Virchow, an anatomist, flatly refused to believe me.

As a general thing, he was extraordinarily well informed in surgical matters. My friend Langerhans, Virchow's godson, on whose children I had successfully operated, sent for me when I had become a qualified surgeon. He had wounded himself while dissecting, and was suffering from the unmistakable spasms of tetanus. Virchow came to me and asked what I proposed to do. I developed my plan. "Don't be annoyed with me!" he said, very courteously, in the adjacent room: "But in such a desperate case as this wouldn't you rather hand over to an older surgeon; for example, ask von Bergmann to help you?"—"Why, of course!" I said, and hurried off at once; to find not Bergmann, but Sonnenburg, who came instead, with Virchow's approval. He operated, to my relief, precisely where I had proposed to make the incision. Virchow gave me an approving glance; I was administering the anaesthetic, and here it appeared that Virchow knew exactly the surgical maximum. It is a rule of which not all surgeons are aware that in tetanic spasm the narcosis, despite the apparent danger of asphyxia, must be carried to the utmost extreme, in order to overcome the spasm of the vocal cords. Poor Langerhans had another tetanic convulsion during the operation: I poured the chloroform on to the mask, and looked at Virchow, and he nodded: "Yes, yes, more still, until he is quite cyanized!" This impressed me greatly.

I have reason to be infinitely grateful to Virchow. Bergmann was right when he congratulated me on entering such a school. Virchow was exclusively a man of science, and many an intellectual giant has paid dearly because, in his inevitable excursions into the biological domain, he lacked the basis, so to speak, of the microscopic point of view. In Virchow's school I took the first steps towards a wholly untraditional conception of nervous vitality and the function of the neuroglia, which in Virchow's eyes, since he had declared that the

neuroglia constituted a simple supporting and enveloping fabric of connective tissue, was a crime verging on sacrilege. Under Jürgens, however, I had to make and examine thousands of consecutive (series) sections of the brain, and already I had conceived the notion of the inhibitory activity of this peculiar tissue. Virchow would certainly have dismissed me harshly as an impertinent youngster. He actually did this in connection with a notion which might easily have won me fame when I was little more than a student. It had surprised me, when considering the very great mortality in child-birth in Gusserow's Gynaecological Institute, that no one had ever ventured—in cases of difficult parturition due to the narrowness of the pelvis—to cut through the symphysis—that is, the anterior cartilage of the pelvis—with a curved knife. When I expressed my surprise, quite naïvely, to a group of fellow-probationers, and asked if it had never been done, Bindemann asked me, scornfully: "Why don't you cut the devil's tail off?" And Prowe, perhaps the ablest man among us (he died young, in South America), bade me "Ask Virchow!" No sooner said than done. But Virchow replied, disparagingly: "Well, and six weeks after the resection? The woman's pelvis will simply give way behind!" Since the idea evoked only scorn and derision, I dropped it. But many years later symphyseotomy, originating in France, made its victorious progress through the world. I still have a card which I received from Bindemann, on which he wrote: "Symphyseotomy (in Paris *Journal médical*, 1896, No. 12). After all then, my boy! Congratulations!" And Prowe too wrote to me, saying what a pity it was that I had not pursued the matter in spite of them all. Well, I did insist on my own opinion later, in another connection, but with much more depressing results.

Virchow's influence was directly responsible for my special attitude toward the theory of tumours, and this is how it came about: Beside me in the microscopic laboratory sat the Japanese A—, to whom all the specimens of cancer tissue were submitted. This meant that almost all the cancerous tumours

operated on in the Berlin hospitals were sent to our laboratory; a magnificent body of material, which I was able to study when I pleased in the thousands of sections prepared by A—. After two years of this Virchow asked: "Well, Dr. A—, have you discovered anything?" In true Japanese fashion he said, with a respectful bow: "No, no, nothing at all, Herr Keheimratt!" I, however, followed Virchow and unfolded to him the conviction at which I had arrived, that cancer was a consequence of a bastard marriage between the cells, a sort of cellular incest: the product of this pathological procreation and fertilization was a sort of fragmentary infant, an incomplete, imperfectly valid embryonic formation in a wrong place, the product of physiological cell-generation. Virchow stared at me and said: "We have all thought that in our time!" I have never to this day discovered where "all" these thinkers recorded their opinions; so in 1889 I myself published the theory. It has still to be refuted, and Czerny, Miculicz, Angerer, and Sänger have taught it.

But Virchow has long been dead. He, the great author of the romance of the cells, did not know that he too was to some extent afflicted with his eternal "colliquative" condition of the brain, which is the very thing that makes possible, for every genius, the perception of surprising and unprecedented associations, the intuition of the most astounding relationships. What Virchow thought "colliquative" was simply a surplus of ganglionic connections with the region of diverse percepts. Virchow, however, despite his enormous wealth of special knowledge, was in a certain sense a dogmatist. He himself worked deductively, while he thought himself the classic exponent of induction, and this also he certainly was. Yet what was the transference of Schleiden and Schwann's theory of plant-cells to the vital mechanism of man but the following up of a deductive idea which adduced inductive material as evidence? He never suspected that twenty years would suffice to overthrow his basic principle: "The cell is an elementary organism." The cell is just as highly organized as man himself;

only a tiny component of the cell, the nucleus, is a complex electrical generating-station with 100 milliards of molecules and 1,000 milliards of possible electronic orbits, in which all the phenomena of life, including those of disease, signify interference, refraction, or distortions of the light-field. What is left of the elementary organism? There is no such thing. For modern physics there is no such thing even as a material, a substance. All is movement, idea, flux. The universe has become completely spiritualized. Materialism and mechanism are dead. Life is a manifestation of the universal soul. Form is surely the spirit of this metaphysical "elementary organism," which one can only call "God."[1]

So it has come about that a man who for decades was a medical pontiff, controlling and appointing the incumbents of all the German chairs of medicine, is to-day almost forgotten; mentioned, indeed, from time to time, generally in order to attack his theories, while for decades hardly a page was written on any medical subject which did not more than once cite his name.

Sooner than he could have imagined he became a mediaeval authority, and is now a classic. His terminology survives; his doctrine is defunct. First he was a revolutionary, a man of Promethean thought, a light-bearer; then followed the phase of autocratic rule; then the inhibition of what was to come. This is the tragedy of genius, and only by the scope of this tragedy can we perceive how great he was.

[1] I believe our many intellectual conceptions would have led to fewer conflicts of creed if men had apostrophized the Divine as neither masculine nor feminine (neither "He" nor "She"); even "Mother Nature" leads us astray. If God is spoken of as "It" how many religions and scientific conceptions can be reconciled!

CHAPTER XIII

THE PHYSICIAN IN STATU NASCENDI

I CANNOT sufficiently thank my father for his great generosity in that he never again, after I had passed the State examination, urgently questioned my intentions. He knew that with Virchow I was in the best possible hands, and he did not place the slightest obstacle in the way of my progress as a student, which had, after all, taken a very unusual course. I myself had really no settled plan; I was constantly in the Pathological Institute, often in the immediate neighbourhood of Virchow, the hero of the scientific world, who ruled the domain of medicine like an autocrat; and I was in close touch with his assistants, Jürgens, Grawitz, and Israël, and later on Hansemann and Langerhans, who regarded me as one of themselves, and thanks to their kindness I was able unhindered to follow their special work. I repaid their favours only by spinning yarns and singing songs and playing the 'cello in their houses.

I was completely the gay apprentice of *Die Meistersinger*. It is true that my work under Virchow was somewhat lacking in constancy and system, but, on the other hand, I learned something of the central problems of pathology at a much earlier stage than is commonly possible for a budding physician. I was, moreover, enormously industrious—even though my industry took the form of convulsive, almost epileptic fits of diligence—I studied eagerly in Virchow's own library, and the vast mass of material furnished by the Institute afforded me opportunities of following, for my own information, many lines of consecutive research. Thus, at one time I worked through the whole of Virchow's "Cellular Pathology" at the microscope, and at another time I made my way through the whole of the Master's "Theory of Tumours," so that I myself gradually became a sort of pocket edition of Virchow, as

they used to call me in Stettin. My father often said to me, in discussing the maladies of his patients: "What I envy you most of all is your enormous grasp of the pathological possibilities, which enables you to take into consideration matters that would escape most of us altogether!"

I certainly should not have cared to be a physician without this broad foundation of a preliminary pathological training. I was at home in the kingdom of the cells, and the world of those minute organisms without which the mysteries of life cannot be unveiled. For example, it was not long before I was confronted with the problem whether the functions of the nerves and ganglia are really so dependent upon nutrition as science has hitherto assumed, or whether, as a matter of fact, the neuroglia, the suspensory network between the cerebral ganglia, is not a mere supporting mechanism, but rather a *vast inhibitory mechanism of an electrical character*; and hence my own ideas as to the nature of pain, and emotion, and the synapses, which were subsequently to play such an important part in my independent work. After all, while I was under Jürgens I had daily opportunities of cutting, on his great refrigerating microtome, dyeing, fixing on glass slides, and examining systematically, whole series of the most admirable sections of the brain and spinal cord. I was given the entry into a veritable museum of the mysteries of the brain, and there I could rummage at will in its undiscovered penetralia. "The ganglion-cell is a world in itself"; that I knew already, and Jürgens smiled when I emphatically declared that all that had hitherto been taught about it was mere guesswork.

Under Grawitz I was able to study the mysteries of inflammation, and follow the wonderful range of thought of this profound investigator, whose intuitions and deductions were so amazingly sure and audacious that even to this day he is not adequately understood. Then, in Greifswald, he grumbled at the dogmatic and antiquated learning of the schools, which would always suppress the best of their

scholars rather than make room for them by shifting their position a little! I will confidently prophesy that Grawitz's reform of the theory of inflammation and the theory of the dormant cells will constitute a foundation-stone of biological doctrine when it has come to be completely understood. His individual contributions to the theory of tumours are past numbering.

I was able to mark the genesis and follow the development of my teacher's theories. As far as I was concerned such things as the dread of prior claims, the premature divulging of results, the kleptomania of ideas, were absolutely unknown; and the simple and fraternal confidence of these many pillars of science both honoured and enriched me. I suppose they regarded me as a sort of harmless adept in the embryonic stage of knowledge, from whom no harm was to be anticipated. And in addition to picking up the crumbs from the table of the wealthy, I was always permitted to question them, to ask for an explanation of anything I did not understand.

Moreover, I was gradually perfecting my skill as a dissector, and learning how to dictate an anatomical report, so that I was able to act as official representative of the assistant physicians and surgeons at the autopsies, of which there were often as many as six or eight a day. There I would stand, armed with my scalpel, and deliver my verdict, showing such men as Frerichs, Leyden, Henoch, Bardeleben, or Gusserow whether they had erred in their diagnoses.—Whether they had been right or wrong, here lay their victim, ready to reveal the secret of all the morbid conditions which had afflicted him during his life. Since the surgeons and physicians, and their assistant, were accustomed to draw up beforehand a brief account of their observations, a clinical report, or a history of the illness, in order to derive as much benefit as possible from the demonstration of the true state of affairs, a demonstration which would assist them in the treatment of subsequent cases, I found these dissections admirably instructive; as the representatives of the hospital

were first-class men in their own specialities, and I had the honour of confuting their reports by ocular evidence, or assuring them of a diagnostic triumph. This naturally brought me into intimate touch with these gentlemen, and I can quite believe that they found it not unpleasant to have to deal with a young and cheerful dissector, who could not terrorize them, or pull their legs, as the great pathologists had a way of doing, and whose verdicts they were not obliged to accept without demur. Often enough, indeed, we had lively controversies before they could be convinced that a beautiful and carefully constructed diagnosis must needs collapse before the naked facts of the anatomical report.

Sometimes, too, I appeared for the assistant-physicians and surgeons in the lecture-theatre, which meant considerable practice in public demonstration, and once I even had to take the place of the great Rudolf himself at the usual Monday morning lecture, with results that might have been unpleasant. When Virchow failed to turn up at the hour of the lecture—as was often the case—Jürgens had instructions to open the lecture with demonstrations. One morning Virchow had failed to turn up, nor had Jürgens, who was really a careless rascal, appeared to take his place. I was there, by chance, but no other assistant was present. The waiting students—and there were nearly a hundred of them—began to stamp with impatience. Dozens of anatomical preparations had been set out in readiness. What was to be done? Neither Bindemann nor Prowe had the courage to mount the platform. I too should have thought it more than audacious, unprepared as I was, to take the great Virchow's place. Then I received an urgent message from Jürgens. "Begin the lecture at once with affections of the liver. There are all sorts there. Say what you like, only not what I recently told you about embolisms. I'm coming, like the wind. Jürgens."

There was no help for it; I had to mount the platform, make my apologies, and beg the audience to put up with me until the Master or his representative appeared, as he might

do at any moment; and I began, to my horror, precisely in Virchow's own, slow, thoughtful and tortuous manner, which we had so often mimicked among ourselves. "To the preparations, both unusually numerous and highly instructive, with which the last few weeks, owing to the peculiar favour of circumstances, have provided us, I shall ask you, gentlemen, to give your most careful attention. I do not believe you will ever again in your lives have an opportunity of surveying at a glance what I may call a whole atlas of specimens, representative of all the forms of hepatic disease!"

In this tone I continued, and had long been absorbed in the appearance of a particular preparation, and its interpretation, when at last, raising my eyes, I saw Virchow quietly standing behind the half-open door, with such a peculiar expression, half-sarcastic, half-impatiently restrained, that my heart was like to fall into my boots. I stopped short in the middle of a sentence, and stepped down from the platform. But the merciless fellow said, very quietly: "Finish the sentence which you began in so learned a fashion!"[1] After the lecture he sent for me, and I explained the situation. "Very good," he said, chewing his French roll, "but when you have to take my place you need not for that reason copy me. It is advisable, in any situation, always to be oneself. We will leave play-acting to the people of the stage." He had not a great sense of humour.

Late one afternoon I was sitting in Jürgens' room, arranging some sections of brain-tissue, when there was a loud knock on the door. "Come in!" I cried. Before me, equipped in frock-coat and top-hat, and adorned with orders and insignia, was a plumpish gentleman with very red, shining cheeks, gesticulat-

[1] There was always a suspicion of amiable mockery in his speech. One day, when he, my father, and I, were in the Zoological Gardens, we found the painter Meyerheim at his easel, at work on the portrait of a lion. Virchow introduced the two men with the words: "This is the celebrated painter Meyerheim, of Berlin, and this is the less celebrated, but for that reason more excellent, Dr. Schleich of Stettin."

ing violently with his fat fingers. "This is a nice business in your infernal mortuary! Where is there someone I can speak to? I never heard of such a thing in all my life! I come here to fetch my old woman for the funeral, I'm shown into the cellar, and there is the coffin. But what do I see? Not my wife! No—a drunken porter or what not lying on the lace pillows, snoring, and my old woman thrown out of the coffin, lying on the ground! I tell you, I'm going to raise Cain in this bloody place!"—"For God's sake! My dear Sir! But this is dreadful! Please, please be calm. I'll come with you immediately!"

I hurried him out of the room, and rushed through the laboratories until I came to Virchow's door. I had a faint hope: perhaps he was still there. What could I do in such a case, a mere novice, without authority?—Thank God, he was there! I hastily made my report. "Herr Geheimrat! Downstairs in the mortuary a drunken porter is lying in the coffin of a woman waiting to be buried. Her husband came to take her away, and found this appalling state of affairs!"

Virchow rushed forward, keen as a falcon. He spoke quietly to the angry man.—"I am Virchow. I shall give you every satisfaction!"—"Master-butcher Müller, from Köpenicker Strasse. I've already had the honour, Herr Geheimrat! At the District Association! I've often had the honour of sitting at the President's table with Herr Geheimrat. A staunch Liberal, always for progress!" Virchow shook his hand most cordially. And then we made for the cellar.

There, sure enough, lying on the rumpled pillows, with a heap of shavings scattered all about him, lay the beast of a porter, snoring. The spirits of wine which we used for preserving was a terrible temptation for these people. Virchow fell upon him and boxed his ears; with my assistance he pulled him out of the coffin, and we threw him into a corner like a bundle of rags. Then Virchow dusted and tidied the corpse with his own hands, carefully and solemnly put the coffin to rights, and himself lifted the dead woman back into her last

bed. "Herr Schlachter-meister!" he said: "I beg that you will delay the funeral for one hour. I shall be coming back. I shall permit myself the honour of escorting your late wife to her last resting-place!"—"But Herr Geheimrat, it's right out at Weissensee!"—"That doesn't matter. I will come!" Virchow called a droschky—a most unusual thing for him—and presently took his place in the funeral procession beside the master-butcher, who was so proud of walking beside the famous man that he forgave the insult to his wife. Virchow's clever diplomacy had averted what would assuredly have been a horrible public scandal. He was a great psychologist.

One night Jürgens, Grawitz, Israël, Bindemann, Prowe, Langerhans, and I were sitting in the corpulent Schünemann's beer-cellar. It was close on half-past eleven. Suddenly Jürgens cried: "The devil! Now I've done it! I shall have to go back to the preparation-cellar. Virchow wants a kidney with adenoma early to-morrow morning, and I forgot it, and left it lying in the big wash-tub! That won't do—I must run over to the Institute and get it!"—"Oh, nonsense! One of us youngsters can do that. What does the kidney look like? We'll find it all right!"—"No, no, out of the question. It's nearly twelve. Think I'd send one of you young fellows in among all those corpses at midnight? You want seasoned nerves for that!"—"Come, come, we're not afraid of corpses! There's nothing in it! Besides, we'll ring up Hübner (the head attendant)."—"Look here, we'll throw dice to see which of us four shall go!"

It was I who proposed this, and I felt perfectly sure beforehand that I should have to go. It was really not a very pleasant thing to have to make one's way between some dozens of corpses, for the wash-room with the great tub in which the pathological specimens were collected lay behind the refrigerating chamber that contained the corpses, which lay there in rows, covered only with linen shrouds. We diced, and threw three sixes.—"Well, good night, gentlemen!"

I came to the Pathological Institute and opened the door,

for Jürgens had given me the key, and went quietly through the lofty rooms, which re-echoed my footsteps, and up two dark flights of stairs to the head attendant's flat. At last he opened the door.

"What's this? Well, this is something quite new! Ask me to go into the mortuary at night? Not on your life! I'm no Don Quixote. A man's got his proper religious feelings. A team of horses wouldn't drag me through there. In the daytime, yes. That's my job. At night, well, you don't know! After all, there are *mystodies*! But I tell you what. I'll turn the gas on for you. Then at any rate you can see what you are doing!"

So far, so good. I went downstairs, smiling. On reaching the mortuary I struck a match, and the room was lit by a spectral, yellowish glimmer. There they lay, knees and elbows protruding under the shrouds, feet projecting over the edges of the benches, and here and there a head was modelled under the white linen. The gas-flame shot up with a whistle, and now the whole room was brightly lit. There was nothing spectral about it now. The corpses lay quiet and motionless. I walked quietly through the mortuary, between the low benches, and entered the adjacent room. Here, too, I lit the gas, and with some difficulty fished the scientifically valuable specimen out of the nauseous tub. I put it on a plate, and holding this in front of me, with a sigh of relief turned back to the mortuary. I glanced, with a benevolent and almost melancholy smile, at this silent congress—silent now for ever. But I felt perfectly calm. Then—pop!—out went the light. Now my position was not so pleasant. I felt about me, being somewhat uncertain of my bearings, with my right hand, which was free, felt a few toes, then a knee, then another, then a foot; then my hand brushed against lips, and—ugh, those were cold teeth! and now—God Almighty! Someone behind me was holding me fast! I could not escape, and I plainly felt something tug at my two shoulders—and I fell to the ground unconscious.

I recovered consciousness to find myself surrounded by Jürgens and the rest, and Hübner, too, was there. I heard him explaining something. . . . "Yes, look, his overcoat is caught fast on this nail, so he was pulled up short. Perhaps I turned off the gas too soon! Yes, yes, gentlemen, it's a case of *phantasmorgies, sphenomena!*"

Late one autumn afternoon there was a knock on the door of the general preparation-room. Before it was a man of medium height, who was evidently trying to attract somebody's attention. "My name is Cohnheim," he said, courteously, "and I just wanted to speak to one of the assistants."—"Schleich," I stammered, "but not the famous Julius Cohnheim, Virchow's greatest . . ." He smiled. "I am that Cohnheim," he said, nodding. "Perhaps you can help me. I heard that Schaper had made a marble bust of Virchow. I felt that I should like just to see it. My departure from this Institute was not entirely peaceful, but before I die, which may not be very long, I should like to see, not Virchow himself, but this portrait, which I hear is admirable!"—"But of course!"—I hastened to explain that I was quite alone in the Institute, and took him to the great lecture-room, where Virchow's bust stood against the right-hand wall.

"Is old Hübner still here?" At that moment Hübner appeared. "My God! Herr Geheimrat! An honour to meet you again! Wait a moment, why, it's fourteen years ago! Yes, yes! They roll by so fast, as the skittle-player says! You want to see the bust? There it is. But with a curtain over it. The Geheimrat doesn't want to see it always in front of him while he's lecturing, like his own corpse. It upsets him. So I always have to cover it. But it's dusted once a week. Now just you look at it. There! Now . . . isn't it? The very spit and image! Very artistic—natural!"—Julius Cohnheim stood, hat in hand, as though absorbed in his dreams. The garrulous Hübner continued: "But you ought to see him with his glasses on! Just you look now, when I put my pince-nez on him!" —He took a chair, and was actually going to fix his glasses on

Virchow's nose. Cohnheim protested, but Hübner would have his way. Then the greatest and most distinguished pupil of Virchow's, who had come in secret to pay a pious visit, smiled as he turned to go. "You are the old Hübner still!" he said.

Afterwards Hübner asked me: "Shall I say anything to Rudolf about his coming? A queer thing, you know. Behind one's back, like that, in the night, so to speak, and unofficious! Pity they quarrelled like that. Cohnheim was the most gifted man we had. A great light!"

Cohnheim had not much longer to live.

About this time I was living at 15 Schumannstrasse, known as "the golden 15," because in the basement of the house a shop was opened by a little hunch-backed provision-dealer, in whose more than inadequate back room one could get an excellent breakfast. This was the meeting-place of all the members of the famous Künstlerassozietäts Theatre, which had just been founded in the Schumannstrasse under Barnay, Förster, Friedmann, and L'Arronge, on the site of the modern Reinhardt Theatre; but where the concert-hall now stands there was in those days a celebrated restaurant and dance-hall, much frequented by students, where we and our Japanese, Spanish, and Italian colleagues were naturally no strangers.

The crudely-appointed basement room was frequented by a whole company of illustrious artists, and it was here that I made the acquaintance of Kainz, Pohl, the charming young Agnes Sorma, the lovely Anne Jürgens, Molenar, Sommerstorf, and others, in the first bloom of their youth; and of these Josef Kainz became my intimate friend. This brilliant actor had once been a medical student, and he would listen for hours to accounts of post-mortems and the like; and once he even came to the mortuary with me, in order to study certain postures of the corpses, when the painter Eugen Hanetzog was seeking a model there for his monumental picture: "The dying Antony carried before Cleopatra."—This picture inspired me to write a ballad, which I read in these gruesome surroundings (and a curious scene it was!) to Kainz, Hanetzog and—Chief

Attendant Hübner, who thought it was very *pathetoric* and touching!

