

CONCEPTS & CONSTELLATIONS



The ravaged nature of a World War I battlefield



Cesare falls amidst denuded trees

WORLD WAR I

ERNST SIMMEL

WAR NEUROSES AND "PSYCHIC TRAUMA"

First published in *Kriegs-Neurosen und "Psychisches Trauma* (Munich and Leipzig; Otto Nemnich, 1918), 5-6; 82-84

When I speak about the war as an event, as the cause of illness, I anticipate something which has revealed itself in my experiences—namely that it is not only the bloody war which leaves such devastating traces in those who took part in it. Rather, it is also the difficult conflict in which the personality finds itself, confronted with a world changed by the war and with which it must struggle, a struggle in which the victim of war neurosis succumbs in silent, often unrecognized, torment.

He can leave the war without physical illness, his physical wounds, if any, already healed. Nevertheless he departs from the arena of war as one branded with a so-called "functional" illness, war neurosis. The damage which the war neurotic carries home with him as a result of his fighting on the lines can befall a single organ, or it may encompass the entire person. [. . .]

Wherever the neurosis is the result of a single debilitation of the personality complex

that occurred in a particular war experience, we are able, by means of suggestion, temporarily to interpolate our own healthy ego that acts as a catalyst and thereby reestablish the unity of the fractured personality. These are the cases in which a single session is enough to bring about a cure.

If however, we are unable to cure a war neurosis by means of suggestive hypnosis then, being aware of the particular psychic cause, we can no longer abandon the patient to his fate and send him home untreated, i.e. permanently crippled. Rather we must tell ourselves that we have not yet touched upon the real reason, the psychic cause of his suffering. We must pursue every aspect of psychoanalytic work and thereby effect a cure which impedes the unnecessary increase of the large number of men who were crippled by the war.

However, in my opinion we must be very careful in our application of suggestive hypnosis to those forms of neurosis that manifest themselves in hyper-sensitivity—from spasticity to convulsions.

If we keep in mind that this physical sensitivity is merely the external symptom of an internal, strongly repressed affect, it then becomes clear that suggesting away such a symptom does nothing more than eliminate a safety valve which the organism had created to compensate for an inordinate amount of internal psychic pressure.

If such a cure lasts, which in my experience is frequently not the case, it obviously conceals certain dangers for the patient. Namely, the release may violently take a different tack; I have often observed unmotivated outbursts of rage or other forms of "hysterical attacks" as a result of suggestion-cures. Consideration of the possibility of strongly repressed affects is essential as well for assessing the meaning of these patients' disciplinary infractions.

However, as the reader will realize at the end of this discussion, the self-assertion of the organism as it articulates itself in neurosis ultimately signifies self-protection in the face of the threat of psychosis.

Whatever in a person's experience is too powerful or horrible for his conscious mind to grasp and work through filters down to the unconscious levels of his psyche. There it lies like a mine, waiting to explode the entire psychic structure. And only the self-protective mechanism, with its release of waves of affect, and its attachment to an individual organ, to external symptoms, and to symptomatic actions prevents a permanent disturbance of

