

CRITICAL CHRONOLOGICAL ANTHOLOGY OF PASSAGES FROM WAGNER'S  
WRITINGS AND RECORDED REMARKS (In English translation)

1833-1850

By

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This anthology is based on a document completed by the author in the early 1990's as a study for his upcoming book *The Wound That Will Never Heal*, which will be the most comprehensive and unified conceptual study of Richard Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen* and his six other repertory operas and music dramas (from *Der Fliegende Hollaender* through *Parsifal*) under one cover. The passages included in this anthology were selected on the basis of their potential or actual value as aids to understanding Wagner's operas and music dramas, and his creative process in general, and will be an appendix of the completed book. I intend to market this anthology, as a compact disc for independent study, with my book.

Three distinct fonts represent different degrees of significance: (1) passages in light print are provided merely for context and for clues to the understanding of more important passages; (2) passages in bold face are important; (3) *italic passages in boldface are crucial to understanding Wagner's artworks and his creative process.*

I have also completed a chronological, annotated anthology of all those passages from the writings of Ludwig Feuerbach which seem to have influenced Wagner's writings, recorded remarks, and his opera and music-drama librettos. Since I intend to collate the Feuerbach anthology with the Wagner anthology by placing specific passages from Feuerbach's writings prior to those passages from Wagner's writings and recorded remarks in which I can demonstrate a direct or indirect influence of Feuerbach upon Wagner, I have placed *{FEUER}* before every such passage in the Wagner anthology, in preparation for interpolating the appropriate passages from Feuerbach. Though there are hundreds of passages in the Wagner anthology in which a direct influence can be detected, Wagner rarely credits Feuerbach for a specific debt. Wherever Wagner seems to be reacting specifically against Feuerbach, I have placed *{anti-FEUER/NIET}* before such passages in the Wagner anthology. My reason for correlating Nietzsche with Feuerbach is that in virtually every

instance of Wagner's hostility to Nietzsche's mature philosophy, there are corresponding passages in Feuerbach's writings to which Wagner would be similarly hostile. In fact, there are several instances in which Wagner seems to have confused Nietzsche with Feuerbach.

Similarly, I have placed *{SCHOP}* before every passage in the Wagner anthology in which one can detect Schopenhauer's influence. There are several passages in the anthology dating from before Wagner's first known reading of Schopenhauer, in which he seems to have anticipated material he would later find in Schopenhauer's writings. Such instances are preceded by *{Pre-SCHOP}*. Wagner himself is a great help here because he frequently acknowledges his debt to Schopenhauer for specific ideas.

My specific sources, in English translations, are listed below. Eventually I will provide the German original for all these selected passages. In instances such as Stewart Spencer's selections of reminiscences of Wagner, and his collaboration with Barry Millington in selecting Wagner's letters for his anthology, obviously a significant part of the job of selecting appropriate passages from a huge wealth of Wagner material has been done for me, but nonetheless I have chosen only a small portion of passages from among these two collections. There are numerous letters by Wagner to which I have no access, and it is possible that some of these may have considerable value, and therefore will of course eventually be included in this anthology. Though Ashton Ellis's English translation of Wagner's prose works, in eight volumes, is notorious among scholars for its inaccuracy, nevertheless I have found his translation invaluable, and hope eventually to replace any inaccurate translations with more accurate ones. In general, in my interpretation of Wagner's operas, I have only drawn significant conclusions from quotations from Wagner's writings and recorded remarks which have corroborating evidence in numerous similar passages.

I welcome any suggestions for improving this collection. If, for instance, a reader knows of passages from my sources (or other sources not included by me, such as the numerous Wagner letters which have not yet been published, or which at any rate are not contained in my sources listed below) which have crucial importance for grasping the meaning of Wagner's operas or music-dramas, or more generally for understanding his creative process, but which are missing from my anthology, I will gladly consider including them if the reader can make a strong case. I would also like to hear from any readers who detect mistakes. I have, however, avoided including passages from Wagner's writings and recorded remarks which have a purely technical interest, or a biographical interest, which do not enlighten us on the meaning of Wagner's operas and music-dramas, or on his creative impulse.

**SOURCES: (including identifying abbreviations employed in the anthology)**

- Porges, Heinrich [WWR] *Wagner Rehearsing the 'Ring'*. Trans. by Robert L. Jacobs; Cambridge 1983. Cambridge Univ. Press. Written June through August 1876. Wagner commissioned Porges to record what Wagner said and did during the rehearsals for the *Ring's* premier, as a permanent record of his intentions.
- Spencer, Stewart [WR] *Wagner Remembered*. Edited and Annotated by Stewart Spencer. London and New York. Faber and Faber, 2000. An anthology of reminiscences of Wagner ranging from his early childhood in until his death in 1883, including many conversations.
- Wagner, Cosima [CD] *Cosima Wagner's DIARIES*. In two volumes. Ed. Martin Gregor-Dellin and Dietrich Mack. Trans. By Geoffrey Skelton. New York and London. A Helen and Kurt Wolff Book. Harcourt Brace Jovanovitch, 1978. Written by Cosima from 1869 through 1883.
- Wagner, Richard [BLRW] *The Story of Bayreuth as told in The Bayreuth Letters of Richard Wagner*. Trans. and Ed. By Caroline V. Kerr. New York: Vienna House, 1972. Originally published in Boston by Small, Maynard and Company in 1912.
- \_\_\_\_\_ [BB] *The Diary of Richard Wagner: The Brown Book 1865-1882*. Presented and annotated by Joachim Bergfeld. Trans. By G. Bird. London: Cambridge University Press, 1980. The Passages included in my anthology were written between 8/19/65 and 4/9/82. This is Wagner's personal diary.
- \_\_\_\_\_ [CWL] *Correspondence of Wagner and Liszt*. Trans. by Francis Hueffer. New York: Greenwood Press, Publishers, 1969. Originally published by Charles Scribner's Sons in 1897.
- \_\_\_\_\_ [ML] *My Life*. Trans. Andrew Gray. Ed. Mary Whittall. Cambridge, New York, Melbourne: Cambridge University Press, 1983. Wagner's autobiography covers the years 1813-1864.
- \_\_\_\_\_ [RWDF] *Richard Wagner's Letters to his Dresden Friends, Theodor Uhlig, Wilhelm Fischer, and Ferdinand Heine*. Trans. by J.S. Shedlock: New York: Vienna House, 1972. Originally Published in New York by Scribner and Welford in 1890.

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**[RWMW] *Richard Wagner to Mathilde Wesendonck*. Trans. William Ashton Ellis. New York: Vienna House, 1972. Originally Published in New York by Charles Scribner & Sons in 1905. Wagner's letters to M. Wesendonck were written between 1852 and 1875.**

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**[PW] *Richard Wagner's Prose Works*. Eight Volumes. Second Edition. Trans. William Ashton Ellis. Reprinted in St. Claire Shores, Michigan by Scholarly Press in 1972. Translation Originally published in London by Kegan, Paul, Trench, Truebner & Co., Ltd., in 1895. These writings range from 1833 through 1883.**

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**[SLRW] *Selected Letters of Richard Wagner*. Trans. and Ed. By Stewart Spencer and Barry Millington. New York and London. W.W. Norton & Company, 1987. The letters in this anthology range from 1832 through 1883.**

**Wagner's autobiography *My Life* (completed 1880) (p. 29)**

“... surprisingly enough, I was the sole member of the family who had received no piano lessons, a fact no doubt attributable to my mother's anxious desire to keep me away from any exercises that could stimulate a love for the theater.”

**Wagner's autobiography *My Life* (completed 1880) (p. 37-38)**

“I can only attribute my indifference to my choice of companions to the fact that I never experienced a meaningful relationship and only wanted to have someone accompany me on excursions and to whom I could pour out my innermost feelings without worrying about the effect it might have on him. The result was that after a stream of confidences for which my own excitement was the only reward, I would finally see there wasn't a possibility of any response, and when I tried to force something commensurate out of a friend, thus to stimulate him to some communication outside his character, the relationship usually broke up without leaving a trace on my life. Thus I became infatuated with crass student life, since there the personal note is wholly submerged in mass activity. In the midst of the drunken hubbub I remained entirely alone; it's possible these frivolities formed a protective crust around my inmost being, which needed time to grow without being tapped too soon.”

**[1833]**

1833A. 1-2/33 **THE FAIRIES**

**1-2/33**            **Description of Richard Wagner's opera *Die Feen (The Fairies)*, (completed 1-2/33) from his autobiography *My Life* (p. 71-72)**

[P. 71] “I had borrowed the plot from the dramatic fable by Gozzi, *La Donna Serpente* .... my prince was called Arindal; he was loved by a fairy called Ada, who held him captive away from his realm within her fairyland, until his friends at last found him after a long search and stirred him to return home by telling him his country was on the point of collapse, his capital city already in enemy hands. The loving fairy herself orders his return, for an oracle has decreed that she must subject her beloved to the sternest tests, by the mastering of which he alone can free her from the immortal world of the fairies and permit her to share his mortal destiny as a loving woman. At a moment when the prince is in deepest despair about the sorry state of affairs he finds in his country, Ada arrives and intentionally tries to shake his faith in her by deeds of the most cruel and inexplicable sort. Under the combined pressure of all these events, Arindal succumbs to the illusion that he has been seduced by an evil sorceress and tries to escape the magic spell by pronouncing a curse on Ada. Wild with sorrow, the unhappy fairy sinks down and reveals their mutual fate to her lover, who is now past all help, informing him that in punishment for having disobeyed the oracle, she is condemned to be turned to stone (this was a change I made to Gozzi's version, in which she becomes a serpent). At once it is revealed that all the terrors she had conjured up were only delusions: victory over the enemy as well as prosperity and welfare in [P. 72] the kingdom now set in with magical

celerity; Ada alone is taken away by the servants of the oracle, and Arindal remains behind, completely out of his wits. The terrible sufferings of his insanity have not, however, propitiated the servants of the oracle: to destroy him entirely, they appear to the penitent Arindal and invite him to accompany them to the underworld under the false pretence of availing him the opportunity to break the spell which binds Ada. Through this ill-meant information Arindal's insanity is transformed into sublime exaltation; meanwhile, one of his faithful followers, a magician, has equipped him with magic weapons and implements, armed with which he now follows the treacherous fairies. They are astounded and horrified to see Arindal win one struggle after another with the monsters of the underworld; only when they have led him to the vault in which they show him a stone in human form do they regain confidence that the bold invader will be vanquished: for this stone, which holds Ada herself, he is now compelled to disenchant if he is to avoid being transformed forever in the same way. Arindal, who has previously utilized the sword and shield given him by the magician, now uses an instrument the significance of which he has not yet understood, a lyre, also given him to take along, to the accompaniment of which he pours out his woe at the magic spell, his repentance, and his overpowering longing. The stone yields to the magic; his beloved is set free, the splendor of the fairy kingdom manifests itself, and the mighty mortal is informed that although Ada has lost her right to renounce immortality as a result of his previous tergiversations, he has now earned the right, by his own magic power, to live at Ada's side in this eternal abode."

**[1834]**

1834A. 6-12/34      **FORBIDDEN LOVE (LOVE'S PROHIBITION)**

1834B. 9-12/34      **Pasticcio (PW Vol. VIII, P. 59)**

Pages 65-66

**[P. 65]** *{pre-SCHOP}* "The essence of dramatic art does not consist in the specific subject or point of view, but in this: that the inner kernel of all human life and action, the Idea, be grasped and brought to show."

**[P. 66]** "... one thing alone is needful for Opera – namely Poesy! – Words and tones are simply its expression. And yet the most of our operas are a mere string of musical numbers without all psychologic union. (...) Mark the age, ye composers, and diligently seek to cultivate new forms; for he will be master, who writes neither Italian nor French – nor even German."

**[1835]**

**[1836]**

**[1837]**

**[1838]**

37-8/38

**RIENZI**

1/25/59

**Letter to Albert Niemann (SLRW; P. 445-447)**

[P. 445] “Nothing affected Rienzi so deeply in his youth as the brutal killing of his little brother by the soldiers of the nobili, against whom he was unable to obtain justice. **Starting out from a desire for vengeance, but failing to find satisfaction anywhere, he began to ponder the matter and learned to recognize its causes in the general misery of his age and, more especially, of his own fatherland. In order to account for this, he familiarized himself with his country’s history; going back from one source to another, he finally reached Roman antiquity and immersed himself enthusiastically in contemplation of the grandeur and greatness of ancient Rome, and, on turning back to the present, became conscious of a tremendous decline, so that, where he had previously brooded on the reasons for his own unsatisfied vengeance, he now saw the general decay of the entire world, a decay from which he resolved to free it. And so the original motive of ‘vendetta’ became a purified patriotism of visionary sublimity which, once he had suppressed all memory of the injury which he himself had suffered, gave him the wonderful power which, for a time, he exercised over his people.** – His counterpart is the figure of Adriano. In the latter’s case it is his enthusiasm which is the starting-point for his actions, an enthusiasm which Rienzi is able to inspire in him on the strength of the young man’s love of Irene. **But instead of maintaining this enthusiasm, which in Rienzi finally overrides all natural and personal relationships, Adriano sinks back down to the level from which Rienzi had set out in order to rise to his present greatness. ‘Blood’ comes between them, and Adriano cannot rise above the feeling of ‘vendetta’; he remains ensnared in mere family ties, whereas Rienzi has only the state as a whole in mind,** with the result that, fired by his passionate thirst for vengeance and scarcely restrained by his love, Adriano perishes powerless and demented, while Rienzi, launching into the battle hymn, allows himself and the Capitol to be destroyed by an ungrateful and misguided populace. --

(...)

[P. 446] He now speaks to Adriano in a mild and serious tone; he is above all prejudice, and rejoices in the possibility of winning over a son of his mortal enemy to his righteous cause, rather than exacting vengeance upon him. But it is precisely this which reminds him of the blood that has been spilt: it then flares up, more terribly than before. In his account of his brother’s death, he reveals to us, as though himself bleeding, the mysterious origins of the demon he has subdued. Let him be terribly moved. The more awful his suffering appears to us here, the quicker we shall recognize Rienzi’s entire great, fully purified nature when Adriano asks him: ‘what shall I do to expiate our shame?’ and, suddenly raising himself to his full height, he replies with the inspiring exhortation: ‘be mine! Be a Roman!’ – This must create such a powerful impression that it strikes the youth like a lightning flash, so that he calls to Rienzi, beside himself with emotion: ‘let me be a Roman’. –

After this rough outline, I shall now single out for you all that relates to this one principal motive. – When the nobili (in the 2<sup>nd</sup> act) trespass against his person and against

the freedom of the state, he is assured and firm in dealing with them; no inner reproach clouds his judgment, which he pronounces briefly and grimly. But when he is alone for a moment, his first thought is 'my poor brother! not by me but by Rome herself are you avenged!' And so his desire for personal vengeance has not yet been entirely suppressed, and when Adriano rushes in, beside himself, in order to save his father's life, he touches on a spot that Rienzi himself has left uncovered. It is through this feeling that Rienzi is really reformed once more, in order, as it were, to destroy the last remaining seeds of personal vengeance. And so he quickly resolves, at the risk of his own safety, to pardon the nobili. – He is now completely stainless. But woe betide them if they relapse! For then he may no longer be the avenging brother but only the avenging godhead! – Thus the third act finds him resolute and unswerving in the face of their repeated betrayal. Here he is of annihilating greatness and terribleness in contrast to Adriano, for, while the latter increasingly forgets Rome, his fatherland and freedom simply in order to see his slain father once more, Rienzi now puts all thought of fraternal vengeance behind him and is now fully conscious in himself of representing only Rome, his fatherland and freedom.

But Rome, the fatherland and freedom now exist in him and in him alone. The populace itself knows none of this; they stand in a state of half-awareness on the side of Adriano, for they, too, can see only their own brothers and sons who have fallen in battle and for whose deaths they now make Rienzi responsible. His downfall is therefore certain. The great purity that he has now gained and his transfigured majesty help to delay it, but they cannot prevent it from happening. Scarcely has he won over the conspirators outside the church by his all-powerful grandeur and enthusiasm when everyone recoils before him, stupidly and aghast at his excommunication. **For he now sees that only his idea was real, not the common people. He remains great and noble, but as rigid as a statue, his gaze fixed firmly in front of him in sublime and rapt contemplation, just like his idea, which has similarly grown petrified like some monument and which the world cannot grasp. But once again the marble melts; Irene throws herself upon his breast. He sees that he is not alone; smiling gently he recognizes his sister and now knows that there is, after all, 'a Rome'. – In his prayer in the 5<sup>th</sup> act he communes alone with the God who once spoke to him and who has always spoken to him, of that noble idea. It is, as it were, the 'idea' which the whole world has failed to understand that now speaks to itself. Nobility, purity, deeply felt religious fervour, the desire for dissemination, finally to be lost entirely within himself, to be totally self-absorbed: -- during the postlude to the prayer, therefore, he should incline his head and whole body towards the ground. –**

*{FEUER}* Final, painfully animated enjoyment of this idea in his scene with Irene. An exalted and sublime joy in the overall mood here. Profound delight in his sister who has renounced her love and thus, like her brother, has enabled the idea to triumph over passion. If, by dint of prudent economy, your vocal powers are undiminished by the time you reach this scene, it is bound to be one of the most enthralling in the whole piece. –

(...)

Whether I have made myself clear, I do not know, but I have certainly warmed to this youthful subject of mine, which only now do I myself properly understand."

[1839]

[1840]

1840A. 11/40 A Pilgrimage to Beethoven (PW Vol. VII, P. 21)

[P. 41] *{FEUER} {Pre-SCHOP}* [Wagner imputed the following passage to Beethoven in this fictional piece] “ *The instruments represent the rudimentary organs of Creation and Nature; what they express can never be clearly defined or put into words, for they reproduce the primitive feelings themselves, those feelings which issued from the chaos of the first Creation, [P. 42] when maybe there was not as yet one human being to take them up into his heart. (...) Let us set the wild, unfettered elemental feelings, represented by the instruments, in contact with the clear and definite emotion of the human heart, as represented by the voice of man. The advent of this second element will calm and smooth the conflict of those primal feelings, will give their waves a definite, united course; whilst the human heart itself, taking up into it those primordial feelings, will be immeasurably reinforced and widened, equipped to feel with perfect clearness its earlier indefinite presage of the Highest, transformed thereby to godlike consciousness.’ ”*

[1841]

1841A. 1/41 On the Overture (PW Vol. VII, P. 151)

[P. 163] *{Pre-Schop}* “The point of contact with the dramatic story would ... reside in the character of the two main themes, as also in the motion given to them by their musical working-out. This working-out, on the other hand, would always have to spring from the purely musical import of those themes; never should it take account of the sequence of events in the drama itself, since such a course would at once destroy the sole effectual character of the work of Tone. In this conception of the Overture, then, the highest task would be to reproduce the characteristic idea of the drama by the intrinsic means of independent music, and to bring it to a conclusion in anticipatory agreement with the solution of the problem in the scenic play.”

[P. 164] “... we have found that a purely musical conception may well embrace the drama’s leading thoughts, but not the individual fate of single persons. In a very weighty sense the composer plays the part of a philosopher, who seizes nothing but the idea [*“idea”* in italics] in all phenomena; his business, as that of the great poet, lies solely with the victory of an Idea; the tragic downfall of the hero, taken personally, does not affect him. From this point of view, he holds aloof from the entanglements of individual destinies and their attendant haps; he triumphs, though the hero goes under.”

1841B. 3/41 The Artist and Publicity (PW Vol. VII, P. 134)

[P. 137] *{FEUER}* “Happy may the world regard itself, that to it the pains of Genius can be so relatively little known!

**No! These sufferings no one seeks from sense-of-duty, and whoever could imagine it, his duty necessarily rises from a very different source. One's daily bread, the maintenance of a family: most weighty motors. Only, they do not operate in the Genius. They prompt the journeyman, the hand-worker; they may even move the man of genius to handiwork, but they cannot spur him to create, nor even to bring his creations to market. Yet that's the point we are discussing, namely how to explain the impulse that drives a man with demon force to carry just his noblest, ownest good to open market.**

Certainly a mixture of the most mysterious sort here comes to pass, and could we ever clearly see it, 'twould [P. 138] show the spirit of the highly-gifted artist hovering 'twixt heaven and hell. Undoubtedly the godlike longing to impart an own interior bliss to human hearts, is the predominant motive ... . (...) Though he thus appear to be ambitious (ehrgeizig), he yet is not; for he wants no honour (Ehre) paid him; but its fruit he wants, in Freedom."

1841C. 5/5/41

**Correspondence-letter to the Dresden Abend-Zeitung # 3.**  
**(PW Vol. VIII, P.134-135)**

[P. 134] "Now a conflict must arise in an artist-soul like Berlioz', when on the one hand a strenuous force of intuition bids him draw from the deepest, most mysterious fount of the world of ideas, while on the other the demands and qualities of his fellow-countrymen, whose sympathies he shares, ay, his own constructive bent itself, all urge him to make the outward elements of his creation his chief concern! He feels he has something quite out of the ordinary, something infinite, to utter; that Auber's speech is far too small for it; yet it must sound fairly like that speech, to gain admittance to his public's ear. "

[P. 135] {FEUER} "For Berlioz not only possesses creative power and originality of invention, but is graced by a virtue as foreign to his composing fellow-countrymen as to us Germans is the vice of coquetry. This virtue is, that he doesn't write for money ... ."

1841D. 5/41 **Der Freischuetz (PW Vol. VII, P. 167)**

[P. 174] {FEUER} *"Thus the legend of the 'Freischuetz.' It seems to be the poem of those Bohemian woods themselves, whose sombre aspect lets us grasp at once how the lonesome forester would believe himself, if not the prey of a daemonic nature-power, at least irrevocably subject to it. And that is just what constitutes the specifically German character of this and similar sagas ... . Albeit terrible, this notion does not here*

*[P. 175] become downright remorseless: a gentle sadness shimmers through its awe, and the lament over Nature's lost Paradise knows how to soften the forsaken mother's vengeance. And that is just the German type."*

[P. 182] "Ah! Would ye, could ye, hear and see our own true 'Freischuetz,' perhaps ye then might feel what fills me now with mournful visions, might feel it as a friendly presage of the peculiar essence of that inward contemplative spirit which is bred in the German nation as its birthright; ye would strike a friendship with that quiet trend which lures the German from the life of his great cities – all poorly copied from abroad – to

Nature, to the Forest-solitude, there to revive from time to time those wonderful ur-feelings for which your very language has no words ... .”

1841E. 5/28/41

**THE FLYING DUTCHMAN**

1841F. 10/41

**A Happy Evening (PW Vol. VII, P. 69)**

[P. 73] *{FEUER}* “ ‘It does me good to hear such views expressed about the character and meaning of such sublime instrumental works,’ replied my friend. ‘Not that I believe you have ... exhausted their nature with your brief description; but to get to the bottom of that, to say nothing of defining it, lies just as little within the power of human speech as it resides in the nature of Music to express in clear and definite terms what belongs to no organ save the poet’s. (...) **It is a truth for ever, that where the speech of man stops short there Music’s reign begins.** (...) What poverty of mind and feeling it betrays, when the listener to a performance of one of Beethoven’s symphonies has to keep his interest awake by imagining that the torrent of musical sounds is meant to reproduce the plot of some romance! These gentry then presume to grumble at the lofty master, when an unexpected stroke disturbs the even tenour of their little tale; they tax the composer with unclearness and inconsequence, and deplore his lack of continuity! – The idiots!’ “

[P. 76] *{Pre-SCHOP}* “ ‘So you agree with me,’ I said, ‘that the nature of those creations does not forbid their being variously interpreted, according to the individual?’ – ‘On the contrary,’ was the answer, ‘I consider a stereotype interpretation altogether inadmissible. (...) This is more or less the case with the creations of every other art: how differently will one and the same picture or drama affect two different human beings, nay, the heart of one and the same individual at different times! **Yet how much more definitely and sharply the painter or poet is bound to draw his figures, than the instrumental composer, who, unlike them, is not compelled to model his shapes by the features of the daily world, but has a boundless realm at his disposal in the kingdom of the supramundane, and to whose hand is given the most spiritual of substances in that of Tone! It would be to drag the musician from his high estate, if one tried to make him fit his inspiration to the semblance of that daily world; and still more would that instrumental composer disown his mission, or expose his weakness, who should aim at carrying the cramped proportions of purely worldly things into the province of his art.’ “**

[P. 78] “ ‘You surely don’t mean to say that the idea of a heroic force in mighty struggle for the highest, is outside the realm of music?’”

[P. 79] “... *grand, passionate, and lasting emotions, dominating all our feelings and ideas for months and often half a year, these drive the musician to those vaster, more intense conceptions to which we owe, among others, the origin of a Sinfonia eroica. These greater moods, as deep suffering of soul or potent exaltation, may date from outer causes, for we all are men and our fate is ruled by outward circumstances; but when they force the musician to production, these greater moods have already turned to music [P. 80] in him, so that at the moment of creative inspiration it is no longer the outer event that governs the composer, but the musical sensation which it has begotten in him.*”

[P. 81] *{Pre-SCHOP}* “What music expresses is eternal, infinite, and ideal; she expresses not the passion, love, desire, of this or that individual in this or that condition, but Passion, Love, Desire itself, and in such infinitely varied phases as lie in her unique possession and are foreign and unknown to any other tongue.”

[1842]

1842A. 2-4/42

Halevy and La Reine De Chypre (PW Vol. VIII, P. 175)

[P. 176] *{FEUER}* “... what weaves the charm of the ineffable around the poetic conception, what reconciles reality with the ideal , - the task of seizing that belongs to the musician.”

[P.179] *{FEUER} {Pre-SCHOP}* “*It is terrifying, and makes one dizzy, to gaze into the awful caverns of the human heart. For the poet it is impossible to render in words all that passes at the bottom of this stanchless fount, which responds in turn to the breath of God and of the Devil; he may speak to you of hate, of love, of fanaticism and frenzy; he will set before your eyes the outward acts engendered on the surface of those depths: but never can he take you down into them, unveil them to your look. It is reserved for Music alone, to reveal the primal elements of this marvellous nature; in her mysterious charm our soul is shown this great, unutterable secret.*”

[P. 180] “The external music of La Juive ... is in thorough keeping with the primary and intimate conception: the common, the trivial, from it are banished. Albeit all is calculated from the point of view of the whole, its author none the less devotes himself to fashioning the tiniest details of the work with indefatigable care. The various sections of the scenic scheme are knit and welded to each other; and in this respect Halevy differs markedly and advantageously from the majority of opera-makers of our era, some of whom believe they can never take sufficient pains to separate, to isolate each scene – what am I saying? – each phrase from that which goes before or after, undoubtedly with the not very honourable object of drawing the attention of the audience to convenient passages where it may signify its satisfaction by applause: whereas Halevy keeps throughout the knowledge of his dignity as dramatic composer.”

[P. 181] “... as soon as we are carried away from ourselves, from our sensations and impressions of the hour, from the habitual sphere where our existence passes, and transported to an unknown region, yet with full retention of all our faculties, -- from that moment we are under the spell of what folk call Romantic poetry. (...) It is indisputable that the essentially French character of Auber’s music ensured him in a very little while a firm position, and an independent, upon the field of comic opera; on the other hand it is evident that when it became a question of conceiving and writing lyric tragedies [P. 182] *{FEUER}* this national idiosyncrasy, so sharply marked, prevented him from rising to that standpoint where national interest is effaced and one sympathises only with the purely-human. (...) To conform, to identify oneself with national modes and habits, is the sole condition by which the poet or composer in the genre of comic opera can be sure of acting strongly on the masses. (...) ... **when melody expresses purely human sentiments, it must not bear the traces of a French, Italian, or any other local origin. These sharp-cut national nuances distort the melody’s dramatic truth, and sometimes destroy it entirely.**”

[P. 184] “Abruptly breaking with the system of Auber, Halevy boldly sprang out of the rut of conventional turns and rhythms, to enter the career of free, unlimited creation, recognising no other law than that of truth. Indeed it needed a very resolute confidence in his own strength and the resources of his talent, for a musician thus voluntarily to desert the beaten track, which could but lead him sooner and more surely to popularity; it needed high courage and dauntless faith in the power of truth ... . (...) Had he chosen to reject all constant forms as flat and insufficient; if, prompted by a passionate self-will, he had insisted on creating an absolutely new system and imposing it upon the public with the imperious pride of the inventor, it is certain that, however great his talent, he would have come to grief with his inventions.”

**[1843]**

1843A. 1-3/43

**THE SARACEN WOMAN (PW Vol. VIII, p. 251)**

[P. 267] “Fatima: Back, Manfred! Never mayst thou hold me.

Manfred: (...) Ever before mine eyes art thou, in flight, in bloody combat, where death’s blast was hottest on me, there sped thy lofty vision to my side. – as God’s own angel hast though scared away each peril. Now here, now there, thy glance inflamed me, and kindled wondrous courage in my breast. But ah! I cannot clasp thee to me! Extend my hand, and thou hast vanished: -- yet sworn have I that I must hold thee, press thee to this heart, e’en tho’ I bid farewell to happiness for aye!

Fatima: Insensate, back! Thy fortune am I while I flee thee; but horror and despair to thee, shouldst thou e’er hold me. – Manfred be King!

Manfred: Arch-temptress, what dost dare conjure me? (...) This kingdom I have conquered through the wonder-strength thou breath’dst into me, I give it to my father’s heir. Might, honour, crowns can I forgo, not thee! I ask no longer, who thou art, -- this one thing only do I crave – be no more marvel, -- to me be woman!”

[P. 275] “Fatima: Be happy, Manfred! Pass to happiness across our lifeless bodies – be Kaiser of all Christendom, and think on thy great father!

Manfred: (in unbridled grief) Who art thou? At last, tell me at last, who art thou?

Fatima: (with breaking voice) Friedrich – Zelima – Manfred – my brother – The Kaiser’s daughter – I – O my Nureddin! (Sinks down on Nureddin’s body, and dies.)

Manfred: (after a violent crisis) And I am King! (...) From henceforth dead to happiness!”