I found this intercourse with actors and actresses extremely interesting, and I remember many very lively discussions respecting Shakespeare, Hamlet, dramatic poetry, etc., in which a medical student of my seniority, Paul Friedlänger, often took part; a witty and lovable fellow, a corps student like myself, who has ever since, and even through the stormiest phases of my medical career, remained my loyal friend. He is now a greatly respected physician in Friedrichstadt.

It is impossible to describe the fascinating charm of that very young actress, Agnes Sorma. She was the most delicious, dove-like little woman imaginable. Her dimpling, chuckling merriment, her unvarying, irresistible kindliness, the melody of her sparkling or cooing accents, and her sincere and tender eyes—against these the classic and heroic beauty of Anne Jürgens stood out like a pillar of the Acropolis.

If at this time I had the luck to become intimately acquainted with a number of great artists—a piece of good fortune that cost me many a shirked lecture, and many a sleepless night—yet chance, the kindly tutor of my youth, saw to it that I found my way into one of the most interesting and stimulating circles imaginable. I was invited—I forget by whom, but I think by Richard Dehmel—to become a member of the Ethical Club. This club had nothing whatever to do with ethics. It was a free society of young men who were all perfectly well aware that a distinguished future lay before them; a galaxy of youthful geniuses. Who and what had brought them together it is impossible to say: but if I mention the names of its members the reader will admit that it was an assemblage of nascent celebrities, each of whom knew that he carried a fieldmarshal's bâton in his knapsack. They were: Gerhardt Hauptmann, the Hart brothers, Halbe, Wolzogen, Hartleben, Polenz, Tovote, Felix Höllander, Franz Oppenheimer, Jakob Christian Schmidt, Julius Türk, Richard Dehmel, Gizycki, Bruno Wille, Arno Holz, Joseph Kainz, Molenar, Dr. Pohl,

Matkowski, Dresdner, etc. The club assembled once a week, with a State attorney, Mühsam, in the chair, in the basement of the old Münchener Hofbrau, Behrensstrasse. On account of the theatrical members, the evening began about 11.0 p.m., and we broke up about 5.0 a.m.

It was a custom that one of the members should speak for not more than twenty minutes on a subject of his own choice. Then followed the chief business of the evening: the debate. It is a sad pity that none of these addresses and debates were ever recorded. They are lost, like so many lovely things: sunlit clouds, falling stars, rainbows! I remember that Wolzogen spoke of humour as an educative influence, thereby evoking a most fruitful discussion as to the nature of the comic, which was infinitely superior to anything that has ever appeared in the literature of the subject. Dehmel spoke of Schiller's false conception of the sentimental; Hartleben of the illusion of the beautiful death; Holländer of "The Play-Instinct," and although he got stuck in his address, it probably contained the germ of his life's work; in short, such a meeting was an intellectual plunge and shower bath. Our numbers, I believe, were strictly limited, or we should have been swamped. It was here that I got to know Martin Mahn, who afterwards became an honest stockbroker. A simple, clean-minded enthusiast, he was capable of the warmest affection for those in whom he had faith. He was one of my most ardent admirers, and indeed my only prophet. I lost a self-sacrificing friend in him when in 1919 he was killed by General Lüttwitz's car. His tragic death was a terrible shock to me; and so was the death of my beloved Emanuel Lasker, for whom Mahn fought and wrestled and preached as he did for me. But I am digressing.

It was in the Ethical Club that I first expounded my physiology of the brain, in an address entitled: "On the Electrical Phenomena accompanying the Thought-process"; when I was soundly drubbed, from the standpoint of the dogmatic theory of cognition, by that unconquerable tyrant of debate,

Schmidt (known as Sabel-Schmidt, on account of the deep sabre-cut on his cheek, a souvenir of his student days). Fortunately, I had the advantage of him as regards the plastic conception of the structure of the brain-tissues, so that the debate ended in a compromise. Once the Hart brothers spoke on "New Religions," and were violently attacked; every statement of theirs was torn to tatters; they lost their tempers, and finally jumped over the table in their rage. Heinrich shouted: "I have overvalued the Ethical Club!"—and they both disappeared, seething with indignation.

Would that we still had such a society of young and leading intellects! We often tried to revive the Ethical Club, but something essential was lacking: the fire of youth, the genial brilliance of the period.

Here was a rock which might well have diverted the current of my life into other channels. The daily contact with poets, painters, and actors fired my old longing for an artistic career. I tried to compete with my literary friends, and once boldly asserted that I had been kissed by the Muse as often as any of their company. But since for them I was once and for all time "the anatomist," they did not take me and my poems quite seriously. Strindberg was really the first to give me a hearing. The others—Dehmel, Hartleben, Franz Evers, Przybyszewski, Olga Hanson—thought my work very nice, but changed the subject with a rapidity which hurt my feelings. It is extremely depressing to read, let us say, "Attila: a Monologue," to a circle of young poets, and suddenly to hear the inquiry: "I say, are you coming in for a game of skat to-night?" The fact is, I believe that people will not allow a man to travel on two paths at once; the credit they allow him suffices only for one career. But I was so involved in art and literature that I was once more desperately doubtful of the future. I rebelled for the *n*th time against medicine. One result of this conflict was a period of wild dissipation and little or no work, which once again brought me to the brink of perdition. I even appeared on the boards of suburban theatres; I joined open-air

concert-parties; I played in little orchestras for salary and keep, as though compelled to make an attempt to live an independent life. I had thoughts of suicide, but these were exorcised by my old friend Curt Zander, a genuine humorist. Then at last came the old, bearded magician—my father—and set everything right.

CHAPTER XIV

THE SURGEON

NOW it was really time to think about laying the foundations of some sort of professional life. I had exceeded by years the ordinary term of study; I had swung to and fro between science and artistic Bohemia; my family was becoming insistent, and my father was beginning to tighten his purse-strings; in short, this aimless fishing in the ocean of life was all very well, but it pleased no one save myself, and it would have, sooner or later, to come to an end. My father had brought pressure to bear on me long enough without result; now he made short work of my hesitation. The good old man arranged to leave his practice, and free himself from all the connections that bound him to Stettin, for six long months; and one day he appeared in my room in Karlstrasse, equipped as though for a long journey.—"Well, little father?"—"Well, I've come to sit for the State examination with you. You simply won't go up for it alone!" And it was true that I felt a monstrous aversion from this official procedure. It seemed to me almost a socially uncouth example of tactlessness to ask a man what he knew; a piece of bad manners, such as one did not encounter in cultivated circles. Also I felt that my training, which was almost entirely that of a pathological specialist, had many deficiencies as a preparation for a general medical examination.

My good father had thought of all this, and as always, he put me to shame. He had brought with him the necessary text-books for the subjects which I had hardly touched, and he now categorically ordered me to put my name down for the examination. This was not done without some difficulty; for since I had subscribed for various courses of lectures, but had not actually attended them, I was not able to forward the necessary signatures. In the case of several of the more amiable professors

this did not greatly matter, as they had made my acquaintance at the dissecting-bench. Others were friends of my father's, who saw to the matter for me. As for Frerichs, whom I had met so often at post-mortems, I thought I could deal with him myself.

This belief came near to postponing the examination for at least a year. I went to him with my blank certificates of attendance, and asked the Herr Geheimrat if he would kindly certify that I had attended his lectures for the last two years. He was positively rude.—"This is a piece of insolence. You are suggesting that I should be guilty of a most serious dereliction of duty!"—"But, Herr Geheimrat!"—"Leave the room! I am a man of principle!" Dolefully, I slunk out of the room. In the hall I met his beautiful and very youthful wife, who had married the old boy some months before this incident. I knew her socially; we had made music together, and had sometimes met on other occasions. She greeted me pleasantly: "Ah, doctor, how are you? What brings you here? You look as though you had lost something!"—"I have," I replied, dismally. "Your husband has refused to give me his signature. That will cost me a full year. It's terrible; I can't go up for the State examination!" I explained the situation, and added: "With one signature of your husband's here (and I showed her the place) my fortune is made!"—"Here, just give it to me!" she cried, and she took the little booklet out of my hand, slipping her finger between the pages in question, and disappeared into the study of the lonely guardian of principle. A few minutes later she reappeared, smiling proudly.—"There," she said, "it's all right!"—If I had had the money I would have sent her a basket of flowers as big as a mill-wheel; as it was, I had to content myself with a little basket of roses and a poem. Now all was ready, and I could set to work on the individual subjects.

The State medical examination was taken in separate stages, between which weeks might elapse, so that one had time to do a little extra work on the individual subjects. Accordingly

I set to work with fiery zeal, and my father faithfully worked with me through maladies of childhood, midwifery, ophthalmology, therapeutics, etc. "Do you know," he said one day, "I ought really to be grateful to you for your hesitation, for as a result I'm revising, in a sense, my own youth. How different everything is! There's much that I have literally to learn over again. It is astonishing how far you have progressed since my time in Prague, Jena, and Bonn, or here under old Johannes Müller, whose *famulus* I was together with Wilms and Graefe. But many things were more concise and comprehensible as the old fellows taught them. For example, we are now studying dysentery. Do you know how old Krukenberg summarized the whole learned business in a few words? He said: "Gentlemen! Breeches down, breeches up!—Breeches down, breeches up!—Breeches down, breeches up!—And nothing but a tablespoonful of blood—that's dysentery!"

He would interpolate a thousand such reminiscences during our working hours; when he would often read while I made notes. What sacrifices he was making for the unruly son who was so reluctant to jump through the hoops, and whom only the patience of a sea-lion trainer could persuade to make a public appearance!

And in this way stage after stage was successfully passed. In anatomy and pathological anatomy I passed without difficulty, since for four years I had hardly done anything else but make anatomical preparations; I knew the microscope as well as I knew my 'cello, and Virchow did not even test me. Nevertheless, we fell foul of one another. He showed me a preparation of the mucous membrane of the larynx under the microscope—and I believe to this day it was from the larynx of the Kaiser Friedrich. When I expressed my opinion that here was a case of carcinoma, he said: "Don't be so frivolous. I've been examining that for ten days; it's granular tissue (innocent proud flesh)." I tried to justify my diagnosis. He answered me harshly and peevishly, and the famous white nose made its appearance. "Well, of course, if you know best! But

if only you knew what may be the outcome of such hasty judgments!"

This was the time of the dispute between Morell Mackenzie and Bergmann. Whether the Kaiser should or should not undergo operation had become a matter of State. On that very day the Government had issued Bergmann's manifesto, in which he had publicly and violently criticized Mackenzie's conduct of the case. He lectured that afternoon. I, as his old *famulus*, was with him in the operating-theatre. He stated a case: "Gentlemen, I have the honour of presenting to you a patient whose condition is precisely that of our Kaiser Friedrich, who is, most regrettably, in incompetent hands. In this case everything has been as carefully investigated, indeed more carefully (a smack at Virchow, of whom he was not afraid to hint that for political reasons he had not been over-particular, and had shifted his ground during the difficult diagnosis). My colleague Fränkel has assisted me in the laryngoscopic diagnosis, and the excised portion has revealed itself under the microscope as indubitably carcinoma. We shall now perform the operation which alone would have been calculated to preserve His Majesty's life and maintain him on the throne; the removal of, if need be, the whole of the diseased larynx! It is in some sort a historic action, the justification of German science, which I have now the opportunity of demonstrating to you. If it be God's will, all will be done here that I most urgently wished to do in His Majesty's case. But the Prussian Government, resting its hopes on the infatuation of a foreign surgeon, opposed my wishes. We will proceed to operate!"

The operation began. It was a very long business. The disease was not confined to one *small* area behind the vocal cords, as Bergmann and Fränkel had diagnosed, but on deeper dissection revealed itself, in the bisected larynx, as an ulcerous, plastic infiltration. It had even attacked the regions above the larynx. After an hour and a half there was a whispering and murmuring at the operating-table. There was a dispute; then

Bergmann straightened his back and said: "Gentlemen! We have been mistaken. It is not carcinoma at all. It is a diffuse tuberculosis of the larynx! I am discontinuing the operation!"

In two hours the man was dead. I must confess that I have rarely been so profoundly shocked. I kept on thinking: suppose this, or something like it, had happened during the intended operation on the poor Kaiser! Think of the inevitable and terrible indignation of the public, and the injury to surgery! So much for human foresight! So much for the apodictic certainty of the physician! It is strange to see how often medical science has made a mess of things when it has had to deal with royal patients. Think of King Ludwig of Bavaria, the Kaiser Friedrich, the King of Saxony, Queen Draga, who was probably suffering from a hysterical pregnancy, and the paralysed arm of the Kaiser Wilhelm! In its public pronouncements medicine should be modest and conscious of its limitations if it wishes to preserve its reputation.

When I came to be examined by Dubois-Reymond I made an absolute bloomer, and it must have been my guardian angel that saved me from disaster. I was expatiating on the physiology of the nerves, and had got over the worst, when I unfortunately mentioned the sympathetic. Dubois—whose lectures I had never attended—extremely emotional, rather coquettish, dogmatic, and addicted to empty phrases—asked me: "What do you know of the sympathetic?"—"The sympathetic is a sort of intermediate brain between the cerebrospinal system and the sensory apparatus!"—The Olympian glared at me, thrusting his fingers through his silvery mane, and clacking with his tongue, as always when he was exasperated. "But in what cloud-cuckoo-land," he cried, "have you imbibed this Fata-Morganatic insanity?"—"That is how I have thought of it, Herr Geheimrat!"—"You are not here to think, you are here to know something! That will do!"—He clicked his tongue twice, and gazed proudly at the ceiling. It is a singular fact, but it has been my life's work to get this "insanity" accepted

as sense; it is the central point of my new psychology; to-day it is accepted by thousands as a theory which will be the key to the psychology of the future. But the pontiff had spoken, and from that moment he was bitterly hostile to me. Only a lucky chance saved me from immediate ruin. When he questioned me as to the rate of neuronic conduction I made a disastrous reply: "One can judge of the rapidity of neuronic conduction by the fact that death often travels in a flash from the brain to the limbs, so that cholera patients often retain in death the attitude which they have just assumed. This explains the famous fighting posture of the bodies of those dead of cholera." At this he fairly boiled over. "Once more, where do you get this literary nonsense from?"—"From my teacher Landois in Greifswald."—"That is impossible! My colleague Landois has never said any such thing!"—"But yes, Herr Geheimrat!"—"That is not true!" he exclaimed, insultingly. Now I was sure of my footing; now I had the advantage of him. I rose to my feet. "Herr Geheimrat! I am a corps student. I must of course submit to examination, but I am not obliged to allow you to insult me! The sentence *is* printed in Landois' text-book, I believe on page 216!"—"Very well: I will go at once to convince myself. And woe to you if it is not there!" I watched him withdraw without the slightest misgiving. He was soon back again. "I was mistaken. It *is* there. You have passed the examination with 'Good!'" Two clicks between his closed teeth; on my part, a low bow.

Before this there had been an intermezzo in this memorable examination, in which I had been deeply involved; indeed, I may say that I acted as prompter. My friend Roche and I had both to be examined by Dubois, but we had not both heard his lectures. We had studied physiology at other universities, which did not increase our chances of being passed by Dubois-Reymond. It was absolutely necessary to rattle off, word for word, some forty highly oratorical and often very brilliant aphorisms of the great physiologist's; otherwise one would be ploughed. We had managed to borrow a notebook in which

these flowers of style were preserved, and repaired, with my father, to my study, in order to imbibe this catechism of pompous biological wisdom. It contained such sentences as this: "If the red blood-corpuscle of man were of the size of a shilling piece, the crown of such a man's head would kiss the summit of Chimborazo!" (The humorist who was responsible for these notes had written, after every such sentence, with the word *Click*! in brackets, for so Dubois concluded all his intellectual pyrotechnics), or: "If the iron which circulates, fettered like a slave, in the blood-stream of a young girl, were to assume the metallic form, it would be equivalent, let us say, to a sewing-needle!" (Click!) Or: "If man had the proportional muscular energy of a flea, he would be able to fling his elastic body in one leap to the top of the spire of Cologne Cathedral, and, indeed, on to Mont Blanc!" (Click!)—I banged my fist on the table. My father burst out laughing. "I'll tell you what. Roche, I absolutely refuse to learn this bilge by heart in forty paradigms. But I have a proposal to make. After all, we're a couple of intelligent fellows. We'll think out a sentence *à la* Dubois, *coûte qui coûte*, and chuck something at him in his own style. It will be fun to see what he does!" No sooner said than done. With the help of some ten bottles of beer the sentence was prepared, and we pledged one another on our word of honour that on the following day, when Dubois examined us, one of us would declaim our lofty periods in the face of Jupiter, even though fate were to make mincemeat of us for our pains. The first to be examined was solemnly pledged to recite the sentence.

Roche was the first to be examined: "The Physiology of the Muscles." Aha! I thought, that will do splendidly! And he began: "As a general thing one speaks of a transversely striped musculature. But the musculature is also longitudinally striped, by fibres of connective tissue, fibrillae. This one sees most plainly if trichinae should be present in the musculature, which——" Here Dubois interrupted him: "But that has absolutely nothing to do with the subject!"—"One moment,

CARL LUDWIG SCHLEICH'S HAND WITH OPERATING KNIFE

Herr Geheimrat! If these trichinae, as is so often the case, should be calcified, they lie like little snowflakes for decades in their crystal grave——"—"But, really! Once more: that has absolutely nothing to do with the subject!"—"One moment, Herr Geheimrat!" said Roche, most obsequiously: "Now, if such a calcareous granule finds its way into the stomach of a living individual—containing, as it does, hydrochloric acid—as may be imagined, this calcareous husk would be dissolved, the trichina would be released from its Barbarossa sleep, and would once more begin a new and joyous career, *so that Nature does not appear to shrink from the notion of cannibalism*. . . ." Dubois looked up in astonishment, rose, and rapped out, with a distinctly respectful wave of his hand: "Not at all bad! (Click!) Pray continue!"

Amusingly enough, another candidate, who preceded me, and who had drawn "Metagenesis," had disposed of frogs, newts, etc., in their metamorphoses, but did not happen to think of the larval, pupal, and perfect state of the butterflies, and stuck fast. Dubois became restive, and cried, with his usual intensity of feeling—I believe he could not speak save in italics: "I do *not* understand how it is that you are unable to throw a bridge from the life that surrounds you and the science to which you have dedicated and devoted yourself! Every boy plays with the thing I have in mind!" The poor candidate had not been listening attentively: but just at that moment something flashed into his mind, and he cried, joyfully: "The tapeworm!" Dubois almost exploded. "But does every boy play with the tapeworm?" he cried, in a tone of extreme displeasure and indignation. The incident gave rise to a student call or whistle, on the theme of "The boy who plays with the tape-worm."

I took the rest of the stages at a run—all with the help of my kind father—and at last I was able to lay my diploma before him. I immediately entered the Augusta Hospital, under

Senator, as a volunteer; and there, under a master of therapeutics, one of the best in Berlin, I studied seriously for more than eighteen months, while gaining abundant clinical experience; and what I then learned was of the greatest value in my subsequent study of chemistry and pharmacology. Further, during the last long vacation I acted as locum for the head physician of the Stettin hospital, the successor of Wegner "the ruffian" (a pupil of Virchow and Langenbeck, an uncouth, arrogant fellow), in constant touch with, and with the support of, my father and Dr. Boekh.

Virchow, unfortunately, could not find room for me as a regular assistant, so I decided to accept his offer to send me to Greifswald. The head of the surgical clinic there, Professor Helferich, a comparatively young and very brilliant surgeon, a pupil of Thiersch's, had asked for a first assistant-surgeon who should be "a complete and highly trained pathologist," and Virchow advised me to accept the post. It would do me no harm if before I returned to him I had for once thoroughly grounded myself in a practical branch of the profession. This was obvious, and so for the second time I entered the gates of Greifswald—a dear old city, but a boring one—in order to be thoroughly drilled as a surgeon within the walls of the old Surgical Hospital. I remained there for eighteen months. Helferich, whose academic career, which justified the highest hopes for the future—he was a nephew of the historian Ranke, and a master of surgery into the bargain—came to a tragic end, was an admirable teacher, and although I found him personally unapproachable, I have to thank him for a very careful training.

Working in this hospital was Albert König, whom I had known in Berlin; then, as now, a dear and valued friend. We two sophisticated Berliners did our best to amuse ourselves in Greifswald, and found the University club, opposite the hospital, a great resource. My membership of the student's corps—I was often the surgeon in attendance on the duellists

—provided me with all sorts of recreation, which usually, I regret to say, ended in a students' drinking-bout. But what else was one to do in a small provincial town? The occasional balls, the many musical evenings, and flirtations with the daughters of the neighbouring landowners did not entirely fill our free time. Of course, we were hard worked, and Helferich was a very strict superior.

I found Grawitz here, and spent many happy hours in his house; and I made friends with the curator of the University, Steinmetz. Music brought me into contact with him as a University functionary, whose good will I was anxious to obtain, and whom I often asked for all sorts of unreasonable favours. Our friendship, however, went far beyond our official relations; we were both much more keenly interested in music than in the *alma mater*. We sang, fiddled, and played the piano together; and it was in his house that I came to know and love Clara Schumann, the wife of the great Robert. Even in old age she was a most lovable woman, for whom I felt the warmest affection. It was fascinating to hear her speak of the genius of her husband. I often had the joy and privilege of playing her own pianoforte trio with her, as well as all three trios of Robert Schumann. Steinmetz, an admirable singer, with a very fine tenor voice, sang all the songs of this greatest of romantic composers.

In Steinmetz's house I met Althoff, the mighty Minister for Health, the tyrant of the universities, and I drank one night with him and Steinmetz until we were all drinking one another's health, and he was offering me Bergmann's post, or any other surgical appointment I cared to accept. It is a singular thing that he never remembered these promises afterwards, and I did not like to remind him of them. I should like some day to write an account of my relations with Althoff. He was an extremely interesting and in certain ways a very dangerous man, whose psychological insight bordered on genius.

Our work in Greifswald was terribly strenuous, and I had

little time for special studies. However, I managed to do a little experimental work in relation to the action of iodine in the healing of wounds and fractures, and the formation of eschars, concerning which I have read papers at various surgical congresses. At Greifswald, too, I prepared my thesis for the doctorate: "On Osteoaneurysm." In this thesis I gave particulars of a new discovery, the value of which has never been fully appreciated: on sounding the back of a patient, the percussion of a solidified lung can readily be distinguished from that of a lung containing air if the upper part of the patient's body is supported by the outstretched arms, the body slightly oscillating. I still find this method useful in examining tuberculous patients.

I parted from Helferich (not in peace!) when Virchow was able to make room for me, as his youngest assistant, von Hansemann, was supposed to be incurably ill. I was installed as acting assistant, but lo!—a few months later Hansemann recovered, and he died only recently (1920).

There I was, without plans or position. Was I, with my training, to become a practising physician, and creep into my father's warm nest? The prospect did not attract me. From one day to the next I resolved to bid farewell to pathological anatomy and the academic career after which I had always hankered. I had seen enough of the conditions of the academic career to turn me against it; I snapped my fingers at the prospects of a professorial chair, and the high privilege of one day donning the purple velvet of a rector of the University of Weissnichtwo; and in order to fill a last gap in my education I applied for the post of an unpaid assistant under Olshausen in the Women's Hospital of the University. Virchow himself went to see Olshausen about it, and so I obtained a post for which there were three hundred applicants.

