

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

**1861-1870**

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.**

**[1861]**

2/21/61

**Letter to Albert Niemann (SLRW; P. 510-512)**

**[P. 510]** “Do not think about the third act: this is not a problem for you. Think only of this finale to the second act and throw yourself into it body and soul, as though you did not have another note to sing after this finale. The gain will then be certain: at the most crucial point in the opera – where everything has reached the highest pitch of intensity, and the slightest **[P. 511]** sound will be picked up with breathless suspense – here it is that the course of the entire evening will be decided! Believe me and trust in me just this once! You shall never hear from me again as long as you live! – If you produce this ‘pitie pour moi’ as I have already heard you sing it on repeated occasions and as I know you can, and if you produce it, moreover, in such a way that everyone’s hair stands on end, and their hearts tremble, everything, but everything will have been achieved, the immediate effect will be immeasurable, and everything that follows will be – child’s play; for an immense faith will then exist, a faith that you will not be able to undermine, even if your intonation begins to falter in the 3<sup>rd</sup> act. If, however, you fail to maintain interest in your person at the end of the second act (in other words at the point of crisis), the third act will simply be rated as a brilliant episode, but the performance as a whole will be regarded – instinctively – as a failure. (...)”

Once more: -- sing the 2<sup>nd</sup>-act finale as if you were to end the evening with it – and rest assured – only then will you sing the third act entirely to my liking. In a word: I find you far too fresh in the third act, too physically powerful, and I have waited in vain so far for the nuances that I demand. I do not want an exhibition of sensual vocal strength in this scene: everything about your interpretation is still far too solid. If I wanted to keep pace with you, I should have to re-score the entire orchestra at your entrance. Everything here is calculated to produce a ghostly tonelessness which gradually rises to the level of a touching tenderness, but no further. There is too much physical strength in your rendering of the narration up to your arrival in Rome: that is not how a man would speak who had just been roused from madness to a few minutes’ lucidity, a being from whom others shy away when they meet him, who for months has gone almost entirely without food, and whose life is sustained only by the glimmer of an insane desire. On your lips the papal ban has an energy which, admittedly, is shatteringly effective: but if this energy were to be somewhat less substantial, the scene would certainly not fail to make its proper effect, quite the opposite, only now will it produce the appropriate effect, when backed by a suitable rhetorical delivery. (...) And I wanted to indicate that, even if Tannhaeuser were to be somewhat hoarse in the 3<sup>rd</sup> act, this would be no great misfortune, whereas I should consider it unfortunate, in the true sense of the word, if, in the 3<sup>rd</sup> act, **[P. 512]** Tannhaeuser were forced to resort to a physical expedient in order to restore an interest which he had lost in the crucial 2<sup>nd</sup> act.”

7/25/61

**Letter to Mathilde Wesendonck (RWLMW; P. 275)**

**[P. 275]** “God knows whether the Tristan will revive me; if I dip into the score by accident, sometimes I stand aghast at the thought that I may have to hear it soon. – **I am astonished afresh, how little of one people strictly can know, how utterly different I am**

when alone, and when I mix with others; often I've to laugh at the phantom which steps before them then! – “

12/61 Letter to Mathilde Wesendonck (SLRW; P. 529)

[P. 529] “For my own part, I aspire only to ordering my outer life in such a way that I can abandon myself, unmolested, to my inner creative urge which has been preserved as good as new. (...) The questions ‘where?’ and ‘how?’ – are a matter of infinite indifference to me. I want to work: nothing more! Only then can I be anything to you, when I am entirely my own master. (...)”

I shall often send you some of my work. You'll be wide-eyed with amazement when you see my Mastersingers! Steel yourself against Sachs: you'll fall in love with him! It is a wholly astonishing work! The old sketch had little or nothing to offer. **Yes, one needs to have been in Paradise to know what lies hidden here!** – “

12/21/61 Letter to Mathilde Wesendonck (RWLMW; P. 288)

[P. 288] “The production of the Tristan still remains my eye's chief mark. That once successfully effected, I have not much more to do upon this earth, and would gladly lay myself to sleep beside Master Cervantes. **For my having written the Tristan I thank you from my deepest soul to all eternity!** – “

[1862]

61-1/62 THE MASTERSINGERS OF NUREMBERG (Original Prose Draft 1845)

5/22/62 Letter to Mathilde Wesendonck (SLRW; P. 545)

[P. 545] “I was suddenly struck by an idea for the orchestral introduction to the third act of the Mastersingers. This act will be crowned by a most moving climax at the moment when Sachs rises to his feet before the assembled populace and is received by them with a sublime outpouring of enthusiasm. At this point the people sing in bright and solemn tones the first eight lines of Sachs's poem to Luther. The music for this was already written. Now, for the introduction to the 3<sup>rd</sup> act, when the curtain rises and Sachs is discovered sitting there in deep contemplation, I shall have the bass instruments play a soft, tender and profoundly melancholic passage that bears the imprint of the greatest resignation: then, on the horns and sonorous wind instruments, comes the solemnly joyful bright-toned melody of ‘Awake! For dawn is drawing near: and from the woodland green I hear a rapture-laden nightingale’: the melody adds its voice to what has gone before and is increasingly developed by the orchestra.

It has now become clear to me that this work will be my most perfect masterpiece and – that I shall live to complete it.”

6/9/62

Letter to Mathilde Wesendonck (RWLMW; P. 303-304)

[P. 303] "... I for my part understand no hope now, have become impervious to nothing so much as its suasion; in its place I understand that happiness we have not first to hope for, but truly in ourselves are masters of. Perhaps you will remember how I told you once in days gone by, that as life went on I have ever grown more vividly aware that Art would never furnish me a happiness beyond conception till every good of life were reft me, all were lost, and any possibility of hoping cut away. I remember also in my thirtieth year, or thereabouts, having asked myself in inward doubt if I really did possess the grit for an artistic individuality of highest rank; in my works I could still trace influence and imitation, and only with misgivings did I dare look forward to my further evolution as a thoroughly original producer. Well, at the time when I told you the above – that period of strange passion – on a lonely walk one day the possibility suddenly occurred to me of losing one boon whose possible possession must from of old have seemed to me unthinkable; and then I felt the time would come for Art to acquire a quite new meaning in my eyes [P. 304] a meaning altogether wondrous, -- the time when not a hope would ever have the power to snare my heart again.

*Thus has the full meaning of the old Messiah-legend also dawned on me at last. They were waiting for a liberator and redeemer, of the seed of David, a king of Israel: everything came true; palms were strewn before him; -- only, the unexpected occurred, for he said to them, 'My kingdom is not of this world.' So do all the nations yearn and strive for their Messiah, who shall fulfil their wishes of this life: he comes, and says to them, Give up wishing itself! -- 'Tis the ultimate solution to the great Wish-riddle, -- which you must admit that your friend Hutten and the others did not understand.*

Myself, I have no wish left, save to be able to work. Even to the representation of my works my wishes extend no longer, and compulsion thereto I accept as an unavoidable calamity. To Vienna I have been definitely invited for the autumn, to produce the Tristan: that disturbs me now. Yet it irks me also to be driven in my work [by Schott?], for, the way I'm working now, I cannot do it quickly. Assured leisure were what I most could wish: if I cannot attain it, I suppose I still must feel the pain of life; but its anticipation would enhance the pleasure of creating. I should like a haven in the most complete and utter solitude, and that is very hard to gain. "

6/15/62

Letter to Malvida Von Meysenbug (SLRW; P. 546-547)

[P. 546] *{anti-FEUER}* "My dearest Malvida, this much is certain, that the myth of the Messiah is the most profoundly characteristic of all myths for all our earthly striving. The Jews expected someone who would liberate them, a Messiah who was supposed to restore the kingdom of David and bring not only justice but, more especially, greatness, power, and safety from oppression. Well, everything went as predicted, his birth in Bethlehem, of the line of David, the prophecy of the three wise men, etc., his triumphant welcome to Jerusalem, palms strewn before him, etc. -- there he stood, everyone listened, and he proclaimed to them: 'My kingdom is not of this world! Renounce your desires, that is the only way to be redeemed and freed!' -- Believe me, all our political

*freedom fighters strike me as being uncannily like the Jews. – All right, this is something one can say to only a very few people: that goes without saying, and so – let us see what happens! (...) [P. 547] I am working in private on a plan to disappear from the face of the earth and continue only to work on my artistic projects in secret like some departed spirit. (...)*

Of course, I am thinking of staying here as long as I can afford to do so for the sake of my work. It is making progress and is turning out a success, -- but I cannot work quickly: first because of the unavoidable outer and inner distractions, then – because there is not a single bar of the music that delights me or gives me pleasure unless it owes its origins to a genuinely inspired idea. But this sort of thing cannot be made to order. – “

[1863]

9/10/63      Letter to Mathilde Wesendonck (RWLMW; P. 322)

[P. 322] “I am going to Carlsruhe, to make a last trial whether anything is to be expected for me from a prince’s protection. – Do not say that I’m a ‘helpless’ man: rather, where no one else, at any rate, can help me, I can now help myself and alone; **but where my contemporaries might have helped me, posterity will apprehend – presumably very soon. Then it will be patent how easy it would have been to help me, and what the world would have gained if my last good years of creation had not been so wretchedly lamed.** – Yet if I – to forestall that future wonderment – now do for myself what people then will do for my monuments, what rubbing of hands all around! And the nation would like to be still more ‘united.’

[1864]

11/6/64      Letter to King Ludwig II of Bavaria (SLRW; P. 626-627)

[P. 626] “There is a secret which can be revealed to my august and gracious friend only in the hour of my death: but then it will become clear to him what today must seem obscure – that he alone is the creator and author of all that the world will attribute to my name from this day on. (...) In truth, I – am no more! I have endured and suffered too much; life and its increasingly alien aspects have drawn me away for ever from my own inner self towards a state of dissipation which has finally grown too deep for me, and too disturbing. Now that I can finally compose my thoughts once more, -- and only the magic power of your love and inspiration has made this possible, -- I feel as though I am beginning a new and second life upon the grave of my old existence! (...)

*{FEUER}* (...) Soon, indeed very shortly, I shall be back at my work again, like a man reborn, and I shall not forsake it again until it is completely finished. *It is a marvellous passage where I now have to resume composition, having put the finishing touches to a number of earlier passages! It is the most sublime of all scenes for the most tragic of my heroes, Wotan, who is the all-powerful will-to-exist and who is resolved upon his own self-sacrifice; greater now in renunciation than he ever was*

*when he coveted power, he now feels all-mighty, as he calls out to the earth's primeval wisdom, to Erda, the mother of nature, who had once taught him to fear for his end, telling her that dismay can no longer hold him in thrall since he now wills his own end with that selfsame will with which he had once desired to live. His end? He knows what Erda's primeval wisdom [P. 627] does not know: that he lives on in Siegfried. Wotan lives on in Siegfried as the artist lives on in his work of art: the freer and the more autonomous the latter's spontaneous existence and the less trace it bears of the creative artist – so that through it (the work of art), the artist himself is forgotten, -- the more perfectly satisfied does the artist himself feel: and so, in a certain higher sense, his being forgotten, his disappearance, his death is – the life of the work of art. – This is the frame of mind in which I am now turning once again to the completion of my work: I want to be destroyed by my Siegfried – in order to live for ever! O beautiful death! –*

*With what awesome solemnity shall I now awaken Bruennhilde from her long sleep! She slept while Siegfried grew to young manhood. How significant this must all now seem to me! The last music I wrote was the woodbird's announcement to Siegfried that he would be able to waken Bruennhilde if he had not learnt the meaning of fear: laughing, he ran after the bird which, fluttering away, showed him the way to the magic rock. – This road, my gracious, royal friend! – this road was long and arduous for me. I believed I should never, never reach the rock. But, if I am Wotan, I have now succeeded through Siegfried: it is he who awakens the maid, the most precious thing in the world. My work of art will live, -- it lives! –“*

64-65?      Two Notations from (PW; P. 383)

[P. 383] “The world is taught how to behave itself to every other; only how to behave to a man of my kidney it can never be taught, just because the case occurs too seldom.

Intercourse with Genius has the inconvenience, that the excessive patience without which a genius could never hold out in this world emboldens and spoils us to such a degree, that at last we feel moved to surtax it for once, with results most alarming to us.”

[1865]

64-2/65      On State and Religion (PW Vol. IV; P. 3-34)

[P. 8] “(...) I ... was ... picturing to myself a world that I deemed possible, but the purer I imagined it, the more it parted company with the reality of the political tendencies-of-the-day around me; so that I could say to myself, my world will never make its entry until the very moment when the present world has ceased – in other words, where Socialists and Politicians came to end, should we commence. (...)

*(...) It is an attribute of the poet, to be riper in his inner intuition (Anschauung) of the essence of the world than in his conscious abstract knowledge: precisely at that time I had already sketched, finally completed, the poem of my ‘Ring des Nibelungen.’*

*With this conception I had unconsciously admitted to [P. 9] myself the truth about things human. Here everything is tragic through and through, and the Will, that fain would shape a world according to its wish, at last can reach no greater satisfaction than the breaking of itself in dignified annulment. It was the time when I returned entirely and exclusively to my artistic plans, and thus, acknowledging Life's earnestness with all my heart, withdrew to where alone can 'gladsomeness' abide. –*

(...)

*Life is earnest, and – always has been.*

*{SCHOP} Whoever would wholly clear his mind on this, let him but consider how in every age, and under ever freshly-shaped, but ever self-repeating forms, this life and world [P. 10] have spurred great hearts and spacious minds to seek for possibility of its bettering; and how 'twas always just the noblest, the men who cared alone for others' weal and offered willingly their own in pledge, that stayed without the slightest influence on the lasting shape of things. The small success of all such high endeavours would show him plainly that these world-improvers were victims to a fundamental error, and demanded from the world itself a thing it cannot give. Should it even seem possible that much might be ordered more efficiently in man's affairs, yet the said experiences will teach us that the means and ways of reaching this are never rightly predetermined by the single thinker; never, at least, in a manner enabling him to bring them with success before the knowledge of the mass of men. {SCHOP} Upon a closer scrutiny of this relation, we fall into astonishment at the quite incredible pettiness and weakness of the average human intellect, and finally into shamefaced wonder that it should ever have astonished us; for any proper knowledge of the world would have taught us from the outset that blindness is the world's true essence, and not Knowledge prompts its movements, but merely a headlong impulse, a blind impetus of unique weight and violence, which procures itself just so much light and knowledge as will suffice to still the pressing need experienced at the moment. So we recognise that nothing really happens but what has issued from this not far-seeing Will, from this Will that answers merely to the momentarily experienced need; and thus we see that practical success, throughout all time, has attended only those politicians who took account of nothing but the momentary need, neglecting all remoter, general needs, all needs as yet unfelt to-day, and which therefore appeal so little to the mass of mankind that it is impossible to count on its assistance in their ministration.*

*{FEUER} Moreover we find personal success and great, if not enduring influence on the outer fashioning of the world allotted to the violent, the passionate individual, who, unchaining the elemental principles of human Impulse under [P. 11] favouring circumstances, points out to greed and self-indulgence the speedy pathways to their satisfaction. To the fear of violence from this quarter, as also to a modicum of knowledge thus acquired of basic human nature, we owe the State. In it the Need is expressed as the human Will's necessity of establishing some workable agreement among the myriad blindly-grasping into which it is divided. It is a contract whereby the units seek to save themselves from mutual violence, through a little mutual practice of restraint. As in the Nature-religions a portion of the fruits of the field or spoils of the chase was brought as offering to the Gods, to make sure of a right to enjoy the remainder, so in the State the unit offered up just so much of his egoism as appeared necessary to ensure for himself the contentment of its major bulk. Here the tendency*

of the unit naturally makes for obtaining the greatest possible security in barter for the smallest possible sacrifice: but to this tendency, also, he can only give effect through equal-righted fellowships; and these diverse fellowships of individuals equally-entitled in their groups make up the parties in the State, *the larger owners striving for a state of permanence, the less favoured for its alteration. But even the party of alteration desires nothing beyond the bringing about a state of matters in which it, too, would wish no further change; and thus the State's main object is upheld from first to last by those whose profit lies in permanence.*

*{FEUER} Stability is therefore the intrinsic tendency of the State. And rightly; for it constitutes withal the unconscious aim in every higher human effort to get beyond the primal need: namely, to reach a freer evolution of spiritual attributes, which is always cramped so long as hindrances forestall the satisfaction of that first root-need. Everyone thus strives by nature for stability, for maintenance of quiet: ensured can it only be, however, when the maintenance of existing conditions is not the preponderant interest of one party only. Hence it is in the truest interest of all parties, [P. 12] and thus of the State itself, that the interest in its abidingness should not be left to a single party. There must consequently be given a possibility of constantly relieving the suffering interests of less favoured parties: in this regard the more the nearest need is kept alone in eye, the more intelligible will be itself, and the easier and more tranquillising will be its satisfaction. General laws in provision of this possibility, whilst they allow of minor alterations, thus aim alike at maintenance of stability; and that law which, reckoned for the possibility of constant remedy of pressing needs, contains withal the strongest warrant of stability, must therefore be the most perfect law of State.*

The embodied voucher for this fundamental law is the *Monarch*. In no State is there a weightier law than that which centres its stability in the supreme hereditary power of one particular family, unconnected and un-commingling with any other lineage in that State. (...) It therefore is established as the most essential principle of the State; and as in it resides the warrant of stability, so in the person of the King the State attains its true *ideal*.

For, as the King on one hand gives assurance of the State's solidity, on the other his loftiest interest soars high beyond the State. Personally he has naught in common with the interests of parties, but his sole concern is that the conflict of these interests should be adjusted, precisely for the safety of the whole. His sphere is therefore equity, and where this is unattainable the exercise of grace (Gnade). *Thus, as against the party interests, he is the representative of purely-human interests, and in the eyes of the party-seeking citizen he therefore occupies in truth a position wellnigh superhuman. To him is consequently accorded a reverence such as the highest citizen would [P. 13] never dream of distantly demanding for himself; and here, at this summit of the State where we see its ideal reached, we therefore meet that side of human apperception (Anschauungsweise) which, in distinction from the faculty of recognising the nearest need, we will call the power of Wahn.* [\* Translator's Footnote: " 'Wahn-Vermögen.' As the word 'Wahn' is frequently used in these pages, and is absolutely untranslatable, I shall mostly retain it as it stands. It does not so much mean an 'illusion' or 'delusion,' in general, as a semi-conscious *feigning* (such as the 'legal fiction'), a 'dream,' or a 'symbolical aspiration' – its etymological kinship being quite as near to

‘fain’ as to ‘feign’; but the content will leave the reader in no doubt as to its particular application in any sentence. It will be remembered that ‘Wahn’ plays an important part in Hans Sachs’ monologue in *Die Meistersinger*, act iii; the poem of that drama, containing the Wahn-monologue in a somewhat more extended form than its ultimate version, had already been published in 1862.”] **{SCHOP}** *All those, to wit, whose simple powers of cognisance do not extend beyond what bears upon their nearest need – and they form by far the largest portion of mankind – would be unable to recognise the importance of a Royal Prerogative whose exercise has no directly cognisable relation with their nearest need, to say nothing of the necessity of bestirring themselves for its upholding, nay, even of bringing the King their highest offerings, the sacrifice of goods and life, if there intervened no form of apperception entirely opposed to ordinary cognisance.*

*This form is Wahn.*

**{SCHOP}** Before we seek to gain intelligence of the nature of *Wahn* from its most wondrous phases, let us take for guide the uncommonly suggestive light thrown by an exceptionally deep-thinking and keen-sighted philosopher of the immediate past [Translator’s Footnote: “Arthur Schopenhauer, in his ‘*Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*,’ vol. ii, chap. 27. The philosopher there compares the operation of this ‘animal instinct’ with a case of what we now should call hypnotism, and says that ‘insects are, in a certain sense, natural somnambulists . . . . They have the feeling that they *must* perform a certain action, without exactly knowing why.’ He also compares this ‘instinct’ to the ‘daimonion’ of Socrates, but does not absolutely employ the expression ‘Wahn’ in this connection. Neither does the ‘spirit of the race’ (for ‘species’), mentioned by Wagner [P. 14] a few sentences farther on, occur in so many words with Schopenhauer. (. . .)”] **upon the phenomena, so puzzling in themselves, of animal instinct. – The astounding [P. 14] aimfulness (Zweckmaessigkeit) in the procedures (Verrichtungen) of insects, among whom the bees and ants lie handiest for general observation, is admittedly inexplicable on the grounds that account for the aimfulness of kindred joint procedures in human life; that is to say, we cannot possibly suppose that these arrangements are directed by an actual knowledge of the aimfulness indwelling in the individuals, nay, even of their aim. In explanation of the extraordinary, ay, the self-sacrificing zeal, as also the ingenious manner, in which such animals provide for their eggs, for instance, of whose aim and future mission they cannot possibly be conscious from experience and observation, our philosopher infers the existence of a *Wahn* that feigns to the individual insect’s so scanty intellectual powers an end which it holds for the satisfaction of its private need, whereas that end in truth has nothing to do with the individual, but with the species. {FEUER}The individual’s egoism is here assumed, and rightly, to be so invincible that arrangements beneficiary merely to the species, to coming generations, and hence the preservation of the species at cost of the transient individual, would never be consummated by that individual with labour and self-sacrifice, were it not guided by the fancy (*Wahn*) that it is thereby serving an end of its own; nay, this fancied end of its own must seem weightier to the individual, the satisfaction reaping from its attainment more potent and complete, than the purely-individual aim of everyday, of satisfying hunger and so forth, since, as we see, the latter is sacrificed with greatest keenness to the former. The author and incitor of this *Wahn* our philosopher deems to be the spirit of the race itself, the almighty Will-of-life (*Lebensville*), supplanting the individual’s limited perceptive-**

*faculty, seeing that without its intervention the [P. 15] the individual in narrow egoistic care for self, would gladly sacrifice the species on the altar of its personal continuance.*

*{FEUER} Should we succeed in bringing the nature of this Wahn to our inner consciousness by any means, we should therewith win the key to that else so enigmatic relation of the individual to the species. (...)*

*{FEUER} In political life this Wahn displays itself as patriotism. As such it prompts the citizen to offer up his private welfare, for whose amplest possible ensurement he erst was solely concerned in all his personal and party efforts, nay, to offer up his life itself, for ensuring the State's continuance. The Wahn that any violent transmutation of the State must affect him altogether personally, must crush him to a degree which he believes he never could survive, here governs him in such a manner that his exertions to turn aside the danger threatening the State, as 'twere a danger to be suffered in his individual person, are quite as strenuous, and indeed more eager than in the actual latter case; whereas the traitor, as also the churlish realist, finds it easy enough to prove that, even after entry of the evil which the patriot fears, his personal prosperity can remain as flourishing as ever.*

*{FEUER} The positive renunciation of egoism accomplished in the patriotic action, however, is certainly so violent a strain, that it cannot possibly hold out for long together; moreover the Wahn that prompts it is still so strongly tinctured with a really egoistic notion, that the relapse into the sober, purely egoistic mood of everyday occurs in general with marked rapidity, and this latter mood goes on to fill the [P. 16] actual breadth of life. Hence the Patriotic Wahn requires a lasting symbol, whereto it may attach itself amid the dominant mood of everyday ... . This symbol is the King; in him the burgher honours unawares the visible representative, nay, the live embodiment of that same Wahn which, already bearing him beyond and above his common notions of the nature of things, inspirits and ennobles him to the point of showing himself a patriot.*

*{FEUER} Now, what lies above and beyond Patriotism – that form of Wahn sufficient for the preservation of the State – will not be cognisable to the state-burgher as such, but, strictly speaking, can bring itself to the knowledge of none save the King or those who are able to make his personal interest their own. *Only from the Kingdom's height can be seen the rents in the garment wherewithal Wahn clothes itself to reach its nearest goal, the preservation of the species, under the form of a State-fellowship.* Though Patriotism may sharpen the burgher's eyes to interests of State, yet it leaves him blind to the interest of mankind in general; nay, its most effectual force is spent in passionately intensifying this blindness, which often finds a ray of daylight in the common intercourse of man and man. *The patriot subordinates himself to his State in order to raise it above all other States, and thus, as it were, to find his personal sacrifice repaid with ample interest through the might and greatness of his fatherland. Injustice and violence toward other States and peoples have therefore been the true dynamic law of Patriotism throughout all time. Self-preservation is still the real prime motor here, since the quiet, and thus the power, of one's own State appears securable in no other way than through the powerlessness of other States, according to Machiavelli's telling maxim: 'What you don't wish put on yourself, go put [P. 17] upon your neighbour!' But this fact that one's own quiet can be ensured by nothing but violence and injustice to the world without, must naturally make one's**

*quiet seem always problematic in itself: thereby leaving a door forever open to violence and injustice within one's own State too. The measures and acts which show us violently disposed towards the outer world, can never stay without a violent reaction to ourselves.* When modern state-political optimists speak of a state of International Law, in which the [European] States stand nowadays toward one another, one need only point to the necessity of maintaining and constantly increasing our enormous standing armies to convince them, on the contrary, of the actual lawlessness of that state (*Rechtslosigkeit dieses Zustandes*). Since it does not occur to me to attempt to show how matters could be otherwise, I merely record the fact that we are living in a perpetual state of war, with intervals of armistice, and that the inner condition of the State itself is so utterly unlike this state of things as to pass muster for its diametric opposite. If the prime concern of all State systems is the ensurance of stability, and if this ensurance hinges on the condition that no party shall feel an irresistible need of radical change; if, to obviate such an event, it is indispensable that the moment's pressing need shall always be relieved in due season; and if the practical common-sense of the burgher may be held sufficient, nay alone competent, to recognise this need: on the other hand we have seen that the highest associate tendency of the State could only be kept in active vigour through a form of *Wahn*; and *as we were obliged to recognise that this particular Wahn, namely that of Patriotism, neither was truly pure, nor wholly answered to the objects of the human race as such – we now have to take this Wahn in eye, withal, under the guise of a constant menace to public peace and equity.*

[P. 18] {*FEUER*} *The very Wahn that prompts the egoistic burgher to the most self-sacrificing actions, can equally mislead him into the most deplorable embroglios, into acts the most injurious to Quiet.*

The reason lies in the scarcely exaggerable weakness of the average human intellect, as also in the infinitely diverse shades and grades of the perceptive-faculty in the units who, taken all together, create the so-called *public-opinion*. Genuine respect for this 'public opinion' is founded on the sure and certain observation that no one is more accurately aware of the community's true immediate life-needs, nor can better devise the means for their satisfaction, than the community itself: it would be strange indeed, were man more faultily organised in this respect than the dumb animal. Nevertheless we are often driven to the opposite view, if we remark how even for this, for the correct perception of its nearest, commonest needs, the ordinary human understanding does not suffice – not, at least, to the extent of jointly satisfying them in the spirit of true fellowship: the presence of beggars in our midst, and even at times of starving fellow-creatures, shows how weak the commonest human sense must be at bottom. So here already we have evidence of the great difficulty it must cost to bring true reason (*wirkliche Vernunft*) into the joint determinings of Man: though the cause may well reside in the boundless egoism of each single unit, which, outstripping far his intellect, prescribes his portion of the joint resolve at the very juncture where right knowledge can be attained through nothing but the repression of egoism and sharpening of the understanding, -- yet precisely here we may plainly detect the influence of a baneful *Wahn*. This *Wahn* has always found its only nurture in insatiable egoism; it is dangled before the latter

from without, however, to wit by ambitious individuals, just as egoistic, but gifted with a higher, though in itself by no means high degree of intellect. This intentional employment and conscious [P. 19] or unconscious perversion of the Wahn can avail itself of none but the form alone accessible to the burgher, that of Patriotism, albeit in some disfigurement or other; it thus will always give itself out as an effort for the common good, and never yet has a demagogue or intriguer led a Folk astray without in some way making it believe itself inspired by patriotic ardour. Thus in Patriotism itself there lies the holdfast for misguidance; and the possibility of keeping always handy the means of this misguidance, resides in the artfully inflated value which certain people pretend to attach to ‘public opinion.’