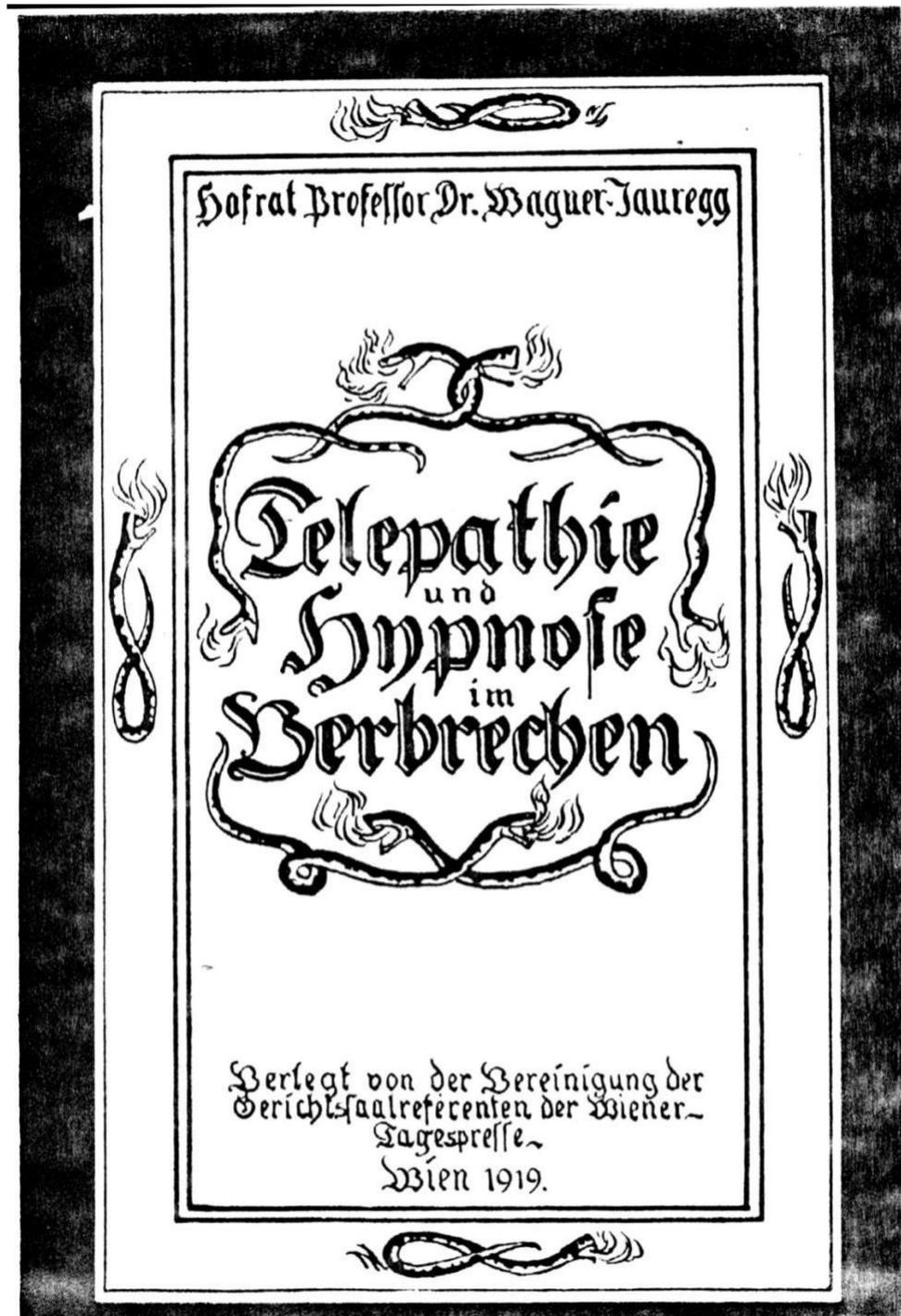
the psychic balance.

In this way, according to the work of Freud and his followers, a boundary thought by medical science to be stable is shown to be in flux. We recognize that functional psychoses are merely gradual intensifications of functional neuroses.

We gladly abstain from diagnoses out of desperation, by which we previously accorded a psychosis the status "hysterical" in order to believe it curable; instead, we hope that, through a corresponding elaboration of psychoanalytic-hypnotic methodology, we are on the way to healing all emotional illnesses that are not based in organic damage.

Today we may already recognize the time in which—by releasing people from mental institutions—we participate in a part of the human economy that has become necessary because of the waste of human life during the war years and for the preservation of all nations.

TELEPATHY AND HYPNOSIS IN CRIME



Councilor Prof. Dr. Wagner-Jauregg, *Telepathie und Hypnose im Verbrechen* (Vienna 1919)

THE REVOLT AGAINST THE OLD ORDER: DADA



George Grosz, Sumpflumen des Kapitalismus (1919)

Dadaist Manifesto (April 1918)

**Tristan Tzara, Franz Jung, George Grosz, Marcel Janco, Richard
Hülsenbeck, Gerhard Preisz, Raoul Hausmann**

The signatories of this manifesto have, under the battle cry
DADA!!!!
gathered together to put forward a new art from which they expect the realisation of new ideas.