1843B. 4/43 **TANNHAEUSER – First Version**

**[1844]**

1/30/44

**Letter to Karl Gaillard (SLRW; P. 117-118)**

[P. 117] “(...) I really have no illusions about my reputation as a poet, & I confess that it was only as a last resort that I adopted the expedient of writing my own libretti, since no decent texts were offered me. But it would now be [P. 118] totally

impossible for me to set another's text to music for the following reason: -- It is not my practice to choose a subject at random, to versify it & then think of suitable music to write for it; -- if I were to proceed in that way I should be exposed to the difficulty of having to work myself up to a pitch of enthusiasm on two separate occasions, something which is impossible. No, my method of production is different from that: -- in the first place *I am attracted only by those subjects which reveal themselves to me not only as poetically but, at the same time, as musically significant. And so, even before I set about writing a single line of the text or drafting a scene, I am already thoroughly immersed in the musical aura of my new creation. I have the whole sound & all the characteristic motives in my head so that when the poem is finished & the scenes are arranged in their proper order the actual opera is already completed, & its detailed musical treatment is more a question of calm and reflective revision, the moment of actual creativity having already passed. But for this to be so, I must choose only subjects which are capable of an exclusively musical treatment: I would never, for example, choose a subject which a skilled playwright could just as well turn into a spoken drama. But as a musician I can choose subjects & invent situations & contrasts which must always remain outside the province of a dramatic poet who is writing for the theatre. (...) If it is the task of today's dramatic poet to elucidate & intellectualize the material interests of our age from a moralistic point of view, so it falls to the opera librettist and composer to conjure up the unique and characteristic aura of sanctity associated with poetry as it wafts across the centuries in the form of legends and tales from the dawn of history; for music offers us the means to forge links which the poet alone does not have at his command, at least when faced with today's actors. This is the way to raise up opera to a higher plane and restore it to a level from which we ourselves have debased it by expecting composers to derive their inspiration from trivialities, intrigues & so on, which the modern writer of comedies and plays could far more successfully depict without the aid of music.*

*For my next opera I have chosen the beautiful and highly characteristic legend of Tannhaeuser, who lingered in the Venusberg & then journeyed to Rome in search of atonement; I have made a connection between this legend & the Wartburg song contest ... . I think it will become clear to you when you get to know the subject that only a musician could have treated it adequately."*

**1845**

6/5/45

**Letter to Karl Gaillard (SLRW; P. 123)**

[P. 123] "... I have come to the conclusion that if a dramatic work is to possess concentrated significance & originality, it must be the result of a certain step upwards in an artist's life & of a certain important period in his development: but such a step --such a

period is not marked off by half-yearly intervals: it takes several years to produce such concentrated maturity. Only *money-grubbers* can be content to produce a single insignificant work – I shall *never* earn any money for myself, -- I am now fully resigned to that fact.”

6/20/45      **Letter to Gustav Klemm (SLRW; P. 123-124)**

[P. 123] “(...) The manner in which I create my dramatic works, whereby I write not only the music but the entire musical drama, is now so much second nature to me that not only could I no longer reconcile myself to the idea of setting another writer’s dramatic poem to music but I recognize that this must be my most important goal in the future -- & one which I ought to be capable of achieving. *I am now fully convinced that if anything of significance & validity for the history of art is to emerge from this particular genre (which I see as diametrically opposed to the ‘opera industry’ of the present day), this can only be so if the poet and musician are one & the same person.* By following the old dispensation you will at best produce a decent libretto or decent music, but never a genuine musical drama, indeed I shall never be able to understand how two artists could ever create a single work of art. *The [P. 124] fact that I have grasped a subject which came to me alone, that I elaborate it in such a way that I myself can no longer say which parts show the influence of the poet & which the influence of the musician, and that I finally complete both words and music just as the subject originally appeared to me in vague outline – all this I find adequate justification for my exclusively creative – and more especially my musically creative powers.*”

8/4/45      **Letter to Albert Wagner (SLRW; P. 124)**

[P. 124] “... I finished writing out a very full & detailed scenario for *Lohengrin* ... . . . the more familiar I have become with my new subject & the more profoundly I have grasped its central idea, the more it has dawned upon me how rich & luxurious the seed of this new idea is ... . . . the medieval poem which has preserved this highly poetical legend contains the most inadequate & pedestrian account to have come down to us, and *I feel very fortunate to have satisfied my desire to rescue what by now is an almost unrecognizable legend from the rubble & decay to which the medieval poet had reduced the poem as a result of his inferior & prosaic treatment of it, & to have restored it to its rich & highly poetical potential by dint of my own inventiveness & reworking of it.*”

**1846**

3-6/46      **On The Performance of Beethoven’s Ninth Symphony at Dresden: Programme (PW Vol. VII; P.248)**

[P. 251] {Pre-SCHOP} “*With this opening of the last movement Beethoven’s music takes on a more definitely speaking character: it quits the mould of purely instrumental*

*music, observed in all the three preceding movements, the mode of infinite, indefinite expression; [Wagner's Footnote]:\* [Tieck, regarding the character of Instrumental music from his own standpoint, was moved to the following dictum: 'At deepest bottom of these Symphonies we hear insatiate Desire forever hieing forth and turning back into itself, that unspeakable longing which nowhere finds fulfilment and throws itself in wasting passion on the stream of madness, battles with every tone, now overwhelmed, now conquering shouts from out the waves, and seeking rescue sinks still deeper.' It almost seems as if Beethoven had been prompted by a similar consciousness of the nature of instrumental music, in the conception of this symphony.] the musical poem is urging toward [P. 252] a crisis, a crisis only to be voiced in human speech. It is wonderful how the master makes the arrival of Man's voice and tongue a positive necessity, by this awe-inspiring recitative of the bass-strings ..."*

5/30/46

**Letter to Hermann Franck (SLRW; P. 129-131)**

[P. 129] "... I would express its [i.e., *Lohengrin's*] poetic message as follows: atonement for Elsa's falling must necessarily involve her punishment, and rarely can a failing have been followed by a more logical and therefore more inevitable punishment than is expressed here in her *separation* from Lohengrin: neither chastisement nor death (immediately) can be her punishment, -- any other form of punishment would be arbitrary and arouse indignation, only the punishment of separation -- albeit the harshest of all penalties -- appears as utterly inevitable, and it can never appear *too* harsh, precisely because it is the most just and most consequential. Elsa has forfeited Lohengrin, it is impossible for them to remain man and wife any longer, for the moment Elsa asks the forbidden question, their marriage is already void: right from the outset, from the time I first became familiar with the subject, *separation*, the idea of separation, struck me as being its most characteristic and uniquely distinguishing feature, and now that I have considered every other possible solution, I return with increasing certainty to this idea of their separation, -- which, if it were to be left out, would require a total transformation of the subject and probably allow no more than its most superficial externals to be retained. **{FEUER}** *The symbolic meaning of the tale I can best sum up as follows: contact between a metaphysical phenomenon and human nature, and the [P. 130] impossibility that such contact will last. The moral would be: the good Lord would do better to spare us His revelations since He is not permitted to annul the laws of nature: nature -- in this case human nature -- is bound to take her revenge and destroy the revelation. This seems to me to be the meaning of most of those wonderful legends which are not the work of priests. What happened to Semele in the case of Zeus? (...)*

I now believe that I have made it perfectly self-evident what Lohengrin's great (and passive ) role is in the course which fate adopts: - in the first scene in which he appears, I have altered nothing. -- it would be wrong to detract from the splendid privilege which music enjoys of making up for what the poet hesitates to put into words: surprise at the sight of Elsa, and the unexpected and swiftly kindled flames of love."

[P. 131] [With respect to the passage in which Lohengrin tells Elsa her love must compensate him for the blissful realm he left in order to save her, Wagner says:] **Here, too, I am reluctant to be more explicit , and I expressly intend to use music here to**

complement the meaning of this passage, so that no one will be in any doubt as to what Lohengrin feels. *It is precisely this which seems to me to be the great advantage gained from combining the expressive possibilities of the poem on the one hand with those of its musical composition on the other, namely that the characters who express themselves through these two means can reveal themselves with a certain fixed plasticity and wholeness which would inevitably be weakened by too much secondary motivation.* (...) {FEUER} ... after I have had Lohengrin announce his lofty calling in a calm and solemn tone – instead of turning to Elsa with a bitter reproach, as he did in the earlier version, I now have him speak the following lines with the greatest possible emotion:

*Oh Elsa! Think what thou hast done to me!  
When at the first my glances turned on thee,  
I felt love to my heart straightway had flown,  
The Grail's chaste service did my heart disown.  
But having turned from God in love's excess,  
Atonement and remorse must I endure,  
For ah! The shameful sin must I confess  
Of deeming woman's love divinely pure! –*

*Do you still think it necessary for him to mention the specific rule associated with the Grail which, although not expressly forbidding the Grail knights from committing such excesses, nevertheless discourages them from acting in this way? I think it should be sufficient for the audience to deduce from what Lohengrin says that the bonds of earthly love are, strictly speaking, unbecoming for a knight of the Grail. (I might add that I have not invented any part of this varying stipulation, -- this is exactly how it is in Wolfram.)”*

**[1847]**

1/1/47

**Letter to Eduard Hanslick (SLRW; P. 133-135)**

[P. 133] {FEUER} “The more the works I create are marked by an increasingly well-defined artistic consciousness, the more I am attracted by the *whole man* ... . (...) [Re: a performance of *Tannhaeuser*] Very few people could be certain whether they had the musician or the poet to thank for their response, & my sole concern must be to leave this issue unresolved. I have no special ambition to see my poetry overshadowed by my music, but I should be guilty of dismembering myself and exposing an untruth if I were to insist upon doing violence to the music for the sake of the poem. I cannot broach a poetic subject if it is not already conditioned by music ... .”

[P. 134] {FEUER} “Do not underestimate the power of reflection; the unconsciously created work of art belongs to periods remote from our own: the work of art of the most advanced period of culture can be produced only by a process of conscious creation. The Christian poetry of the Middle Ages, for ex., was immediate & unconscious: but no fully authentic work of art was produced at that time, -- that was something

*reserved for Goethe in our own age of objectivity. Only the most fertile human nature can effect this wondrous combination between the power of the reflective intellect, on the one hand, & the fecundity of the more direct creative power on the other – this is what makes these highest manifestations of art such rare phenomena, & although we have good reason to doubt whether such giftedness will reveal itself in the immediate future in the area of art we have been discussing, a more or less happy blend of the two intellectual qualities outlined above must even now be assumed to exist in every artist who serves the true cause of art ... .”*

[P.135] “That a world of difference separates us is revealed by your high opinion of Meyerbeer; I say this without the least embarrassment, since Meyerbeer is a very close personal friend of mine, & I have every reason to value him as a kind & sympathetic man. But if I were to try to sum up precisely what it is that I find so offensive about the lack of inner concentration & the outer effortfulness of the opera industry today, I would lump it all together under the heading ‘Meyerbeer’, & I should be all the keener to do soon because I see in Meyerbeer’s music a great skill at achieving superficial effects which prevents his art from attaining a noble maturity, & the reason for this is that it denies the essential inwardness of art & strives instead to gratify the listener in every way possible: -- the man who strays into the realm of triviality must pay for his transgression at the cost of his own more noble nature ... .”

5/48 **Plan of Organization of a German National Theater for the Kingdom of Saxony (PW Vol. III; P. 319)**

[P. 355] {FEUER} “... a direct relation to morality has not as yet been generally ascribed to Music, in fact it has even been judged as morally quite harmless. That is not so. Could an effeminate and frivolous taste remain without influence on a man’s morality? ... with tolerable certainty we may contend that those inspired by *Beethoven’s* music have been more active and energetic citizens-of-State than those bewitched by Rossini, Bellini and Donizetti, a class consisting for the most part of rich and lordly do-nothings.”

**[1848]**

?/48 **Richard Wagner’s autobiography *My Life* (completed in 1880) (P. 385-389)**

“Bakunin believed the Slavs (especially Russians) would regenerate the world since they’re the least corrupted by civilization. (...) As proof, he cited the childish demonic delight of Russians in fire ... . He said the only thing necessary to conjure a

world-wide movement was to convince the Russian peasant, in whom the natural goodness of oppressed human nature had survived in most childlike form, that the incineration of the castles of its masters and all within, was just and pleasing in God's sight. The least to be expected from such a movement was the destruction of all those things which are the real cause of all the miseries of the modern world. (...) **The annihilation of all civilization was his objective ... .**

He was for eradicating all state machinery. (...) Bakunin then offered the consolation that the builders of the new world would turn up of their own accord; we, on the other hand, only had to worry about where to find the power to destroy. Was any of us insane enough to believe he would survive after the goal of annihilation had been reached? (...)

He'd bewilder anyone professing readiness for such self-immolation by saying it wasn't the so-called tyrants that were so ghastly, but the smug philistines ... . (...)

**Above all, he scorned any comfortable prolongation of enjoyment by conscious self-restraint, contending that a real man should expect nothing more in this than the satisfaction of essential need, and that the sole pleasure in life worthy a man was love. These things demonstrated that in this remarkable man the purest humanitarian idealism was combined with a savagery inimical to all culture ... .**

He wouldn't concede that the laws governing the future could be construed from the needs of the inadequate present, for the future would evolve out of quite different social conditions. While he insisted on ever more destruction, I asked myself how Bakunin intended to do this, and realised Bakunin's principle of action at all costs rested on baseless assumptions. I first thought he was the center of a vast international conspiracy, but events proved this wrong; he had no determinate plans."

6/48

**Vaterlandsverein Speech (PW Vol. IV; P. 136)**

[P. 138] {FEUER} "When all the classes hitherto at enmity, and parcelled off by envy, have been united in the one great class of the free Folk, embracing all that on the dear German soil has received its human breath from God, -- think ye we then shall have reached our goal? No, then shall we first begin in earnest! For then must be taken firmly and deedfully in eye *the question of the root of our misery in our present social state*,-- then must be decided whether Man, that crown of the Creation, whether his lofty spiritual, his artistically stirring bodily powers and forces, were meant by God to serve in menial bondage to the stubbornest, the most lifeless product in all Nature, to sallow *metal*?

It will have to be settled whether this minted matter is to be accorded the right of making the king of Nature, the express image of God, its servitor and tributary, -- whether Money is to be left the power of stunting the fair free Will of Man to the most repulsive passion, to avarice, usury and the sharper's itch?"

[P. 139] {FEUER} "We shall perceive that Human Society is maintained by the *activity of its members*, and not through any fancied agency of *money*: in clear conviction shall we found the *principle* -- God will give us light to find the rightful *law* to put it into practice; and like a hideous nightmare will this demoniac idea of Money vanish from us, with all its loathsome retinue of open and secret usury, paper-juggling, percentage and bankers' speculations. That will be the *full emancipation of the human face*; that will be

the *fulfillment of Christ's pure teaching*, which enviously they hide from us behind parading dogmas ... . Or does this smack to you of *Communism*? Are ye foolish or ill-disposed enough to declare the necessary redemption of the human race from the flattest, most demoralising servitude to vulgarest matter, synonymous with carrying out the most preposterous and senseless doctrine, that of Communism? Can ye not see that this doctrine of mathematically-equal division of property and earnings is simply an unreasoning attempt to solve that problem, at any rate dimly apprehended, and an attempt whose sheer impossibility itself proclaims it stillborn?"

[P. 140] {FEUER} "Give no alms, but acknowledge a *right*, the God-given *right of Man*, lest ye live to see the day when outraged Nature will gird herself for a battle of brute force, whose savage shout of victory were of a *truth that Communism*; and though the radical impossibility of its continuance should yield it but the briefest spell of reign, that short-lived reign would yet have sufficed to root up every trace, perchance for many an age to come, of the achievements of two thousand years of civilisation. Think ye, I *threaten*? Nay, I *warn*! (...) We will do things *Germanly* and grandly; from its rising to its setting the sun shall look upon a beautiful free Germany, and on the borders of the daughter-lands, as on the frontiers of their mother, no downtrod, unfree folk shall dwell; the rays of *German freedom* and *German gentleness* (Milde) shall light and warm the French and Cossacks, the Bushman and Chinese."

[P. 141] [FEUER] "... we durst ask *the King to be the first and sterlingest Republican of all*. (...) What individual can be more destined than the Prince, to belong with all his feelings, all his thoughts and actions, *entirely to the Folk's affairs*? (...) However warmly each of us may respond to feelings for the good of all, so pure a Republican as the Prince can he never be, for his cares are undivided: their eye is single to the One, the Whole; whilst each of us must needs divide and parcel out his cares, to meet the wants of everyday."

[P. 142] {FEUER} "No! we recognise not only the hour, but the necessity, for *decision*: the thing that is a lie, can not endure; and Monarchy, i.e. the *Rule of One* (die Alleinherrschaft), is a lie, become such through our Constitutionalism.

[P. 143] "Not we will proclaim the republic, no! *this prince, the noblest, worthiest King, let him speak out*: --

'I declare Saxony a Free State.'

And let the earliest law of this Free State, the edict giving it the fairest surety of endurance, be: --

*'The highest executive power rests in the Royal House of Wettin, and descends therein from generation to generation, by right of primogeniture.'*

[P. 144] "... each advance of Constitutionalism is a humiliation to the ruler, for it is a vote of want-of-confidence in the monarch. (...) Let us therefore redeem him from this miserable half-life; let us have done altogether with Monarchism, since Sole-rule is made impossible by just the principle of Folk's-rule (Democracy): but let us, on the contrary, emancipate the *Kinghood* in its fullest, its own peculiar meaning! At head of the Free State (the republic) the hereditary King will be exactly what he should be, in the noblest meaning of his title [*Fuerst*]: *the First of the Folk, the Freest of the Free*! (...)

{FEUER} The farther back we search among Germanic nations for the Kinghood's meaning, the more intimately will it fit this new-won meaning, and prove it strictly naught but re-established ... ."

6-8/48

The Wibelungen – Revised summer of 1849 (PW Vol. VII; P. 257)

[P. 260] **{FEUER}** “But the Ur-kinghood is the Patriarchate: the father was the bringer-up and teacher of his children; to them his discipline and doctrine seemed the power and wisdom of a higher being, and the larger grew the family, the more prolific in collateral branches, the more peculiar and divine must seem to it the mould of its original head, to whom it owed not only its body, but also all its spiritual life and customs. As the Head laid down both discipline and doctrine, in him the royal and priestly powers united of themselves, and his authority was bound to grow in measure as the family became a Stem, above all in degree as his original might descended to his body’s heirs direct: as the stem became accustomed to behold in these its chieftains, at last the long-deceased Stem-father, from whom the undisputed honour flowed, was certain to appear a god himself, or at least the earthly avatar of an ideal god; and this idea in turn, enshrined by age, could only serve to perpetuate the fame of that ur-race whose most immediate scions formed the chieftains of the day.”

[P. 261] **{FEUER}** “But the more the voice of the community was busied with ideas of worldly Right, i.e., with Property and the Individual’s right to its enjoyment, the more that Sight of God – which originally had ranked as an essentially higher prerogative of the Stem-father – would pass to a personal verdict in matters of worldly dispute, and consequently the religious element of the patriarchate would dwindle more and more. (...) **Though even this idea grew dim in time, yet awe and honour of the royal stem abode the deeper in the people’s heart the more incomprehensible to it the reason for original distinction of this house, of which the sole unchanged tradition said that from no other must its kings be chosen.**

[P. 262] **{FEUER}** “... *in the ancient royal lineage of the Franks, in which, under the name of ‘Wibelungen’ or ‘Gibelingen’, an ur-old royal claim advanced to the demand of world-dominion.* (...)”

“The ceaseless strain of men and races toward never-compassed goals will mostly find a clearer explanation in their Ur- and Stem-sagas than can be gathered from their entrance into naked History, which tells us but the consequences of their essential attributes. If we read the Stem-saga of the Frankish royal race right, we find therein an explanation of its historic deeds past anything obtainable on other paths of scrutiny.

Unquestionably the *Saga of the Nibelungen* is the [P. 263] birthright of the Frankish stem. (...)

**{FEUER}** For the moment we will neglect the oldest meaning of the myth, in which we shall recognise *Siegfried* as God of Light or Sun-god: to prepare ourselves for its connection with history, we will now merely take the saga where it clothes itself with the more human garb of ancient herodomy. ***Here we find Siegfried as the winner of the Nibelung’s Hoard and with it might unmeasurable. This Hoard, and the might in it residing, becomes the immovable centre round which all further shaping of the saga now revolves: the whole strife and struggle is aimed at this Hoard of the Nibelungen, as the epitome of earthly power, and he who owns it, who governs by it, either is or becomes a Nibelung.***

[P. 266] "... bare History scarcely ever offers us, and always incompletely, the material for a judgment of the inmost (so to say, instinctive) motives of the ceaseless struggles of whole folks and races; that we must seek in Religion and Saga, where we mostly shall find it in convincing clearness.

*{FEUER} Religion and Saga are the pregnant products of the people's insight into the nature of things and men. From of old the Folk has had the inimitable faculty of seizing its own essence according to the Generic idea, and plainly reproducing it in plastic personification. The Gods and Heroes of its religion and saga are the concrete personalities in which the Spirit of the Folk portrays its essence to itself: however sharp the individuality of these personages, their content (Inhalt) is of most universal, wide-embracing type, and therefore lends these shapes a strangely lasting lease [P. 267] of life."*

[P. 269] *{FEUER} "... the poetic literature of the Hohenstaufen period, where we may plainly distinguish in the Christian-chivalrous poems the Welfian element become at last a churchly one, in the newly-furbished Nibelungenlieder that utterly contrasting Wibelungian principle with its often still ur-pagan cut."*

[P. 271] *{FEUER} "... we may call everything related hereto the 'Welfic' principle ... in opposition to that of the Wibelungen, which developed into nothing less than a claim to world-dominion."*

[P. 274] *{FEUER} "Man receives his first impressions from surrounding Nature, and none of her phenomena will have reacted on him so forcibly from the beginning, as that which seemed to him to form the first condition of the existence, or at least of his knowledge, of everything contained in Creation: and this is Light, the Day, the Sun. Thanks, and finally worship, would be paid this element the first; the more so, as its opposite Darkness, Night, seemed joyless, hence unfriendly and fear-compelling. Now, as man drew from all his joy and animation from the light, it soon would come to mean the very fount of Being: it became the begetter, the father, the god; the breaking of day out of night at last appeared to him the victory of Light over Darkness, of Warmth over Cold, and so forth; and this idea may have been the first to breed in man a moral consciousness and lead him to distinction of the useful and the harmful, the friendly and hostile, Good and Bad.*

*{FEUER} So far, at anyrate, this earliest nature-impression must be regarded as the common basis of all Religions of every people."*

[P. 275] *{FEUER} "At the farthest point to which we can trace it, the Frank stem-saga shows the individualised Light or Sun-god, who conquers and lays low the monster of ur-Chaotic night: -- this is the original meaning of Siegfried's fight with the Dragon, a fight like that Apollo fought against the dragon Python. Yes, as Day succumbs to Night again, as Summer in the end must yield to Winter, Siegfried too is slain at last: so the god became man and as a mortal man he fills our soul with fresh and stronger sympathy; for, a sacrifice to his deed of blessing us, he wakes the moral motive of Revenge, i.e., the longing to avenge his death upon his murderer, and thus renew his deed. The ur-old fight is now continued by ourselves, and its changeful issue is just the same as that eternal alternation of day and night, summer and winter, -- and lastly of the human race itself, in ceaseless sway from life to death, from triumph to defeat, from joy to grief, and thus perennially rejuvenating in itself the active consciousness of the immortal fund of Man and Nature. *The**

*quintessence of this constant motion, thus of Life, at last in 'Wuotan' (Zeus) found expression as the chiefest God, the Father and Pervader of the All. Though his nature marked him as the highest god, and as such he needs must take the place of father to the other deities, yet was he nowise an historically older god, but sprang into existence from man's later, higher consciousness of self; consequently he is more abstract than the older Nature-god, whilst the latter is more corporeal and, so to phrase it, more personally inborn in man. (...) {FEUER} In the religious mythos of the Scandinavians the term [P. 276] Nifelheim, i.e., Nibel = Nibelheim [the home of Haze] comes down to us as designation of the (subterranean) sojourn of the Night-spirits, 'Schwarzalben,' in opposition to the heavenly dwelling of the 'Asen' and 'Lightalben' ['Light-elves']. The Black-elves, 'Niflungar', children of Night and Death, burrow the earth, find out its inner treasures, smelt and smith its ore: golden gear and keen-edged weapons are their work. (...)*

*{FEUER} When Light vanquished Darkness, when Siegfried slew the Nibelungen-dragon, he further won as victor's spoil the Nibelungen-hoard it guarded. But the possession of this Hoard – whose properties increase his might beyond all measure, since he thereby rules the Nibelungen – is also reason of his death: for the dragon's heir now plots to win it back. This heir despatches him by stealth, as night the day, and drags him down into the gloomy realm of Death: Siegfried thus becomes himself a Nibelung. Though doomed to death by acquisition of the Hoard, each sequent generation strives to seize it: its inmost necessity drives it on, as with necessity of Nature, as day has ever to dethrone the night anew. For in the Hoard there lies withal the secret of all earthly might: it is the Earth itself with all its splendour, which in joyous shining of the Sun at dawn of day we recognise as our possession to enjoy, when Night, that held its ghostly, gloomy dragon's wings spread fearsomely above the world's rich stores, has finally been routed.*

*{FEUER} If we look closer at this Hoard, the Nibelungen's special work, in it we recognise at first the metal bowels of the earth, and next what is prepared therefrom: arms, ruler's-ring, and stores of gold. So that Hoard included in itself the means of gaining and insuring mastery, as also the one Talisman of Rule: the hero-god who won it first, and thus became a Nibelung partly through his power and partly through his death, left as heirloom to his race the active [P. 277] right to claim the Hoard: to avenge the slain and keep or win the Hoard afresh ... .”*

[P. 279] [Re ancient Rome] “... when through constant warfare and privation it had made its strength so irresistible that, to avoid a destructive discharge thereof against the inmost core of the Roman State-system, it must be loosed upon the outer world in conquest, then, and still more as a result of this world-conquest, the last bond of ancient customs slowly snapped, and religion dropped into its utter opposite through the most material worldlifying: dominion of the world, enslavement of its peoples – no more dominion of the inner man, subdual of his egoistic animal passions – was henceforth Rome's religion.”

[P. 284] “Now the *Pontifex maximus*, or *Pope*, was approached by the full-blooded representative of Ur-world-Kinghood, *Karl the Great*: the bearers of the oldest Kinghood and the oldest Priesthood, dissevered since the razing of that cradle city (according to the Trojan saga: the *royal Priamos* and the *pious Aeneas*) met, after centuries of parting, and touched as body and spirit of mankind. (...)

Now, if this king was de facto master of the West-Roman empire, and might the thought of the ur-kingly title of his race awake in him the claim to perfect sovereignty of the world, in the Kaisership he gained still stronger title to that claim, especially through his entrustment with the shelter of that Christian Church which was to span the world. (...)

With Karl the Great the often-cited ur-old myth attains its most material confirmation in a grand harmonious juncture of world-history. Thenceforward in exact degree [P. 285] as its real embodiment dissolved and fell to pieces, its essential *ideal* content was to mount to such a point that entirely divested of the Real, the pure Idea steps plainly formulated into History, and finally withdraws therefrom to pass, even as to its outward garment, completely back to Saga. (...) The Franks and their ducal race of one blood with the Karlingen, thinking of the saga, may have told themselves something like this: 'What though the real possession of the land is torn from us, and once more we're thrown upon ourselves, -- can we but regain the Imperial rank, for which we'll never cease to strive, with it we win again our ancient title to mastery of the world; and then we'll know how to ply it better than these usurpers of the Hoard, who do not even understand its use.' (...)

***In measure as the worldly power had lost in real estate [P. 286] and approached a more ideal development, the originally purely ideal Church had attained to worldly possession.*** Each party seemed to comprehend that, for its perfect establishment, it must draw into itself what had lain at first without it; and so from both sides the original antithesis was mounting to an open fight for exclusive world-dominion. Through the growing consciousness of both parties to this more and more stubborn fight, of the prize at stake for winning or retaining, the Kaiser at last was forced to the necessity of acquiring the spiritual dominion of the world, if he meant to safeguard his material title; - - the Pope, on the other hand, must annihilate these material claims, or rather take them to himself, if he meant to remain or become the actual governor and overseer of the World-Church. (...) **Very naturally in this Ur-father, as we find with every patriarchal system, the royal and priestly powers had been combined as one and the same authority."**

[P. 287] {FEUER} ***"The abstract Highest God of the Germans, Wuotan, did not really need to yield place to the God of the Christians; rather could he be completely identified with him: merely the physical trappings with which the various stems had clothed him in accordance with their idiosyncrasy, their dwelling-place and climate, were to be stripped off; the universal attributes ascribed to him, for the rest, completely answered those allotted to the Christian's God. (...)***

***But that one native Stem-god, from whom the races all immediately derived their earthly being, was certainly the last to be given up; for in him was found the striking likeness to Christ himself, the Son of God, that he too died, was mourned and avenged, -- as we still avenge Christ on the Jews of to-day."***

[P. 289] {FEUER} ***"In the German Folk survives the oldest lawful race of Kings in all the world: it issues from a son of God, called by his nearest kinsmen Siegfried, but Christ by the remaining nations of the earth; for the welfare of his race, and the peoples of the earth derived therefrom, he wrought a deed most glorious, and for that deed's sake suffered death. The nearest heirs of his great deed, and of the power won thereby, are the 'Nibelungen,' to whom the earth belongs in name and for the***

*happiness of every nation. The Germans are the oldest nation, their blue-blood King is a 'Nibelung,' and at their head he claims world-rulership."*

[P. 292] "Friedrich [Barbarossa], the representative of the last racial Ur-Folk-Kinghood ... . (...)

The World-ruler recognised from whence his deepest wound had come, and who it was that cried his world-plan final halt. *It was the spirit of free Manhood loosed from the nature-soil of race, that had faced him in this Lombard Bond.*

[P. 293] *But Palestine sent forth to him the cry to save the Holy Tomb. -- to the land of morning Friedrich turned his gaze: a force resistless drew him on toward Asia, to the cradle of all nations, to the place where God begat the father of all Men. Wondrous legends had he heard of a lordly country deep in Asia, in farthest India, -- of an ur-divine Priest-King who governed there a pure and happy people, immortal through the nurture of a wonder-working relic called 'the Holy Grail.' Might he there regain the lost Sight-of-God, now garbled by ambitious priests in Rome according to their pleasure? (...) ... urged impatient Eastwards, -- on horse he plunged into the stream: none saw him in this life again.*

{FEUER} *Since then, the legend went that once the Keeper of the Grail had really brought the holy relic to the Occident; great wonders had he here performed: in the Netherlands, the Nibelungen's ancient seat, a Knight of the Grail had appeared, but vanished when asked forbidden tidings of his origin; -- then was the Grail conducted back by its old guardian to the distant morning-land; -- in a castle on a lofty mount in India it now was kept once more.*

{FEUER} *In truth the legend of the Holy Grail, significantly enough, makes its entry on the world at the very time when the Kaiserhood attained its more ideal direction, and the Nibelung's Hoard accordingly was losing more and more in material worth, to yield to a higher spiritual content. The spiritual ascension of the Hoard into the Grail was accomplished in the German conscience, and [P. 294] the Grail, at least in the meaning lent it by German poets, must rank as the ideal representative or follower of the Nibelungen-Hoard; it, too, had sprung from Asia, from the ur-home of mankind; God had guided it to men as paragon of holiness.*

(...)