What manner of thing this ‘public opinion’ is, should be best known to those who have its name forever in their mouths and erect the regard for it into a positive article of religion. Its self-styled organ in our times is the ‘Press’: were she candid, she would call herself its generatrix, but she prefers to hide her moral and intellectual foibles – manifest enough to every thinking and earnest observer, -- her utter want of independence and truthful judgment, behind the lofty mission of her subservience to this sole representative of human dignity, this Public Opinion, which marvellously bids her stoop to every indignity, to every contradiction, to to-day’s betrayal of what she dubbed right sacred yesterday. *Since, as we else may see, every sacred thing seems to come into the world merely to be employed for ends profane, the open profanation of Public Opinion might perhaps not warrant us in arguing to its badness in and for itself: only, its actual existence is difficult, or wellnigh impossible to prove, for ex hypothesi it cannot manifest as such in the single individual, as is done by every other noble Wahn; such as we must certainly account true Patriotism, which has its strongest and its plainest manifestation precisely in the individual unit.* The pretended viceregent of ‘public opinion,’ on the other hand, always gives herself out as its will-less slave; and thus one never can get at this wondrous power, save – [P. 20] by making it for oneself. This, in effect, is what is done by the ‘press,’ and that with all the keenness of the trade the world best understands, industrial business. Whereas each writer for the papers represents nothing, as a rule, but a literary failure, or a bankrupt mercantile career, many newspaper-writers, or all of them together, form the awe-commanding power of the ‘press,’ the sublimation of public spirit, of practical human intellect, the indubitable guarantee of manhood’s constant progress. Each man uses her according to his need, and she herself expounds the nature of Public Opinion through her practical behaviour – to the intent that it is at all times havable for gold or profit.

*It certainly is not as paradoxical as it might appear, to aver that with the invention of the art of printing, and quite certainly with the rise of journalism, mankind has gradually lost much of its capacity for healthy judgment: demonstrably the plastic memory, the widespread aptitude for poetical conception and reproduction, has considerably and progressively diminished since even written characters first gained the upper hand. No doubt a compensatory profit to the general evolution of human faculties, taken in the very widest survey, must be likewise capable of proof; but in any case it does not accrue to us immediately, for whole generations – including most emphatically our own, as any close observer must recognise – have been so degraded through the abuses practised on the healthy human power of judgment by the*

*manipulators of the modern daily Press in particular, and consequently through the lethargy into which that power of judgment has fallen, in keeping with man's habitual bent to easygoingness, that, in flat contradiction of the lies they let themselves be told, men show themselves more incapable each day of sympathy with truly great ideas.*

The most injurious to the common welfare is the harm thus done to the simple sense of equity: there exists no form [P. 21] of injustice, of onesidedness and narrowness of heart, that does not find expression in the pronouncements of 'public opinion,' and – what adds to the hatefulness of the thing – forever with a passionateness that masquerades as the warmth of genuine patriotism, but has its true and constant origin in the most self-seeking of all human motives. (...)

*Matters strictly pertaining to the interest of the King, which in truth can only be that of purest patriotism, are cut and dried by his unworthy substitute, this Public Opinion, in the interest of the vulgar egoism of the mass; and the necessitation to yield to its requirements, notwithstanding, becomes the earliest source of that higher form of suffering which the King alone can personally experience as his own. If we add hereto the personal sacrifice of private freedom which the monarch has to bring to 'reasons of State,' and if we reflect how he alone is in a position to make purely-human considerations lying far above mere patriotism – as, for instance, in his intercourse with the heads of other States – his personal concern, and yet is forced to immolate them upon the altar of the State: then we shall understand why the legends and the poetry of every age have brought the tragedy of human life the plainest and the oftenest to show in just the destiny of Kings. In the fortunes and the fate of Kings the tragic import of the world can first be brought completely to our knowledge. (...) [P. 22] But the King desires the ideal, he wishes justice and humanity; nay, wished he them not, wished he naught but what the simple burgher or party-leader wants, -- the very claims made on him by his office, claims that allow him nothing but an ideal interest, by making him a traitor to the idea he represents, would plunge him into those sufferings which have inspired tragic poets from all time to paint their pictures of the vanity of human life and strife. [\* Translator's Footnote: "Cf. Amfortas; at this epoch our author was drafting his Parsifal."] True justice and humanity are ideals irrealisable: to be bound to strive for them, nay, to recognise an unsilenceable summons to their carrying out, is to be condemned to misery. What the thoroughly noble, truly kingly individual directly feels of this, in time is given also to the individual unqualified for knowledge of his tragic task, and solely placed by Nature's dispensation on the throne, to learn in some uncommon fashion reserved for kings alone: upon the height allotted to it by an unavoidable destiny, the vulgar head, the ignoble heart that in a humbler sphere might very well subsist in fullest civic honour, in thorough harmony with itself and its surroundings, here falls into a dire contempt, far-reaching and long-lasting, often in itself unreasoning, and therefore to be accounted wellnigh tragic. (...) The highly fit, however, is summoned to drink the full, deep cup of life's true tragedy in his exalted station. Should his construction of the Patriotic ideal be passionate and ambitious, he becomes a warrior-chief and conqueror, and thereby courts the portion of the violent, the faithlessness of Fortune; but should his nature [P. 23] be noble-minded, full of human pity, more deeply and more bitterly than every other is he called to see the futility of all endeavours for true, for perfect justice.*

*{FEUER} To him more deeply and more inwardly than is possible to the State-citizen, as such, is it therefore given to feel that in Man there dwells an infinitely deeper, more capacious need than the State and its ideal can ever satisfy. Wherefore as it was Patriotism that raised the burgher to the highest height by him attainable, it is Religion alone that can bear the King to the stricter dignity of manhood (zur eigentlichen Menschenwuerde).*

*{SCHOP} Religion, of its very essence, is radically divergent from the State. The religions that have come into the world have been high and pure in direct ratio as they seceded from the State, and in themselves entirely upheaved it. We find State and Religion in complete alliance only where each still stands upon its lowest step of evolution and significance. The primitive Nature-religion subserves no ends but those which Patriotism provides for in the adult State: hence with the full development of patriotic spirit the ancient Nature-religion has always lost its meaning for the State. So long as it flourishes, however, so long do men subsume by their gods their highest practical interest of State; the tribal god is the representant of the tribesmen's solidarity; the remaining Nature-gods become Penates, protectors of the home, the town, the fields and flocks. {FEUER} Only in the wholly adult State, where these religions have paled before the full-fledged patriotic duty, and are sinking into inessential forms and ceremonies; only where 'Fate' has shown itself to be Political Necessity – could true Religion step into the world. Its basis is a feeling of the unblestness of human being, of the State's profound inadequacy to still the purely-human need. Its inmost kernel is denial of the world – [P. 24] {FEUER} {SCHOP} i.e. recognition of the world as a fleeting and dreamlike state [of mind] reposing merely on illusion (auf einer Tauschung) – and struggle for redemption from it, prepared-for by renunciation, attained by Faith.*

*{FEUER} In true Religion, a complete reversal thus occurs of all the aspirations to which the State had owed its founding and its organising: what is seen to be unattainable here, the human mind desists from striving-for upon this path, to ensure its reaching by a path completely opposite. To the religious eye (der religioesen Vorstellung) the truth grows plain that there must be another world than this, because the inextinguishable bent-to-happiness cannot be stilled within this world, and hence requires another world for its redemption. What, now, is that other world? So far as the conceptual faculties of human Understanding reach, and in their practical application as intellectual Reason, it is quite impossible to gain a notion that shall not clearly show itself as founded on this selfsame world of need and change: wherefore, since this world is the source of our unhappiness, that other world, of redemption from it, must be precisely as different from this present world as the mode of cognisance whereby we are to perceive that other world must be different from the mode which shows us nothing but this present world of suffering and illusion.*

In Patriotism we have already seen that a Wahn usurps the single individual prompted merely by personal interests, a Wahn that makes the peril of the State appear to him an infinitely intensified personal peril, to ward off which he then will sacrifice himself with equally intensified ardour. {FEUER} {SCHOP} But where, as now, it is a question of letting the personal [P. 25] egoism, at bottom the only decisor, perceive the nullity of all the world, of the whole assemblage of relations in which alone contentment had hitherto seemed possible to the individual; of directing his zeal

*toward free-willed suffering and renunciation, to detach him from dependence on this world: this wonder-working intuition – which, in contradistinction from the ordinary practical mode of ideation, we can only apprehend as Wahn – {anti-FEUER} must have a source so sublime, so utterly incomparable with every other, that the only notion possible to be granted us of that source itself, in truth, must consist in our necessary inference of its existence from this its supernatural effect.*

*{anti-FEUER} Whosoever thinks he has said the last word on the essence of the Christian faith when he styles it an attempted satisfaction of the most unbounded egoism, a kind of contract wherein the beneficiary is to obtain eternal, never-ending bliss on condition of abstinence [or ‘renunciation’ – Entsagung] and free-willed suffering in this relatively brief and fleeting life, he certainly has defined therewith the sort of notion alone accessible to unshaken human egoism, but nothing even distantly resembling the Wahn-transfigured concept proper to the actual practiser of free-willed suffering and renunciation. Through voluntary suffering and renunciation, on the contrary, man’s egoism is already practically upheaved, and he who chooses them, let his object be whate’er you please, is thereby raised already above all notions bound by Time and Space; for no longer can he seek a happiness that lies in Time and Space, e’en were they figured as eternal and immeasurable. That which gives to him the superhuman strength to suffer voluntarily, must itself be felt by him [P. 26] already as a profoundly inward happiness, incognisable by any other, a happiness quite incommunicable to the world except through outer suffering: it must be the measurelessly lofty joy of world-overcoming, compared wherewith the empty pleasure of the world-conqueror seems downright null and childish.*

From this result, sublime above all others, we have to infer the nature of the Divine Wahn itself; and, to gain any sort of notion thereof, we have therefore to pay close heed to how it displays itself to the religious world-Overcomer, simply endeavouring to reproduce and set before ourselves this conception of his in all its purity, but in nowise attempting to reduce the Wahn itself, forsooth, to terms of our conceptual method, so radically distinct from that of the Religious.

*{FEUER} As Religion’s highest force proclaims itself in Faith, its most essential import lies within its dogma. Not through its practical importance for the State, i.e. its moral law, is Religion of such weight; for the root principles of all morality are to be found in every, even in the most imperfect, religion: but through its measureless value to the Individual, does the Christian religion prove its lofty mission, and that through its Dogma. {SCHOP} The wondrous, quite incomparable attribute of religious Dogma is this: it presents in positive form that which on the path of reflection (des Nachdenkens), and through the strictest philosophic methods, can be seized in none but negative form. That is to say, whereas the philosopher arrives at demonstrating the erroneousness and incompetence of that natural mode of ideation in power whereof we take the world, as it commonly presents itself, for an undoubtable reality: religious Dogma shows the other world itself, as yet unrecognised; and with such unflinching sureness and distinctness, that the Religious, on whom that world has dawned, is straightway possessed with the most [P. 27] unshatterable, most deeply-blessing peace. *We must assume that this conception, so indicibly beatifying in its effect, this idea which we can only rank under the category of Wahn, or better, this immediate vision seen by the Religious, to the ordinary human**

*apprehension remains entirely foreign and unconveyable, in respect of both its substance and its form. What, on the other hand, is imparted thereof and thereon to the layman (den Profanen), to the people, can be nothing more than a kind of allegory; to wit, a rendering of the unspeakable, impalpable, and never understandable through [their] immediate intuition, into the speech of common life and of its only feasible form of knowledge, erroneous per se. In this sacred allegory an attempt is made to transmit to worldly minds (der weltlichen Vorstellung) the mystery of the divine revelation: but the only relation it can bear to what the Religious had immediately beheld, is the relation of the day-told dream to the actual dream of night. As to the part the most essential of the thing to be transmitted, this narration will be itself so strongly tinctured with the impressions of ordinary daily life, and through them so distorted, that it neither can truly satisfy the teller – since he feels that just the weightiest part had really been quite otherwise – nor fill the hearer with the certainty afforded by the hearing of something wholly comprehensible and intelligible in itself. {FEUER} If then, the record left upon our own mind by a deeply moving dream is strictly nothing but an allegorical paraphrase, whose intrinsic disagreement with the original remains a trouble to our waking consciousness; and therefore if the knowledge reaped by the hearer can at bottom be nothing but an essentially distorted image of that original: yet this [allegorical] message, in the case both of the dream and of the actually received divine revelation, remains the only possible way of proclaiming the thing received to the layman. Upon these lines is formed the Dogma; and this is the revelation's only portion cognisable by the world, which it therefore has to take on authority, so as to become a partner, at least [P. 28] through Faith, in what its eye has never seen. Hence is Faith so strenuously commended to the Folk: the Religious, become a sharer in salvation through his own eye's beholding (durch eigen Anschauung), feels and knows that the layman, to whom the vision (die Anschauung) itself remains a stranger, has no path to knowledge of the Divine except the path of Faith; and this Faith, to be effectual, must be sincere, undoubting and unconditional, in measure as the Dogma embraces all the incomprehensible, and to common knowledge contradictory-seeming, conditioned by the incomparable difficulty of its wording.*

*{anti-FEUER} The intrinsic distortion of Religion's fundamental essence, beheld through divine revelation, that is to say of the true root-essence incommunicable per se to ordinary knowledge, is hence undoubtedly engendered in the first instance by the aforesaid difficulty in the wording of its Dogma; but this distortion first becomes actual and perceptible from the moment when the Dogma's nature is dragged before the tribunal of common causal apprehension. The resulting vitiation of Religion itself, whose holy of holies is just the indubitable Dogma that blesses through an inward Faith, is brought about by the ineluctable requirement to defend that Dogma against the assaults of common human apprehension, to explain and make it seizable to the latter. This requirement grows more pressing in degree as Religion, which had its primal fount within the deepest chasms of the world-fleeing heart, comes once again into a relation with the State. The disputations traversing the centuries of the Christian religion's development into a Church and its complete metamorphosis into a State-establishment, the perpetually recurring strifes in countless forms anent the rightness and the rationality of religious Dogma and its points, present to us the sad and [P. 29] painfully instructive history of an attack of madness. Two absolutely*

incongruous modes of view and knowledge, at variance in their entire nature, cross one another in this strife, without so much as letting men detect their radical divergence: not but that one must allow to the truly religious champions of Dogma that they started with a thorough consciousness of the total difference between their mode of knowledge and that belonging to the world; whereas the terrible wrong, to which they were driven at last, consisted in their letting themselves be hurried into zealotism and the most inhuman use of violence when they found that nothing was to be done with human reason (Vernunft), thus practically degenerating into the utmost opposite of religiousness. *{anti-FEUER} On the other hand the hopelessly materialistic, industrially commonplace, entirely un-Goded aspect of the modern world is debitable to the counter eagerness of the common practical understanding to construe religious Dogma by laws of cause-and-effect deduced from the phenomena of natural and social life, and to fling aside whatever rebelled against that mode of explanation as a reasonless chimera. After the Church, in her zeal, had clutched at the weapons of State-jurisdiction (staatsrechtlichen Exekution), thus transforming herself into a political power, the contradiction into which she thereby fell with herself – since religious Dogma assuredly conveyed no lawful title to such a power – was bound to become a truly lawful weapon in the hands of her opponents; and, whatever other semblance may still be toilsomely upheld, to-day we see her lowered to an institution of the State, employed for objects of State-machinery; wherewith she may prove her use, indeed, but no more her divinity.*

*{FEUER} But does this mean that Religion itself has ceased? –*

*{FEUER} No, no! It lives, but only at its primal source and sole true dwelling-place, within the deepest, holiest inner chamber of the Individual; there whither never yet has surged a conflict of the rationalist and supranaturalist, the Clergy and the State. For this is the essence of true [P. 30] Religion: that, away from the cheating show of the daytide world, it shines in the night of man's inmost heart, with a light quite other than the world-sun's light, and visible nowhence save from out that depth.*

*{FEUER} 'Tis thus indeed! Profoundest knowledge teaches us that only in the inner chamber of our heart, in nowise from the world presented to us without, can true assuagement come to us. {FEUER} {SCHOP} Our organs of perception of the outer world ARE merely destined for discovering the means wherewith to satisfy the individual unit's need, that unit which feels so single and so needy in face of just this world; with the selfsame organs we cannot possibly perceive the basic Oneness of all being; it is allowed us solely by the new cognitive faculty that is suddenly awoken in us, as if through Grace, so soon as ever the vanity of the world comes home to our inner consciousness on any kind of path. Wherefore the truly religious knows also that he cannot really impart to the world on a theoretic path, forsooth through argument and controversy, his inner beatific vision, and thus persuade it of that vision's truth: he can do this only on a practical path, through *example*, through the deed of renunciation, of sacrifice, through gentleness unshakable, through the sublime serenity of earnestness (Heiterkeit des Ernstes) that spreads itself o'er all his actions. The saint, the martyr, is therefore the true mediator of salvation; through his example the Folk is shown, in the only manner to it comprehensible, of what purport must that vision be, wherein itself can share through Faith alone, but not yet through immediate knowledge. Hence there lies a deep and pregnant meaning*

behind the Folk's addressing itself to God through the medium of its heart-loved saints; and it says little for the vaunted enlightenment of our era, that every English shopkeeper for instance, as soon as he has donned his sunday-coat and taken the right book with him, opines [P. 31] that he is entering into immediate personal intercourse with God. No: a proper understanding of that Wahn wherein a higher world imparts itself to common human ideation, and which proves its virtue through man's heartfelt resignation (Unterworfenheit) to this present world, alone is able to lead to knowledge of man's most deep concerns; and it must be borne in mind, withal, that we can be prompted to that resignation only through the said example of true saintliness, but never urged into it by an overbearing clergy's vain appeal to Dogma pure and simple. –

This attribute of true religiousness, which, for the deep reason given above, does not proclaim itself through disputation, but solely through the active example – this attribute, should it be indwelling in the King, becomes the only revelation, of profit to both State and Religion, that can bring the two into relationship. As I have already shown, no one is more compelled than he, through his exalted, well-nigh superhuman station, to grasp the profoundest earnestness of Life; and – if he gain this only insight worthy of his calling – no one stands in more need, than he, of that sublime and strengthening solace which Religion alone can give. **What no cunning of the politician can ever compass, to him, thus armoured and equipped, will then alone be possible: gazing out of that world into this, the mournful seriousness wherewith the sight of mundane passions fills him, will arm him for the exercise of strictest equity; the inner knowledge that all these passions spring only from the one great suffering of unredeemed mankind, will move him pitying to the exercise of grace. Unflinching justice, ever ready mercy – here is the mystery of the King's ideal!** But though it faces toward the State with surety of its healing, this ideal's possibility of attainment arises not from any tendence of the State, but purely from Religion. (...)

[P. 32] (...) In truth there rules so great a doubt as to the possibility of attaining the Kingly ideal, that the contrary case is provided for in advance in the framing of State-constitutions. Neither could we ourselves imagine a monarch qualified to fulfil his highest task, saving under conditions similar to those we are moved to advance when seeking to account for the working and endurance of everything uncommon and unordinary in this ordinary world. *For, when we regard it with closer sympathy, each truly great mind – which the human generative-force, for all its teeming productivity, brings forth so vastly seldom – sets us a-wondering how 'twas possible for it to hold out for any length of time within this world, to wit for long enough to acquit itself of its tale of work.*

*{FEUER} {SCHOP} Now the great, the truly noble spirit is distinguished from the common organisation of everyday by this; to it every, often the seemingly most trivial, incident of life and world-intercourse is capable of swiftly displaying its widest correlation with the essential root-phenomena of all existence, thus of showing Life and the World themselves in their true, their terribly earnest meaning. The naïve, ordinary man – accustomed merely to seize the outmost side of such events, the side of practical service for the moment's need – when once this awful earnestness suddenly reveals itself to him through an unaccustomed juncture, falls into such consternation that self-murder is very frequently the consequence. The great, exceptional man finds*

*himself each day, in a certain measure, in the situation where the ordinary man forthwith despairs of life. Certainly the great, the truly religious man I mean, is saved from this consequence by the lofty earnest of that inner ure-knowledge (Ur-erkenntniss) of the essence [P. 33] of the world which has become the standard of all his beholdings; at each instant he is prepared for the terrible phenomenon; also, he is armoured with a gentleness and patience which never let him fall a-storming against any manifestation of evil that may haply take him unawares.*

*{FEUER} Yet an irrecusable yearning to turn his back completely on this world must necessarily surge up within his breast were there not for him – as for the common man who lives away a life of constant care – a certain distraction, a periodical turning-aside from that world’s-earnestness which else is ever present to his thoughts. What for the common man is entertainment and amusement, must be forthcoming for him as well, but in the noble form befitting him; and that which renders possible this turning aside, this noble illusion, must again be a work of that man-redeeming Wahn which spreads its wonders wherever the individual’s normal mode of view can help itself no farther. But in this instance the Wahn must be entirely candid; it must confess itself in advance for an illusion, if it is to be willingly embraced by the man who really longs for distraction and illusion in the high and earnest sense I mean. The fancy-picture brought before him must never afford a loophole for re-summoning the earnestness of Life through any possible dispute about its actuality and provable foundation upon fact, as religious Dogma does: no, it must exercise its specific virtue through its very setting of the conscious Wahn in place of the reality. This office is fulfilled by Art; and in conclusion I therefore point my highly-loved young friend to Art, as the kindly Life-saviour who does not really and wholly lead us out beyond this life, but, within it, lifts us up above it and shows it as itself a game of play; a game that, take it ne’er so terrible and earnest an appearance, yet here again is shown us as a mere Wahn-picture, as which it comforts us and wafts us from the common truth of our distress (Noth). The work of noblest Art will be given a glad admittance by my friend, the work that, treading on the footprints of Life’s earnestness, shall soothingly dissolve reality into [P. 34] that Wahn wherein itself in turn, this serious reality, at last seems nothing else to us but Wahn: and in his most rapt beholding of this wondrous Wahn-play (Wahnspiel) there will return to him the indicible dream-picture of the holiest revelation, of meaning ure-akin (urverwandt sinnvoll), with clearness unmistakable, -- that same divine dream-picture which the disputes of sects and churches had made ever more incognisable to him, and which, as wellnigh unintelligible Dogma, could only end in his dismay. The nothingness of the world, here it is harmless, frank, avowed as though in smiling; for our willing purpose to deceive ourselves has led us on to recognise the world’s real state without a shadow of illusion. –*

*{FEUER} Thus has it been possible for me, even from this earnest sally into the weightiest regions of Life’s earnestness, and without losing myself or feigning, to come back to my beloved Art. Will my friend in sympathy understand me, when I confess that first upon this path have I regained full consciousness of Art’s serenity.”*

4/14/65

Letter to King Ludwig II of Bavaria (SLRW; P. 641-642)

[P. 641] {FEUER} {SCHOP} “Today is Good Friday again! – O, blessed day! Most deeply portentous day in the world! Day of redemption! God’s suffering! Who can grasp the enormity of it? And yet, this same ineffable mystery – is it not the most familiar of mankind’s secrets? God, the Creator, -- he must remain totally unintelligible to the world: -- God, the loving teacher, is dearly beloved, but not understood: -- but *the God who suffers – His name is inscribed in our hearts in letters of fire; all the obstinacy of existence is washed away by our immense pain at seeing God suffering! The teaching which we could not [P. 642] comprehend, it now affects us: God is within us, -- the world has been overcome! Who created it? An idle question! Who overcame it? God within our hearts, -- God whom we comprehend in the deepest anguish of fellow-suffering!* –

{FEUER} A warm and sunny Good Friday, with its mood of sacred solemnity, once inspired me with the idea of writing ‘Parzival’: since then it has lived on within me and prospered, like a child in its mother’s womb. With each Good Friday it grows a year older, and I then celebrate the day of its conception, knowing that its birthday will follow one day.”

8/19/65

(BB; P. 39)

{FEUER} “How shall I feel when I again sit, whole and solitary, at this miraculous loom. It is the only thing that befits me. The world I cannot shape, I must merely forget: this is the only relationship I can stand in towards it. Wholly artificially, like a tropical plant in the winter garden, I must shut myself off against the atmosphere of reality, there is no other way.”