Even while I was applying myself to an exhaustive clinical study of the processes of reproduction, I was making preparations for the opening of a private surgical clinic of my own in Friedrichstrasse; my father providing the not inconsiderable

capital required on the condition that I sooner or later repaid it, together with all other sums expended upon my professional education, either to him or to his surviving children; which I was not in a position to do until 1907. Considering the utterly non-capitalistic orientation of my psyche, I am surprised that I was ever in such a position.

CHAPTER XV

BELLE-ALLIANCE

SO, in the year 1889, I moved into my private Clinic for Surgery and Gynaecology, which I had opened some six months earlier (close by the Belle-Alliance Platz, at the end of Friedrichstrasse), with my young wife Hedwig, having kept the secret promise I had made in the year 1869. Of our wedding there is nothing special to report, save that I, who had lavished betrothal and bridal songs and compositions on almost the whole of our huge Schleich-Küster family, had to realize that there was no tribal poet or family bard to celebrate my own wedding-eve. Accordingly, my resolute fiancée decided that the two of us should produce an improvised theatrical festival of our own. This we did, and since our most baroque ideas were greeted with applause, a little company of highly talented artists set to work to organize a programme to which everyone promised to contribute a special turn; the result being the most amusing *Polterabendfest*[1] that any of us had ever attended. The epithalamium, sung by a chorus composed of my nearest relatives, was written and composed by myself.

This was a joyous ending to my youth, and now began the battle of life. I had not imagined that it would be a life and death struggle.

I will not weary my readers by describing the separate phases of my contest in the arena of medicine. Of my work as a specialist I shall say as little as possible. Only where ideas are in question I, who have been so often misunderstood, should wish to speak with absolute freedom; giving special prominence to my encounters with personalities who by reason of their celebrity are likely to arouse the reader's

[1] In Germany the *Polterabend*, or eve of the wedding, is often the occasion of special festivities.—TR.

interest. In this chapter of my reminiscences, as in all the rest, I should wish to speak of the sunny days of life rather than of the hours of darkness of which every mortal has his share. I should like, also, to make it clear that it was my destiny to encounter life not merely with the armoury of medicine, but that the artist, philosopher, poet, painter, and musician strove more eagerly, as time went on, to find a breathing-space and elbow-room. Of my medical achievements some already belong to history, and may be found in the medical archives; but I should like to add a few biographical details as to what led to these achievements, and the linking-up of my multifarious activities.

Above all, I should like to speak of my conflict with the Surgical Congress, which seemed at a stroke to have expunged me for ever from the list of reputable competitors for fame. The mere fact that a medical man was driven out of the arena by a forum of eight hundred fellow-surgeons and specialist colleagues, for a means of alleviating suffering which afterwards gained absolute acceptance, for a step forward in the battle with pain, for the discovery of an absolutely new principle of anaesthesia—a discovery, in short, which according to Bergmann was one of the great achievements of surgery —this fact is so monstrous that it absolutely calls for closer examination and discussion; and it is hardly surprising that a simple physician, Dr. Karl Briegleb, of Worms, should have written an enthusiastic brochure which defended me as the Galileo of the nineteenth century. And yet the case is not so unusual as might be supposed. No; such things are unhappily the rule whenever a harmless discoverer makes his naïve attack upon the walls of the academic fortress, the stronghold of every kind of reaction, the Monsalvat of monopoly, the dragon's lair of the monster Clique. At the present moment the same battle has been proceeding for nearly fifteen years against a man whose star will one day shine beside Jenner's: Friedrich Franz Friedmann, the advocate of protective inoculation in the war against tuberculosis; blow for blow the same

battle that was waged around Jenner, Semmelweiss, Lister, Priessnitz, Thure Brandt, and Dührssen, and around the administration of quinine and mercury; so that it might be stated as a principle: All progress in medicine necessitates at least fifteen years' warfare. And again: All great medical discoveries are made outside the stronghold of the official guardians of science. But never was the clash more acute, more dramatic, more bewildering than in respect of my anaesthesia by local absorption of innocuous fluids.

It was in 1890, when I was in touch with a set which included Dehmel, Bierbaum, Hartleben, Ola Hanson, and the Polish poet, Stanislaus Prszybyszewski, whom we always called "the bloody physiologist," and who, in his strange, uncanny spirituality reminded one of Félicien Rops, Callot, or E. T. A. Hoffman. He once showed me his university notebooks, which contained some magnificent drawings of structural details of the ganglia. (He had attended Waldeyer's lectures.) I looked through them, recalling to mind my own drawings of Jürgens' preparations and sections of brain-tissue. I was to all appearances completely absorbed in these notebooks, when I suddenly sprang to my feet. "Stanislaus!" I cried: "Man! The neuroglia is like the dampers of a piano! An electrical mute, a cut-out, an inhibitory regulator!"—"Good heavens! Say it again!" exclaimed Stanislaus. "The man is crazy! Or is it a flash of intuition?" I quickly explained that it seemed to me possible that the nerves might be deadened by the injection of fluids; that thinking might be phasic with the pulse, and that if this was so one would need only to inject deoxygenated blood between the tactile corpuscles of the skin in order to produce, artificially, a deadening of sensation or hypersensitivity at will. I rushed off to my clinic, and within half an hour, in the presence of David Wittowski, my assistant, I had demonstrated, by self-injections of various saline solutions of much the same density as blood, that water is a first-class anaesthetic, after previous irritation of the nerves. And further, that this irritation may be dispensed with

if ·05 per cent. of cooking-salt is added, and that physiological saline in itself does not affect sensation. This was the basis of the new method of anaesthesia. Before long I made the decisive discovery. When cocaine was added to the ·05 per cent. solution of sodium chloride it appeared that the efficacy of all anaesthetics is multiplied a thousandfold if they are contained in saline solutions of suitable strength. In the new local anaesthesia, whereas other anaesthetists could inject only one syringeful of cocaine, on account of its toxic effects, I could give a thousand injections. The tissues thus tumefied—as I proved, step by step, in hundreds of experiments on my own person—are absolutely insensitive to puncture, pressure, pinching, scratching, burning, etc.

I have applied this very simple principle in thousands of cases, and have been able, by means of a special and somewhat complicated technique, to remove large abdominal tumours, to excise joints, to amputate limbs, to trepan the skull, and enucleate the eye without narcosis, and these operations were perfectly painless. Where could I, a mere private surgeon, have obtained this enormous amount of surgical material if I had caused the patients any pain? Within a week I should have been boycotted for miles around. As it was, one patient would tell another of his experiences, and people came flocking to me. Wittkowski, Haupt, Immelmann, Kanthe, Nathanson, Dönitz —and many others, who were not my assistants, as these were —can bear witness that I am speaking the truth. Every day we performed twelve or more painless operations. Hundreds of foreign surgeons came to my clinic to learn the method. So far I had not published any account of it.

But in April 1892, fully armed for the fray, I appeared before the Surgical Congress, manuscript in hand. I had proudly requested my wife to put out my best coat. "When one has to announce such a great discovery," I said, self-consciously, "one must try to look decently respectable!" My father's eyes were sparkling in anticipation of the triumph that awaited his son, who would after all achieve great things in

medicine, as he had always foretold. The hall was filled to overflowing as I stepped on to the platform. I began with perfect serenity; a reporter took down my address in shorthand. I expounded the theory and practice of my method, and described what I had achieved. The president, Bardeleben, who had a head like Michelangelo's Moses, began to fidget uneasily in his chair and look about him. I concluded with the words: "So that with this innocuous means at hand, I do not think it is any longer permissible, from the ideal, moral, and legal points of view, to employ the dangerous methods of narcosis where this means is adequate." And the hall was swept by a storm—of wrath and indignation! I was so amazed that I felt like falling to the ground.

Bardeleben loudly rang his bell. When the uproar had subsided a little he said: "Gentlemen and colleagues! When such things are hurled at us as are contained in the speaker's concluding sentence, we may well depart from our custom of refraining from criticism in this assembly, and I ask the meeting: 'Is anyone convinced of the truth of what has just been flung at us? Then I beg that he will hold up his hand!' " (What insanity, to vote for the truth or otherwise of a new discovery!) Not a hand was raised!

I stepped to the front of the platform. I wanted to say: "Gentlemen, will you please consider the matter! I can prove to you, at any moment, that these things are true. I have not lied to you!" I called out: "I beg leave to speak!" —"No! ! !" thundered the ancient Moses, his grim old eyes flashing fire at me under his bushy brows. At which I shrugged my shoulders and walked out. According to the newspapers "the mortified speaker left the hall abashed." Yet as I stood on the terrace below the hall I felt nothing but sorrow for the old man who had hoped so much from this hour, and who had witnessed the whole performance—my father. Even before he could leave the hall one single surgeon out of that company of eight hundred rushed after me, and said, absolutely horrified: "My young colleague, I don't know whether

you are right in all you say about your discovery, but if you are, what has just occurred is the most unheard-of thing that has ever happened in the history of science." Then came my poor old father. And see—he was radiant with delight; he was almost dancing as he came down the steps! "Father!" I called. "Carl!" he said: "Those fellows are absolutely crazy. Come, we'll go to Hiller's and drink a bottle of champagne. You'll get the better of them yet!"

And of course I did. Ten years later, when Miculicz, from Breslau, surprised everybody by informing the Surgical Congress that he had performed thousands of completely painless operations by Schleich's method, and that this method undoubtedly belonged to the permanent stock-in-trade of surgical knowledge. But to this day no one has ever uttered a word in expiation of the affront that was put upon me. On the other hand, the legend that I threatened to set the public prosecutor upon anyone who should still dare to use chloroform is still in circulation, though it is, of course, an impudent invention. But if one can only find a formula to justify one's own injustice the conscience is content with any support. There are still hundreds of surgeons who are firmly convinced that having insulted the Surgical Congress, I had only myself to thank for my failure and the ruin of my career: which is, of course, a mere invention to cover the nakedness of their disgraceful behaviour. And even if I had been guilty of a breach of etiquette, was that a reason for repudiating a method which might have benefited millions of sufferers fifteen years earlier, and for sticking to chloroform and the usual routine of narcosis, which is fatal in at least two cases out of every thousand? Does a body which set an alleged injury to its imaginary dignity so far above a discovery which is recognized as a blessing to humanity—and which in the meantime has conquered the world—that it resolved to use every means of ignoring and suppressing it, deserve the name of scientific society?

Over and over again we see the same life-and-death struggle. Let no one get a start of you; kill him by a conspiracy of silence

rather than allow him to get ahead of you! Over and over again we see the same competition; a contest as hotly fought as any steeplechase; but an uglier business, for here the welfare of humanity is at stake, to cherish which is still supposed to be the highest ambition of the medical profession. "Of course, we should like to do our best for humanity, but not at the cost of our painfully acquired reputation, and the methods which provide us with an easy living!" Have we not recently seen the same thing happen, phase by phase, in respect of Friedmann's campaign for the eradication of tuberculosis? It is horrible, almost unthinkable, and for a long while I would not believe it, but I am now convinced of the truth of the words with which Friedmann, in comprehensible indignation, demolished my comforting arguments: "Go to, my dear Schleich! Your whole temperament makes it impossible for you to believe that the final reason of the opposition to an innovation in medicine is always the fact that hundreds of thousands of men derive their living from the belief that something is incurable. All institutions, all professions, all vocations, all the hotels and sanatoria are once and for all resolved upon the doubtless regrettable fact that tuberculosis is incurable, for the law of economic egoism is stronger than the ideal of humanity!" What ghastly pessimism—yet without it, how many things are unintelligible!

My tussle with the economics of narcosis was, after all, the real motive which has made me fight under Friedmann's banner. This humanitarian genius, who will one day be ranked high above all his colleagues, living or dead, shall not stand so alone in the world as I stood fifteen years ago. With veritable enthusiasm, for his sake I am fighting the battle of my youth over again; a veteran soldier, who knows every trick of the enemy. In those days I had no authoritative backing; with pitiful cowardice the champions of progress repudiated me, although on the day following my address they saw and wondered at painless operations in my clinic. "They had not attended the Congress!" A typical excuse; yet I could tell

every one of my so-called friends just where he sat, without stirring from his chair, on the occasion of my professional execution!

Well, I bore it all in silence. After all, I had a splendid father, who said to me: "Believe me, Carl, a man who is treated with such grievous injustice is saved the trouble of defending himself; others will see to that for him. Work away quietly!" I did; for the very next year I reported operations under Schleich's anaesthesia at the Surgical Congress. That there was a conspiracy to repudiate the method rather than investigate it was betrayed by the fact that of the 800 members present in the Congress fewer than thirty had come to witness the demonstrations of the method in Bergmann's clinic. And yet it was this bold policy of entering the lions' den that really led to my rehabilitation, for an extremely comical scene was enacted there. I had anaesthetized a region of the body which is not mentioned in polite society, but in which an operation was necessary. Bergmann experimentally thrust his whole fist into the cavity of the anaesthetized operation-wound, and cried, with Baltic emphasis: "If the aperture[1] isn't painless you can hang me!" Esmarch, however, who was also standing beside me, thought that "one didn't operate on such things in *that* way!" He would have insisted on "scheme F." I replied that a new method of anaesthetizing demanded certain modifications in the technique of the schools. Bergmann, however, speaking into my ear, but in a fairly audible voice, said: "Don't answer the old —; he's blind and dead and Godforsaken!" I was quite content when I saw my father look at me with a smile of extreme delight—Esmarch was an old enemy of his—and the words formed themselves in my mind: "Don't you worry! If the heroes of your youth treat one another so, what can a humble person like yourself expect from them? Even on Olympus things are boiled in water!"

But now to work. First of all, I wrote up the new method.

[1] But he used a term at once more descriptive and less polite.

My first publications were clinical reports of my work in my private hospital, which incidentally expounded a number of novel points of view. Further, I wrote a brochure: "On the Etiology of Tumours" and "Infection and Tumour-formation," which expressed an entirely novel view of the nature of cancer. I suggested that cancer is a product of pathological generation, a perverse and anarchic homunculus, a pseudo-embryo. I sent this brochure to all the universities, but it was received in absolute silence. I had also by me a thick manuscript on "Painless Operations," which contained an almost exhaustive technique for all parts of the human body. All the publishers turned me down; and I was standing, one day, like a novelist whose work has just been rejected, under the lime-tree in front of Hirschwald's bookshop, feeling that a little more would make me break down and weep, when Professor Langgaard of the Pharmacological Institute accosted me and asked me why I was leaning against the tree-trunk. I told him of my troubles. He wanted to see a painless operation. We went at once to my clinic, and I demonstrated the absolute painlessness of my method by a plastic operation on the scar of a burn which ran from the upper arm to the wrist. He was filled with enthusiasm, and we went immediately to Springer's publishing house. The very next day my first work was sent to the printer.

I must not close this record without special mention of those who, in spite of the general boycott which hung over me, were true and faithful friends to me as a man, even though they regarded me as a fallen surgical angel. Above all I must mention my dear, kindly Adolf Gottstein, my intimate friend, who could not do enough to console me and encourage me to hope for a happier future. Then there were Wittkowski, Nathanson, Asch, Paul Friedländer, and others, who, when I appeared at a medical assembly, did not cravenly turn away, like certain other sometime well-wishers and protectors.

My good uncle Konrad Küster, who is still an active reformer in all sorts of directions—a robustious, unconquerable, pugna-

cious character, whose golden heart, though Fate has dealt him many a blow, is full of humour and Bacchic jollity—never for a moment lost faith in me. When a near relation of both of us, who had just come from the Surgical Congress, informed him that "Carl Schleich had made an awful fool of himself at the Congress," he replied, gruffly: "Nonsense! It's you who've made fools of yourselves!"

He was not so far wrong.

CHAPTER XVI

AUGUST STRINDBERG

I LONG resisted the temptation to write about Strindberg, though I was often urged to do so by friends who knew of my relations with this singular genius—the most original genius whom the North of Europe has produced—and were aware that intellectually we had much in common. I was silent: firstly, because now that his literary work is at last receiving the attention that is its due, its place in European literature will be estimated by far more competent pens than mine; and secondly, because most of my memories of Strindberg are of such an intimate nature that it is questionable whether I have anything truly typical and characteristic to relate. Nevertheless, I will say what I can about him, for hitherto but little of any value has been written. Moreover, it is only now that his star has begun to rise, with a rapidity that is almost bewildering to those who are not familiar with his genius—a rapidity that may well recall the sudden glow and gradual disappearance of a meteor. Now, when Strindberg is little by little gaining admission to the Valhalla of memory, it may be useful to learn something of the man rather than the writer; of the primitive, versatile, pondering, and reasoning mind rather than the creative artist.

I should like to show him, if I could, in a quickly-drawn, full-length portrait, which should express my absolute conviction that he was the most significant personality I have ever met, who strove as none other to discover the meaning of life. But my close and intimate friendship with Strindberg is not my only qualification for attempting such a portrait; I have in my possession many souvenirs of him, all dedicated to me: pictures, manuscripts, books, and letters, all bearing his seal, encircled by the carefully-written words: "Dem gode Freund." Moreover, I was fortunately never the

object of the distrust of his fellows which invaded Strindberg's mind, or rather, which smouldered in him always like an irrepressible force of Nature. To me he opened his heart without reserve. I think he could read even these lines without offence; he, at all events, would have accepted the possibility that he might read them, believing, as he did, in a future life beyond this mundane existence. So may you really be looking over my shoulder as I write, my great and good friend!

It was in the early 'nineties when my colleague Dr. Max Asch entered my study one day in the company of a stranger. "I have brought Strindberg to see you," he said. It thrilled me strangely to see the man I had so long admired face to face, and to shake his hand. Involuntarily I thought: "Beethoven." The high forehead spoke of the Promethean; the Promethean spirit sparkled, at once keen and distrustful, in his penetrating, blue-green eyes, lifted his unruly locks like flickering flames, and seemed to quiver in the fibres of his short, vigorous moustache, which swept right and left with a defiant and ironic air above the small, sweet, almost womanly mouth, that rounded itself in a sort of puckered pout when he greeted you. A fascinating dimple enhanced the amiability of his gesture of greeting. Before long, however, a dark, brooding shadow passed over the weather-beaten face, when he looked like a cross between a bosun and a colonel of hussars. Strindberg was of medium height and very thickset, his limbs being almost grotesquely muscular. His chest was very broad, and proudly expanded as a rule; he held his powerful head very consciously erect, and you could not imagine him as bowing it in graceful submission.

His movements were almost pedantically quiet and deliberate; they were marked by a stiff dignity; and the analytically minded, who might have sought to discern psychic qualities in his gait and behaviour, could have read, in the slow, heavy rhythm of his body, that he had always suffered from a lack of fluent and natural grace, which was often replaced by an attitude of relentless accusation. This inexorability was

indeed the final consequence of all his ideas, which were pursued to the bitter end, where others would have tempered the light of truth for our poor human eyes, making it at once both more attractive and more beneficent. This refers not only to the characters in his plays and novels, and their conflicts, which were continued until both adversaries were spiritually flayed and prostrate, but in an even greater degree to his strange and profound conceptions of Nature, the Universe, God, and the Devil, of which the public, of course, has even now barely an inkling. He really looked as though Thor's hammer would have fitted his hand, and only the mild and surprisingly gracious expression of his mouth, and the smallness of the lower jaw, too small for such a mighty skull, spoke of the strange gentleness and mimosa-like sensitiveness of this extraordinary person.

It was the distressing want that resulted from his almost Ahasueric restlessness that led my friend Asch, who knew of my great liking for the writer, to make me acquainted with the man. What needed to be done was done; here I will only mention that the modest sums in aid which we were able to grant the "weary pilgrim in search of knowledge and a little happiness," as he described himself, were almost always secretly forwarded to Sweden—for his two wives and his children. So Strindberg was always poor, whatever happened, and always engaged in a sort of scuffle for the most ordinary necessities. His concern for the wives he had divorced was always marked by the unaffected chivalry and natural nobility of which he sometimes asserted that it was "the core of manhood."—"The courtesy of a woman," he once remarked, "is taken off with her kid gloves; ours still lies close to the bare, calloused hand!" He had an inexhaustible store of such antitheses, and once he surpassed himself in the lapidary epigram: "Only the man can feel the true mother-love!" He was always thinking of his own flesh and blood, and his almost feminine sensitiveness was like an invisible, golden umbilical cord, which bound him to those he loved. It was an enigmatical

feature in a nature so pugnacious as his, that his delicate and feminine traits were closely wedded to a brutal and even cruel derision. But I will not enter here upon an exposition of what we know to be the basic problem of Strindberg's character.

From the time of our first meeting we were together almost every day for a whole year. We were soon on terms of intimacy, and long before the doors of Tücke's "Schwarze Ferkel" were open to admit its Scandinavian habitués and their German acquaintances, Strindberg and I would be at work in my laboratory, mixing colours, devising chemical experiments, poring over the microscope, developing photographs, painting, making music, studying counterpoint, or what not.

We took a common interest in all these things, and in respect of them all he had his own, often exaggerated, but always interesting ideas. At that time Strindberg was a convinced monist, a mechanist of the first water. Any contribution that I could make to the mechanics of biology—as, for example, the suggestion of an active inhibitory apparatus in the brain—interested him keenly. For that matter, the whole of physics and chemistry was to be reduced to energy and inhibition, which underlay the whole activity of the universe. "There," he declared, with joyful and inimitable triumph, "there you have him at last, God and Devil!"

Strindberg, of course, changed very greatly later; the mechanist finally became a mystic, and he believed quite literally in the agency of the Devil, as he brought him on to the stage in his "Royal Bride," lashing his tail and pursuing and tempting people. At the time of which I am speaking he regarded the universe as built up by a single, elemental, natural force, but later he peopled it with demons, kobolds, and good and evil spirits. Even then, however, he had leanings towards mysticism, and was flirting with Swedenborg, Boehme, and Paracelsus.—"Haven't you ever noticed that if there is a name whose owner you have wronged, you will read it four or five times, as you go down the street,

on name-plates and house doors, though it wasn't there at all before?" He could say such a thing quite calmly and seriously, and when I visited him in Stockholm, many years later, and told him of the death of my father, who always wanted me to be "purely" a physician, and for whose sake I had done violence to my literary interests, while I now felt an urgent impulse to write, he said, with a knowing smile, as though speaking of something quite ordinary: "He understands now, he leaves you free!"

Strindberg, I should mention, did not speak German correctly, but he was able to express himself clearly and definitely, upon the most difficult subjects, though in broken phrases, rolling his r's and prolonging his s's. Where science was concerned he was incredibly and often quite naïvely sceptical, and he would rage most delightfully against all authoritative pronouncements. He was simply infuriated by what he regarded as the childish evidence of the spherical form of the earth. If Foucault's pendulum experiment was cited he objected: "They behave as though the church steeple were an Archimedean point. But never mind that; what about starting to go round the world from a point to which one returns? Apart from the fact that no one has ever made this journey on foot, wouldn't the same thing happen on a plate? If the masts of a ship out at sea are supposed to be seen first on account of the curvature of the earth, I reply that a distance of a few hundred yards you will see only the top of a post, on account of the irradiation of light! And they teach such nonsense in the schools!"