So what is DADAISM, then?

The word DADA symbolises the most primitive relationship with the surrounding reality; with Dadaism, a new reality comes into its own.

Life is seen in a simultaneous confusion of noises, colours and spiritual rhythms which in Dadaist art are immediately captured by the sensational shouts and fevers of its bold everyday psyche and in all its brutal reality. This is the dividing line between Dadaism and all other artistic trends and especially Futurism which fools have very recently interpreted as a new version of Impressionism.

For the first time, Dadaism has refused to take an aesthetic attitude towards life. It tears to pieces all those grand words like ethics, culture, interiorisation which are only covers for weak muscles.

THE BRUITIST POEM

describes a tramcar exactly as it is, the essence of a tramcar with the yawns of Mr Smith and the shriek of brakes.

THE SIMULTANEOUS POEM

teaches the interrelationship of things, while Mr Smith reads his paper, the Balkan express crosses the Nisch bridge and a pig squeals in the cellar of Mr Bones the butcher.

THE STATIC POEM

turns words into individuals. The letters of the word " wood " create the forest itself with the leafiness of its trees, the uniforms of the foresters and the wild boar. It could also create the Bellevue Boarding House or Bella Vista. Dadaism leads to fantastic new possibilities in forms of expression in all arts. It made Cubism into a dance on the stage, it spread the Futurist bruitist music all over Europe (for it had no desire to maintain this in its purely Italian context). The word DADA shows the international nature of a movement which is bound by no frontier, religion or profession. Dada is the international expression of our time, the great rebellion of artistic movements, the artistic reflexion of all those many attacks, peace congresses, scuffles in the vegetable markets, social get-togethers, etc., etc.

Dada demands the use of

NEW MATERIALS IN PAINTING

Dada is a club which has been founded in Berlin which you can join without any obligations. Here, every man is president and everyone has a vote in artistic matters. Dada is not some pretext to bolster up the pride of a few literary men (as our enemies would have the world believe). Dada is a state of mind which can be revealed in any conversation so that one is forced to say: "This man is a Dadaist, this one isn't." For these reasons, the Dada Club has members all over the world, in Honolulu as well as New Orleans and Meseritz. To be a Dadaist might sometimes mean being a businessman or a politician rather than an artist, being an artist only by accident. To be a Dadaist means being thrown around by events, being against

sedimentation; it means sitting for a short instant in an armchair, but it also means putting your life in danger (M. Weng pulled his revolver out of his trouser pocket)A fabric tears under the hand, one says yes to a life that seeks to grow by negation. Say yes, say no; the hurly- burly of existence is a good training ground for the real Dadaist. Here he is lying down, hunting, riding a bicycle, half Pantagruel, half St Francis, laughing and laughing. Down with aesthetic-ethical tendencies! Down with the anaemic abstraction of Expressionism! Down with the literary hollow-heads and their theories for improving the world!

Long live Dadaism in word and image! Long live the Dada events of this world! To be against this manifesto is to be a Dadaist!

Berlin, April

Tristan Tzara, Franz Jung, George Grosz, Marcel Janco, Richard Hülsenbeck, Gerhard Preisz,
Raoul Hausmann

Tristan Tzara

April 1919

UNPRETENTIOUS PROCLAMATION

Art is putting itself to sleep to bring about the birth of the new world **"ART"** — *a parrot word* — replaced by **DADA, PLESIOSAURUS**, or handkerchief

The talent THAT CAN BE LEARNT turns the poet into an ironmonger TODAY criticism balances doesn't throw up any resemblances

Hypertrophic painters hyperaestheticised and hypnotised by the hyacinths of the muezzins of hypocritical appearance

CONSOLIDATE THE EXACT HARVEST OF CALCULATION

HYPODROME OF IMMORTAL GUARANTEES: There is no importance there is neither transparence nor appearance

MUSICIANS SMASH YOUR BLIND INSTRUMENTS on the stage

The BAZOOKA is only for my understanding. I write because it's natural like I piss like I'm ill

Art needs an operation

Art is a **PRETENSION** heated at the **TIMIDITY** of the urinary basin, **hysteria** born in the **studio**

We are looking for a **straightforward pure sober unique** force. we are looking for **NOTHING** we affirm the **VITALITY** of every **instant** the **anti-philosophy of spontaneous acrobatics**

At this moment I hate the man who whispers before the interval — eau de cologne — sour theatre. SWEET WIND.