8/28/65

(BB; P. 47 – 50)

“The relic has proclaimed its miraculous power chiefly by freeing its custodians from earthly care by supplying the community with food and drink; and by mysterious writing which, comprehensible only to the Keeper of the brotherhood of knights, appears upon the glowing surface of the crystal, making known the worst afflictions suffered by the innocent of the world, and issuing instructions to those of the knights who shall be sent forth for their protection. Those who are sent forth, it endows with Divine power, rendering them everywhere victorious. *From its votaries it banishes death: he who sets eyes on that Divine vessel cannot die. But only he who preserves himself from the allurements of sensual pleasure retains the power of the Grail’s blessing: only to the chaste is the blessed might of the relic revealed.*

(...)

{FEUER} “Beyond the mountain height, ... accessible only to the votary, there lies another castle, as secret as it is sinister. It too can be reached only by magic paths. The Godly take care not to approach it. But whoever does approach cannot withstand the anxious longing that lures him towards the gleaming battlements towering from the never-before-seen splendour of a most wonderful forest of flowering trees, out of which magically sweet birdsong and intoxicating perfumes pour upon all around. – This is

*Klingsor's magic castle. (...) The castle is his work, raised miraculously in what was previously a desolate place with only a hermit's hut upon it. Where now, in a most luxuriant and heady fashion, all blooms and stirs as on an eternal early-summer evening ... . (...) {FEUER} It is supposed that Klingsor is the same man who once so piously inhabited the place now so changed: - he is said to have mutilated himself in order to destroy that sensual longing which he never completely succeeded in overcoming through prayer and penance. Titurel refused to allow him to join the Knights of the Grail, and for the reason that renunciation and chastity, flowing from the innermost soul, do not require to be forced by mutilation. (...) All that is certain is that it is since Anfortas' time that people have suddenly heard of the castle, also that the Knights of the Grail have often been warned against becoming ensnared in the toils cast from that place against their chastity. In fact, concealed in that castle are the most beautiful women in the world and of all times.*

(...)

*{FEUER} [Anfortas] ... alone has to suffer dreadful self-reproach at having betrayed his vow. He, the most unworthy of all, must daily – to his fearful punishment – touch the sacred vessel ... . ... seeing death as his only deliverance, he is now, by the grace of the Grail, condemned to eternal life! (...) The knights approach, ... he must work the magic: they grieve and lament over his wound, seek most eagerly to help him, procuring remedies and balm, not suspecting where it is his wound is bleeding, and where it is he is beyond cure. (...) the sign shines forth: he reads the enigmatic words. 'Aware, suffering in fellow-suffering, a fool will redeem thee!' – Who can it be who suffers only in fellow-suffering, and, without knowing, is wiser than others?"*

8/29/65

(BB; P. 50-54)

*{FEUER} "The most indefatigable in quartering the world in quest of succour for Anfortas' wound is the High Messenger of the Grail, Kundry. Who this woman is and where she comes from, no one knows; she must be extremely old for she appeared here in the mountains in Titurel's day ... . (...) ... on waking, she believes she has dropped off to sleep for a while, curses herself for letting sleep overcome her ... . If there is something difficult to be accomplished, something to be done far, far away, a message or order from the Grail for a Knight of the Grail contending in foreign zones, then suddenly one is aware of Kundry eagerly seizing the task which none can perform so speedily and reliably as she; one then sees her racing off in the storm on a tiny horse with a long mane and tail flowing down to the ground, and before one knows it, she is back." (...) {FEUER} ... all her missions turn out well. Against which, she is greatly missed on the occasions of her mysterious disappearances: then some adversity, some mysterious danger usually befalls the knights, and there is alarm, and, often, the wish for Kundry to come. Because of that, many too are in doubt whether she should be considered good or evil: what is certain is that she must still be a heathen. Never is she seen at any religious act ... . (...) Now she is just returning on her panting horse from the wonderland of Arabia where she has found the most precious miracle balm. (...) But even that balm brings no relief: Kundry smiles scornfully. 'You know who alone can help. Why drive me on the false track?' Nothing else is to be got out of her. She never gives advice or opinion: but simply shows the swiftest zeal*

in at once carrying out what is commanded or desired. She is therefore considered completely stupid and senseless, as well as animal.” (...) Parz., supporting himself on the old man, asks where they are, for the forest seems steadily to be disappearing while they seem to be entering stone corridors. It looks as if they are on the right path, and the boy, he realizes, is still innocent, otherwise the way to the castle would not be opening to them both so easily. (...) ... (carried upright behind Anfortas is a lance with blood-stained tip).

8/30/65

(BB; P. 54-61)

*{FEUER} [Klingsor] “... is the daemon of hidden sin, the raging of impotence against sin. (...) Kundry is living a never-ending life of constantly alternating re-births as the result of an ancient curse which, in a manner reminiscent of the Wandering Jew, condemns her, in new shapes, to bring to men the suffering of seduction; redemption, death, complete extinction is vouchsafed her only if her most powerful blandishments are withstood by the most chaste and virile of men. So far, they have not been. After each new and, in the end, profoundly hateful victory, after each new fall by man, she flies into a rage; she then flees into the wilderness and by the most severe atonements and chastisements is for some time able to escape the power of the curse upon her; yet it is denied to her to find salvation in this way. Within her again and again unconsciously arises the desire to be delivered by a man ... : thus does innermost necessity cause her constantly to fall victim anew to the power which drives her to be reborn as a seductive woman. (...) As no one but a man can deliver her, she has taken refuge as a penitent with the Knights of the Grail; here, amongst them, must the redeemer be found. She serves them with the most passionate self-sacrifice: never, when she is in this state, does she receive a loving look, being no more than a servant and scorned slave. Klingsor’s magic has found her out; he knows the curse and the power through which she can be forced into his service. To avenge the dreadful disgrace he once suffered from Titurel, he traps and seduces the noblest Knights of the Grail into breaking their vow of chastity. What, however, gives him power over Kundry, this most exquisite instrument of seduction, is not solely the magic power through which he has mastery over the curse weighing upon Kundry, but the most powerful assistance he finds in Kundry’s own soul. ... feeling that only that man can destroy and deliver her who withstands the full force of her feminine charms, she is again and again lured by something deep down in her soul to undertake the test anew: but mixed with this is her scorn, her despair at being subjugated to this feeble breed, and a fearful blazing hatred which disposes her for the destruction of men, but which at the same time repeatedly re-arouses her wild loving desire in a consuming, fearfully fiery manner to that fit of ecstasy by means of which she can work magic, at the same time, however, becoming the slave of it. {FEUER} Her latest task, under Klingsor’s guidance, has been the seduction of Anfortas. The sorcerer’s one wish was to have Anfortas in his power: he planned for him the same disgrace that, in raving blindness, he once inflicted on himself ... . (...) {FEUER} From one state to the next, she carries no real consciousness of what has passed: to her it is like a dream experienced in very deep sleep which, on waking, one has no recollection of, only a vague, impotent feeling prevailing deep down inside. (...)*

Now it is necessary for Klingsor to have Parzival in his power. He knows the prophecies there are about this wonder-child. He fears that he may have been summoned to deliver Anfortas and take his place with a power that cannot be overcome. (...) Finally, discord in Kundry's soul: hope for deliverance through defeat: - but then an insane desire to enjoy love for a last time. (...) [Klingsor's] ... gaze follows Parzival now striding, childishly proud, through the open gate, now turning towards the garden. 'Ah, childish offspring! (...) Here, eternal Lord of the Grail, you will come to a sweet end.' (...)

*{FEUER} Parzival has entered Klingsor's wonderful magic garden: his astonishment at the unutterable charm is mingled with an uneasy feeling of alarm, hesitation and horror. (...) Parzival abandons himself to what he takes to be a childish game without any thought of there being a serious side to the situation. (...) Then he hears the loud, loving sound of a woman's voice calling him by name. He stops, shaken, believing it to be his mother, and stands, greatly affected, rooted to the spot. (...) Not all that could make him happy was contained in his mother's love: the last breath of motherly longing is the benediction of the first kiss of love. Bending her head above his, she now presses her lips to his in a long kiss. (...) ... the mysterious happening witnessed at the Castle of the Grail claims him entirely; transferred wholly into the soul of Anfortas, he feels Anfortas' enormous suffering, his dreadful self-reproach ... he hears Divine lamentation over the fall of the Chosen One; he hears the Saviour's cry for the relic to be freed from the custody of besmirched hands ...: to his innermost being there has been a loud appeal for deliverance, and he has remained dumb, has fled, wandered, child-like, dissipating his soul in wild, foolish adventures! Where is there a man sinful and wretched as he? How can he ever hope to find forgiveness for his monstrous neglect of duty? (...) {FEUER} [Kundry says] 'For you I have waited throughout eternities of misery: to love you, to be yours for one hour, can alone repay me for torments such as no other being has ever suffered!' (...) Parzival 'Madwoman, do you not realize that your thirst is only increased by drinking: that your desire is extinguished only through lacking appeasement?' All the torments of the human heart lie open to him: he feels them all and knows the only way of ending them. (...)*

*[Gurnemanz] ... has again discovered Kundry ...; after again awakening her, he notices a great change in contrast to previously: awaking, she is not amazed, does not curse, but, on the contrary, attends him gently and constantly. But no word is to be got out of her: she seems utterly to have lost her tongue." (...) [Anfortas'] ... wound, since the ending of reanimation through the Grail, has moved fatally close to his heart: another day perhaps, and death will be assured. Why this fearful cruelty of casting him once again back into life? (...) [Parzival tells Anfortas] ... the magic to which you succumbed is broken; strong is the magic of him who desires, but stronger is that of him who denies. (...) Kundry embraces Parzival's feet and silently sinks lifeless before him."*

9/2/65 (BB; P. 65)

“What to do about the blood-stained lance? (...) As a relic, the lance goes with the cup; in this is preserved the blood that the lance made to flow from the Saviour’s thigh. The two are complementary. – So, either this: -

The lance has been entrusted to the knights at the same time as the Grail. When trouble presses hard it is even borne into battle by the Keeper of the Grail. Anfortas, in order to break Klingsor’s magic, which is so fatal to the knights, has taken it from the altar and set off with it against the arch-foe. (...) (Perhaps because Klingsor is anxious to have Anfortas in his power alive, he commands the lance to be used against him, knowing that it wounds but does not kill. Why?) The healing and deliverance of Anfortas is now logically only possible if the lance is rescued from impious hands and reunited with the Grail.

Or this:

On being entrusted with the Grail, the knights were also promised the lance: only it must first be won by hard fighting. Were it one day to be united with the Grail, then nothing more could assail the knights, Klingsor has found this lance and is keeping it, partly because of its powerful magic – it is capable of wounding even the godliest of men if any fault attach to him – and partly to withhold it from the Community of the Grail, for, by winning it, they would be invincible. Anfortas has now gone forth to deprive Klingsor of this lance ... .”

9/4/65 (BB; P. 67)

*{FEUER}* “*And so – I must turn all of life into a dream for myself! It can be done, and I shall write all my works provided I am never dragged out of my dream concerning the world. I must not truly see its reality: I cannot any more. But – in the dream it looks bearable, and the dream state itself is fine precisely because it is a dream. (...) And in this dream, let us create what shall rock the world into a dream.*”

9/7/65 Letter to King Ludwig II of Bavaria (SLRW; P. 664)

[P. 664] “*‘What is the significance of Kundry’s kiss?’ – That, my beloved, is a terrible secret! You know, of course, the serpent of Paradise and its tempting promise: ‘eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.’* [\* Editors’ Footnote: *Genesis 3:5, ‘Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil’.*] *Adam and Eve became ‘knowing’. They became ‘conscious of sin’. The human race had to atone for that consciousness by suffering shame and misery until redeemed by Christ who took upon himself the sin of mankind. My dearest friend, how can I speak of such profound matters except in a simile, by means of a comparison. But only the clairvoyant can say what its inner meaning may be. Adam – Eve: Christ. – How would it be if we were now to add to them: -- ‘Anfortas – Kundry: Parzival?’ But with considerable caution! – The kiss which causes Anfortas to fall into sin awakens in Parzival a full awareness of that sin, not as his own sin but as that of the grievously afflicted Anfortas whose lamentations he had previously heard only dully, but the cause of which now dawns upon him in all its brightness, through his sharing the feeling of sin: with the speed of lightning he said*

to himself, as it were: ‘ah! That is the poison that causes him to sicken whose grief I did not understand till now!’ – Thus he knows more than all the others, more, especially, than the assembled Knights of the Grail who continued to think that Anfortas was complaining merely of the spear-wound! Parzival now sees deeper. – *Thus he, too, sees deeper who does not believe what the whole world believes, that I, for ex., have suffered as a result of the failure of my Tannhaeuser in Paris, that I have suffered through the newspapers’ attempts to detract from my fame, or through lack of recognition: Oh no! my suffering goes deeper; he who would know of it must hear in my works themselves what superficial listeners cannot hear. Happily, it is an awareness not of sin but solely of redemption from the sin of the world. But who has divined this redemption in my works? –*

(...)”

9/23/65

Letter to King Ludwig II of Bavaria (SLRW; P. 665)

[P. 665] “(...) While weaving the feathery garment of sound of those woodbirds which speak so clearly to Siegfried I think of presenting my life’s beloved hero with a lesson gleaned from an experience of the world which has been bought at the price of manifold sufferings, and of bringing it to his attention in the form that it has now assumed in my mind, -- in the shimmering light of a solemn, devotional hope. I may now speak the language of these communications, for what has happened between us constrains me to prophetic clarity and an unerring proclamation of what my hero now can hear, since – he hears it of his own accord. **He is like Siegfried with the woodbird. Twice he listens: but the first time he hears only the melody; he would fain understand the sense of that melody, too: how should he set about doing so? He accomplishes a mighty deed: he slays Fafner. What is the use of this tremendous deed? Behold! He now understands the sense of the birdsong, too. Before him is revealed, in all its clarity, the meaning of his deed, his power, the proclamation of his high-born bride. Thus I proclaim to my life’s dear Siegfried the sense of the act of his love for me, his power: his awakening of the high-born bride: Germany – is his Bruennhilde! – I sing the song which awakens this bride. It is a serious, solemn song: and yet dear and heartfelt. It is the thoughtful word of the ‘German spirit’. –**

(...)”

9-12/65

What is German? (PW Vol. IV; P. 149-167)

[P. 151] “It has often weighed upon my mind, to gain a clear idea of what is really to be understood by the expression ‘deutsch’ [‘German’].

It is a commonplace of the Patriot’s, to introduce his nation’s name with unconditional homage; the mightier a nation is, however, the less store it seems to set on repeating its own name with all this show of reverence. It happens seldomer in the public life of England and France, that people speak of ‘English’ and ‘French virtues’; whereas the Germans are always appealing to ‘German depth,’ ‘German earnestness,’ ‘German fidelity’ (Treue) and the like. (...) [P. 152] It will be best to seek upon the path of History the meaning of this idiosyncrasy of the Germans.

(...) ... it [*deutsch*] denotes those peoples who, remaining in their ancestral seat, continued to speak their ure-mother-tongue, whereas the races ruling in Romanic lands gave up their mother-tongue. It is to the speech and the ure-homeland, then, that the idea of *deutsch* is knit; and there came a time when these *Deutschen* could reap the advantage of fidelity to their homeland and their speech, for from the bosom of that home there sprang for [P. 153] centuries the ceaseless renovation and freshening of the soon decaying outland races. Moribund and weakened dynasties were recruited from the primal stock of home. ... when the whole might of Romanised Frankdom passed into the power of the purely-German stock, arose the strange, but pregnant appellation 'the Roman Empire of the German Nation.' Finally, upon this glorious memory we could feed the pride that bade us look into the Past for consolation, amid the ruins of the Present. No great culture-Folk has fallen into the plight of building for itself a fanciful renown as the Germans. (...)

(...) *Curiously enough, the memory of the German name's historic glory (Herrlichkeit) attaches precisely to that period which was so fatal to the German essence, the period of the German's authority over non-German peoples. The King of the Germans had to fetch the confirmation of his authority from Rome; the Romish Kaiser belonged not strictly to the Germans. The cavalcades to Rome were hateful to the Germans ... . (...) This relation is responsible for the constant powerlessness of so-called German Glory. The idea of this Glory was an un-German one. What distinguishes the 'Deutschen' proper from the Franks, Goths, [P. 154] Lombards, &c., is that the latter found pleasure in the foreign land, settled there, and commingled with its people to the point of forgetting their own speech and customs. The German proper, on the contrary, weighed always as a stranger on the foreign people, because he did not feel himself at home abroad; and strikingly enough, we see the Germans hated to our day (1865) in Italy and Slavonic lands, as foreigners and oppressors, whereas we cannot veil the shaming truth that German nationalities quite willingly abide beneath a foreign sceptre, if only they be not dealt with violently in regard of speech and customs, as we have before us in the case of Elsass [Alsace]. –*

*With the fall of outer political might, i.e. with the lost significance of the Romish Kaiserdom, which we bemoan to-day as the foundering of German glory, there begins on the contrary, the real development of genuine German essence (Wesen). (...) After the complete downfall of the German nature, after the wellnigh total extinction of the German nation in consequence of the indescribable devastations of the Thirty Years' War, it was this inmost world of Home from whence the German spirit was reborn. German poetry, German music, German philosophy, are nowadays esteemed and honoured by every nation in the world: but in his yearning after 'German glory' the German, as a rule, can dream of nothing but a sort of resurrection of the Romish Kaiser-Reich, and the thought inspires the most good-tempered German with an unmistakable lust of mastery, a longing for the upper hand over other nations. He forgets how detrimental to the [P. 155] welfare of the German peoples that notion of the Romish/State had already been.*

*{anti-FEUER} The Christian religion belongs to no specific national stock: the Christian dogma addresses purely-human nature. Only in so far as it has seized in all*

*its purity this content common to all men, can a people call itself Christian in truth. However, a people can make nothing fully its own but what becomes possible for it to grasp with its inborn feeling, and to grasp in such a fashion that in the New it finds its own familiar self again. Upon the realm of Aesthetics and philosophic Criticism it may be demonstrated, almost palpably, that it was predestined for the German spirit to seize and assimilate the Foreign, the primarily remote from it, in utmost purity and objectivity of intuition (in *hoechster objektiver Reinheit der Anschauung*). One may aver, without exaggeration, that the Antique [i.e., Classical Greece and Rome] would have stayed unknown, in its now universal world-significance, had the German spirit not recognised and expounded it. The Italian made as much of the Antique his own, as he could copy and remodel; the Frenchman borrowed from this remodelling, in his turn, whatever caressed his national sense for elegance of Form: *The German was the first to apprehend its purely-human originality, to seize therewith a meaning quite aloof from usefulness, but therefore the only use for rendering the Purely-human. Through its inmost understanding of the Antique, the German spirit arrived at the capability of restoring the Purely-human itself to its pristine freedom; not employing [P. 156] the antique form to display a certain given 'stuff,' but moulding the necessary new form itself through an employment of the antique conception of the world. To recognise this plainly, let anyone compare Goethe's *Iphigenia* with that of Euripides. One may say that the true idea of the Antique has existed only since the middle of the eighteenth century, since Winckelmann and Lessing.**

Now, that the German would have apprehended the Christian dogma in equally preeminent clearness and purity, and would have raised it to the only valid Confession of faith, just as he had raised the Antique to a dogma in Aesthetics, -- this can not be demonstrated. Perhaps on evolutionary paths unknown to us, and by us unimaginable, he might have arrived hereat; and certain attributes would make it appear that, of all others, the German spirit was called thereto. (...) *Aesthetics were neither interfered with by the State, nor converted to its ends. With Religion things were otherwise: it had become an interest of the State, and this State-interest obtained its meaning and its guidance, not from the German, but quite definitely from the un-German, the Romanic spirit.* It was the incalculable misfortune of Germany that, about the time when the German spirit was ripening for its task upon that high domain, the legitimate State-interests of all German peoples were entrusted to the counsels of a prince to whom the German spirit was a total stranger, to the most thorough-paced representative of the un-German, Romanic State-idea: Charles the Fifth, King of Spain and Naples, hereditary Archduke of Austria, elected Romish Kaiser and Sovereign of the German Reich, devoured by ambition for [P. 157] world-supremacy ... .

With him arrived the grave fatality that later doomed wellnigh each German prince to misunderstanding of the German spirit; yet he was opposed by the majority of the Reichs-princes of that time, whose interests then coincided, as good fortune would have it, with those of the German Folk-spirit. (...) ... the original Reformatory movement in Germany made not for separation from the Catholic Church; on the contrary, it was an attempt to strengthen and reknit the Church's general union, by putting an end to the hideous abuses of the Roman Curia, so wounding to German religious feeling. What good and world-significant thing might here have come to life, we can scarce approximately measure; but we have before us

the results of the disastrous conflict of the German spirit with the un-German spirit of the German Reich's supreme controller. Since that time – cleavage of religion: a dire misfortune! {FEUER} *None but a universal religion is Religion in truth; divers confessions, politically established and ranged beside or over one another by contract with the State, simply confess that Religion is in act of dissolution. In that conflict the German Folk was brought near its total foundering, nay, wellnigh it altogether reached it through the outcome of the Thirty Years' War. If therefore the German Princes had mostly worked in common with the German spirit, I have already shown how since that time, alas! our Princes themselves almost quite unlearnt an understanding of this spirit. The sequel we may see in our public State-life of to-day: the sterling German nature (das eigentlich deutsche Wesen) is withdrawing ever farther from it; in part the German is following [P. 158] his native bent to phlegma, in part that to fantasticism: and since the lordling and even the lawyer is becoming quite old-fashioned, the royal rights of Prussia and Austria have gradually to accustom themselves to being upheld before their peoples by – Israelites.*

*In this singular phenomenon, this invasion of the German nature by an utterly alien element [Israelites], there is more than meets the eye. Here, however, we will only notice that other nature in so far as its conjunction with us obliges us to become quite clear as to what we have to understand by the 'German' nature which it exploits. – It everywhere appears to be the nature of the Jew, to show the nations of modern Europe where haply there may be a profit they have overlooked, or not made use of. The Poles and Hungarians did not understand the value, to themselves, of a national development of trade and commerce: the Jew displayed it, by appropriating that neglected profit. None of the European nations had recognised the boundless advantages, for the nation's general economy, of an ordering of the relations of Labour and Capital in accordance with the modern spirit of burgher-enterprise: the Jews laid hand on those advantages, and upon the hindered and dwindling prosperity of the nation the Jewish banker feeds his enormous wealth. Adorable and beautiful is that foible of the German's which forbade his coining into personal profit the inwardness and purity of his feelings and beholdings, particularly in his public and political life: that a profit here, as well, was left unused, could be cognisable to none but a mind which misunderstood the very essence of the German nature. The German Princes supplied the misunderstanding, the Jews exploited it. Since the new-birth of German poetry and music, it only needed the Princes to follow the example of Frederick the Great, to make a fad of ignoring those arts, or wrongly and unjustly measuring them with French square and [P. 159] compasses, and consequently allowing no influence to the spirit which they manifested, -- it only needed this, to throw open to the spirit of alien speculation a field whereon it saw much profit to be reaped. 'Tis as though the Jew had been astounded to find such a store of mind and genius yielding no returns but poverty and unsuccess. (...) The Jew set right this bungling of the German's, by taking German intellectual labour into his own hands, and thus we see an odious travesty of the German spirit upheld to-day before the German Folk, as its imputed likeness. It is to be feared, ere long the nation may really take this simulacrum for its mirrored image: then one of the finest natural dispositions in all the human race were done to death, perchance for ever.*

*We have to inquire how to save it from such a shameful doom, and therefore first of all will try to signalise the characteristics of genuine 'German' nature. –*

(...) 'Deutsche' is the title given to those Germanic races which, upon their natal soil, retained their speech and customs. (...) In rugged woods, throughout the lengthy winter, by the warm hearth-fire of his turret-chamber soaring high into the clouds, for generations he keeps green the deeds of his forefathers; the myths of native gods he weaves into an endless web of sagas. [\* Translator's Footnote: "Cf. *Die Meistersinger*: 'Am stillen Heerd in Winterszeit, wenn Burg und Hof mir eingeschnei't ... ein altes Buch, vom Ahn' vermacht, gab das mir oft zu lesen." ] He wards not off the influences incoming from abroad; he loves to journey and to look; but, full of the strange impressions, he longs to reproduce them; he therefore turns his steps towards home, for he knows that here alone will he be understood: here, by his homely hearth, he [P. 160] tells what he has seen and gone through there outside. (...) (*anti-FEUER?*) *But his is no mere idle gaping at the Foreign, as such, as purely Foreign; he wills to understand it 'Germanly.' He renders the foreign poem into German, to gain an inner knowledge of its content. Herewith he strips the Foreign of its accidentals, its externals, of all that to him is unintelligible, and makes good the loss by adding just so much of his own externals and accidentals as it needs to set the foreign object plain and undefaced before him. In these his natural endeavours he makes the foreign exploit yield to him a picture of its purely-human motives. Thus 'Parzival' and 'Tristan' were shaped anew by Germans: and whilst the originals have become mere curiosities, of no importance save to the history of literature, in their German counterparts we recognise poetic works of worth imperishable. –*

(...) The German is conservative: his treasure bears the stamp of all the ages; he hoards the Old, and well knows how to use it. Fonder is he of keeping, than of winning: the gathered New has value for him only when it serves to deck the Old. (...) By religious Liberty he means nothing other than the right to deal honestly and in earnest with the Holiest. (...) [P. 161] {FEUER} *No people has taken arms against invasions of its inner freedom, its own true essence, as the Germans: there is no comparison for the doggedness with which the German chose his total ruin, rather than accommodate himself to claims quite foreign to his nature. This is weighty. The outcome of the Thirty Years' War destroyed the German nation; yet, that a German Folk could rise again, is due to nothing but that outcome. The nation was annihilated, but the German spirit had passed through. It is the essence of that spirit which we call 'genius' in the case of highly-gifted individuals, not to trim its sails to worldly profit. (...) A Folk reduced to a tenth of its former numbers, its significance could nowhere survive but in the memory of units. Even that memory had first to be revived and toilsomely fed, to begin with, by the most prescient of minds. It is a wonderful trait of the German spirit's, that whereas in its earlier period of evolution, it had most intimately assimilated the influences coming from without, how, when it quite had lost the vantage-ground of outward political power, it bore itself anew from out its own most inward store. – Recollection (Erinnerung) now became for it in truth a self-collection (Er-Innerung); for upon its deepest inner self it drew, to ward itself from the now immoderate outer influences. (...) [P. 162] {FEUER} Yet when its native countenance, its very speech was lost, there remained to the German spirit one last, one undreamt sanctuary wherein to plainly tell itself the story of its heart of hearts. From*