Erich Hartleben was present on the occasion of this remark, and we decided, late one summer night, to test this last argument experimentally. With some trouble we managed to buy, from an old Jewess, a badly frayed broom, and the three of us strolled along to the Panoptikum, at the entrance to Friedrichstrasse. It was arranged that Hartleben should go as far as Leipziger Strasse and post himself in the middle of the asphalted roadway, with the broom planted bristle end upwards. Strind-

berg and I were prepared to sacrifice our clothes to science, and laid ourselves down on the asphalt. But the Swede had not reckoned with the Prussian police. Hardly had we assumed the position from which our observations were to be made when a policeman ordered us to get up and clear off, uttering the most insulting suspicions, and casting doubt upon our scientific qualifications. "This," he said, "is not a night refuge!" With a great expenditure of scientific argument we at last succeeded in persuading our policeman of the importance of our experiment, and it is an affecting instance of the scientific spirit of our police force that he was almost ready to lie down beside us in order to prove once for all that the earth is not round. But all this had taken so long that Erich Hartleben had begun to feel bored, and he suddenly appeared, broom in hand, puffing and gasping that "it was altogether too tedious a business!" So our beautiful experiment fell through, and we continued to question the spherical form of the earth.

With equal *naïveté*, Strindberg for a long while hurried off to the Observatory every day of full moon, in order to gaze at the satellite for hours through a telescope, and carefully draw the features visible on its surface. "What are you really looking for on the moon?" we asked him at last. "The reflected image of Europe!" was the answer.—"Have you found the jack-boot of Italy?" asked Richard Dehmel, when he had recovered from his surprise. To which Strindberg replied, quite seriously: "How do you know it's a jack-boot? Who has ever seen it? Am I to trust the lithographers rather than the clear reflecting ice of the moon?" But one must not think too slightingly of Strindberg's scientific education. Although many of his ideas were distorted and obscure, he had magnificent intentions; I remember, for instance, his *Silva Silvarum*, which contains an astonishing wealth of botanical suggestions which nowadays are seriously debated: for example, his ideas relating to the irritability of plants, their nervous activity, their sleep and waking, and even their soul. These are all subjects which can be seriously discussed to-day, and I am often reminded of

Strindberg on reading of the latest developments in the region of plant physiology.

Strindberg had a truly "Goethesque" feeling for Nature; he took the universe very seriously, and possessed an astonishing, and as far as my experience goes, unparalleled knowledge of chemistry, botany, and astronomy. I shall presently relate how he was victorious in a dispute with Professor Landolt, one of our most eminent chemists. Here I will only remark that Strindberg's method of inquiry was quite different from Goethe's. The German poet always looked for the elemental phenomena, and had a whole army of collaborators who solved special problems for him. Strindberg inquired into the mysteries of motive forces, mechanisms, transformations, and permutations, as an engineer might have done, and had no one to help him. They were alike only in the rejection which they suffered at the hands of the specialists. And if Dubois-Reymond, fifty years after Goethe's death, denied that he had any qualifications for scientific research, I should not like to say what a careful research-worker would think of Strindberg's arcana after the same lapse of time: supposing indeed that in the meanwhile anyone should feel impelled to look through his many volumes and articles on natural history. He might very well advise the poet to stick to his last; yet I can readily believe that a day will come when the thinker will be valued as the peer of the poet.

At the present time the majority of readers are intimidated by the enormous scope of his inquiries, which he did not pursue with the calm of a Goethe, but with a violence, an impassioned rush of ideas, such as Goethe displayed only once, in the astonishing attack on the dead Newton in his *Farbenlehre*. Strindberg was passionate and aggressive, not because he knew, but because he believed and felt. His demonstrations are bristling with scorn and provocation. It is as though he were trying to talk one into believing him, instead of convincing one objectively. His arguments have always something of the terse, ruthlessly dramatic tone of his fiction.

They are monologues, which the world was intended to overhear. There was something mediaeval in Strindberg, yet something of the genuine German Protestant. But this antiquarian vein of his led him finally, the most modern of the moderns, to alchemy, and almost to the search for the Philosopher's Stone. For Strindberg sought for the secret of making gold.

The reader must not think of Strindberg as the gloomy, mystery-mongering alchemist, nor as one who, like so many occultists, posed as a half-deceived mystifier; for he would expound his theories of the transmutability of the metals and the divisibility of the elements in an almost playfully humorous tone. In later years he introduced the alchemist's search for gold as a tragic motive in one of his most fantastic plays. I shall never forget his crafty, childlike smile when he showed me, one day, some fine flakes of metal, like fragments of gold-leaf, saying: "Test it! That is gold, gold that I've made!" I proposed that we should submit it to some eminent chemist —Liebreich or Landolt. He was warmly in favour of this idea, so we went first to Liebreich and then to Landolt, both of whom would have treated him as a fool if I had not, as a man with a certain reputation as a scientist, acted as a sort of buffer. Liebreich promised an exhaustive test, but fifteen years have passed, and still he has not found time for it. Landolt, however, went to work at once, and asked us to call again a few days later. Then followed this remarkable conversation: "What did you make this of?"—"Copper."—"What is it supposed to be?"—"Gold."—"No! It is not copper, but neither is it gold. I don't know what it is—I've never come across such stuff before!"—"Perhaps, then, it's a transitional form, an intermediate stage!"—I should observe that so far from obstinately persisting in his claim that he had made gold, all that really interested him was the idea of the transmutability of the metals. He was not looking for gold, but for a new law of Nature. In this connection Landolt uttered the memorable words: "My dear fellow, if you can ever bring me the proof

that one metal can be transformed into another, I'll take off my hat to you, and this flake of metal will make you a great chemist!" Strindberg bowed with ironical pride, as though he had been given an instalment of this immortality, and replied: "Who knows! Perhaps we shall both live to see it done!"—"Never!" cried Landolt, and he ushered us out, probably with the conviction that there were two more fools in the world than he had suspected. And a decade later a woman (Madame Curie) delighted Strindberg and the world by her discovery of radium, which of its own accord changes first into helium, and then into lead!

I cannot look without emotion at the little spangles of Strindberg's "gold" in my possession, for his fate was that of the old alchemists; they did not discover the secret of making gold, but long after they had passed away the industrial chemists were making abundance of gold indirectly; and hardly had this genius closed his eyes, when the gold of his creations began to pour into men's hearts and pockets. But he knew that it would be so, for two years before his death he wrote to me: "How curious it is! How slowly things are progressing! Yet you, who are younger than I, will live to see people scrambling for my plays!" In our days Strindberg's plays have been staged in several Berlin theatres simultaneously, and in hundreds of provincial theatres. Mysterious law of great and lasting success—that it should come only after a genius has eaten his heart out in longing for it! Once in his lifetime Strindberg possessed something like a fortune—sixty thousand kroner; but it melted away on the boards of the Strindberg Theatre in Stockholm, and the handsome national donation of the Swedish people he gave to the poor of Stockholm!

Here are more incidents of our friendship: Those were good evenings, in the little room behind the wine-shop in the Neue Wilhelmstrasse, "Das schwarze Ferkel," whose name was derived from a full Bessarabian wine-skin, which, bearing to the superficial eye a faint likeness to a black pig, swung to and

fro under the lintel of the entrance-door. Here Munch, Ola Hanson, Laura Marholm, Hamsun, Dehmel, Przybyszewski, Schurbart, Asch, Elias, Hartleben, Evers, and many others used to meet, and Strindberg's biographer, Adolph-Paul. Here was a nest of poets; here songs were sung, and fiery speeches delivered, and literary reputations demolished; and here from time to time our central star, Strindberg, reached for the guitar and sang his only ballad:

> Denn der Russe ist tot.
> Schlagt ihn tot!
> Ist er nun Korporal oder General,
> Sterben muss er zumal!

And here three of us—Strindberg, a Japanese captain, and I—spent one whole night reciting our finest folk-songs, to determine which nation should be awarded the palm of poetic genius.

On another occasion Strindberg and I were joined by S—, a mutual friend, a Stettin schoolfellow of mine, who, like myself, had given Strindberg financial support. In the course of our conversation S— reminded me of an incident of our schooldays which I had quite forgotten, but now I remembered it so vividly that I told the story from my own standpoint. —In a class-book, on the page on which the lesson for the day began, was a scribbled comment: "Cobbler Herbst (the nick-name of the master about to take the class) is an ass!" Tableau —and an immediate inquisition. No result. Despite repeated admonitions, the culprit failed to announce himself. An exhaustive comparison of handwriting was made: no result. "Very well," said Professor Herbst, "I shall now leave you to yourselves for half an hour. Settle the matter between you. If at the end of the half hour the culprit, who is a silly fellow, does not come forward, the whole lot of you will be locked in for two hours!" There was a great deal of whispering and recrimination, and appeals to the culprit's sense of honour. A comparison of handwritings cast a strong suspicion on S—. We tried to

persuade him to confess. I can still see the little Jew's fat fingers rubbing his eyes, and the tears trickling down his cheeks, as he pitifully sobbed: "It wasn't me. No. Truly it wasn't. And my stepfather will beat me to death. It's all up with me! Oh dear, oh dear!" I was touched to the heart. "Look here, I'll tell you what," I said, proudly and benevolently. "My father won't beat me to death over a thing like that. I'll say I did it, although, of course, I didn't!" The little Jew kissed my hands. "Cobbler" Herbst appeared. I stepped forward. "It was I, Professor!" I was so absorbed in the contemplation of my own generosity that I was quite taken by surprise when I received a ringing box on the ear. "You will go into detention immediately! For two hours!" was the sentence. As I was trotting home my father met me; he was very solemn, having already heard of my detention. Pleased as Punch, I told him my story, whereupon he first boxed my ears, and then gave me a kiss. "You stupid fellow!" he cried: "A fine time of it you'll have if you go through life behaving like that!" Strindberg, however, speaking quite tenderly, said "Just think of it! The good little golden-haired boy!" At which S— began to giggle. "And the best of it is, of course," he exclaimed, "that it *was* I who wrote it!" Strindberg rose to his feet. He looked terrible; his whole face was distorted with rage. "The devil!" he cried: "Judas!"—and he walked out. He never again so much as looked at S—. His sense of justice was unusually keen.

Another evening the grey-haired Holger Drachmann appeared in the "Schwarze Ferkel," with one of the loveliest women I have ever seen on his arm. Hardly had she entered the crowded little room—we were holding a feast in commemoration of something or somebody—when, looking round her, she picked up a glass of champagne, and cried: "Where is August Strindberg?" We all pointed to him; he was moping in a corner. "Strindberg! Come here and give me a kiss!" she said, holding out her arms to him. And then an amazing thing happened: the famous woman-hater stood up, took off his

dress-coat with solemn determination, stamped his way across the wine-laden table, and kissed the woman so vigorously and so long that Holger Drachmann, pulling out his watch, observed, with laconic resignation: "Two minutes already!" A last embrace, and Strindberg went back to his place by the same route, and resumed his dress-coat. No one was ever able to discover why he had taken it off in order to fulfil this pleasant and by no means difficult task.

At the close of that night's festivities Drachmann, Strindberg, and I sang an interminable trio: over and over again we repeated Fesca's *Reiterlied*:

> Die bange Nacht ist nun herum,
> Wir reiten still, wir reiten stumm,
> Wir reiten ins Verderben!
> Wie weht so kühl der Morgenwind—
> "Frau Wirtin! Noch ein Glas geschwind,
> Vorm Sterben, vorm Sterben!"

Drachmann declared that this was the finest of all our German songs, and made the interesting observation that foreigners could learn German only by reading Heine's poems. To which Strindberg retorted, cuttingly: "Of course! One learns to know masterpieces best from good copies. Read Goethe, my dear man; there's something more German in his work. Or Luther and the Bible!"

But, as I have already hinted, one would do Strindberg a grave injustice if one were to describe him only as he was seen in this Bohemian environment. It was a Bohemia, to be sure, but a very intellectual and substantial Bohemia, and its only really wild elements were contained in the swarm of second-rate people who were attracted by mere curiosity. The names I have mentioned will testify sufficiently to the eminently intellectual quality of this Round Table, whose calm and silent focus was the great Swede. Strindberg drank slowly and heavily, but he could carry an enormous amount of drink without suffering for it, and I never once saw him lose the

quiet dignity that was a characteristic of his tremendous and fascinating personality. The astonishing bulk of his work—forty volumes, and an enormous legacy of still unpublished manuscripts—affords sufficient evidence that his almost inhuman industry never failed him.

Once we made a voyage of discovery in the company of a celebrated commissary of police, during which we made the acquaintance of some very queer characters. It was late when we parted, but in the morning I found him, still awake at his desk in his wretched hotel bedroom, and he showed me a stock of closely-written pages—the result of his nocturnal observations. And his handwriting! I have never seen cleaner manuscripts; not a word was corrected; and he told me then that he never wrote a line until he had conceived it exactly as it would be printed. Strindberg was yet another proof of the fact that industry is a necessary condition of genius. All his schemes, drafts, fragments, and sketches went into a large green flannel bag, which was closed by a running-string, and which he guarded as his only treasure. Many a *bon mot* uttered in conversation was dropped like a seed into the "green bag," one day to be sown and harvested.

One would have to collaborate with Strindberg, as I did, in all sorts of experiments, or in painting, or composing, in order to realize that his was the true spirit of the investigator. —Strindberg painted many pictures with the colours which I had discovered. His style was expressionistic; he tried to express his thoughts in colour; he laid the paint on thickly, seldom using the brush, but contenting himself with the broad strokes of the palette-knife. I have, amongst others, a very fine sea-piece of his. The waves rise against the cloudy sky; on the beach lies a broken crown, to which lead the footprints of those who have trampled upon it. The whole picture is inspired with a strange melancholy.

It would lead me too far afield if I were even to allude to the many conversations which I had with Strindberg during our experiments. I can still hear his shout of delight when

I showed him a means of my own devising for making sections of vegetable and animal tissues transparent: namely, their immersion in syrup. He showed me, under the microscope, by means of some very fine preparations, what he regarded as a wave of muscular excitation transmitted through the cell-walls of plants. He spoke of the "electrical-molecular vibration of the protoplasm," to which he attributed the contractions of the tentacles of the carnivorous plants. Only in our own days has Strindberg's intuition been confirmed: the plants have indeed no actual nerves, as Strindberg thought, but the cell is itself a sort of nervous conductor. Yet who knows—perhaps we shall one day be able to see the ganglionic cells of the plants which Strindberg drew so carefully! If you doubt me, read Reinke's *Grundzüge der allgemeinen Anatomie*, pp. 54–55, and you will find that Reinke, in 1901, confirmed what Strindberg had announced ten years earlier. The famous botanist, Lindquist, often assured me that he thought most highly of Strindberg's intuitions. When I gave him an exhaustive explanation, illustrated by micro-photographs, of my theory that cancer originates in a pathological procreation, a sort of anarchic cellular incest, which endeavours to produce a fragmentary embryo, he said: "But then we ourselves are the products of an infection. For every act of procreation is an infection and ignition of the maternal ovum." I give this as an example of his faculty of quick, logical thought, which went at once to extremes.

I think these examples will suffice to show that Strindberg was no merely playful dilettante, but that his general knowledge and his intellectual range enabled him not merely to confound the reputed masters and specialists, but also to evoke the keenest scrutiny of his ideas. If Strindberg was a dilettante, then so was Goethe. But the intellectual range of each was enormous, and it was matched by profound repercussions in his style. Both writers had their roots deep in the firmly-founded earth, and shied away from the abstract, "the merely thought." Hence, in their writings we find not a trace of that didacticism which

might easily have resulted from their wealth of knowledge. In Schiller there was far more philosophy and psychiatry, subjects of which he had considerable scientific knowledge, and which he mingled with the stream of his imagination in so far as his matter allowed; and Ibsen actually gave his figures an abstract, spectral, nebulous garment of cerebral thought, which betrayed a certain faint leaning towards the romanticism of the "detective story"; but in the work of Goethe and Strindberg we find the magic of reality, and the sunny transparency of the awakening day. "One should know much before one writes: but when one writes one should behave as though one had forgotten it all. On no account seem learned." This was a golden rule of Strindberg's, to which he added: "There must be a secret promise at the end of every paragraph, every chapter, every volume, every act!"

Strindberg's equal leaning towards the mystical and the mechanical-analytical will not of itself suffice to explain his character if we wish to obtain a psychological understanding of the basic problem of his life: his attitude to women, to whose daemonic instincts he has devoted so much space in all his work; although it would be quite incorrect to dispose of Strindberg with the superficial formula of the woman-hater. He was much more than that, whether as writer or as investigator. The third component of his being was a profound, rooted distrust of almost everybody and everything, which had been at work in him, like a Paracelsean "Archäus," from his youth upwards, and is perhaps to be explained only by the tragedy of a youth which, whether in reality or imagination, had cast the deepest shadows over the spirit of a sensitive and intelligent child. No living creature can suffer such heartrending, pitiful misery as a child who feels himself to be cruelly slighted and neglected, as was the case with Strindberg. Here we have the origin of the profound and protesting resentment, the distrust of the so-called benevolence of even one's nearest relations, the absolutely burning passion of opposition to all unrighteousness, which leads to the fiery Protestantism so

strikingly depicted in Strindberg's "Luther," a play which gives us a profound insight into his own development. "The Son of a Servant" and "Confessions of a Madman" told the whole story, but their bitter accusations were not meant for publication. According to Strindberg's own account, these manuscripts were intended to be read only by his nearest relatives after his death. A creditor, however, took advantage of Strindberg's absence in Sweden, and sought to indemnify himself by publishing the manuscripts.

There is no question that these extreme admissions were a very great obstacle to his acceptance by the German public. Never has the saying that a man is wont to appraise a woman in his mother's mirror received such confirmation as in Strindberg's case. Speaking generally, a man sees in his wife what he saw in his mother, trusts her as he trusted his mother. Indeed, Strindberg himself once said to me: "Two-thirds of our wife is our mother!" It is indisputable that a son's love for his mother is usually greater than his love for his father, for between the son and the father violent, almost physiological, conflicts may arise. Only that man, it would seem, can have a happy temperament who has once known the happiness of a mother's love, which abides with him as a sacred nostalgia.

Here is the key to Strindberg's strangely mingled temperament. His leaning towards mysticism made him see in woman the daemonic, mysteriously enticing daughter of Earth, who with her seductive caresses is furthering her own secret plans, which are utterly different from man's, and which work his destruction. "All the worse for us if she herself doesn't suspect as much, but lets herself be used as the lure of Nature!"—"Love is simply the masquerade of an elemental hatred, a mutual destruction."—"It is a life and death struggle. Nature uses us both for her own unknown ends, and we never cease running into the snare!" These were his favourite theses. But he was like the knight Oluf, who knew what threatened him, yet wished to dance the devilish

dance until the close. As a mechanical psychic anatomist, he referred everything to the eroticism of the woman. "Her imagination is orientated quite otherwise than that of the man, whose aims are the State, art, and ethics; it is a mere variation or arabesque on her own desirability!" He saw in the mechanism of the female organism only one motive power: sex. "But," I once ventured to object, "you must admit maternal love!"—"But," he replied violently, "child murder is the most frequent of all murders!"—"Only on account of want and shame!"—"So want and shame are a stronger motive than the famous maternal instinct, which, after all, ought to aim in the first place at preserving life!"

Thus tormented by mysticism and a crude sexual mechanism, his profound distrust of women and her favours was only a consequence, and his tremendous ethical sense, his mania for applying the scourge to all that seemed to him unjust, unrighteous, mean, and base, impelled him to become a reformer of the other sex, and showed him the way to follow. And as such he ought to be regarded, even by his indignant woman readers. Strindberg is the fiery protest of virility against the threatening degeneration of the male through the false evolutionary desires of the female. He wanted to see women cleansed of their vanity, which, as he often admitted, has perhaps been cultivated by the sexual lies of the male. He believed in the natural chastity and dignity of woman; in her powers of intuition, and in her submissive subordination to the principles of man, which she would recognize as higher than her own. The women in his plays must be regarded as awful warnings; and in his misogyny there was something of the anger of a god with a lost but beloved soul. He did not despise woman, but he bore her a profound grudge, because he saw clearly how her inner life might be reformed. If only the gods would give us a woman genius, of equal power, who would flay our conceit and force us to see ourselves as we are!

The fact that in spite of all Strindberg was thrice married

and was hopelessly unhappy in all three marriages is easily explained on psychological grounds. I do not for a moment suggest that he was lacking in the vitally necessary sensuality, but essentially he needed a wife for the sake of the sensations which he could evoke only by the most intimate observations, much as a fanatical Protestant feels the need of surrounding himself with Jesuitical writings. He did not live with his wives so much as observe them unremittingly; he did not caress them so much as dissect them. What woman could have been happy under such torture—what woman could have given happiness? He drove all three women crazy, and how could anything of value be saved from the shipwreck and bankruptcy of such unions? Not even the atmosphere of genius can prevent a woman from stifling in such a marriage.

I myself was once an unwilling witness of the fact that Strindberg used to perform psychological experiments on his wives. It was a few months after his second marriage. I was waiting for him, early in the morning, in his hotel. His young wife came downstairs first; gay, and pretty as a peach-blossom. "August is coming directly!" We began breakfast. Presently Strindberg appeared, and cast a piercing sidelong glance at his wife. "Tell me, my dear," he suddenly began, "whom were you really dreaming about last night?"—"I? I didn't dream at all, as far as I'm aware!" she said, carelessly.—"Oh, didn't you? But I tell you, yes, you did dream!"—His wife shook her head with greater emphasis. "Yes, you did. Tell me what you were dreaming! You made movements like the dog does when he's dreaming; you were twisting your legs and drawing them up; you spread out your arms and threw your head back; wildly, convulsively, ecstatically, but not as you do with me. So confess: of whom were you dreaming?"—"But, August!" I interposed, "even if she was dreaming, you can't hold anyone responsible for a dream!"—"But, my dear friend, is there any question of responsibility? I am only asking if my observations were correct!"—His wife persisted in her denial; one word led to another, and finally Strindberg rose to his feet, angrily,

pushed his chair in against the table, cried: "You're lying!" and left the room, slamming the door. He was hardly out of the room when his wife began to cry bitterly. I tried to console her. And she suddenly bleated, through her tears: "And the worst of it is that it's all true!"—"You little donkey!" I cried: "If you had told him that all would have been well!" And the incident furnished one of his strongest arguments for the perfectly aimless mendacity of women. "They play with the truth as they used to play with their dolls!"

The year of my friendship with Strindberg was for me, as it was for many others who came to know him intimately in Berlin, the most intellectually fertile year of my life. He seemed able to throw a new and original light on everything. He was not really brilliantly intellectual, but simple and profound. There was something of the blacksmith about him; he did not chisel his thoughts; all his arguments were hammered home. He crouched like a tiger before hurling himself upon his problems. There are no beautifully finished, quotable passages in his work. The thought moves like a cloud, slowly and surely, but covering a wide and remote horizon. It was the same with his conversation. One often felt that he was only hinting at his real meaning, which could not be expressed in words.