IF EVERYONE SAYS THE OPPOSITE IT'S BECAUSE HE'S RIGHT

Prepare the action of the geyser of our blood — the submarine formation of transchromatic aeroplanes, metals with cells and ciphered in the upsurge of images

above the rules of the

Beautiful and of its inspection

It isn't for those abortions who still worship their own navels



For a reprint of Der DADA (1919-1920) see UBUWEB



See [An Invitation to the First International DADA Fair Berlin 1920](#)

NOTE: *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, which premiered in Berlin on February 26, 1920, was still running when The First International DADA Fair opened on June 30, 1920

EXPRESSIONISM IN THE ARTS



George Grosz, Explosion (1917)

WILHELM HAUSENSTEIN, Art at This Moment

First published as "Die Kunst in diesem Augenblick," in *Der neue Merkur* (1919-1920), 119-127.

To the point. Once again, what is the point? Who belongs to it? What is expressionism? Who is an expressionist?

That no one is an expressionist can be asserted just about as easily as that everyone is, or a few are: because what constitutes expressionism has not been established. There is something like a signature of expressionism, perhaps a schema underlying it. One could define it roughly like this: form from deformation. That is put negatively. Positively, one could say: form from imagination. [. . .] Obvious, too, the significance of procedure. Obvious, all too obvious, however, a vagueness over the long run; a by now, after a decade, terrible vagueness—gradually, for some, long since profoundly unsatisfying. Where does that come from?

Let me attempt an answer. Impressionism was from the beginning based on a kind of relativity. Therefore it is impossible to demand from it the absolutism that expressionism claims for itself, wants to offer us. But at the same time a peculiar reversal has obviously transpired: Impressionism has left us a body of absolute art. Acquiescence to relativism

produced in that case an absolute. In expressionism, the claim to the absolute has yielded merely the relative.

We, precisely those of us who once expected everything from it, are not being spared the admission that, after having expended enormous effort, we are sinking back into bankruptcy. Ten or fifteen years ago, in some places even earlier, we correctly proclaimed the bankruptcy of impressionism. There is nothing for us to do today, following a period of passionate exertion, but confirm the collapse of expressionism. We have moved from the end of one thing into the end of another.

The end of Impressionism came as it began to demand too little from itself. Expressionism tested the saying: *qui trop embrasse mal etreint*. It embraced the universe. It strove to embrace God and the heavens. It wanted more than it was capable of. But this would have merely been a tragedy; and that would have been no cause for shame because we are human. The misery began since the catastrophe, in which the best shed blood and it settled for the mannerism of the all-too-late and the all-too-much. Expressionism has long since spread to the arts and crafts. The lack of feeling for finer professional obligations that resulted from it—not even just in the case of the expressionist masses and mediocrity—corrupted the expressions, the setting, and particularly the dance expected of us by a multitude of dilettantes who are expressive at all costs but not at all experimental. Expressionism now has its crystal palace. It has its salon. No cigarette billboard, no bar can make it today without expressionism. It is disgusting. Those responsible really ought to have their skulls fractured. They are playing fast and loose with catastrophe. With the catastrophe—with our catastrophe. Expressionism is the ideal realm of the catastrophe; the fanciful flight of the catastrophe; its attempt to be positive, indeed optimistic. It has, however, secretly become the catastrophe of the catastrophe. We are living today—we who consciously experienced expressionism, who loved it, who lent it our support—with the consuming feeling of having arrived vis-à-vis de rien. [. . .]

Expressionism has two poles, the metaphysical and the formal.