*the Italians the German had adopted Music, also, for his own. Whoso would seize the wondrous individuality, the strength and meaning of the German spirit in one incomparably speaking image, let him cast a searching glance upon the else so puzzling, wellnigh unaccountable figure of Music's wonder-man SEBASTIAN BACH. He is the history of the German spirit's inmost life throughout the gruesome century of the German Folk's complete extinction. (...) ... see him so unheeded, that it required a whole century to drag his works from oblivion; finding even Music pinioned in an art-form the very effigy of his age, dry, stiff, pedantic, like wig and pigtail set to notes; then see what a world the unfathomably great Sebastian built from out these elements! I merely point to that Creation; for it is impossible to denote its wealth, its sublimity, its all-embracing import, through any manner of comparison. (...)*

[P. 163] *{FEUER} Yet Bach's spirit, the German spirit, stepped forth from the sanctuary of divinest Music, the place of its new-birth. When Goethe's 'Gotz' appeared, its joyous cry went up: 'that's German!' And, beholding his likeness, the German also knew to show himself, to show the world, what Shakespeare is, whom his own people did not understand. These deeds the German spirit brought forth of itself, from its inmost longing to grow conscious of itself. And this consciousness told it – what it was the first to publish to the world – that the Beautiful and Noble came not into the world for sake of profit, nay, not for sake of even fame and recognition. And everything done in the sense of this teaching is 'deutsch'; and therefore is the German great; and only what is done in that sense, can lead Germany to greatness.*

(...) [P. 164] ... where the German spirit achieved its deed of rebearing the Folk, there is the realm whereon the Princes, too, have first to found their new alliance with the Folk. It is highest time the Princes turned to this re-baptism: the danger that menaces the whole of German public life, I have already pointed out. Woe to us and the world, if the nation itself were this time saved, but the German spirit vanished from the world! – [\* Translator's Footnote: "Cf. *Die Meistersinger*, act iii: 'Habt Acht! Uns drohen ueble Streich': -- zerfaellt erst deutsches Volk und Reich, in falscher waelscher Majestaet kein Fuerst bald mehr sein Volk versteht; und waelschen Dunst mit waelschem Tand sie pflanzen uns in's deutsche Land.' "]

(...) The capacity of diving deep within, and thence observing lucidly and thoughtfully the world without, always presupposes a bent to meditation; which, in the less gifted individual, quite easily becomes a love of doing nothing, a positive phlegma. What in its happiest manifestation places us nearest the supremely gifted folk of ancient Indus, may give the mass the character of Oriental sloth (*Traegheit*); nay, even that neighbouring development to utmost power can become a curse for us, by betraying us into fantastic self-complacency. **That Goethe and Schiller, Mozart and Beethoven have issued from the German people's womb, [P. 165] far too easily tempts the bulk of middling talents to consider these great minds their own by right of birth, to persuade the mass with demagogic flatulence that they themselves are Goethes and Schillers, Mozarts and Beethovens. Nothing flatters more the bent to sloth and easygoingness, than a high opinion of oneself, an opinion that quite of oneself one is something great and needs take no sort of pains to first become it. This leaning is root German, and hence no people more requires to be flicked up and compelled to help itself, to act for itself, than the German. But German Princes and Governments**

have done the very opposite. *It was reserved for Boerne the Jew, to sound the first challenge to the German's sloth; and, albeit in this sense unintentionally, he thereby raised the Germans great-misunderstanding of themselves to the pitch of direfulest confusion.* The misunderstanding that prompted the Austrian Chancellor, Prince Metternich, in the day of his leadership of German Cabinet-policy, to deem the aspirations of the German 'Burschenschaft' identical with those of the bygone Paris club of Jacobins, and to take hostile measures accordingly, -- *that misunderstanding was the most advantageous to the [Jewish] speculator who stood outside, seeking nothing but his personal profit. This time, if he played his game well, that speculator had only to swing himself into the midst of the German Folk and State, to exploit and, in the end, not merely govern it, but downright make it his own property.*

(...) Had the Governments made it a maxim to judge their German peoples by the measure of French events, there also soon arose adventurers to teach the downtrod German Folk-spirit to apply French maxims to its estimate of the Governments. The *Demagogue* had now arrived indeed: but what a doleful after-birth! Every new Parisian revolution was promptly 'mounted' in Germany: of course, for every new spectacular Paris opera had been mounted forthwith at the Court theatres of Berlin and Vienna, a pattern for all [P. 166] Germany. *{anti-FEUER} I have no hesitation about styling the subsequent revolutions in Germany entirely un-German. 'Democracy' in Germany is purely a translated thing. It exists merely in the 'Press'; and what this German Press is, one must find out for oneself. But untowardly enough, this translated Franco-Judaico-German Democracy could really borrow a handle, a pretext and deceptive cloak, from the misprised and maltreated spirit of the German Folk. To secure a following among the people, 'Democracy' aped a German mien; and 'Deutschthum,' 'German spirit,' 'German honesty,' 'German freedom,' 'German morals,' became catchwords disgusting no one more than him who had true German culture, who had to stand in sorrow and watch the singular comedy of agitators from a non-German people pleading for him without letting their client so much as get a word in edgewise. The astounding unsuccessfulness of the so loud-mouthed movement of 1848 is easily explained by the curious circumstance that the genuine German found himself, and found his name, so suddenly represented by a race of men quite alien to him."*

[1866]

2/7/66?

(BB; P. 86)

**“The Hellenes had a fine sense of the sanctity of night. The profoundest sense of it must have been revealed to those attending the great performance of the Oresteia of Aeschylus. This began in daylight: Agamemnon – complete human error – crime – desire. Afternoon: Electra – revenge – expiation – punishment. With the Eumenides dusk falls; at the end fully night: the young men escort the appeased, reconciled daemons of revenge in torchlight procession to their nocturnal place of rest.”**

3/19/66

Letter to Constantin Frantz (SLRW; P. 684-686)

[P. 684] *{FEUER}* “I can achieve my desired aim here only if I succeed, as I have every prospect of doing, in persuading the *Allgemeine Zeitung* to accept my articles, since we have no doubt all learnt from experience that only newspaper articles are still heeded by the public. I feel impelled to undertake this task since I should first like to clarify my own thoughts on the underlying trend of certain enterprises before I embark upon them; but *I also realize how necessary it is to attempt in this way to find confederates and sympathizers among those of the nation’s scattered intellectuals who share my aims, men whom I can reach only in this way since they are otherwise wholly unknown to me.* It would be my aim to encourage these intellectuals to think seriously about the matter, and to prepare them to the extent that, at a given moment, they may be capable of responding, in a well-prepared manner, to a practical appeal to join in certain enterprises. My singular experiences in Bavaria have convinced me that, without a serious and conjoint offensive on the part of like-minded confederates against so well-organized a phalanx of vulgar and corrupting elements, even the most favourable prospects of achieving great ends – if based purely on personality – will in fact achieve nothing, especially if those ends are, alas, as novel as ours. But since the success of my articles can be advantageous to our cause and harmful to our enemy only if I take care to give the most moderate and discreet account of all purely personal aspects of the matter, and to show the most sparing regard in every respect, my reason for communicating with you today is to place at your disposal – in all confidence – the data which you will need to gain a more conscious sense of direction in the matter of my extraordinary relationship with the young King of Bavaria, so that you may understand how indispensable it must seem to me to abandon my strangely isolated position. (...) [P. 685] **I continue to regard the youthful King Ludwig as having quite uncommon abilities ... . but the great question now is how the qualities necessary to govern will develop within him. An unbelievably senseless education has succeeded in arousing in the youth a profound and hitherto utterly insurmountable aversion to all serious preoccupation with the affairs of state; contemptuously dismissive of all concerned, he simply leaves such matters to be dealt with, as though out of a sense of disgust, by existing officials in accord with existing routine. His family and the entire Court are repugnant to him, he hates everything to do with the army and military life, finds the nobility risible, and despises the great mass of the people; on the priesthood he is clear-sighted and unprejudiced, and in the matter of religion serious and intense. There is only one way to arouse his sympathetic faculties, and that is through me, my works and my art, which he regards as the true, actual world, whereas everything else seems to him to be insubstantial nonsense. Contact with this one element arouses within him the most surprising and truly wondrous abilities; he sees and feels things with astounding certainty and reveals a will to achieve the most far-reaching of my artistic goals, a will which, for as long as it lasts, comprises the man’s entire being. I then see before me the most wondrous success ever accorded an artist, and feel rapture and extreme anxiety at one and the same moment! So charming and, indeed, so engaging an ignorance of real life must, as you can well imagine, involve the royal youth in conflicts which, in more pressing circumstances, drive him into open displays of weakness. Since people can round him only by referring to me, they**

were able to effect my removal only by pretending that it was his love for me which had brought me into the utmost danger. In the end I could not, for my own part, avoid pointing out to him the seriousness of his royal duties: in this direction, too, there was only one way of achieving any success, and that was to bring into play his love for me. In his eagerness to serve me, he acted with such blind enthusiasm that he even had the sketches of my diary (with which you yourself are in part familiar) copied out and distributed among his various ministries so that the ideas therein contained could be ‘put into practice’. I do not need tell you of the almost comical confusion to which this gave rise! All that now remains for me to discover is how far his sheer understanding of the world can be sharpened and strengthened. I have been quite pitiless in telling him my opinion of his officials, ministers etc; he accepts all I say, and hopes and promises to control his opponents and enemies, but he still does not appear in any way to have reached the point of thinking seriously about what I have said to him, and thus of forming a true verdict concerning [P. 686] those people and things which are obviously governing him at present. (...) *I can now see quite clearly that reason and remonstrations are of no avail, and that ultimately only one means of influencing him continues to remain open to me, namely my art – which influences his ideas, and his love for me – which influences his will. You will see therefore that this quite unique relationship of ours contains within itself, in the most incomparable way, a prefiguration of the means whereby I may influence Germany, inasmuch as Germany, too, is not to be got round by rational means. The fact that, through my art, I am in a position here to render a King lucid and fully clairvoyant who is otherwise incapable of properly appreciating the most everyday aspects of real life; that I may hope to persuade this same King to embrace the grandest and most far-reaching resolves and actions because of his inspired love for me – this must fill me, in my exalted mood, with a well-nigh momentous presentiment of the spirit and manner in which I might yet be called upon to influence Germany itself. I am too experienced to indulge in any vain and cosy self-deception in this matter. This much, however, is now clear to me: my own artistic ideal stands or falls with the salvation of Germany; without Germany’s greatness my art was only a dream: if this dream is to find fulfilment, Germany, too, must necessarily attain to her preordained greatness.*  
 (...)”

[1867]

?/67

(BB - from a previously unpublished note stuck to P. 134; P. 124)

[P. 124] {anti-FEUER} “Progress through railway ,etc. – Materialism, - Godlessness – acceptance of decline of man to point of reversion to animal – even total destruction of globe can leave belief in moral significance of world unshaken: ‘God’ is outside time and space.”

4/25/67

Letter to King Ludwig II of Bavaria (SLRW; P. 716-717)

[P. 716] “(...) Responsibility for the conspiracy which was intended to bring you to the point of abdicating last summer must be borne by all who did not openly and self-

sacrificingly defend and avenge the dignity of their King, a dignity that was defiled in the most unheard-of manner. The whole of your ministerial and secretarial staff at the time bear fellow responsibility; none of them stood up for you; they were all, and still are, mere tools in your enemies' hands. Claims that they acted only out of ignorance or, rather, with a view to helping you, are a lie. The Court in Vienna lived in daily expectation of receiving news of your abdication. Archduchess Sophie enquired openly whether the ... had been sent packing yet. – It is your duty here to clean up properly and clear things out, and then gradually, but decisively and without delay, to surround yourself with entirely new men.

Listen further to the words of a dying man! –

What you cannot achieve by a change of staff, you must aim at accomplishing by a powerful show of political initiative! Nothing can save Bavaria unless you choose the only right and proper course of action, and carry it through with all your energies.

The German confederation could have been saved, and it might have led to something significant in a salutary sense, if only Bavaria had taken the [P. 717] initiative last spring and acted energetically. Bavaria was called upon to lead the German princes and to arbitrate between Prussia and Austria, but only if every conceivable defensive power had been mustered at once. This opportunity was missed because the Bavarian Minister was already in collusion with Prussia: the shameful semblance of a war that he conducted, and the resultant weakening of Bavaria's position and her humiliation, all created a mood of despair in the country: everyone is openly turning to Prussia, in order at least to partake of a powerful government and organization. Working against this is the influence of Austria and the Jesuits bent upon saving the country for Austria as soon as the latter recovers (as it hopes it will) and takes its revenge on Prussia. In this event Austria will treat Bavaria and Wuerttemberg as Prussia treated Hanover and the Electorate of Hesse: the Main will then divide Austria and Prussia; and there will no longer be any question of Germany or of Bavaria. In the face of this, Bavaria can retain her independence only by forming an allegiance with Prussia; for Prussia can never 'annex' Bavaria; but Austria can and will do so the moment that it recovers. And so, resolutely and honourably, an allegiance with Prussia: for only in this way will Germany, too, be saved; precisely because Prussia (more especially as 'Prussia') can never annex the southern German states; and this, ultimately, is the only way in which it will be possible for Austria to rejoin the German Confederation as an allied power, since it will then be obliged to do so by force of circumstances. And so, if Bavaria adopts the right policy and does so unflinchingly, she will at the same time guarantee Germany's continuing existence and powerful reunification, otherwise the country will disintegrate for ever into an Austrian and a Prussian half. Bavaria can be the cement, so to speak, or the heart of this union. Then Germany will be something, it will be powerful: the German will feel himself, and we shall show the world what is German and what the German spirit is, we shall pour new life into the arid veins of the poor, unbelieving German world. Let the flag of the noble German spirit then flutter over Germany from Munich, a flag which I, too, will have helped to weave and which my glorious Siegfried shall flourish high above the German lands.

(...)"

9-12/67

German Art and German Policy (PW Vol. IV; P. 35-134)

[P. 70] {FEUER} “... in Folk-assemblies questions passionately-debated may kindle rancour, in Church the higher self collect its thoughts to rapt devotion, but here in the Theatre the whole man, with his lowest and his highest passions, is placed in terrifying nakedness before himself, and by himself is driven to quivering joy, to surging sorrow, to hell and heaven. What lies beyond all possibility of the ordinary man’s experiencing in his own life, he lives it here; and lives it in himself, in his sympathy deep-harrowed by the wondrous duping. One may weaken this effect through the senseless abuse of a daily repetition (which, again, draws after it a great perversion of the receptive powers), but never suppress the possibility of its fullest outburst; and finally, that outburst may be played on according to the ruling interest of the day, for any manner of corruptive end. In awe and shuddering, have the greatest poets of all nations and all times approached this terrible abyss; ‘twas they devised the aimful laws, the sacred conjurations, to bann the demon lurking there, by aid of the good genius; and Aeschylus, with priestly rites led e’en the chained Erinnyes, as divine and reverend Eumenides, to the seat of their redemption from a baneful curse. ‘Twas this abyss great Calderon arched over with the heavenly rainbow, conducting to the country of the saints; from out its depths, stupendous Shakespeare [P. 71] conjured up the demon’s self, to set it plainly, fettered by his giant force, before the astonished world as its own essence, alike to be subdued; upon its wisely measured, calmly trodden verge, did Goethe build the temple of his Iphigenia, did Schiller plant the passion-flower [“God’s wonder-tree”] of his Jungfrau von Orleans. To this abyss have fared the wizards of the art of Tone, and shed the balm of heaven’s melody into the gaping wounds of man; here Mozart shaped his masterworks, and hither yearned Beethoven’s dreams of proving finally his utmost strength. (...)

And this prodigy, this pandaemonium, this awesome Theatre, ye thoughtless leave its traffic to mechanical routine, to the censorship of ruined students, to the bidding of amusement-hunting panders, to the management of used-up bureaucrats? (...)

(...) [P. 75] That it urged onward to this Theatre of our great poets, was the sole true progress in the evolutionary march of reborn art; what held back, nay, altogether stemmed that progress with the Italians, the invention of Modern Music, has – thanks again to great German masters equally unique – become the last enabling element for the birth of a dramatic art of whose expression and effect the Greek could not have dreamed. Every possibility of attaining to the highest has now been won: there stands a platform in front whereof, throughout all Europe, the Folk each evening throngs as driven by an unconscious longing to learn, where it is merely lured to idle pastime, the answer to the riddle of existence, -- and ye still can doubt that here indeed is the one thing wanting, the thing ye toil in vain to reach by every aimless byway?

(...)

[P. 77] What ranks the art of the Mime so low in the eyes of other artists, is the very thing that makes his doings and effects so universal. Everyone has a feeling of kinship with the actor; each person is liable to some ‘trick’ or other, in which he unwittingly copies the mien, the gestures, the bearing and language of others: the art simply consists in doing this without ‘trick,’ and of set purpose. In this sense dissimulation

serves the ordinary man in lying; only, to imitate another human being deliberately without ‘trick,’ and so illusively as to make us believe that other being stands before us – the sight of *this* sets the crowd in an astonishment all the more agreeable, as each man detects the germs of such an art-dexterity within himself, and merely finds them here developed to a pitch of high effectiveness. (...) [P. 78] ... *the mere charm of the machinery for duping, with its imitation of some living incident, sets everybody in that agreeable amazement which takes the forefront of our pleasure in the theatre.* (...)

(...)

[P. 79] *So much, at present, for the Theatre’s power. How to get at that power, we cannot learn before we have rightly grasped its mainspring; and this we shall only do when, without unmerited disdain, we acknowledge it to be the Mimetic-art itself.*

{FEUER} *When we described the relation of the merely imitative Mime to the truly poetic ‘interpretative’ artist as resembling that of the monkey to the man, nothing was farther from our mind than an actual belittlement of his qualities. (...) Were the poetising artist ashamed to recognise himself as an originally merely-imitative mime developed into an ‘interpreter’ of Nature, then Man himself must be no less ashamed at finding himself again in Nature as a reasoning ape: but it would be very foolish of him, and simply prove that he had not got very far with the thing which distinguishes him from an un-reasoning ape. – The analogy adduced, however, will prove most luminous if, granting our descent from monkeys, we ask why Nature did not take her last step from Animal to Man from the elephant [P. 80] or dog, with whom we meet decidedly more-developed intellectual faculties than with the monkey? For, very profitably to our subject, this question can be answered by another: why from a pedant no poet, from a physiologist no sculptor or painter ... ? – In Nature’s election of the ape, for her last and weightiest step, there lies a secret which calls us to deep pondering: whoso should fully fathom it, perchance could tell us why the wisest-constituted States fall through, ay, the sublimest Religions outlive themselves and yield to superstition or unbelief, whilst Art eternally shoots up, renewed and young, from out the ruins of existence.*

{FEUER} (...) ... *we believe that in this analogy, when taken as representing the relation of man’s merely imitative to his ‘interpretative’ faculties, we have won a very helpful light wherewith to lighten the relations of realism and idealism in Art ... .*

{FEUER} *What scares the plastic and poetic artists from contact with the mime, and fills them with a repugnance not entirely unakin to that of the man for the monkey, is not the thing wherein they differ from him, but that wherein they resemble him. Moreover what the one imitates, and the other ‘interprets,’ is one thing and the same: Nature; the distinction lies in the How, and in the means employed. The plastic artist, who cannot reproduce his model, the poet who cannot reproduce the reported incident in full reality, foregoes the exhibition of so many of his object’s attributes as he deems needful to sacrifice in order to display one principal attribute in so enhanced a fashion that it shall make known forthwith the character of the whole, and thus one glance at this one side shall reveal [P. 81] what a demonstration of the object’s every side can make intelligible to none but the physiologist, or, in questions of Art, the aesthetic judgment: i.e. to the judgment of just the plastic or poetic artist. Through this restriction the plastic artist and poet arrive at that intensifying of their object and its re-*

*presentment which answers to the conception of the Ideal, and through a wholly successful idealisation, that is to say, a realisation of the Ideal, they obtain an effect completely indemnifying us for the impossible inspection of every facet of the object's manifestation in Time and Space; and to such an extent, that this mode of representment is acknowledged to be the only resultful, nay, the only possible method of dealing with real objects, their aspects being inexhaustible.*

*{FEUER} To this ideal, the only veritable art, however, the mime steps up with all the matter-of-fact-ness of an object moving in Time and Space, and gives the man who compares him with the picture somewhat the terrifying impression as though a mirror-image were descending from its glass and walking up and down the room before our eyes. (...) {FEUER} Is this Mime an incomparably higher being, or a being small beyond compare? Nay, neither one thing nor the other: merely he is a being quite other. He presents himself as Nature's intermediate link, through which that absolutely realistic Mother of all Being incites the Ideal within you. Like as [P. 82] no human Reason (Vernunft) can discharge the commonest diurnal act of Nature and yet she never tires of forcing herself in constant newness on Reason's apprehension: so the mime reveals to the poet or potter ever new, untold and countless possibilities of human being, to be fathomed by him who could invent not one of these possibilities, by him to be redeemed into a higher being. – This is Realism in its relation to Idealism. Both belong to Art's domain, and their difference lies in that between the imitation and the interpretation (Nachbildung) of Nature.*

How far this realism can become an art, without the slightest brush with idealism, we may see by French theatric art; which has raised itself, and altogether of itself, to such a pitch of virtuosity, that the whole of modern Europe pays obedience to its laws. (...) [Richelieu] ... was the man 'fore whom no noble head in France sat firmly on its trunk, the man who founded withal the almighty Academy, whereby he coerced the spirit of France into adopting that Convention, entirely foreign to it hitherto, whose laws still govern it to-day. These laws permitted anything but [P. 83] the cropping up of Ideality; on the contrary, a refinement of realism, a supernal prettifying of actual life, attainable only by guiding the monkey-nature, which Voltaire twitted in his countrymen, to a successful imitation of the courtier's etiquette. Under this influence the whole life of everyday assumed a theatrical shape; and the only difference between real life and the Theatre proper, was that public and players changed places at times, as if for mutual recreation. (...) [P. 84] {FEUER} Thus, however high the French spirit might try to lift itself above the common life, the loftiest spheres of its imagination were everywhere delimited by tangibly and visibly realistic life-forms, which could only be copied, but not 'interpreted': for Nature alone supplies a model for aesthetic moulding (Nachbildung), whereas Culture can become an object of nothing but mechanical imitation. A wretched state of things indeed, in which nothing but a monkey-nature could really feel at ease. Against it no rebellion of the man was possible; for only through a glance at the Ideal, does he consciously step outside the circle drawn by Nature. (...)

(...)

[P. 107] {FEUER} Here came to consciousness and received its plain expression, what German is: to wit, the thing one does for its own sake, for very joy of doing it; whereas Utilitarianism, namely the principle whereby a thing is done for sake of some personal

*end, ulterior to the thing itself, was shown to be un-German. The German virtue herein expressed thus coincided with the highest principle of aesthetics, through it perceived, according to which the 'objectless' (das Zwecklose) alone is beautiful, because, being an end (Zweck) in itself, in revealing its nature as lifted high above all vulgar ends it reveals at like time that to reach whose sight and knowledge alone makes ends of life worth following; whereas everything that serves an end is hideous, because neither its fashioner nor its [P. 108] onlooker can have aught before him save a disquieting conglomerate of fragmentary material, which is first to gain its meaning and elucidation from its employment for some vulgar need. {FEUER} None but a great nation, confiding with tranquil stateliness in its unshakable might, could ripen such a principle within itself, and bring it into application for the happiness of all the world: for it assuredly presupposes a solid ordering of every nearer, every relation that serves life's necessary ends; and it was the duty of the political powers to found that order in this lofty, world-redeeming sense, -- that is to say: Germany's prince's should have been as German, as were its own great masters. If this foundation fell away, then the German must come to the ground for very reason of his merit: and that's what he has done to-day, where German he has stayed.*

(...)

[P. 116] {FEUER} The most terrible result of an organisation founded on expedience, must undeniably be its proving inexpedient; for then the State, and all that lives and moves therein, must be involved in an eternally bootless struggle for the satisfaction of vulgar life-needs, can never even reach the glimmer of a knowledge of the essential aim of all Expedience, and thus must sink into a state unworthy of the human being. (...)

(...) {FEUER} For our present object it is sufficient to say that we prefer to interpret the different social edicts, in their various stages of maturity, as attempts to raise the State's expediency-tendence, starting from satisfaction of the commonest need, to a knowledge and assuagement of the most universal, the highest need; and thus through an ascending series of the most expedient, i.e. the most natural organisations, to reach at last its veritable goal. (...) [P. 117] And the State which builds itself from below upwards, in this project, will also show us finally the ideal meaning of the *Kingship*; an office as to whose expediency so strong a doubt has been engendered in the minds of many political theorists by the ill-success of the expediency-tendence when conducted from above, that the constitution of the American United States has already been discussed and recommended, with much the same regardless volubility as bandies questions of the Church, for adoption by the German States. – At the hand of our guiding principle, derived in turn from our full conviction of the sterling value of the German spirit, we venture to briefly state our thoughts anent the destination of the German Kingship, that Kingship which must set the ideal crown upon the new true Folk-State now in course of building.