{FEUER} *The quest of the Grail henceforth replaces the struggle for the Nibelungen-Hoard, and as the occidental world, unsatisfied within, reached out past Rome and Pope to find its place of healing in the tomb of the Redeemer at Jerusalem, - - as, unsatisfied even there, it cast its yearning gaze, half spiritual half physical, still farther toward the East to find the primal shrine of manhood, -- so the Grail was said to have withdrawn from out the ribald West to the pure, chaste, reachless birth-land of all nations."*

[P. 295] {FEUER} *With the foundering of the Wibelungen, mankind had been torn from the last fibre whereby it still hung, in a sense, to its racial-natural origin. The Hoard of the Nibelungen had evaporated to the realm of Poetry and the Idea: merely an earthly precipitate remained as its dregs: real property.*

In the Nibelungen-myth we found expressed by all the generations who devised, developed and enacted it, an uncommonly clear idea of the *nature of property, of ownership."*

[P. 296] “This Hoard, this talisman of might, ‘tis true, is henceforth claimed as with hereditary right by the descendents of that godlike hero [Siegfried]; yet it has this foremost characteristic, that it is never gained afresh in lazy peace, by simple contract, but only through a deed akin to that of its first winner. ... so we see blood, passion, love, hate, in short – both spiritually and physically – purely-human springs and motives at work in the winning of the Hoard; man restless and suffering, man doomed to conscious death by his own deed, his victory, and most by his possession, at the head of all ideas of the root-relation of acquirement. (...) From the moment when a fief became *hereditary*, the man, his personal excellence, his acts and deeds, lost value, -- which passed over to his property; hereditary possession, no longer personal virtue, now gave their standing to his heirs, and the resulting deeper and deeper depreciation of Man, against the higher and higher appreciation of Property, at last took body in the most contra-human institutions, such as those of Primogeniture; from which, in strange perversity, the later Noble all conceit and arrogance, without [P. 297] reflecting that by deriving his worth from a stiffened family-possession he was openly disowning any actual *human nobleness*.”

[P. 298] “The ‘*poor Folk*’ sang, read, and printed in time, the Nibelungenlied, its only keepsake from the Hoard belief in it never wavered; only, one knew it was no longer in the world, -- for it had been sunk into an old God’s-hill again, a cave like that whence Siegfried once had won it from the Nibelungen. The great Kaiser himself had brought it back to that hill, to save it up for better times. There in the Kyffhaeuser he sits, the old ‘Redbeard Friedrich’; all round him the treasures of the Nibelungen, by his side the sharp sword that one-time slew the dreaded Dragon.”

6-8/48

**The Nibelungen Myth (PW Vol. VII; P. 299)**

[P. 301] {FEUER} “From the womb of Night and Death was spawned a race that dwells in Nibelheim (Nebelheim), i.e., in gloomy subterranean clefts and caverns: *Nibelungen* are they called; with restless nimbleness they burrow through the bowels of the earth, like worms in a dead body; they smelt and smith hard metals. The pure and noble Rhine-gold *Alberich* seized, divorced it from the waters’ depth, and wrought therefrom with cunning art a ring that lent him rulership of all his race, the Nibelungen: so he became their master, forced them to work for him alone, and amassed the priceless *Nibelungen-Hoard*, whose greatest treasure is the Tarnhelm, conferring power to take on any shape at will, a work that *Alberich* compelled his own brother *Reigin* (Mime = Eugel) to weld for him. Thus armoured, *Alberich* made for mastery of the world and all that it contains.

{FEUER} *The race of Giants, boastful, violent, ur-begotten, is troubled in its savage ease: their monstrous strength, their simple mother-wit, no longer are a match for Alberich’s crafty plans of conquest: alarmed they see the Nibelungen forging wondrous weapons, that one day in the hands of human heroes shall cause the Giants’ downfall.* This strife is taken advantage of by the race of *Gods*, now waxing to supremacy. *Wotan* bargains with the Giants to build the Gods a Burg from whence to rule the world in peace and order; their building finished, the Giants ask the Nibelungen-Hoard in payment.”

[P. 302] “Wotan yields to the counsel of the three fates (Norns), who warn him of the downfall of the Gods themselves.

*{FEUER}* Now the Giants have the Hoard and Ring safe-kept by a monstrous Worm in the Gnita- (Neid-) Haide (the Grove of Grudge). Through the Ring the Nibelungs remain in thralldom, Alberich and all. But the Giants do not understand to use their might; their dullard minds are satisfied with having bound the Nibelungen. So the Worm lies on the Hoard since untold ages, in inert dreadfulness ... . Alberich broods without cease on the means of gaining back the Ring.

*{FEUER}* In high emprise the Gods have planned the world, bound down the elements by prudent laws, and devoted themselves to most careful nurture of the Human race. Their strength stands over all. Yet the peace by which they have arrived at mastery does not repose on reconciliation: by violence and cunning was it wrought. The object of their higher ordering of the world is moral consciousness: but the wrong they fight attaches to themselves. *From the depths of Nibelheim the conscience of their guilt cries up to them: for the bondage of the Nibelungen is not broken; merely the lordship has been reft from Alberich, and not for any higher end, but the soul, the freedom of the Nibelungen lies buried uselessly beneath the belly of an idle Worm: Alberich thus has justice in his complaints against the Gods. {FEUER}* Wotan himself, however, cannot undo the wrong without committing yet another: only a free Will, independent of the Gods themselves, and able to assume and expiate itself the burden of all guilt, can loose the spell; and in Man the Gods perceive the faculty of such free-will. In Man they therefore seek to plant their own divinity, to raise his strength so high that, in full knowledge of that strength, he may rid him of the Gods' protection, to do of his free will what his own mind [P. 303] inspires. So the Gods bring up Man for this high destiny, to be the canceller of their own guilt; and their aim would be attained even if in this human creation they should perforce annul themselves, that is, must part with their immediate influence through freedom of man's conscience. (...) *{FEUER}* But not yet is the rightful hero born, in whom his self-reliant strength shall reach full consciousness, enabling him with the free-willed penalty of death before his eyes to call his boldest deed his own. In the race of the *Waelsungen* this hero at last shall come to birth: a barren union is fertilised by Wotan through one of Holda's [Freia's] apples, which he gives the wedded pair to eat: twins, *Siegmond* and *Sieglinde* (brother and sister), spring from the marriage. *Siegmond* takes a wife, *Sieglinde* weds a man (*Hunding*); but both their marriages prove sterile: to beget a genuine *Waelsing*, brother and sister wed each other.”

[P. 304] “... *Reigin (Mime)*, Alberich's brother, upon hearing her [*Sieglinde's*] cries, has issued from a cleft and aided her: after the travail *Sieglinde* dies, first telling *Reigin* of her fate and committing the babe to his care. *Reigin* brings up *Siegfried*, teaches him smithery, and brings him the two pieces of the broken sword, from which, under *Mime's* directions, *Siegfried* forges the sword *Balmung*. Then *Mime* prompts the lad to slay the Worm, in proof of his gratitude. *Siegfried* first wishes to avenge his father's murder: he fares out, falls upon *Hunding*, and kills him: only thereafter does he execute the wish of *Mime*, attacks and slays the Giant-worm. His fingers burning from the Worm's hot blood, he puts them to his mouth to cool them; involuntarily he tastes the blood, and understands at once the language of the woodbirds singing round him. They praise *Siegfried* for his glorious deed, direct him to the *Nibelungen*-hoard in the cave of the Worm, and warn him

against Mime, who has merely used him as an instrument to gain the Hoard, and therefore seeks his life. Siegfried thereon slays Mime, and takes the Ring and Tarnhelm from the Hoard: he hears the birds again, who counsel him to win the crown of women, Bruennhild. So Siegfried sets forth, reaches Bruennhild's mountain, pierces the billowing flames, and wakes her; in Siegfried she joyfully acclaims the highest hero of the Waelsing-stem, and gives herself to him: *{FEUER} he marries her with Alberich's ring, which he places on her finger. When the longing spurs him to new deeds, she gives him lessons in her secret lore, warns him of the dangers of deceit and treachery: they swear each other vows, and Siegfried speeds forth.*

A second hero-stem, sprung likewise from the Gods, is that of the *Gibichungen* on the Rhine: there now bloom *Gunther* and *Gudrun*, his sister.

[P. 305] *{FEUER}* "... Siegfried for the first and only time exerts his power as Ruler of the Nibelungen, by putting on the Tarnhelm and thereby taking Gunther's form and look; thus masked, he passes through the flames to Bruennhild. Already robbed by Siegfried of her maidhood, she has lost alike her superhuman strength, and all her runecraft she has made away to Siegfried – who does not use it; she is powerless as any mortal woman, and can only offer lame resistance to the new, audacious wooer ... ."

[P. 306] "Siegfried charges her with shamelessness: Faithful had he been to his blood-brotherhood, -- his sword he laid between Bruennhilde and himself: -- he calls on her to bear him witness. – Purposely, and thinking only of his ruin, she will not understand him."

[P. 308] *{FEUER}* "... the curse and the power of that Ring would be destroyed, were it re-given to the waters, and thus resolved into its pure original element. The Daughters hanker for the Ring, and beg it of Siegfried, who refuses it. (Guiltless, he has taken the guilt of the Gods upon him, and atones their wrong through his defiance, his self-dependence.) They prophesy evil, and tell him of the curse attaching to the ring: Let him cast it in the river, or he must die to-day. Siegfried: 'Ye glib-tongued women shall not cheat me of my might: the curse and your threats I count not worth a hair. What my courage bids me, is my being's law; and what I do of mine own mind, so is it set for me to do: call ye this curse or blessing, it I obey and strive not counter to my strength.' The three Daughters: 'Wouldst thou outvie the Gods?' Siegfried: 'Show me the chance of mastering the Gods, and I must work my main to vanquish them. I know three wiser women than you three; they wot where once the Gods will strive in bitter fearing. Well for the Gods, if they take heed that then I battle with them. So laugh I at your threats: the ring stays mine, and thus I cast my life behind me.' (...) The midday meal is eaten: Siegfried, in the highest spirits, mocks at his own unfruitful chase: But water-game had come his way, for whose capture he was [P. 309] not equipped, alack! Or he'd have brought his comrades three wild water-birds that told him he must die to-day. Hagen takes up the jest, as they drink: Does he really know the song and speech of birds, then? (...) The train of recollection brings him back the counsel of the birds to seek Bruennhilde, who was fated for him; how he stormed the flaming rock and wakened Bruennhild. Remembrance rises more and more distinct. (...) Gunther, guessing from Siegfried's tale the true connection of the inexplicable scene with Bruennhilde, and suddenly divining Siegfried's innocence, had thrown himself on Hagen's arm to rescue Siegfried, but without being able to stay the blow. (...) Gunther and the clansmen stand round Siegfried, in sympathetic awe; he lifts

his shining eyes once more: ‘Bruennhild, Bruennhild! Radiant child of Wotan! How dazzling bright I see thee nearing me! With holy smile thou saddlest thy horse, that paces through the air dew-dripping: to me thou steer’st its course; here is there Lot to choose (*Wal zu kueren*)! Happy me thou chos’st for husband, now lead me to Walhall, that in honour of all heroes I may drink All-father’s mead, pledged me by thee, thou shining Wish-maid! Bruennhild, Bruennhild! Greeting! He dies.”

[P. 310] “... then Bruennhild enters solemnly: ‘Cease your laments, your idle rage! Here stands his wife, whom ye all betrayed. **My right I claim, for what must be is done!**’ (...)  
**Bruennhild: ‘O he was pure! Ne’er oaths were more loyally held, than by him. No, Hagen has not slain him; for Wotan has he marked him out, to whom I thus conduct him.** And I, too, have atoned; pure and free am I: for he, the glorious one alone, o’erpowered me.’ (...)  
 First she takes possession of her heritage; the Tarnhelm shall be burnt with her: the Ring she puts upon her finger. *‘Thou forward hero, how thou held’st me banned! All my rune-lore I bewrayed to thee, a mortal, and so went widowed of my wisdom; thou usedst it not, though trustedst in thyself alone: but now that thou must yield it up through death, my knowledge comes to me again, and this Ring’s runes I rede. The ur-law’s runes, too, know I now, the Norns’ old saying! Hear then, ye mighty Gods, your guilt is quit: thank him, the hero, who took your guilt upon him! To my own hand he gave [P. 311] to end his work: loosed be the Nibelungs thralldom, the Ring no more shall bind them. Not Alberich shall receive it; no more shall he enslave you, but he himself be free as ye. (...)* One only shall rule, All-father thou in thy glory! As pledge of thine eternal might, this man I bring thee: good welcome give him; he is worth it!’

9/48                    **Toast on the Tercentenary of the Royal Kapelle at Dresden (PW Vol. VII; P. 313)**

[P. 315] {FEUER} “The era spanned to-day by the existence of our Kapelle is of the most unwonted moment: the three centuries of life of this art-institute cover that period which historians call the Third in World-history, commencing with the epoch of the Reformation and continuing to the present day; it is the period of the human spirit’s evolution to ever more distinct self-consciousness: in it that spirit has sought with surer tools to grasp its destiny, to probe the natural necessity of all existing forms of being upon earth.”

10-11/48            **SIEGFRIED’S DEATH (PW Vol. VIII; P. 1)**

[P. 4] {FEUER} “*Second* [Norn]:

*The hero won Bruennhild,  
 broke the Valkyrie’s sleep:  
 loving, she teacheth him runes.*

*Third:*

*Her runes unheeding, faithless on earth,  
 yet faithful for ever, he tricketh his dear one:  
 but his deed she hath wit to unravel,  
 freely to finish what glad he began.”*

[P. 5] *{FEUER}* “*The Three* [Norns] (while they coil the rope completely up):

Roll up the rope, guard ye it well!  
What we have spun, bindeth the world.”

[P. 15] *{FEUER}* “*The Walkueren*:

Bruennhild! Bruennhild! Long-lost sister! –  
Gone is the fire from the rock-abode!  
Say who hath routed it! Who thee awoke?

Bruennhild:

My greeting, whilom sisters!  
Seek ye for her ye have lost?  
Gone, of a truth, is the fire  
Since e’er he routed it who me awoke:  
Siegfried, the hero unmatched.”

[P. 16] *{FEUER}* “*The Walkueren* (drawing nearer and nearer, as the stage grows darker):

*Bruennhild! Bruennhild! Long-lost sister!  
Gav’st thou away thy godlike might?*

*Bruennhild:*

*To Siegfried, who gain’d me, I’ve lent it.*

*The Walkueren:*

*Gav’st thou away, too, thy holiest lore,  
the runes that once Wotan had taught thee?*

*Bruennhild:*

*I taught them to Siegfried, whom love I.*

(...)

*The Walkueren* (still closer):

*Bruennhild! Bruennhild! Long-lost sister!  
Ev’ry craven now can bend thee,  
to towards an easy booty! –  
O burnt but the fire anew round the fell,  
from shame the fenceless bride to shelter!  
Wotan! All-giver! Ward off the worst!”*

[P. 17] *{FEUERBACH}* “*Siegfried: (...)*

Art thou Bruennhild, the mettlesome maid  
who scares all heroes far and wide

[P. 18] by the scorn in her heart?

Trembling thou fleest from me,  
like the cowering dog  
that feareth its master’s chastising?  
The goblin wile of wizard fire  
to thee was gain indeed,  
since it shielded the weakest of women.

Bruennhild: (muttering to herself):

The weakest woman!

Siegfried:

Flared up thy wrath

but while the fire was flaming?  
See, it dies down, and the weaponless woman  
I conquer through her craven heart.

Bruennhild (trembling):

Who is the man who dared a deed  
for the mightiest only foredoomed?

Siegfried: (...)

Of heroes one among many  
who harder toils have torn through  
than here I've found to face.  
Soon shalt thou pay me in full  
for that our men thou'st scared by mouthing tales  
of ruin to whoe'er would Bruennhild woo.  
To all the world will I show  
how tame at home in my hall  
a woman spins and weaves.

Bruennhild:

Who art thou?

Siegfried:

A better than he  
Whom for husband thou fitt'st.  
A Gibichung am I ... ."

Bruennhild:

(...)

Yet heard I a horn – Siegfried's horn?

Siegfried:

The merry hero mans the skiff

[P. 19] wherein thou follow'st me to-morrow:  
his tunes he'd sooth be trying.

Bruennhild:

Siegfried? – Thou liest!

Siegfried:

He showed me the way.

Bruennhild:

No! – Never!"

[P. 21] {FEUER} "Alberich:

The brimming Hoard I heaped so high  
that the world ere long it should win me.  
Then envy seized the Giant brood,  
the fools were plagued with care;  
to the upstart Gods they bade their help,  
a burg did the dullards build them,  
whence the Gods now rule in safe array:  
yet the Hoard the Giants asked for their toll.  
Hear'st thou, Hagen my son?

(...)

With tricks and lying trapped they me,  
 in ransom I left them the Hoard;  
 the Ring alone I thought to save,  
 but of that they robbed me too:  
 then cursed I it, to farthest days  
 to bring but death to him who wore it.  
 For himself would Wotan fain ward it,  
 but the Giants defied him: to word of the Norns  
 bent Wotan,  
 of his downfall warned.  
 Fruitless now were my pains,  
 by the Ring was I bann'd, as my brothers it bound;  
 unfree were we all thenceforward.  
 Restlessly striving, nothing we reach:  
 sank e'en the Giants' boast-breathing race  
 long since 'fore the glittering light of the Gods –  
 A sluggish Worm, whom as warder they bred,  
 yet held in fetters all our freedom:  
 the Ring! the Ring! the Ring!"

[P. 22] {FEUER} "*Alberich:*

*Offspring of Gods I trusted ne'er,  
 their blood is bred of treason:  
 thee, changeless one, begat I myself;  
 thou, Hagen, troth wilt cherish!*  
**Yet, strong though thy thews,  
 the Worm I durst not let thee strike:  
 but Siegfried that could venture, --  
 so vengeance wreak thou on him!  
 Fool eke he!  
 Plaything to him is the Ring,  
 whose power he cannot fathom.**  
 By craft and onslaught now wrest thou the Ring!  
 By craft and onslaught Gods robb'd it from me."

[P. 23] "Gudrune:

May Freija greet thee,  
 In honour of all maidens!  
 Siegfried:

Freija, the winsome, that art thou ... !"

[P. 27] Bruennhilde (scarcely mistress of herself):

Siegfried ... here! ... Gudrune?

Siegfried:  
 Gunther's winsome sister,  
 wed to me, as thou to Gunther.

Bruennhilde:  
 Wed? ... Gunther? ... Thou liest! –

The light fadeth out ...

(She is about to fall. Siegfried, standing nearest, supports her.)

Bruennhilde (murmuring, clasped in Siegfried's arms):

Siegfried ... knows me not?"

[P. 35] *{FEUER}* "Men:

All-father! Ruler of Gods!

All-knower! Hallowed head!

Wotan! Wotan! Hither now wend!

Women:

All-soother! Mightiest mother!

[P. 36] All-giver, Fostering Goddess!

Frikka! Frikka! Holiest Wife!"

[P. 39] *{FEUER}* "Siegfried:

Ye huckstering women, let me be!

Cared I scarce for your coaxings,

Trick me your threat'nings can not.

*Nixies [The three Rhinedaughters]:*

***Siegfried! Siegfried! We tell thee but truth!***

***Flee thou! Flee from the curse!***

***By waking Norns 'twas woven***

***in the Ur-law's endless coil.***

*Siegfried:*

***From your curse I never will flee,***

***nor flinch at the Norn's weird weavings!***

***On what my heart is set,***

***Ur-law is that to me, --***

***And what my mind beholds,***

***Ever is that mine end.***

(...)

*Nixies:*

***Woe! Siegfried!***

***Where Gods are mourning, thou canst mock?***

*Siegfried:*

***Dawneth the day upon that heath***

***where heroes in care are forgath'ring, --***

***leaps forth that fight whose end the Norns***

***themselves have no wit of foretelling:***

[P. 40] ***to mine own mood***

***I turn the outcome!***

And shall I myself be unmaning,

with the ring cast loose my manhood?

Held it less than my finger's worth,

its hoop I'd not give forth:

for life itself – lo!

Thus do I fling it away!"

[P. 49] "Bruennhilde:

Have thanks, then, Hagen!  
 As thee I bade,  
 where thee I showed,  
 hast thou for Wotan  
 marked him out, --  
 to whom with him I fare now. --“

[P. 50] *{FEUER}* “Bruennhilde:  
*Thou overbearing hero,*  
*How thou heldest me banned!*  
*Of all my wisdom must I go lacking,*  
*For all my knowledge to thee had I lent:*  
*What from me thou took’st, thou usedst not, --*  
*To thy mettlesome mood thou trustedst alone!*  
*But now thou’rt gone, hast given it free,*  
*To my lore cometh back,*  
*The runes of the Ring unravel.*  
*The Norn’s old saying know I now too,*  
*Their meaning can unriddle:*  
*The boldest of men’s most mighty of deeds*  
*Through my knowledge it gaineth its blessing. –*  
 Ye Nibelungen, give ear to my words!  
 Your thraldom now I end:  
 Who the Ring once forged, you busy ones bound, --  
 Not he shall its lord be again, --  
 But free be he, as ye!  
 (...)  
 One only shall rule:  
 All-father! Thou in thy glory!  
 Have joy of the freest of heroes!  
 Siegfried bear I to thee:  
 Give him greeting right glad,  
 The warrant of might everlasting!”

[P. 51] **The Men and Women together ... :**

**Wotan! Wotan! Ruler of Gods!**  
**Wotan, bless thou the flames!**  
**Burn hero and bride,**  
**Burn eke the true horse:**  
**That wound-healed and pure**  
**All-father’s free helpmates**  
**In joy may greet Walhall,**  
**Made one for a bliss without end!**

(The flames have met above the bodies, entirely concealing them from  
 (view. *In the foreground, now completely dark, Alberich appears behind  
 Hagen.*)

*Alberich (pointing to the back):*  
*My venger, Hagen, my son!*

*Rescue, rescue the Ring!*

*Hagen turns quickly round, and, preparing to plunge into the fire, casts spear and shield away. Suddenly a blinding light strikes forth from the embers: on the fringe of a leaden cloud (as if the smoke from the dying fire) the light ascends; in it appears Bruennhilde on horseback, helmeted and in the dazzling armour of a Valkyrie, [P. 52] leading Siegfried by the hand through the sky. At like time, and while the cloud is rising, the waters of the Rhine flow over to the Hall: the three Water-maidens, lit by brilliant moonshine, swim away with the Ring and Tarnhelm: -- Hagen plunges after them, as though demented, to tear from them the treasure: they seize him and drag him down into the deep. Alberich sinks, with gestures of woe."*

**[1849]**

?/49

**Richard Wagner's autobiography My Life (p. 429-431)**

[P. 429-431] {FEUER} "Feuerbach's Thoughts on Death and Immortality were introduced to me. Feuerbach's frankness pleased me, as much for its tragic implications as for its social radicalism.

*I found it elevating, consoling, to be assured the sole authentic immortality adheres only to sublime deeds and inspired artworks. (...)*

*Still, Feuerbach became for me the proponent of a ruthlessly radical liberation of the individual from the bondage of conceptions associated with the belief in traditional authority, and that's why I dedicated The Artwork of the Future to him.*

What really induced me to attach such importance to Feuerbach was his conclusion, which led him to abandon Hegel, that the best philosophy was no philosophy at all, a theory whereby the study of it became infinitely easier; in addition was his conclusion that the only reality is what the senses perceive.

*The fact that he proclaimed what we call 'spirit' to lie in esthetic perceptions of the tangible world, along with his verdict on the future of philosophy, afforded me a useful support in my conception of a work of art which would be all-embracing while remaining comprehensible to the simplest purely human power of discernment, the artwork of the future.*

*But only after a short time it became impossible for me to return to his works ... ."*

1-2/49

**JESUS OF NAZARETH (PW Vol. VIII; P. 283)**

[P. 299] {FEUER} " 'Ye shall not swear'; in Oaths lay the binding law of a world that knew not Love as yet. Let every man be free to act at every moment according to Love and his ability: bound by an oath, I am unfree: if in its fulfilment I do good, that good is robbed of merit (as every bounden virtue) and loses the worth of conviction; but if the oath leads me to evil, then I sin against conviction."

[P. 300] {FEUER} "The Law, as given you heretofore, was the limitation of your being in the flesh: without that law ye had no sin, but hearkened to the law of Nature: but the Letter was set up over your flesh, and the Law, which taught you to regard the nature of

the flesh as sinful, brought you to death; for now ye sinned in doing what, according to the law, ye should not. *But I release you from the Law which slew you, inasmuch as I bring unto you the law of the Spirit, which giveth life: henceforth there is no more sin, save that against the spirit; but that can only be incurred through ignorance, and therefore is no sin: ... this law is Love, and what ye do in love can nevermore be sinful: in it your flesh is glorified, for Love is the Eternal. (...) Were the flesh against Love, it were against itself: but it hitherto hath been against the Law, since the Law was at variance with Love: in the Law, accordingly, was sin; now I slay this law, and thereby root up sin: from sin I thus redeem you, inasmuch as I give you Love: but [P. 301] God is love, and of love he sent to you his son; whose brothers all men are, and like unto him through love. {FEUER} Every creature loves, and Love is the law of life for all creation; so if Man made a law to shackle love, to reach a goal that lies outside of human nature (-- namely, power, dominion – above all, the protection of property:), he sinned against the law of his own existence and therewith slew himself; but in that we acknowledge Love, and vindicate it from the law of the false spirit, we raise ourselves above the brute creation, since we arrive at knowledge of the everlasting law which has been sole power since the ur-beginning; but inasmuch as we know this law, we also practise it, and thus are co-creators with God at every moment, and through the consciousness of that are God himself. Jesus knows and practises God's-love through his teaching of it: in the consciousness of Cause and Effect he accordingly is God and Son of God; but every man is capable of like knowledge and like practice, -- and if he attain thereto, he is like unto God and Jesus.*

*{FEUER} If ye ask why Man set up a law at variance with his nature, we come to the serious error of mankind until the present day; namely, the universal understanding of the principle of Society, which seemed insurable only by making laws to guard Possession, but not the essence of Human Nature in its freedom. As a first law, Marriage was entrenched by transferring the law of Love to it: but the law, i.e. the essence of Love, is everlasting: a pair that mutually inclines without compulsion, can do this solely from pure love; and this love, so long as nothing crosses it, can naturally admit no surcease, for it is the full and mutual completion and contentment of the man and woman, which wins in fruitfulness, and in the love devolving on children, its perpetual motion and renewal. To this complete relationship became attached the concept of Possession: the man belonged to the woman, the woman to the man, the children to the parents, the parents to the children, -- love gave duration to this state of Belonging, and continuous Belonging stiffened to the concept of Possession, -- [P. 302] which last developed in especial through the warding-off of violent encroachments from without; who love, belong to one another and none else, above all not to him who is not loved. The Individual's natural rights were consequently extended over those close-knit to him by love: thus ripened the idea of Marriage, its sacredness, its right; and this later became embodied in the Law. But that Right was bound to turn into a wrong, when it no longer found its basis through and through in love itself; it could but turn into an utter sin, so soon as its sacredness was made to prevail against love, and that in two directions: 1. when the marriage was contracted without love, 2. when the parents' right became a scourge upon the children. {FEUER} If a woman was wed by a man for whom she had no love, and he fulfilled the letter of the marriage-law to her, through that law she became his property: the woman's struggle for freedom through love*

*thereby became a sin, actual contentment of her love she could only attain by adultery. (...) In the court of Love it was not they who sinned, but the Law that had blasphemed by transforming the right of love into Possession, thus setting up a dam against love's free eternal movement, inasmuch as it erected one moment of love –namely its duration in a pair made wholly one by love – in place of the eternity of Love itself. Precisely so was it with the law of Property: in it the love which expresses itself in Man as the bent to satisfaction through the enjoyment of Nature and her products, became hardened into the unit's exclusive right over Nature beyond his capacity for enjoyment ... .”*

[P. 303] {FEUER} “So Jesus frees our human nature, when he abrogates the law which makes that nature appear sinful to itself through its restrictions, -- when he proclaims the divine law of Love, in whose envelopment our whole being is justified.

Through my death there perisheth the Law, inasmuch as I show you that Love is greater than the Law.

*The commandment saith: Thou shalt not commit adultery! But I say unto you: Ye shall not marry without love.* A marriage without love is broken as soon as entered into, and whoso hath wooed without love, already hath broken the wedding. If ye follow my commandment, how can ye ever break it, since it bids you do what your own heart and soul desire?”

[P. 304] Love thy neighbor as thyself; which also meaneth: Lay not up for thyself treasures, whereby thou stealest from thy neighbor and makest him to starve: for when thou hast thy goods safeguarded by the law of men, thou provokest thy neighbor to sin against the law.

(...)

Who then is the thief: he who took from his neighbor what his neighbor had need of, or he who took from the rich man what he needed not?

(...)

{FEUER} Ye descend from God: but from God descends no unclean thing. For if the first-fruit be holy, the lump is also holy; and if the root be holy, so also are the branches. Righteous therefore also is man's flesh and blood, and no unrighteousness can be in it: but all offence and sin [P. 305] come through the Law, which is against man; wherefore am I come to redeem you from the Law, without which there is no Sin ... .

(...)

Love is free, -- is practised through free will: [P. 306] it is spiritual, and lieth not in the bonds of Nature, the blood. The Law bound it to the blood, and thus begot Sin of itself. (...) {FEUER} **So, under the Law all strive to harm each other, in that each one seeketh to preserve himself from harm: but no law can bring about the rich and prospering deeds of Love: for Law is restraintment of freedom, -- and only then is Love creative, when it is free.”**

[P. 307] Moses covered his face from you when he died, that ye might not behold the end of him who gave you the law that yet should end: and that veil remaineth still before you stubborn ones, so that ye refuse to see the end of that which yet shall end; but I remove that veil, since in me the Law shall end that ye may see the death of what ye hypocrites would fain have kept alive: and openly before all eyes will I suffer death for that Love through which I redeem the world to life eternal.

*I die through the Law for sake of Love, that ye may know that Love is everlasting and the Life, but Law is of Time and Death.*

[P. 308] Is the law of life which has been from the beginning, and will be forever, so impossible here on earth, though in it alone ye live? Whereas the law of man, which was broken in the very giving, ye hold imperatively necessary! – O ye sinners and hardened, who fain would hold the truth impossible, and recognise the lie as the necessity. Open your hearts, and see what every child can see!”

[P. 310] {FEUER} “(Misunderstanding his own impulses, to himself Man seemed outside God, i.e., wicked: over against themselves men set the Law, as come from God, to force themselves to good.) God was one with the world from the beginning: the earliest races (Adam and Eve) lived and moved in this oneness, innocent, unknowing it: the first step in knowledge was the distinguishing between the helpful and the harmful; in the human heart the notion of the Harmful developed into that of the Wicked: this seemed to be the opposite [P. 311] of the Good, the Helpful, of God, and that dualism (Zwiegespaltenheit) formed the basis of all Sin and Suffering of mankind; upon it was built the idea of man’s imperfectness, and that idea itself was bound to swell to doubt of God.

