BIBLIOGRAPHY
EUGEN ROSENSTOCK-HUESSEY
BIOGRAPHY

Including a Mediation
by Rosenstock-Huessy
entitled: Biblionomics

NEW YORK • 1959
PREFACE

THIS bibliography of Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy is the gift of the youngest generation of his pupils. They are the donors; they gave their unstinting devotion and labor to this anonymous, pedantic, and indispensably useful job—a real labor of love, the finest homage of the young to their teacher and friend.

A presumably complete list of Eugen Rosenstock’s writings should serve a dual purpose. It should, in the first place, serve as a source of information to all those who, aware of the fecundity of Rosenstock’s mind and pen, want to benefit by the wealth of wisdom and knowledge scattered throughout his known and unknown writings. The number of such persons is growing, and it should further grow as that wealth becomes more easily accessible.

The sheer volume of the register will be a surprise to all those who may use it, as it has been to Rosenstock’s personal friends. There are a very few contemporary thinkers of a first rank whose bibliographies would be of equal volume, but what really matters is that in no case can a complete bibliography be as desperately needed as with Rosenstock because the discrepancies between the more or less known and the inaccessible and forgotten parts of the total are so large.

There are two reasons for this. The first is Rosenstock’s life story—his fundamental urge to explore by personal experience many different spheres of life, each of which would more than suffice to satisfy other men’s ambitions. The reverse side of this urge is the impatience and dissatisfaction resulting from such necessarily limited experience. The second reason follows from the first, the unrivalled breadth and width of his studies. Editor of a factory paper in a big industrial enterprise; founder and organizer of work camps for college students on both sides of the Atlantic; seven years on horseback as a military officer in peace and war; professor of law, professor of history, professor of philosophy and religion—these are some of the external marks of his career but can convey only a very inadequate idea of the breadth of his studies. The history of medieval law, of political institutions, church history and the history of ritual, the
fundamentals of Christian hope as distinguished from Jewish messianic hope, the new Vatican translation of the Psalms, anti-semitism and Zionism, Shakespearean imagery, the philosophy of language and community, the periodization of history, the art and significance of calendar making, the relationship of the sexes and generations in society, the origin and decay of university life, the natural hierarchy in industrial enterprise and the vitalization of industrial life, the ethics of sex and marriage—all these and many other themes receive flashes of light from this unique combination of learning and spiritual vitality; some in small gems of articles; some in extensive essays; some by way of polemic; not to speak of the major books on the European revolutions as forming the characters of nations, the religious future of the world and the sociology which summarizes so many insights and approaches. The user of this bibliography is sure to find very much more than he seeks.

But there is a second subsidiary purpose which this bibliography should serve, the personal one. Eugen Rosenstock was seventy in summer 1958, and the publication of this urgently needed bibliography is a homage to him which may serve better to honor him on this festive occasion than any *festschrift*, which he expressly requested his friends not to prepare. In the name of all of them we present this small token of our affectionate esteem.

CARL J. FRIEDRICH
EDUARD HEIMANN
Verzeichnis der Schriften Eugen Rosenstock-Huessys
zusammengestellt von
Edward F. Little, Claremont, California; B. E. Bergesen, Princeton, New Jersey; C. Russell Keep, Jr., New York; Matthias Rang, Bad Godesberg.

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BIBLIONOMICS

or

The Nine Lives of a Cat

by

EUGEN ROSENSTOCK-HUESSY
IN order to mediate between the biography and the bibliography here printed, my friends have requested from me some explanations. Although I have steadfastly resisted attempts at luring me into an autobiographical scandal, this haphazardous note may serve their plan.

Obviously, I have written too many books. Certainly, I have read too many. If the double excess is inexcusable, at least the one has called forth the other and to some extent they cancel each other out. My too lengthy bibliography may be read in the light of necessity. It came about from the necessity of remaining sane, or, to be more exact, of recovering sanity, among the libraries of books, and I mean libraries, which I devoured.

This necessity may be fittingly called my economics in the matter of books, abbreviated: my biblionomics. Any author lives in some kind of biblionomical field of force.

My parents were avid readers and imparted to their seven children a profound respect for books and authors. After I was born, my mother printed a booklet on Shakespeare’s *Tempest*. My father’s ardent desire to study history was frustrated when he became the provider of a stepmother and a stepsister at the age of eighteen, but I don’t recall ever having seen his bed table without a volume of Gibbon, Hippolyte Taine, Burckhardt, or some similar volume. Theodor Mommsen, the unique great historian of Rome, I was shown when still a boy, and the motto of my *Soziologie* recapitulates my inherited veneration for the King of Historiography.

I began to collect a library of my own very early. The fate of the three libraries which I built up and the loss of two of them would form in itself a chapter in biblionomics. But this is a separate matter. My own historical activity may have started when I played with hundreds of tin soldiers and re-enacted day by day the battles of two wars: one of 1897 between the Greeks and the Turks; and the other between Spain and the United States on Cuba in 1898. For, though I was the alleged Emperor Eugen I of Bergenau in these operations, I
yet managed to write down daily the history of these wars in the form of war chronicles. For the stage of puppets which I built somewhat later, I changed the classics whenever "I disagreed". Schiller's Wallenstein I rewrote, as Butler's treason was unbearable to me. Schiller's Wilhelm Tell was to be played in a Latin translation, which I started but then never finished.