{FEUER} *The true meaning of Kinghood is expressed in the prerogative of pardon (Begnadigung). The exercise of grace (Gnade) is the only act of positive freedom conceivable within the State, whereas in every other State-relation freedom can take effect in none but its original negative sense: for the etymologic meaning of the word is a 'being freed from,' a 'being rid of'; which, again, is only thinkable as the negation of a constraint and pressure of natural Want ["Noth"?], as also of Want*

*arising from the conflict of individual and social interests – this is the principle of Expediency that lies at bottom of every organisation of the State: in the happy event of all these organisations working together in peace and harmony, we reach the point where each unit has the least to sacrifice in order to reap the utmost profit from the whole; but there always remains the relation of sacrifice and gain; and absolute freedom, i.e. emancipation from all constraint, is quite beyond our thinking: its name were Death. – {anti-FEUER} Only from quite another sphere of being, a sphere which the thoroughly realistic State must deem exclusively pertaining to an ideal order of the world, can a [P. 118] law of truly ideal expedience come into effect, as the exercise of positive, i.e. of active freedom, determined by no ordinary constraint, a freedom truly free; and thus, at the very point we have termed impassable, it decks the work of the State with the crown which is that law itself. This crowning of its edifice the State-organisation attains through the King's being loosed, from first to last, from the principle of expedience that binds the entire State, and thus completely freed from every Want (Noth) engendered by that general principle. He consequently represents the attained ideal of negative freedom, the sole ideal within the knowledge and purview of the State and all its tendencies; but this freedom, ensured to him by every available means, has the further object for the State, of raining down the ideal law of purest freedom, both blessing and ennobling it.*

As said above, this ideal law shows out the plainest, and comes within the range of every man's perception, in the exercise of Grace. Here Kingly freedom steps into immediate contact with the weightiest basis of all Civil organisation: with Justice. In this latter is embodied the general law-of-expedience of the whole State, which strives through it for equity. Were Justice altogether sure that, while complying with the most cogent of Expedience's laws, she had perfectly fulfilled withal the idea of the purely-human equity, then she would not feel obliged to lay her verdict first before the King: but even in pure democracies it has been thought necessary to establish a surrogate, however scanty and inadequate, for the King's prerogative of pardon; and where this was not the case, as at the height of Athenian democracy, but the Demos exercised its power of ostracism according to the common reading of expediency – as in the best event it could not but do – there the State itself was already half-way toward the reign of pure Caprice. *{anti-FEUER} Now, to the verdict of Justice the King in any case accords a full validity per se, as answering to the expedience of the State's control in matters of right; but of pure freedom he resolves on pardon, where it seems good to him to let [P. 119] Grace prevail before Right; and in that he has to give a reason to no one, he testifies to that state of freedom, attainable by none besides, in which he is supported by the will of all. As no human resolves, not even the seemingly freest, are formed without a motive, so the King must here be guided by some aimful reason (Zweckmaessigkeitsgrund): but this reason itself resides in that quite other sphere which, in distinction from the latter's tendencies, we can only term the ideal; it remains unspoken, because unutterable, and only lets itself be seen within its work, the act of Grace, -- just as the motives of the idealistic artist spring no less from a law-of-aim, yet from a law which likewise cannot be expressed, but only gathered from the fully fashioned artwork. {FEUER} – It is obvious, be it said in passing, that this lofty freedom can dwell in none but a legitimate Prince: whereas the prince to whom there hangs a shade of usurpation, has fallen beneath the law of vulgar expedience, and in each resolve he*

must ever keep a watch upon his personal hard-fought interests; wherefore he resembles an artist who fain would pass for something other than he is, and thus must see himself compelled to employ the Expedient for all his fashionings – a means which neither can produce an artwork, nor a work of Grace.

(...)

[P. 120] ... the favour of the King exalts from every sphere of civic and social organisations those persons whose achievements or capacities surpass the common standard of requirements erected for mere utilitarian ends, those persons who thereby enter of themselves the sphere of Grace, i.e. of active freedom, and makes them in a true [P. 121] and noble sense his peers. (...)

(...)

[P. 128] *{anti-FEUER} The principle of our imagined reforms of the German Theatre, in the sense of the German spirit, we will found upon one and the same relation, repeating itself in divers spheres; it is that which we have discussed at length in the relation of poet to mime, which proves itself identical in that of the cultured Emeritus to the public proper, and in its grandest aspect as that of the King to his Folk. Here the realistic force of Need, there the ideal power of supplying that which is unreachable by the highest demands of Need. The greatest relation, that of King to Folk, embraces all the relations like it; wherefore, when [P. 129] it is a question of bringing all these forces into conjoint action, the stimulus must issue from the King. (...) {FEUER; anti-FEUER} Yet we are not to figure this relation as a chronologic one, but as a synchronistic, an architectonic equipoise. The view that the Useful must first be established, and it will then be time to think about the Beautiful, leads with much certainty to the second tendency never setting in at all; for it is to be anticipated that the first will by then have usurped the whole architecture of the State, as we have styled it, and consequently will have absorbed the store of force reserved for the second. No: both tendencies have to work side by side, though always so that the first shall be the motive force, which propounds the problem, the second the conclusive force, which solves it. (...)*

[P. 133] (...) Once for all, only such dramatic works would there be represented as really make it possible to evolve and perfect a hitherto entirely-lacking German style, on the field of living Drama; by this Style, we understand the attainment through harmony between the stage-representation and the truly German poet-works performed, and the raising of that harmony to a fundamental law. Through a most careful employment of existing histrionic talents, to be assembled expressly for this purpose, and starting with the representation of existing truly German works, one would advance to the instigation of new works adapted for a like standardising of Style. *The commercial tendency in the intercourse of Theatre and Public would here be wholly done away with: the spectator, led no longer by the need of distraction after the day's exertions, but by that of collection (Sammlung) after the distractions of an infrequent holiday, would enter the special art-building – remote from his wonted nightly haven of entertainment, and opened only for the purpose [P. 134] of these unordinary, these 'exempt' performances – he would enter it to forget, in a nobler sense, the toil of life, for sake of life's supernal ends."*

**[1868]**

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**(BB; P. 137-138)**

**“I stood very close, and following the music beat by beat and the events going on about us, from the shepherd’s song to procession of pilgrims, whispered [to Ludwig Schnorr von Carolsfeld] what was inwardly happening in the enraptured man’s [Tannhaeuser’s] emotions, from sublimest total unconsciousness to gradually awakening consciousness of his present surroundings, and particularly by the animation of his hearing, whilst he, as if not to destroy the miracle, still resists apprehending again the old homely earthly world with the gaze of eyes enchanted by awareness of ethereal heaven; with gaze still riveted heavenwards, only the play of his expression, and finally the mild relaxing of the tension in the erect attitude betray the increasing emotion of rebirth until every spasm, produced by the divine overwhelming, eases, and at last crying out “Allmaechtiger, Dir sei Preis! Gross sind die Wunder Deiner Gnade!” (Almighty, to Thee be praise! Great are the wonders of Thy grace!) he sinks down in submission. (...) My very brief whispered suggestions and instructions were responded to by an equally quiet glance of inspired fervour on his part, which, while assuring me of a most wonderful harmony, itself in turn gave me new inspirations concerning my own work, and a certainly unprecedented example of the fruitful interaction that may come of a loving and direct communing of differently gifted artists when their gifts are perfectly complementary.**

**(...)**

***... on that evening I had, through the quite inexpressibly wonderful performance of my friend, had a sight into my own creative processes such as it has seldom, perhaps never before, been possible for an artist to have.”***

**(...)**

**... out of a state of numbness, emotion was all the more affectingly released until the renewed outburst of madness brought about the magical reappearance of Venus with the same daemonic force as the appeal to Mary in Act I summoned back, by a miracle, the Christian, homely, everyday world.”**

**(...)**

**I had straightaway to suffer myself to be instructed by an otherwise highly intelligent friend that I had no right to wish to have Tannhaeuser performed my way, as the audience, like my friends who had everywhere received this work favourably, had obviously thereby stated that the more comfortable, more subdued interpretation of hitherto was basically the correct one, even if unsatisfactory to me. Objection that such assertions were foolish was accepted with a friendly and indulgent shrug in order that they might be persisted in. – And this quite general mollycoddling, indeed, begging, not only of public taste, but even more of the views of our often interfering immediate circle was something that we [RW and Schnorr] now had jointly to hold out against: and this, in simple agreement concerning the right and true, we did, creating and working in silence, undemonstrative save in artistic action.”**

[P. 230] “(...) At the beginning of March 1865 Schnorr arrived in Munich, upon a brief visit, for sake of discussing the needful preliminaries of our soon forthcoming project; his presence led to a performance of ‘Tannhaeuser,’ for the rest not specially prepared, in which he undertook the title-role with a single stage-rehearsal. **I thus was limited to private conversations with him, for arranging with him his execution of this hardest of all my tasks for the dramatic singer. In general, I told him of the dismal dissatisfaction I had experienced from the previous stage-success of my ‘Tannhaeuser,’ owing to the principal part having never yet been properly rendered, nay, even comprehended. Its chief feature I defined to him as utmost energy, of transport alike and despair, with no half-way house between the moods, but abrupt and downright in its change. To fix the type for his portrayal, I bade him note the importance of the first scene with Venus; if the intended shock of this first [P. 231] scene hung fire, the failure of the whole impersonation needs must follow; for no jubilation of voice in the first finale, no girding and fury at the papal ban in Act III, could then avail to bring about the right impression. My new working of this Venus-scene, prompted by my recognition of just that importance and its insufficient definition in the earlier draft, had not as yet been put in rehearsal in Munich; Schnorr must therefore do his best, for the present, with the older version: the torturing conflict in Tannhaeuser’s soul being here left more exclusively to the singer, all the more necessary would it be for him to give it due expression by the energy of his interpretation; and in my opinion he would accomplish this only if he took the whole scene as one long climax leading to the catastrophic cry ‘My weal rests in Maria!’ I told him this ‘Maria!’ must burst forth with such vehemence that the instantaneous disenchantment of the Venusberg, and the miraculous translation to his native valley, shall be understood at once as the necessary fulfilment of an imperative behest of feeling driven to the utmost resolution. With that cry he had taken the attitude of one transported into loftiest ecstasy, and thus he must remain, without a motion, his eyes rapt heavenward; ay, even until addressed by the knights who enter later, he must not quit the spot. How to solve this task – already refused me by a very celebrated singer, a few years previously, as quite inexecutable – I would direct him at the stage-rehearsal, placing myself beside him on the boards. There accordingly I took my stand, close by his side, and, following the music and surrounding scenic incidents bar by bar, from the goatherd’s song to the departure of the pilgrims, *I whispered him the inner cycle of the entranced’s emotions, from the sublimest ecstasy of complete unconsciousness to the gradual wakening of his senses to their present environment, his ear being first to return to life – while, as if to shield the wonder from disturbance, he forbids his eye, now unchained from the magic spell of Heaven’s aether, to look as yet upon the homely world of Earth. The gaze fixed movelessly on [P. 232] high, merely the physiognomic play of features, and finally a gentle slackening of the body’s rigid upright pose, betray the stir of gained rebirth;* till every cramp dissolves beneath the whelming miracle, and he breaks down at last in humbleness with the cry: ‘Almighty, to Thy name be praise! Great are the wonders of Thy grace!’ Then, with the hushed share he takes in the pilgrim’s chant, the look, the head, the whole posture of the kneeling man, sink ever deeper; till choked with sobs, and**

in a second, saving swoon, he lies prone, unconscious, face to earth. – *Continuing to prompt him in undertones, to a like effect, I remained by Schnorr's side throughout the rehearsal. On his part my hints and very brief directions were answered by a reflecting glance, just as gentle, and of so heartfelt a sincerity that, assuring me of the most marvellous concordance, it opened for myself new insights into my own work; so that through one example, at any rate unparalleled, I became aware how fruitful to both sides may be the affectionate communion of artists differently endowed, if only their gifts are mutually and fully complementary.*

*After that rehearsal, not another word did we say about 'Tannhaeuser.' Moreover, after the performance on the following night scarce a word fell from our lips about it; especially from mine no word of praise or recognition. Through my friend's quite indescribably wonderful impersonation, of that evening, I had gained a glimpse into my own creation such as seldom, perhaps never, had been vouchsafed to an artist. That fills one with a certain hallowed awe, in whose presence it beseems one to observe a reverent silence.*

*With this one, this never repeated impersonation of Tannhaeuser, Schnorr had thoroughly realised my innermost artistic aim; the Daemonic in joy and sorrow had never for one moment been lost from sight. The crucial passage in the second finale, so often begged by me in vain: 'Zum Heil den Suendigen zu fuehren' &c. – obstinately omitted by every singer on plea of its great difficulty, by every Kapellmeister in virtue of the [P. 233] customary 'cut' – for the first and unique time was it delivered by Schnorr with that staggering and thereby harrowing expression which converts the hero, of a sudden, from an object of abhorrence into the typic claimant of our pity. Through his frenzy of humiliation during the rapid closing section of the Second Act, and through his anguished parting from Elisabeth, his appearance as a man demented in Act III, was properly prepared for: from this broken being the outburst of emotion was all the more affecting; till at last his renewed access of madness summoned the magic re-appearance of Venus with wellnigh the same daemonic cogence as the invocation of the Virgin, in Act I, had miraculously called back the Christian world of home and day. Schnorr was truly terrible in this last frenzy of despair, and I cannot believe that Kean or Ludwig Devient in 'Lear' could ever have attained a grander pitch of power.*

The impression made upon the audience was most instructive to myself. Much, as the wellnigh speechless scene after the exorcising of the Venusberg, gripped it in the right sense, and provoked tumultuous demonstrations of general and undivided feeling. On the whole, however, I noted mere stupefaction and surprise; in particular the quite new, such as that eternally omitted passage in the second finale, almost alienated people through upsetting their wonted notions. From one friend, not otherwise dull-witted, I positively had to hear that I had no right to get Tannhaeuser presented my way, since the public as well as my friends had everywhere received this work with favour, and thereby had plainly pronounced the former reading – the tamer but pleasanter one, however it might dissatisfy myself – at bottom the more correct one. My objection to the absurdity of such an argument was dismissed with an indulgent shrug of the shoulders, as much as to say, it made no difference. – In face of this general effeminacy, nay, debauchment, not only of the public taste, but even of the judgment of some of those with whom we came into

closer contact, there was nothing for us but to possess [P. 234] our souls in patience; so we went on in our simple concord as to what was true and proper, quietly doing and working without expostulation than that of the artistic deed.

And that deed was preparing, with the return of my artistic ally at commencement of the ensuing April, and the beginning of our joint rehearsals for 'Tristan.' Never has the most bungling singer or bandsman let me give him such minute instructions, as this hero who touched the highest mastership of song; with him the seemingly most paltry stubbornness in my directions found naught but gladdest welcome, for their sense he caught at once; so that I really should have deemed myself dishonest, if, haply not to seem too touchy, I had withheld the tiniest comment. The reason of it was, that the ideal meaning of my work had already opened to my friend quite of itself, and truthfully become his own; not one fibre of this soul-tissue, not the faintest hint of a hidden allusion had ever escaped him, had failed of being felt to its tenderest shade. Thus it was a mere question of accurately gauging the technical means of singer, musician and mime, to obtain a constant harmony of the personal aptitude, and its individuality of expression, with the ideal object of portrayal. Whoso was present at these rehearsals, must remember to have witnessed an artistic consentaneousness the like whereof he has never seen before or since.

(...)

[P. 235] *In truth even yet, when jotting down these recollections after three years' interval, it is impossible for me to adequately express myself about that achievement of Schnorr's as Tristan, which reached its summit in my drama's final Act; and impossible, perhaps, for reason that it quite eludes comparison. Entirely at loss to furnish so much as an approximate idea thereof, I believe the only way to transfix that terribly fleeting miracle of musico-mimetic art will be to ask the genuine friends of my self and works, both now and in times to come, before all to take into their hands the score of this Third Act. They first would have to pay close heed to the orchestra, from the Act's commencement down to Tristan's death, and follow carefully the ceaseless play of musical motives, emerging, unfolding, uniting, severing, blending anew, waxing, waning, battling each with each, at last embracing and wellnigh engulfing one another; then let them reflect that these motives have to express an emotional-life which ranges from the fiercest longing for bliss to the most resolute desire of death, and therefore required a harmonic development and an independent motion such as could never be planned with like variety (Kombinationsfuelle) in any pure-symphonic piece, and thus, again, were to be realised only by means of instrumental combinations such as scarce a purely-instrumental composer had been compelled as yet [P. 236] to press into his service to a like extent. Now let them observe that, regarded in the light of Opera, this whole enormous orchestra bears to the monologues of the singer -- outstretched upon a couch, too -- the mere relation of the accompaniment to a so-called solo: and they may judge for themselves the magnitude of Schnorr's achievement, when I call on every candid hearer of those Munich performances to testify that, from the first bar to the last, all attention, all interest was centred in the actor, the singer, stayed riveted to him, and never for a moment, for one single text-word, did he lose his hold upon his audience, but the orchestra was wholly effaced by the singer, or -- to put it more correctly -- seemed part and parcel of his utterance. Surely, to anyone who has*

*carefully studied the score, I have said enough to signalise the incomparable artistic grandeur of my friend's achievement, when I add that already at the full rehearsal unbiased hearers had credited this very Act with the most popular effect in all the work, and prophesied for it a general success. –*

*In myself, while witnessing the public representations of 'Tristan,' a reverent amaze at this my friend's titanic deed developed to a positive terror. To me it seemed at last a crime, to demand a frequent repetition of this deed, to enlist it perchance in the operatic repertoire; and, after Tristan's love-curse in the fourth performance, I felt driven to definitely declare to those around me that this must be the last performance of 'Tristan,' that I would not consent to its being given any more.*

*It may be difficult for me to make this feeling clearly understood. No anxiety about victimising the physical forces of my friend entered into it, for any such consideration had been wholly silenced by experience. Anton Mitterwurzer, who, as Schnorr's colleague at the Dresden Court-theatre and his comrade, Kurwenal, in the Munich Tristan-performances, evinced the most intelligent interest in the doings, and the deepest sorrow for the fate of our friend, -- that well-trying singer expressed himself most aptly in this regard: when his Dresden colleagues raised the cry [P. 237] that Schnorr had murdered himself with 'Tristan,' he very shrewdly replied that a man like Schnorr, who had shown himself master of his task in the fullest sense, could never overtax his physical powers, since a victorious disposal of the latter was necessarily included in the spiritual mastery of the whole affair. As a matter of fact, neither during, nor after the performance was there ever detected the smallest fatigue in his voice, or any other bodily exhaustion; on the contrary, whilst solicitude for their success had kept him in constant agitation before the performances, after each fresh success he was restored to the gayest of moods and most vigorous carriage. It was the fruit of these experiences, very correctly estimated by Mitterwurzer, that led us earnestly to ponder, on the other hand, how it might be gathered for the establishment of a new musico-dramatic Rendering, a style in answer to the true spirit of German art. And here my encounter with Schnorr, now thriven to such an intimate alliance, opened a prospect full of unhoped promise for the outcome of our joint labours in the future.*

*The inexhaustibility of a genuinely gifted nature had thus become right plain to us, from our experiences with the voice of Schnorr. For that mellow, full and brilliant organ, when employed as the immediate implement for achieving a task already mastered mentally, produced on us the said impression of absolute indefatigableness. What no singing-master in the world can teach, we found was only to be learnt from the example of important tasks thus triumphed over. – But what is the real nature of these tasks, for which our singers have not yet found the proper Style? – Their first aspect is that of an unwonted demand upon the singer's physical endurance ... . (...) [P. 238] *How ... can the masculine voice, trained to the earlier musical tendence, take up the tasks afforded by our German art of nowadays? Cultivated for a mere material appeal to the senses, it here sees nothing but fresh demands on physical strength and sheer endurance, and the modern singing-master therefore makes it his principal aim to equip the voice to meet them. How erroneous is this procedure, may be easily imagined; for any male singing-organ merely trained for physical force will succumb at once, and bootlessly, when attempting to fulfil the tasks**

*of newer German music, such as are offered in my own dramatic works, if the singer be not thoroughly alive to their spiritual significance. The most convincing proof of this was supplied by Schnorr himself; and, in illustration of the profound and total difference we here are dealing with I will cite my [P. 239] experience of that Adagio passage in the second finale of 'Tannhaeuser' ('zum Heil den Suendigen zu fuehren'). If Nature in our times has wrought a miracle of beauty in the manly vocal organ, it is the tenor voice of Tichatschek, which for forty years has retained its strength and roundness. Whoever heard him recently declaim in 'Lohengrin' the story of the Holy Grail, in noblest resonance and most sublime simplicity, was touched and seized by a living wonder. Yet in Dresden many years ago I had to strike out that passage from 'Tannhaeuser' after its first performance, because Tichatschek, then in fullest possession of his vocal force and brilliance, was unable, owing to the nature of his dramatic talent, to master the expression of that passage as an ecstasy of humiliation, and positively fell into physical exhaustion over a few high notes. Now when I state that Schnorr not only delivered this passage with the most heart-rending expression, but brought out those same high notes of passionate grief with complete fulness of tone and perfect beauty, I certainly have no idea of ranking Schnorr's vocal organ above Tichatschek's, in any sense as though it surpassed the latter in natural power; but, as compared with this uncommon gift of Nature, I claim for the voice of Schnorr just that aforesaid tirelessness in service of the spiritual understanding.*

*With the recognition of Schnorr's unspeakable import for my own artistic labours, a new springtime of hope had dawned upon my life. (...) And now that I had embraced this livening hope of a great, but gradual advance, I openly declared myself against any speedy resumption of 'Tristan.' With this performance, as with the work itself, we had taken too vast, nay, wellnigh forlorn a leap across to the New, that still remained to be first won; rents and [P. 240] chasms yawned between, and they must be most diligently filled, to pave a highway for the needful comrades to escort us lonely ones to those far distant heights. –*

*(...) Have not the most inextricable, most torturing and most dishonouring molestations, cares and humiliations in my life proceeded from that one misunderstanding which, perforce of outer haps of life and outward semblance, held me up to the world, to every social and aesthetic relation contained therein, as just nothing but an 'opera-composer' and 'operatic Kapellmeister'?"*

5/68

**(BB; P. 148)**

[\* Paraphrase of Editor's Footnote: he suggests that nirvana is roughly equivalent to eternity, brahman is roughly equivalent to soul, samsara roughly equivalent to life, and dhyana roughly equivalent to paradise.]

*“Truth=nirvana=night*

*Music=Brahman=twilight*

*Poetry = Samsara=day*

*{FEUER} New world structure: out of dhyana and into the world again descend beings who, for former virtuous service, have received their reward in proper and full measure, in order now to re-enter the cycle of births for the achievement of still greater perfection. From the earth gushes sweet juice; with this, longing refreshes itself until it has imbibed fresh love of life: then the juice runs dry; rice sprouts forth unsown, satiety to abundance; then it comes to an end. Now one has to do one's own planting, ploughing and sowing. Life's torment begins: Paradise is lost. The music of the brahman world recalls it to the memory: it leads to truth. Who understands it? The milk that has flowed from no cow? –*

*Brahman becomes desire, as music; the music which is turned towards samsara, poetry; which is the other, the side which is turned away from samsara? Nirvana – untroubled, pure harmony?”*

6/21/68      Account of Wagner's stage rehearsal of *Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg* submitted to the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* (WR; P. 185)

*“The other man who arrived with Buelow is standing on stage. It is Richard Wagner. In a state of continuous excitement that makes one nervous, he accompanies every note with a corresponding movement that the singers imitate as closely as they can; only someone who has seen the composer working and gesticulating in this way can have any idea of the multitude of nuances that he himself has thought up. Virtually every step, every shaking of the head, every hand movement, every opening of a door is ‘musically illustrated’, and there is in *Die Meistersinger*, in particular, such a mass of music to go with the singers’ dumb show that we would regard it as a miracle if a production of the opera that was not rehearsed under the composer’s direction managed to include all the gestures intended to accompany this music.”*

7/16/68      Letter to King Ludwig II of Bavaria (SLRW; P. 730)

[P. 730] *{anti-FEUER}* “I hope I shall always be in a position to tell you news of our matchless friend [Cosima Von Buelow]: she is so profound, so unusual that she – does not belong in this world. **That is why she must disappear from the world like all that is noble, which can exist only by dint of its effect on the world.** And yet we shall remain as one. ‘Apart, who shall divide us?’ – “

10/14/68      Letter to King Ludwig II of Bavaria (SLRW; P. 731-733)

[P. 731] “In taking up where I left off before, I can do no more than renew my thanks and declare that the evening of the first performance of the ‘Mastersingers’ was the high point of my career as man and artist. Just as it will be found, in time, that this work of mine is the most perfect of all that I have written so far, so must I declare that this performance of it – which I owe to your goodness alone – was the best that has ever been given of any of my works: the inestimable honour which you showed me that evening at your side I declare to be the most deeply-felt reward ever bestowed upon a leading artist. And so I declare that there is nothing more I could

ask for here: that no desire for anything greater could remain in my heart. – And now you discover that on that selfsame evening I also felt how utterly and completely wretched my life has become, and that I suffered from my inner wounds to the point of utter exhaustion. To be able to explain this to you I would have to have died first! – *Last winter, while dining with friends, I drank a toast in which I said that only he would know great success who renounced all joy of it in advance. I was understood by everyone! Well then: such a success was reserved for me; I have just described it, and declared that it could not have been more perfect. How is it then that it was also the very pinnacle of [P. 732] joylessness for me? My most gracious friend, this, too, will become clear to you some day. Here are but a few indications.*

*The work itself, which I have just described to you as my most perfect, will live on: but how? I expect that all the German theatres will attempt to appropriate it; but not one of them has shown the inclination or intention to give it complete and un mutilated. The utter wretchedness and deep decline into the which the German theatre has sunk is something I shall discover to an even fuller extent by what happens to this very work of mine. (...) Appalling desolation surrounds me on all sides; no one understands me; many are amazed; the majority deride me. In Munich I had a theatrical success: that is all that will live after me of my work! – It pains me to think of it. --*

*I declared the performance to have been supremely successful: -- but who has the faintest idea of the daily torments and the hopelessness I felt as I conducted these rehearsals? This is something, my King, which I cannot even begin to hint at without describing the most deep-seated discord of a kind you could scarce comprehend.*