{FEUER} Human Society next sought deliverance through the Law: it fastened the notion of Good to the Law, as to something intelligible and perceptible by us all: but what was bound fast to the Law was only a moment of the Good, and since God is eternally generative, fluent and mobile, the Law thus turned against God’s self; for, as man can live and move by none save the ur-law of Motion itself, in pursuance of his nature he needs must clash against the Law, i.e., the binding, standing, -- thus grow sinful. This is man’s suffering, the suffering of God himself who has not come as yet consciousness in men. That consciousness we finally attain through taking the essence of Man himself for immediate Godhood, through recognising the eternal law whereby the whole creation moves as the positive and ineluctable, and abolishing the distinction between the helpful and the harmful through our recognition that sub specie aeterni (‘im Betracht des Ewigen’) the two are the selfsame utterance of creative force: the original oneness of God and the World thus is gained anew to our consciousness, and Sin, therefore Suffering, abolished by our abolition of the clumsy human law, which opposed itself as State to Nature – through recognition that the only God indwells in us and in our unity with Nature – in which, again, we recognise itself as undivided. Jesus removed this conflict, and established the oneness of God, by his proclamation of Love.”

[P. 312] {FEUER} “On the world no sin lieth, it is perfect as God who made and keepeth it: and pure is each creature that liveth therein, for its life is the love of God, and the law whereby it liveth is the love of God. *So lived Man also once in innocence, till the knowledge of good and evil, of what helps and what harms, set him outside himself, and he lived by laws which he himself had made unto death: now I bring Man back into himself, in that he apprehendeth God as in himself, and not outside him: but God is the law of Love, and when once we know it and walk thereby, as every creature walketh without knowing it, we are God himself: for God is the knowledge of self.*”

[P. 313] {FEUER} “The last ascension of the individual life into the life of the whole, is Death, which is the last and most definite upheaval of egoism. (...) Its death is the self-offering of every creature in favour of the maintenance and enrichment of the whole: the creature that fulfills this offering with consciousness, by attuning its free will to the necessity of this offering, becomes a co-creator, -- in that it further

devotes its free will to the greatest possible moral import of the sacrifice, however, it becomes God himself. This nature-necessity had to lead man to consciousness of itself, so that, for all his seeming to content his egoism by exercise of his free will, he is always advancing on his ascent into an ever more extended generality. This advance is conditioned by Love. Love is the most imperative utterance of life: but as, materially speaking, in it the ego's life-stuff is voided (entausert), so in it takes [P. 314] also place the moral process of a riddance of egoism; and the perfect riddance thereof is Death, the giving-up of the body, of the hearth and home of egoism, of the last hindrance to my ascent into the generality.

(...)

{FEUER} ... the individual first fronts the generality as a full-fledged egoist, and his active dealings with it are the gradual abandonment of egoism, ending in his ascent into the generality."

[P. 315] {FEUER} "The first act of surrender-of-oneself is sexual love; it is a giving-away of one's own vital force: in sexual love, and the family, man multiplies himself physically through a riddance of himself, and this undoubtedly involves the physical necessity of his death, as with the plant. *This necessity might be countered by the paradox, that man would never die if he did not multiply himself through procreation, but devoted his procreative force ... to the constant reconstruction of his own body: but that would be to establish the most complete and irremediable egoism; and in fact this 'egoism lies at bottom of the monk's renunciation, against which Nature wreaks her vengeance by letting that procreative force disperse unfruitful, by no means harvesting it for the body's use;* for Life is movement along the line of multiplication. – Death therefore amounts, for the unit, to the giving-up himself in favour of the multiplying of himself. If the relationship of the family is pure, if death comes naturally and in advanced old age, with a numerous existing progeny, then death – as we see in patriarchal life – has never seemed bitter or terrible: **only after disruption of the natural ties through defilement of the purity of the family, when human egoism set its heart on what lies without the race, on possession and power, must death become terrible, because it cancelled an egoism that could not be fitly imagined as living-on in its multiples.** Now in Universal Love-of-man, as taught by Jesus, reconciliation with death is established for all time, since egoism finds through that love its most complete contentment in its most complete repeal."

[P. 316] {FEUER} "... to know the welfare of oneself and children guaranteed by a social union, at last expands the family-egoism to Patriotism, i.e. to love for the union in which I know my own contentment, or that of my dear ones, ensured through reciprocity. Now, the more definitely and distinctly do I know the welfare of this larger fellowship ensured by the merging of the egoism of the unit in the communism of all, the higher and broader shall I know to be the satisfaction which that egoism finds therein: the nature-necessity of death becomes a moral deed, so soon as I consciously make it a sacrifice to the weal of the community ... . *But Jesus further teaches us to break through the barriers of patriotism and find our amplest satisfaction in the weal of the human race.*"

[P. 317] {FEUER} "Through his death the unit certifies his creative concurrence in life, for we know that death, by the law of Nature, is the result of parcelling out a multiple force: in that man shapes, reacts and begets, he annihilates himself, and his

life is therefore a continual slaying of himself for the benefit of something new, enriched and diversified, that issues from him; wherefore his ultimate death is but the total parting with the emptied casket of that generative force, and thus a last creation in itself, to wit the upheaval of all unproductive egoism, a making place for life. If we are conscious of this, and act upon that consciousness, we are even God himself, namely the energising of eternal love; and we set the last sign manual of our godhood on this action through our death, the highest love-offering, to wit the offering of our personal being in favour of the universal. Death is accordingly the most perfect deed of love: it becomes such to us through our consciousness of a life consumed in love. –

Jesus: ‘ So long as I yet live, ye are in uncertainty about me, for ye are still unclear, and your wishes still at variance, as to what I yet might do: when I shall be no more, will ye come to clearness about me, for then will ye know for certain what I did.’

(...)

*{FEUER} Nothing exists for us, but what is present to man’s consciousness.”*

[P. 318] *{FEUER}* “Each man lives in love, all his doings are involved herein, for his life itself is the progressive divestment of his Me. Amends for the loss of this Me come only through *consciousness* of his ascent into the generality, for only through knowledge thereof does he find himself again in the Universal, and that enriched and multiplied; this consciousness of self, or better, this becoming-conscious of ourselves in the universal, makes our life creative, just because by our abandonment of self we enrich the generality, and in it our own selves.”

[P. 319] *“The essence of Woman, like that of children, is egoism: the woman gives not, but receives, or merely re-gives the received.”*

[P. 320] *{FEUER}* “Innocence is the [state of] absolute egoism, for it receives and gives not. Adam lived in innocence so long as he merely received: the first divestment of his egoism, through procreative love, was the Fall, to wit the unit’s step outside itself, and consequent advance towards complete repeal of egoism in death, i.e., self-annihilation. *{FEUER}* *(The state of Innocence could not come to men’s consciousness until they had lost it. This yearning back thereto, the struggle for its re-attainment, is the soul of the whole movement of civilisation since ever we learnt to know the men of legend and of history. It is the impulse to depart from a generality that seems hostile to us, to arrive at egoistic satisfaction in ourselves ...)*. This denial of himself must needs appear to man a misery, a harm and evil – and its ultimate consequence, Death, a curse, -- so long as he had not become joyfully conscious of his multiple ascent into the generality. The necessity of surcease of the personal being must seem an evil to him who was unaware of the rich indemnification for that loss. This plaint did not exist at the beginning, for in the pure Patriarchate the father feels contented with his passing into his progeny: *{FEUER}* **the Israelites in their slavery and demoralisation in Egypt were the first to raise this cry, because in the disrupted family and captive tribe that riddance of egoism could only be accomplished by submergence in an unloved and squalid generality – that of their captive kinsmen. Only in joy at life can egoism willingly put off itself; if life itself is a joyless thing to me, in its increase and multiplication – the maintenance of this joyless state – I naturally can find no satisfaction, but wish myself back in the state of innocence,**

namely of inactive, unproductive egoism. In this unjoyful voiding of myself I my misery increased: my body's fruit becomes to me a burden, which I would rather not have born; so Love withdraws from the field of action, and its most natural contentment in the paternal relation becomes [P. 321] changed into its opposite: the satisfaction of the procreative bent becomes a vulgar lust, the presence of children a burden, life a loveless care, and therefore death a curse, because the abolition of the only thing we comprehend, to wit the Me. *{FEUER}* *In this world of egoistic yearning and dislike arose the Law: in it man was to divest himself of his egoism in favour of a generality from which love, i.e. the blessed consciousness of love, had vanished – to wit, Possession. But the Law itself could not make-up for Love, for it was the constraint, the compulsion to benefit the commonalty;* only he who found his benefit in its keeping, did according thereto; the lawful act was not the deed of love, for this can only be accomplished of free will, but the deed of egoism, which found itself contented and protected by the law: free Love could only manifest itself outside the law, and thus against it. But Love is mightier than the Law, for it is the Ur-law of life, -- yet its utterance must seem a sin, i.e., a breach of the law, so long as the primitive state, in which the law of Love alone prevailed, had not been re-established; and only in the fullest consciousness was that to be regained, through Jesus, which we had lost through imperfect consciousness thereof: for through Jesus' proclamation Love was stretched from out the family to cover all the human race.

**The loveless constantly abides in egoism, and in death he founders utterly; the movement of life, the riddance of his life-material, takes place against his will; what he wills, he cannot consummate, but what he wills not, he must see fulfilled on him: he therefore remains a sufferer till death. Only he who brings his free will to the divestment of his life-stuff, passes consciously into the universal, and thus lives on therein a multiple and broader life: the divestment of my self is Love, and in the beloved I find myself again. This is the immortality that resides in my free will: for the Egoist sets his will against his necessary putting-off of self, and therefore comes to final end with death, -- whereas the Universalist attains through his will to broader living in the generality."**

[P. 322] *{FEUER}* "The life of man is evolution in egoism and putting-off thereof again in favour of the generality.

*{FEUER}* **Until maturity, man comprehends Nature only with reference to himself: every impression from Nature goes up into his egoism, for the still-ripening merely receives; only the received is comprehensible to him, and only as regards himself, his Me itself: so far as Nature lies outside him, it therefore is nothing to him, and only his I is something. Only after attained maturity, when man divests himself of self again in love, does Nature become aught to him, in measure as he sinks himself into her; for through love he goes outside himself, and finds himself again in his antithesis. Whence also the understanding of Nature first through love.**

(...)

(*To be much worked out.*) The Law stands in place of the generality, consequently between me and the universe ... . The Law is lovelessness; and even should it command me to love, in keeping it I should not practise love, for Love deals only after itself, not after a commandment. The atonement of the world is therefore to be effected by nothing

but upheaval of the Law, which holds the individual back from free bestowal of his Me upon the generality, and parts him from it.”

[P. 339] {FEUER} *“The first man, Adam, is sent into natural life, and the last Adam into spiritual life. But the spiritual body is not the first, but the natural, and afterward the spiritual.”*

2/49

**Man and Established Society (PW Vol. VIII; P. 227)**

[P. 227] {FEUER} **“In the previous number it was shown how Established Society, recognising its greatest enemy in the increasing education of the people, has taken stand against it, yet without being able to stay thereby the threatening danger. In the year 1848 Man’s fight against Established Society began.”**

[P. 230] {FEUER} “The fight of Man against existing Society has begun. This fight, it is the holiest, the sublimest ever fought, for ‘tis the war of consciousness with chance, of mind with mindlessness, morality with evil, of strength against weakness: ‘tis the fight for our destiny, our right, our happiness.

*{FEUER} The Existing has a mighty empire over man. Our Established Society has a terrible power over us, for it has deliberately arrested the growth of our strength. The strength for this holy war can come to us from nothing save perception of the worthlessness of our Society. When we have clearly recognised how our existing Society disowns its task, how violently and often craftily it withholds [P. 231] us from our mission, our right, our happiness, we shall have won the force to fight, to conquer it.*

{FEUER} Wherefore our first, our weightiest task is this: to search and ever more distinctly grasp the essence and the agency of our Society, on every side; once it is recognised, it also is doomed!”

3/31/49

**Reminiscences of Eduard Devrient (from Stewart Spencer’s “Wagner Remembered”; p. 63)**

[P. 63] {FEUER} **“He still thinks that only by destroying property is it possible to civilize mankind. I maintain that nothing can be achieved by such a superficial arrangement, but only through a new religious rebirth in Europe, by means of which selfishness – the source of all our social evils – will be reduced. He thinks of putting an end to all deficiencies, believes in the absolute and original perfection of the human race, a perfection lost only as a result of the state. What folly to regard six thousand years of human development as an error caused by the outward mechanism of the state. Finally, he had to agree with me that only moral amelioration can put an end to our misery and that this would produce the right types of state, based on the law of love.”**

4/49

**The Revolution (PW Vol. VIII; P. 232)**

[P. 235] {FEUER} “... I am the e’er-rejuvenating, ever-fashioning Life; where I am not, is Death! I am the dream, the balm, the hope of sufferers! I bring to nothing what exists, and whither I turn there wells fresh life from the dead rock. (...) *Whatever stands, must*

*fall: such is the everlasting law of Nature, such the condition of Life; and I , the eternal destroyer, fulfil the law and fashion ever-youthful life. (...) I will destroy [P. 236] each phantom (Wahn) that has rule o'er men. I will destroy the dominion of one over many, of the dead o'er the living, of matter over spirit; I will break the power of the mighty, of law, of property. Be his own will the lord of man, his own desire his only law, his strength his whole possession, for the only holiness is the free man, and naught higher there is than he.* Annulled be the fancy that gives One power over millions, makes millions subject to the will of one, the doctrine that One has power to bless all others. Like may not rule over like; like has no higher potence than its equal: and as ye all are equal, I will destroy all rulership of one over other.

**{FEUER}** *Annulled be the fancy that gives Death power over Life, the Past oe'r the Future. The law of the dead is their own law; it shares their lot, and dies with them; it shall not govern Life. Life is law unto itself. And since the Law is for the living, not the dead, and ye are living, with none conceivable above you, ye yourselves are the law, your own free will the sole and highest law, and I will destroy all dominion of Death over Life.*

**{FEUER}** *Annulled be the fancy that makes man bonds slave to his handiwork, to property. Man's highest good is his fashioning force, the fount whence springs all happiness forever; and not in the created, in the act of creation itself, in the exercise of your powers lies your true highest enjoyment. Man's work is lifeless; the living shall not bind itself to what is lifeless, not make itself a thrall to that. So away with the bugbear that restrains enjoyment, that hems free force, that sets up Property outside of Man, and makes him thrall to his own work.*

(...) What Nature made, what men have tilled and turned into a fruitful garden, belongs to men, the needy, and none shall come and say: 'To me alone belongs all this; ye others are but guests I tolerate so long as I may please and they shall yield me tribute, guests I drive [P. 237] forth when so inclined. To me belongs what Nature made, what Man has wrought, and the living needs.' Away with that lie; to Need alone , belongs what satisfies it, and such is offered in abundance by Nature and your own strong arm. (...)

**{FEUER}** *I will destroy the existing order of things, which parts this one mankind into hostile nations, into powerful and weak, privileged and outcast, rich and poor; for it makes unhappy men of all. I will destroy the order of things that turns millions to slaves of a few, and these few to slaves of their own might, own riches. I will destroy this order of things, that cuts enjoyment off from labour, makes labor a load (Last), enjoyment a vice (Laster), makes one man wretched through want, another through overflow.* I will destroy this order of things, which wastes man's powers in service of dead matter, which keeps the half of humankind in inactivity or useless toil, binds hundreds of thousands to devote their vigorous youth – in busy idleness as soldiers, placement, speculators and money-spinners – to the maintenance of these depraved conditions, whilst the other half must shore the whole disgraceful edifice at cost of over-taxing all their strength and sacrificing every taste of life. **Down to its memory will I destroy each trace of this mad state of things, compact of violence, lies, care, hypocrisy, want, sorrow, suffering, tears, trickery and crime ... . Destroyed be all that weighs on you and makes you suffer, and from the ruins of this ancient world let rise a new, instinct with [P. 238] happiness undreamt. Nor hate, nor envy, grudge nor enmity, be henceforth found among you ... . (...)** **{FEUER}** Two peoples, only,

are there from henceforth: the one, that follows me, the other, that withstands me. The one I lead to happiness; over the other grinds my path: **for *I am Revolution, I am the ever-fashioning Life, I am the only God, to whom each creature testifies, who spans and gives both life and happiness to all that is!***

**{FEUER} (...)** ... *and with the heaven-shaking cry I am a Man! The millions, the embodied Revolution, the God become Man, rush down to the valleys and plains, and proclaim to all the world the new gospel of Happiness."*

5/17/49      **Letter to Eduard Devrient (SLRW; P. 150)**

[P. 150] "Had Heubner been a revolutionary pure and simple, bent on victory and victory alone – the only type of revolutionary who will be victorious in the future! – he would have paid no heed to the whimperings of the wealthy burghers of Freiberg or Chemnitz but simply have allowed the terrible wisdom of the revolution to take its course ... . It was at this point that I realized that we are none of us revolutionaries, least of all myself: we want the revolution in order to be able to build some-thing good on it without delay, -- and this consideration causes us to misjudge it totally: ***the true, victorious revolutionary can desire only destruction, and his unique strength will be his hatred, not the love which guides us.***

... I was initially in total sympathy with the uprising, but what I felt on the middle two days was, rather, embitterment, and on the two final days the most intense excitability and curiosity. But at no point did I take an active part in the proceedings, either with weapons or with public oratory: at no point did I adopt an official stance towards the provisional government. But the extent to which the reactionary party will be capable of committing acts of baseness and villainy once it enjoys the protection of Prussian bayonets on Saxon soil is something I have no difficulty in guessing ... ."

6-8/49      **Art and Revolution (PW Vol. I; P. 30)**

[P. 34] **{FEUER}** "*To see the most pregnant of all tragedies, the 'Prometheus', came they; in this Titanic masterpiece to see the image of themselves, to read the riddle of their own actions, to fuse their own being and their own communion with that of their god; and thus in noblest, stillest peace to live again the life which a brief space of time before, they had lived in restless activity and accentuated individuality.*

**{FEUER}** Ever jealous of his personal independence, and hunting down the 'Tyrannos' who, howsoever wise and lofty, might imperil from any quarter the freedom of his own strong will: the Greek despised the soft complacency which, under the convenient shelter of another's care, can lay itself down to passive egoistic rest. Constantly on his guard, untiring in warding off all outside influence: ***he gave not even to the hoariest tradition the right over his own free mundane life, his actions, or his thoughts. Yet, at the summons of the choir his voice was hushed, he yielded himself a willing slave to the deep significance of the scenic show, and hearkened to the great story of Necessity told by the tragic poet through the mouths of his gods and heroes on the stage.*** For in the tragedy he found himself again, -- nay, found the noblest part of his own nature united with the noblest characteristics of the whole nation; and from his inmost soul, as it there unfolded itself to him, proclaimed the Pythian oracle. At

once both God and Priest, glorious godlike man, one with the Universal, the Universal summed up in him: like one of those [P. 35] thousand fibers which form the plant's united life, his slender form sprang from the soil into the upper air; there to bring forth the one lovely flower which shed its fragrant breath upon eternity. This flower was the highest work of Art, its scent the spirit of Greece; and still it intoxicates our senses and forces from us the avowal, that *it were better to be for half a day a Greek in presence of this tragic Art-work, than to all eternity an – un-Greek God!*

**Hand-in-hand with the dissolution of the Athenian State, marched the downfall of Tragedy. As the spirit of *Community* split itself along a thousand lines of egoistic cleavage, so was the great united work of Tragedy disintegrated into its individual factors. (...)**

To *Philosophy* and not to Art, belong the two thousand years which, since the decadence of Grecian Tragedy, have passed till our own day. In vain did Art send hither and thither her dazzling beams into the night of discontented thought, of mankind grovelling in its madness; they were but the cries, of pain or joy, of the units who had escaped from the desert of the multitude, and, like the fortunate wanderers from distant lands, had reached the hidden, bubbling spring of pure Castalian waters, at which they slaked their thirsty lips but dared not reach the quickening draught unto the world. *{FEUER} Or else it was, that Art entered on the service of one or other of those abstract ideas or even conventions which, now lighter and now more heavily, weighed down a suffering humanity and cast in fetters the freedom both of individuals and communities. But never more was she the free expression of a free community. Yet true Art is highest freedom, and only the highest freedom can bring her forth from out itself; no [P. 36] commandment, no ordinance, No aim apart from Art, can call her to arise.*

(...)

*{FEUER}* This mutual and general slavery [of the Roman Empire] ... yearned, as every universal feeling of the world must yearn, for an adequate expression of itself. But the manifest degradation and dishonour of all men; the consciousness of the complete corruption of all manly worth; the inevitably ensuing loathing of the material pleasures that now alone were left; the deep contempt for their own acts and deeds, from which all spirit of Genius [P. 37] and impulse of Art had long since joined with Freedom in her flight; *this sorrowful existence, without actual aimful life, -- could find but one expression; which, though certainly universal as the condition that called it forth, must yet be the direct antithesis of Art. For art is pleasure in itself, in existence, in community; but the condition of that period, at the close of the Roman mastery of the world, was self-contempt, disgust with existence, horror of community. Thus Art could never be the true expression of this condition: its only possible expression was Christianity.*

*{FEUER}* Christianity adjusts the ills of an honourless, useless, and sorrowful existence of mankind on earth, by the miraculous love of God; who had not – as the noble Greek supposed – created man for a happy and self-conscious life upon this earth, but had here imprisoned him in a loathsome dungeon: so as, in reward for the self-contempt that poisoned him therein, to prepare him for a posthumous state of endless comfort and inactive ecstasy. *{FEUER}* Man was therefore bound to remain in

*this deepest and unmanliest degradation, and no activity of this present life should he exercise; for this accursed life was, in truth, the world of the devil, i.e., of the senses; and by every action in it, he played into the devil's hands. Therefore the poor wretch who, in the enjoyment of his natural powers, made this life his own possession, must suffer after death the eternal torments of hell! Naught was required of mankind but faith – that is to say, the confession of its miserable plight, and the giving up of all spontaneous attempt to escape from out this misery; for the undeserved Grace of God was alone to set it free.*

The historian knows not surely that this was the view of the humble son of the Galilean carpenter; who, looking on the misery of his fellow-men, proclaimed that he had not come to bring peace, but a sword into the world; whom we must love for the anger with which he thundered forth against the hypocritical Pharisees who fawned upon the power of Rome, so as the better to bind and heartlessly [P. 38] enslave the people; and finally, who preached the reign of universal human love ... .

(...) **{FEUER}** *But thus much the candid artist perceives at the first glance: that neither was Christianity Art, nor could it ever bring forth from itself the true and living Art.*

**{FEUER}** The free Greek, who set himself upon the pinnacle of Nature, could procreate Art from very joy in manhood: the Christian, who impartially cast aside both Nature and himself, could only sacrifice to his God on the altar of renunciation; he durst not bring his actions or his work as offering, but believed that he must seek His favour by abstinence from all self-prompted venture. Art is the highest expression of activity of a race that has developed its physical beauty in unison with itself and Nature; and man must reap the highest joy from the world of sense before he can mould therefrom the implements of his art; for from the world of sense alone, can he derive so much as the impulse to artistic creation. The Christian, on the contrary, if he fain would create an art-work that should correspond to his belief, must derive his impulse from the essence of abstract spirit (Geist), from the grace of God, and therein find his tools. – What, then, could he take for aim? Surely not physical beauty, -- mirrored in his eyes as an incarnation of the devil? *And how could pure spirit, at any time, give birth to a something that could be cognised by the senses?*

**{FEUER}** All pondering of this problem is fruitless; the course of history shows too unmistakably the results of these two opposite methods. Where the Greeks, for their edification, [P. 39] gathered in the amphitheatre for the space of a few short hours full of the deepest-meaning: the Christian shut himself away in the life-long imprisonment of a cloister. In the one case, the Popular Assembly was the judge: in the other, the Inquisition; here the State developed to an honourable Democracy: there, to a hypocritical Despotism.

**{FEUER}** Hypocrisy is the salient feature, the peculiar characteristic, of every century of our Christian era, right down to our own day; and indeed this vice has always stalked abroad with more crying shamelessness, in direct proportion as mankind, in spite of Christendom, has refreshed its vigour from its own unquenchable and inner well-spring, and ripened toward the fulfilment of its true purpose. Nature is so strong, so inexhaustible in its regenerative resources, that no conceivable violence could weaken its creative force. **{FEUER}** Into the ebbings

veins of the Roman world, there poured the healthy blood of the fresh Germanic nations. Despite the adoption of Christianity, a ceaseless thirst of doing, delight in bold adventure, and unbounded self-reliance, remained the native element of the new masters of the world. But, as in the whole history of the Middle Ages we always light upon one prominent factor, the warfare between worldly might and the despotism of the Roman Church: so, when this new world sought for a form of utterance, it could only find it in opposition to, and strife against, the spirit of Christendom. *The Art of Christian Europe could never proclaim itself, like that of ancient Greece, as the expression of a world attuned to harmony; for reason that its inmost being was incurably and irreconcilably split up between the force of conscience and the instinct of life, between the ideal and the reality.* Like the order of Chivalry itself, the chivalric poetry of the Middle Ages, in attempting to heal this severance, could, even amid its loftiest imagery, but bring to light the falsehood of the reconciliation; the higher and the more proudly it soared on high, so the more visibly gaped the abyss between the actual life and the idealised existence, [P. 40] between the raw, passionate bearing of these knights in physical life and their too delicate, etherealised behaviour in romance. (...) The poetry of Chivalry was thus the honourable hypocrisy of fanaticism, the parody of heroism: in place of Nature, it offered a convention.

*{FEUER} Only when the enthusiasm of belief had smouldered down, when the Church openly proclaimed herself as naught but a worldly despotism appreciable by the senses, in alliance with the no less material worldly absolutism of the temporal rule which she had sanctified; only then commenced the so-called Renaissance of Art. (...)* Yet when man took the objects of belief and the revelations of phantasy and set them before his eyes in physical beauty, and with the artist's delight in that physical beauty, -- this was a complete denial of the very essence of the Christian religion; and it was the deepest humiliation to Christendom that the guidance to these art-creations must be sought from the pagan art of Greece. **Nevertheless, the Church appropriated to herself this newly-roused art-impulse, and did not blush to deck herself with the borrowed plumes of paganism; thus trumpeting her own hypocrisy.**

Worldly dominion, however, had its share also in the revival of art. After centuries of combat, their power armed against all danger from below, the security of riches awoke in the ruling classes the desire for more refined enjoyment of this wealth: they took into their pay the [P. 41] arts whose lessons Greece had taught. 'Free' Art now served as handmaid to these exalted masters ... .

*{FEUER} Could art be present there in very deed, where it blossomed not forth as the living utterance of a free, self-conscious community, but was taken into the service of the very powers which hindered the self-development of that community, and was thus capriciously transplanted from foreign climes? No, surely! Yet we shall see that Art, instead of enfranchising herself from eminently respectable masters, such as were the Holy Church and witty Princes, preferred to sell her soul and body to a far worse mistress -- Commerce.*

**The Grecian Zeus, the father of all life, sent a messenger from Olympus to the gods upon their wanderings through the world -- the fair young *Hermes*. The busy thought of Zeus was he; winged he clove from the heights above to the depths below, to proclaim the omnipresence of the sovereign god. He presided, too, at the death of men, and led their shades into the still realm of Night; for wherever the**

stern necessity of Nature's ordering showed clearly forth, the god Hermes was visible in action, as the embodied thought of Zeus."

[P. 48] *{FEUER} The true artist finds delight not only in the aim of his creation, but also in the very process of creation, in the handling and moulding of his material. The very act of production is to him a gladsome, satisfying activity: no toil. The journeyman reckons only the goal of his labour, the profit which his toil shall bring him; the energy which he expends, gives him no pleasure; it is but a fatigue, an inevitable task, a burden which he would gladly give over to a machine; his toil is but a fettering chain.*

(...) [P. 49] *But if he bargains away the product of his toil, all that remains to him is its mere money-worth; and thus his energy can never rise above the character of the busy strokes of a machine; in his eyes it is but weariness, and bitter, sorrowful toil. The latter is the lot of the Slave of Industry; and our modern factories afford us the sad picture of the deepest degradation of man, -- constant labour, killing both body and soul, without joy or love, often almost without aim.*

*{FEUER} It is impossible to mistake the lamentable effects of Christian dogma, in this also. As this dogma set man's goal entirely outside his earthly being, and that goal was centred in an absolute and superhuman God: so only from the aspect of its most inevitable needs, could life remain an object of man's care; for, having once received the gift of life, it was his bounded duty to maintain it until that day when God alone should please relieve him of its burden. But in no wise should his needs awake a lust to treat with loving hand the matter given him for their satisfaction; only the abstract aim of life's bare maintenance could justify the operation of the senses. And thus we see with horror the spirit of modern Christianity embodied in a cotton-mill: to speed the rich, God has become our Industry, which only holds the wretched Christian labourer to life until the heavenly courses of the stars of commerce bring round the gracious dispensation that sends him to a better world.*

**The Greek knew no handicraft ... . The so-called necessities of life, -- which, strictly speaking, make up the whole concernment of our private and our public life, -- he deemed unworthy to rank as objects of special and engrossing attention. (...)**

[P. 50] ... whenever he fell upon the necessity of manual toil, it was of his very nature that he should find out its artistic side, and straightway raise it to an art. But the drudgery of household labour he thrust away -- to Slaves.

*{FEUER} This Slave thus became the fateful hinge of the whole destiny of the world. The Slave, by sheer reason of the assumed necessity of his slavery, has exposed the null and fleeting nature of all the strength and beauty of exclusive Grecian manhood, and has shown to all time that Beauty and Strength, as attributes of public life, can then alone prove lasting blessings, when they are the common gifts of all mankind."*

[P. 51] *{FEUER}* "Thus we are slaves until this very day, with but the sorry consolation of knowing that we are all slaves in together. Slaves, to whom once the Christian Apostles and the Emperor Constantine gave counsel, to patiently submit to a suffering life below, for sake of a better world above; slaves, whom bankers and manufacturers teach nowadays to seek the goal of Being in manual toil for daily bread. (...) And free alone, to-day, -- at least in the sense of freedom from open slavery, -- feels he who has money; for he is thus able to employ his life to some other end than that of winning the bare means of subsistence. Thus, as the struggle for freedom from the general slavery

proclaimed itself in Roman and Medieval times as the reaching after absolute dominion: so it comes to light to-day as the greed for gold. And we must not be astonished, if even Art grasps after gold; for everything strives to its freedom, towards its god, -- and our god is Gold, our religion the pursuit of Wealth.