He was much given to solitude, and now and again he left Berlin for a time; at Freidrichshagen he stayed with Larura Marholm, his mother confessor. Before long, however, he had gathered a whole circle of friends about him in the house of her husband, Ola Hanson: Wille, Halbe, Harts, Bölsche, and others. Then came the time of a new love-affair, a fresh engagement. For a time Strindberg was absolutely logical, even in his outward appearance. There was something rather comical in this metamorphosis. A Strindberg in white, with a straw-hat, and a slender walking-stick, a flower in his buttonhole, dancing towards us along Unter den Linden, was an overwhelming spectacle. But how distrustful he was, even in the ecstasy of a deep affection! For a long while he was uncertain as to whether or not he should bind himself. Both parties

confidingly suggested that I should decide their destiny, but I declined the rôle. I did, however, tell my friend's future bride, in answer to a direct question as to whether she would be happy with Strindberg: "If you can find your happiness under his feet, then marry him!" Despite this plain warning, she became his wife, with the result that was to be expected: endless misery for both.

Then Strindberg went to Paris, returning to Berlin some two years later, by way of Vienna. I was the only person to be allowed to meet him, and I took him to a modest hotel by the terminus of the Stettin Railway. It touches me to think of the bare little room, and the shabby luggage, which included the green bag; in it he had stored treasures which would see the light only after his death. Strindberg spoke with delight of Paris, where everything was so free and individual; where the scientists had received him without prejudice, and he had made tremendous progress in chemistry. He also made certain confessions respecting his "Inferno," in which absinthe seemed to have played a great part; for a time its abuse had reduced him to a sorry state. He was full of plans and sketches, and pointed with pride to the tightly packed "green bag." The very next day he left for Stockholm.

It was nine years before I saw him again. In the meantime he sent me each new volume as it appeared through his translator, Emil Schering. I can testify to the fact that he had the highest opinion of Schering, both as man and as translator; Schering had devoted a whole lifetime to pushing his work, and it never could have entered his mind that his heirs would take legal proceedings against the very man who had done most to enhance the value of his posthumous work. Strindberg himself had always looked to Germany for his salvation, and he was very well aware of the indefatigable diligence with which his interpreter had pursued his labour of love. I was in Copenhagen when—as I have said, nine years after my last meeting with Strindberg—I suddenly decided to run over to Stockholm and call upon him unan-

nounced. I crossed on the chance of finding him, climbed the hilly street, and the even steeper four flights of stairs that led to his apartment, and rang the bell. I heard his heavy tread in the hall; the flap of the letter-box was lifted, and looking down I saw his keen, scrutinizing eyes. Then I heard a quick, deep-toned exclamation: "Good God! Schleich!"—and next moment we were hugging each other.

We went upstairs at once to the tower which is known to all Stockholm as Strindberg's watch-tower. We entered a very clean, oak-panelled room, in which Strindberg did his work. It looked cold and empty, like the private dwelling of Solitude. A huge oaken cupboard stood against the wall. He went up to it and opened the double door. "What's that?"—"Yes, yes, the green bag!" Innumerable pigeon-holes were filled like the shelves of a linen-press, with innumerable, painfully neat manuscripts. "It's filled out, hasn't it, our green bag?" Then we went downstairs into his living-rooms. A little old woman kept house for him. She gave us that evening an endless, genuinely Swedish supper. Once, as she was bringing in a fresh course—there must have been at least ten—Strindberg whispered: "Just say a few words of appreciation—it delights her!" I did as he asked, and she gave Strindberg her hand, in order to show that she did it all gladly to please her kind master.

What a talk we had that night! Strindberg read me his "Chamber Play" in Callot's manner, and asked me to urge Max Reinhardt to produce it in the Deutsche Theatre. Reinhardt himself went to see Strindberg a year later in connection with this play, but Strindberg was "not at home." As he told me, he was at home to nobody: he didn't really want anyone to see him at all. He even refused, when a great procession of workers came to honour him, to show himself on the balcony, although a deputation begged him to do so three times in succession. He sought and found

> . . . the crown of Solitude,
> Amidst whose thorns there dwell two stars:
> Pride and Humility.

But in these days he was like a man roused from sleep. To the great astonishment of his few familiars he even accompanied me through the streets of Stockholm, and showed me the places where he had worked. It was astonishing to see how widely he was known, and how respectfully he was saluted by almost everyone who met him. He walked through Stockholm like a citizen-king. People would often step off the pavement, sweep off their hats, and stand with bowed head, and many would whisper as he passed: "That is Strindberg!"

A little reflected glory fell even on me. Three great newspapers sent their interviewers to me, and their articles appeared under the heading: "A German Scholar—An Intimate Friend of our Strindberg." At first he emphatically refused to let me return his hospitality at the Grand Hotel. "I don't want to tell you why I don't want to come. It is like a fate!" But in the end he came. As I led him to a reserved table, he said: "You see! It's the table at which I sat with my wife for the last time. I knew you would have to choose it; that is why I was reluctant to come!" This was completely characteristic. His mysticism was then at its height. Strindberg had become profoundly religious. "I have been like a sailor who set out to discover a new spiritual home, and every time I thought I had come to an unknown island I found, on looking closer, that it was our old Bible and the New Testament! There is nothing higher than the old wisdom!" He believed firmly in the immortality of the soul, and the higher evolution of the ego in the life after death.

By a lucky chance I was able at this time to do Strindberg a great service. He had just been complaining that he was once more in urgent need of money, when a young German bank manager, on whom I had operated some years earlier, came up to me in the street and greeted me. Sure of his gratitude, I asked him whether, and under what conditions, it would be possible for Strindberg to obtain a loan from his bank. "We shall need two signatures. If you'll be responsible for one, I'll furnish the other!"

The matter took barely half an hour to settle. A month after my return to Berlin I received notice from the bank that Strindberg had repaid the amount, which was considerable. This again seemed to Strindberg a dispensation of Providence. He even told me that by praying passionately at night before the crucifix he had once prayed an evil man to death. But it must not be supposed that Strindberg was ever mentally deranged. He was always lucid, logical, and confident, and met all objections with the greatest placidity. He was perhaps a little inclined to give way to ideas of persecution, but these never amounted to an obsession; they were always the expression of a distrust which, as far as my own observation went, was only too well justified. Try to imagine the mental condition of such an all-embracing intellect, and ask yourself what he must have suffered from the almost universal rejection which he encountered, the countless needle-pricks of opposition and obstruction. It needs solid nerves to endure all such setbacks without a short circuit!

How much I could find to say of this glorious week with Strindberg! Of his correspondence with Maupassant and Nietzsche, most of which I was allowed to read, and which will soon be given to the world. Of his letters to Weininger, to whom he wrote, after reading "Sex and Character": "I have stammered through the alphabet, but you have sung the song!" Of all our talks, our reminiscences, and the plans which he was fated never to realize; for two years later this much-tried man was carried off by a cancer of the stomach. Only a week before his death I received a telegram:

> Is Wassermann's treatment of cancer applicable to me?
>
> August Strindberg.

The remedy, prescribed, of course, only in the faint hope that it might give relief, did not reach him in time. He died with the New Testament between his folded hands.

CHAPTER XVII

IN THE WORKSHOP

GOD has granted the unfortunate two consolations: pleasure and work, which, acting alternately, have given fresh courage to many a despondent heart; but they are most efficacious when they are so combined that work, hard work, becomes a pleasure. And of this pleasure I had more than enough in the eighteen-nineties. At first I consoled myself with music and painting. I composed, and studied counterpoint, and thumbed the leaves of thick volumes on the theory of instrumentation, and ploughed my way through Strauss-Berlioz, Gevaert, the five volumes of Hoffmann, and old Marx, writing innumerable exercises as I did so. Whole stacks of musical manuscript found their way into the waste-paper basket.

And about this time I turned seriously to painting, stimulated by my intimate friendship with the painters Eugen Hanetzog, Posner, Müller-Breslau, and my uncle Hans Schleich. On making some careful preliminary experiments with various media—for I wanted to prepare my colours myself, since I had a well-equipped chemical laboratory—I hit upon a new discovery; a reaction which made pure beeswax soluble in water, a process which was probably known to the ancient Egyptians. At once I realized the enormous applicability of this beautiful yellowish-white mass to painting and to the hygiene of the skin, and to-day it plays a considerable part in both. I will not here discuss its employment in medicine; but it has become familiar as an ingredient in a dozen of my hygienic preparations, which are now made in a special institute, together with a large number of other medical novelties: powders for dressing wounds, pastes, narcotics, etc., of which I must say something in these pages, although they will take us almost too far afield into the regions of

medical science and special therapy; but if I am to speak at all of my work as inventor I cannot possibly ignore them. As regards the wax paste, I will only say that even in the 'nineties I had some intuition of the enormous importance of wax in protecting the body against parasites and cancer—an idea which has now assumed its fully developed form. It is my belief that the wax present in every human body, as in every animal and vegetable organism, plays an enormous part in bacterial defence, because only a digestive apparatus which digests wax, internally and externally (by the formation of wax-antigens) is able to dissolve the waxy shells of the bacteria. Further, I believe that the use of soap has produced a state of wax-deficiency in the human organism which plays a very great part in the incidence of tuberculosis and cancer. A body poor in wax forgets how to dissolve the waxy shells of the tubercle bacillus, and thus becomes disposed to tuberculosis; and through the abuse of soap the wax-poor luting between the guardian cells and the mucous membranes (epithelia) is breached, owing to the wax-deficiency of the whole skin resulting from this abuse; the generative nuclei of the chromosomes, and the nuclei of the epithelial cells, are able to make their way into the interior of the adjacent cells. *Cellular incest*, *anarchic inbreeding*, becomes possible. The folds of the epithelium become predisposed to the formation of the *pathological embryo* (cancer). I believe this brief deduction is the solution of the problem of cancer, and I believe we can guard against cancer by providing the body with a surplus of wax. During the war, when there was a great deficiency of soap, there were far fewer cases of cancer than at other times. In the light of this interesting fact I felt that I ought at least to touch upon the medicinal aspect of the use of wax paste.

I must not forget to mention my many other inventions and discoveries, some of which, by the novel standpoints involved, took the medical world by surprise; but for a long while my undeserved misadventure in the Surgical Congress

stood in the way of their acceptance. For example, in order to improve our methods of narcosis I devised an entirely new form of the so-called boiling-mixture narcosis, in which the etheric fluids are so mixed that the evaporating narcotic boils at the temperature of the patient—that is, at 98·4°—so that the density of the vapour and the internal warmth of the lungs are in such correspondence that all danger of narcosis (injury to the lungs by excessive gaseous pressure, in the case of ether, which boils at 93·2°, or to the internal organs in the case of chloroform, which boils at 142·2°) can be avoided, thanks to a physical vapour-maximum, so that death from chloroform is impossible by this method. No one can die of this narcotic, because every expiration expels as much of the narcotic as the inspiration conveys to the blood. William Meyer, the celebrated New York surgeon, called this theory, and my application of it, *the* solution of the whole problem of narcosis, and obtained an American patent for the process. Our Leipzig surgeon, Payr, for whose creative genius in devising new methods I had the greatest admiration, while he always turned a benevolent and appreciative eye on my untiring industry and my independence of thought, was enchanted with the method, which he called "a delightful idea," and he reproached me a little for what he may have considered my lethargy, as he thought that with more vigorous and persistent propaganda my system would have gained universal acceptance. I was glad of the approval of this distinguished scientist, who was certainly our leader in surgical technique, but he forgot that I had published full details of the method, had lectured on it to the Surgical Congress, and had even written a special article in which I recommended it as a means of self-narcosis for soldiers in the field in case of wounds. Such an innocuous narcotic mixture might at least have been distributed through the ambulances on the field of battle; but this humane and perfectly practical idea was rejected because "the soldiers might drink the mixture!" Even so, it could have been distributed during a battle, instead of morphia, which is bad for

the heart and increases haemorrhage. But what good thing could come out of Schleich!

The famous Hamburg surgeon, Kümmel, once told me that it was astonishing to see how I had revolutionized the whole problem of narcosis. And, in fact, since I first attacked the problem death under narcosis is almost unknown, and even if my method is not applied everywhere, the routine of narcosis has been reformed, and it is precisely since 1892 that so many keen minds have grappled with the problem, on much the same lines as myself, in order to put an end to the dangerous and rudimentary misuse of narcotics. Further, it is only since 1892 that there has been such a thing as a Narcosis Commission!—What is more, the war has proved, by the extensive use of local anaesthesia (for recommending which I was persecuted as a heretic) that in 70 per cent. of all operations narcosis is unnecessary. So I think I may say, with pride, that this whole reformation, together with the practical abolition of death under chloroform—the most disastrous accident that can befall a conscientious surgeon—is directly and indirectly my work. That I have never been rewarded for it, apart from the award of the Rienecke medal by the Würzburg University, is due to the inveterate opposition offered by the old Ministry when there was any question of conferring any sort of honour upon me. But such negligible ambitions as I and mine may have cherished in this respect are fully satisfied by the proud consciousness that I have fulfilled a mission.

Another innovation was the introduction, in the surgical treatment of wounds, of media whose basic ingredients are as closely as possible approximated to (homogeneous with) the natural conditions of the body. Such a medium is "Glutol": a paste of blood-serum, peptone, gelatine, and a preparation of formalin and gelatine which, so to speak, enables the body to disinfect itself in a natural manner, the blood-serum and interstitial fluids and white blood-corpuscles developing antiseptic vapours. These preparations have many enthusiastic advocates;

but apart from using my marble soap for cleansing and disinfecting purposes in place of the old brushes, the university hospitals have refused to employ them. This marble soap has become indispensable to thousands, in the treatment of diseases of the heart and the rational hygiene of the body. It generates molecular electric currents in the skin, by the friction of the skin with the wax content of the soap, which contains millions of particles of marble. The soles of the feet should be rubbed with this soap, and indeed the whole body, the friction to be followed by a shower-bath. The effect is like that of a sea-bath, strengthening the heart and keeping the arteries elastic. The electricity generated by this friction of the soles will replace the electric currents which used to reach us from the earth before we insulated ourselves by wearing boots.

Instead of asepsis I recognize only *atoxis*: that is, the removal of all toxins which make the wound a fertile soil for the multiplication of bacteria: ferments, alkaloids, decomposing fats, toxins of putrefaction, etc. This I effect by constantly swabbing the surface of the wound with chloroform and alcohol. Chloroform is the only thing, besides gold trichloride, that will dissolve all the toxins predisposing to infection. I attack not the bacteria but the toxins which give them lodgement: hence the term "atoxic" treatment of wounds: that is, their de-toxication by a mixture of 25 per cent. chloroform and 75 per cent. alcohol. All albuminous fluids shaken up with chloroform are immune to bacteria; they are anti-bacterially ionized. Peptone, for example, will take up as much as 30 per cent. of chloroform and "fix" it, and will then never decompose (my "Desalgin"). While in charge of the surgical department of our Lichterfeld Hospital, in my own clinic, and during the war, in the military hospitals, I was able to show that this de-toxication of wounds is indubitably the correct method of treatment. It leaves no soil for infection.

This is a very brief survey of my multifarious surgical reforms, of which a critic of my "policy of innovation at any cost," Herr Bockenheimer, said: "If all these inventions were

genuine (sic), then Schleich ought to have a monument erected to him in his lifetime." Is that the only argument against them? Strangely enough, they are all as "genuine," as fundamentally scientific, as my local anaesthesia. The author has yet to be born who can convict me of a cardinal scientific error. The whole modern tendency to combine medicaments with albuminous bodies, from tannalbin and silver colloid to argentan, etc., and perhaps also chlorosan, followed close upon my endeavours to combine albumens (serin, peptone, gelatin, lipoids) with metals and their salts. Their paradigms, and the historically earliest preparations of this kind, are my mercuric peptone paste, my Glutol, and my chrome-gelatine. It is fitting that this should be stated, once for all; since none of the later discoverers of the advantages of combining chemical substances with albumen has ever troubled even to mention my pioneer work in this direction. I believe Sateli alone, in recommending his glutoid capsules, has somewhere alluded to me. Unna's colloid dressings, protargol, and collargol, were all invented *after* I had first applied and recommended the principle of the homogeneous treatment of wounds. I owe it to the truth and to myself to make this emphatic statement, futile as I consider such battles for priority. For me the main thing is that such inventions shall benefit the greatest possible number of sufferers; the question of their origin is, after all, unimportant. I rejoice that my ideas were victorious even if the world is not informed that it was I who was favoured with the privilege of developing them and handing them on.

I found the wax paste of great value when I applied myself to discovering a new medium to replace oil in the preparation of artists' colours, since oil, despite the technical facility of use which has made it predominant, has great disadvantages. It cracks easily, it turns dark with age, and it does not enable the colours to reproduce the intensive brilliance of the natural pigments. For more than twenty years I worked at the invention of a colour-medium which should avoid all these defects. I succeeded at last, but war conditions long delayed the

THE BRIGHT DUNES: PAINTING BY CARL LUDWIG SCHLEICH

publication of details. Now, however, the "Schleich" factory is ready at any time to begin the wholesale manufacture of artists' colours. These colours will be a sort of oil tempera, but without the oil. I have painted many pictures with these new colours, most of which I have given to my relatives. A few such pictures are reproduced as illustrations to this volume. In the intervals, of course, I was busy as usual in the operating theatre, for a number of patients remained faithful to me in spite of all; though the influx of clients had fallen off perceptibly under the pressure of the positive aversion displayed by the surgeons practising in my own speciality. The difficulties under which I had slowly to work up my practice again were by no means small.

I had therefore time enough to devote myself to the muse of my childhood, to poetry, and to open my workshops. I wrote a few dramas, *Um Dorf und Gehöft*, of which Strindberg thought so highly that he urged Blumenthal to produce them. Blumenthal, to his great regret, had to turn them down, since he could not by any means obtain eight actors who could speak perfect *Plattdeutsch*, as the plays required. His opinion of the plays was extremely encouraging, and indeed most flattering. *Wandlung*, *Judas und Jesus*, *Der Löwe im Schnee*, and other one-act plays were written at this time. Two larger dramatic poems were sketched and partly worked out, and will, if I have the time, be written next year, and published in 1921: *Im Vorzimmer Leporellos* and *Don Juans Tod*. I also collected my numerous little humorous one-act plays, which were performed in the family circle, in volume form, and I did the same with my poems. My fountain-pen has never really been allowed to rest at any period of my life. All my life, from my childhood onwards, events and experiences have shaped themselves into poetic images. The movements of the clouds suggested ballads, the rustling of the woods and the waves whispered tales of adventure, and all my scientific knowledge has crystallized itself in the depth of my soul, or has transformed itself into events whose essential content is a

new outlook on things. I have always avoided letting it appear, in my verses, that I have any scientific *knowledge* of Nature's secret relationships. As a poet my attitude has always been deliberately intuitive, never didactic. I have always remembered what Strindberg once said to me: "A poet must know many things, perhaps everything. But woe unto him if people realize how much he knows!" It would be difficult to discover any traces of anatomy, physiology or psychology in my imaginative writings (except in the deliberately didactic story of *Aldebaran*), yet in my poems my whole philosophy, my whole knowledge of the world is contained in the germ.

It is one of my favourite occupations to run through old manuscripts, polishing and recasting songs and ballads, as one would knead a still plastic clay. The poet too has his workshop; a song seldom springs like Athene from the head of Zeus; all things are born as germs, and only strenuous work makes them capable of life. The reader often has no conception that the good line which sounds so simple, natural and straightforward—such lines are always the best—may have been recast, chiselled and hammered a dozen times over. And what a wealth of material I had to work upon—in portfolios, bundles of manuscript, and stacks of single pages! But I could not find my poor *Jephtas Tochter*, which I wrote while I was in the second form of the Stralsund gymnasium. And many things which I once possessed are lost; as the "Brown Venus" which I wrote at "Limekilns," and which I could never write again as I wrote it in my youth. But I did find my Stralsund love-songs, novels in verse, and elegies, and the whole bundle of poems written during my terms at Greifswald, from the *Nest der Schwalben* and the *Brautlieder*, which my wife cherishes as her own inalienable possessions, to the Zürich cycle, *Ufenau*, and the Wollin *Meereslieder*, of which I found comparatively few that were worthy of publication. I had the choice of thousands of poems. Those which I worked upon first of all are in the *Echo meiner Tage*, and others will appear in a volume which will be published simul-

taneously with my autobiography: *Aus der Heimat meiner Träume.*

But my favourite among my books is the fantastic romance *Es läuten die Glocken*, which I conceived in 1912, when I was the guest of the Jordansee forester, Head Keeper Knuth, and which I wrote in six weeks, in the autumn of 1913, in the house of my dear friend Edwin Bechstein, on his beautiful estate of Stuthof. What a splendid time that was! I rose at five o'clock every morning, and wrote really all day long, reading what I had written in the evening to Edwin's wife by the blazing fire.

The material of my ballads and legends always emerged suddenly, without any effort on my part, as I was falling asleep, or waking, or listening to the breakers, or gazing at the clouds. It was often only a picture, a situation; creative thought had to spin the threads that gave it movement.

I hope next year to arrange and publish my dramatic sketches. But first I must deal with the great number of philosophical and psychological works which have absorbed me for so many years. It was narcosis that gave me the notion of my own peculiar psychology, which is really a sort of journey through the provinces of the brain. It is strange that so many thousands of surgeons have employed narcosis without reflecting that on each occasion they were performing a psychological experiment on the largest scale. My studies were based partly on self-narcosis; the brain injuries of the war offered me an immense amount of material: and so I probed further and further into the functions of the nerves and ganglia. As regards their form and arrangement, I had, in Jürgens' enormous collection of sections of cerebral tissues in Virchow's Institute, a magnificent basis to work upon. But the liberating spark was my colleague Przybyszewski's notebook.

The more modern theories naturally led me unawares to the problems of the theory of cognition, and I had to fill the gaps in my education before I could venture to tackle them.

I have often been called the poet-philosopher, but I lay no claim to the exalted title of a true philosopher; my respect for Spinoza, Kant and Hegel is too great. But I am still oftener described nowadays as a "brain-engineer," and that title I am ready to accept; for it has always been my endeavour to compare the intellectual processes with the action of an electrical apparatus of marvellous precision. But I have never denied that this is only *one*, and perhaps the most interesting mode, of considering the most sacred miracle of the soul; and not an unveiling, by a theory of cognition, of its metaphysical home and its God-given function. Still, it would be an interesting task to attempt an experimental translation of Kant into my new terminology; for I think I have advanced sufficiently far in the technical knowledge of the cerebral activities. But what I most passionately desire is to turn men away from the barren desert of materialism, and compel them to recognize the governance of quite other powers than capital, politics, the struggle for existence, and the laws of inheritance. In my own way I have become a believer, through my work at the microscope and the contemplation of Nature, and I am eager to do what I can to contribute to the union of science and religion. He who knows much of Nature, and knows it thoroughly, must come to believe in a metaphysical Ruler. The miracles are too many, and it is one of the noblest tasks of science to show that the most everyday things, the most apparently familiar, the simplest processes, contain a chain of amazing revelations and mysteries.