Translating may be called my first extensive literary activity. At fourteen, I presented my older sister with a translation from the Old Egyptian of the sayings of Ptah-Hotep. All I remember of this now is that I had no modern version of this ancient text to go by, but that I did have Erman's Egyptian Grammar of 1894. To my parents as Christmas presents several translations were given—one, of the Fifth Book of The Odyssey. (It may bear out my contention that memory is the power most mauled by modern psychology, if I have been led to the right explanation of the worship of Apollon on Delos in my Universal History (Sociology II) of 1958 by recalling my own verses on Delos in this translation of, I suspect, 1903. Memory is prophetic. When it is treated as a tin can or a safe in a bank, it deserves to be eaten out by rust, moths, or complexes. I have remembered what I expected would come to life some later day.) With translating as my first passion, I did some writing on Martin Luther's translation of the Bible and wrote rather extensively on the many translations of St. Gall made by Notker, and on their creating a whole new language. It was a small step from there to a dictionary of old High German. (The thousands of slips cut for it troubled the unfortunate ones who had to clean my room for several years.)

Such endeavors, though most ebullient then, have never ended—a translation of Paul's letter to the Romans, handwritten and parchment-bound, was made for home consumption in the 'twenties—and in the 'fifties of this century, a leather-bound volume contained all the evidence of Shakespeare's abiding fascination with the Derby family's vicissitudes of fortune.

To this day, I like index making. I did one for the thousands of pages of Treitschke's Deutsche Geschicke and was disappointed to learn that the publisher thought such a work could go without index. The index to Out of Revolution, a real work of love, as I then still expected to find an American public, was scolded by a bilious critic
as 'far too elaborate'. My own publisher, without my foreknowledge, hired a special index maker for the *Vollzahl,* but I beat him at this game and even furnished the biographical data for all the 550 people mentioned in the volume. This index was done in a fortnight and is, as I have always considered such ABC's should be, an independent contribution to the whole work.

During my last years in school, this wading in facts and words—all linguistics intoxicated me—gradually was supplemented by my first attempts at genuine investigation. I composed a life of the Roman rogue, Publius Clodius Pulcher as a work of "Valediction" to my Gymnasium, a tribute given in some of the old Latin schools to one's alma mater by one or two members of each class. This, my first lengthy book, did not contain one sentence for which the ancient source was not found and cited, and I made a number of pertinent discoveries that still lie undiscovered within the pages of the monograph. It was buried in the stacks of the Joachimsthaler Gymnasium library after a few pious phrases of recognition by the director. Since this man was one of the outstanding scholars on Cicero, and since Clodius was the greatest enemy of Cicero, my disappointment over the five minutes interview was lasting. But "*travailler pour le roi de Prusse*" is the feature through which I have kept my Prussian identity longest.

As the required test for entering the Classical Seminar at the University of Berlin, I wrote in Latin a similarly learned monograph on the "invocatio" of the muses as a Greek poetic tradition. Though the paper sufficed, being a freshman I could not qualify. Later, when I dedicated a book (called *Habilitationsschrift*) written for the lectureship at Leipzig to the "Prince of Philologists", Johannes Vahlen, the senior of the Classics Department at Berlin, the book reached this master's home on the day of his funeral. It was a fitting symbol of my running after the gods of Olympus too late, or at least when they were no longer my destination. This was as late as 1912.

In the meantime, I had written quite a number of investigations while in Heidelberg with Karl Hampe: one on a forgery of the name of Dante by a later Humanist, Erasmus Stella; one on the where-

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abouts of St. Francis of Assisi’s last will and testament—I thought we might recover it somewhere in Southern France!—; and on various other legal antiquities.

All of this kind of work suffered from the disparity of too much learnedness for too little content. My doctor’s dissertation was the climax of this array of incredible scholarship, and in 1956, a legal historian of a much younger generation happened to use this dissertation, finished in 1909, as a good example of nineteenth century erudition.

Both the childishness and the charm of this kind of work must be recognized. Sometimes, it bears real fruit. In 1959, my little study on “Furor Teutonicus or Furor Classicus?” is a good combination of erudition and important results in a nutshell. Hence, I am not penitent of this phase, although I superseded it. In protest against my own choice of a wrong hero, the scoundrel Clodius, I took the decisive step of challenging my own historistic attitude. In 1906, while composing one of my index-like feats, a table of the synchronisms of the Renaissance period in all ways of life, I delivered my first speech, on “Wiedergeburt”, and in it I rejected strongly the then paramount worship of the Italian Renaissance. Working over the unprinted papers of the great historian B. G. Niebuhr, delving in the archives of Magdeburg or Nürnberg, and climaxing, as it did, in my first totally inspired book, Königshaus und Stämme in Deutschland zwischen 911 und 1250, I broke away from antiquarianism. This was done for the field of history before 1914. For the field of law, I did the same in my much later book Vom Industrierecht (1926). In the Industrierecht, I was able to advance the doctrine of Otto Gierke, who had been my teacher as well as the editor of my first book (and whom without qualification Maitland called the greatest jurist), and transform it from a romantic transfiguration of the medieval commonwealth into terms of future global industrialism. These doctrines still are ahead of the official jurisprudence, as the Deutsche Jura-

World War I ended this departmentalized scholarship. Even so, a book like Frankreich-Deutschland (1957) is still hewing the line. But on the whole, the impact of the war and all the events that have followed down to now have made me realize that my natural self, my
native talents, and my inborn passion were deceiving me and that I had kept myself in professional ruts beyond the time during which this was permissible. The signs since 1905 had pointed to a world catastrophe of the first order. As my speech against the Renaissance worship, and especially my memorandum of 1912 on a Work Service, demonstrated, I was not altogether irresponsible to the global challenge, but first I had to serve as an apprentice and fellow under the recognized masters of my craft. This desire for recognition had silenced in me the voice of inner protest in the wider realm of politics. I had challenged the "guild" to the extent that the Leipzig Faculty of Law declined to accept the last chapter of the book placed before them, and I had braved them, printing the chapter—based on my recognition of speech as creating us—just the same. But the war taught me that professional squabbles were not enough—that the whole world of the educated was embodying a spiritual lag. When, later, I came to America, I here found the term "Cultural Lag" in frequent use—unfortunately in the opposite sense. In the United States today, as in Europe in 1914, the alleged custodians of culture are lagging behind the allegedly uneducated masses. Greenwich Village seemed to me to belong to the Stone Age as much as the German Universities during World War One.