*Yet Art remains in its essence what it ever was; we have only to say, that it is not present in our modern public system. It lives, however, and has ever lived in the individual conscience, as the one, fair, indivisible Art. Thus the only difference is this: with the Greeks it lived in the public conscience, whereas to-day it lives alone in the conscience of private persons, the public un-conscience recking nothing of it. Therefore in its flowering time the Grecian Art was conservative, because it was a worthy and adequate expression of the public conscience: with us, [P. 52] true Art is revolutionary, because its very existence is opposed to the ruling spirit of the community.*

(...) *Aeschylus is the very type of this conservatism, and his loftiest work of conservative art is the 'Oresteia', with which he stands alike opposed as poet to the youthful Sophocles, as statesman to the revolutionary Pericles. The victory of Sophocles, like that of Pericles, was fully in the spirit of the advancing development of mankind; but the deposition of Aeschylus was the first downward step from the height of Grecian Tragedy, the first beginning of the dissolution of Athenian Polity.*

*With the subsequent downfall of Tragedy, Art became less and less the expression of the public conscience. The Drama separated into its component parts; rhetoric, sculpture, painting, music, &c., forsook the ranks in which they had moved in unison before; each one to take its own way, and in lonely self-sufficiency to pursue its own development."*

[P. 53] *"Each one of these dissevered arts, nursed and luxuriously tended for the entertainment of the rich, has filled the world to overflowing with its products; in each, great minds have brought forth marvels; but the one true Art has not been born again, either in or since the Renaissance. The perfect Art-work, the great united utterance of a free and lovely public life, the Drama, Tragedy, -- howsoever great the poets who have here and there indited tragedies, -- is not yet born again: for reason that it cannot be re-born, but must be born anew.*

*{FEUER} Only the great Revolution of Mankind, whose beginnings erstwhile shattered Grecian Tragedy, can win for us this Art-work. For only this Revolution can bring forth from its hidden depths, in the new beauty of a nobler Universalism, that which it once tore from the conservative spirit of a time of beautiful but narrow-meted culture -- and tearing it, engulfed.*

*{FEUER} (...) If the Grecian Art-work embraced the spirit of a fair and noble nation, the Art-work of the Future must embrace the spirit of a free mankind, delivered from every [P. 54] shackle of hampering nationality; its racial imprint must be no more than an embellishment, the individual charm of manifold diversity, and not a cramping barrier.*

(...)

*{FEUER} (...) From the dishonouring slave-yolk of universal journeymanhood, with its sickly Money-soul, we wish to soar to the free manhood of Art, with the star-rays of its World-soul; from the weary, overburdened day-labourers of Commerce, we desire*

to grow to fair strong men, to whom the world belongs as an eternal , inexhaustible source of the highest delights of Art.”

[P. 55] *{FEUER}* When the learned physician is at the end of his resources, in despair we turn at last to – *Nature*. Nature, then, and only Nature, can unravel the skein of this great world-fate. *If Culture, starting from the Christian dogma of the worthlessness of human nature, disown humanity: she has created for herself a foe who one day must inevitably destroy her, in so far as she no longer has place for manhood; for this foe is the eternal, and only Nature. Nature, Human Nature, will proclaim this law to the twin sisters Culture and Civilisation: ‘So far as I am contained in you, shall ye live and flourish; so far as I am not in you, shall ye rot and die!’*

*{FEUER}* In the man-destroying march of Culture, however, there looms before us this happy result: the heavy load with which she presses Nature down, will one day grow so ponderous that it lends at last to down-trod, never-dying Nature the necessary impetus to hurl the whole cramping burden from her, with one sole thrust; and this heaping up of Culture will thus have taught to Nature her own gigantic force. The releasing of this force is – *Revolution* .

*{FEUER}* In what way, then, does this revolutionary force exhibit itself in the present social crisis? Is it not in the mechanic’s pride in the moral consciousness of his labour, as opposed to the criminal passivity or immoral activity of the rich? Does he not wish, as in revenge, to elevate the principle of labour to the rank of the one and orthodox religion of society? To force the rich like him to work, -- like him, by the sweat of their brow to gain their daily bread? Must we not fear that the exercise of this compulsion, the recognition of this principle, would raise at last the man-degrading journeymanhood to an absolute and universal might, and – to keep to our chief theme – would straightway make of Art an impossibility for all time?”

[P. 56] “*In truth, this is the fear of many an honest friend of Art and many an upright friend of men, whose only wish is to preserve the nobler core of our present civilisation. But they mistake the true nature of the great social agitation. (...) They are deceived by the immediate utterance of the indignation of the most suffering portion of our social system, behind which lies a deeper, nobler, natural instinct: the instinct which demands a worthy taste of the joys of life, whose material sustenance shall no longer absorb man’s whole life-forces in weary service, but in which he shall rejoice as Man. Viewed closer, it is thus the straining from journeymanhood to artistic manhood, to the free dignity of Man.*

*{FEUER}* It is for Art therefore, and Art above else, to teach this social impulse its noblest meaning, and guide it toward its true direction. (...)

*{FEUER}* Neither is it our present purpose to indicate more closely the march of this social development and the records it will stamp on history, nor could dogmatic calculation foretell the historical demeanour of man’s social nature, so little dependent upon preconceived ideas. In the history of man nothing is made, but everything evolves by its own inner necessity. Yet it is impossible that the final state which this movement shall attain one day, should be other than the direct opposite of the present; else were the whole history of the world a restless zig-zag of cross purposes, and not the ordered movement of a mighty stream; which with all its bends, its deviations, and its floods, yet flows forever in one steadfast course.

[P. 57] {FEUER} *Let us glance, then, for a moment at this future state of Man, when he shall have freed himself from his last heresy, the denial of Nature, -- that heresy which has taught him hitherto to look upon himself as a mere instrument to an end which lay outside himself. When Mankind knows, at last, that itself is the one and only object of its existence, and that only in the community of all men can this purpose be fulfilled: then will its mutual creed be couched in an actual fulfilment of Christ's injunction, 'Take no care for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on, for your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.' This Heavenly Father will then be no other than the social wisdom of mankind, taking Nature and her fulness for the common weal of all.* {FEUER} *The crime and the curse of our social intercourse have lain in this: that the mere physical maintenance of life has been till now the one object of our care, -- a real care that has devoured our souls and bodies and well nigh lamed each spiritual impulse. This Care has made man weak and slavish, dull and wretched; a creature that can neither love nor hate; a thrall of commerce, ever ready to give up the last vestige of freedom of his Will, so only that this Care might be a little lightened.*

{FEUER} When the Brotherhood of man has cast this care for ever from it, and, as the Greeks upon their slaves, has lain it on machines, -- the artificial slaves of free creative man, whom he has served till now as the Fetish-votary serves the idol his own hands have made, -- then will man's whole enfranchised energy proclaim itself as naught but pure *artistic* impulse. Thus shall we regain, in vastly higher measure, the Grecian element of life; what with the Greek was the result of natural development, will be with us the product of ages of endeavour; what was to him a half-unconscious gift, will remain with us a conquered knowledge; for what mankind in its wide communion doth truly *know*, can never more be lost to it."

[P. 59] {FEUER} *"If history shows an actual Utopia, a truly unattainable ideal, it is that of Christendom; for it has clearly and plainly shown ... that its dogmas are not realisable. How could those dogmas become really living, and pass over into actual life: when they were directed against life itself, and denied and cursed the principle of living? Christianity is of purely spiritual, and super-spiritual contents; it preaches humility, [P. 60] renunciation, contempt of every earthly thing; and amid this contempt -- Brotherly Love! How does the fulfilment work out in the modern world, which calls itself, forsooth, a Christian world, and clutches to the Christian religion as its inexpugnable basis? As the arrogance of hypocrisy, as usury, as robbery of Nature's goods, and egoistic scorn of suffering fellow-men. {FEUER} Whence comes this shocking contradiction between the ideal and its fulfilment? Even hence: that the ideal was morbid, engendered of the momentary relaxing and enfeeblement of human nature, and sinned against its inbred robust qualities. Yet how strong this nature is, how unquenchable its ever fresh, productive fulness -- it has shown all the more plainly under the universal incubus of that ideal; which, if its logical consequences had been fulfilled, would have completely swept the human race from off the earth; since even abstinence from sexual love was included in it as the height of virtue."*

[P. 65] "Thus would *Jesus* have shown us that we all alike are men and brothers; while *Apollo* would have stamped this mighty bond of brotherhood with the seal of strength and beauty, and led mankind from doubt of its own worth to consciousness

of its highest godlike might. Let us therefore erect the altar of the future, in Life as in the living Art, to the two sublimest teachers of mankind: *Jesus, who suffered for all men; and Apollo, who raised them to their joyous dignity!*”

9-12/49

The Artwork of the Future (PW Vol. I; P. 69)

[P. 69] {FEUER} *“As Man stands to Nature, so stands Art to Man. When Nature had developed in herself those attributes which included the conditions for the existence of Man, then Man spontaneously evolved. In like manner, as soon as human life had engendered from itself the conditions for the manifestation of Art-work, this too stepped self-begotten into life.*

{FEUER} *Nature engenders her myriad forms without caprice or arbitrary aim (‘absichtlos und unwillkuerlich’), according to her need (‘Beduerfniss’), and therefore of Necessity (‘Nothwendigkeit’). This same Necessity is the generative and formative force of human life. Only that which is un-capricious and un-arbitrary can spring from a real need; but on Need alone is based the very principle of Life.*

[P. 70] {FEUER} *Man only recognises Nature’s Necessity by observing the harmonious connection of all her phenomena; so long as he does not grasp the latter, she seems to him Caprice.*

{FEUER} *From the moment when Man perceived the difference between himself and Nature, and thus commenced his own development as man, by breaking loose from the unconsciousness of natural animal life and passing over into conscious life, -- when he thus looked Nature in the face and from the first feelings of his dependence on her, thereby aroused, evolved the faculty of Thought, --- from that moment did Error begin, as the earliest utterance of consciousness. But Error is the mother of Knowledge, and the history of the birth of Knowledge out of Error is the history of the human race, from the myths of primal ages down to the present day.*

{FEUER} *Man erred, from the time when he set the cause of Nature’s workings outside the bounds of Nature’s self, and for the physical phenomena subsumed a super-physical, anthropomorphic, and arbitrary cause; when he took the endless harmony of her unconscious, instinctive energy for the arbitrary demeanour of disconnected finite forces. Knowledge consists in the laying of this error, in fathoming the Necessity of phenomena whose underlying basis had appeared to us Caprice.*

{FEUER} *Through this knowledge does Nature grow conscious of herself; and verily by Man himself, who only through discriminating between himself and Nature has attained that point where he can apprehend her, by making her his ‘object.’ But this distinction is merged once more when Man recognises the essence of Nature as his very own, and perceives the same Necessity in all the elements and lives around him, and therefore in his own existence no less [P. 71] than in Nature’s being; thus not only recognising the mutual bond of union between all natural phenomena, but also his own community with Nature.*

{FEUER} *If Nature then, by her solidarity with Man, attains in Man her consciousness, and if Man’s life is the very activation of this consciousness – as it were, the portraiture in brief of Nature, -- so does man’s Life itself gain understanding by means of Science, which makes this human life in turn an object of experience. But*

*the activation of the consciousness attained by Science, the portrayal of the Life that it has learnt to know, the impress of this life's Necessity and Truth, is – Art.*

**{FEUER}** Man will never be that which he can and should be, until his Life is a true mirror of Nature, a conscious following of the only real Necessity, the inner natural necessity, and is no longer held in subjugation to an outer artificial conceit, - - which is thus no necessary, but an arbitrary power. Then first will Man become a living man; whereas till now he carries on a mere existence, dictated by the maxims of this or that Religion, Nationality, or State. – In like manner will Art not be the thing she can and should be, until she is or can be the true, conscious image and exponent of the real Man, and of man's genuine, nature-bidden life; until she therefore need no longer borrow the conditions of her being from the errors, perversities, and unnatural distortions of our modern life.

**{FEUER}** The real Man will therefore never be forthcoming, until true Human Nature, and not the arbitrary statutes of the State, shall model and ordain his life; while real Art will never live, until its embodiments need be subject only to the laws of Nature, and not to the despotic whims of Mode. For as Man only then becomes free, when he gains the glad consciousness of his oneness with Nature; so does Art only then gain freedom, when she has no more to blush for her affinity with actual Life. ***But only in the joyous [P. 72] consciousness of his oneness with Nature does Man subdue his dependence on her;*** while Art can only overcome her dependence upon Life through her oneness with the life of free and genuine Men.

**{FEUER}** *Whilst Man involuntarily moulds his Life according to the notions he has gathered from his arbitrary views of Nature, and embalms their intuitive expression in Religion: these notions become for him in Science the subject of conscious, intentional review and scrutiny.*

**{FEUER}** *The path of Science lies from error to knowledge, from fancy {'Vorstellung'} to reality, from Religion to Nature. In the beginning of Science, therefore, Man stands toward Life in the same relation as he stood towards the phenomena of Nature when he first commenced to part his life from hers. Science takes over the arbitrary concepts of the human brain, in their totality; while, by her side, Life follows in its totality the instinctive evolution of Necessity. Science thus bears the burden of the sins of Life, and expiates them by her own self-abrogation; she ends in her direct antithesis, in the knowledge of Nature, in the recognition of the unconscious, instinctive, and therefore real, inevitable, and physical.* The character of Science is therefore finite: that of Life, unending; just as Error is of time, but Truth eternal. **But that alone is true and living which is sentient, and hearkens to the terms of physicality (Sinnlichkeit).** Error's crowning folly is the arrogance of Science in renouncing and condemning the world of sense (Sinnlichkeit); whereas the highest victory of Science is her self-accomplished crushing of this arrogance, in the acknowledgment of the teaching of the senses.

**{FEUER}** *The end of Science is the justifying of the Unconscious, the giving of self-consciousness to Life, the re-instatement of the Senses in their perceptive rights, the sinking of [P. 73] Caprice in the world-Will ('Wollen') of Necessity [i.e., the willing of Necessity; Ellis had no justification for translating 'Wollen' as 'world-Will']. Science is therefore the vehicle of Knowledge ... ; but Life is the great ultimate, a law unto itself. As Science melts away into the recognition of the ultimate and self-determinate*

*reality, of actual Life itself: so does this avowal win its frankest, most direct expression in Art, or rather in the Work of Art.*

**{FEUER}** True that the artist does not at first proceed directly; he certainly sets about his work in an arbitrary, selective, and mediating mood. But while he plays the go-between and picks and chooses, the product of his energy is not as yet the Work of Art; nay, his procedure is the rather that of Science, who seeks and probes, and therefore errs in her caprice. Only then when his choice is made, when this choice was born from pure Necessity, -- when thus the artist has found himself again in the subject of his choice, as perfected Man finds his true self in Nature, -- the steps the Art-work into life, then first is it a real thing, a self-conditioned and immediate entity.

**{FEUER}** *The actual Art-work, i.e., its immediate physical portrayal, in the moment of its liveliest embodiment, is therefore the only true redemption of the artist; the uprootal of the final trace of busy, purposed choice; the confident determination of what was hitherto a mere imagining; the enfranchisement of thought in sense; the assuagement of the life-need in Life itself.*

**{FEUER}** *The Art-work, thus conceived as an immediate vital act, is therewith the perfect reconcilment of Science with Life, the laurel-wreath which the vanquished, redeemed by her defeat, reaches in joyous homage to her acknowledged victor.*

**{FEUER}** *The redemption of Thought and Science and their transmutation in Artwork would be impossible, could Life [P. 74] itself be made dependent upon scientific speculation. Could conscious autocratic Thought completely govern Life, could it usurp the vital impulse and divert it to some other purpose than the great Necessity of absolute life-needs: then were Life itself dethroned, and swallowed up in Science.* And truly Science, in her overweening arrogance, has dreamed of such a triumph; as witness our tight-reined State and modern Art, the sexless, barren children of this dream.

**{anti-FEUER}** *The great instinctive errors of the People – which found their earliest utterance in Religion, and then became the starting points of arbitrary speculation and system-making, in Theology and Philosophy – have reared themselves, in these Sciences and their coadjutrix and adopted sister, Statecraft, to powers which make no less a claim than to govern and ordain the world and life by virtue of their innate and divine infallibility. Irrevocably, then, would Error reign in destructive triumph throughout eternity: did not the same life-force which blindly bore it, once more effectually annihilate it, by virtue of its innate, natural Necessity; and that so decisively and palpably, that Intellect, with all its arrogant divorce from Life, can see at last no other refuge from actual insanity, than in the unconditional acknowledgment of this only definite and visible force. And this vital force is – the Folk (das Volk).*

[P. 75] **{FEUER}** The ‘Folk’ is the epitome of all those men who feel a common and collective Want (*‘gemeinschaftliche Noth’*). To it belong, then, all of those who recognise their individual want as a collective want, or find it based thereon; ergo, all those who can hope for stilling of their want in nothing but the stilling of a common want, and therefore spend their whole life’s strength upon the stilling of their thus acknowledged common want. For only that want which urges to the uttermost, is genuine Want; but this Want alone is the force of true Need (*‘Beduerfniss’*); but a common and collective need is the only true Need; but only he who feels within him a true Need, has a

right to its assuagement; but only the assuagement of a genuine Need is Necessity; and it is *the Folk alone that acts according to Necessity's behests*, and therefore irresistibly, victoriously, and right as none besides.

**{FEUER}** Who now are they who belong *not* to the People, and who are its sworn foes?

**{FEUER}** All those *who feel no Want*; whose life-spring therefore consists in a need which rises not to the potency of a Want, and thus is artificial, untrue, and egoistic; and not only is not embraced within a common Need, but as the empty need [P. 76] of preserving superfluity – as which alone can one conceive of need without the force of want – is diametrically opposed to the collective Need.

**{FEUER}** Where there is no Want, there is no true Need; where no true Need, no necessary action. But where there is no *necessary* action, there reigns Caprice; and *where Caprice is king, there blossoms every vice, and every criminal assault on Nature. For only by forcing back, by barring and refusing the assuagement of true Need, can the false and artificial need endeavour to assuage itself.*

But the satisfaction of an artificial need is *Luxury*; which can only be bred and supported in opposition to, and at the cost of, the necessities of others.

**{Pre-SCHOP}** **{FEUER}** *Luxury is as heartless, inhuman, insatiable, and egoistic as the 'need' which called it forth, but which, with all its heaping-up and over-reaching, it never more can still. For this need itself is no natural and therefore satisfiable one; by very reason that, being false, it has no true, essential antithesis in which it may be spent, consumed, and satisfied.* Actual physical hunger has its natural antithesis, satiety, in which – by feeding – it is spent: but unwanting need, the need that craves for luxury, is in itself already luxury and superfluity. The error of it, therefore, can never go over into truth; *it racks, devours, torments and burns, without an instant's stilling; it leaves brain, heart and sense for ever vainly searching, and swallows up all gladness, mirth, and joy of life. For sake of one sole, and yet unreachable moment of refreshment, it squanders the toil and life-sweat of a thousand needy wanters; it lives upon the unstilled hunger of a thousand poor, though impotent to satiate its own for but the twinkling of an eye; it holds a whole world within the iron chains of despotism, without the power to momentarily break the golden chains of that arch-tyrant which it is unto itself.*

**{FEUER}** *And this fiend, this crack-brained need-without-a-need, this need of Need, this need of Luxury ... is sovereign of the world. It is the soul of that Industry which deadens men, to turn them to [P. 77] machines; the soul of our State which swears away men's honour ... ; the soul of our deistic Science, which hurls men down before an immaterial God, the product of the sum of intellectual luxury, for its consumption. It is – alas! – the soul, the stipulation, of our – Art!*

(...)

**{FEUER}** Want will cut short the hell of Luxury; it will teach the tortured, Need-lacking spirits whom this hell embraces in its bounds the simple, homely need of sheer human, physical hunger and thirst ... . *In common ... shall we close the last link in the bond of holy Necessity; and the brother-kiss that seals this bond, will be the mutual Art-work of the Future. But in this, also, our great redeemer and well-doer, Necessity's viceregent in the flesh, -- the Folk, will no longer be a severed and peculiar class; for*

*in this Art-work we shall all be one, -- heralds and supporters of Necessity, knowers of the unconscious, willers of the unwillful, betokeners of Nature, -- blissful men.*

**{FEUER}** All that subsists, depends on the conditions by which it subsists; nothing, either in Nature or Life, stands shut-off and alone. *Everything is rooted in one unending and harmonious whole; and therewith likewise the capricious, unnecessary, and harmful.* The harmful practises its might in hindering the necessary; nay, it owes its being and its [P. 78] force to this hindrance and naught else; and thus, in truth, it is nothing but the powerlessness of the necessary. Were this powerlessness to last forever, then must the natural ordering of the world be other than it really is; Caprice would be Necessity, and the necessary would lack its need. But this weakness is but transient, and therefore only seeming; for *the force of Necessity shows its living rule even as the sole and ground condition of the continuance of the arbitrary. Thus the luxury of the rich is built upon the penury of the poor; and it is the very want of the poorer classes that hurls unceasingly fresh fodder to the luxury of the rich; while the poor man, from very need of food and his life-forces, thus offers up his life-strength unto the rich.*

**{FEUER}** Thus did the life-force, the life-need, of telluric Nature nurture once those baleful forces – or rather the potentiality of those alliances and offspring of the elements – which blocked her way in giving true and fitting utterance to the fulness of her vital energy. The reason hereof lay in the great abundance, the swelling over-fill of generative force and life-stuff, the inexhaustible supply of matter. – The need of Nature was therefore utmost multiple variety, and she reached the satisfaction of her need herewith: that ... she drew off all her life-force from Exclusiveness, from the monumental singleness that she herself had hitherto fed so full, and resolved it into Multiplicity. – *The exclusive, sole, and egoistic, can only take and never give: it can only let itself be born, but cannot bear; for bearing there is need of I and Thou, the passing over of Egoism into Communism. The richest procreative force lies therefore in the utmost multiplicity; and when Earth-nature had emanated to the most manifold variety, she attained therewith the state of saturation, of self-contentment, of self-delight, which she manifests amid her present harmony. (...)* She no longer has to lavish life-force on [P. 79] barren impotence; throughout her endless-stretching realm she has summoned multiformity, the Manly and the Womanly, the ever self-renewing and engendering, the ever self-completing and assuaging, into life, -- and in this eternal harmony of parts, she has become forevermore her stable self.

**{FEUER}** *It is in the reproduction of this great evolutionary process of Nature in Man himself, that the human race, from the time of its first self-severance from Nature, is thus involved. The same necessity is the mainspring of the great revolution of mankind; the same assuagement will bring this revolution to a close.*

**{FEUER}** *But that impelling force, the plain and innate force of Life which vindicates itself in life-needs, is unconscious and instinctive by its very nature; and where it is this – in the Folk – it also is the only true, conclusive might.* Great, then, is the error of our Folk-instructors when they fancy that the Folk must know first what it wills – i.e. in their eyes should will – ere it be justified, or even able, to will at all. From this chief error all the wretched makeshifts, all the impotent devices, and all the shameful weakness of the latest world-commotions take their rise.

**{FEUER}** The truly known is nothing other than the actual physical phenomenon, become by thought the vivid presentation of an object. *Thought is arbitrary so long as it cannot picture to itself the physical present and that which has passed away from sense, with the completest unconditional perception of their necessary coherence ('Zusammenhang'); for the consciousness of this conception ('Vorstellung') is the essence of all reasonable Knowledge ('vernuenftiges Wissen').* Therefore the more truthful is Knowledge, the more frankly must it recognise that its whole existence hangs upon its own coherence with that which has come to actual, finished, and fulfilled manifestation to the senses, and thus admit its own possibility of existence as a priori conditioned by actuality. *But so soon as Thought abstracts from actuality, and would fain construct the concrete future, it can no longer bring forth Knowledge; but utters (P. 80) itself as Fancy ('Waehnen'), which forcibly dissevers itself from the Unconscious.* Only when it can fathom physicality, and unflinchingly plunge its sympathetic gaze into the depths of an actual physical need, can it take its share in the energy of the Unconscious; and only that which is brought to light of day by an instinctive, necessary Need, to wit the actual physical Deed, can again become the satisfying object of thought and knowledge. *For the march of human evolution is the rational and natural progress from the unconscious to the conscious, from un-knowledge to knowledge, from need to satisfying;* and not from satisfaction back to need, -- at least not to that selfsame need whose end lay in that satisfying.

**{FEUER}** *Not ye wise men, therefore, are the true inventors, but the Folk; for Want it was, that drove it to invention. All great inventions are the People's deed; whereas the devisings of the intellect are but the exploitations, the derivatives, nay, the splinterings and disfigurements of the great inventions of the Folk."*

[P. 82] **{FEUER}** "The first beginning and foundation of all that exists and all that is conceivable, is actual physical being. The inner recognition of his life-need as the common life-need of his Species, in contradistinction to Nature and all her countless living species that lie apart from Man, -- is the beginning and foundation of man's Thinking. *Thought is therefore the faculty possessed by Man, not merely to sense the actual and physical from its external aspect, but to distinguish all its parts according to their essence, and finally to grasp and picture to himself their intimate connection. The idea ('Begriff') of a thing is the image formed in Thought of its actual substance; the portrayal of the images of all discernible substances in one joint-image, in which the faculty of Thought presents to itself the picture of the essence of all realities in their connected sequence, is the work of the highest energy of the human soul, -- the Spirit* [P.83] *('Geist'). If in this joint-image man must necessarily have included the image, the idea, of his own being also, -- nay, if this his own prefigured being must be, before all else, the artistic force that pictures forth the whole conceptual art-work: then does this force, with all its joint portrayal of each reality, proceed alone from the real, physical man; and that, at bottom, from his life-need, and finally from that which summoned forth this life-need, the physical reality of Nature. But where thought casts aside this linking cable; where, after doubled and again redoubled presentment of itself, it fain would look upon itself as its original cause; where Mind ('Geist') instead of as the last and most conditioned, would conceive itself as the first and least conditioned energy ('Thatigkeit'), and therefore as the ground and cause of Nature, -- there also is the fly-wheel of Necessity upheaved, and blind Caprice runs headlong --*

*free, boundless, and unfettered, as our metaphysicians fancy – through the workshops of the brain, and hurls herself, a raging stream of madness, upon the world of actuality.*

**{FEUER}** *If Mind has manufactured Nature, if Thought has made the Actual, if the Philosopher comes before the Man: then Nature, Actuality and Man are no more necessary, and their existence is not only superfluous but even harmful; for the greatest superfluity of all is the lagging of the Incomplete and once the Complete has come to being.* In this wise Nature, Actuality and Man would only then have any meaning, or any pretext for their presence, when Mind – the unconditioned Spirit, the only cause and reason, and thus the only law unto itself – employed them for its absolute and sovereign pleasure. If Mind is in itself Necessity, then Life is mere caprice, a fantastic masquerade, an idle pastime, a frivolous whim ... ; then is all purely human virtue, and Love before all else, a thing to be approved or disallowed according to occasion; then is all purely human Need a luxury, and Luxury the only current need; then is the wealth of Nature a thing to be dispensed with, and the parasitic growth of Culture the only indispensable; then is the happiness of man a secondary matter, and the abstract State the main [P. 84] consideration; the Folk the accidental stuff, and the prince and savant the necessary consumers of this stuff.

(...)

**{FEUER}** ... *Habit is the invincible despot that rules all weaklings, cowards, and those bereft of veritable need. Habit is the communism of egoism, the tough, unyielding swathe of mutual, free-from-want self-interest; its artificial life-pulse is even that of Fashion.*

**{FEUER}** Fashion is therefore no artistic begetting from herself, but a mere artificial deriving from her opposite, Nature; from whom alone she must at bottom draw her [P. 85] nourishment, just as the luxury of the upper classes feeds only on the straining of the lower, labouring classes towards assuagement of their nature life-needs. The caprice of Fashion, therefore, can only draw upon the stores of actual Nature; all her reshapings, flourishes, and gewgaws have at the last their archetype in Nature. Like all our abstract thinking, in its farthest aberrations, she finally can think out and invent naught else than what already is at hand in Nature and in Man, in substance and in form. But her procedure is an arrogant one, capriciously loose from Nature; she orders and commands, where everything in truth is bound to hearken and obey. Thus with all her figurings she can but disfigure Nature, and not portray her: she can but *derive*, and not *invent*: for invention, in effect, is naught but *finding out*, the finding and discerning of Nature.”

[P. 87] **“Here, then, does the artist whose spirit strives to be reknit with Nature see all his hopes thrust forward to the Future, or else his soul thrust back upon the mournful exercise of resignation. He recognises that his thought can only gain redemption in a physically present art-work, thus only in a truly art-demanding, i.e., an art-conditioning Present that shall bring forth Art from its own native truth and beauty; he therefore sets his hopes upon the Future, [P. 88] his thrust upon the power of Necessity, for which this Work of the Future is reserved. (...) The great United Art-work, which must gather up each branch of art to use it as a mean, and in some sense to undo it for the common aim of all, for the unconditioned, absolute portrayal of perfected human nature, -- this great United Art-work he cannot**

picture as depending on the arbitrary purpose of some human unit, but can only conceive it as the instinctive and associate product of the Manhood of the Future. {FEUER} The instinct that recognises itself as one that can only be satisfied in fellowship, abandons modern fellowship – that conglomerate of self-seeking caprice – and turns to find its satisfaction in solitary fellowship with itself and with the manhood of the Future, -- so well as the lonely unit can.

It is not the lonely spirit, striving by Art for redemption into Nature, that can frame the Art-work of the Future; only the spirit of Fellowship, fulfilled by Life, can bring this work to pass. (...)

[P. 89] (...) {FEUER} *It is in the natural customs of all peoples, so far as they embrace the normal man, and even of those decried as most uncultured, that we first learn the truth of human nature in its full nobility, and in its real beauty. Not one true virtue has any Religion soever taken into itself as its god's command, but it was already self-included in these natural customs; not one genuine idea of human right has the later civilised State developed – though, alas, to the point of complete distortion! – but it already found its sure expression in them; not one veritable discovery for the common weal has later Culture made her own – with arrogant ingratitude! – but she derived it from the fruits of the homely understanding of the stewards of those customs.*

But that Art is not an *artificial* product, -- that the need of Art is not an arbitrary issue, but an inbred craving of the natural, genuine, and uncorrupted man, -- who proves this in more striking manner than just these Peoples?" (...)

[P. 90] (...) {FEUER} *“The Art-work is the living presentation of Religion; -- but religions spring not from the artist's brain; their only origin is from the Folk. – “*

[P. 91] {FEUER} *“Man's nature is twofold, an outer and an inner. The senses to which he offers himself as a subject for Art, are those of Vision and of Hearing: to the eye appeals the outer man, the inner to the ear.*

(...) ... *the more distinctly can the outer man express the inner, the higher does he show his rank as an artistic being.*

{FEUER} *But the inner man can only find direct communication through the ear, and that by means of his voice's Tone. Tone is the immediate utterance of feeling and has its physical seat within the heart, whence start and whither flow the waves of life-blood.” (...)*

[P. 92] *“Yet where, again, the direct expression of vocal tone finds its limits of conveying the separate feelings of the heart in clear and sharply outlined definition to the sympathies of the recipient inner man, there enters on the scene, through the vehicle of vocal tone, the determinative utterance of Speech. Speech is the condensation of the element of Voice, and the Word is the crystallized measure of Tone.” (...)*

[P. 93] {FEUER} *“... where it is a question of giving utterance, immediate and yet most certain, to the highest and the truest that man can ever utter, there above all [P. 94] must man display himself in his entirety; and this whole man is the man of understanding united with the man of heart and man of body, -- but neither of these parts for self alone. –*

{FEUER} The progress of the man of understanding, from the bodily man and through the man of feeling, is that of an ever increasing accommodation, just as his organ of expression, Speech, is the most mediate and dependent; for all the

attributes that lie beneath him must be normally developed, before the conditions of his normal attributes can be at hand. *But the most conditioned faculty is at like time the most exalted; and the joy in his own self, engendered by the knowledge of his higher, unsurpassable attributes, betrays the intellectual-man into the arrogant imagining that he may use those attributes which are really his foundation-props as the handmaids of his own caprice.* The sovereign might of physical sensation and heart-emotion, however, breaks down his pride of intellect, as soon as these proclaim their sway as one which all men must obey in common, as that of feelings and emotions of the race. The isolated feeling, the separate emotion, which show themselves in the individual, aroused by this or that particular and personal contact with this or that particular phenomenon, he is able to suppress or subjugate in favour of a richer combination of manifold phenomena conceived by him; but the richest combination of all the phenomena that he can cognise leads him at last to Man as a species and an integral factor in the totality of Nature; and, in presence of this great, all-mastering phenomenon, his pride breaks down. He now can only will the universal, true, and unconditional; he yields himself, not to a love for this or that particular object, but to wide Love itself. Thus does the egoist become a communist, the unit all, the man God, the art-variety Art.”