Expressionist art can be traced historically in purely formal terms. It is not so difficult to follow the emergence—through all manner of intensification, concentration, consolidation, and sublimation—of expressionist devices from impressionist ones—in the extreme case through dialectical contrasts. The sublimation and overcoming of impressionist devices ultimately meant an overbreeding of the formal essence. Thus did the formalistic esoteric arise in expressionism. Along with the purely historical formal development—which possessed a kind of spontaneous movement, an incomprehensible but illuminating objectivity of the process—went a transformation of the motive. To the at least subjectively (out of the psyche of expressionism) growing strain of the formal concept there came a migration away from the continent of sensory objectivities over the ocean of the nonsensory to unknown shores. The moment was given various names. There was talk of the subordination of the object. There was talk of objectless art, of the destruction of the objective, of the autonomous dynamism of the absolute device—so many designations, so many errors. The nonobjective was solely relative: measured more or less by [Gustave] Courbet's Hammock[^] or by [Wilhelm] Leibl. As to the rest, it was full of latent objectivity. Was there not even the expressionists' hatred of the beautiful painting of, for example, Munich of the 1870s? In expressionism someone like [Ghirolamo] Savonarola rose up against something like the Renaissance. That was only possible because expressionism was bound in another

direction by self-imposed objective obligations. A purely formal aversion to beautiful painting would not have sufficed for that. Thus it was in fact. In expressionism a new objectivity rose up—roughly as in past times when the figure rose up against the ornament, the landscape against the figure, the still life against historical themes. The sole difficulty lay in the circumstance that expressionist objectivity failed to identify itself. What was it? Here lay the question.

Kandinsky said: "the spiritual." Picasso painted hieroglyphics of spatial melancholies in positive, a decomposition of visibility in negative. Others took up the historical as parable and painted, or modeled the gothic. The Bible was read (or not read): there were paintings of God, Mary, Jesus, the angels, the pious, and the saints. One was suspect to oneself, and thus did a desperate subjectivity—which possessed neither a friend nor God, neither a beloved nor a dog, nor even a bit of woods or a flower pot—spin off and into the vortex of nothingness. Or one fell into the mill of tradition, was pulverized between [Hans von] Marées, [Paul] Cézanne, [Eugène] Delacroix. To others, the first and the last, there remained perhaps a bit of nature, a chain of masks, a picture book, an atelier. They amassed themselves there: the pick of the time and history, unprecedentedly talented all in all but unredeemed; critical of the masses, nothing less than eclectic, but neither encouraged by the epoch nor themselves focused on a goal, master and slave in one, happily unconfined with such an infinite prospect and desperate because of so little determination in what remained such a narrow world. If anyone remained, he painted music or psychology. Who can say today whether an art that still now appears to us as a hyperbole of painting freed from the gravity of the objective will not one day appear as the hyperbole of a psychological naturalism? A naturalism that has simply transferred the object from being externally perceptible to being internal? That has merely pulled down the shades against green and sunlight, to observe and paint colors, intestinal convolutions, nerves, and blood vessels? (For which music perhaps would be the driving experience as compared to travel, or love, or the aroma of the atelier.) [. . .]

Expressionism is dead. The individuals who distinguish themselves from each other and from the movement—even if they have come from each other and from the movement—are alive. Their arts are absolute. The category no longer expresses anything. It has fulfilled its purpose. It can go. The selection has been made. The rest will pass away. [. . .] The objectlessness of expressionism was ultimately no accident. The thing disappeared from painting as it disappeared from the world, and the subjugation of the object wanted to make a virtue of necessity. As long as things exist, art has no reason to ignore or subjugate them. But precisely this was fate, was—put most emphatically—the misery of the epoch, that it possessed neither people nor things. That painting is wrong because the gentleman depicted grew his eyes on his mouth, his ears on his nose? The objection—oh, he comes from a time when there were still faces. But take a look at how they have been growing for years now: crooked all around, horribly deformed, cross-eyed, loutish, mangled, sick, displaced. The painters only represented what was. There is no reason to reproach them. They painted their time. Instead of things the sons of the twentieth century had surrogates. The surrogates had their engineers. The increasing popularity of the artists engendered an ideology of its own. From Richard Strauss to [Lyonel] Feininger or Picasso, the technical ingenuity of the epoch has become art. The destruction of horizontal perspective by the airplane was the ideal precondition of expressionist painting in a moment when no concrete

detail yet fortified this transformation individually in particular relationships. [. . .]