This recognition of the breakdown of the old standards was communicable to a few friends only. From 1915 to 1923 this group of friends felt as though living on Patmos. And Patmos we called the publishing house founded in 1919 for the purpose of giving us a first opening into the official world of books. In the main, we remained 'extra-mundane', so to speak. But all the seed of my later work, and if I may say so, of my peculiar contribution, stems from this period of total renewal and overhauling. If any period may be called one of emigration, this was it. When I immigrated into the United States with my wife in 1933, it was nothing like our inner immigration upon Patmos achieved after 1915. After that year, we lived totally unconcerned with the prevalent departments or divisions of existing social order and thought. The niceties of the antitheses faith and science, capital and labor, object and subject, Protestant and Catholic, lost their validity. We entered a much more open situation. I suppose that any crisis brings this experience. We, how-
ever, were dedicated now to never going back behind it and to de-voting the rest of our lives, instead, to a return to normalcy, to the new norm of this extraordinary experience.

The inevitable consequence of such a total break with the pre-war civilization has been that the world saw most of our actions in distortion. When, in 1959, I am asked to teach history in an American college, I am fully aware that I am expected to behave as the "normal" professor of history which, to a certain extent, I was in 1914. The intervening decades simply do not exist as part of the fundamental presuppositions of the academic world in the United States. In 1923, this discrepancy constituted a torment. My wife and myself accepted, in that year, the call to the University of Breslau as if it were a descent into the grave. We went only because no legal basis of existence was open except this academic position. The blemish, or at least the ambiguity, of such an acceptance was bitterly felt, and under this pressure, I devoted all my spare time and more to the founding of the work camps, and to the inventing of a long list of new forms of adult education. The childish and unreal character of the academic world was to be expiated by these attempts at creating a counterpoint.

My literary production of the years 1923 to 1933 therefore may be called three-stranded. Some items as the *Industrierecht* were stragglers from the pre-war campaigns. Some were attempts at remaining on Patmos, such as *Die Angewandte Seelenkunde*, which divulged for the first time, 1924, the key of my approach to the word and to speech which I had formulated for Franz Rosenzweig in a manuscript of 1916. Of these Patmos books, the most ambitious, and certainly the most unplanned, was the three volume work *Das Alter der Kirche*, written with the priest, Joseph Wittig. He was taken to task for his wonderful literary work as the Comforter of the Catholic laity, and his battles became my battles. When the last Pope, Pius XII Paccelli, read Wittig's article which had aroused the papal bureaucracy, he simply said that he had never read anything more beautiful and by telegram restored my excommunicated friend to his rightful place in the Church. But this was 20 years later. In Breslau, the comradeship with Wittig gave me the sense of still having some foothold on Patmos. As the inspiration of 1914 had allowed me to penetrate into the eternal origin of States, our *Alter der Kirche*
paid tribute to the role of the Church through the ages. I did not know then how wisely I was led through this avatar of Church historian. Now, in retrospect, I must praise my good fortune for having had this breathing-spell, which gave me the opportunity to go deeply into the roadmap of Church history. For, this phase was soon overtaken by a period during which the social problems of revolutions demanded my complete attention (1931–1938). Thus, mysteriously enough, and certainly without any plan, I could depart from Europe with three independent and comprehensive works behind me: one on the States; one on the Church; and one on the Society of our era.

I did not know it then, but I now can see that these three works, big as they seemed to me at that time, were imposed on me so that I might be equipped for the real task demanded from me: the Universal History and the Sociology of 1950 and 1958. Here, Church, States and Society become the torch bearers in the marathon of our era.

All this I have said in anticipation of later events or, to be more exact, in retrospect. In Breslau, I did not look beyond the task of keeping the wake at the corpse of the German Reich and to obstruct the coming of Hitler, whom I had foreseen in my writings of 1918 and onward as probably inevitable. The questions of adult education, industrial organization, and university reform were the external topics whose treatment served as the form of this war. By 1931, it became clear that the war would be lost, and it was then only that I permitted myself to desist and to "inscape" (gestalten) my vision of the Revolutions of Europe. This vision had come to me at the front in France, 1916. As I still carried the full load of a Chair in Law School and a never-ending work day in all kinds of adult education practices, in London, in Württemberg, and in Silesia, the actual writing of this book is still a kind of mystery to me; for I dare say, that it did not bear the marks of the strain under which it was written. My body only gave way after it was finished. But, it proved my passport to the second half of my life, the American half. With this book, I had something to show at Harvard which was of more than German or even merely European interest. This was a lifesaver. For, the theme of Christianity—such as my volumes on the Church—seemed to the Bostonians of 1933 as dead as a dodo. But
Communism was rampant; and since it took them two years to find out that my work on revolutions was not at all a surrender to Marx or Lenin, I lived happily among them—as though I was their contemporary.

It was a rude awakening when I grasped the full agnosticism of the place and received the blows and the contemptuous treatment deserved by a hopeless reactionary. This only has to do with my biblionomics in so far as their treatment aroused my obstinacy. For, I stood pat and devoted five years, the first five years of my American existence, to recreating the book on revolutions in American terms. When this "Autobiography of Western Man" appeared in 1938, Harvard had written me off long ago; we lived among the dairy farmers of Vermont and the football athletes of Dartmouth, and the rich harvest of new research contained in this work never has been either reviewed or digested by anyone, to this day.