[P. 95] “The three chief artistic faculties of the entire man have once, and of their own spontaneous impulse, evolved to a trinitarian utterance of human Art; and this was in the primal, earliest manifested art-work, the *Lyric*, and its later, more conscious, loftiest completion, the *Drama*.

*The arts of Dance, Tone, and Poetry: thus call themselves the three primeval sisters whom we see at once entwine their measures wherever the conditions necessary for artistic manifestation have arisen. By their nature they are inseparable without disbanding the stately minuet of Art; for in this dance, which is the very cadence of Art itself, they are so wondrously closely interlaced with one another, of fairest love and inclination, so mutually bound up in each other's life, of body and of spirit: that each of the three partners, unlinked from the united chain and bereft thus of her own life and motion, can only carry on an artificially inbreathed and borrowed life; -- not giving forth her sacred ordinances, as in their trinity, but now receiving despotic rules for mechanical movement.*

*As we gaze on this entrancing measure of the truest and most high-born Muses of artistic man, we see the three first stepping forward, each with her loving arm entwined around her sister's neck; then, now this one and now that, as though to show the others her beautiful form in full and individual symmetry, loosing herself from their embrace, and merely brushing with her utmost finger-tips the others' hands. Again the one, rapt by the spectacle of the twin-beauty of her close-locked sisters, bending herself before them; next the two, transported by her unique charm, [P. 96] greeting the one with tender homage; until at last, all three, tight-clasped, breast on breast, and limb to limb, melt with the fervour of love-kisses into one only, living shape of beauty. – Such is the love and life, the wooing and the winning of Art; its separate units, ever themselves and ever for each other, severing in richest contrast and re-uniting in most blissful harmony.*

**{FEUER}** This is Art the free. The sweet and forceful impulse in that dance of sisters, is the *impulse of freedom*; the love-kiss of their enlocked embraces, the *transport of a freedom won*.

*The solitary unit is unfree*, because confined and fettered in un-Love; the *associate is free*, because unfettered and unconfined through Love.

**{FEUER}** In every creature that exists the mightiest impulse is that of its Life; this is the resistless force of the correlation of those conditions which have first called into being that which here exists ... .

**{FEUER}** But the Life-need of man's life-needs is the need of Love. As the conditions of natural human life are contained in the love-bond of subordinated nature-forces, which craved for their agreement, their redemption, their adoption into the higher principle, Man; so does man find his agreement, his redemption, his appeasement, likewise in something higher; and this higher thing is the human race, the fellowship of man, for there is but one thing higher than man's self, and that is – Men. But man can only gain the stilling [P. 97] of his life-need ... through Giving of himself to other men, and in its highest climax, to all the world of human beings. *The monstrous sin of the absolute egoist is that he sees in (fellow) Men also nothing but the natural conditionments of his own existence, and – albeit in a quite particular, barbaric-cultivated manner, consumes them like the fruits and beasts of nature; thus will not give, but only take.*

(...) Freedom is the satisfaction of an imperative Need, and the highest freedom is the satisfaction of the highest need: but the highest human need is *Love*.”

[P. 110] **{FEUER}** “*Through the heart the understanding feels itself allied with the whole body, and the man of mere ‘five-senses’ mounts upwards to the energy of Reason.*

**{FEUER}** *But the organ of the heart is tone; its conscious speech, the art of Tone. She is the full and flowing heart-love, that ennobles the material sense of pleasure, and humanises immaterial thought. Through Tone are Dance and [P. 111] Poetry brought to mutual understanding; in her are intercrossed in loving blend the laws by which they each proclaim their own true nature; in her, the wilfulness of each becomes instinctive ‘Will’ (‘Unwillkuerlichen’) ... .*

(...) If Tone obtains from Poetry her pregnant coil of sharp-cut Words entwined by meaning and by measure, and takes it as a solid mesh of thought wherewith to gird her boundless fluid mass of sound; so does she hand her sister back this ideal coil of yearning syllables, that indirectly shadow forth in images, but cannot yet express their thought with all the truth and cogence of necessity, -- and hands it as *the direct utterance of Feeling, the unerring vindicator and redeemer, Melody.*”

[P. 112] “We cannot yet give up our simile of the *Ocean*, for picturing Tone's nature. If *Melody* and *Rhythm* are the shores through which the art of Tone lays fruitful hands upon twain continents of art, allied to her of yore: so is Sound itself her fluent, native element, and its immeasurable expanse of waters make out the sea of *Harmony*. *The eye knows but the surface of this sea; its depth the depth of Heart alone can fathom.* (...)

**{FEUER}** *Man dives into this sea; only to give himself once more, refreshed and radiant, to the light of day. His heart feels widened wondrously, when he peers down into this depth, pregnant with unimaginable possibilities whose bottom his eye*

*shall never plumb, whose seeming bottomlessness thus fills him with the sense of marvel and the presage of Infinity. It is the depth and infinity of Nature herself, who veils from the prying eye of Man the unfathomable womb of her eternal Seed-time, her Begetting, and her Yearning; even because man's eye can only grasp the already manifested, the Blossom, the Begotten, the Fulfilled. This Nature is, however, none other than the nature of the human heart itself, which holds within its shrine the feelings of desire and love in their most infinite capacity; which is itself Desire and Love, and – as in its insatiable [P. 113] longing it yet wills nothing but itself – can only grasp and comprehend itself.*

*{FEUER} If this sea stir up its waters of itself, if it beget the ground of its commotion from the depths of its own element: then is this agitation an endless one and never pacified; for ever returning on itself unstilled, and ever roused afresh by its eternal longing. But if the vast reach of this Desire be kindled by an outward object; if this measure-giving object step toward it from the sure and sharply outlined world of manifestment; if sun-girt, slender, blithely-moving Man incend the flame of this desire by the lightning of his glancing eye ...; Man, rejoicing in the sweet harmony of his whole being, will entrust himself to the beloved element in some frail coracle, and steer his steadfast course towards the beacon of that kindly light. –*

*{FEUER} The Greek, when he took ship upon his sea, ne'er let the coast line fade from sight ... . (...)*

*{FEUER} The Christian left the shores of Life. – Farther afield, beyond all confines, he sought the sea, -- to find himself at last upon the Ocean, twixt sea and heaven, boundlessly [P. 114] alone. The Word ... of Faith was his only compass; and it pointed him unswervingly toward Heaven. (...) But the sailor never reached that confine; from century to century he floated on without redemption, towards this ever imminent, but never reached, new home; until he fell a-doubting of the virtue of his compass, and cast it, as the last remaining human bauble, grimly overboard. And now, denuded of all ties, he gave himself without a rudder to the never-ending turmoil of the waves' caprice. In unstilled, ireful love-rage, he stirred the waters of the sea against the unattainable and distant heaven: he urged the insatiate greed of that desire and love which, reft of an external object, must ever only crave and love itself, -- that deepest, unredeemable hell of restless Egoism, which stretches out without an end, and wills and wishes, yet ever and forever can only wish and will itself, -- he urged it against the abstract universalism of heaven's blue, that universal longing without the shadow of an 'object' – against the very vault of absolute un-objectivity. Bliss, unconditioned bliss, -- to gain in widest, most unbounded measure the height of bliss, and yet to stay completely wrapt in self: this was the unallayable desire of Christian passion. So reared the sea from out its deepest depth to heaven, so sank it ever back again to its own depths; ever its unmixed self, and therefore ever unappeased, -- like the all-usurping, measureless desire of the heart that ne'er will give itself and dare to be consumed in an external object, but damns itself to everlasting selfish solitude.*

*{FEUER} Yet in Nature each immensity strives after Measure; the unconfined draws bounds around itself; the elements condense at last to definite show; and even the boundless sea of Christian yearning found the new shore on which its turbid waves might break. Where on the farthest horizon we thought to find the ever made-*

*for, never happened-on gateway into the realms of Heaven unlimited, there did the boldest of all seafarers discover land at last, -- man-tenanted, [P. 115] real, and blissful land. (...) Did Columbus teach us to take ship across the ocean, and thus to bind in one each continent of Earth; did his world-historical discovery convert the narrow-seeing national-man into a universal and all-seeing Man; so, by the hero who explored the broad and seeming shoreless sea of absolute Music unto its very bounds, are won the new and never dreamt-of coasts which this sea no longer now divorces from the old and primal continent of man, but binds together with it for the new-born, happy art-life of the Manhood of the Future. And this hero is none other than – Beethoven. – “*

**[P. 116] {FEUER}** *In the kingdom of Harmony there is ... no beginning and no end; just as the objectless and self-devouring fervour of the soul, all ignorant of its source, is nothing but itself, nothing but longing, yearning, tossing, pining – and dying out, i.e., dying without having assuaged itself in any ‘object’; thus dying without death, and therefore everlasting falling back upon itself.*

(...) There is no other artistic faculty of man that answers to the character of Harmony: it cannot find its mirror in the physical precision of the **[P. 117]** movements of the body, nor in the logical induction of the thinking brain, -- it cannot set up for itself its standard in the recognised necessity of the material world of show, like Thought, nor like corporeal Motion in the periodic calculation of its instinctive, physically governed properties: **it is like a nature-force which men perceive but cannot comprehend.”**

**[P. 118] {FEUER}** *“Counterpoint, with its multiple births and offshoots, is Art’s artificial playing-with-itself, the mathematics of Feeling, the mechanical rhythm of egoistic Harmony. In its invention, abstract Tone indulged her whim to pass as the sole and only self-supporting Art; -- as that art which owes its being, its absolute and godlike nature, to no human Need soever, but purely to itself. The wilful quite naturally believes itself the absolute and right monopolist; and it is certain that to her own caprice alone could Music thank her self-sufficient airs, for that mechanical, contrapuntal artifice was quite incapable of answering any soul-need. Music therefore, in her pride, had become her own direct antithesis: from a heart’s concern, a matter of the intellect; from the utterance of unshackled Christian soul’s desire, the cashbook of a modern market-speculation.”*

**[P. 134] {FEUER}** *Thought, that mere phantom of reality, is formless by itself; and only when it retraces the road on which it rose to birth, can it attain artistic perceptibility. In the Poetic art, the purpose of all Art comes first to consciousness: but the other arts contain within themselves the unconscious Necessity that forms this purpose. The art of Poetry is the creative process by which the Art-work steps into life: but out of Nothing, only the god of the Israelites can make some-thing, -- the Poet must have that Something; and that something is the whole artistic man, who proclaims in the arts of Dance and Tone the physical longing become a longing of the soul, which through its force first generates the poetic purpose and finds in that its absolution, in its attainment its own appeasing.”*

**[P. 138] {FEUER}** *“This Thought, the highest and most conditioned faculty of artistic man, had cut itself adrift from fair warm Life, whose yearning had begotten and sustained it, as from a hemming, fettering bond that clogged its own unbounded freedom: -- so deemed the Christian yearning, and believed that it must break away from physical man, to spread in heaven’s boundless aether to freest waywardness. But this very severance was to teach that thought and this desire how inseparable they were*

*from human nature's being: how high soever they might soar into the air, they still could do this in the form of bodily man alone. In sooth, they could not take the carcass with them, bound as it was by laws of gravitation; but they managed to abstract a vapoury emanation, which instinctively took on again the form and bearing of the human body. Thus hovered in the air the Poet's Thought, like a human-outlined cloud that spread its shadow over actual, bodily earth-life, to which it evermore looked down; and into which it needs must long to shed itself, just as from earth alone it sucked its steaming vapours. (...) [P. 139] So should the Poet's thought once more impregnate Life; no longer spread its idle canopy of cloud twixt Life and Light.*

*{FEUER} What Poetry perceived from that high seat, was after all but Life: the higher did she raise herself, the more panoramic became her view; but the wider the connection in which she was now enabled to grasp the parts, the livelier arose in her the longing to fathom the depths of this great whole. Thus Poetry turned to Science, to Philosophy. To the struggle for a deeper knowledge of Nature and of Man, we stand indebted for that copious store [Hoard?, i.e. Hort?] of literature whose kernel is the poetic musing (*gedankenhaftes Dichten*) which speaks to us in Human – and in Natural – History, and in Philosophy. The livelier do these sciences evince the longing for a genuine portrayal of the known, so much the nearer do they approach once more the artist's poetry; and the highest skill in picturing to the senses the phenomena of the universe, must be ascribed to the noble works of this department of literature. **But the deepest and most universal science can, at the last, know nothing else but Life itself; and the substance and the sense of Life are naught but Man and Nature. Science, therefore, can only gain her perfect confirmation in the work of Art; in that work which takes both Man and Nature – in so far as the latter attains her consciousness in Man – and shows them forth directly. Thus the consummation of Knowledge is its redemption into Poetry; into that poetic art, however, which marches hand in hand with her sister arts towards the perfect Artwork; -- and this artwork is none other than the Drama.***

[P. 140] [re Shakespearean drama] **“But if we take away this art-work from its frame of fortunate conditions, if we set it down outside the realm of fertile force which bore it from the need of [P. 141] this one definite epoch, then do we see with sorrow that the poverty was still but poverty, the want but want; that Shakespeare was indeed the mightiest Poet of all time, but his Artwork was not yet the work for every age; that not his genius, but the incomplete and merely will-ing, not yet can-ning, spirit of his age's art had made him but the *Thespis of the Tragedy of the Future*. (...) *The deed of the one and only Shakespeare, which made of him a universal Man, a very god, is yet but the kindred deed of the solitary Beethoven, who found the language of the Artist-manhood of the Future: only where these twain Prometheus' – Shakespeare and Beethoven – shall reach out hands to one another; where the marble creations of Phideas shall bestir themselves in flesh and blood; where the painted counterfeit of Nature shall quit its cribbing frame on the chamber walls of the egoist, and stretch its ample breadths on the warm-life-blown framework of the Future Stage, -- there first, in the communion of all his fellow-artists, will the Poet also find redemption.*”**

[P. 191] *{FEUER}* **“Thus supplementing one another in their changeful dance, the united sister-arts will show themselves and make good their claim; now all together, now in pairs, and again in solitary splendour, according to the momentary need of**

**the only rule- and purpose-giver, the Dramatic Action. Now plastic Mimicry will listen to the passionate plaint of Thought; now resolute Thought will pour itself into the expressive mould of Gesture; now Tone must vent alone the stream of Feeling, the shudder of alarm; and now, in mutual embrace, all three will raise the Will of Drama to immediate and potent Deed."**

[P. 194] [Wagner's Footnote:] "If ... the Poet's doubt ... consist in this, that he cannot conceive how *Song* should be entitled to usurp entirely the place of spoken dialogue: then he must take for rejoinder, that in two several regards he has not as yet a clear idea of the character of the Art-work of the Future. Firstly, he does not reflect that Music has to occupy a very different position in this Artwork to what she takes in modern Opera: that only where her power is the *fittest*, has she to open out her full expanse; while, on the contrary, wherever another power, for instance that of dramatic Speech, is the most *necessary*, she has to subordinate herself to that; still, that Music possesses the peculiar faculty of, without entirely keeping silence, so imperceptibly linking herself to the thought-full element of Speech that she lets the latter seem to walk abroad alone, the while she still supports it. Should the poet acknowledge this, then he has to recognise in the second place, that thoughts and situations to which the lightest and most restrained accompaniment of Music should seem importunate and burdensome, can only be such as are borrowed from the spirit of our modern Play; which, from beginning to end, will find no inch of breathing-space within the Art-work of the Future. The Man who will portray himself in the Drama of the Future has done for ever with all the prosaic hurly-burly of fashionable manners or polite intrigue, which our modern 'poets' have to tangle and disentangle in their plays, with greatest circumstantiality. His nature-bidden action and his speech are: Yea, yea! And Nay, nay! – and all beyond is evil, i.e. modern and superfluous."

[P. 196] {FEUER} "*The dramatic Action, as the first postulate of Drama, is ... that moment in the entire art-work which ensures its widest understanding.* Directly borrowed from *Life*, past or present, it forms the intelligible bond that links [P. 197] this work therewith; exactly in degree as it mirrors back the face of *Life*, and fitly satisfies its claim for understanding. *The dramatic Action is thus the bough from the Tree of Life which, sprung therefrom by an unconscious instinct, has blossomed and shed its fruit obediently to vital laws, and now, dissevered from the stem, is planted in the soil of Art; there, in new, more beautiful, eternal life, to grow into the spreading tree which resembles fully in its inner, necessary force and truth the parent tree of actual Life. But now, become its 'objectivation', it upholds to Life the picture of its own existence, and lifts unconscious Life to conscious knowledge of itself.*

{FEUER} *In the dramatic Action, therefore, the Necessity of the art-work displays itself; without it, or some degree of reference thereto, all art-fashioning is arbitrary, unneedful, accidental, unintelligible. The first and truest fount of Art reveals itself in the impulse that urges from Life into the work of art; for it is the impulse to bring the unconscious instinctive principle of Life to understanding (verstaendniss) and acknowledgment as Necessity."*

[P. 198] {FEUER} "Only when a thing has been consummated in *Life*, can we grasp the necessity of its occurrence, the harmony of its separate movements. But an episode is not completed until the *Man* who brought it about – who stood in the focus of a series of events which, as a feeling, thinking, will-ing person, he guided by

the force of his own innate character, -- until this man is likewise no longer subject to our arbitrary assumptions as to his possible doings. Now, every man is subject to these so long as he lives: by Death is he first freed from this subjection, for then we know All that he did, and that he was. That action, therefore, must be the best fitted for dramatic art – and the worthiest object of its rendering – which is rounded off together with the life of the chief person that evolved it, and whose denouement is none other than the conclusion of the life of this one man himself. **Only an action that is completely truthful – and can thoroughly convince us of its plain necessity – on whose fulfilment a man had set the whole strength of his being, and which was to him so imperative a necessity that he needs must pass over into it with the whole force of his character. But hereof he conclusively persuades us by this alone: that, in the effectuation of his personal force, he literally *went under*, he veritably threw overboard his personal existence, for sake of bringing to the outer world the inner Necessity which ruled his being.” (...)**

[P. 199] {FEUER} “The last, completest renunciation (Entaeusserung) of his personal egoism, the demonstration of his full ascension into universalism, a man can only show us by his *Death*; and that not by his accidental, but by his *necessary* death, the logical sequel to his actions, the last fulfilment of his being.

{FEUER} **The celebration of such a Death is the noblest thing that men can enter on. It reveals to us in the nature of this one man, laid bare by death, the whole content of his universal human nature.”**

[P. 207] {FEUER} “*If we have finally proved that the Folk must of necessity be the Artist of the future, we must be prepared to see the intellectual egoism of the artists of the Present break forth in contemptuous amazement at the discovery. They forget completely that in the days of national blood-brotherhood, which preceded the epoch when the absolute Egoism of the individual was elevated to a religion, -- the days which our historians betoken as those of prehistoric myth and fable, -- the Folk, in truth, was already the only poet, the only artist; that all their matter, and all their form if it is to have any sound vitality – they can derive alone from the fancy of these art-inventive peoples.* On the contrary, they regard the Folk exclusively under the aspect lent it nowadays by their culture-spectacled eyes. From their lofty pedestal, they deem that only their direct antithesis, the raw uncultured masses, can mean for them ‘The Folk.’ As they look down upon the people, there rise but fumes of beer and spirits to their nostrils; they fumble for their perfumed handkerchiefs, and ask with civilised exasperation: ‘What! The *rabble* is in future to replace us in Art-making? The *rabble*, which does not so much as understand us, when *we* provide its art? Out of the reeking gin-shop, out of the smoking dung-heap, are we to see arise the mould of Beauty and of Art?’ –

Quite so! Not from the filthy dregs of your Culture of [P. 208] to-day, not from the loathsome subsoil of your modern ‘polite education,’ not from the conditions which give your modern civilisation the sole conceivable base of its existence, shall arise the Art-work of the Future. ***Yet reflect! That this rabble is in no wise a normal product of real human nature, but rather the artificial outcome of your denaturalised culture; that all the crimes and abominations with which ye now upbraid the rabble, are only the despairing gestures of the battle which the true nature of Man wages against its hideous oppressor, modern Civilisation; and that these revolting features are nowise***

*the real face of Nature, but rather the reflection of the hypocritical mask of your State-, and Criminal-Culture. (...)*

*{FEUER} So long as ye intellectual egoists and egoistic purists shall blossom in your artificial atmosphere, there must needs be somewhere a 'stuff' from whose vital juices ye may distil your own sweet perfumes; and this stuff, from which ye have sucked out all its inbred scent, is but that foul-breathed rabble whose approach inspires you with disgust, and from whom ye only ward yourselves by that very perfume ye have squeezed from out its native comeliness. (...) And – saddest tale of all! – when in this disproportionately burdened section of the Folk the [P. 209] sheerest utilitarianism has thus become the moving spirit of all its energy, then must the revolting spectacle be exhibited of absolute Egoism enforcing its laws of life on every hand and, from the visage of the town and country rabble, reflecting back its hatefullest grimaces upon yourselves.*

*However, neither you nor this rabble do we understand by the term, the Folk; only when neither Ye nor It shall exist any longer, can we conceive the presence of the Folk.” (...)*

**[P. 210] {FEUER} “This Want will give the Folk the mastery of Life, will raise it to the only living might. This Want once drove the Israelites, already turned to dull and sordid beasts of burden, through the waters of the salt Red Sea; and through the Red Sea also must want drive us, if we are ever, cleansed from shame, to reach the promised land. (...) ... the Folk, the chosen people, passed scathless through the sea towards the Land of Promise: and reached it when the desert sand had washed its body of the last remaining stain of slavery. –**

**(...)**

**“Wieland the Smith, out of very joy in his handiwork, forged cunning trinkets for himself, and weapons keen and fair to see. One day as he was bathing on the shore, he saw a Swan-maiden (Schwanenjungfrau) come flying with her sisters through the air and, putting off her swan-apparel, plunge down into the sea. Aflame with sudden love, he rushed into the deeper waters; he wrestled with, and won the wondrous woman. Love, too, broke down [P. 211] her pride; in tender care for one another, they lived in blissful union.**

**A ring the Swan-maid gave to Wieland: this must he never let her win back from him; for greatly as she loved him, she had not lost her yearning for her ancient Freedom, for wind-borne passage to her happy island home; and this ring it was, that gave her strength to wing her flight.** So Wieland wrought a goodly store of rings alike to that his Swan-wife gave him, and strung them on a hempen cord against his wall: amongst them all she should not recognise her own.

He came home once from journeying. Alack! There lay his house in ruins; his wife had flown away to farthest distance!

**There was a King, Neiding (Envy) by name, who had heard much talk of Wieland’s skill; he burned to trap the Smith, that henceforth he might work for him alone.** He found at last a valid pretext for such a deed of violence: the vein of gold which Wieland wrought into his smitheries belonged to Neiding’s ground and soil; thus Wieland’s art was a robbery of the royal possessions. – It was he who burst into the smithy; and now he fell upon the Smith himself; bound him with chains, and bore him off.

*Set down in Neiding's court, Wieland must hammer for the King all kinds of objects, useful, strong, and durable: harness, tools, and armour, by aid of which the King might broaden-out his realm. But since, for such a labour, Neiding must loose the captive's bonds, his care was how to leave his body free to move, yet hinder him from flight: and so he craftily bethought him of severing the sinews of poor Wieland's feet. (...)*

*Thus sate he then, in all his misery, the art-rich Wieland, the one-time blithesome wonder-smith: crippled, behind his anvil, at which he now must slave to swell his master's wealth; limping, lamed, and loathly, whene'er he strove to [P. 212] stand erect! (...)*

**“Ha! Since he was doomed to wretchedness for ever, since nevermore should joy or solace bloom for him, -- if he yet might gain at least one only thing; Revenge, revenge upon this Neiding, who had brought him to this endless sorrow for his own base use! If it were only possible to sweep this wretch and all his brood from off the earth! – (...)**

*‘Thou dearest, distant wife! Had I thy wings! Had I thy wings, to wreak my vengeance, and swing myself aloft from out this shame!’ –*

*{FEUER} Then Want itself bent down its mighty pinions above the tortured Wieland's breast, and fanned its inspiration about his thoughtful brow. From Want, from terrible, all-powerful Want, the fettered artist learnt to mould what no man's mind had yet conceived. Wieland found it: found how to forge him WINGS. Wings whereon to mount aloft to wreak revenge on his tormentor, -- Wings, to soar through Heaven's distance to the blessed island of his Wife! –*

*He did it: he fulfilled the task that utmost Want had set [P. 213] within him. Borne on the work of his own Art, he flew aloft; he rained his deadly shafts into King Neiding's heart; -- he flung himself in blissful, daring flight athwart the winds, to where he found the loved one of his youth.*

**O sole and glorious Folk! This is it, that thou thyself hast sung. Thou art thyself this Wieland! Weld thou thy wings, and soar on high!”**

**[1850]**

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**Art and Climate (PW Vol. I; P. 249)**

**[P. 251] {FEUER} “Just as we know that there are heavenly bodies which have not as yet, or never will have, attained the birth of those conditions fundamentally necessary to the existence of human beings: so do we know that at one time our own Earth, also, had not as yet evolved such attributes. The present physiognomy of our planet shows us that, even now, the life of Man is by no means permitted on every portion of its surface: where its climatic mood proclaims itself in unbroken exclusiveness, as on the fiery plains of the Sahara, or mid the Northern ice-steppes, there Man is an impossibility. Only where this ‘Climate’ resolves the fixed and all-dominating uniformity of its influence into a [P. 252] pliant chain of broken contrasts, do we see**

*arise that infinitely manifold series of organic creations whose highest grade is conscience-gifted Man.*

*{FEUER} Yet where Climatic Nature draws Man beneath the all-sheltering influence of her rankest prodigality, and rocks him in her bosom as a mother rocks her child, -- where we must therefore place the cradle of newborn mankind: -- there has Man remained a child forever – as in the Tropics, -- with all an infant's good and evil qualities. First where she drew this all-conditioning, over-tender influence back, when she handed Man, like a prudent mother her adult son, to himself and his own free self-devisings, -- where Man, then, mid the waning warmth of the directly fostering care of Climate, was forced to cater for himself, -- do we see him ripening to the full unfoldment of his being. Only through the force of such a Need as surrounding Nature did not, like an over-careful mother, both listen for and still at once ere it had scarcely risen, but for whose appeasement he must himself provide, did he gain consciousness not only of that need but also of his power. This consciousness he reached through learning the distinction between himself and Nature; and thus it was that she, who no more offered him the stilling of his need, but from whom he now must wrest it, became the object of his observation, inquiry, and dominion.*

*{FEUER} The progress of the human race in the development of its innate capabilities of winning from Nature the contentment of those needs that waxed with its ever-waxing powers, is the history of Culture. In it Man evolves his own qualities in counterpoise to Nature, and thus acquires independence of her. Only man become independent of Nature by his personal energy, is the historical Man; and only the historical Man has summoned Art to life, but not the primitive Man in Nature's leading-strings.*

*{FEUER} Art is the highest common life expression of the man who, after self-fought-out contentment of his natural needs, displays himself to Nature in all the flush of triumph. His art-works as though fill up the gaps which she had [P. 253] left for Man's free personal activity ... . Wherefore, where Nature in her overfill was All, we neither light upon free Man nor genuine Art; but where ... she left those empty gaps, where she thus made room for the free self-evolution of Man and of his need-grown energy, was Art first born.*

*{FEUER} Granted, that Nature has also had her share in the birth of Art, just as the highest expression of the latter is the brilliant 'close,' the conscious reunion of Nature with Man, effected by his understanding of her. Her share, however, was this: that she abandoned Man, the creator of Art, to the conditions which must necessarily spur him on to self-gained consciousness. – inasmuch as she retreated before him and merely exerted a conditional influence over him, in place of holding him a prisoner in the bosom of her full and unconditional sway. *From the over-tender mother, she became to him a bashful bride, whom he now must win by vigour and love-worthiness for his – endlessly enhanced – fruition; a bride who, vanquished thus by mind and valour, made offering of herself to Love's embraces.**

*[P. 254] {FEUER} "Only the free and full-fledged man, however, such as he had evolved himself by combat with the parsimony of Nature, could thoroughly understand her, and wish at last to spend the overfill of his own being on that harmonic complement [P. 255] of Nature which should answer to his power of enjoyment. The creative faculty lay therefore ever grounded on man's independence*

*of Nature – yea, on the overflow of that quality – and not in any directly productive operation of natural Climate.*

*{FEUER} But the voiding of that overflow was also the death-knell of this art-creative man: the more he strewed his seed beyond the confines of his Hellenic motherland, the farther he shed this overflow toward Asia, and led back thence its lavish stream into the pragmatic-prosaic and grossly sensual world of Rome: so much the more visibly did his creative force die out; to make place, at his eventual death, for the worship of an abstract God who, in melancholy joy of immortality, wandered aimlessly between the splendid works of statuary and architecture which decked the burying-place of this departed Man. Thenceforth God ruled the world, -- God, who had made all Nature for the glory of his name. From that time forward, man's affairs are governed by the 'incomprehensible will' of God; no longer by the instinct and necessity of Nature ... ."*

[P. 258] *{FEUER}* "A survey of our modern art thus teaches us that we absolutely do not stand under the influence of climatic *Nature*, but of a *History* at entire variance with that Nature. We must, therefore, first realise that our history of to-day is made by the selfsame men who once brought forth the Grecian art-work, and, that done, ask ourselves: what is it, that has changed these men so utterly, that Those created works of Art whilst We but turn-out costly wares of Industry? (...) *The Greek, proceeding from the bosom of Nature, attained to Art when he had made himself independent of the immediate influence of Nature: we, violently debarred from Nature, and proceeding from the drillground of a [P. 259] heaven-rid and juristic Civilisation, shall first reach Art when we completely turn our backs on such a civilisation and once more cast ourselves, with conscious bent, into the arms of Nature.*"

[P. 260] *{FEUER}* "In Greekdom, we find Man evolving to full and conscious self-discrimination from Nature: the artistic monument in which this conscious man objectified himself, is the tintless marble statue, -- the idea, expressed in stone, of the pure human form; which idea Philosophy, again, dissolved from out the stone and resolved into pure 'abstraction' of the human essence. *Into this solitary man, existing at last in naught but the idea, -- this man in whom, amid the physical lack of all community of the species, the essence of the sheer personality was represented as the essence of the species, -- the People's Christianity instilled the lifebreath of passionate heart's-desire. The error of the philosopher became the madness of the masses. This frenzy's scene of action is the Middle Ages: on it we see the Nature-sundered man – taking his personal, egoistic, and therefore impotent being for the essence of the human species – with greed and haste, by physical and moral mutilation, hunt after his redemption into God; under whose image, by an instinctive error, he expressed the idea of the in truth consummate essence of the human race and Nature.*" [P. 263] *{FEUER}* "There exists no higher Power than Man's Community; there is naught so worthy love as the Brotherhood of Man."