The issue today is art or cinema. Expressionism, in its last bursts of speed, its last spasms and contortions, had already assumed the fragmented and flat profile of cinematography. Will the calm of nature rise up in opposition—or will art strike a compromise with cinematography, which would signify one last naturalistic grimace? At stake is no more and no less than art. If the cinema is victorious, then art is done with. If nature triumphs, then the cinema is done with and art will have gained some latitude. [. . .]

Socialism, which once promised salvation, has entered into bankruptcy with the revolution. The proletariat is losing its nobility.

Is there nothing more than individuals? Than islands? Is there no end to the misery of being an island?

So it seems. But one must hold fast to the last of what is. There are a few artists. There are a few people. All around them there are cinemas and grocery prices. No, there are the old ones. There is Bach, Händel, Haydn, Gluck, and above all Mozart; there are the painters of past times whose summits were called Grünewald and Marées. There is the Bible and Don Quixote. There still are—if one is lucky—even mountains, plains, lakes, and seas. Magnificent things—magnificent temptations. The point would be not to become eclectic on their account and, in a time when there are no more objects, to remain one's own subject. It is bleak enough that a rational justification is needed for it. Hail the moment that would need no rational justification; for that moment would have a genuine existence and therefore art.

We are waiting, individuals, allied, the lovers of the last things yet on earth—and shiver with the thought that one day there could again be what always was and bore art like fruit: nature and God. This would be first, and would be so important that art would be unimportant in comparison. But for precisely that reason art would arise again. Its deepest essence is that it is incidental, not purposeful. We would truly become used to the thought of being without art for a while, if only we were certain, once again, of having heaven and earth.

A NEW SENSE OF SPACE



Herman George Scheffauer, *The Vivification of Space*, in Scheffauer, *New Vision in the German Arts* (New York, B.W. Huebsch, 1924), 42-69.

IT is not of Einstein's theory of relativity nor of the fourth dimension that I would write. But of the sensuous conception of space, of space plastically felt in terms of art. Let us consider here space as a living factor in the picture play, space as a participant in the action, spirit, atmosphere and form of the film.

Ever since the camera learned the trick of manifolding in swift succession, the picture film has been a mechanical product, full of artificiality and even artfulness, but denied the breath and pulse of true art. It has been a mere medium of reproduction of the external lighted scene, a moving record of crass and unredeemed photography, however sumptuous some of its theatrical or scenic effects, however fantastic and ingenious some of its mechanical and optical possibilities. But art fled the lens which only the concrete reality or the constructed sham would enter. "Moving pictures"-"movies"-the populace pierced instinctively through all pretenses and named them for what they were.

A true art for the film had not yet been invented or evolved. It had not yet found its true form, expression or convention. It was still the lively daughter of dead photography. A mock-world, the phantasm of the actual, projected itself upon the screen in all the tones of black and white and seared itself upon our aching retina. It mimicked the photograph, the theatrical stage, the painted picture, the formal tableau.

But at last the revolution of this world of light and shadow has begun—and in Germany. The creative element has entered it. The smug phantoms, the gorgeous settings, the smirking dolls with bared teeth and ox-like eyes, the creased cavaliers, prettified puppies and exotic sirens are threatened in their easy monopoly of this world. The background which to them had been a mere foil for their mouthings, oglings and struttings, has become alive.

The artist has slipped into this crude phantasmagoria and scenic slavery and has begun to create. He has seized upon un conjectured, realistic, dramatic and optical possibilities. Space—hitherto considered and treated as something dead and static, a mere inert screen or frame, often of no more significance than the painted balustrade background at the village photographer's has been smitten into life, into movement and conscious expression. A fourth dimension has begun to evolve out of this photographic cosmos.