From 1941 to 1950, everything became strictly private. Even my books were mostly published as private printings. The one more externalized publication, The Christian Future, was buried by the publisher under the incense of his "religious books" department. Since this book was written against the departmentalization of the future, the respectable firm of Charles Scribner remaindered all unsold copies in righteous disappointment over their own mistake. What a success it might be today!

I did write, in this period of 1941 to 1950, an English version, in fact the first written version, of the Vollzahl Der Zeiten, known to my students as Philosophy 58. But, by the end of this period it was obvious that no American publisher would print it, and I concluded the decade with three articles on "Liturgical Thinking" for the Benedictine magazine Orate Fratres. The monks of this monastery in Minnesota asked me, the heretic, for a contribution. It was a fitting farewell to my dreams of success in the States. These essays revealed my central conviction that man is the liturgical animal and offered a more mature version of Angewandte Seelekunde (1924). Now the Angewandte Seelekunde was forgotten by the total break of continuity which occurred when the inflation ended in Germany; and the "Liturgical Thinking" article was printed in such an out-of-the-way little something of a magazine, and for such an anti-intel-
The intellectual group of readers, that it, too, left no trace. It is not even mentioned in the bibliography.

Beginning in 1950, I started to battle for the final publication of my main work in German, the *Soziologie*. In the process, no less than eight other books were published. The first volume of *Soziologie* was set up in type in 1950. (Of this first edition, three sets should still exist, and with the autobiographical chapter which the version of 1958 does not contain, you have here a collector's delight.)

The publisher broke the contract by notifying me the day before Pentecost of 1950 that he was willing to publish the first volume but that he felt not bound by his signature to go through with the second volume. Now this second volume was to be the real thing—the first volume only being the prelude for the blunted ears of the academic readers. Hence, in a leaden night in the Swiss city of Schaffhausen, I had to decide over the next decade. I forbade the publisher to go through with the first volume though its appearance already was announced. I found myself, therefore, quite unexpectedly, involved for many years with the fight to find a way of salvaging the whole work.

Ever since my conversion to the full life of the spirit in World War One, I have been very suspicious of my right to give too much weight to books. For instance, without Wittig's sufferings, the *Alter der Kirche* never would have occurred to me. Without the *sauve qui peut* of Hitler's rise in 1931, I would not have felt free to write my favorite book, *Die Revolutionen*. After all, I did delay it by fifteen years and certainly, by that length of time, jettisoned much of its success. When, at the Pentecost of 1950, I made the fatal decision, I did not know that nine years would be consumed before I could put down the helmet again. A new contract with another publisher was signed in the early part of 1951, but I did not comprehend how little a signed contract meant, even in this second case. That a government can, by passport trouble, destroy the lives of two lovers, that the delay of the law can ruin the peace of whole families, I knew; I now learned that my own time also depended on the whims of a firm inside of which all kinds of feuds operated. Amidst their conflicts, I was a mere pawn.

Well, this unforeseen campaign has finally reached its goal. The
Soziologie does exist in print, although in German only. Whether it will reach the two younger generations, with its demand for dating our social sciences on the epochal events of the last forty years, is not for the author to conjecture.

This much may be evident by now: that the date of publication of any book or article does not by itself tell much about the place it holds in the literary biography of the author.

Also, it may interest the reader to know what I consider to be the bricks of my 'house of history'. Ever since my lives of Notker and Clodius, and my first printed essay on the Medieval calendars, research in the calendars of all religions and countries, and in the lives of workers, scientists, saints, revolutionaries, businessmen, etc., has been perpetual. Therefore, if I may say so, 'life-times' and 'holidays' are my bricks of time, although the bibliography does not list more than half a dozen titles in either field.

Perhaps it is advisable to remind the reader that a whole class of writings did not belong in the bibliography, yet form an essential part of my papers. This class is the memos composed in the various initiatives for founding schools, services, camps, etc., ever since I sent the first, on a work service, to the Prussian War Ministry in 1912 (subsequently printed in American Youth: An Enforced Reconnaissance, 1940; cf. Bibliography). One of them, the petition of the Tunbridge Rally, to President Roosevelt, was beautifully printed. Others never went beyond the state of mimeographing, like the plan for a Township College written for Dartmouth, or the founding of the Akademie der Arbeit in der Universität Frankfurt in 1921. In 1919, Leo Weismantel and myself printed a sheet "Das Gespräch vor Zeugen", in which we propagated what nowadays is common practice as "panel discussion". For Henry Copley Greene's 70th birthday some printing occurred, and similar items must be quite numerous, though I feel unable to list them all.

Sound calls forth sound, song calls forth song; and innumerable books given to friends bear witness, by their often lengthy, poetical inscriptions to this infectious character of confabulation. I mention this so the reader may see, from this underpadding, that the printed word was not radically different to me from the words spoken or written between friends. Fittingly, letters have played an immense role in my life. The letters printed in Franz Rosenzweig's volume of
letters are a good example of their role in my own existence. Many books got started as letters.

Although the periods of my literary production all overlap, and although the addition of a new phase did not extirpate the fruits of former stages of style, the periods may well be distinguished. I could mark them off by using years like 1907, 1915, 1923, 1932, 1941, 1950; or I might use terms like memory and knowledge, criticism and investigation, translating, etc. But all of those brief slogans probably would not explain anything better than the attempt which I have made on these few pages.