**But only through the highest power of Love can we attain to perfect Freedom; for there exists no genuine Freedom but that in which each Man hath share.**

*{FEUER} The mediator between Power and Freedom, the redeemer without whom Power remains but violence, and Freedom but caprice, is therefore – Love; yet not that revelation from above, imposed on us by precept and command, -- and*

*therefore never realised, -- like the Christian's: but that Love which issues from the Power of true and undistorted human nature; which in its origin is nothing other than the liveliest utterance of this nature, that proclaims itself in pure delight of physical existence and, starting from marital love, strides forward through the love for children, friends and brothers, right on to love for Universal Man.*

*This Love is thus the wellspring of all true Art, for through it alone can the natural flower of Beauty bloom from Life."*

3/50

**WIELAND THE SMITH (PW Vol. I: P. 215)**

[P. 221] *"Schwanhilde is deeply moved by Wieland's love; she would fain forget who she is and whence she came, since now she feels that oblivion can but yield her higher comfort than any memory! – She narrates to Wieland, who has sate him down beside her, the story of her life: King Isang, in the North-land, was her mother's sire; for this mother the Prince of the Light-elves burnt with love: in the form of a Swan he drew anigh her, and bore her off across the sea to his distant 'island home.' Close knit by love, they dwelt there three full years; until the mother, seized with foolish doubting, hotly pressed her spouse to tell her of his birthplace – a question he had from the first forfended. Then swam the Elf-prince down the flood in the form of Swan once more; -- in reachless distance, saw the sorrowing mother her husband rising on his wings into the sea of clouds. Three daughters had she borne him, Schwanhilde and her sisters twain: and every year their swan-wings sprouted; and every year their mother stripped their pinions and buried them from sight, for fear lest her dear nestlings, too, might fly away. But now they got them tidings over sea: that good King Isang was fallen prey to Neiding, was done to death, and his lands despoiled from his heirs. Then flamed the mother's breast with rage and vengeance; she longed to punish Neiding, and loud bewailed that she had borne but daughters and no son; *she therefore gave the maidens back their stored-up wing-apparel, and bade them northwards fly as fleet Valkyrie, to stir up vengeful strife against the Neiding.* So had they stirred men's wrath, and with them striven against the thievish King; nor had they turned them homewards until Schwanhilde met her wound. Alack! Her force had failed, as Wieland knew already, to follow farther in their flight. – 'Now am I at thy mercy!'*

Wieland is profoundly touched; he swears to love her, and never to forsake her.

*{anti-FEUER} Schwanhilde: 'Lov'st thou me truly?' She draws a [P. 222] Ring from off her finger, and reaches it to Wieland. 'Lo! This Ring will rouse thee Love's enchantment: wears it a woman, the man who nighs her must straightway glow with love to her-wards. This, surely, 'twas alone that won for me thy love.'*

*Wieland, who has taken the Ring into his hand, feels that his love is only heightened by her disarming; he begs of her to never wear it more; he loves her even greater still without it.*

*Schwanhilde, moved and quieted, yet counsels him to never give the Ring away, -- for it holds, for the man who wears it, the victor-stone ensuring him the victory in every combat.*

*Wieland will neither profit by this its virtue for himself; he hangs it up behind his dwelling's door, upon a thread of bast: 'there hang thou; neither I, nor yet my Wife, have need of thee!' –*

*Schwanhilde: 'My Wieland, must I now rejoice me in thy love, and can I never wish to rouse thee pain or sorrow; must I now will to dwell for ever with thee, -- so take this winged raiment; bury it deep, and close it fast! For should I gaze upon its plumes, and know them in my keeping, -- how great soe'er my love for thee, I ne'er could lay my heartfelt longing to swing myself aloft upon them. So blissful is the sense of flight, so sweet the soaring in the clear blue of sky, that whoso once has tasted of it, can never tear the yearning out; he needs must one day still it, finds he the means to hand!'*

*Wieland, in terror at Schwanhilde's fervour, crushes the feathered mail together. 'And Love, then, would not hold thee?'* –

*Schwanhilde: (sinks shuddering on Wieland's breast. She weeps and cries): 'Now fare ye well, beloved Sisters! Farewell, thou dear forsaken Mother! Schwanhilde see ye never more!'* “

(...)

[P. 223] *“Wieland (in act to close the door, pauses and battles with the feeling that prompts him to turn back). 'The Wings I have not hidden: -- yet, sleeps she not, the tired sick one? And come I not again before she wakens? – Or should I nurse suspicion 'gainst her? Should I fast-bind her as a captur'd prey? – Nay, nay, in freedom shall she love me!' In a transport of joy, he quits the door. Then he turns round once more. 'Still, should I close the door? – Forsooth to hold her? – Thou fool! Would she take wing, her flight should lightly find its way through chink or chimney to the open! – Yet sleeps she; therefore close I fast the friendly door, that none disturb her.' He turns the key, and passes swiftly from the scene, shouting aloud: 'Now, Brothers, shall ye hear a wonder, how quickly I've found me a Wife!'* “

[P. 224] *“Gram: 'Art Wieland, who has wrought so many marvels, then say whence though hast won thy gold, if not by [P. 225] theft from out these mountains' bosom, the booty of a King?'* –

*{anti-FEUER} Wieland: 'The Gold? – That will I truly tell thee. Thou know'st that once the Gods were robbed of fair Iduna, her who gave them youth eternal so long as e'er she tarried with them. Then aged grew the Gods, their beauty faded, and Odur quitted Freia's side, since now no more her charm could bind him. The Gods re-won Iduna; with her their youth and beauty came again, -- but Odur turned not back to Freia. Upon those crags now sits the sad yet glorious Goddess, and weeps full many a hot and golden tear for her lost spouse; these tears I reap from out the rivers whereinto they fall, and forge from them a store of winsome works, to gladden happy mortals!'* “

[P. 227] *“Bathilde: 'Naught heardst thou of the wondrous advent of a man, who landwards came afloat upon a log? The King has ta'en him friendly to him, for that he promised goodly service. Through precious works he wrought for him, the stranger hath made sure King Neiding's favour; already hath my Sire forgot his trouble, that Wieland he could not trap. 'Goldbrand' dubs himself the Smith; but Wieland is't; mine eyes be witness!'*

*Gram: 'What seeks he here, beneath a masking name?'*

*Bathilde: 'On vengeance set he forth, although at hazard; for little weens he who his foeman is.'*

*Gram: 'Yet what withholds that he should farther journey?'*

*Bathilde: 'Revenge is reft him, now that Love enchains. – His wife he deemeth dead; and thus forgets her, since another woman lights his love.'*

Gram: 'Who worked such wonders on the wrathful?'

Bathilde: 'My presence only.'

Gram: 'So is he then my rival?'

Bathilde: 'That is he; therefore shouldst thou help me to destroy him. Have trust in me! This day shalt thou be called back, and taste again of highest honours. This win I from King Neiding, by power of the Ring.' "

[P. 230] "Eigel: 'First asketh Rothar, Viking's scion: Who gave thee, Bailie of the Niars, the right to reign as King in Northland?'

Neiding: 'The fretful question thus I answer: my princeship chose – the free.'

Helferich: 'Full well we know, how their choice thou guidest; Wieland, too, wouldst thou chain to choose thee lord.'

Eigel: 'By lies and fraud thou hurl'dst the freemen 'gainst each other, that so they forced themselves to serve thee.' "

[P. 231] "(... Neiding rises restlessly from his seat, and paces swiftly to and fro.) He vents his hatred against Rothar and his rash, heroic youth. Such madcap mood may well destroy with one bold stroke all that a careful man, by cunning, craft and violence, has toilsomly built up through many a year!' (...)

(...)

Wieland: 'Like as I forged for thee this sword, that fills thee with the bliss of triumph – so will I forge a myriad like it, for thine whole host within a month. This I engage thee!'

Neiding: 'Thus were success made doubly certain! But how could I reward thee? I'd give thee gold above what thou couldst ever weld for pleasure.'

Wieland: 'O King, if thou shouldst conquer, then be thy daughter wed to me for wife!' –

Neiding: 'Such payment have I set, and will observe it; to scorn the Swedish upstart!' – "

[P. 232] "**Bathilde: (...) 'To seal thee conquest over Rothar, I've urged my wisdom to its utmost: lo here, this Ring upon my finger! It stores a stone which, shouldst thou wear it, will win thee victory in every strife. My runes, it was, that gain'd it for thee.'**

**Neiding: 'I've heard tell, oftentimes, of a victor-stone; how gain'dst thou it, that thou canst count upon its virtue?'**

[P. 233] **Bathilde: 'A Swan-maid bore it on her, when three they came to stir up latest strife in Norseland.'**

**Neiding: 'A plague upon the miscreants, who wellnigh overmanned me!'**

**Bathilde: 'Wieland then she wedded, she whom thy spear had wounded; she gave to him the Ring. Though 'scaped the Smith thy Marshal, yet won I still the Ring.'**

**Neiding: 'Thou wisest of all daughters; what fortune hast thou dealt me!'**

**Bathilde: 'The Ring I vow to thee; but cannot give it till – thou'st made this Wieland harmless.'**

Neiding: 'Why vex thy soul for Wieland? And how should I attain him?'

Bathilde: 'Where wert thou, read thy daughter not her runes for thee? 'Tis Wieland, whom a moment past thou'st pledged to me as mate!'

Neiding: 'Ha! The man who, wonder-like, came swimming on a tree-stem to my land? How might that be?'

Bathilde: 'None else is it but Wieland; in his own home I saw him!'

Neiding: (overjoyed). 'So! Hold I Wieland's self? – Rest calm, my child; he weens not who I am, nor that 'twas I that sent to trap him; he yields me glad and willing service: so let the trouble sleep!'

*Bathilde: 'Thee serves he not; for me, it is, he slaves. On vengeance sailed he, he so fearsome in his wrath! Yet magic'llly did Love compel him to this strand; for he is forced to love me, so long as e'er I bear this ring upon my finger, this Ring which lends to maids a love-spell, to men the mastery in fight. Now go'st thou into battle and give I thee the Ring, I lose my magic power o'er Wieland; he wakes from out his blindness, and wreaks a fell revenge: -- the swords the which he forgeth, he turns their edge 'gainst us!'*

*Neiding: 'Alack! Then would he never serve me more, the wonder-working Smith! – Now see I clearly: Wieland must I bind – nay, guard myself against him – that so I [P. 234] have him in my grasp, when he awakes! O, priceless child! What gifts I thank to thee! Thou giv'st me victory, giv'st the man without a peer in all the world! (...)*

Bathilde: Let Gram now lead thy host; and as my forethought won for thee the Ring, so grant me Gram as husband!'

Neiding: 'Fain must I hearken to thee, yet do it with sore grudge; some mighty King I'd wished to mate with thee as bridegroom!'

Bathilde: Let me become that mighty man: I need alone a woman for my mate.'

Neiding: Thou braggart, dauntless child! Wilt thou re-bear thyself as Man?'

Bathilde: 'What use to thee were all thy Men, were I not by? Think well upon it, King, whom 'twas thy wife once bore!'

[P. 236] "Neiding: 'Ward thee well, Wieland, wily Smith!'

Wieland: (starts up amazed). 'Who names me Wieland?'

Neiding: 'Here's one who knows thee nighly.' (...)

Wieland espies Gram, who casts black looks of hate upon him. – Rage and loathing overmaster him; -- his memory reawakens, though as yet unclear. Savagely he stares around, as though to satisfy himself what place he is in. Suddenly he perceives Eigel and Helferich, who are just descending the steps from the chamber on the left. 'My Brothers! – There my foemen!' He has wellnigh called to mind his Swan-wife, when he turns toward the right hand and sees Bathilde coming terror-stricken from her chamber. He fears that he is going mad. – His senses swirl in wild confusion; and all his passions gather up at last into one outburst of jealous, frenzied hate against Gram. 'Learn ye, how Wieland's sword can cleave!' (With a stroke that pierces through the iron armour, he stretches Gram upon the ground a lifeless corpse.)

(...)

Neiding: in hypocritical wrath at Wieland's deed of violence, commands to bind him."

(...)

[P. 237] "Bathilde, beside herself with rage, demands Wieland's instant death.

**Neiding: 'Not so! What would a lifeless Wieland boot me? The living Smith is worth a kingdom! Weapons fair and armour shall he weld me; sad is it with a ruler**

whom such an artist fails: he gives to sway its only touch of sweetness! No artist limb shall come to harm: -- yet, so of him I make me sure, and so he flee not, hew me the sinews of his feet! Limp he a little, what hurts it? The stithy needs but hands and arms! These graciously I leave him!

(...)

Wieland cries despairingly to them [his brothers who have escaped Neiding's court] Not Men have bound him, but a Woman's bonds! -- Wieland, with agonising gaze fixed upon Bathilde, is dragged off." (...)

[P. 238] **"He, the free artist-smith who, of very joy in his art, had forged the most wondrous of smithery, to arm and gladden withal those dear ones whom he dowered thus with fame and victory, -- here must he, spurned and spat upon, smite out the chains for his own body, and swords and trappings to adorn the man who cast him into shame. -- And yet, though deepest grudge and thirst for vengeance consumed his bosom, still one unconquerable feeling held him back: a love, past rooting out, for this King's Daughter who hated him the while, -- unrestful yearning for a woman whom yet he -- loved not! This feeling barbed his sharpest pang. For ever he must think upon her, -- and thought he on her, then he lost all memory besides: his youth, his whilom freedom, his blithe and gladsome art, and all that e'er had stirred his pulses, -- all, all was blurred before his senses, and fled far from his thought. Yes, this stanchless, mad love-yearning spurred him on at last to labour, and let him hug his very drudgery; by which it oftentimes seemed as though, despite his serfdom, he yet might one day win this princely Daughter! Yes, fain would he frame the richest work that Art had ever fashioned, to see it trodden under foot by this fair dame: if only she might smile on him above its ruins! -- Then with all his oldtime glee, he snatches up his tools; he sings a brisk and lusty lay to the souging of the bellows, to the sputtering of the fire-sparks, to the clanking of his hammer. -- Once more there throng shrill, savage cries into his song: a hideous loathing of his slave toil gives him sudden pause. In frenzied wrath he casts the tools away; -- lamenting sigh now overman him! -- He longs for -- death! -- "**

[P. 239] "Bathilde: 'A victor-stone this [P. 240] jewel is; wears it my Father in such sorry setting, to combat Rothar, so fear I he must lose at once both stone and conquest.'

Wieland now recognises the virtue of the Ring ... .

(...)

Bathilde: 'Thou nursest evil schemes: swear me thy fealty, and that thou vengeance quit'st for ever!'

Wieland: 'Naught have I to venge, apart my laming: does that not lower me in thine eyes, then fair I am again to look on, and all my vengeance so forswear I!'

Bathilde, in utmost tremor, throws her arms around him with fawning softness, and asks: 'Wieland, was thine oath sworn freely?'

*Wieland (aflame with passion, snatches the Ring from her hand). Upon this Ring I swear it!'*

*Bathilde fastens her glance, in dread suspense, on Wieland. He gazes closer at the Ring. A terrible emotion masters him. In a transport of horror, he thunders forth: 'Schwanhilde; my Wife!' (Bathilde utters one piercing shriek; then stands as though struck dumb.)*

*Wieland: 'Scoundrels burnt my house -- my Wife! Thieves robbed me of the*

*Ring – and it betrayed me! – Through it, revenge forgot I! – Ha! Well did Wachilde, my grandam, guide me! Hither led her waves my way! – And I, who came on vengeance bent, fell feathly in my foemen’s springes! – All, all through power of this cursed Ring! – Bathilde, shameless woman, how wonnest thou the Ring?’*

*Bathilde: (scarcely mistress of herself) ‘From the bast on the door I stole it!’ –*

*Wieland: (swings himself in frenzy to the door; closes it fast; and seizes Bathilde). ‘My curse upon thee, thievish hell-wife! – Ha! How sly thou thought’st to snare me in thy net of love; thou who’st never felt its flame! How great, [P. 241] forsooth, thy love for Gram, whom thus thou wrecks on me! So much as I, was he to thee! – For stones and rings thou lam’st free men, and murderest their wives! My Wife, and not myself, I now venge on thee! – Die! (He raises the hammer above her.)*

*Bathilde: (with a cry of utmost terror). ‘Thy wife lives!’ (Wieland stands confounded).*

(...)

*Bathilde: ‘That night, upon my homeward journey, I gazed across the wooded shore and saw the swanlike sisters, as they dived into the forest depths: twain were they then; but three they mounted, over wood and sea to wing them westwards.’*

*Wieland: ‘In flight to home! The pinions found she! Herself she saved – and me, her lame and fettered husband, she left for ever! – Alas, why have I learnt it! now haps my lot more cruel than before! Had I but blind remained, as slave I’d played the Smith; mayhap, at last, had kissed the fetters of my chains. Now ween I who I was, and what a free, blest Man! Now wot I that the sweetest Wife is living, but wretched I may never reach her, never see her more! – Perish then, thou lame limping cripple! Thou sport of scoffers! By men derided, by women pointed at and children! Away with thee! But gibes shall greet thee, never vengeance, -- never Love!’ (He falls prostrate, in a paroxysm of grief.)*

**Bathilde stands as though turned to stone; she feels the fearful reality of human misery, now laid before her. Profound sorrow pierces into her soul.” (...)**

(...)

**[P. 242] Wieland: ‘Chained to myself, my feet hang lifeless, to my shame: my rudder-strings are hewn asunder!’ – (With growing emphasis.) ‘Schwanhilde! Schwanhilde! Could I but lift myself from Earth, that only greets my foot with anguish, laid low in shameful impotence! – As erst I swam across the billows, ah! Could I fly now through the clouds! Strong are my arms to ply thy pinions, and fearsome is my need! Thy Wings! Thy Wings! Had I thy wings, a warrior then would stoutly cleave the clouds, and venging soar above his foemen!’ –**

**(...) In waxing inspiration, he raises himself upon his crutches, to the full height of his stature.**

*{FEUER} Bathilde: (awestruck). ‘A God it is, that stands before me!’*

*Wieland: (with heaving breast). ‘A Man! A Man in highest Need! (Then with a terrible outburst:) ‘Tis Need! Need swayed her pinions, and fanned her inspiration round my brain! I’ve found’t, what never man devis’d! – Schwanhilde! Sweetest Wife, to thee I’m nigh! I swing me up to thee!’*

*Bathilde: ‘Nay, can I help thee? Say, how I may save thee!’*

*Wieland: 'What would's't thou, woman? Why feed thine eyes on me? Avaunt thee!'*

[P. 243] *Bathilde: (beside herself). 'O Wieland! Wieland! See my sorrow! See the grief that cuts my heartstrings! Pity, pardon the unhappy maid, thou godlike man! In the pangs that high consume her, she casts her love before thy feet!'* –

*Wieland: 'Is't the Ring in my hand, that so enflames thee?'* (He flings it on the hearth.) *'Lo! That shall yield me other service, than to light false love in thee!'*

*Bathilde: 'Nay, not the magic of the Ring, the magic of thine anguish bids me love thee! – Wieland, Wieland! Glorious woe-filled Man! How expiate my guilt?'* –

*Wieland: Love thou! So shalt from guilt be freed!'*

Bathilde: (humbly). 'Whom should I love then?'

Wieland: 'Tis out, with all thy Father's might; as victor and deliverer, King Rothar comes into the land: despise him not, who sues thy hand! Of mine own stem is he! Stand proudly by his side as happy bride, and bear him blithesome heroes!'

Bathilde: (in sorrowful submission). 'Say I to him that Wieland grants me pardon?'

Wieland: 'So say, and tell him of my deeds!'

(...)

"Wieland places himself beside the hearth, plies the bellows, rakes the embers, and sets to his work with eager ardour. He is bent on creating his highest masterpiece. The swordblades that he had forged so keen and sharp for Neiding, he now will beat them out to pliant, soaring pinions; they shall be joined together, for the arms, by bands of steel; in the neck, where the bands are to fit into each other, the Wonderstone from Schwanhilde's Ring [P. 244] shall form the clasp, the magic axis round which the pair of Wings shall stir. – Suddenly he pauses: through the chimney of the forge he hears his name borne down the breeze; he looks up – the smoke prevents his seeing. – He listens:

Schwanhilde's Voice is heard from on high: 'Wieland! Wieland! Remember'st me?'

Wieland: (entranced). 'Schwanhilde! Dearest Wife! Art nigh to me? Seek'st thou for me, whom thou hadst fled so far?'

Schwanhilde's Voice: 'Tempests wafted me afar: -- from happy homeland yearned I forth to thee!' –

*Wieland: 'Wing'dst thy way hither from blissful home? Sought'st thou me out in want and woe?'*

*Schwanhilde: 'I hover nigh thee in the air above, to comfort thee in woe and want!'*

*Wieland: In want am I; yet taught me Want to swing myself above my woe.'*

(...)

*Wieland: (exultingly). 'I forge me Wings, thou dearest Wife! On wings I'll mount into the sky! Death and destruction dealt to the Neidings, I swing myself aveng'd to thee!'*

[P. 245] *Schwanhilde: Wieland! Wieland! Mightiest man! Wooest thou me in the free wide heavens, ne'er will I flee thee away!*

*Wieland: 'In the heavens await me, thou fairest! There will I win thee afresh.*  
(...)

(...)

Neiding demands admission. Wieland springs up, in terrible glee; lets Neiding and his retainers into the forge; then, unnoticed, shuts the behind them, and throws the key into the fire upon the hearth.

(...)

Wieland: (gradually deepening the grimness of his scorn). ‘How well should I have things go with thee? Perchance like a bird whom thou’st snared in the woods? Thou clippest his wings, that he may not fly thee; -- yet, so that his song may fill thine ears with sweetest sounds, thou blind’st forsooth his eyes; that out of endless night he cry in anguished yearning for his mate?’ (...)

[P. 246] (...)

*“Wieland: (standing behind the hearth, and thrusting his arms into the wing-bands). ‘Such toys a lonely cripple makes to play with! – (...) How the crutches’ swing delights me!’ (He sways the wings with ever wider stroke, and fans therewith the embers on the hearth to higher flames, which he directs towards Neiding and the Courtiers.)*

[P. 247] (...)

*(The entire stithy now crashes together, and buries Neiding and his men beneath its ruins.)*

(...)

[P. 248] **Schwanhilde hovers, on her broad spread swan-wings, towards him from the Wood, They meet, and fly into the distance.”**

8/50

**Letter to Minna Wagner (SLRW; P. 193, 196)**

[P. 196] **{FEUER}** “If I can only be unhappy living with you, I must ask you whether our living together makes you happy? No! Certainly not! And you may perhaps be much more unhappy than I am, for, in spite of all my suffering and self-wasting, **I have a great transcending faith in myself, faith in the truth and splendour of the cause for which I suffer and struggle. You, most wretched of women, do not share that faith. I am a total stranger to you, you see only my warts and excrescences, you see only what you find inexplicable about me, and nowhere find compensation for the injuries you suffer at my hands. You hanker after peace and permanence in relationships – I must break them down in order to satisfy my inner being; you are capable of sacrificing everything to have a ‘respectable position’ in the bourgeois world, a world I despise and refuse to associate with; you hanker exclusively after goods and chattels, hearth & home, -- I relinquish all that in order to be a human being. You think of the past only with longing and regret, -- I abandon it and think only of the future. All your desires are directed at a reconciliation with what is old, at compromise and conformism, and at re-establishing old ties, -- I have broken with all that is old, and fight against it with every ounce of my strength. You cling to people, I to causes; you to individual human beings, I to the whole of humanity. ... I understand you well enough, whereas you do not understand me!”**

8/50

**Judaism In Music (PW Vol. III, P. 75)**

[P. 80] “When we strove for emancipation of the Jews ... we virtually were more the champions of an abstract principle, than of a concrete case: just as all our Liberalism was a not very lucid mental sport – since we went for freedom of the Folk without knowledge of that Folk itself, nay, with a dislike of any genuine contact with it – so our eagerness to level up the rights of Jews was far rather stimulated by a general idea, than by any real sympathy; **for, with all our speaking and writing in favour of the Jews’ emancipation, we always felt instinctively repelled by any actual, operative contact with them.**

*Here, then, we touch the point that brings us closer to our main inquiry: we have to explain to ourselves the involuntary repulsion* [“involuntary repulsion” in italics] *possessed for us by the nature and personality of the Jews, so as to vindicate that instinctive dislike which we plainly recognise as stronger and more overpowering than our conscious zeal to rid ourselves thereof. Even today we only purposely belie ourselves in this regard, when we think necessary to hold immoral [P. 81] and taboo all open proclamation of our natural repugnance against the Jewish nature. (...) Quite imperceptibly the ‘Creditor of Kings’ has become the King of Creeds, and we really cannot take this monarch’s pleading for emancipation as otherwise than uncommonly naïve, seeing that it is much rather we who are shifted into the necessity of fighting for emancipation from the Jews. According to the present constitution of this world, the Jew in truth is already more than emancipated: he rules, and will rule, so long as Money remains the power before which all our doings and our dealings lose their force. That the historical adversity of the Jews and the rapacious ravenness of Christian-German potentates have brought this power within the hands of Israel’s sons – this needs no argument of ours to prove. That the impossibility of carrying farther any natural, any ‘necessary’ and truly beautiful thing, upon the basis of that stage whereat the evolution of our arts has now arrived, and without a total alteration of that basis – that this has also brought the public Art-taste of our time between the busy fingers of the Jew, however, is the matter whose grounds we here [P. 82] have to consider somewhat closer. What their thralls had toiled and moiled to pay the liege-lords of the Roman and Medieval world, to-day is turned to money by the Jew: who thinks of noticing that the guileless-looking scrap of paper is slimy with the blood of countless generations? *What the heroes of the arts, with untold strain consuming life and life, have wrested from the art-fiend of two millennia of misery, to-day the Jew converts to an art-bazaar (Kunstwaarenwechsel) ... .”* (...)*

(...)  
[P. 83] *This is of great weight: a man whose appearance we must hold unfitted for artistic treatment – not merely in this or that personality, but according to his kind in general – neither can we hold him [P. 84] capable of any sort of artistic utterance of his [inner] essence.*

(...) The Jew speaks the language of the nation in whose midst he dwells from generation to generation, but he speaks it always as an alien. As it lies beyond our present scope to occupy ourselves with the cause of this phenomenon, too, *we may equally abstain from an arraignment of Christian Civilisation for having kept the Jew in violent severance from it, as on the other hand, in touching the sequelae of that severance we can scarcely propose to make the Jews the answerable party.”* (...)

[P. 85] “If we hear a Jew speak, we are unconsciously offended by the entire want of purely-human expression in his discourse: the cold indifference of its peculiar blubber (‘Gelabber’) never by any chance rises to the ardour of a higher, heartfelt passion.” (...)

[P. 86] “Though we may well deem it thinkable that in intercourse with one another, and particularly where domestic life brings purely-human feelings to an outburst, even the Jews may be able to give expression to their emotions in a manner effective enough among themselves: yet this cannot come within our present purview, since we here are listening to the Jew who, in the intercourse of life and art, expressly speaks *to us*.

Now if the aforesaid qualities of his dialect make the Jews almost incapable of giving artistic enunciation to his feelings and beholdings through *talk*, for such an enunciation through *song* his aptitude must needs be infinitely smaller. *Song is just Talk aroused to highest passion: Music is the speech of Passion.* (...)”

[P. 87] “The Jew, who is innately incapable of enouncing himself to us artistically through either his outward appearance or his speech, and least of all through his singing, has nevertheless been able in the widest-spread of modern art-varieties, to wit in Music, to reach the rulership of public taste. – To explain to ourselves this phenomenon, let us first consider how it grew possible to the Jew to become a musician.

From that turning point in our social evolution where Money, with less and less disguise, was raised to the virtual patent of nobility, the Jews – to whom money-making without actual labour, i.e. Usury, had been left as their only trade – the Jews not merely could no longer be denied the diploma of a new society that needed naught but gold, but they brought it with them in their pockets. Wherefore our modern Culture, accessible to no one but the well-to-do, remained the less a closed book to them, as it had sunk into a venal article of Luxury. Henceforward, then, the *cultured Jew* appears in our Society; his distinction from the uncultured, the common Jew, we now have closely to observe. *The cultured Jew has taken the most indicable pains to strip off all the obvious tokens of his lower co-religionists: in many a case he has even held it wise to make a Christian baptism wash away the traces of his origin. This zeal, however, has never got so far as to let him reap the hoped-for fruits: it has conducted only to his utter isolation, and to making him the most heartless of all human beings; to such a pitch, that we have been bound to lose even our earlier sympathy for the tragic history of his stock. His connexion with the former comrades in his suffering, which he arrogantly tore asunder, it has stayed impossible for him to replace by a new connexion with that society whereto he has soared up. He stands in correlation with none but those who need his [P. 88] money: and never yet has money thriven to the point of knitting a goodly bond ‘twixt man and man. Alien and apathetic stands the educated Jew in midst of a society he does not understand, with whose tastes and aspirations he does not sympathise, whose history and evolution have always been indifferent to him. In such a situation have we seen the Jews give birth to Thinkers: the Thinker is the backward-looking poet; but the true Poet is the foretelling Prophet. For Such a prophet-charge can naught equip, save the deepest, the most heartfelt sympathy with a great, a like-endeavouring Community – to whose unconscious thoughts the Poet gives exponent voice. Completely shut from this community, by the very nature of His situation; entirely torn from all connexion with his native stock – to the genteeler Jew his learnt*

*and paid-for culture could only seem a luxury, since at bottom he knew not what to be about with it.*

(...) Exactly as his whim inspired, or some interest lying outside Art, could he utter himself now thus, and now otherwise; for never was he driven to speak out a definite, a real and necessary thing, but he just merely wanted to speak, no matter what; so that, naturally, the *how* was the only ‘moment’ [P. 89] left for him to care for. **At present no art affords such plenteous possibility of talking in it without saying any real thing, as that of Music, since the greatest geniuses have already said whatever there was to say in it as an absolute separate art. When this had once been spoken out, there was nothing left but to babble after; and indeed with quite distressing accuracy and deceptive likeness, just as parrots reel off human words and phrases, but also with just as little real feeling and expression as these foolish birds.**

(...)