A critic once called me an enemy of science. Well, I have become an enemy of the science that with narrow-minded dogmatism merely makes war upon all that lies beyond the hedge of its methodical self-circumscribed garden, which yields only those vegetables that feed the gardener, but refuses to know anything of all the possibilities of the free and lovely virgin forest wherein one may indeed lose one's way, and even go hungry, but where one is always face to face with untramelled Nature, "a man alone!"

CHAPTER XVIII

PAUL EHRLICH

WHEN Paul Ehrlich was carried to the grave I thought of the time when I was working in Virchow's Pathological Institute as assistant professor of anatomy, and had frequent dealings with him, who was then the senior assistant in the clinic of the famous Frerichs. Then Frerichs, the hero of internal therapy, died suddenly. His assistant, Kroenig, rushed into the Institute with the words: "Here is the flask of opium that I have just taken from Frerich's bed-table. He has drunk it all. He is dead!" There was some talk of criminal failings on the part of the great Frisian, who had a somewhat unstable character.

His suicide was less original than that of the celebrated surgeon Wilms, of the Bethanie Infirmary, an intimate friend of my father's, who killed himself because he could not stand the eternal friction with the administrative officials, and did it in a most ingenious way, cutting the great carotid artery from the mouth, by means of a little curved knife, known as a tenotome. A violent and fatal haemorrhage followed. Apparently he had died of a hæmorrhage of the stomach. It was Virchow's keen glance that detected, during the autopsy, the tiny incision in the jaw, and explained what had happened. Frerich had adopted a more conventional method of suicide.

He was a great original. I remember one comical scene, in which Ehrlich figured. Bindemann, Prowe and others—of whom I was one—had consumed a very generous morning pint of Berlin beer with kümmel. Someone proposed that we should go into Frerichs' lecture-room for a bit; he was so extraordinarily good at inventing new diseases, and developing them into cases; which was indeed the fact. He was a picturesque liar, and would invent quite romantic clinical pictures—which were possible, but had *not* been observed—

in a spacious and thoroughly brilliant style. On this occasion we were not disappointed. "It was in a Russian Grand Duchess" —no one less would serve his purpose—"that I detected this singular symptom-formation," etc. A patient having been carried in, he asked for a probationer, who was to examine just such a curious case. Ehrlich had to call him up from the body of the lecture-room. "Herr Bindemann!" he cried, in his bleating voice. But Bindemann, in the grip of the "morning pint," had quietly fallen asleep. He woke for a moment, and called out to Frerichs: "*Prost! Prost!* Here's health to you!" Frerichs' diagnosis was perfect. "Let him sleep on, he has a bad morning pint behind him!"

I did not see Ehrlich again until Ministerial Director Kirchner, who had for years been a brake upon the wheels of progress, a man whose horizon was the walls of his office, made bold to tell me that the Ministry did not take the slightest interest in my observations in respect of a remedy of Friedmann's, but referred us to Ehrlich for a verification of its nature. Ehrlich received us very amiably; and I found my frequent visits to his Biological Institute in Frankfurt so profoundly stimulating that I owe him a particular mention.

The army of those who are permanently mobilized for war upon the maladies that afflict the community has long been divided into two great organizations: the regiment of the engineers who endeavour to establish—as it were, in the General Staff of the sciences—the theoretical conditions of effective intervention, and the regiment of those who have to apply the tactics advocated, and strike the real blows of the spectral battle, whose field, restricted, yet burdened with pain and care, is in the last resort a human bed or cradle. The former, the theorists of medicine, must naturally include, within their sphere of knowledge, almost the whole of biology, the whole complex of vital phenomena, since at any moment a thread freshly unreeled from the spinning-wheel of life may prove a clue that leads to the most secret penetralia of the human body. Their mode of research is colder, more im-

personal, more detached, undisturbed by the tears and sighs of the unfortunate. They are not confronted with a pair of pleading hands; they have not to hear the cry of "Save him, save him!" that shakes the nerve of the sensitive physician; they leave the disappointment and the triumph of the actual test to the practitioners, who is never, like them, confronted by the impersonal concept of disease, but have to deal with the actual sufferer. The former set to work, theoretically and experimentally, upon a complex of abnormal biological phenomena; the latter have to tend a suffering individual.

This division into two camps has not existed from all time; it has emerged, in the historical period, in the natural course of evolution, from the former combination of soothsaying, magic, religion, myth, priestcraft, etc., with specific, and at first, perhaps, incidental attempts at curing sickness and healing wounds. It would perhaps be worth while to trace the stages by which what we to-day call scientific medicine—that is, medicine based upon our experiences of conceptions of cause and effect—has crystallized out of pre-human practices, popular medicine, magic, and a whole wilderness of terrible mistakes. Every age believes that it has reached the summit of human achievement, and medicine and its representatives were never free from that dangerous *Doppelgänger* of knowledge—dogma. Genuine medical research demands an almost superhumanly severe criticism of every hope and desire, a love of truth proof against all sentiment and emotion. Equally remote from the pursuit of success and from the paralysis of scepticism, it has only one effective measuring-rod: practice, with its ambiguous and labyrinthine humanities. And so, after the complete separation of scientific and practical medicine, it has naturally come about that the practising physicians really constitute the last instance, the supreme tribunal, in which the activities of the general staff are judged. They are like the money-changers who have to change the gold ingots of science into current coin.

The work of the man whose death on August 20, 1915,

was so unexpected to most of his friends, and which would have evoked, throughout the inhabited globe, a far deeper and even more unanimous expression of grief, had not the nations been engaged in a vast enterprise of mutual destruction—the work of this man, Paul Ehrlich, was confined entirely to the silent laboratory in which preliminary ideas were tested, and preliminary experiments made. In this case, the laboratory—a little smithy, as it were, in which masterpieces of science were forged—installed in a few small houses in Frankfurt-on-Main—was founded by the State, represented by that brilliant organizer of modern medical culture, F. Althoff, and supported by contributions from the municipality and private benefactors. It is a singular fact that the importance of medical discoveries seems to stand in an inverse ratio to the magnificence of the premises on which they are made. Ehrlich's room struck the visitor as surprisingly primitive and simple; a hermit's lair, on whose walls the condensed vapours of science slowly trickled from the stalactites and stalagmites of high-piled periodicals, loose leaflets, indexes and statistical tables. In the midst of this grotto of crystallized thought a narrow lane, dividing the wilderness of documents, led to the throne of this little monarch of science. Here he sat and received ambassadors from all the empires and kingdoms and dominions, and even the exotic and antarctic provinces of medicine; always smoking, and promptly offering a Havana cigar to his visitor.

He was always completely himself, an original from top to toe; a man who had, absolutely, the courage of his almost absurd personality. For any student of character he was a living proof of the fact that true greatness has no need of pose, or concealment, or pretence. His was an impressive and intellectual head, though age came upon him before it was due, and although he did not wear the manifest mask of genius. But those keen, watchful eyes of his could flash and probe and penetrate, yet a roguish spirit was lurking in them. His hearty laugh, mocking yet kindly, a little teasing, and

suddenly giving way to a droll gravity, will never be forgotten by those who heard it. His speech was rapid and discursive, and he scattered pearls of knowledge as though in play. The whole of his small person vibrated with urgency; his slender hands were always active, peopling the air or covering the walls with figures, formulae, theories.

He was a ruthless spendthrift of the results which had often been accumulated with so much toil. He had, moreover, an amazing mastery of the knowledge of his time, which he could offer you, at any moment, as though displayed on a salver; and a rare faculty of disclosing, as by a sudden flash of light, the character of the innumerable persons who came into contact with him; revealing, with a few masterly, objective, half-playful touches, their little weaknesses, and their often great intellectual significance. Every personality, every material circumstance, took the colour of his own spiritual radiations. He saw everything through his own spectacles. Everything in him and about him was simple, and one felt that he had realized, like every truly great man, that one cannot really add anything to oneself and one's essential character; that one's mere humanity should suffice for the greatest of tasks. There was nothing to differentiate his modest workshop from the wilderness of test-tubes, the rows and rows of jars and phials and carboys of other laboratories. The test-tube was his horoscope; the bacterial cultures, the hypodermic syringes, the innumerable cages of rabbits and guinea-pigs his whole arsenal. At the same time, he was an admirable *Protokollant*, a recorder and organizer of data, firmly grasping the threads of an endless number of simultaneous investigations. With the exception of Rudolf Virchow, I have never known anyone who could so surely keep his bearings amidst the chaos of problems under investigation. The historic number 606 reveals in a flash the enormous series of experiments which Ehrlich had devised in order to grapple with one problem.

Imagine the 605 preliminary experiments, which preceded the last decisive result, and apply this number to the whole

domain of Ehrlich's investigations, and you will have some inkling of the man's bewildering grasp of the thousands of eager questions which he propounded to the Sphinx, Nature.

There is nothing so small, so subordinate in the world of phenomena that it may not one day (as Emerson said) be announced by a prophet. There is no process which does not sooner or later find an eye to perceive and interpret it; no aspect of the rhythmically circling dance of the molecules which would not be manifest to the perspicacious vision of the predestined seer. Ehrlich was a revealer of the mutual relations between colour and matter, and it is pleasant to reflect that this versatile spirit should have contributed so greatly to expanding and completing Goethe's romance of light and colour in the poet's own city; for Ehrlich gave colour and weight to Goethe's saying, that our final knowledge would be won from the action and conflict of colours. Without colour this world would be a spectral realm of dazzling light and bewildering shadows. Colours are our means of orientation.

But Goethe could hardly suspect that colours would one day serve (in Ehrlich's hands) to reveal the ultimate secrets of life, and this in its spectral and shadowy microscopic forms; in the cradle, as it were, of its dwarfs. As in the history of the sciences we seem to see the prevalence of laws by which events finally assume the aspect of the intermeshing wheels of a single purposeful mechanism, so the discovery of aniline dyes, which at once multiplied a thousandfold the number of available colours and shades—and, as regards Ehrlich's favourite occupation, the means of dyeing physical elements, to which he had been passionately addicted even as Frerichs' assistant—was like the release and transfer of an army of helpers. This was why his living-rooms looked like the many-coloured studio of a painter in aniline colours. He became a tanner and dyer, a colleague of the Greek Creon, and now and again he even suffered an atavistic lapse into that worthy's

rudeness of language. The aniline factories which were then (about 1885) springing from the soil like mushrooms sent him sample after sample, and the appearance of his hands, his linen, his walls, and even his desk, under the tyranny of the all-invading Spirit of Colour, may well be imagined. What had fascinated him was the trace of an infinitely important natural relation of dyes to human and animal tissues. It was not only that he made many important individual discoveries, which formed the basis of a new science, inasmuch as he demonstrated the affinity, the specific attunement of certain tissues—for example, the nerves, bacteria, the corpuscles of the blood—with certain aniline dyes. It was not only that he was able, thanks to their power of absorbing certain colours, to demonstrate the subtlest details of rudimentary forms of life, calling them forth out of their shadowy, gelatinous nothingness, their indifferent, glimmering greyness, and revealing them under the microscope—a series of achievements which laid siege to the first dogmatic principle of Virchow—that the cell is an ultimate unit of life—by the discovery of the absolutely enormous complexity of a so-called cellular mechanism, which, thanks to him, appears to us to-day as a gigantic (microscopic) organism. It was not only that he helped us enormously to detect, by specific coloration, the wonderful network of infinitely subtle nerve-fibres, even to their junction with the nerve-cells themselves; or that he founded the methods by which the mysteries of the formation and composition of the blood in health and sickness were discovered—methods of staining which lead us, by their results, to the ultimate miracles of personality, and whose consequences we cannot yet foresee. To Ehrlich's truly synthetic spirit of intuition these matters were wholly inadequate.

He saw, in this relation between colour and substance, not merely a neutral relation which pleased the eye and the sense of form; he suspected in it, raising it to the mysterious rhythm of events, the manifestation of a process, subject to certain

laws, interpenetrating life, and always at work; in short, a living function.

What does it signify—he may have thought—that a particular cell of the body, or a particular part of it—for example, the nucleus—should take up this colouring material, but by no means that? It can only mean that the colourable substance has a specific appetite for the colouring substance, that it absorbs it, recognizing it as somehow related to it, corresponding to it in some fashion.

If even a lifeless substance, removed from the sequence of organic events, manifests this power of selection, how much greater must be the effect of relationships and affinities in the living blood-stream! And here Ehrlich took the intellectual stride which led towards the solution of a profound mystery. For the dyes which fasten upon dead matter he substituted, in his mind, the concept, then still quite indefinite, of organic toxins, which might perhaps accomplish just such embracements of the living molecule in the blood-stream. To this mental procedure of Ehrlich's we owe such a convincing insight into the hitherto unimaginable process of the toxic happenings in the cell that we are all to this day under the spell of Ehrlich's theory of toxins.

The bacteria secrete toxins, and these injure the organism—but to have explained how and why this happens—and the same thing occurs, of course, in the case of the internal toxins, the so-called disorders of the internal secretions—to have stated a perfectly palpable, physically imaginable, stereochemical theory which not only explains all the symptoms of intoxication (poisoning), but also enables us to calculate the individual doses of toxin—this was Ehrlich's first great achievement, which made his name known all the world over. It would take us too far afield were I even to outline this magnificent theory of toxins; it must suffice to mention that just as dyes possess a certain power of penetrating the structure of the cell, so the toxins, the chemically active, almost living products of foreign or parasitic cells, or the degenerat-

ing cells of the affected body, possess attachment-mechanisms which may be compared with the form of a key that fits a particular lock. But this is not all, for Ehrlich's theory enables us to imagine a purely physical process of freeing the body of these ultra-microscopic tesserae of the toxins, so that we have at last a definite basis for our conceptions of cure and immunization (natural and artificial). A molecule which has a sort of specific relation not only to dyes, but likewise to toxins, has also, according to Ehrlich, surrounding it, in order to protect it, a mechanism which he describes as "toxophorous" tentacles (side-chains), which I might describe, to the layman, as a sort of poison-catching fringe of cilia with fine slots and eyes, which can be thrown off, floating away in the blood like little icicles or splinters of glass; and these, by means of their ability to catch the hooks and spikes of the poison-molecules, are able to "anchor" the latter, thereby forming an innocuous mass of elementary granules which can be excreted or dissolved. The "immune" individual, able to resist infection, since his body is not attacked by bacteria, possesses naturally many such free-swimming little poison-tamers, which break the attack of the toxins by anchoring them. But according to this theory it is possible, by administering weak doses of related toxins, to stimulate the parts of the cells which capture toxins (receptors) and cause them to throw off a surplus of poison-catching cilia; which now, when great quantities of them are present in the blood, guarantee immunity should there be danger of infection, or induce recovery in case of illness.

The reader will now understand the actual purpose of the inoculations against smallpox, cholera, diphtheria, tetanus and typhus, which were so unexpectedly successful in the war; namely, the artificial development of immune bodies (amboceptors) in the blood of a person exposed to the danger of infection. All these methods, in so far as they were not devised or strictly checked by Ehrlich himself, are directly based on the main lines of Ehrlich's theory, and it is impossible to say

what the experimental studies stimulated by Ehrlich and his ideas, ranging from snake-venom to the host of secretion-toxins (diabetes, gout, calculus, etc.) may not bring forth. For the first time medicine is liberated from the spell of the all-too tyrannical consideration of the inert dead body, and the petrified cellular theory, by the revolutionary spirit of one of the greatest medical thinkers, Ottomar Rosenbach, who tilted at the Virchow colossus with the lance of functional diagnostics, which regards life as truly living, and not as a cell-state in a certain "condition." Then came Behring, who, in opposition to the cellular machine, revived the old humoral theory; and now Ehrlich crowned the work, by crystallizing out of the symphony of life the contrapuntal laws and basic harmonies. Even the layman will understand what this means: not merely to establish the theory of the deadly lightning, but to point to a thousand ways of providing a thousand microscopic lightning-conductors. To kill the most devastating poisons of decaying matter (oyster, sausage, meat poisons) no less suddenly than the great, convulsive fiery serpents of the atmosphere!

And now, at the height of his investigations into the toxic action of bacteria, Ehrlich took a remarkable leap, a literal *salto mortale* into the region of pure chemistry. While hitherto his stupendous researches might have been roughly classified under the heading of the systematic production of curative substances from the activities of the cells themselves, and the search after methods of constituting "immune bodies," he now suddenly reverted to therapeutic means from the ranks of inanimate chemical substances; for salvarsan is a preparation of arsenic, quite outside the framework of bacterial immunization. In the place of immunization we are suddenly confronted with sterilization by metallic poisons.

This reversion caused general bewilderment, and as far as I know Ehrlich himself has never offered any explanation of this desertion of his principles of research. But he had always been chary of psychological self-analysis. He was perhaps too

modest by nature to attribute any biographical value to his "intellectual periods." Yet I think it should not be difficult to trace the paths which may have led him to this sudden resolve to attack the bacteria from another direction. In view of the general and often passionate interest aroused all the world over by Ehrlich's *chef d'œuvre*, salvarsan, it may not be out of place to consider a little more closely the question of his cure for syphilis.

Ehrlich knew, and had of course confirmed the fact by numerous experiments on animals, that arsenic, like mercury, offers a means of attacking the spirillum which is the cause of the malady. But here, as in all attempts to attack the bacteria in the body with antiseptics (such as carbolic acid, salicyl, mercuric sublimate, etc.), the dilemma persisted, that an effective dose of the destructive medium, whether directly or indirectly applied, jeopardized the body-cells no less than the bacteria, and that a tentative dose, while it would not injure the tissues, would also leave the bacteria unharmed. This vicious circle Ehrlich now tried to avoid by the use of chemical compounds, an expedient which to my thinking lies in the direct line of his first and last ideas: that is, he sought to discover a preparation of arsenic which would have a greater affinity (as it were, a greater staining potentiality!) for the spirillum than for the elements of the tissues. A dose of arsenic which, packed, so to speak, in an inactive husk or capsule, should penetrate the meshes of the cell, and then, while the inert vehicle slowly crumbled away, suddenly fire off the full dose at the spirillum only! Here again Ehrlich must have had a purely physical conception of the molecular structure of the poison-molecule, and it must be unreservedly admitted, whatever one may think of salvarsan as the one remedy for syphilis, that medicine has hardly any therapeutic agent which has been so sagaciously sifted out of the chaos of possibilities, even to the filigree-structure of the molecule resulting from its chemical composition. Without the compelling vision of the physical structure of the poison Ehrlich

could never have conceived the plan of such an undertaking, and it says much for the relative reality of his assumption of the atomism of the units of toxin that such astonishing results should have been obtained with salvarsan, even though the hope of the grandiose *therapia magna sterilisans* came to nothing, and though the new competitor of mercury has been gradually compelled to bethink itself of the assistance of its ancient predecessor.

However sceptical one may be (but quite unjustifiably) of Ehrlich's therapeutic achievements, it can never be denied of him that he was a sower who went forth to sow. He was such a creative thinker, a fertilizer, a discoverer of new territory, as medicine has hardly ever known. There is one difficult problem in medicine that awaits solution. Humanity, and living matter generally, could not have continued to survive had it not been from the beginning capable by nature of holding its own in the battle with the outer world (including the bacteria). Have the physicians had any influence, in historic times, on this ascent of humanity, or would everything have been the same (for humanity as a whole) had there never been any physicians, but only magicians, quacksalvers and wisewomen? The relation of the physician to the patient is something entirely personal, individual; it is something psychological, a faith or superstition, that drives the sufferer to the titled specialist, no less than to the quack or wisewoman; the physician is the product of humanity's need, of its hope for protection; he is a longing, a spiritual postulate. He is the retail dealer in scientific doctrines, the traveller in dogmas and theories. He is supposed to translate the wisdon of the discoverer of general truths into a form which is applicable to individual cases; for the physician must be an individualist, whereas science is bound to generalize.

But all humanity fights organically and naturally of itself, in itself, and outside itself, against the things that threaten it. Through the generations, by hecatombs of unthinkable sacrifices, it builds within itself organic barriers, it arms

itself against noxious influences, it achieves congenital immunities.

This is a long, long path, leading through wildernesses of graves, and in this struggle every dying man is in some degree a Christ, a saviour who dies for his brother, because he helps a little, even by his sacrifice, to reduce the deadliness of some enemy of his posterity. Always humanity has been preceded by a pilgrim chorus of the sacrificed.

And now comes science, and thinks to shorten this path by hundreds and thousands of years, by the artificial cultivation of the powers of resistance.

This is the problem. Can it be solved? Can therapeutic skill put its shoulder to the wheel and accelerate the natural, slow, but steady progress of natural self-protection: can we snap our intellectual fingers in the face of death, and with the weapon of an Ehrlich in our hands heal the sick not individually, as now, but quite generally, to some extent in the laboratory, with a blood-test before us, and without ever seeing the patient face to face? This is the problem that confronts us.

And before long the physician will have to realize this clearly. The general laboratory Aesculapius is like to abolish the itinerant physician, who wanders from cottage to cottage over the countryside. The factory is slowly replacing the pharmacy, and the discoveries of an Ehrlich or a Wassermann will perhaps make an end of the whole muddled business of personal diagnosis. Many a diagnostic Röntgen ray flashes from the blood-test alone; far removed from the patient, the test-tube and the microcope can establish the diagnosis.

Whether the time be near or far, science is moving towards it with giant strides, and Ehrlich was its leader, and a Wassermann will one day be its commander-in-chief.

But the physician, who may balk a little at this spectral prospect of an impersonal medicine, holds one thing in his well-tried, humane, consoling hand which no laboratory, no reaction, no theory of toxins can ever wrest from him: and

that is the soul of his patient. The more general and universal medicine may become, the more profoundly psychological, the more ethical and cultivated and high-minded must the physician be, the more surely he must hasten to make general the new therapeutic methods, outstripping the monopolies and specialities, in the quiet room where confession and consolation and spiritual mediation do their beneficent work.

Whosoever had once seen Paul Ehrlich, as I once saw him in Frankfort, beside a sick-bed in the ward of one of the great hospitals, must have noted that this extraordinary man was keenly conscious of this tremendous problem of medicine. It was touching to see how deftly and tenderly he went the rounds of the little patients, bending over their beds, stroking them and jesting with them; and yet one could plainly see how timid, how uncomfortable, how out of place he felt himself in this occupation.

Or was it a clairvoyant perception of the monstrous responsibility which he took on his human shoulders by virtue of his knowledge and his recommendation? In this moment of dawning humility Ehrlich appeared to me at his greatest. What he must have suffered at first from the violent attacks that were made upon him; how he must have shrunk into himself when people harshly and cruelly sought to attribute a case of blindness or sudden death to the use of his remedy! Events came to his rescue, and helped him to bear this burden, and indeed, blessed the shoulders that bore it; but he surely suffered as every great man suffers; he suffered the heaviest penance of genius—the doubt in himself and his work, which, though he had to endure it only for hours, none the less meant Golgotha.

Yet, as things have turned out, the posthumous fame of this great and kindly man has endured longer than is commonly vouchsafed to the intellectuals of medical science, who, because they work in the shadow of life, never fully enjoy the sun of popular favour which they so richly deserve.

Macte senex!