For my own private understanding, I can count seven separate periods. Of course, these seven periods are preceded as in anybody else's life by the two periods of infancy and childhood. For, that we all start in blissful illiteracy and, after that, all have to pass through the phase of the three R's, is of the greatest importance. Since, will, intention and purpose are grossly overrated, the perpetual presences of the good earth of illiteracy and fresh receptivity seem to enjoy too little reverence in our modern theories of knowledge, psychology, religion and politics. It takes courage to plunge into these first stages, without which not one of the later periods could burst forth. The lack of this courage to return into the womb may be the main cause for the deplorable situation in which modern man finds himself—that he does not write poetry after he is twelve or twenty, and that he may even boast of the tragic fact that he gets stuck on a purely accidental level of articulation at an early age. He thus becomes predictable and statistically satisfactory. Since he treats his memory as a waste paper basket, his mind as a thing, his youth as past, he never can say anything that surprises himself.

Man is reverberating the Word. How can he do this if he runs away from the first periods of life, in which he should acquire forever the resounding qualities of obedience, of listening, of singing and of playing? These first periods have made me. From them, the power has sprung of giving the slip to any one outdated later period of style or articulation, and to grow up to one more comprehensive. I feel deep sorrow for all those who are not allowed to experience the atmospheric pressure which surrounds us when we are allowed to obey, to serve, to sing and to play. The best pages of my Sociology may be those in which I have vindicated these
four chapters of the life of the spirit as creating our true time, our full membership in history. Let me be practical, and instead of quoting theories, tell of my own experience with the equipment which parents, school and army have given me. I shall limit myself to two cases:

On February 1, 1933, I decided to go to America. I had also decided that I would not teach one more class under Hitler. However, the technicalities of our departure took time, and I went to Berlin for the summer of 1933, right into the den of the lion. In the stadium, the place where, in 1936, the Olympic Games took place, I spent three months. For what purpose? The Germans gave four classes of sport emblem: one for the young below twenty, one for those between 20 and 30, one for those between 30 and 40, and one, the golden one, for those older than forty. Since I was 45, I tried for the golden sport emblem. And, lo and behold! two days before my departure, the Nazi newspapers did carry my truly Jewish name as one of the recipients of the golden sport emblem.

In the month of April, 1922, I had to go to the Prussian Ministry of Education in Berlin. As founder of the Akademie der Arbeit in Frankfurt, I had tried to use my new sociological insight into spaces and times, and I attempted to weld a new staff together for this totally new order. But, the political allegiances of the teachers proved too strong, one being a Communist, another a Marxian Socialist, and so on, and although it meant that my naive faith in the invincible powers of the Patmos spirit was defeated, I preferred to resign rather than to preside over a dead and disunited institution. No external reason compelled me to do this. And I had waited patiently, in the interest of the students, lest my abdication should do them harm. Now, however, although we had lost our fortune in the inflation and a little baby had arrived, I had to get out. There were absolutely no prospects ahead of us, and in fact, we did live soon on the most fantastic insecurities imaginable. But in the huge building of the Ministry Unter den Linden in Berlin I must have felt pretty secure. For, while I was waiting in the hallway for my interview with his Excellency Heinrich Becker, suddenly his truly Prussian Secretary walked up to me in disgust and said: “His Excellency does not want anybody to sing with a loud voice in this hallway.”
Of course, I had no idea that I had been doing this. But it saved my soul.

Illiteracy and literacy are not opposites. We shall perish if this is not heeded. In the Christmas message of Queen Elizabeth, on December 25, 1958, I had to listen to the horrid sentence: “. . . let us enjoy our accumulated civilization.” That is the end of the living word, indeed. For, what I resented all my life, even for our memory that it be treated as a sum and a mere rubbish heap, this now is proclaimed from on high as constituting the universe of the word. Let us defend the Harmony of the Spheres against any accumulation of civilizations.

In Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, Mercutio teases Tybalt: “Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight.” The otherwise famous German translation of the play simply omits the whole allusion to the nine lives of the cat, since it is an unknown concept in German. I, myself, therefore, before I came to the States, had not heard of the nine lives of the cat. Now it seems to me, that though ignorant of their very existence, I had begun to live them quite a while ago.
BIOGRAPHY

of

Rosenstock-Huessy

by

KURT BALLERSTEDT
BIOGRAPHY

It is Saint-Simon, usually known as the first “utopian” socialist, whom Rosenstock-Huessy has called the “first enactor of sociology”; not so much because he enunciated fixed doctrines resulting in schools of thought, but more because he staked his own life, even actually risking it as an experiment, in order to foresee the laws of existence of the new society which was coming into view after the collapse of the ancien régime.

Saint-Simon was born in 1760, the offspring of one of the wealthiest and noblest families of France. He fought in the American War of Independence, and lived through the French Revolution. With the beginnings of industrial society, he elevated work to a new rank in his teachings, as in *Nouveau Christianisme*, but taught also ‘le code de la pudeur’ for marriage and the family. He died in 1825 in uttermost poverty, the head of a small sect, completing a life outwardly characterized by failures, but in truth, exemplary. “Saint-Simon recasts the immense inheritance of every kind of prestige into one immense risk, ‘revealing to the human spirit a new path, the psycho-political path.’” For an understanding of the work of Rosenstock-Huessy, for an intimate knowledge of the polarity of his life and his creative efforts, nothing is so revealing as his homage to Saint-Simon; it belongs to the most beautiful chapters of the first volume of *Soziologie*, a book rich in beauty.

Rosenstock-Huessy, too, has risked his life on his teachings. He, too, has given up all claim to preserve or to augment acquired prestige in order to open a door to the future. He, too, has left accepted tradition behind, not to destroy it, but in order to track down in all freedom those basic forces out of which the free, post-revolutionary society must be constituted. Rosenstock-Huessy has assumed this risk fully by his renunciation of the safe, academic activity of scholars.