(...) However much our Luxury-art may float in wellnigh nothing but the aether of our self-willed Phantasy, still it keeps below one fibre of connexion with its natural soil, with the genuine spirit of the Folk.” (...)

[P. 90] {FEUER} *“Now the only musical expression offered to the Jew tone-setter by his native Folk, is the ceremonial music of their Jehova-rites: the Synagogue is the solitary fountain whence the Jew can draw art-motives at once popular and Intelligible to himself. However sublime and noble we may be minded to picture to ourselves this musical Service of God in its pristine purity, all the more plainly must we perceive that that purity has been most terribly sullied before it came down to us. Here for thousands of years has nothing unfolded itself through an inner life-fill, but, just as with Judaism at large, everything has kept its fixity of form and substance. But a form which is never quickened through renewal of its substance, must fall to pieces in the end; an expression whose content has long-since ceased to be the breath of Feeling grows senseless and distorted.”* (...)

[P. 92] {FEUER} “Yet his whole position in our midst never tempts the Jew to so intimate a glimpse into our essence: wherefore, either intentionally (provided he recognises this position of his towards us) or instinctively (if he is incapable of understanding us at all), **he merely listens to the barest surface of our art, but not its life-bestowing inner organism; and through this apathetic listening alone, can he trace external similarities with the only thing intelligible to his power of view, peculiar to his special nature. To him, therefore, the most external accidents on our domain of musical life and art must pass for its very essence ... .”** (...)

[P. 93] “But where this passion is not forthcoming, there neither is any calm (Ruhe): true, noble Calm is nothing else than Passion mollified through Resignation.”

[P. 99] “The Jews could never take possession of this art, until that was to be exposed in it which they now demonstrably have brought to light – its inner incapacity for life. (...) Only when a body’s inner death is manifest, do outside elements win the power of lodgment in it – yet merely to destroy it. (...)

{FEUER} I said above, the Jews had brought forth no true poet. We here must give a moment’s mention, then, to HEINRICH HEINE. At the time when Goethe and Schiller sang among us, we certainly knew nothing of a poetising Jew: **at the time, however, when our poetry became a lie, when every possible thing might flourish from the wholly [P. 100] unpoetic element of our life, but no true poet –**

then was it the office of a highly-gifted poet-Jew to bare with fascinating taunts that lie, that bottomless aridity and jesuitical hypocrisy of our Versifying which still would give itself the airs of true poesis. His famous musical congeners, too, he mercilessly lashed for their pretence to pass as artists; *no make-believe could hold its ground before him: by the remorseless demon of denial of all that seemed worth denying was he driven on without a rest, through all the mirage of our modern self-deception, till he reached the point where in turn he duped himself into a poet, and was rewarded by his versified lies being set to music by our own composers. – He was the conscience of Judaism, just as Judaism is the evil conscience of our modern Civilisation.*

*Yet another Jew have we to name, who appeared among us as a writer. From out his isolation as a Jew, he came among us seeking for redemption: he found it not, and had to learn that only with our redemption, too, into genuine Manhood, would he ever find it. To become Man at once with us, however, means firstly for the Jew as much as ceasing to be Jew. And this had Boerne done. Yet Boerne, of all others, teaches us that this redemption can not be reached in ease and cold, indifferent complacence, but costs – as cost it must for us – sweat, anguish, want, and all the dregs of suffering and sorrow. Without once looking back, take ye your part in this regenerative work of deliverance through self-annulment (selbstvernictenden); then are we one and Un-dissevered! But bethink ye, that one only thing can redeem you from the burden of your curse: the redemption of Ahasuerus – Going under!”*

9/8/50                    Letter to Franz Liszt (SLRW; P. 215-216)

[P. 215] “Dinglestedt’s affectionate and witty article on the performance of Lohengrin made a great impression on me. He admits that he previously knew nothing of my work and believes that it is to this circumstance that he must attribute the sense of confusion which this first performance of Lohengrin aroused in him. He transfers this sense of confusion to the nature of the work itself, speaks of countless contradictory aims which he imputes to me, but nowhere do I see him divining the one aim which was my guiding principle, namely the simple unadorned aim – *of the drama*; he speaks of the impression made on him by flutes, fiddles, kettle-drums and trumpets, but not of the dramatic performers, -- in whose stead, as he himself puts it, those very instruments had spoken. From this I gather that in your performance the *purely musical* achievement was by far the more preponderant, that the orchestra was admirable – as I was indeed assured to have been the case by various experts – and that friend Liszt – and all those directly dependent upon him – was the real hero of the performance. **But if we think honestly and unegoistically of the essence of music, we must admit that, on the largest scale, it is only a means to an end: but this end, in any reasonable opera, is the *drama*, and it lies, most unequivocally, in the hands of *the performers on stage.*” (...)**

9/8/50                    Letter to Franz Liszt (continuation of letter above) (CWL: P. 94-95)

[P. 94] “At the rehearsal of my *Tannhaeuser* in Weimar I had occasion to point out neglect of some scenic indications on the part of individual singers. Elizabeth, for example, during the postlude of the duet with *Tannhaeuser* in the second act, has to

justify the re-entry of the tender theme in the clarinet in slower tempo by looking – as is indicated in the score – after Tannhaeuser in the court of the castle and by beckoning to him. By neglecting this and merely standing in front, waiting for the conclusion of the music, she naturally produces an unbearable feeling of tedium. *Every bar of dramatic music is justified only by the fact that it explains something in the action or in the character of the actor.* That reminiscence of the clarinet theme is not there for its own sake as a purely musical effect, which Elizabeth might have to accompany by her action, but the beckoned greeting of Elizabeth is the chief thing I had in my eye, and that reminiscence I selected in order to accompany suitably this action of Elizabeth. The relations of music and action must therefore be deplorably perverted where, as in this [P. 95] instance, the *principle thing* – i.e., the dramatic motive – is left out, while the *lesser thing* – i.e., the accompaniment of that motive – alone remains.”

9/9/50

**Letter to Herr Von Zigesar (CWL; P. 100-104)**

[P. 100] “Most esteemed Herr Intendant, with full knowledge of the matter at stake, you have undertaken by its performance at your theatre to give life to a dramatic work the essence of which is that it is in all its parts a continuous whole, and not something incongruous, made up of many different parts. **The author of this work does not wish to shine by the effect of single musical pieces; music to him is altogether no more than the most exalted and most comprehensive mode of expression of what he desired to express, the drama. Even where music became a mere ornament I remained conscious of having acted in accordance with a certain artistic necessity, and each necessary effect was brought about only by the fact that, like the link of a well-forged chain, it derived its significance from the preceding links. If this chain were torn asunder by the [P. 101] removal of the whole, or a half, or a quarter of a link, the whole context would be torn along with it, and my intention would be destroyed.** You admitted to me yourself that in certain cases about which at first you had doubts you had been finally convinced of the necessity of this concatenation, but the impression made upon you by the performance has again renewed this doubt, to the extent, at least, that you think it advisable, in consideration of the public, to consent to certain omissions in my opera. Permit me to think a little better of the public. An audience which assembles in a fair mood is satisfied as soon as it distinctly understands what is going forward, and it is a great mistake to think that a theatrical audience must have a special knowledge of music in order to receive the right impression of a musical drama. To this entirely erroneous opinion we have been brought by the fact that *in opera music wrongly has been made the aim, while the drama was merely a means for the display of the music. Music, on the contrary, should do no more than contribute its full share towards making the drama clearly and quickly comprehensible at every moment. While listening to a good – that is, rational – opera, people should, so to speak, not think of the music at all, but only feel it in an unconscious manner, while their fullest sympathy should be wholly occupied by the action represented.* Every audience which has an uncorrupted sense and a human heart is therefore welcome to me as long as I may be certain that the dramatic action is made more immediately comprehensible

and moving by the music, instead of being hidden by it. (...) [P. 102] If cuts were resorted to, you would gain comparatively little time, and would sacrifice to our modern theatrical routine every possibility of thorough reform. I can imagine, for instance, that the speeches of the king and the herald may have made a fatiguing impression, but if this was the case because the singers sang them in a lackadaisical, lazy, and slovenly manner, without real utterance, is then the interest of art benefited by curtailing or omitting these speeches? Surely not. Art and artists will be equally benefited only if those singers are *earnestly* requested to pronounce those speeches with energy, fire, and determined expression. Where no effect is made no impression can be produced, and where no impression is produced people are bored; but is it right, in order to shorten that boredom, to remove what with a proper expression would produce [P. 103] the necessary effect? In that case it would be better to drop the whole work, which, for want of proper expression, would be in danger of failing to produce the necessary effect. **For if we yield in small and single things, if we make concessions to laziness and incompetence, we may be sure that we shall soon be obliged to do the same throughout; in other words, we must give up every attempt at making a work like the present succeed. (...) You will see from this, most esteemed Herr Intendant, how important it is for me not to gain toleration for my Lohengrin by accommodating it to existing evils, but to secure for it a decisive success by making it conquer existing evils. Otherwise I confess openly that the future chances of this opera would have no value for me ... .”**

10/22/50      Letter to Theodore Uhlig (SLRW; P. 219-220)

[P. 219] “Until now we have encountered expressions of enslaved human nature only in crimes that disgust and appal us! – Whenever murderers and thieves now set fire to a house, the deed rightly strikes us as base and repugnant: -- but how shall it seem to us if the monster that is Paris is burned to the ground, if the conflagration spreads from town to town, and if we ourselves, in our wild enthusiasm, finally set fire to these Augean stables for the sake of a breath of fresh air? – With complete level-headedness and with no sense of dizziness, I assure you that I no longer believe in any other revolution save that which begins with the burning of Paris ... . (...) Strong nerves will be needed, and only true human beings will survive the revolution, i.e., those whose humanity is the product of need and the most grandiose terror. **‘Can anything useful emerge from all this?’ – Just wait and see how we recover from this fire-cure: if necessary I could finish painting this picture, I could even imagine how a man of enthusiasm might here and there summon together the living remnant of our former art and how he might say to them – who among you desires to help me perform a drama? Only those people will answer who genuinely share that desire, for there will no longer be money available, but those who respond will at once reveal to the world, in a rapidly erected wooden structure, what art is. (...)**  
 -- {FEUER} *Look, just as we need a water-cure to heal our bodies, so we need a fire-cure in order to remedy (i.e., destroy) the cause of our illness – a cause that is all around us. Shall we return then to a state of nature, shall we reacquire the human animal’s ability to live to be 200 years old? God forbid! Man is a social, all-powerful being only through culture. Let us not forget that culture alone grants us the power to enjoy life to the full as only mankind can enjoy it. True enjoyment, however, consists in*

*distilling a specific concentrate out of the general fund of things worth enjoying, so that we can assimilate in an instant what time and the elements have to offer us in widely divergent context. Who, at the moment of enjoyment, thinks of the [P. 220] permanence of that enjoyment? If we think of permanence, the enjoyment itself immediately fades.* Let us fill our lives with true substance, let us delight in our activities, whether those activities involve the giving or receiving of pleasure, and we shall never be frightened by the thought of those activities coming to an end, for that end will itself be a form of action. Why should we worry whether we live to be 100 or only 30, as long as we live a life of enjoyment: -- life per se is a mere abstraction, active enjoyment is what matters.”

11/25/50      Letter to Franz Liszt (SLRW; P. 220-221)

[P. 220] {FEUER} *“My essay on the nature of opera, the final fruits of my deliberations, has assumed greater dimensions than I had first supposed: but if I wish to demonstrate that music (as a woman) must necessarily be impregnated by a poet (as a man), then I must ensure that this glorious woman is not abandoned to the first passing libertine, but that she is made pregnant only by the man who yearns for womankind with [P. 221] true, irresistible love.”*

49-51 (?)      Notes for ‘Artisthood of the Future’ (unfinished); Sketches and Fragments (PW Vol. VIII; P. 344-372)

[P. 344] {FEUER} *“Ye believe that with the foundering of our present conditions and the beginning of the new, the communistic order of the world, history, the historical life of mankind would cease? Precisely the opposite: for then will actual, clear historic life begin, when the so-called historical consequence of hitherto shall cease; which in truth and at bottom is founded on fable, tradition, myth and religion, on customs and observances, titles and assumptions, whose utmost points repose in no-wise on historic consciousness, but on mythical, fantastic fiction (deliberate, for the most part), such as monarchy and hereditary possession.”*

[P. 345] *“The greeks knew no superlative of free, -- only through the superlative of its antithesis, of dehumanisation, do we come to-day to full knowledge, because the fullest need, of freedom. – Nature gives us simply the positive: history is the first to give the superlative.” (...)*

{FEUER} *“Consciousness is the end, the dissolution of unconsciousness: but unconscious agency is the agency of nature, of the inner necessity; only when the result of this agency has come to physical appearance, does consciousness set in – and that, of just the physical phenomenon. So ye err when ye seek the revolutionary force in consciousness, and therefore fain would operate through the intelligence: your intelligence is false – i.e. capricious – so long as it is not the apperception of what already has ripened to a physical appearance. Not ye, but the folk – which deals unconsciously – and for that very reason, from a nature-instinct – will bring the new to pass; but the might of the folk is lamed for just so long as it lets itself be led by the chain of an obsolete intelligence, a hindering consciousness: only when this is completely anni-*

*hilated by and in itself, -- only when we all know and perceive that we must yield ourselves, not to our intelligence, but to the necessity of nature, therefore when we have become brave enough to deny our intellect, shall we obtain from natural unconsciousness, from want, the force to produce the new, to bring the stress of nature to our consciousness through its satisfaction.”*

[P. 346] {FEUER} “The most perfect satisfaction of egoism is attained in communism, i.e. through complete denial, upheaval of egoism; for then only is a need satisfied, when it exists no longer, -- hunger is satisfied when it is stilled, i.e. is no more there.” (...)

{FEUER} “What has arrived through natural necessity at physically demonstrated certainty, alone can be to us an object; with it first enters consciousness. Only what is accomplished, what presents itself to my senses, am I certain of: in it alone, too, does a thing’s essence become plain to me, so that I can grasp it, make myself master of it, and represent it to myself as artwork. The artwork is accordingly the conclusion, the end, the fullest confirmation of the essence whereof I have become conscious. – But the artwork has erroneously been set in place of constantly-becoming and new-creating life, and indeed as state. **The state steps in precisely where the artwork ceases: but daily life itself can never be the object of a binding form devised for permanence: the life of the whole (das gesamtleben) is just the unconscious course of nature herself, it has its law in necessity: but to wish to represent this necessity in binding political forms of state is a pestilent error, just because consciousness cannot be made to go before, to regulate, as it were, unconsciousness. The unconscious is precisely the involuntary, the necessary and creative, -- only when a general need has satisfied itself at behest of this involuntary necessity, does consciousness set in, and the satisfied, the overpassed, can now become an object of conscious treatment by representation; but this it attains [P. 347] in art, not in the state. The state is a dam to necessary life; art is the conscious expression of something life has brought to end, has overcome.** So long as I experience hunger, I do not reflect on the nature of hunger; it governs me, not I it; I suffer, and am not free again till I have rid myself thereof, -- and not till I am filled, can hunger become an object of thought to me, of consciousness. **The state, however, would represent life, need, itself: it would fix the knowledge of the satisfaction of a former need as norm for the satisfying of all future needs: this is its unnatural essence. Art, on the contrary, contents itself with being the direct expression of the consciousness of the satisfaction of a necessity, -- but this necessity is life itself, which the state can only hinder, never rule.”**

{FEUER} “Art occupies itself with nothing but the accomplished, -- the state also – but with the claim to fix it as a standard for the future, which latter does not belong to it, but to life, to spontaneousness (unwillkuer). Therefore *art is true and upright, -- the state entangles itself in lies and contradictions, -- art wills not to be more than it can be – the expression of truth, -- the state wills to be more than it can be; -- so art is eternal, because it ever represents the temporal faithfully and honestly, -- the state temporal, because it fain would raise the moment to eternity, and therefore is dead in itself before it has so much as entered life.”*

**{FEUER}** *“The folk has ever been the only true inventor, -- the so-called inventors known to us by name have merely applied the already-discovered to other, kindred objects, -- they are nothing but conduits. The unit cannot invent, but simply annexes an invention.”*

**{FEUER}** “We need but know what we don’t want, and of instinctive [P. 348] natural-necessity we attain quite certainly to what we do want, which never grows quite clear to our consciousness until we have attained it: for the state (zustand) in which we have removed what we don’t want, is the very one at which we wanted to arrive. Thus deals the folk, and therefore it alone deals rightly. – But ye hold it incapable simply because it knows not what it wants: what then know ye? Can ye think out anything besides the actually extant, i.e. attained? Imagine it, ye can – capriciously fancy it, but not know. Only what the folk has brought to pass, can ye know ... .”

**{FEUER}** “Who, then, is the folk? All those who experience want (noth), and recognise their own want as the common want, or feel it involved therein.”

**{FEUER}** **“The folk, accordingly, are those who deal instinctively and of necessity; its foes are those who part themselves from this necessity, and deal of caprice egoistically.”**

**{FEUER}** “The modern egoist cannot grasp the inner want, he understands it only as an outer, a want that thrusts in from without: for instance, that the artist would make no art if want, i.e. the want of money, did not drive him to it. So he thinks it good for artists to be badly off, as they otherwise would do no work.”

**{FEUER}** “Only a want that of its essence is a joint one is also a real want, creative in its longing for satisfaction: therefore only he who feels a want in common, belongs to the folk. The want of the egoist is an isolated need, opposed to the exigence in common, -- and unproductive because capricious.”

(...)

**[P. 349] {FEUER}** **“The conscious deed of the poet, is to discover in the stuff selected for artistic representment the necessity of its disposal, and thus to follow nature’s ordering; he may choose what stuff, what incident he will, -- only in degree as he perceives therein instinctiveness, i.e. necessity, and brings that to view, will he furnish an artwork in its representation. – Therefore only what the folk, what nature produces of itself, can be a subject for the poet; *through him* [the poet], *however, the unconscious in the people’s product comes to consciousness, and it is he who imparts to the folk this consciousness. Thus in art the unconscious life of the folk arrives at consciousness, and that more definitely and distinctly than in science*”**

“Thus the poet cannot create, but only the folk; or the poet only in so far as he comprehends and utters, represents, the creation of the folk.”

**{anti-FEUER}** **“Only that science which wholly and completely denies itself and concedes all authenticity to nature, consequently avow nothing but the natural**

*necessity, thereby totally disowning and annulling itself as regulator or ordainer, -- only that science is true: so the truth of science begins exactly where its essence ceases and nothing remains but the consciousness of natural necessity. But the representress of this necessity is – art.”*

*{anti-FEUER}* “Science has power and interest for only so long as it is erred in: so soon as the truth is found therein, it ceases: it therefore is the tool that has weight for only so long as [P. 350] the stuff, for whose shaping alone it was required, still offers resistance: -- when the kernel of the stuff is bared, the tool loses all value for me: so with philosophy.”

*{FEUER}* “*Science is the highest power of the human mind; but the enjoyment of this power is art.*”

*{FEUER}* “The error (christianity) is necessary, but not necessity itself: necessity is the truth, which emerges as the driving force – driving even error -- wherever error has attained its goal, annulled itself and come to end. **Error therefore is temporal, truth eternal: so science is temporal and art eternal: for where science finds its end, in recognition of the necessary, the true, there enters art as active energy of truth: for it is the image of the true, of life.**”

(...)

*{anti-FEUER}* “*From error sprang science: but the error of the greek philosophers had not strength enough to slay itself; the great folk’s-error of christianity first had the prodigious ponderance to slay itself. Here, too, the folk is the determinant force.*”

*{FEUER}* “Out of life grows everything. When polytheism had practically annulled itself through life, and the philosophers had helped to destroy it by sci-ence, the new creation arose of itself, in christianity. *Christianity was the offspring of the folk; so long as it remained a purely popular expression, everything in it was sturdily honest and true – a necessary error: instinctively the popular phenomenon [P. 351] forced all the intellect and culture of the graeco-roman world to be converted to it, and only when it thus had grown in turn into an object of intelligence, of science, did the error in it show itself dishonest, hypocritical, as theology* – where theology could go no farther, philosophy stepped in; and this at last destroys itself, inasmuch as it annuls the error at its most unnatural height, denies itself – as science – and relinquishes all honour to nature and necessity: -- and lo, when science has advanced thus far, of itself the popular expression of her result appears in communism, which again has sprung from nothing save the folk.”

(...)

*{FEUER}* “*What man is to nature, the artwork is to man: all the conditions needful for the existence of man, begat man: man is the product of nature’s uncon-*

*cious, instinctive begetting, but in him, in his being and life – as a thing differentiated from nature – does consciousness make its first appearance. Just so, when from the instinctive, necessarily-shaping life of men the conditions for the existence of the artwork arise, the artwork also arrives quite of itself, as conscious witness of that life: it arises as soon as it can arise, but then with necessity.”*

“Life is the unconscious necessity, art the recognised and consciously set forth, objectified necessity: life is immediate, art immediate.”

{FEUER} “Only where a life-need is stilled in the only possible way – namely physically – and therefore in essence has come to physical show, will art be possible: for full consciousness [P. 352] is only in the world of sense (sinnlichkeit): christian-ity, on the contrary, was unartistic – and the only christian artists, strictly speaking, are the fathers of the church who set forth the naïve, popular, pithy folk’s-belief pure and undisfigured.”

{FEUER} “Man, as he stands confronting nature, is wilful and therefore unfree: from his opposition to, his wilful conflict with her, have issued all his errors (in religion and history): only when he comprehends the necessity in the phenomena of nature and his indissoluble connection with her, and becomes conscious of her, fits himself to her laws, does he become free. So the artist confronting life: as long as he chooses, proceeds wilfully, he is unfree; only when he grasps the necessity of life, is he also able to portray it: then, however, he has no more choice, and consequently is free and true.”

{anti-FEUER} “The essence of the understanding (verstand) is wilful throughout, because it refers all phenomena to itself alone; only when it ascends into the joint understanding, into reason (vernunft), i.e. perceives the general necessity of things, is it free.”

[P. 353] [Speaking of the reunion of the separate arts in one unified artform, Wagner says] {FEUER} “In the present state of our whole social system this reunion can be effected only in the individual, through some unusual faculty residing in him: we therefore are living in the time of isolated Genius, of the rich indemnifying individuality of units. In the future this reunion will take place really communistically, through fellowship; Genius no longer will stand isolated, but all will have part in it, the Genius will be an associate one.”

[P. 357] “{FEUER} {Scandinavians – myth of gods Franks – myth of heroes} Associate artwork of the heroic – conquering tribal fellowships: the epos. In it the hero-myth supplants the (nature) gods-myth – which had flourished in the lyric, for just so long as the tribes had dwelt on the soil of their home and birthplace and remained in close relation with its natural attributes. (Blending in both elements in the Odyssey: --) Ater the migration, however, on an alien soil as lords of a subjugated folk-stem, the tribal – nature – gods are turned to heroes; in the hero the warrior fellowship portrays itself, extols its strength and its adventures. Strongly pronounced individualisation of man – as in the god-myth individualisation of the nature-powers. Creative share of the whole stem-

fellowship in the epos. – In the subjugated, denationalised people, however, it is rather the nature – gods – myth that survives, in the lyric ... . (**Gradual detachment of man from nature:)** becoming independent of her through subjugation of men who vicariously remain in direct intercourse with nature. (Organisation of the heroic fellowship.)”

[P. 358] {FEUER} “Aristocracy of intellect – (philosophy) and culture-art (statuary and painting). The philosopher and statesman seeks to reconstruct community artificially: but involuntarily he ever keeps the heroic (nobles’) community alone in eye: down to the present day the slave, the ignorant, to him seems indispensable. The man of intellect holds himself privileged because he is intellectual, -- and crushes down the ignorant, whom he prevents from growing intellectual. Absolute arbitrariness of everyone: foundering of all community – saving that of the sufferers: religion of the sufferers – Christianity. Error, triumph and corruption of Christianity: as the nature-religion of the first folk foundered in a tyrannical democracy.

The more the ruling families made religion their peculiar appanage and means of rule, did the folk in general lose its sense of religion, which became un-underst[and]able to it, nay, as favouring the rulers, its natural foe.”

[P. 359] {FEUER} “What has been the work of the individuality, i.e. the wilful one? -- The destruction of all racial and national barriers, and demonstration of the necessity of the individual’s redemption into the human generality. Evolution of political individuality.”

[P. 361] “... ever new invention is only for that art which has an ever new subject; this is the purely-human, dramatic Art, because it represents man’s life itself in motion: the subject of drama is not the finished and recorded act, but the representation of unconscious growth, of the engendering of characters and actions. In the representation of this eternal flux, the only source of constant new invention and refreshing of art, plastic art can only participate when as a finished art – i.e. an art equipped for undistorted portraiture of nature – she conforms to the purely human need ... . Apart from that, she is an art that can only imitate herself again and again, technique, mechanism. **To-day no isolated art can invent any new thing more; and that not only plastic art, but no less the arts of dance, instrumental music, and poetry. They all have now evolved their highest faculty, to be able in the associate artwork, the drama, to invent ever newly again; however, not singly for themselves alone, but precisely in the representing of life, of the ever new subject.**”

[P. 363] {anti-FEUER} “In nature all well-defined species are beautiful, but the transitions from one to the other rightly seem to us hideous.”

{FEUER} “ ‘Divide and govern’ – so said the god of ugliness when he planned our present civilisation. ‘Divide the harmony of all the senses in joint enjoyment, let each desire enjoyment for itself alone, and of itself thou orderest the worship of the ugly’ – so the whole modern concept of dualism, the separateness of body and soul, rests only on the variance, the severance of the belly-man from the brain-man.”

[P. 365] “Byron wishes to write an epic, and hunts for a hero. This is the most candid admission of our abstract, loveless art-producing.”

*{FEUER} “O how small ye think of man, for sake of your dear God.”*

“In power of the microscope we can count a thousand muscles in a grub: are they there that we may see and note them? Certainly not: our natural eye grasps nothing but the outward shape, which gives to it the sense of beauty. Thus is the whole relation of science (abstraction) to art.”

*{FEUER} “When Wacchilde had born a son to Wiking, the norns came and dowered the child with gifts: the eldest gave wisdom, the younger strength, the third a mind never-satisfied, forever intent on the new. Wiking waxed wroth at this last of gifts, and denied the youngest norn his thanks. Sculd rose and took her gift away. Bitterly did the father rue it. The child grew up a giant in his body’s strength, profound in meditative wisdom; but energy entirely failed him; this lack became a matter of his knowledge, though never of his will; he mourned the [P. 366] thing he lacked, but nevermore could replace it. (...) He is the German folk, upon whom Wiking’s sorry bringing-up is practised still each day.*

[P. 365 – AGAIN] *{FEUER}* [Following passage a note Wagner wrote in the margins] **Anarchy. Freedom is: to tolerate no rulership that goes against our nature, our knowledge and our will. But if we voluntarily set up a rule that orders naught save what we know and will already, it is superfluous and [P. 366] irrational. Only if we held ourselves for ignorant and arbitrary, could we deem it helpful to endure a rule that ordered what is right for us to know and will: yet the very fact of our thinking it helpful would prove that of ourselves we knew and willed the right, and therefore demonstrate the superfluity of rule. To endure a rulership, however, which we assume not to know and will the right, is slavish.”**

[P. 367] “The growing consciousness of void in life first brought forth the idea that time is to be measured by duration, not animation.”

(...)

*{FEUER}* “Achilles waives the immortality his mother Thetis offers him, an immortality without delight: the delight he is to reap from vengeance allows him to spurn the joys of immortality. (His mother acknowledges that Ach. is greater than the elements (the gods).”

*{FEUER}* “**Man is the completion of god. The eternal gods are the elements for the begetting of man. In man, therefore, [P. 368] creation finds its end.** Achilles is higher and more perfect than the elemental Thetis.”

*{FEUER}* “*Reason (vernunft) is man’s knowledge of nature, as it were the faithful mirror of nature in the human brain: reason can know naught else than nature: a knowledge beyond nature were madness.*”

{FEUER} “Reason. – reduction of all ideas to nature (truth.)  
Freedom. (i.e., reality)”

{FEUER} “*Abstract idea – perhaps idee fixe – whatever its form, brings but sorrow to man.*”

[P. 370] “Since the beginning of history we perceive but one lever of motion, the longing of human nature intensified to crime: vice, crime, represents in itself the activity of the human race: in it alone is shown (in great disfigurement) the sincereness of human nature. Virtue, on the contrary, appears as the unstilled longing, renunciation, suffering, sacrifice. Only vice do we see productive in history; virtue, on the contrary, powerless, because it is merely the negation of vice; it has no activity: where virtue girds itself to action, it becomes another vice.”

[P. 371] {FEUER} “*The condensation of the most varied and extended phenomena, where many members harmonise to produce one, single, definite effect; the perspicuous presentation of such a harmony, which to us remains unseizable without the deepest research and widest experience, and fills us with amazement when beheld, - - in art, which can operate only conformably to certain conditions of time and place, this is to be obtained through nothing save the miraculous. Here in poetic fiction the tremendous chain of connection embracing the most heterogeneous phenomena is condensed to an easily-surveyed bond of fewer links, yet the force and might of the whole great chain is put into these few: and in art this might is miracle.*”

[P. 372] {FEUER} “Spring – autumn. – In autumn we enjoy the fruits the spring brought us as blossoms. In spring we all become lyrists – in autumn – (waning – melancholy) dramatists = artistic revival of the spring (winter) = the dramatic reissuing in the Lyric – winter in spring: exit from the artificial dwelling-rooms of man into open nature.

The same on a larger scale: (world-historically, as it stands before us = evolution of the artwork of the future out of consciousness, i.e. out of the knowledge of nature, i.e. of the mythos and primitive lyric.) Mankind in its distribution over the earth: -- tropics = perpetual spring and summer = pre-eminently lyric. Temperate zones = change: predominantly autumn: Drama. Mutual fertilisation; constant refreshing of the northern drama by strains of lyric from the south: -- strength and firm contour given to the tropical lyric through contact with the drama of the north: -- Most *manifold transitions.*” [Note: According to Ellis, there is evidence from Wolzogen that these two paragraphs may date from 1861-1862 when Wagner was working on the ‘Mastersingers’ poem]

{FEUER} “*In a favourable event the whole reward of genius in advance of its times could only consist in the exaltation of egoism: deification, -- we deify and worship naught save what is unintelligible to us: what we fully understand we love, declare to be a part of us, our equal. This will be the reward of the individual genius of the future.*”

*“Birth out of music: Aeschylus  
Decadence – Euripides”*

[Note: Ellis suggests based on Wolzogen’s comments that this passage may date from 1875-1878]

**“... in the perfect Drama the full shapes of the dream-vision, the other world, projected before us life-like as by the Magic lantern – as with Ghost-seeing the figures of all times and places distinct before our eyes. Music is the lamp of this lantern.”** [Note: Ellis notes that Wolzogen believed this passage dates from the 1860’s]