[\* Translators' Footnote concerning the repercussions of Wagner's affair with Hans Von Buelow's wife Cosima: "Wagner supervised the rehearsals of *Die Meistersinger*, though the performance itself was conducted by Buelow. The Annals for the rehearsal period record 'Great confusion of feelings: all the time fresh difficulties. Unspeakably love-sick. Inclined to run away & disappear. (...) Piano rehearsals: oppressive feeling of Hans's deep hostility and alienation' (BB 198; English trans. 166-7).] **{FEUER}** *How very deceptive are appearances here, concealing things from our sight with all the greater obscurity in that the noblest hopes and desires inspire us to maintain delusions and errors without which, it seems, the world cannot exist. Who can bear the truth? – Enough: even in the face of a performance which finally turned out such an exemplary success, I knew I was utterly alone, unbefriended, and not understood; all I could do was to smile at the deceptive effects of an illusion which I myself had conjured up with convulsive efforts and which shone forth on every side, but which left my soul untouched. – Never again shall I attend a performance of one of my works!*

*After all this I must surely have reason to fear and lament that even you will find me inscrutable and enigmatic? Might even you be inclined to believe that I was not pleased to receive the most extravagant proof of your favour [P. 733] with which you raised me to an honour which I have already declared to have struck me as unique and unparalleled? Might you think that I did not retain it as a joyful memory? – Oh my King! As little as I could fail to love my work or could misprize it because of all my sufferings, so little could I doubt in the value of your love and favour. But the very greatness of this love and favour was bound to fill me with sadness, nay, with horror, since that was the only air that I breathed. (...) {FEUER} It is fate that speaks here: a*

*semblance of happiness spares us until the semblance itself must fade. 'Against baseness the gods themselves contend in vain.' The contest is over. Every hope is dead, and the cry of 'Too late!' rings forth with tongue of brass! – May one thing alone remain, your love! – “*

12/27/68 Letter to Hans Von Buelow (SLRW; P. 735-736)

[P. 735] “(...) Of course, every word you said to the musicians was just and salutary: but perhaps it was not only not entirely right but even perhaps unjust that your warning to the artists became a kind of denunciation of the audience. *I believe an audience should never be criticized: it will always retain the sovereignty of a child. How should it be reproached for its taste? After all, it fails utterly and completely to hear or see what strikes us artists as being essential. It clings to the events on stage, and to nothing else, but in these – as you know – it takes a wholly personal interest: but of all that lies behind [P. 736] these events and which we ourselves consider the only true object of art, it knows not a thing. And herein lies our entire consolation: for we can hope to present ourselves and our higher aims behind these events on stage; and in that way we shall persuade our audiences, by means of the correct illusion, to acquire, without noticing it, a greater refinement of taste. (...)*”

[1869]

1/1/69 Appendix to 'Judaism in Music' (PW Vol. III; P. 78-122)

[P. 78] [Explaining why he feels he cannot participate in the anti-Semitic movement, Wagner says:] *“Even I myself cannot engage in the task without misgivings: they spring, however, not from terror of my enemies (since, as I have here no residue of hope, so also have I naught to fear!) but rather from anxiety for certain self-sacrificing, veritably sympathetic friends, whom Destiny has brought to me from out the kindred of that national-religious element of the newer European society whose implacable hatred I have drawn upon me through discussion of peculiarities so hard to eradicate from it, and so detrimental to our culture. Yet on the other hand, I could take courage from the knowledge that these cherished friends stand on precisely the same footing as myself, nay, that they have to suffer still more grievously, and even more disgracefully, under the yoke that has fallen on all the likes of me: for I cannot hope to make my exposition quite intelligible, if I do not also throw the needful light on this yoke of the ruling Jew-society in its crushing-out of all free movement, of all true human evolution, among its kith and kin.”*

[P. 101] *“(...) In consequence of the many years of rightly and deservedly honoured work which Mendelssohn had spent in Leipzig – at whose Musical Conservatorium Brendel filled the post of a Professor – that city had received a virtual Jewish baptism of music: as a reviewer once complained, the blond variety of musician had there become an ever greater rarity, and the place, erewhile an actively distinguished factor in our German life through its university and important book-trade, was learning even to forget the most natural sympathies of local patriotism so willingly evinced by every*

*other German city; it was exclusively becoming the [P. 102] metropolis of Jewish music. (...)*

*(...)*

*Should occasion arise, I had by no means intended to deny my authorship of the article: I merely wished to prevent the question, broached most earnestly and objectively by myself, from being promptly shifted to the purely personal realm – a thing, in my opinion, to be immediately expected if my name, as that of a ‘composer indubitably envious of the fame of others,’ were dragged into play from the outset. (...) Coarse sallies, and abusive girdings at a medieval Judaeo-phobia – ascribed to the author, and so shameful for our own enlightened times – were the only thing that had come to show, beyond absurd distortions and falsifications of the article itself. (...)*

*(...)*”

[P. 104] “Since such nonsensical theories could be attributed to me, naturally the musical works which thence had sprung must be also of the most offensive character: let their success be what it might, the Press still held its ground that my music must be as abominable as my Theory. (...)

*(...)*

[P. 108] *{anti-FEUER} (...)* *So far had the matter got: we were completely barred-out from the greater German Press. But to whom belongs this Press? Our liberals and Men of Progress have terribly [P. 109] to smart for being cast by the Old-Conservative party into one pot with Judaism and its specific interests: when the Ultramontanes ask what right has a Press conducted by the Jews to interfere in matters of the Christian Church, there lies a fatal meaning in the question, which at any rate is founded on an accurate knowledge of the wires that pull those leading journals.*

*(...)*”

[P. 119] *{anti-FEUER}* “As you see, respected lady, I herewith certify the total victory of Judaism on every side; and if now once more I raise my voice against it, it certainly is from no idea that I can reduce by one iota the fulness of that victory. (...)

*(...) {anti-FEUER} Certainly, even at the time of inditing and publishing that essay, nothing was farther from my mind than the notion that I could combat the Jews’ influence upon our music with any prospect of success: the grounds of their latter-day successes were already then so clear to me, that now, after a lapse of over eighteen years, it affords me some measure of satisfaction to prove my words by its re-publication. What I may have proposed to effect thereby, I should be unable to clearly state; wherefore I fall back on the plea that an insight into the inevitable downfall of our musical affairs imposed on me the inner compulsion (Noethigung) to trace the causes of that fall. Perhaps, however, it lay near my heart to join therewith a hopeful divination: this you may [P. 120] gather from the essay’s closing apostrophe, with which I turn towards the Jews themselves.*

*Just as humane friends of the Church have deemed possible its salutary reform through an appeal to the downtrod nether clergy, so also did I take in eye the great gifts of heart, as well as mind, which, to my genuine refreshment, had greeted me from out the sphere of Jew society itself. Most certainly am I of opinion that all which burdens native German life from that direction, weighs far more terribly on intelligent and high-souled Jews themselves. Methinks I saw tokens, at that time, of my summons having called forth understanding and profounder stir. If dependence, however, is a*

*great ill and hindrance to free evolution in every walk of life, the dependence of the Jews among themselves appears to be a thralldom of the very utmost rigour. Much may be permitted and overlooked in the broad-viewed Jew by his more enlightened congeners, since they have made up their minds to live not only with us, but in us: the best Jew-anecdotes, so very entertaining, are told us by themselves; on other sides, too, we are acquainted with the frankest, and therefore at all events permissible, remarks of theirs about themselves as well as us. But to take under one's wing a man proscribed by one's own stock – that, in any case, must be accounted by the Jews a rightdown mortal crime. On this side I have had some harrowing experiences. To give you an idea of the tyranny itself, however, let one instance serve for many. An undoubtedly very gifted, truly talented and intellectual writer of Jewish origin, who seems to have almost grown into the most distinctive traits of German folk-life, and with whom I had long and often debated Judaism in all its bearings – this writer made the later acquaintance of my poems 'Der Ring des Nibelungen' and 'Tristan und Isolde'; he expressed himself about them with such warm appreciation and clear understanding, that he certainly laid to heart the invitation of my friends, to whom he had spoken, to publish openly his views about [P. 121] these poems that had been so astonishingly ignored by our own literary circles. This was impossible to him! –*

*(...) If I suppose that this openness alone is able, not so much to bring me friends from out the hostile camp, as to strengthen them to battle for their own true emancipation: then perchance I may be pardoned, if a comprehensive view of our Culture's history (ein umfassender kulturhistorischer Gedanke) screens from my mind the nature of an illusion that instinctively has found a corner in my heart. For on one thing am I clear: just as the influence which the Jews have gained upon our mental life – as displayed in the deflection and falsification of our highest culture-tendencies – just as this influence is no mere physiologic accident, so also must it be owned-to as definitive and past dispute. Whether the downfall of our Culture can be arrested by a violent ejection of the destructive foreign element, I am unable to decide, since that would require forces with whose existence I am unacquainted. If, on the contrary, this element is to be assimilated with us in such a way that in common with us, it shall ripen toward a higher evolution of our nobler human qualities: then is it obvious that no screening-off [P. 122] the difficulties of such assimilation, but only their openest exposure, can be here of any help."*

1/3/69

**Explanatory Program: Prelude to Act III 'Die Meistersinger.' (PW Vol. VIII; P. 388)**

[P. 388] {FEUER} *"With the third strophe of the cobbler-song in the second act the first motive for the strings has been already heard; there it expressed the bitter cry of the man of resignation who shows the world a cheerful, energetic countenance; that smothered cry was understood by Eva, and so deeply did it pierce her heart that she fain would flee away, only to hear this cheerful-seeming song no longer. Now (in the prelude to act iii.) this motive is played alone, and developed till it dies away in resignation: but forthwith, and as from out the distance, the horns intone the solemn song wherewith Hans Sachs greets Luther and the Reformation, the which had won the poet such incomparable popularity. After the first strophe the strings again take*

single phrases of the genuine cobbler-song, very softly and very much slower, as though the man were turning his gaze from his handiwork heavenwards, and lost in tender musings. Then with redoubled sonority the horns pursue the master's hymn, with which Hans Sachs is greeted on appearance at the festival by the whole populace of Nuremberg in thundrous unison. Next re-appears the strings' first motive, with grandiose expression of the anguish of a deep-stirred soul; calmed and allayed, it attains the utmost cheerfulness of a blest and peaceful resignation."

2/24/69

Letter to King Ludwig II of Bavaria (SLRW; P. 738-741)

[P. 738] "This morning I put the finishing strokes to the second act of Siegfried ... .

(...)

But it is a long and, more especially, a laborious task. That so little that is altogether perfect has been achieved in the world is no doubt due in part to the fact that the true genius proves himself not only in the comprehensive speed with which he conceives some great plan, but, more especially, in the impassioned, and even painful, perseverance which is required if his plan is to be fully realized. Nothing can be done here with only superficial indications: for what, from an artistic point of view, convulses us like a flash of lightning [P. 739] is a miraculously linked and delicately structured piece of jewelry in which each precious stone, each pearl, and each tiny link in the chain is made to fit with painstaking diligence, like a work of art in its very own right. In much the same way, only by making this fair copy for you (which, at the same time, shall serve, in the first place, as the basis for a copy for practical use) have I completely finished with what had been previously sketched.

*However, because of my persistent preoccupation with it, this task of developing the sketch has also served to reimmerge me in the spirit of my work and make me feel so completely at home once again that I can now go on with it as though I had never been interrupted. Of course, my great worry was naturally how to pick up where I had left off. An interruption of twelve years in any work is of course unheard of in the history of art: and if it now proves that this interruption has made no difference to the freshness of my conception, I may no doubt adduce this as a demonstration of the way in which these conceptions have an everlasting life, that they are not yesterday's, and not for tomorrow alone. The final, highly detailed working-out of the second act often enthralled and attracted me in a way that, so great was my rapturous delight, I often had to take a proper hold of myself. But I once dashed off these lines to our friend: 'Siegfried is divine. It is my greatest work!' – Let me describe to you the passage which I was bold enough to find so pleasing and so exhilarating. Siegfried has slain Fafner: the forest murmurs that had earlier captivated him so charmingly now exert their magic spell; he understands the woodbird, and – as though guided by some sweet narcosis and obeying, as it were, some instruction without knowing what he is doing – goes into the dragon's cave to remove the hoard; the Nibelung pair, having lain in wait, now rush at each other, each of them anxious to win the hoard for himself by wresting it from the lad; they wrangle and squabble in unheard-of fury. Siegfried, sunk in thoughtful contemplation of the ring, then re-emerges from the cave on to the high ground in front of it: the Nibelungs notice with horror that he has picked out the ring from the hoard, and they withdraw, each to strive after his own fashion to gain the ring*

*for himself. Siegfried, contemplating the ring and the tarnhelm: 'What use you are to me, I do not know.' As he emerges, one hears the motif of the ring winding its way eerily through the accompaniment (during the speeches of the two Nibelungs): it now passes, with supreme and ghostlike pliancy, into the theme of the Rhinedaughters from the end of the Rhinegold: 'Rhinegold! Purest gold! Ah, would that you still lit the watery depths!' (Do you remember this from that last evening at the Residenz Theatre?) To the accompaniment of a gentle tremolo on the strings, this theme is now heard on six horns, as [P. 740] though from some distant dream-world. The sense of expectancy which seizes hold of us here is quite overwhelming! When the woodbird warns Siegfried afresh against Mime's approach, and as the latter now creeps up from afar, wondering who could have told the lad of the ring, we hear gently, oh so gently his mother Sieglinde's loving concern for her son sound forth with tuneful tenderness – the son to whom, dying, she had given birth. The bird continues to hold our attention with its gentle warning phrases, as Mime now turns fawningly to Siegfried. Finally, when Mime too has been slain, a feeling of utter loneliness breaks out in the youth who until now has felt only high spirits: bear, wolf and dragon have been his only associates: the woodbird whose language he now understands is, as it were, the only creature to which he feels akin. And now the terror of ecstasy, as it tells him of Bruennhilde! Yes, and what does all this mean? {FEUER} It is certainly no scene from family life: the fate of the world hangs upon the boy's godlike simplicity and the uniqueness of a fearless individual! –*

*(...)*

*{FEUER} That is as far as I reached yesterday evening! – If I wanted to tell you more about Siegfried today, I should have to speak of a dark, sublime and awesome dread with which I enter the realm of my third act. We come here, like the Hellenes at the reeking crevice at Delphi, to the nub of the great world tragedy: the world is on the brink of destruction; the god seeks to ensure that the world is reborn, for he himself is the world's will to become. Everything here is instinct with sublime terror, and can be spoken of only in riddles. Since the time I return to Munich after that wonderful week in Hohenschwangau and had to raise such anxious questions about our fate, I have been haunted by a theme which I first conceived then and which greets us now at the very beginning of this act, proclaiming the world-god's decision, his final question and final resolve. Until this moment a sense of dread had prevented me from writing down what had flared up within me with the brightness of lightning on solitary walks through storm and tempest. But the proud exultation of the lovers united for death also found musical expression at this same time: it is like the triumphant shout hurled from a hero's breast, flinging its cry of victory, love and joy across the Alpine heights, to abandon it to eternity's endless echo.*

*And so I too, like Wotan, must shut off the world of the will, firmly, unopenably and with final resolution: this have I done! Nothing shall open it up again! In it and for it I suffered all I was capable of suffering: I have now [P. 741] acquired the right no longer to be a part of it! – You, my most gracious friend, will discover some day what I am telling you here and what I am hinting at! – And so I am now ready to cast myself into this final horror: for I can already hear the echo from the mountains resounding with the exultant clamour of redemption."*

3/3/69 (CD Vol. I; P. 68)

[P. 68] {SCHOP} *“Three elements serve the species, R. says – Love, in which the species desires to exist; the genius, in which it recognizes itself; and the saint, in whom it destroys the world.”*

3/4/69 (CD Vol. I; P. 68-69)

[P. 68-69] *“It is that which distinguishes the true poet, R. says, the ability to depict everything as it is, without explanation or solution. The latter is provided by the philosopher, and everyone who reads such poems must be his own philosopher.”*

4/6/69 Letter to Ferdinand Leutner (SLRW; P. 748)

[P. 748] *“(…) My own view is not that anything can still be done to arrest our present great cultural decline, but that something must be done to force us to see what has happened. Just as the poor political economy of the Poles has led to the country’s wealth falling into the hands of the Jews, so the boundless neglect, nay, the squandering of the German spirit’s cultural capital by German governments has allowed this same capital to be exploited by the selfsame Jews in accordance with entirely similar natural laws. All one can do is admit this: it is no longer possible to fight against it or argue about it. But we should not seek to conceal this from ourselves for the sake of our own convenience. That was my intention, as you yourself recognized it to be. Why should we squabble with our conquerors? It is only ourselves that we have to blame for having caused us to be disinherited. –  
(…)”*

4/6/69 Letter to Karl Tausig (SLRW; P. 749-750)

[P. 749] *Of course, your assurance that all Jews are reconciled with me had its effect on me. It would certainly be no bad thing if my brochure were actually properly read by sensible and intelligent Jews, but it seems as though people have forgotten how to read. Only from Vienna did I receive a letter from a young man of letters, attesting to the fact that people do indeed still know how to read. This man found that what was characteristic about my essay was its contemplative quality. And even I, when I reread it, am bound to testify that there is probably no one who has shown more objective calm than I in depicting and discussing the history of such unheard-of persecution and of the disparagement that I have encountered, a disparagement that has been as exhaustive as it has been unrelenting. Of course, I should have had to suffer in silence and say nothing if I had not uncovered the reason for this persecution. This could not be done with the kind of circumlocutions that I should now have to use in expressing my ideas on Judaism (as I call it) as something typically my own – but this is something I have in any case no intention of doing, since I cannot countenance a conflict here (utterly useless as it must be). And so I have simply had to republish the corpus delicti (out of date though it now seems to me) in order to be able to depict and explain the whole unprecedented story. To see this old piece again may have been very painful for*

*many people – and more especially for those who are totally innocent; I could have been spared all this, and they, too, could have been spared it if the article’s latent potential had finally faded in this respect as well. For a long time I expected that this would happen, but the unprecedented insolence of the Viennese press on the occasion of the ‘Mastersingers’, the continual, brazen, lie-mongering about me, and its truly destructive effects have finally persuaded me to take this step, regardless of its consequences, more especially after I had been questioned on the matter. But I have now given some really intelligent Jew all the material he needs to give the whole question a new and, no doubt, beneficial twist, and to assume a highly significant attitude towards this most important of all our cultural concerns. I know there must be such a person: if he does not dare to do what it is his business to do, then it is with immeasurable sadness that I shall have to concede that I was right to describe Judaism – or more especially modern German Judaism – as I did, and if I leave the description to stand, as I have done. But one needs courage as well as mere presumption, for I take the matter very seriously. – When you tell me that ‘Lohengrin’ has reconciled the Jews with me, what I understand by this is really only that my brochure is regarded as over-hasty and, as such, is forgiven me. I do not find this very comforting. I have already encountered a [P. 750] very great deal of good-naturedness, especially on the part of Jews. Let one of them show real courage, only then will I rejoice! – “*

6/18/69      (CD Vol. I; P. 110)

[P. 110] “At lunch, the ungrateful spite of a manservant produces a significant conversation. R. says one needs just as much Christian love to receive kindness as to show it; {FEUER} *the subordinate asks himself: why can I also not harbor these feelings, why can I not dispense alms? The unity of all Nature is expressed in the feelings of the poor person: I am a suffering mortal like you, we are equal. And this unconscious instinct for equality in turn creates the insuperable division. Only a saint, who does not dispense alms but turns himself into a poor person, a prisoner, can set this division aside. He says it was Alberich who made him profoundly aware of this mental condition.*”

6/20/69      (CD Vol. I; P. 111)

[P. 111] “At lunch R. and I smiled to think that poor *Tristan*, this night flower full of grace, has always been treated like a poisonous toadstool. R. is of the opinion that nobody wants tragedy, situations or feelings that cannot be changed or made better are anathema to all.”

6/21/69      (CD Vol. I; P. 111)

[P. 111] {FEUER} “R. talks about the work [*Tristan*] and says that in it the cult of the earth goddess finds true expression; he feels as if he had thrown himself headlong into the paintpots and emerged dripping. He had had to make use of the richest resources of musical expression because the action of the drama is so simple. No one but a

musician was in a position to explore such a subject to its very depths, and remain at the same time attractive.”

7/4/69            (CD Vol. I; P. 119)

[P. 119] {FEUER} “... he is still delighted with the picture of Beethoven: ‘That is how he looked, this poor man who gave us back the language men spoke before they had ideas; it was to recover this language of the birds that Man created the divine art. But this is also the reason why a musician such as he is a being for whom there is absolutely no place in society.’”

7/8/69            Valentina Serova’s reminiscence of a visit to Tribschen on  
7/8/69 (WR; P. 203)

[P. 203] {FEUER} “Someone made so bold as to ask why Wotan could rejoice in Siegfried’s protest, yet punish his daughter so cruelly for her disobedience. Wagner glanced fiercely at the questioner. ‘Because’, he replied, ‘Bruennhilde herself is no more than Wotan’s desire (his “Wunschkind”). When his desires begin to contradict his own will, in other words, when he has lost the power of free will, the violence of his anger is directed not against Bruennhilde but against himself. Bruennhilde may be the outward manifestation but its essence lies in Wotan’s inner discord.’ ‘In that case, why must Siegfried be killed?’ the questioner went on.

{FEUER} ‘Because evil always prevails over good. Alberich’s powers are invincible: he is the spirit of evil who pursues his dark ends with a grim, unflinching determination. And he passes on this resolve to his son Hagen. One woman alone, Bruennhilde, is able to redeem the evil through her heroic action and to reconcile us at last to the crimes and intrigues of humanity. Those elements which lend dignity to our faults are concentrated in the arms of this loving woman.’ “

7/27/69           (CD Vol. I; P. 130)

[P. 130] {FEUER} “Then he says that he sometimes has the feeling that art is downright dangerous – it is as if in this great enjoyment of observing he is perhaps failing to recognize the presence of some hidden sorrow.”

8/15/69           (CD Vol. I; P. 137)

[P. 137] {FEUER} “... R. plays me his third act [Siegfried], great emotion. ‘The kiss of love is the first intimation of death, the cessation of individuality, that is why a person is so terrified by it.’”

8/69               Verses on the Completion of ‘Siegfried’ (PW Vol. IV; P. 367)

[P. 367]           “Bruennhilde wakes, who many a year had slumbered  
fulfilled is now All-father’s silent law;  
whom she had loved or e’er his birth was numbered,

whom shielded she or e'er day's light he saw,  
 for whom her lot with wrath of gods was cumbered –  
 behold him now the veil of sleep withdraw.  
 To her through circling fire his steps were driven,  
 Who but to mate her love to youth had thriven.  
 (...)”

10/69 Poem on ‘Rheingold’ (PW Vol. IV; P. 367)

[P. 367] “Play on, ye dwarves of darkness, with the Ring;  
 well may it serve your huckst’ring pranks of old!  
 Yet have a care: its hoop may prove a sling;  
 ye know the Curse: see if ‘twas lightly told!  
 The Curse has said, the work to life shall spring  
 with him alone who *fearless* guards the gold;  
 but you, your niggling play with paste and pap  
 shall soon be curtained by the Niblung’s cap!”

10/31/69 (CD Vol. I; P. 160)

[P. 160] {FEUER} {SCHOP} “... R. looks Eva long in the eye: ‘What is individuality? Nothing – one sees that when one looks at such a child’s face, and a whole species answers.’”

9-12/69 About Conducting (PW Vol. IV; P. 289; P. 342)

[P. 342] {anti-FEUER} “*It is one main characteristic of this Polish, never to dwell strongly upon anything, to plunge deep into nothing, or, as the saying goes, not to make much account. Item: the greatest, sublimest and most arcane, is dubbed a thing of course, quite ‘self-intelligible,’ at every man’s disposal at all hours, to learn or even to imitate its trick. So no time must be wasted on the prodigious, the daemonic, the divine, for simple reason that there’s nothing at all imitable to be found therein. Wherefore this Polish is mighty glib with the terms ‘excrescence,’ ‘exaggeration’ and the like; whence, again, has sprung a new school of Aesthetics, pretending above all to take its stand on Goethe, -- as he too, you know, had a dislike of all monstrosities, and replaced them by so fair and equable a clarity. Then ‘harmlessness’ is praised as Art; Schiller, quite too impulsive here and there, is treated with a certain spice of contempt; and so in wise agreement with our modern Philistine an altogether new idea of ‘Classicality’ is built, to buttress which, in wider spheres of art, the Greeks are called upon at last. – The Greeks with whom transparent gaiety was so very much at home. And this sickly shuffling-off the earnestness and awe of Being is raised into a whole system of latest World-philosophy (Weltanschauung), in whose completed midst our ‘cultured’ music-heroes take their undisputed easy-chairs of honour.*”

12/11/69 (CD Vol. I; P. 171)

[P. 171] “He works and is satisfied; in Bruennhilde’s scene with Siegfried in *Goetterdaemmerung* none of the themes from the love scene reappear, because everything evolves out of the *mood*, not the underlying thought, and the mood here is different from the *heroic idyll* of *Siegfried*.”

12/16/69 (CD Vol. I; P. 173)

[P. 173] “R. and I start talking about *Tristram Shandy* ... . The fact that Shandy’s father refers constantly to *mother wit*, or the wit one derives from *oneself*, suggests that by this he means genius.”

[1870]

1/13/70 Letter to Anton Pusinelli (SLRW; P. 763-764)

[P. 763] “This life of mine really has been the strangest affair. Anyone who reviews it in detail is bound to find in it the expression of but a single need, a single aim, namely: that of finding peace and tranquility, albeit endowed with whatever degree of comfort is necessary for artistic creativity. On the other hand, *the outward course of my life appears such that not even a lunatic hell-bent upon high adventure could have fashioned a more turbulent and vicissitudinous life for himself. The attentive reader of my biography will soon see the reasons for this contradiction: they are of an ideal & a practical nature. In the first instance, they are to be found in my particular artistic bias, because – as an ‘opera composer’ – I am condemned to the most trivial of all artistic spheres for my life’s work, and because it is precisely here that I intend to create a work of art that utterly transcends all other artistic genres.* The practical reasons reveal two main obstacles in my life: my total lack of financial means, and my premature and utterly unsuitable marriage. But want of property was certainly the worst of all. Inherited wealth may be great or small, but it alone can provide the independence necessary to a man desirous of something serious and genuine: given my own inclinations, and, more especially, given the sphere of my activities, having to earn my money in order to live is an absolute curse. Many great men have felt this already, and many have perished as a result of it. I am convinced that the possession of even moderate means would have made me completely stable as regards the outward aspect of my life, and spared me so much unrest. However, the complete opposite of this has made me, too, indifferent to the value of money,

[P. 764] almost as if I had known I could never actually ‘earn’ any money for myself. Given the other bias in my life, towards the ideal, I have had to suffer unspeakably from the consequences of this indifference.”