The sixth sense of man, his feeling for space or room—his *Raumgefühl*—has been awakened and given a new incentive. Space has been given a voice. It has become a presence. It moves and operates by its distances and by its masses, static yet instinct with the expression of motion; it speaks with forms and with color values. It has taken on something dynamic and demonic, demanding not only attention but tribute from the soul. It has become an obedient genius in league with the moods and dreams and emotions of the artist bent on forcing his will upon the starers-at-the-screen.

This art, as I have already implied, is not a reflection of reality but a transformation of it, it may even be a distortion of it. The film is not to be a mere reproduction of life and the outer world, but a sublimation and adumbration of it—thus opening up many new perspectives.

The frozen and rigid forms and values of the outer and apparent world to which the lens and the sensitized celluloid strip are so relentlessly faithful, are broken up, dissolved and endowed with a new role. They are no longer a dead, two-dimensional background for the walking, kissing, dancing, murdering pantomimes and automata, but expressive presences, immanent forces that act not, but react and enact.

They claim and exercise the right to share in the dumb action of the living. The frown of a tower, the scowl of a sinister alley, the pride and serenity of a white peak, the hypnotic draught of a straight road vanishing to a point—these exert their influences and express their natures; their essences flow over the scene and blend with the action. A symphony arises between the organic and the inorganic worlds and the lens peers behind inscrutable veils. The human imagination is fructified and begins to react willingly or unwillingly. A new magic ensues, a new mystery possesses us.

This new treatment of the sense of space and feeling for room was first given expression in a film entitled, "Das Kabinet des Dr. Caligari." It was described as the first expressionistic film and embodied many original and instructive ideas. The creators were Walther Reimann, Walther Röhrig and Hermann Warm. These men did not wish to produce a series of new and startling pictures. What they undertook was a scientific and aesthetic experiment in a new treatment of space. The sculptural, plastic treatment of space—that is, the three-dimensional—opposes itself to the two-dimensional world of the painted picture. Yet paint and

color are liberally made use of. It is as though the third dimension-depth-had actually been added to the picture and had begun to develop itself-unto infinity, if you will. From this it would develop into the fourth dimension which may be conceived as time. Pictures are condition-space is existence. Space overrides the mere picture as street architecture overrides a poster or a signboard.

The adaptation of these laws and theories to the film was not mystic or esoteric, but very practical. A new instrument or medium is thus given us for playing upon the souls and imaginations of earth-dwellers. The film undergoes a kind of spiritual metamorphosis. The creative artist works in mass and matter like a god, re- shaping the outer world or creating new worlds. The scenic architect comes into his own-he broods upon and dominates furniture, room, house, street, city, landscape, universe!

Exaggeration and distortion of realistic or idealistic forms, the dissolving of the petrified Existent into other-worldliness or into arbitrary forms, are part of the expressionistic creed. We need not be discouraged nor have our respect for a new and vital principle lessened by the bizarre form it has been given. In this the film is but part of this subversive period. Its creativeness is at the same time dynamically destructive-a solvent of the old. It is partly chaos but only the chaos of the old, familiar and outworn, which reappear as disorganization, —as suggestion or survival matter retains its memory-the abstraction would equal annihilation.