A recent collection of his writings, composed during the past seven years, appears under the title *The Secret of the University*. The particular meaning of the title is only understandable in view of the position previously taken by the author with respect to the univer-
sity. Just as Saint-Simon is rooted in the *ancien régime*, so is Rosenstock-Huessy truly a born university teacher; the breadth and depth of his scholarly education legitimize him, like few others alive, as the heir of academic traditions. If it could be said of Max Weber that he was in a position to accept a professorial chair for history or philosophy as well as for law or sociology, so might Rosenstock-Huessy claim to be considered equally well a theologian or a historian as well as a philosopher, lawyer or sociologist. The essential part of his life’s achievement, however, is just that he has never clothed himself in the garb of the above named compartments of knowledge because he is not concerned with specialized scientific investigations as such. His teaching on society is already, for this reason, not a sociology in the current sense. He does not wish to analyze and describe as an objective observer, for he knows himself to be inside the “Cross of Reality”.

His book *Out of Revolution* abandons the traditional approach to history in the sense of histories of separate states or peoples. It gives an interpretation of the destinies of the peoples of Europe, in which the Renovatio of the Church through Gregory VII and Innocence III, the Reformation, the “Glorious Revolution”, and the French Revolution are related to one another as a common destiny of the West and in which the October Revolution, the ‘revolution in permanence’, appears in fact as one produced by the West but as an historical occurrence no longer belonging to Europe. *Das Alter der Kirche* is neither a theological work nor one on church history but witnesses to the Church’s sacrifice of herself in the fulfillment of her temporal task of salvation. His *Industrierecht* is neither a history of dogma, nor a sociology of law presented as such; however, the jurisprudence of the present day is referred to its responsibility in the face of the new circumstances of industrial economy and industrial law. And finally, Rosenstock-Huessy’s doctrine of language, as Georg Müller points out, is the exact opposite of a philosophical effort.

The man who speaks of the “secret of the university” has, in the entire breadth of his creative efforts, left behind the protected shell of *academic* scholarship. He is not “against” the university any more than he is “against” the Church or the political order or any other of the powers of society. Through such opposition he would still remain dependent on this same opponent. He stands transversely,
if the image is permitted, to traditional institutions. Only for this reason can he really speak of the secret of the university. Her secret is not revealed to the man who is hemmed in by her, to the man whose sense of values and articles of faith are defined by the ancien régime of the academic world—for such a man the university must remain the opposite of a secret. Only he who sees through the self-righteousness of the modern university (her “Greek mind”, as Rosenstock-Huessy says), while believing still in the possibility that she will open herself to the future, only he can invoke a call for her repentance, a call which resounds in the exorcising of her secret.

It should be made clear that Rosenstock-Huessy is not concerned with a reform of the university. He wants to encourage the university to the “risk of speaking” in order to free her from isolation, timelessness and the conception of intellectual sovereignty, which in truth are the signs of her impotency.

How necessary it is for the university to become thus empowered is made evident by the intellectual climate to which the schools of higher learning abandon their students. We are not thinking here of the much discussed emphasis on specialization. What strikes us as being far more serious is the pessimism which opposes these very same academic people who have undertaken, with great demands on themselves, a course of studies in all earnestness. How many of them are crippled by the thought that our time is characterized by an undermining of the spiritual order handed down to us, by a decay of living faith, a shriveling up of feelings for history and culture, in short by the signs of an overall decline. No ‘studium universale’ or political science helps fatigue of this kind. Here a life-teaching is needed where the atrocious experience of two frightful wars and of the threat to mankind from speechlessness, overtaxing the intellectual grasp of any single individual soul, are spiritually overcome so that again the one living spirit may be passed on to the coming generation.

Will the secret of the university reveal itself in its capacity to render such a service? He who poses this question seriously, he who makes demands of this kind must have based his life outside the academic sphere. As is known, Aga Khan is weighed by the faithful on jubilee days with precious metals. In today’s society, in which there are no longer any prescribed authorities, the work of a man
can have only as much weight on the balance of credibility as the amount of risk he has taken in his life. May the reader himself measure the weight which the work of Rosenstock-Huessy behooves by means of the following biographical data.

II

Rosenstock-Huessy completed his seventieth year on July 6, 1958, but a short time ago. The seven decades which span the course of his life up until this time reach back to the prime of the Empire under Bismarck, the beginning of the inward decay of the Danube monarchy, the after-effects of socialistic laws and the struggle with Rome known as the Kulturkampf. It includes the first World War and the broad influence of the “social movement”, both the years of inflation and of economic restoration, as well as the false expectations of the Brüning period. It bears the scars of the dreadful years 1933–1945 and the repetition of the first by the immeasurably more barbarous second World War whence it runs its course into the midst of the various unresolved tensions of the present day. Rosenstock-Huessy has experienced the events and transformations of this time either struggling against or suffering from them.