2/4/70 Letter to Friedrich Nietzsche (SLRW; P. 770-771)

[P. 770] “Yesterday evening I read your treatise [*Socrates and Tragedy*] to our friend. It took me a long time to calm her down afterwards: she found that you had

treated the tremendous names of the great Athenians in a surprisingly modern manner; I myself thought it necessary to remind her that the nature of public lecturing [P. 771] and elegant book-writing nowadays has debased the traditional language used in discussing our great classical models, and reduced it to the level of the methods employed in dismissing decidedly modern phenomena. (Mommsen's Cicero as a feuilletonist inevitably came to mind.) This was soon understood as something deriving from a weakness of the age, and, as such, it was excused. For my own part, what I felt most of all was a sense of shock at the boldness with which you impart so new an idea, in such brief and categorical terms, to a public which is presumably not really disposed to be educated, so that, if you want your sins to be absolved, you must reckon upon being totally misunderstood in this quarter. Even those people who are initiated into my own ideas are bound to be shocked when they find how much your ideas conflict with their own belief in Sophocles and even Aeschylus. For myself, of course, I can but say to you: so it is! You have hit the mark, and described the real issue with such acuity that it is with a sense of wonderment that I await your future development, when you attempt to overcome common dogmatic prejudice. – But I am concerned about you, and pray from the bottom of my heart that you do not come to grief. That is why I should like to advise you not to discuss these incredible views of yours in short treatises designed to create an easy effect by raising awkward issues, but, since – as I recognize – you are deeply imbued with these ideas, to collect your thoughts together for a longer and more comprehensive work on the subject. I am sure that you will then find the right word to describe the divine errors of Socrates and Plato, men who were of such overwhelming creative power, that, even when turning away from them, we are none the less bound to revere them. Oh my friend! Where shall we find words of praise when we gaze from our world upon those inconceivably harmonic beings! And what high hopes and aspirations may we then cherish for ourselves, when we feel deeply and clearly that we can, and must, achieve something that was denied to them! –

Above all things I hope most emphatically that I have left you in no doubt as to my opinion of your Socrates and the others, for I have just told you what I think of it. – “

2/15/70            (CD Vol. I; P. 190)

[P. 190] *“In the evening I, too, looked through ‘Kaethchen von Heilbronn’. When I remark to R. how strange it is that one is still so moved at the end, though one knows what is coming, R. replies that, since everything in it is musical, it is not surprise which counts, but fulfillment.”*

2/17/70            (CD Vol. I; P. 191)

[P. 191] *{SCHOP}* *“In the evening a letter from Prof. Nietzsche, which pleases us, for his mood had given us cause for concern. Regarding this, R. says he fears that Schopenhauer’s philosophy might in the long run be a bad influence on young*

people of this sort, because they apply his pessimism, which is a form of thinking, contemplation, to life itself, and derive from it an active form of hopelessness.”

3/1/70 (CD Vol. I; P. 194-195)

[P. 194] {FEUER} “... R. explains to him [Porges] how it is that the Holy Grail can be regarded as freedom. Renunciation, repudiation of the will, the oath of chastity separate the Knights of the Grail from the world of appearances. The knight is permitted to break his oath through the condition which he imposes on the woman – for, if a woman could so overcome a natural propensity as not to ask, she would be worthy of admission to the Grail. It is the possibility of this salvation which permits the Knight to marry. The Knight of the Grail is sublime and free because he acts, not on his own behalf, but for others. He desires nothing more for himself. In the evening R. says to me, ‘Justice reigns in this world, only it is difficult to recognize.’”

3/17/70? (BB; P. 177)

[P. 177] {FEUER} “Sculptors and poets give nation what it would like to seem, - the musician – what it really is. – Terror of inner world basis of sublime. (...) Effect of music always that of sublime: form, however, that of beauty, i.e., in first instance, liberation of individual from conception of any causality. – Musical beauty form in which musician plays with sublime. Beeth. = Schopenhauer: his music, translated into concepts, would produce that philosophy.

(...)

{FEUER} Banality of world, wishing without sacrifice to enjoy what delighted him whenever he extracted himself from life. – Saintliness. Church.

(...)

If it does not lead to sublime effect, then that which is beautiful is mere play.”

4/18/70 (CD Vol. I; P. 211)

[P. 211] “Reverting to *Die Msinger* in Berlin, he says, ‘It is still just as I said to Hans in Munich on his birthday: we shall attain success only if we renounce all pleasure in it.’”

5/15/70 (CD Vol. I; P. 219)

[P. 219] “Afterward R. reads Hoffman’s ‘Das fremde Kind’ to me and the elder children; great enjoyment in this fine tale, which R. says expresses very well the pleasures of civilization, the breach between nature and culture.”

5/19/70 (CD Vol. I; P. 220)

[P. 220] “R. said at breakfast that Wallenstein had brought back to his mind what he wrote in *Opera and Drama* about the nature of drama: to make something clear to the audience, one needs to put in so much which in fact leaves it unaffected.”

5/25/70 (CD Vol. I; P. 223)

[P. 223] {SCHOP} “ ‘That is just the problem,’ R. replies and, going on from there, explains to me the nature of Schopenhauer’s Will (from Brahma to Buddha), ‘the urge toward life, then toward knowledge, and finally toward destruction. Remorse – that is to say, the knowledge that inside us something lives which is much more powerful than our idea of evil.’ R. spoke for a long time, beautifully and movingly, and I felt as if through him I were penetrating into the secrets of the world, but only through him. Afterward finished *Philoctetes*, with unbounded admiration.”

6/5/70 (CD Vol. I; P. 228)

[P. 228] “R. shows me in the sketch the theme from the love scene between Br (uennhilde) and Siegfried, which appears like a mirage as S. overpowers Br., and she subconsciously recognizes him. {FEUER} {SCHOP} R. says, ‘When the ring was snatched from her I thought of Alberich; the noblest character suffers the same as the ignoble, in every creature the will is identical.’”

9/18/70 (CD Vol. I; P. 272)

[P. 272] {SCHOP} “R. says to me: ‘I regret after all not having compared Beethoven with Schopenhauer. There would have been a fuss, and yet in Beethoven’s world he does represent *reason*. I was recently reminded forcibly of Sch (openhauer)’s genius when I read what he had to say about the differences between human beings. *He regards it as an ineptitude of Nature not to have created yet another species, since between gifted and ungifted human beings there is indeed a gap wider than between human beings and animals. One has only to watch a theater audience, in which one person is utterly absorbed and concentrating, the other inattentive, fidgety, vapid. Between these two persons no understanding is possible, and therein lies the mystery of the gifted person in a world in which he must regard as identical with himself a creature who no more resembles him than an ape does.*”

9/21/70 (BB; P. 179-180)

“Concerning journalism. – This has rendered man (vulgo: the audience) so incapable of allowing the effect of an event – or ultimately of a work of art – to work on him directly and naively, that now even I who count solely on this direct impression and employ all my art towards achieving the greatest precision of the same, find myself after all obliged to ‘write’ in order again simply to prepare the audience’s power of comprehension for this impression.”

10/11/70 (CD Vol. I; P. 282)

[P. 282] {FEUER} “In the evening a conversation about sense of duty, right and wrong. ‘What I recognize,’ says R., ‘is not the works but the belief – not to do what is right against my inclinations, but to do what is good from all my heart.’”

10/21/70 (CD Vol. I; P. 286)

[P. 286] “Richter is quite astounded by the introduction to the third act of *Siegfried*, which he is now copying; he discusses the instrumentation, particularly of the Norns’ theme. R. laughs: ‘Yes, it sounds like a child shrieking. As well as something holy and sublime there is a demonically childish and shrieking quality in it, like a virgin who has never loved or borne children. One cannot imagine a witch’s voice as anything but high and childish; it lacks the vibrating tones of the heart.’”

11/1/70 (CD Vol. I; P. 291)

[P. 291] *{anti-FEUER}* “... everything depends on facing the truth, even if it is unpleasant. What about myself in relation to Schopenhauer’s philosophy – when I was completely Greek, an optimist? But I made the difficult admission, and from this act of resignation emerged ten times stronger.”

11/26/70 (CD Vol. I; P. 300)

[P. 300] *{FEUER}* “Talking of the third act of ‘*Siegfried*’, he says, ‘*Siegfried*’s manner of wooing is really good, and the way he calls on his mother – well, that is religion: when the individual forgets himself and applies his happiness to the whole universe.’”

9-12/70 Beethoven (PW Vol. V; P. 57-126)

[P. 63] *{FEUER}* “I believe that the most positive fact we shall ever ascertain about Beethoven the man, in the very best event, will stand in the same relation to Beethoven the musician as General Bonaparte to the ‘*Sinfonia Eroica*.’ Viewed from this side of consciousness, the great musician must always remain a complete enigma to us. At all to solve this enigma, we undoubtedly must strike an altogether different path from that on which it is possible, up to a certain point at least, to follow the creative work of Goethe and Schiller: and that point itself becomes a vanishing one exactly at the spot where creation passes from a conscious to an [P. 64] unconscious act, i.e. where the poet no longer chooses the aesthetic Form, but it is imposed upon him by his inner vision (*Anschauung*) of the Idea itself. Precisely in this beholding of the Idea, however, resides the fundamental difference between poet and musician ... .

*{FEUER}* The said diversity comes out quite plainly in the plastic artist, when compared with the musician; betwixt them stands the poet, inclining toward the plastic artist in his conscious fashioning (*Gestalten*), approaching the musician on the mystic ground of his unconsciousness. With Goethe the conscious leaning toward plastic art was so strong that at a momentous epoch of his life he actually deemed himself intended for its practice, and, in a certain sense, his whole life through he preferred to regard his poetic labours as a kind of effort to make up for a missed career as painter: on the side of consciousness he was a thorough student of the visual world. Schiller, on the contrary, was far more strongly attracted to an exploration of the subsoil of inner consciousness that lies entirely aloof from vision (*Anschauung*), to that ‘thing in itself’ of the Kantian philosophy, whose study so engrossed him in the

main period of his higher evolution. The point of lasting contact of these two great minds lay precisely where the poet, journeying from either extreme, alights on his self-consciousness. They met, too, in their presage of the *essence of Music*; only, with Schiller it was accompanied by a deeper insight than with Goethe who, in keeping with his whole tendency, regarded more the pleasing, plastic symmetry of art-music, that element which gives the art of tone an analogy with Architecture. Schiller took a deeper grasp of the problem, giving it as his opinion – to which he obtained the assent of Goethe – that the Epos leans toward Plastic art, the Drama, on the contrary, toward Music. And quite in harmony with our foregoing [P. 65] judgment of both these poets, Schiller was actually happier in drama proper, whilst Goethe showed an unmistakable preference for the epic style of treatment.

{SCHOP} *But it was Schopenhauer who first defined the position of Music among the fine arts with philosophic clearness, ascribing to it a totally different nature from that of either plastic or poetic art. He starts with wonder at Music's speaking a language immediately intelligible by everyone, since it needs no whit of intermediation through abstract concepts (Begriffe); which completely distinguishes it from Poetry, in the first place, whose sole material consists of concepts employed by it to visualise the Idea.* For according to this philosopher's so luminous definition it is the ideas of the world and of its essential phenomena, in the sense of Plato, that constitute the 'object' of the fine arts; whereas, however, the Poet interprets these Ideas to the visual consciousness (dem anschauenden Bewusstsein) through an employment of strictly rationalistic concepts in a manner quite peculiar to his art, *Schopenhauer believes he must recognise in Music itself an idea of the world, since he who could entirely translate it into abstract concepts would have found withal a philosophy to explain the world itself.* [P. 66] Though Schopenhauer propounds this theory of Music as a paradox, since it cannot strictly be set forth in logical terms, he also furnishes us with the only serviceable material for a further demonstration of the justice of his profound hypothesis; a demonstration which he himself did not pursue more closely, perhaps for simple reason that as layman he was not conversant enough with music, and moreover was unable to base his knowledge thereof sufficiently definitely on an understanding of the very musician whose works have first laid open to the world that deepest mystery of Music; for *Beethoven*, of all others, is not to be judged exhaustively until that pregnant paradox of Schopenhauer's has been solved and made right clear to philosophic apprehension.

{SCHOP} *In making use of this material supplied us by the philosopher I fancy I shall do best to begin with a remark in which Schopenhauer declines to accept the Idea derived from a knowledge of 'relations' as the essence of the Thing-in-itself, but regards it merely as expressing the objective character of things, and therefore as still concerned with their phenomenal appearance. 'And we should not understand this character itself' – so Schopenhauer goes on to say – 'were not the inner essence of things confessed to us otherwise, dimly at least and in our Feeling. For that essence cannot be gathered from the Ideas, nor understood through any mere objective knowledge; wherefore it would ever remain a mystery, had we not access to it from quite another side. Only inasmuch as every observer [lit. knower or perceiver – Erkennen] is an Individual withal, and thereby part of Nature, stands there open to him*

*in his own self-consciousness the adit to Nature's innermost; and there forthwith, and most immediately, it makes itself known to him as Will.*

*{SCHOP} {FEUER} If we couple this with what Schopenhauer postulates as the condition for entry of an Idea into our consciousness, namely 'a temporary preponderance of intellect over will, or to put it physiologically, a strong excitation of the [P. 67] sensory faculty of the brain (der anschauenden Gehirnthaetigkeit) without the smallest excitation of the passions or desires,' we have only further to pay close heed to the elucidation which directly follows it, {pre-SCHOP} namely that our consciousness has two sides: in part it is a consciousness of one's own self, which is the will; in part a consciousness of other things, and chiefly then a visual knowledge of the outer world, the apprehension of objects. 'The more the one side of the aggregate consciousness comes to the front, the more does the other retreat.*

*{SCHOP} {FEUER} After well weighing these extracts from Schopenhauer's principal work it must be obvious to us that musical conception, as it has nothing in common with the seizure of an Idea (for the latter is absolutely bound to physical perception of the world), can have its origin nowhere but upon that side of consciousness which Schopenhauer defines as facing inwards. Though this side may temporarily retire completely, to make way for entry of the purely apprehending 'subject' on its function (i.e. the seizure of Ideas), on the other hand it transpires that only from this inward-facing side of consciousness can the intellect derive its ability to seize the Character of things. If this consciousness, however, is the consciousness of one's own self, i.e. of the Will, we must take it that its repression is indispensable indeed for purity of the outward-facing consciousness, but that the nature of the Thing-in-itself – inconceivable by that physical [or 'visual'] mode of knowledge – would only be revealed to this inward-facing consciousness when it had attained the faculty of seeing within as clearly as that other side of consciousness is able in its seizure of Ideas to see without.*

*{SCHOP} {FEUER} For a further pursuit of this path Schopenhauer has also given us the best of guides, through his profound hypothesis concerning the physiologic phenomenon of [P. 68] Clairvoyance, and the Dream-theory he has based thereon. For as in that phenomenon the inward-facing consciousness attains the actual power of sight where our waking daylight consciousness feels nothing but a vague impression of the midnight background of our Will's emotions, so from out this night Tone bursts upon the world of waking, a direct utterance of the Will. As dreams must have brought to everyone's experience, beside the world envisaged by the functions of the waking brain there dwells a second, distinct as is itself, no less a world displayed to vision; since this second world can in no case be an object lying outside us, it therefore must be brought to our cognisance by an inward function of the brain; and this form of the brain's perception Schopenhauer here calls the Dream-organ. Now a no less positive experience is this: besides the world that presents itself to sight, in waking as in dreams, we are conscious of the existence of a second world, perceptible only through the ear, manifesting itself through sound; literally a sound-world beside the light-world, a world of which we may say that it bears the same relation to the visible world as dreaming to waking: for it is quite as plain to us as is the other, though we must recognise it as being entirely different. As the world of dreams can only come to vision through a special operation of the brain, so Music enters our consciousness*

*through a kindred operation; only, the latter differs exactly as much from the operation consequent on sight, as that Dream-organ from the function of the waking brain under the stimulus of outer impressions.*

*{SCHOP} {FEUER} As the Dream-organ cannot be roused into action by outer impressions, against which the brain is now fast [P. 69] locked, this must take place through happenings in the inner organism that our waking consciousness merely feels as vague sensations. But it is this inner life through which we are directly allied with the whole of Nature, and thus are brought into a relation with the Essence of things that eludes the forms of outer knowledge, Time and Space; {SCHOP} whereby Schopenhauer so convincingly explains the genesis of prophetic or telepathic (*das Fernste wahrnehmbar machenden*), fatidical dreams, ay, in rare and extreme cases the occurrence of somnambulistic clairvoyance. From the most terrifying of such dreams we wake with a scream, the immediate expression of the anguished will, which thus makes definite entrance into the Sound-world first of all, to manifest itself without. Now if we take the Scream in all the diminutions of its vehemence, down to the gentler cry of longing, as the root-element of every human message to the ear; and if we cannot but find in it the most immediate utterance of the Will, through which the latter turns the swiftest and the surest toward Without, then we have less cause to wonder at its immediate intelligibility than at an art arising from this element: for it is evident, upon the other hand, that neither artistic beholding nor artistic fashioning can result from aught but a diversion of the consciousness from the agitations of the will.*

*{SCHOP} {FEUER} To explain this wonder, let us first recall our philosopher's profound remark adduced above, that we should never understand even the Ideas that by their very nature are only seizable through will-freed, i.e. objective contemplation, had we not another approach to the Essence-of-things which lies beneath them, namely our direct consciousness of our own self. By this consciousness alone are we enabled to understand withal the inner nature of things outside us, inasmuch as we recognise in them the selfsame basic essence that our self-consciousness declares to be our very own. Our each illusion hereanent had sprung from the mere sight of a world around us, a world that in the show of daylight we took for something [P. 70] quite apart from us; first through (intellectual) perception of the Ideas, and thus upon a circuitous path, do we reach an initial stage of undeception, in which we no longer see things parcelled off in time and space, but apprehend their generic character; and this character speaks out the plainest to us from the works of Plastic art, whose true province it therefore is to take the illusive surface (Schein) of the light-shown world and, in virtue of a most ingenious playing with that semblance, lay bare the Idea concealed beneath. In daily life the mere sight of an object leaves us cold and unconcerned, and only when we become aware of that object's bearing on our will, does it call forth an emotion; in harmony wherewith it very properly ranks as the first aesthetic principle of Plastic Art, that its imagings shall entirely avoid such references to our individual will, and prepare for our sight that calm which alone makes possible a pure Beholding of the object according to its own character. Yet the effector of this aesthetic, will-freed contemplation, into which we momentarily plunge, here remains nothing but the show of things. And it is this principle of tranquilisation by sheer pleasure in the semblance, that has been extended from Plastic art to all the arts, and*

*made a postulate for every manner of aesthetic pleasing. Whence, too, has come our term for beauty (Schoenheit!); the root of which word in our German language is plainly connected with Show (Schein) as object, with Seeing (Schauen) as subject. –*

*But that consciousness which alone enabled us to grasp the Idea transmitted by the Show we looked on, must feel compelled at last to cry with Faust: ‘A spectacle superb! But still, alas! a spectacle. Where seize I thee, o Nature infinite?’*

*{FEUER} This cry is answered in the most positive manner by Music. Here the world outside us speaks to us in terms intelligible beyond compare, since its sounding message to our ear is of the selfsame nature as the cry sent forth to it [P. 71] from the depths of our own inner heart. The Object of the tone perceived is brought into immediate rapport with the subject of the tone emitted: without any reasoning go-between we understand the cry for help, the wail, the shout of joy, and straightway answer it in its own tongue. If the scream, the moan, the murmured happiness in our own mouth is the most direct utterance of the will’s emotion, so when brought us by our ear we understand it past denial as utterance of the same emotion; *no illusion is possible here, as in the daylight Show, to make us deem the essence of the world outside us not wholly identical with our own; and thus that gulf which seems to sight is closed forthwith.**

*{FEUER} {SCHOP} Now if we see an art arise from this immediate consciousness of the oneness of our inner essence with that of the outer world, our most obvious inference is that this art must be subject to aesthetic laws quite distinct from those of every other. All aesthetes hitherto have rebelled against the notion of deducing a veritable art from what appears to them a purely pathologic element, and have consequently refused to Music any recognition until its products show themselves in a light as cold as that peculiar to the fashionings of plastic art. Yet that its very rudiment (*ihr blosses Element*) is felt, not seen, by our deepest consciousness as a world’s idea, we have learnt to recognise forthwith through Schopenhauer’s eventful aid, and we understand that Idea as a direct revelation of the oneness of the Will; starting with the oneness of all human being, our consciousness is thereby shown beyond dispute our unity with Nature, whom equally we recognise through Sound.*

*{SCHOP} {FEUER} Difficult as is the task of eliciting Music’s nature as an art, we believe we may best accomplish it by considering the inspired musician’s modus operandi. In many respects this must radically differ from that of other artists. As to the latter we have had to acknowledge that it must be preceded by a will-freed, pure beholding of the object, an act [P. 72] of like nature with the effect to be produced by the artwork itself in the mind of the spectator. Such an object, however, to be raised to an Idea by means of pure Beholding, does not present itself to the musician at all; for his music is itself a world’s idea, an Idea in which the world immediately displays its essence, whereas in those other arts this essence has to pass through the medium of the understanding (*das Erkenntniss*) before it can become displayed. *We can but take it that the individual will, silenced in the plastic artist through pure beholding, awakes in the musician as the universal Will, and – above and beyond all power of vision – now recognises itself as such in full self-consciousness. Hence the great difference in the mental state of the concipient musician and the designing artist; hence the radically diverse effects of music and of painting: here profoundest stilling, there utmost excitation of the will. In other words**

*we here have the will imprisoned by the fancy (Wahn) of its difference from the essence of things outside, and unable to lift itself above its barriers save in the purely disinterested beholding of objects; whilst there, in the musician's case, the will feels one forthwith, above all bounds of individuality: for Hearing has opened it the gate through which the world thrusts home to it, it to the world. This prodigious breaking-down the floodgates of Appearance must necessarily call forth in the inspired musician a state of ecstasy wherewith no other can compare: in it the will perceives itself the almighty Will of all things: it has not mutely to yield place to contemplation, but proclaims itself aloud as conscious World-Idea. {SCHOP} {FEUER} One state surpasses his, and one alone, -- the Saint's, and chiefly through its permanence and imperturbability; whereas the clairvoyant ecstasy of the musician has to alternate with a perpetually recurrent state of individual consciousness, which we must account the more distressful the higher has his inspiration carried him above all bounds of individuality. And this suffering again, allotted him as penalty for the state of inspiration in which he so unutterably entrances us, might [P. 73] make us hold the musician in higher reverence than other artists, ay, wellnigh give him claim to rank as holy. For his art, in truth, compares with the communion of all other arts as Religion with the Church.*

*{FEUER} {SCHOP} We have seen that in the other arts the Will is longing to become pure Knowledge (gaenzlich Erkenntniss zu werden verlangt), but that this is possible only in so far as it stays stock still in its deepest inner chamber: 'tis as if it were awaiting tidings of redemption from there outside; content they it not, it sets itself in that state of clairvoyance; and here, beyond the bounds of time and space, it knows itself the world's One and All. What it here has seen, no tongue can impart [\* Translator's Footnote: "Cf. *Tristan und Isolde*, act iii. : 'Die Sonne sah ich night, nicht sah ich Land noch Leute: doch was ich sah, das kann ich dir nicht sagen.' "]; as the dream of deepest sleep can only be conveyed to the waking consciousness through translation into the language of a second, an allegoric dream which immediately precedes our wakening, so for the direct vision of its self the Will creates a second organ of transmission, -- an organ whose one side faces toward that inner vision, whilst the other thrusts into the reappearing outer world with the sole direct and sympathetic message, that of Tone. The Will cries out; and in the countercry it knows itself once more: thus cry and countercry become for it a comforting, at last an entrancing play with its own self.*

Sleepless one night in Venice, I stepped upon the balcony of my window overlooking the Grand Canal: like a deep dream the fairy city of lagoons lay stretched in shade before me. From out the breathless silence rose the strident cry of a gondolier just woken on his barque; again and again his voice went forth into the night, till from remotest distance its fellow-cry came answering down the midnight length of the Canal: I recognised the drear melodic phrase to which the well-known lines of Tasso were also wedded in his day, but which in itself is certainly as old as Venice's canals and people. After many a solemn pause the ringing dialogue took quicker life, and seemed [P. 74] at last to melt in unison; till finally the sounds from far and near died softly back to new-won slumber. Whate'er could sun-steeped, colour-warming Venice of the daylight tell me of itself, that that sounding dream of night had not brought infinitely deeper, closer, to my consciousness? -- (...) *So wakes*

*the child from the night of the mother-womb, and answer it the mother's crooning kisses; so understands the yearning youth the woodbird's mate-call, so speaks to the musing man the moan of beasts, the whistling wind, the howling hurricane, till over him there comes the dreamlike state in which the ear reveals to him the inmost essence of all his eye had held suspended in the cheat of scattered show, and tells him that his inmost being is one therewith, that only in this wise can the Essence of things without be learnt in truth.*

*{FEUER} The dreamlike nature of the state into which we thus are plunged through sympathetic hearing – and wherein there dawns on us that other world, that world from whence the musician speaks to us – we recognise at once from an experience at the door of every man: namely, that our eyesight is paralysed to such a degree by the effect of music upon us, that with eyes wide open we no longer intensively see. We experience this in every concert-room while listening to any tone-piece that really touches us, where the most hideous and distracting things are passing before our eye, things that assuredly would quite divert us from the music, and even move us to laughter, if we actively saw them; I mean, besides the highly trivial aspect of the audience itself, the mechanical movements of the band, the whole peculiar working [P. 75] apparatus of the orchestral production. That this spectacle – which preoccupies the man untouched by the music – at last ceases to disturb the spellbound listener, plainly shows us that we no longer are really conscious of it, but, for all our open eyes, have fallen into a state essentially akin to that of hypnotic clairvoyance. And in truth it is in this state alone that we immediately belong to the musician's world. From out that world, which nothing else can picture, the musician casts the meshwork of his tones to net us, so to speak; or, with his wonder-drops of sound he dews our brain as if by magic, and robs it of the power of seeing aught save our own inner world.*

*{SCHOP} {FEUER} To gain a glimpse of his procedure, we again can do no better than return to its analogy with that inner process whereby – according to Schopenhauer's so luminous assumption – the dream of deepest sleep, entirely remote from the waking cerebral consciousness, as it were translates itself into the lighter, allegoric dream which immediately precedes our wakening. We have seen that the musician's kindred glossary extends from the scream of horror to the suave play of soothing murmurs. In the employment of the ample range that lies between, the musician is controlled, as it were, by an urgent impulse to impart the vision of his inmost dream; like the second, allegoric dream, he therefore approaches the notions (Vorstellungen) of the waking brain – those notions whereby it is at last enabled to preserve a record, chiefly for itself, of the inner vision. The extreme limit of this approach, however, is marked by the motions of Time: those of Space he leaves behind an impenetrable veil, whose lifting needs must make his dream invisible forthwith. Whilst harmony, belonging to neither Space nor Time, remains the most inalienable element of Music, through the rhythmic sequence of his tones in point of time the musician reaches forth a plastic hand, so to speak, to strike a compact with the waking world of semblances; just as the allegoric dream so far makes contact with the Individual's wonted notions that the waking consciousness, albeit at once [P. 76] detecting the great difference of even this dream-picture from the outer incidents of actual life, yet is able to retain its image. So the musician makes contact*

with the plastic world through the rhythmic ordering of his tones, and that in virtue of a resemblance to the laws whereby the motion of visible bodies is brought to our intelligence. Human Gesture, which seeks to make itself intelligible in Dance through an expressive regularity of changeful motion, thus seems to play the same part toward Music as bodies, in their turn, toward light: without refraction and reflection, Light would not shine; and so we may say that without rhythm, Music would not be observable. But, at this very point of contact between Plastique and Harmony, the nature of Music is plainly shown to be entirely distinct from that of Plastic art in particular; whereas the latter fixes Gesture in respect of space, but leaves its motion to be supplied by our reflective thought, Music speaks out Gesture's inmost essence in a language so direct that, once we are saturated with the music, our eyesight is positively incapacitated for intensive observation of the gesture, so that finally we understand it without our really seeing it. *Thus, though Music draws her nearest affinities in the phenomenal world into her dream-realm, as we have called it, this is only in order to turn our visual faculties inwards through a wondrous transformation, so to speak, enabling them to grasp the Essence-of-things in its most immediate manifestation, as it were to read the vision which the musician had himself beheld in deepest sleep. --*

(...)