CHAPTER XIX

IRREPLACEABLE LOSSES

MY father, who had long survived my recovery from the heavy blow which I received at the Surgical Congress, and, with increasing joy, saw his faith in me confirmed more surely as time went on, was secretly a little distressed because I turned my attention to so many things beside surgery, and observed with a certain misgiving my devotion to poetry and philosophy. In the end, however, he reconciled himself to the fact that I impetuously sought to grasp other laurels than those of medicine. He once told me, shortly before his death: "My dear Carl, you have fulfilled all the hopes I had of you. All that I once tried for you have actually done. It is not for you to thank me so warmly, as you have just thanked me, for what I have done for you; it is true you have often caused me great anxiety, but in the end you have done more for me than I could ever do for you. Now, of course, I see that you have really outgrown medicine. I can feel that it is too restricted for you. But never forget how devoted I have been to it all my life. Never give it up entirely: one can do so much good as a physician. I have given you the heart for the work; put your hand to it also!"

That was his last request. How often the tired, grey-haired old man had sat at his corner window in Stettin, hours before the train was due (as my sister Anna told me), waiting for his son! As my droschky rolled up to the house, and I waved my hand to him from the window, I always recalled the beautiful lines which Richard Dehmel had once addressed to his father, the old forester in the Mark:

> There, like an old king on his throne, he sits,
> And waits the coming of his son. . . .

He died in 1907, on a bitterly cold winter night. He called

my sister, and said: "It is very cold. It's good that Carl has had such a valuable fur coat given to him!" Then he leaned back and died.

From 1902 onwards my mother lived in Berlin with my sister Klara. After my father, these two had the greatest faith in me. How many evenings we spent with them! evenings full of poetry and laughter, until Klara fell seriously ill; and she, who was once so adorably lovely, suffered a long and incurable malady. She died—and this was well, in view of her boundless mother-love—before her son Kurt, who met a hero's death in the air, as leader of an air squadron in Macedonia. A like fate befell both my other sisters, Käthe and Gertrud; Käthe's son, Paul Fillié, a fine, handsome youth, contracted tuberculosis at the front, and was soon carried off; while the son of my younger sister Gertrud, an industrious and ambitious physician, Karl Fritz Ifland, who was wounded and badly gassed, was invalided home with his lungs so damaged that a bad attack of influenza swept him off in a few days. My eldest sister, Anna, who had only a daughter (married to a colleague, Wilkening) died in 1918 of a pulmonary complaint. Her daughter had a son. So it looks ill for the continuance of our race; for my brother Ernst, who has indeed two daughters, both of whom have children, has only one son, Carl Ludwig Schleich, who was long a prisoner in England. On him alone rest all the hopes of the Schleichs. The Küsters are not in much better case. My grandfathers, on both my father's side and my mother's, had each thirteen children, and now, in the fourth generation, only a remnant is left. As for myself, my name will be preserved only on monuments of paper. On the island of Wollin, perhaps, where they all had their roots, one of my songs may survive on the lips of the children. It would be my dearest dream to have given my home a true folk-song, and the name of the singer might perish, if only a verse were remembered!

It was not until 1919 that my mother entered upon her eternal sleep. Fated to bid farewell to so many of those whom she had loved so dearly, she was still active, clear-minded, and full of hope that we should all see better days, when an apoplectic stroke stilled that golden heart for ever.

CHAPTER XX

RICHARD DEHMEL

THE world is growing empty around me. I have reached the age from whose heights one looks down upon one's native village. Many of the buildings, cottages that were full of the gladdest memories, no longer exist, and tall new buildings conceal the few ruins that remain. My father, Strindberg, Prowe, Bindemann, Langerhans, Bierbaum, Hartleben, Oelschlaeger, Lenthold, etc. (what a mournful "etc!") have gone, and I feel like poor Prince Esterhazy, who after heavy losses was obliged to give notice to his beloved Papa Haydn and his orchestra. Before they left their open-handed benefactor they played, in farewell, a symphony which their leader Haydn had composed for the occasion. Towards the end of the symphony player after player ceased to play, packed up his instrument, extinguished the candle by his desk, and slowly, with a wave of the hand, left the vaulted stage by a narrow door. Only one violin remained, singing like the last late nightingale in the garden, and then Haydn himself turned to put out his light, stretched forth his arms in farewell, and went. So it is with me. My friends are dead.

I had just returned from the Charlottenburg Rathaus, where I had made a successful début as poet, pleasantly excited by the unusual warmth of the applause, when I found a telegram waiting for me. It was from Dehmel's wife. "Richard fell gently asleep this morning, without suffering." Like a shadow the news eclipsed the happiness of the day. What deep, unfathomable logic of destiny, what inscrutable purpose in chance—in which I do not believe! Chance is but the fusing of two laws into one chain, whose functional significance we never realize, or learn to realize too late. It occurred to me immediately, in the midst of my pain, that in my youth Dehmel had once warned me against writing verses;

they were too sentimental, and contained too little that was really original! And now, after long years of effort, I had met with public approval, and on that very day he was called away.

Your best friend, Richard, I was asked to make a speech in memory of you. Let that be for others; here and now, at my desk, I can speak to you in private, tell you what we meant to one another, with what eyes I saw you, and how I loved you.

I first met Richard Dehmel in 1881—or was it 1882? He was born in a forester's lodge, hemmed in by oak-trees and tall, bare-stemmed pines: a woodland temple, dedicated to the worship of Nature's God. It was Franz Oppenheimer, who was afterwards his brother-in-law (and is now one of our leading economists) who first drew my attention to Dehmel. I was at that time an under-assistant in the Virchow Institute. "The man is a genius," he said. "You must get to know him! I shall tremendously enjoy seeing you set about each other—for you will! Till this evening, then!"

The evening came, and barely two hours had elapsed before we exchanged the kiss and the "Du" of brotherhood, and a firm and unshakable friendship had its beginning. Dehmel, who was several years my junior, was then studying the natural sciences, but he was not entirely content with his choice, and was beginning to take an interest in national economy. What a singular fellow this was! Even then his features had a profoundly brooding expression; his eyes were large, luminous, beautifully formed, now flashing fire, now narrowed to mere slits, and soon to show the characteristic crows'-feet; his nose was sharp and aristocratic, with energetically curving nostrils. His lips were pale; the lower lip conspicuously broader than the other, often protruded in a sullen, disdainful *moue*. The forehead was high and lined, and was crossed by three furrows which converged upon the root of the nose. Two deep lines, curved like a Turkish scimitar, started from the insertion of the nostrils and lost themselves in the broad jaw. The eyebrows were like two

wide Gothic arches. The thick, pitch-black hair was beautifully waved, with one swirling lock rising like a flame from the forehead. He was slender, and stooped a little; his gait, even in his later years, had a curious sliding character, and he walked bending forward like a man in a desperate hurry.

I well remember the fiery warmth of his rippling speech; his voice clear, often cutting, and then again deep and bell-like and soothing. He had an inimitable trick of stroking the tips of his moustache downwards with the slender, well-cared-for middle finger of his right hand. There was always something striving, pressing, urgent in his words and phrasing, a seeking for the most effective expression, accompanied by a clenching of the fists—a characteristic gesture even in later life.

His was really the ravaged face of a Cain, with a definitely Southern stamp. Yet there was no trace of Cain in his gentle nature, which was simply incapable of hatred, but full of the love of humanity, although as regards individuals he always showed a certain reserve. By no means out of distrust, but rather because he was reluctant at once to reveal his inner warmth. "Why show everybody how much we have got in us?" he once asked me, with an unforgettably woeful expression: "we make enemies for ourselves with our pearls! Possess them, yes, but don't flaunt them!" This aristocratic tact must have given many people the impression of icy coldness. He had a cold hand for most people. I do not know to this day what drew him so instinctively to me; but one thing was certain from the first moment: here was a friend whom one could never lose, save by one's own grievous fault!

His student years, like my own, had been riotous. An iron constitution gave us both the courage to play with life to the last vestige of our strength. The natural intoxication with life, enhanced by intoxication of a different nature, often led to displays of eccentric exuberance. We once coined a maxim that was supposed to cover all our extravagances: "We learn only from those pleasures that lead us to the brink of perdi-

tion!" And often enough, alas we stumbled along this boundary between "to be" and "not to be." In my case, indeed, the danger of a final tumble was greater. Richard Dehmel's temperament was in general more restrained, and only now and again was it subject to tremendous and even perilous explosions. Then, truly, the devil was loose, and we had to hold the ecstatic Phoenix to the earth by main force. Once, full of Heaven-storming, Dionysiac ecstasy, he rushed along the Weidendammer Bridge, climbed the parapet, and wanted to soar up into the starry sky. My brother Ernst, a countryman of enormous physical strength, held the raving man in an iron embrace, and he boasts to this day of having "saved German literature" by holding Dehmel in an inescapable muscular vice, until the frantic fellow came to himself, with the deeply grieved words: "It's a caddish thing to refuse to let one die!" He then accompanied me to my student lodgings in the house of Frau Maximovitz (whom we re-christened Frau Max and Moritz)—on the ground floor, opposite the Renz Circus. Here, as David soothed King Saul in his madness, I lulled him into a natural sleep by my 'cello-playing and improvisations on the piano. This was the room into which he once looked through the window in the height of summer —the sun was hot, the window was open, and the house was in an out-of-the-way neighbourhood—to find me, ready for my bath, but bathing myself, at the moment, in the flood of harmony issuing from my 'cello. (An incident which he whimsically published in honour of my 60th birthday!)

For my 'cello he, like all my friends, had the greatest affection. It was the victim of many a practical joke. Once, for example, on returning to my rooms, I found it between the knees of my skeleton, which at Dehmel's suggestion had been clad in tail-coat and top-hat; it was sitting on a chair in the middle of the room, in the correct attitude, holding the bow with the proper grip in the bony right hand, with the four fingers of the left hand on the high A of the first string. I once referred to my 'cello as "my bride," and this gave rise to

endless jests. My friends provided it with wigs and hats and adorned the neck with the lace garters of Frau Max and Moritz, and once even hung it from the chandelier, with a fig-leaf on the bridge. On the table lay a note: "Hanged myself on account of your incorrigible behaviour. Farewell! Your four-stringed bride, Cellina."

The leader in such pranks was always Prowe, Bindemann, or Dehmel. But when we were suffering from a communistic scarcity of money my genuine Italian 'cello always rescued us in our need; it was a valuable pledge, and we could always count on 500 to 600 marks. How often they begged me to refrain from "scraping my fiddle" for "a few weeks" and to save them from absolute want (and death from thirst rather than starvation!). My poor good father, who so often had to elope with the "singing bride" from the "cloister" (the pawnshop), wittily observed one day, when I enabled him to judge, in the holidays, of the result of my (periodic) practice: "The *Kol nidrei*, the Hebrew Chant, is decidedly the music it knows best!"

Dehmel loved music above all things, and I often delighted him by singing Löwe's ballads, among which "Edward" filled him with the greatest enthusiasm. Like so many people, he held Löwe's "Erl-King" to be far superior to Schubert's, and he declared that Schubert had no understanding of the demonic instinct which Goethe had sought to portray; there is no trace of secret sadism in his music, and for this reason Schubert's "Ganymede" is entirely misconceived. Hugo Wolf was the first to grasp and express in music the naïve, Hellenic demonism of Jupiter.

Those were good evenings in the house of Dehmel's future father-in-law, old Oppenheimer, and his clever and kindly wife, who for some reason never quite believed in Dehmel's star. There were present always a few aunts of his fiancée, Paula, the writer of some beautiful songs for children; Franz Oppenheimer, then still a medical student, but later a shining light among national economists; and Steindorf, subse-

quently a famous Egyptologist, with his fiancée, the second daughter of the old Rabbi Oppenheimer, the little man with the crafty Talmudic face, whose wit was excelled only by his kindness of heart. There was singing, and I had to improvise at the piano, and tell my best stories of student life in Zürich, or give burlesque accounts of my experiences there; and the well-disposed public always listened to such oft-repeated performances, or the "solo scenes" I extemporized for the occasion. These were Dehmel's happiest hours, and it was here, perhaps, that we grew to be so inseparable; so inseparable that his second wife said to me: "Dehmel had few real friends, but you he loved."

We grew still closer together in my student lodgings in Karlstrasse, where I was preparing for the State examination. Here we were often alone all the evening with the 'cello and piano and our manuscripts, and we enjoyed to the full all the illusions of youth, which buoyed us up with a fine and often arrogantly assured sense of our "vocation." Proud as we were of this vocation, we often spoke of our exalted projects, but with a certain shrewd and half-disillusioned calm, since only posterity could decide as to our "importance." We agreed that we could allow our instincts to ripen in peace, since no one could shovel "coke" into the "furnace" of his personality! Most of our fellow-poets had fallen into this error: they sought to "overheat" themselves and their talent. This sounded very wise, but I think we both none the less played the idiot with our "fuel." Such hours alternated with nights of the gayest student frivolity and assiduous beer-drinking, and there were whole periods when we were inseparable from morning to night, by no means devoting ourselves to the calm development and control of our instincts.

We spent a good deal of time in the studio of Eugen Hanetzog and Moritz Posner, both of them academicians. Here again we recited, and played the harmonium, and indulged in all manner of pranks. And in this connection a reminiscence of the great Menzel may be recorded. One of

our two painter friends was working, when we were present, from a model, a pale-faced girl, who suddenly relapsed, from the prescribed pose, into epileptic convulsions. I can still see Dehmel's well-meant but perfectly useless efforts to control the convulsions of the girl's limbs. Suddenly the door was flung open. There stood Menzel, summoned, in the first moment of agitation, by one of the art-students who were present. In one hand he held a sketch-block, in the other a crayon. Without speaking a word, he zealously sketched the poor girl, and the position of her limbs, until at last the convulsions subsided. He was completely in the power of his artist's passion for plastic singularities; an attitude which all of us, and Dehmel most of all, subsequently criticized with lively indignation. Menzel drew everything that came before his eyes: a fly, a pair of scissors, a club foot, an epileptic; for him the first question to be considered was always: can the thing be drawn? We fully realized, however, that his tremendous virtuosity might very well be founded on this passion and its exercise.

Here, in this studio, I myself learned to draw and paint, and was first moved to discover better colouring media, though it was only many years later that I succeeded in doing so. My sisters have a number of sea pieces from my brush, the fruit of my intensive study of colour. This, too, was the time of our so-called "Ethical Club" in Behrenstrasse, which met once a week in Pschorr's brewery, and all of whose members have to-day made their name in the worlds of art and science.

In 1885 I went to Greifswald. In view of our close friendship, I found it hard to reconcile myself to this move; but Dehmel made it easier for me by frequent visits, often at only a fortnight's interval. They were good days for me, and for all the young assistants in the Greifswald hospital, when the tousled head of the poet appeared to interrupt the daily *corvée* of the clinic, and sitting over our afternoon tea, in a summer-house in the gardens, or smoking our pipes, we listened to the

draft versions which he read with such fiery passion. Dehmel was then indefatigable. We made the acquaintance of dramas—*Winfrid*, *Karl der Grosse* and *Der Erlöser*—which, alas! have never appeared in print; and a vast number of songs, hymns, and elegies, many of which are absent from his collected works. Then we would wander into the oak-wood of the old Edena near Greifswald, and amidst the ruins of the fine cloisters; or jump into the train for a visit to beautiful Stralsund. Here I once played the organ for Dehmel alone in the wonderful Marienkirche. I found him gazing upwards, as though in ecstasy, at the magnificent, bright yellow Gothic arcades of the clerestory, and the very precious stained-glass windows. He pressed my hand, and said: "Gothic too can make music! Everything up there is aspiring in chorus, as though adoring the sun, with hands clasped above the head! The Byzantine semicircle is Slavic!"—In this church I showed him the historic mark on the stone flags in the nave of the church, which was made when our dear old professor of physics, Rollmann, once attempted to give us a demonstration *en gros* of Foucault's pendulum experiment. The cannon-ball used in the experiment, swinging freely on the end of a wire, suddenly broke loose and shattered one of the flagstones. Since then I have refused to believe (with Strindberg!) that this proof of the earth's sphericity is valid. It is strange how many such experiments miscarry!

Dehmel was greatly interested, amongst other things, in the cannon-balls which are still to be seen in the walls of various churches, where they have lain since Wallenstein's investment of the old Swedish city. "Do you know," he said, "I should like some time to take part in something of that sort! Battle, war, must after all be the greatest intoxication a man can know!"—He lived to experience it; he returned from it sobered, and had not much to say about it. Indeed, he fell a victim to this so-called intoxication! He died of the after-pangs of the terrible world-war. His fiery blood, as a result of the fatigues of the war, clotted in the overburdened veins of

the legs, and slowly the stagnant tide rose like the icy waves of death till it reached his heart.

When I returned to Berlin our friendship was close as ever. At his desire I sang an aria, "Be ye true unto death!" at his memorable wedding with Paula Oppenheimer, at which he would not at first allow his rabbinical father-in-law to speak, but himself preached the sermon to his young wife, on the strongly emphasized text: "I am thy lord!" The marriage ceremony, which he controlled with somnambulistic dignity, and conducted in person throughout, was a grotesque business. At that time Richard was still a problem even to his nearest relatives: they looked upon him as a demon, a Pied Piper, a sort of Brother Martin or Horla *à la* E. T. G. Hoffmann. Why the marriage with Paula was a failure I never asked him. Any attempt to inquire into the psychology of an unhappy marriage is useless. No one can discern the structure of the amalgam of two hearts. One thing is certain: that he loved Paula dearly. His second wife, Frau Isi, was of course a woman of quite another stamp, and greatly the superior of her predecessor. Dehmel thought more highly of her than of anyone on earth.

Our friendship was enriched by one great experience: our meeting with Strindberg. Our daily intercourse with him, month after month, naturally led to the most interesting conversations between him and Dehmel; for however far they might agree as to the fundamentals of their ethics, and their recognition of the metaphysical structure of the universe, and the knowability of life resulting from this metaphysic, and whatever premonition they may have had of the modern recognition of the real spirituality of matter, they differed just as widely in their naïve view of Nature, in their intuition of the given, even if illusory, so-called realities of life. Strindberg was already regarding the universe with the eyes of the mystic, for whom intuition meant more than evidence, while Dehmel, although a thoroughgoing psychologist in his philosophical abstractions, was firmly rooted in the naturalism

which all our contemporaries—Holz, Hauptmann, Hartleben, Bierbaum, Heymel—had emblazoned on their banner. That the vital spark of this naturalism, and of the realism of the stage, was struck about 1882 by the unforgettable Joseph Kainz, in his rhetorical dissection of Schiller's iambics, so that they became a breathlessly ejected prose, and the dismemberment of their pathos in a real and incredibly convincing mode of delivery, can only be mentioned here. It is enough to say that in 1882, when we made Strindberg's acquaintance, the so-called naturalism had reached its fullest development, while Strindberg was already on the point of embracing the mysticism which he endowed, in his "Dream Play" and "Damascus," and the four "Chamber Plays" *à la* Hoffmann and Callot, with the basis for the whole of our modern symbolic literature. There was much discussion concerning this flood of "psychic" literature, and one day, in the "Schwarze Ferkel," Dehmel and Strindberg fell foul of one another. Strindberg was excessively rude, which was not like him; he stormed against naturalism with thunderous voice and Olympian gestures, and shouted at Dehmel (whom he always called "the wild man"): "That's just it; you are police-court reporters of the things that happen in the street, the detectives of everyday life, photographers, mere copyists of all the dark pages of existence. That is not art, that is lowering oneself under the kicks of the vulgar!"

Dehmel rose to his feet, indignantly; Strindberg had not, of course, been referring to him; but he felt cut to the heart and insulted; he took his hat and went out. In vain I sought to play the part of a mediator. "What does the wild man want?" I explained that he had done Dehmel a bitter injustice. Strindberg became very silent. After an hour or so he too left the restaurant; much earlier than usual, with a curt farewell. He spoke of returning before we broke up. Other friends arrived—Elias, Franz, Evers, Munch, Ola Hanson, Laura Marholm, Hartleben, and so forth—arrived, and

remained. It was already late when Strindberg returned to this compact circle of friends. He was cheerful and in the best of tempers.

"Where have you come from?" I asked him. "From Dehmel," he said; "I apologized to him. I took a droschky and drove to Pankow" (where Dehmel was then living).—"Was he still angry?"—"One cannot be too quick to repair an injustice which one has committed, if it is anyhow in one's power. One shouldn't waste a moment before putting it right. Who can tell how soon some misfortune may prevent one from doing so? Dehmel was very kind, and was touched by my mere apology, by my saying that you had told me that I was in the wrong. He gave me a kiss, and the wild man said a good thing, though there was pride in it: 'If you and I bark at each other, what will the dogs do?' " And that was the end of the matter.

Later Dehmel married his second wife, whom he honoured and loved idolatrously until his death. With her he moved to Blankenese, so we saw each other less frequently. But whenever he came to Berlin we found an opportunity of discussing our plans, old and new. He was far readier to listen to my psychology and my poetical efforts than in his youth, when he was always inclined to look down upon my poetry from a sovereign altitude. For my *Es läute die Glocken* he prophesied immortality. At such encounters he was often most charming, kindly and cordial. Once I spoke with enthusiasm of my two little nieces, then four and five years of age, who took the place of the children I had never had. For me they were guarantees of the future, swallows of immortality, like heralds of human eternity! "What dears they must be, Carl, if you speak of them so! Let's buy them some sweets, to give them from Uncle Richard."—"One of them," I said, "is even a poetess."—"No, really?"—"Yes!" And I recited some rhymes of my little Margot's; to whom I had often dedicated and repeated my songs for children. One day she said that she too had made poems, but she had made them quite short,

because Uncle Carl wouldn't be able to remember so much. They ran thus:

A soldier went into the sea
To bathe.
He went again, and again went he,
And again went he
To bathe!
Auf Wiedersehenstewohltat!

And:

You go into the room,
The mouse wakes up.
The door goes "boom,"
The mouse wakes up,
Because you. . . .

"You know," said Dehmel, quite seriously, "that could very well be something of mine."—"That's why I repeated it to you," I said. He thought the combination of *Wiedersehen* and *Wohltat* in one word absolutely brilliant, and every letter or card I received from him after this ended with *Wiedersehenstewohltat*!

Now he is gone; the kindly, clean-hearted, utterly enlightened. An immortal; the darling of youth, the prophet of what shall come.