This son of a Berlin banker had, during his school-boy and student days, still enjoyed the bright, outwardly intact “bourgeois” world of before 1914. In 1912 when just twenty four years old, he became a professor (literally, Privatdozent) on the law faculty of the University of Leipzig through his book Königshaus und Stämme, a research work on constitutional history. During the year that war broke out he married Margret Huessy of Switzerland whose maiden name appeared henceforth in his name as an aver­ment of the union. He took part in the first World War as an officer at the front. This trial as a soldier belongs to his life in more than one regard. During those years he achieved what he calls the digest­ing of experiences. The war years are a seal of his contemporaneity. When he writes, let us say, of the significance of the army for the constitution of France, or of the Hochzeit des Kriegs und der Rev­olution, or of Arbeitsdienst-Heeresdienst, it is the experience of the destructive forces of war, as well as its power to reveal the future, that has gone into these books. In numerous other publications, on the other hand, one is left with the impression of the suffering
caused by the nationalistic delirium of the peoples of Europe, become manifest in the world wars. In 1916, the officer at the front made a request, in an as yet unpublished memorandum, for a rest house for the instruction of soldiers during their inactive free time behind the battle lines; the plan was carried through successfully. Here already are the first conceptions of that which, in the following post-war years, under his guiding participation, was to be achieved as "adult education": a type of teaching which takes its substance from the experiences of those who are taught. Thus, even during the war, he carried over his military experiences to a work of peace.

In 1919 Rosenstock-Huessy found himself placed before alternatives which probably, apart from himself, no other participant in the war had to face. Secretary of the Interior Breitscheid wanted to obtain him as secretary of state in order to work out the constitution; Karl Muth offered him the co-editorship of the leading Roman Catholic review Hochland; the Leipzig Faculty urged him to return to the career of a university professor. How enticing the choice of the promising and unendangered academic career must have been, after four and a half years of serving at the front, a choice which would spare him political affiliation with the Social Democratic Party or a confessional commitment.

Instead of following any of these temptations he decided to enter an area of life which at that time, much more than today, was indeterminate: the world of the industrial worker. He went to Stuttgart as director of the factory newspaper at Daimler-Benz. To make it at all possible for work in industry to be a truly human way of living, according to Rosenstock-Huessy's conviction, a service of love is necessary.

Work makes man come of age but in the factory it does not allow him to become fully mature because his powers for responsibility lie fallow. Only in direct intercourse with workers can the deeper insights be gained which are the basis for the future laws of work. The Daimler factory newspaper, which, unfortunately, is practically unobtainable, contains a series of contributions from the pen of Rosenstock-Huessy which in a wonderfully compact style witness to his capacity to articulate the problems of modern work and to redeem them from their muteness and inhumanity. Also, the Werkstattaussiedlung, his most important social-political book, is a fruit of these years. The noticeable bond with humankind, for
whom the author thinks and speaks, earns the book its high rank, as does the basic premise, which has not been sufficiently turned to good account: that in the industrial working-order room must be made for the development of man’s readiness to accept responsibility.

The years of service at the fronts of war and factory were followed (from 1923 on) by ten years of activity at the University of Breslau as a professor of the history of German Law, as well as of civil, commercial and industrial law. The transition to the university was forced by need resulting from inflation. But it also has its inward meaning in that Rosenstock-Huessy, all the more because he regarded the university with such reserve, rendered her the tribute of his cooperation. These were uncommonly fruitful years. Into this time fall those great publications in which he formulated in its first written form his teaching on society; completed his analysis of the science of law; composed his works on the church’s mission of salvation, achievement, and self-sacrifice; and produced his work on European history. More than this, he developed in these years an effectiveness, incomparable in its way, outside the university. His direct decisive participation in the Löwenberger work camps for workers, peasants and students (1928–30) belongs to the achievements which Rosenstock-Huessy himself counts as among the most important of his years in Silesia. Once again it was the risk that challenged him. Once again it was himself that he gave. Between himself and the young men, who came together in the work camps from all parts of Silesia, he put no scholarly concerns of any kind. He took them seriously, as members of their various social levels, as partisans of particular ideologies, as belonging to various age groups; and therefore, thanks to him essentially, exists the amazing fact that the camps not only did not break down under the impact of their various internal tensions but became prototypes of the great possibilities inherent in groups of people representing society in miniature. External political developments destroyed these first beginnings.

Along with the exile from Germany in the year 1933 more was lost for Rosenstock-Huessy than his homeland and teaching function. The hardest loss for a man such as he, is not in having nothing, but in being unable to give anything more. He saw the field of his endeavours snatched from him and was obliged to begin all over
again in the U. S. A. Following a temporary teaching post at Harvard University he transferred to Dartmouth College and obtained in the neighboring state of Vermont a small farm named Four Wells. He became a citizen of the United States and, despite the unaccustomed mode of living for a born city dweller, took root in the New World. In 1940, President Roosevelt drew on him to train leaders for the Civilian Conservation Corps—a task which in many respects, although in other circumstances, resembled the Löwenberger camp. In Camp William James an attempt was also made to work in communal pursuance for practical goals of public utility—to apply the laws under which a free society must live, outside the closed walls of traditional institutions. However, while the Silesian work camps had to break down petrified ideological fronts between members of a long settled people, the task fell upon the American camp to create first of all among its members, who for the most part were without roots, the elements of an existence together in community.

The works of the years after 1933 also mirror the connection between the life and creative efforts of Rosenstock-Huessy. Coming in touch with a social system in the United States which was so essentially different, broadened his own philosophy of society and renewed his concern “to smooth the way to a new Sunday of Society”. He did not think back towards the past but on into the Christian Future. The strongest proof of his power for new beginnings is probably his ‘logos’ thinking, which now took the central place. Certainly his earlier works give witness in full measure to awe and submissiveness before language and names. Yet, anyone who compares, let us say, the earlier styles of Soziologie, Volume I, and the Europäischen Revolutionen with the newly reworked editions of the same books, whoever reads Heilkraft und Wahrheit and Der Atem des Geistes, scents that for the author language has acquired a deeper meaning. Should this surprise us? In a country where is spoken a language foreign to that of his native land, he did not turn himself to anything like a romantic glorification of the “Mother-tongue”, but in this situation it became a vital necessity for him to conceive of the one language of mankind among the divided tongues of peoples, and to acknowledge the processes of speaking and hearing as the basic processes of our social relationships.