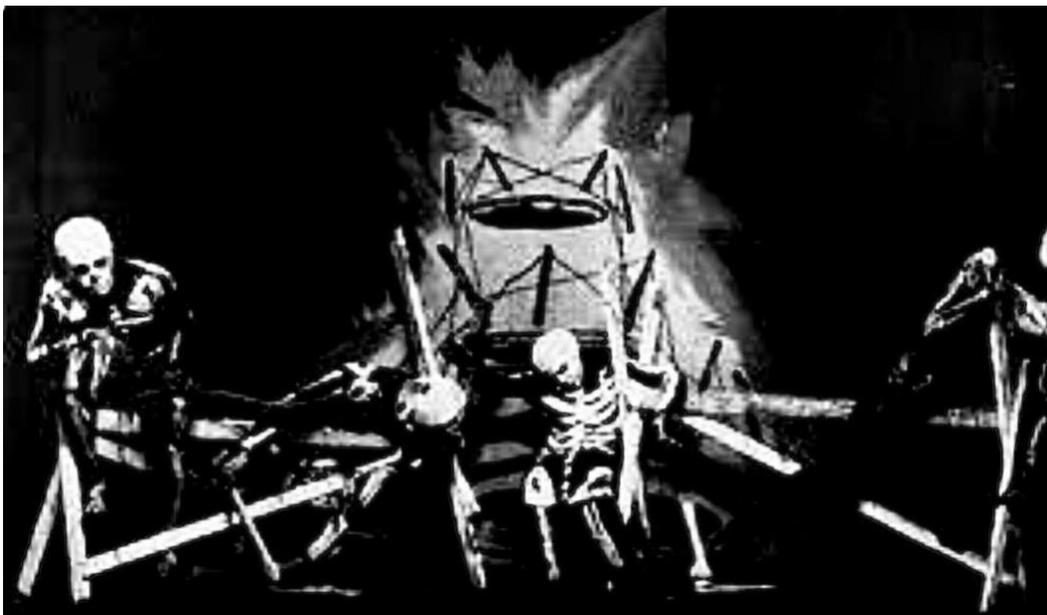
The creators of "Dr. Caligari" as a film spectacle have used an audacious freedom in their exploitation of space. The plastic is amalgamated with the painted, bulk and form with the simulacra of bulk and form, false perspective and violent foreshortening are introduced, real light and shadow combat or reinforce painted shadow and light. Einstein's invasion of the law of gravity is applied and becomes visible in the treatment of walls and supports.

Read the full text [here](#).

(See also chapter 1: The Essence of Expressionism, 1-42)

EXPRESSIONIST THEATER

Ernst Toller's stage play *Die Wandlung* (Transformation), directed by Karl-Heinz Martin at the Tribune Theater Berlin, premiered on September 30, 1919. Theater critics like Herbert Ihering (see below) considered it the first successful Expressionist theater staging. *Caligari* was shot in this style a few months later, in December 1919/January 1920.





Toller's play *Die Wandlung* is available in translation [here](#)

**Ernst Toller, Die Wandlung (Transformation)
Review by Herbert Ihering, first published in *Der Tag* (October 2, 1919)**

[...] In Ernst Toller's play, the expressionism of theater for the first time became not an experiment but a fulfillment. The sets (by Robert Neppach) were set pieces of mere suggestion. Transport train - and in front of a dark curtain there was a medium-high and medium-wide piece of wall with a barred window; desert camp - and there was a painted camp fire; wire entanglement - and a short frame; military hospital - and there was a whitewashed wall section. The local motif of the scene was struck, and the motifs were bound and dissolved by darkening and brightening lighting.

In front of these abbreviated and compressed pictorial resonances, the actors played in abbreviated and compressed ways. Words came together rhythmically and broke apart. Screams rose and fell. Movements advanced and retreated. There was no psychology and development, but agglomeration and emotion. Not drawing, but punctuation. Not gesture but force. The inner direction was fixed. The direction of fall and rise. A people's meeting was not determined by masses, but by accentuated groups. That evening, the theater took a step forward. The theater gained the right of its intention. How individuals stood under the suggestion of the whole! Bodies became ecstatic, voices explosive. One student (in the picture of the People's Assembly) had in her forehead and chin, in her eyes and in her hand such an intensity of listening and participating that her speech had to lag behind. Mr. Gottowt, in the various figures

of death, provided such a sharp, precise, accentuated sculpture of the grotesque that he left behind his romanticizing Reinhardtian beginnings. If Karl-Heinz Martin, the director of the play, is solely responsible for dividing, pausing and loading the scenes, he has done an extraordinary job. He succeeded in demonizing the factual. He created concentrated silence and harsh outbursts. Never mood, never accompaniment. Always essence. Always expression. [...]



Ernst Toller, *Masse Mensch* (Man and the Masses), stage play 1920.

TRAUMA



I could not
Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither
Living nor dead, and I knew nothing,
Looking into the heart of light, the silence.

T. S. Eliot, *The Waste Land* (1922)