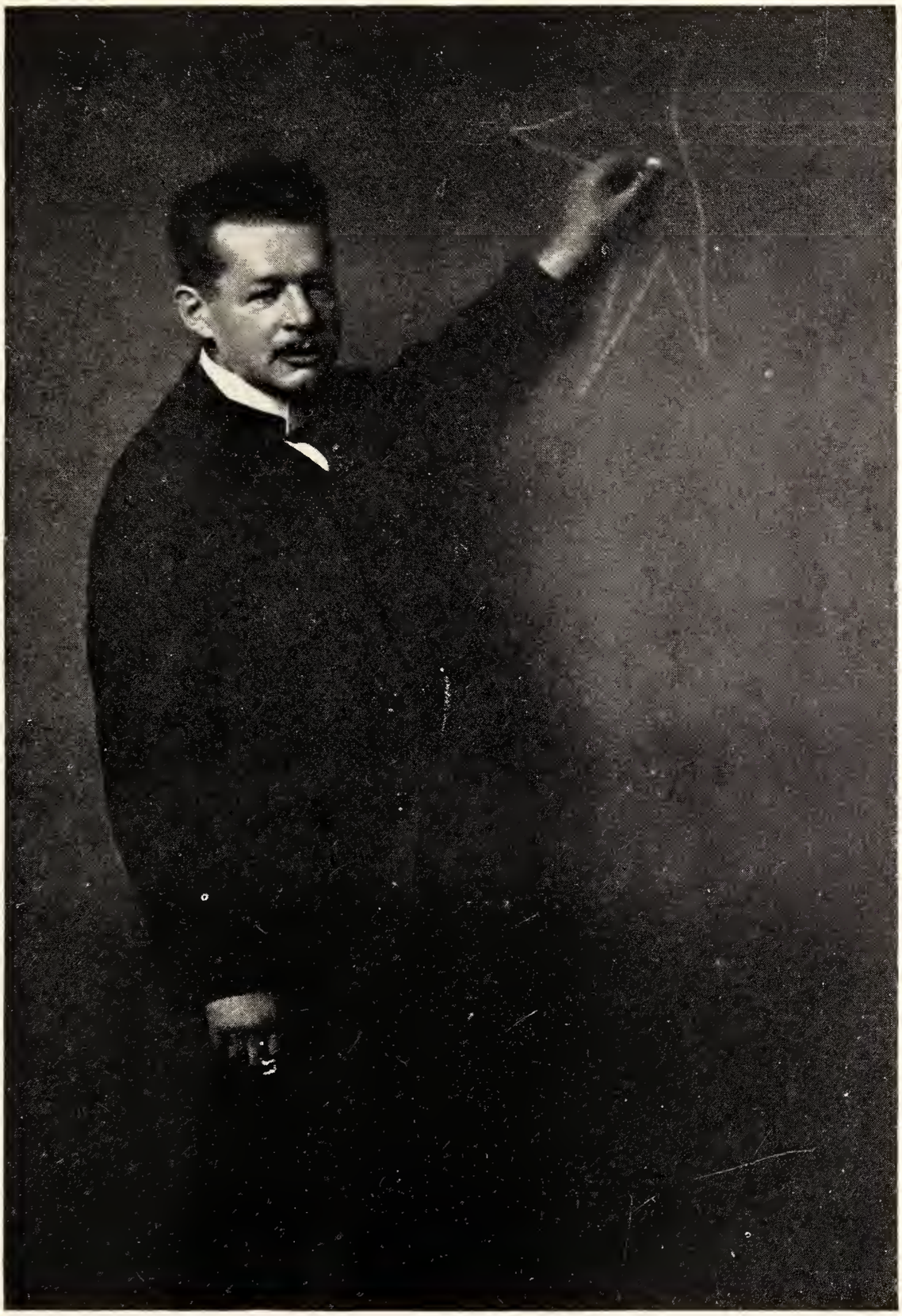
He, in whom the hero wrestled incessantly with the daemon, until his rhythms, attuned to his lofty conception of the universe, strangled the Lucifer within him, so that he made of his very life, as a man of the supremest, crystal-clear intellectuality, a wonderful poem, is gone beyond reach of hand and eye. It is with grief that I think of his faithful wife Isi, whose gentle, unfailing influence tempered his fiery nature. His noblest work, *Zwei Menschen*, is his testimony to the unbreakable bond between the wild heart of a man and the beauty of a noble woman's soul. His last poem was a hymn to this exceptional woman.

CHAPTER XXI

LAST WORDS

I HAVE come to the end of my scroll of "good days." The days that followed, though indeed they offer me a rich store of reminiscences, are still too near me to make it possible to offer these memories to the public.

And as regards my earlier years, I have set aside for later occasions many things that might interest the general reader: such as my relations with Schweninger, as head of the surgical department of the Lichterfeld Hospital, and my work during the war in the war hospital in the Reichskanzlerplatz, concerning which I have indeed published a little book. But I have said nothing in this book of the wonderful times, full of harmony and the joy of work, under Surgeon-General Lohrisch, when I strained every nerve to serve my country in the position to which I had been called, in conjunction with Wolfssohn, and my distinguished colleague Oelsner, who became, and always will be, one of my dearest friends. It would be pleasant to speak of the lectures which I gave in the garden of the hospital to the sisters and their relatives: there, standing at the blackboard under the trees, I lectured on all manner of subjects, from elementary anatomy to physiology, operative theory, and advanced psychology, and in doing so made many new friends; the von Ilbergs and von Reichenbachs, Countess Redern, Princess Lynar and others; but I cannot speak of those days now. There were good days among them, but they were not all good. The conflict with Schweninger in the Lichterfeld hospital, the many conflicts in the war hospital after the glorious time with Surgeon-General Lohrisch, constant friction with the military dictator who followed him, and with Surgeons-General whose false pride made them generals rather than surgeons—all these matters were too distressing to be recorded in these pages.



THE LECTURER

When I consider my life up to the present time, regarding it objectively, so far as that is humanly possible, I see that it has had a quality which I can only describe as Faust-like. I seem to have been always striving after some remote and exceptional goal, which, though it was possibly unattainable, yet enticed me with daemonic power. With the utmost energy I would follow, for a time, a single track, and would then suddenly leave it; but never before I had obtained a certain insight into its relation to the whole of discoverable knowledge. In my secret heart, what I really wanted was to have been, at one time or another, everything a man can be; the technique of the handicrafts interested me for a while as keenly as the mechanics of the stars, or the cerebral ganglia. And fortune favoured me, but only up to a certain point. Nowhere was my victory complete. It led me often to the heights, only to let me fall. In many of my most reasonable endeavours I was completely misunderstood, and I have not been spared the bitterness of grievous injustice. I can submit a goodly series of works to the judgment of the future. I wish I could know the verdict; but perhaps I can guess it.

In this volume I have sought to describe a human life that was, on the whole, bountifully blessed; so rich and full and fortunate that all shadows pale before the quiet inner radiance of gratitude.

And so, on my journey through the chasms and recesses and open hills of memory, I have come to the station to which we are always hastening, as though in flight, as if it were the final and supremely important end of our earthly existence (as indeed it will be one day!), but which we are forced to leave as hastily as we came to it: the Present! The all too fleeting Present, that runs like water through our fingers, that passes like mist before the window through which we look, from moment to moment, upon the world without! What biographer would seek to hold it, saying: This, after all, is mine; this is my abiding possession; this at least cannot be lost! No, every moment is the great miracle, fashioning new situations;

every moment, that was but now the present, that once seemed the future, and is now already the past!

Yet even here the great beautifier of existence, Illusion, mercifully deludes us into the belief that happiness is a sure and abiding possession. And so may all those dear friends who think kindly of me, and to whom, perhaps, I "am" something, remain, from moment to moment, as true as they are to-day, and thus continue to ensure my present happiness! But of happiness it is not well to speak aloud.

EPILOGUE

BY WOLFGANG GOETZ

IT may seem almost frivolous, almost superfluous, to add anything to a work in which the author has given his own account of himself. Yet of himself Carl Ludwig Schleich has written but little in this description of his life; he has but caught, as in a mirror, the radiance of his sunlit past, has but recorded his thoughts, described his experience of his fellows. It would be too much to say that Schleich was indifferent to his own person; but he was not greatly concerned about it, though he never fell into the false modesty which puts on intolerable airs and really seeks to attract attention—so that "vanity looks out through the holes in your garments." Indeed, as he grew older he spoke more frequently of himself, his achievements, his ideas. Yet he did not speak of that Carl Ludwig Schleich who dwelt among us from July 19, 1859 to March 7, 1922, but rather of the *ingenium* with which he was born, the talent allotted to him, which he had to put out to interest. His was that Goethean piety which even in the inmost ego sees the Godhead at work. He was his own object; he saw himself, or at any rate could see himself, as an absolute stranger, whom it was worth while to observe. Or as he himself once said—though in quite another connection: "This is the meaning of self-amazement, when the genius bows in humility before his own works, feeling that he himself is only a harp upon which Another, higher than he, plays. . . ."

The effect of Schleich's personality was immediate. He was not what one calls a handsome man. His little eyes, which would sometimes disappear altogether, were especially striking. The nose, particularly at the root, was rather broad, and the rebellious moustache, in which we never discovered a grey fibre (nor did we ever see a grey thread in his full, brown

shock of hair), had an almost comical effect. On seeing him for the first time one might well be unable to suppress a slight sense of disappointment. But one was conscious at once that from this man a sort of emanation proceeded such as one senses only in special individuals. There was about him a kind of aura, like a morning breeze. And it did not matter in the least where one met him—in the lecture-room, or in more or less stimulating society, or in the beer-cellar, or in the street. Schleich, for that matter, was not at all fastidious as to the company he kept. Sometimes his public was none of the best; it might even happen that he would read one of his subtlest and most intellectual essays, before the ink was fairly dry, to some beer-house keeper and his unfortunate wife. The good people, of course, did not understand a word, and did not even know what ganglia and hormones might be, but they had to look pleased, since the gentleman was not making fun of them. After all, they could not refuse to listen to their distinguished customer. Those were desperate moments when Schleich imperturbably blared forth his intellectual trumpetings; desperate even for his willing and eager listeners, who, half amused, half dead with embarrassment, felt their eyes constantly returning to the rigid, distorted masks of his sponsors in this singular baptism of a spiritual child. If one reproached this preacher in the wilderness for squandering his riches thus he would be just a little ashamed, and his embarrassment would express itself in a comical outburst of temper, which began with the grumpy retort that the worthy host and hostess had much finer feelings than we had, and culminated in the comment: "And even if they didn't understand a word of it, it didn't at all events do them any harm!" To this nothing could be objected; peace was restored, and we changed the subject.

Such incidents, and they were by no means unique, revealed two sides of Schleich's nature. He needed listeners; he was a born teacher; his ideas came to him as he talked. He needed listeners in order to have an echo, even though it were barely

audible, inharmonious, or all too garrulous—for sometimes ladies sat at his feet to listen, who understood just as much of the lecture as the worthy beer-house keepers, but were able with many words to cover their lack of understanding. He needed people about him, even more than Goethe; less in order to get something out of them than to give them something. Besides, he was one of those rather rare spirits who have an exaggerated respect for their fellows: a touching trait in a man of his great qualities. Readers of this volume, or other works of his, will see that he sometimes sets people on a pedestal whose name and achievements have long sunk into oblivion; or, as a keen observer said: "What Schleich really wants is that all his friends and acquaintances should be geniuses, at least of the calibre of Strindberg." We were not a little startled when he one day introduced a dramatist of his acquaintance with the words: "The new Shakespeare!" We were afraid the person thus apostrophized might feel annoyed, but he fortunately responded with a mere: "Very kind of you, Herr Geheimrat."

It would be quite a mistake to believe that there was any question here of obsequious flattery, or of mockery. Schleich meant such remarks quite seriously, and with his wide circle of acquaintances a friend more or less, or even an enemy, meant little to him. But in Schleich there was a feeling of reverence for all who worked and strove, however humbly: the same sort of reverence that he felt, in the last resort, for himself. He was truly happy only when he could admire, and it mattered not at all who enabled him to reach this desirable condition; buttercup or orchid afforded him alike the immediate experience of divinity.

It was the curiously childlike quality of the man that was responsible for this attitude—that engendered and kept alive in him the conscious will to happiness. In this childlike quality, too, the roguish, youthful side of his character was rooted, and with it his unruly sense of humour. When Schleich really laughed at his own conceit, or another's, his psychic intoxi-

cation infected all those about him, whether they had heard the joke or not. His was a truly Homeric, rapturous laughter, whose memory would chase the dullest hour of him who had once been convulsed by it, and only with the last person to hear it will this laugh vanish from the world; perhaps not even then. In Schleich's actual wit there was something baroque; its involved and fanciful character reminded one at times of the ingenuities of some of his manufactured words and phrases. It was more lucid in irony and satire, and his humour was at its best when it touched upon fundamentals and contained a good dose of *Weltschmerz*. But his wit was never wounding; not even when he ventured into those otherwise humourless frontiers of humour where the wit makes merry at the cost of another. Schleich did not disdain this form of humour, but he lifted it above the plane of mere fatuity, and ennobled it. It once happened, for example, that he described Goethe as a lackey. There was a devastating discussion between two profound Goethe scholars, with all arguments *pro et contra*; until at last Schleich broke off, burst into a roar of laughter, and gasped out the words: "The old donkey believed all the time that I seriously meant it!" His partner in this discussion was quite naturally deceived, but the outcome of this jest was one of those pithy and memorable conversations in which Schleich would lavish all his intellectual fireworks. It was comical to see him when he had to speak to people whom he detested. He was then most incredibly courteous, praising the other's stupidest remarks and overwhelming him with paradoxes. Schleich has often been credited with paradoxical views, yet always precisely when the reproach was unjustified; but one can guess what absurdities he emitted when he really gave himself to keep a straight face; when, with elegiac accents, he intoned some preposterous galimatias, or with professional gestures developed some crazy thesis. His unfortunate *vis-à-vis* would struggle to understand him, or to contradict his extraordinary dogma, but in vain. Schleich had no mercy upon him, and before he had done

with him $2 + 2 = 5$. But he could not refrain from giving the initiate an occasional nudge.

It was not often that Schleich permitted himself such diversions; and he was always depressed after he had done so. Once, after such a trick, when his victim had ended by listening with the enthusiasm of a disciple to the methodical nonsense of his apostle, Schleich was almost in despair. He brandished his fists in the air, crying: "The whole pack of them ought to be whipped! You can talk them into accepting the most absolute bilge!"

In general, however, one seldom saw him angry. Personal disparagement he accepted with perfect indifference; he was only sorry that he should be so shamefully misunderstood. He was not concerned with the injury done to himself, but with that suffered by his cause. He was always reluctant to stand on his dignity, to "sport his piqué waistcoat," as he put it. There was, of course, a rough side to his tongue, and he knew how to read the riot act, but it was always for the other's benefit, and that other might well feel proud of such a reprimand, as of a distinction. With this kindly ruthlessness we believe he prevented many a stupid action, and jolted many a young fellow back to the beaten highway. Though he had the most sensitive perception of psychic impulses, he was by no means in favour of the sort of psychic unravelling that leads to the cul-de-sac of understanding all things and forgiving all. In cases of danger he was for forcible cures, and here too he was a great physician.

Of this physician many can speak from experience. He received his patients in a comfortable sitting-room, which did not reek of carbolic. In the next room the Herr Geheimrat would be whistling, laughing, singing, chattering or moving about. Then he appeared, in his white overall, and received the patient as a welcome visitor. The conversation was brief and to the point; the necessary prescriptions were made; but then the patient must remain for a little chat, or listen to a joke, or accept a cigarette. This was in itself the beginning of

the treatment. I remember one impressive incident, at a social evening in the house of one of Schleich's friends. A gay young officer was present; that evening he was unusually silent, with intervals of convulsive merriment. Schleich turned to him often, whether with conscious intention is uncertain, nor do I know if there was anything behind the invitation to drink a final glass of beer with himself and Caesar Flaischlen. Schleich was in the most exuberant mood; and he unfolded the ideas which he was shortly to develop in his fantastic romance, *Es läuten die Glocken*. It was late when Flaischlen said delightedly: "Professor, I could listen to you for twenty-four hours without ever thinking of bed!" The young man was silent, trying, with evident effort, to follow the conversation. Suddenly he brought out the request that he might call on Schleich next morning. Schleich looked at him for a moment, and uttered, as an interrogative diagnosis, the name of the terrible spirochaete. The officer simply nodded. "Very well," said Schleich, in an indifferent, almost bored tone of voice, as though it had been a question of a headache or a cold in the nose: "come at such and such a time"; and in the same breath he began to tell a good story. A wonderful doctor!—the young man seemed already cured, for he now laughed with the others, and even told a story in his turn, and the three parted in the highest spirits. But on the way home Schleich sighed: "Poor devil! Accursed disease! And such a nice fellow. We must hope for the best." A few weeks later, on the fourth of such "beer-crawls" along the street, the young officer saw a hat waved from a motor-car, and a well-known voice cried: "Wassermann negative already!" Carl Ludwig Schleich had hoped and acted for the best.

As he understood others, so he knew himself. He has been called a child of fortune. But the child of fortune was only one side of his character. Not without reason did one volume of his essays bear the gloomy title: "The Ego and the Demons," and it has been said, not unjustly, that a book could be written

about Schleich's life with the title "Those were Bad Days." The life of every human being follows a normal line; in the Philistine the curve oscillates on either side of the mean reading; here a lucky hit reveals itself in a peak of blissfulness, while a lost stake means a gulf of desolation. But the zenith and nadir of genius lie somewhat farther apart. The bliss with which Mozart listened to the songs of the three boys is unimaginable, and equally inconceivable is the horror that shook him in the depths of *Così fan tutte*. Here the pendulum covers a greater arc. And in Schleich's case the arc was very wide indeed. The significance of this extraordinary man will be plainly apparent only if we take into account the negative side of his character. The man who soars to the stars must also, by an inexorable law, be familiar with the deepest circles of Hell. Carl Ludwig Schleich himself admitted that without the Devil God was unthinkable. Only those little souls for whom the winning of a race or a game betokens the heights of bliss will turn up their noses at such a statement; and they are welcome to do so, since Carl Ludwig Schleich was not born for them; since they do not deserve him. Schleich, who knelt in adoration and reverence, with the pure heart of the truly great, before the Incomprehensible One, was acquainted also with the lord of the cloven hoof. And acknowledged his power, in so far as he abhorred him. He acknowledged him, and this alone would set him in the foremost rank, since few have the courage for such a confession. But what would Goethe be, or Rembrandt, or Mozart, without the clear perception that they were subject to the Evil One? And so Schleich too lapsed at times into the darkness. He records in this book that in his childhood a whole day was lost out of his life. But we have reason to think that in after life a day was lost from time to time. "How many similar runes has life engraved on my memory!" he himself confessed, after mentioning this incident; and we could accept the words in a symbolic sense when he presently added: "The syncopes have always caused me some trouble in team play." We must bow to this distressing

fact, as before the insight of one who knows that we are creatures of light and darkness, not of the light alone. Schleich paid the demons their tribute, because he knew that without this sacrifice there is no treading the upward path to the Divine. One could have wished—and it would probably have been not the least service of his life—that he could have convinced his fellows that they must take it upon themselves to look upon the dreadful face of the Gorgon, if they would not sink into the most futile mediocrity.

So Schleich, strong and valiant, conscious of what he was doing, did not flinch from the face of horror. He trod this ill and perilous road with the confidence of a knight riding to the tourney. He knew the malice of the enemy, and it was because of the very hatefulness of the subterranean power that he sought him out. That he withstood him no person with insight could deny; that he was sometimes overthrown by him only an imbecile or a philistine would have doubted. Much as the collapse of this benefactor of mankind shocked us, we knew very well what was happening. We remember a day when Carl Ludwig Schleich seemed altogether lost. He was in a state of collapse and utter despair. A friend whom he had called to him was sitting by his bed. "Read me *Gott und Bajadère*," the sick man pleaded. His friend was unwilling to read the poem, since he had done so, at Schleich's request, only a little while before this, and Carl Ludwig had commented upon this kingliest ballad in the German tongue with characteristic jests and paradoxes, and his friend was not anxious for a repetition of such dismal heresies. (Not until long after this did the reader discover that only he who is able to deride them truly reveres the holiest things that are vouchsafed to him.) Well, the friend sat down beside the bed of the utterly exhausted man. And Schleich, when only the first line of the poem had been read: "*Mahadöh, du Herr der Erde*," covered his eyes with his hands—those infinitely blessed hands—and began to weep most bitterly. Then his terrible distress subsided, and he lay there with folded hands, in

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silence, only lifting a finger a little to follow the kingly rhythm. But as the last lines were spoken:

> Unsterbliche heben verlorene Kinder
> Mit feurigen Armen zum Himmel empor,

Schleich was once more a poor, sobbing child. It was thus that he sacrificed to the darkest powers. Here, as always, he had withheld nothing; he was lavish by nature, as is every genius.

And again, it was owing to his genius that he had so many dark hours before him. Schleich suffered under the set-back inflicted on him, the disregard, prolonged for years, of his great scientific achievements. He was profoundly unhappy because he was not offered a post as teacher; a real misfortune, since any but the most dull-witted students would have gone through fire and water for such a master. He was distressed less for his own sake than for the sake of the cause which he had at heart. But he did feel personally slighted—since only fools are modest—for during a Schiller festival (he speaks of the hundredth anniversary of Schiller's birth, which must be an error, since he could scarcely have taken part in that festival in the first year of his existence, and the date in question must have been 1905 or 1909), when he put the question: "Will a physician, even the best among us, ever be honoured by a nation for all time as this poet is honoured?" he had to answer this query with a downright "Never!" He was doubtless alluding to Virchow, Koch, Ehrlich and others, and above all Graefe, for whose achievements "a people ought to kiss their feet," but between the lines one could hear his own name. He once asked the question, too, in the company of his friends. We tried to console him, but our consciences were not quite clear when we declared that in exact science, someone or other was bound at some time or other to arrive at a given goal, a particular result, and that in our time especially the merits of one man were only too quickly outstripped by the achievements of another. The

reply did not seem to content him, but he smiled gratefully when someone quoted the audacious saying of Goethe:

> Zu Goethes Denkmal, was zahlest du jetzt?
> So fragt mir dieser und der.
> Hätt' ich mir nicht selber ein Denkmal gesetzt
> Das Denkmal, wo käm' es denn her!

Perhaps someone should have reminded him of the poem of a more modern poet, who rejoices that he will be immured, encrusted, in the great temple which the divinity has built for himself.

If fate had granted that he should still be with us to-day, at the age of seventy-five, he would have had to realize how his discovery of local anaesthesia has been encrusted. This great achievement, for which suffering humanity might truly kiss his feet, and for whose sake he might well be described as a human Christ, a saviour (the expression he so often applied to Graefe), has become embedded in the general consciousness; the finest thing that can happen to a great man, even though the people does not ask the name of the poet whose songs it sings. Something more, too, he would have experienced: even in the first year of the century he was given, so to speak, a different value. If his name was mentioned, someone said: "Schleich—ah, that's the man with the local anaesthesia." To-day people think first of the poet and philosopher; the goal for which he longed all his life has been attained, though indeed, as he often prophesied with mocking regret, only after his death. And more: his psychological discoveries, such as the recognition that hysteria exercises creative functions, are constantly gaining ground. Already here and there his gauntlet is being flung down before the Viennese school of psychologists, while formerly his essays were esteemed merely as ingenious interpretations. His views are becoming condensed into a doctrine; and since Schleich affirms the supernatural, and is a mystic, this doctrine is bound to win greater and greater acceptance, in an age saturated, as

ours is, with a new religious experience. Here it is impossible to foresee the evolution of Schleich's spiritual influence, and it would be idle to hazard an estimate.

But we who are left behind see with grateful astonishment how the great questioner and instigator of questions is gradually assuming the place due to him in the history of the German soul, and how his position is becoming more and more assured. We may indeed prophesy that even his lesser discoveries will gain a more general regard, that his modes of thought, which were almost obscured by the tremendous wealth of his imagination, will be followed by others to high ends. And even though many of the grains broadcast by this generous sower may prove to be sterile, or may be stifled by weeds, one thing is certain, that "good days" lie before him.

WOLFGANG GOETZ