Only in 1950 did Rosenstock-Huessy once again set foot on
German soil—the country in which his mother, in the meantime, had become a sacrifice to racial madness. It was not a homecoming. How could it have been, seeing that he and his wife could not really give up the new home, Four Wells, and begin once again from the beginning? Thus we have seen him among us since then having only a passing effectiveness, as a guest professor at different universities, at conferences of evangelical academies and on many other occasions. The wealth of ideas which gush forth from him in lectures and discussions is unexampled. The Evangelical Theological Faculty of Münster, at which Rosenstock-Huessy lectured for two successive summer semesters, invested him on the occasion of his seventieth birthday with the degree of honorary Doctor of Theology, a splendid gesture that certainly indicates a friendly tie. But in the long run, to see his effectiveness continually allowed to lapse wears down the powers of even a Rosenstock-Huessy. If we do not wish to lose him entirely, something new must happen. No longer may we claim him completely for ourselves. But we should create an assured function, a stable teaching position which would allow him to exist both in the new and the old worlds.

III

"No man is an island—alone in itself" (John Donne). The life of a man cannot be described without speaking of the friends who have helped him to become what he is and without saying from what sources his powers of mind and soul flow. In the case of Rosenstock-Huessy this sort of intimate picture of his life is especially necessary; for assuming that he stood all alone, his voice being that of a solitary preacher, doubt as to the credibility of his work would be in order. How can a human being teach credibly of history, society, or language in monologues? Only a human being who has lived and experienced the 'thou' and the 'we' in their entire fullness can reveal the secret of the university. Rosenstock-Huessy is rich in friends—in so far as this worn out word can at all designate the variety of the encounters in which his being, with its capacity to love, lives itself out.

In the first place is his relationship with the slightly older Franz Rosenzweig to be remembered. What they had become to one another the outsider can at least surmise from the exchange of letters
published in 1935. Franz Rosenzweig could never have written his main work, Der Stern der Erlösung, without the ten year long friendship with the Christian Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy. And the latter once again attests to the extent he is grateful for the dialogical thinking of his friend in the new edition of his Europäischen Revolutionen with the following quote from one of Rosenzweig’s letters: “There are in the life of each living thing moments, or perhaps only one moment, when it speaks the truth. We need perhaps therefore to say nothing at all about what is alive, but only to pay attention to the moment when this living thing expresses itself. The dialogue stemming from these monologues I consider to be the full truth.” These sentences provide the key for the essential pages of Rosenstock-Huessy’s philosophy of history and language.

An encounter of comparable depth, but receiving much more publicity, fell to his lot in the person of the priest and poet Joseph Wittig. The latter’s book, Das Leben Jesu in Palastina, Schlesien und anderswo, which once again, although in shortened form, is fortunately available, gave rise, along with other writings, to that conflict with the Roman curia which staggered the intellectual life of Germany during the middle twenties. Wittig’s books were placed on the index and he himself excommunicated soon afterwards. The struggle to annihilate Wittig, which had thereby begun, threw also his friend Rosenstock-Huessy into the debate with the Religio Depopulata of the decaying church. This is not the place to report the personal threats to which he, too, was exposed. What weighed on him more was the compassion for Wittig’s fate which grew out of the shoulder to shoulder fight for his friend and which was just as strong as the spiritual bond he felt with him: Wittig’s representation of the workings of salvation, his preaching of the true presence of Christ in the community redeemed by faith, corresponded in priestly language exactly with what were, and are, concerns of Rosenstock-Huessy in his Soziologie.

Into the time in Breslau falls also the relationship of Rosenstock-Huessy with a group of young men who in common with him carried along the work camp. It was a true teacher-student relationship, the same as he later founded again in the United States. It is certain that most of the participants in such fellowship have received decided stimulus from it for their own scholarly development. But fruits of this sort were still only the result of a bond which was
far more comprehensive than the relationship between a professor and students generally is.

Should one insist on speaking of a "Rosenstock-school"? The natural feeling of belonging of all those who have been fortunate enough to come into close touch with this true teacher would justify that. But we must still not forget that the founding of a doctrinal school could never be the intention of Rosenstock-Huessy. In fact, relatively few of his students have chosen scholarly careers. He himself names Carl Dietrich von Trotha, Horst von Einsiedel, and Helmut James Graf von Moltke in the foreword of his Soziologie as his friends since the days of the Silesian work camps; each of them, by staking his life in his own way outside the university, has carried on that which was awakened in them by common endeavour with Rosenstock-Huessy.

Many other names could be cited if one wanted to give full witness to the binding power and fidelity of Rosenstock-Huessy. Hans Ehrenberg, Ernst Michel, Karl Muth, J. H. Oldham, Ambrose Vernon, Georg Müller, and Franz Schuerholz appear in his writings as travelers of the same road and comrades-in-arms during the different epochs of his life, and they unite themselves in a choir of many voices with others who remain unnamed here.

The choir is many voiced, the life's path of his friends rich in suffering—reflections of the life and creativity of Rosenstock-Huessy himself. We should not, therefore, presume to circumscribe by means of a trite formula the unity of the tasks and themes, in all their variety, to which he has applied his extraordinary energies. One who tries to compress the life work of a man into a single principle, a single thought, or a fixed goal, strangles him. Something completely different from such deadly abstractions is required when we try to name the source of Rosenstock-Huessy's insights, his strength of constant renewal, the power to be true to his own. That source is the word of God become flesh in Christ.

TRANSLATION BY ROBERT G. HEATH