{FEUER} However, we first must dwell on a crucial point in the aesthetic judgment (Urtheil) of Music as an art. For we find that from the forms wherein Music seems to join hands [P. 77] with the outer world of Appearance there has been deduced an utterly preposterous demand upon the character of her utterances. As already mentioned, axioms founded simply on a scrutiny of Plastic art have been transferred to Music. That such a solecism could have been committed, we have at any rate to attribute to the aforesaid 'nearest approach' of Music to the visual side of the world and its phenomena. In this direction indeed the art of Music has taken a development which has exposed her to so great a misapprehension of her veritable character that folk have claimed from her a function similar to that of plastic works of art, namely the susciting of our pleasure in beautiful forms. As this was synchronous with a progressive decline in the judgment of plastic art itself, it may easily be imagined how deeply Music was thus degraded; at bottom, she was asked to wholly repress her ownest nature for mere sake of turning her outmost side to our delectation.

{FEUER} {SCHOP} *Music, who speaks to us solely through the quickening into articulate life the most universal concept of the inherently speechless Feeling, in all imaginable gradations, can once and for all be judged by nothing but the category of the sublime; for, as soon as she engrosses us, she transports us to the highest ecstasy of consciousness of our infinitude.*

[P. 78] On the other hand what enters only as a sequel to our plunging into contemplation of a work of plastic art, namely the (temporary) liberation of the intellect from service to the individual will through our discarding all relations to the object contemplated to that will – the required effect of beauty on the mind, -- is brought about by Music at her very first entry; inasmuch as she withdraws us at once from any concern with the relation of things outside us, and – as pure Form set free from Matter – shuts us off from the outer world, as it were, to let us gaze into

the inmost Essence of ourselves and all things. Consequently our verdict on any piece of music should be based upon a knowledge of those laws whereby the effect of Beauty, the very first effect of Music's mere appearance, advances the most directly to a revelation of her truest character through the agency of the Sublime. It would be the stamp of an absolutely empty piece of music, on the contrary, that it never got beyond a mere prismatic toying with the effect of its first entry, and consequently kept us bound to the relations presented by Music's outermost side to the world of vision.

Upon this side alone, indeed, has Music been given any lasting development; and that by a systematising of her rhythmic structure (Periodenbau) which on the one hand has brought her into comparison with Architecture, on the other has made her so much a matter of superficies (ihr eine Ueberschaulichkeit gegeben hat) as to expose her to the said false judgment by analogy with Plastic art. Here, in her outermost restriction to banal forms and conventions, she seemed e.g. to Goethe so admirably suited for a standard of poetical proportion (zur Normirung dichterischer Konzeptionen). *To be able in these conventional forms so to toy with Music's stupendous powers that her own peculiar function, the making known the inner essence of all things, should be avoided like a deluge, for long was deemed by aesthetes the true and only acceptable issue of maturing the art of Tone. But to have pierced through these forms to the innermost essence of Music in such a [P. 79] way that from that inner side he could cast the light of the Clairvoyant on the outer world, and show us these forms themselves again in nothing but their inner meaning, -- this was the work of our great Beethoven, whom we therefore have to regard as the true archetype of the Musician. --*

{FEUER} *If, retaining our oft-adduced analogy of the allegoric dream, we mean to think of Music as incited by an inner vision (Schau) and endeavouring to convey that vision to the world without, we must subsume a special organ for the purpose, analogous to the Dream-organ in the other case, a cerebral attribute in power whereof the musician first perceives the inner In-itself close-sealed to earthly knowledge (das aller Erkenntniss verschlossene innere Ansich): a kind of eye, when it faces inwards, that becomes an ear when directed outwards. For the most speaking likeness of that inmost (dream-) image of the world perceived thereby, we have only to listen to one of those famous church-pieces of Palestrina's. Here Rhythm is nowhere traceable save through the play of the harmonic sequences; as a symmetrical succession in time, apart from them, it does not exist at all. Here, then, Succession (Zeitfolge) is still so rigidly bound to that timeless, spaceless essence, Harmony, that we cannot as yet employ the laws of Time to aid us in the understanding of such music. The sole idea of Succession in such a piece is expressed by wellnigh nothing but the gentlest fluctuations of one ground-colour, which presents us with the most varied modulations within the range of its affinity, without our being able to trace a line in all its changes. As this colour itself does not appear in Space, we here are given an image almost as timeless as it is spaceless, an altogether spiritual revelation; and the reason why it moves us so indicibly is that, more plainly than all other things, it brings to our consciousness the inmost essence of Religion free from all dogmatic fictions.*

Let us turn from this to a piece of dance-music, to an orchestral symphonic movement modelled on the dance-motive, or finally to a downright operatic piece: we find [P. 80] our fancy chained forthwith by a regular order in the recurrence of rhythmic periods, the plastic element that forms the chief factor in Melody's insistence. Music developed along these lines has very properly been given the name of 'secular,' in opposition to that 'spiritual.' Elsewhere I have expressed myself plainly enough upon the principle of this development, and here will merely touch upon its already-noted aspect of the allegoric dream; whence it would seem that the musician's 'eye,' now woken to the phenomena of the outer world, attaches itself to such of them whose inner essence it can understand forthwith. The outer laws which he thus derives from the gestures of life, and finally from its every element of motion, become the laws of Rhythm in virtue whereof he constructs his periods of contrast and return. The more these periods are instinct with the true spirit of Music, the less will they be architectonic emblems diverting our attention from the music's pure effect. On the contrary, *wherever that aforementioned inner Spirit of Music ... tones down its surest manifestment for sake of this columnar ordering of rhythmic parts, there nothing will arrest us but that outward symmetry, and we shall necessarily reduce our claims on Music herself to a prime demand for regularity. – Music here quits her state of lofty innocence; she loses her power of redeeming from the curse of Appearance: no longer is she the prophetess of the Essence of things, but herself becomes entangled in the illusive show of things outside us. For to this music one wants to see something as well, and that something to-be-seen becomes the chief concern: as 'Opera' proves right plainly, where spectacle, ballet and so forth make out the [P. 81] lure, the main attraction, and visibly enough proclaim the degeneracy of the music there employed. –*

(...)

The qualification, the predestination of a musician for his art, can only be shown in the effect produced upon him by the music going on around him. In what manner his faculty of inner vision, that clairvoyance of the deepest world-dream, has been aroused thereby, we do not learn till he has fully reached the goal of his self-development; up to then he obeys the laws of reaction of outward impressions, and for him, as musician, these latter are chiefly derived from the tone-works of masters of his time. Here we find Beethoven roused the least by works of Opera, whereas he was more alive to impressions from the church-music of his age. (...) We might say that Beethoven was and remained a Sonata-composer, for in the great majority and the most eminent of his instrumental works the Sonata form was the veil through which he looked into the realm of tones, or – to put it another way – through which he spoke to us from out that realm ... .

(...) [P. 82] Of his interview with Mozart (1787) we are informed that the petulant youth sprang up from the clavier after playing a sonata by the master's desire, and, to show himself in his true colours, requested permission to improvise; which being granted, [P. 83] he produced so marked an impression on Mozart that the latter told his friends: 'from this one the world will get something worth hearing.' That would be about the time when Mozart's own genius, till then held back from following its inner bent by the untold tyranny of a musician's wretchedly toilsome career, was consciously ripening toward its full expansion. We know how

the master faced his all too early death with the bitter consciousness that at last he would have been able to show the world what music there was in him.

*Young Beethoven, on the contrary, we see daring the world from the first with that defiant temper which kept him in almost savage independence his whole life through: a stupendous sense-of-self, supported by the proudest spirit, armed him at every hour against the frivolous demands addressed to Music by a world of pleasure. Against the importunities of an etiolated taste, he had a treasure of inestimable price to guard. In those same forms, in which Music was expected to merely show herself a pleasing art, he had to proclaim the divinations of the inmost world of Tone. {SCHOP} Thus he is at all times a man possessed: for to him in truth applies what Schopenhauer has said of the Musician in general: he speaks the highest wisdom in a tongue his reason (Vernunft) does not understand.*

The 'Vernunft' of his art he found in that spirit which had built the formal framework of its outer scaffolding. And what a scant Vernunft it was that spoke to him from that architectonic poise of periods, when he saw how even the greatest masters of his youth bestirred themselves with banal repetitions of flourishes and phrases, with mathematical distribution of loud and soft, with regulation introductions of just so many solemn bars, and the inevitable passage through the gate of just so many half-closes to the saving uproar of the final cadence. 'Twas the Vernunft that had formed the operatic aria, dictated the stringing together of operatic numbers, the logic that made Haydn chain his genie to an everlasting counting of his [P. 84] rosary-beads. For Religion had vanished from the Church with Palestrina's music, and the artificial formalism of Jesuit observance had counterformed Religion and Music alike. (...)

*We know that it was the 'German spirit,' so terribly dreaded and hated 'across the mountains,' that stepped into the field of Art, as everywhere else, to heal this artfully induced corruption of the European race. As in other realms we have hailed our Lessing, Goethe, Schiller and the rest, as our rescuers from that corruption, to-day we have to show that in this musician Beethoven, who spoke the purest speech of every nation, the German spirit redeemed the spirit of mankind from deep disgrace. For inasmuch as Music had been degraded to a merely pleasing art, and by dint of her ownest essence he raised her to the height of her sublime vocation, he has set open for us the understanding of that art which explains the world to everyone as surely as the profoundest philosophy could ever explain it to the abstract thinker. And herein lies the unique relation of great Beethoven to the German people ... .*

Nothing can yield us a more instructive answer as to the relation borne by the Artist's modus operandi to the synthetic operations of the Reason, than a correct apprehension of the course pursued by Beethoven in the unfolding of his musical genius. For it to have been a logical procedure, he must consciously have changed, or even overthrown the outward forms of music; but we never light upon a trace of that. Assuredly there never was an artist who pondered less upon his art. The aforesaid brusque impetuosity of his nature shows us how he felt [P. 85] as an actual personal injury, almost as direct as every other shackle of convention, the ban imposed upon his genius by those forms. Yet his rebellion consisted in nothing but the exuberant unfolding of his inner genius, unrestrainable by those outward forms themselves. Never did he radically alter an existing form of instrumental music; in

his last sonatas, quartets, symphonies and so forth, we may demonstrate beyond dispute a structure such as of the first. But compare these works with one another; compare e.g. the Eighth Symphony in F with the Second in D, and marvel at the wholly new world that fronts us in wellnigh the identical form!

*Here is shown once more the idiosyncrasy of German nature, that profoundly inward gift which stamps its mark on every form by moulding it afresh from within, and thus is saved from the necessity of outward overthrow. Thus is the German no revolutionary, but a reformer; and thus he wins at last a wealth of forms for the manifesting of his inner nature, as never another nation. (...) ... it has not harmed the German spirit's evolution, that our poetic literature of the Middle Ages drew its nurture from the adaptation of French chivalric poems: the inner depth of a Wolfram von Eschenbach shaped eternal types of poesy from that selfsame 'stuff' whose primal form is stored for us as nothing but a curiosity. So, too, did we adopt the classic Form of Greek and Roman culture, followed their mode of speech, their metres, and knew to make our own the antique view of things (Anschauung); but always giving voice therein to our own inmost spirit. Thus we took over [P. 86] Music, with all its forms, from the Italians; and what we poured into them, we have before us in the unfathomable works of Beethoven.*

(...) 'Tis as though the works of his forerunners were a painted transparency seen by daylight, a quite inferior type of art, obviously beneath comparison in drawing or colour with the works of the painter proper ... . But Beethoven comes, and sets this painting in the hush of Night, between the world of semblance and the deep interior world of all things' essence, from whence he brings behind the picture the light of the Clairvoyant: and lo! It shimmers into wondrous life, a second world now stands before us, a world whereof the grandest masterpiece of Raphael himself could give us no foreboding.

*{FEUER} Here the might of the musician is conceivable as nothing but Magic. It certainly is an enchanted state into which we fall while listening to a true Beethovenian masterwork, when in every particle of the piece – which our sober senses would tell us was merely the technical means of exhibiting a given form – we discern a supernatural life (geisterhafte Lebendigkeit), an agency now soothing now appalling, a [P. 87] pulse, a thrill, a throb of joy, of yearning, fearing, grief and ecstasy, whilst it all appears to take its motion from the depths of our own inner being. For in Beethoven's music the factor of so great moment for the history of Art is this: each technical accidentia of art, each convention employed by the artist for sake of making himself intelligible to the world outside him, itself is raised to the supreme importance of a direct outpouring of his spirit. As I have remarked elsewhere, we here have no subsidiaries, no more foiling to the melody, but the whole is melody, every voice in the accompaniment, each rhythmic note, ay, e'en the pauses.*

(...)

*{anti-FEUER} So let us ask whence Beethoven derived this force, or rather – as the mystery of Nature's gifts must needs remain close-veiled to us, and the very existence of this force we can but unquestioningly infer from its effect – let us seek to ascertain by what peculiarity of personal character, and through what moral bent, the great master was enabled to concentrate that force upon this one stupendous effect that constitutes his deed for Art. We have seen that we must here dismiss all assumption of*

*a reasoning process (Vernunftkenntniss) that haply might have guided the development of his artistic bent. No: we shall have to abide by that virile force of character to whose influence over the unfolding of the master's inner genius we have already had to allude.*

(...)

[P. 90] (...) {FEUER} {SCHOP} A childlike pleasure in the distractions of a lively capital could scarce so much as appeal to Beethoven, for the promptings of his will were far too strong to find the smallest satisfaction in such superficial pastimes. Whilst this encouraged his bent towards solitude, the latter coincided with his destiny to independence. *A marvellously certain instinct led him here, and became the mainspring of each utterance of his character. No reasoning could have directed him more plainly, than this peremptory dictate of his instinct. What induced Spinoza to support himself by glass-cutting; what filled our Schopenhauer with that care to keep his little heritage intact – determining his whole outer life, and accounting for otherwise inexplicable traits in his character – namely the recognition that the sincerity of philosophic research is always seriously imperilled by a dependence on the necessity of earning money by scientific labours: that selfsame thing determined Beethoven in his defiance of the world, his love of solitude, the wellnigh boorish tastes displayed in his choice of a mode of living.*

*Beethoven too, to be sure, had to earn his living by his musical labours. But, as smiling comfort had no charms for him, he had the less need either to engage in rapid, superficial work, or to make concessions to a taste that naught but sweets could capture. The more he thus lost touch with the outer world, the clearer-sighted did he turn his gaze upon his world within. And the more familiar he [P. 91] becomes with the administration of his inner riches, the more consciously does he propound his outward requirements, actually requesting his patrons no longer to pay him for his works, but to ensure his being able to work entirely for himself, without one thought for all the world. And so it happened, for the first time in the life of any musician, that a few benevolent persons of high station pledged themselves to maintain Beethoven in the desired state of independence. Arrived at a similar crisis in his life, Mozart, too soon worn out, had gone to ground. (...) He felt himself victor, and knew that he belonged to the world but as a freeman. As for it, it must take him as it found him. To his high-born patrons he behaved as a despot, and nothing could be got from him save what and when he pleased.*

But never and in nothing had he pleasure, save in what henceforth engrossed him: the play of the magician with the figures of his inner world. (...) The advent and exacerbation of his aural malady distressed him terribly, and moved him to deep melancholy: about his total deafness, and especially the loss of all ability to listen to performances of music, we hear no serious complaint from him; merely the intercourse of life was rendered difficult, an intercourse that in itself had never any charm for him, and which he now avoided more and more emphatically.

A musician sans ears! – Can one conceive an eyeless painter?

[P. 92] *But the blinded Seer we know. Tiresias to whom the world of Appearance has closed itself, and whose inner eye beholds instead the ground of all appearances: his fellow is the deaf-musician who now, untroubled by life's uproar, but listens to his inner harmonies, now from his depths but speaks to that world – for it has nothing*

*more to tell him. So is genius freed from all outside it, at home forever with and in itself. Whose could then have seen Beethoven with the vision of Tiresias, what a wonder must have opened to him: a world walking among men, -- the In-itself of the world as a living, moving man! --*

And now the musician's eye grew bright within. Now did he gaze upon Appearance, and, illumined by his inner light, it cast a wondrous reflect back upon his inner soul. Now speaks but the essence of things to him, and shows them in the tranquil light of Beauty. Now does he understand the woods, the brook, the fields, the clear blue sky, the merry throng, the loving pair, the song of birds, the flocking clouds, the raging of the storm, the happiness of rhythmic rest. *And all his seeing and his fashioning is steeped in that marvellous serenity (Heiterkeit) which Music first acquired through him. Even the cry, so immanent in every sound of Nature, is lulled to smiling: the world regains its childhood's innocence. 'To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise' -- who has not heard these words of the Redeemer, when listening to the 'Pastoral Symphony'?*

*{FEUER} Now thrives apace that power of shaping the unfathomable, the never-seen, the ne'er experienced, which yet becomes a most immediate experience, of most transparent comprehensibility. The joy of wielding this new power turns next to humour: all grief of Being breaks before this vast enjoyment of the play therewith; the world-creator Brahma [P. 93] is laughing at himself [\* Translator's Footnote: "Cf. Wotan in Siegfried; 'my jovial god who craves his own undoing.' (Letter to A. Roedel, Jan. 1854).], as he sees how hugely he had duped himself; guiltlessness re-won disports it with the sting of guilt atoned; freed conscience banter with its torment overpassed.*

*{FEUER} Never has any art in the world created aught so radiant (etwas so Heiteres) as these Symphonies in A and F, with all their so closely allied tone-works from this godlike period of the master's total deafness. The effect upon the hearer is precisely the deliverance from all earthly guilt, as the after-effect is the feeling of a forfeited paradise wherewith we return to the world of semblances. Thus do these glorious works preach penitence and a contrite heart with all the depth of a divine revelation.*

*{FEUER} Here the only aesthetic term to use, is the Sublime: for here the operation of the Radiant at once transcends all pleasure in the Beautiful, and leaves it far behind. Each challenge of self-vaunting Reason is hushed forthwith by the Magic mastering our whole nature; knowledge pleads confession of its error, and the transport of that avowal bids our deepest soul to shout for joy, however earnestly the spellbound features of the listener betray his marvel at the impotence of all our seeing and our thinking to plumb this truest of all worlds. --*

What of the human being of this world-rapt genius could there be left for observation of the world? What could the eye of earthly man behold in him when now it faced him? Nothing, surely, but the misunderstandable, just as he himself had no communion with our world save that of misunderstanding; our world as to which the naïve greatness of his heart set him in constant contradiction with himself, only to be harmonised again upon the loftiest footing of his art. Whenever his reason tried to comprehend the world, his mind was set at rest by the [P. 94] teachings of Optimism, such as the maudlin (schwaermerisch) Humanistic tenets of last century had raised into a commonplace of the bourgeoisly religious world. Each mental

doubt his own experiences of Life advanced against the correctness of this doctrine, he combated with hard-and-fast religious maxims. His Inmost told him: Love is god; and so he wrote down: God is love. In the works of our poets, only what laid emphatic stress upon this dogma could meet with his approval; though 'Faust' had a powerful and lasting fascination for him, his special reverence was paid to Klopstock and many a shallower preacher of Humanity. His moral principles were of the strictest bourgeois stripe; a frivolous tone would make him foam. Certainly he thus offered to the most observant company no single sign of breadth of intellect, and, for all Bettina's gushings over Beethoven, Goethe may well have had a heart-ache, in his conversations with him. (...)

(...)

(...) [P. 95] ... we see an equal force at work in him to vehemently ward off a frivolous tendency of life and mind. A catholic baptised and bred, the whole spirit of German protestantism breathed in this bent of his. And as artist, again, it led him to the path whereon he was to meet the only comrade in his art to whom he could pay obeisance, the only musician he could take to his heart as revealer of the deepest secret of his nature. If Haydn passed as teacher of the youth, for the mightily unfolding art life of the man our great Sebastian Bach became his leader.

**{FEUER}** Bach's wonder-work became his bible; in it he read, and clean forgot that world of clangour, heard no longer. There stood inscribed the answer to the riddle of his deepest dream, that answer the poor Leipzig Cantor erst had penned as everlasting symbol of the new, the other world. The same mysteriously inwoven lines and wondrous scrolls wherein the secret of the world of light and all its shapes had dawned upon great Albrecht Duerer, the spell-book of the necromantist who bids the macrocosmic light to shine upon the microcosm. What none save the eye of the German spirit could look on, none but its ear perceive; what drove that spirit's inmost conscience to irresistibly protest against all bonds imposed upon it from without: that Beethoven deciphered in his holiest of books, and – himself became a holy one. –

**{FEUER}** But how could this 'holy one' (gerade dieser Heilige) conform his life to his hallowedness? For it was given him indeed 'to speak the deepest wisdom,' but 'in a tongue his reason did not understand.' Must not his commune with the world resemble nothing but that state of the awakened out of deepest sleep, the toilsome effort to recall the blissful vision of his inner soul? A similar state may be imagined in the case of the religious saint when, driven by the most inevitable life-need, he turns to some [P. 96] measure of rapprochement with the practices of common life: saving that in that Want itself this saint distinctly recognises the penance for a mortal's life of sin, and in his patient bearing of it makes his very burden the inspired means of his redemption; whereas that hallowed seer simply grasps the penance' meaning as a torture, and drags his portion of all Being's guilt as nothing but a sufferer. And so the optimist's error avenges itself by heightening both that suffering and his resentment. Each sign of callousness that meets him, every trace of rigour or self-seeking that he ever and again observes, revolts him as an incomprehensible perversion of that original Goodness of man to which he cleaves with a religious faith. *Thus he is perpetually hurled from the paradise of his inner harmony to the hell of an existence filled with fearful discords, and only as*

*artist can he finally resolve them into harmony.*

*If we would set before ourselves the picture of a day from our 'holy one's' life, we scarce could gain a better than from one of those marvellous tone-pieces themselves; though, not to deceive ourselves, we must follow the course we adopted when referring the genesis of Music as an art to the phenomenon of the Dream, that is to say, employing it as a mere analogy, and not identifying one thing with the other. In illustration of such a veritable day from Beethoven's inmost life I will choose the great C-sharp minor Quartet: and what we scarce could do while listening to it, as we then are forced to leave behind all cut-and-dry comparisons and give ourselves entirely to the direct revelation from another world, we may find attainable in a measure when conjuring up this tone-poem in our memory. Even thus, however, I must leave the reader's phantasy to supply the living details of the picture, [P. 97] and therefore simply offer the assistance of a skeleton outline.*

The lengthy opening Adagio, surely the saddest thing ever said in notes, I would term the awaking on the dawn of a day 'that in its whole long course shall ne'er fulfil one wish, not one wish!' Yet it is alike a penitential prayer, a communing with God in firm belief of the Eternal Goodness. – The inward eye then traces the consoling vision (Allegro 6/8), perceptible by it alone, in which that longing becomes a sweet but plaintive playing with itself: the image of the inmost dream takes waking form as a loveliest remembrance. And now (with the short transitional allegro moderato) 'tis as if the master, grown conscious of his art, were settling to work at his magic; its re-summoned force he practises (Andante 2/4) on the raising of one graceful figure, the blessed witness of inherent innocence, to find a ceaseless rapture in that figure's never-ending, never-heard-of transformation by the prismatic changes of the everlasting light he casts thereon. – Then we seem to see him, profoundly gladdened by himself, direct his radiant glances to the outer world (Presto 2/2): once more it stands before him as in the Pastoral Symphony, all shining with his inner joy; 'tis as though he heard the native accents of the appearances that move before him in a rhythmic dance, now blithe now blunt (derb). *He looks on Life, and seems to ponder (short Adagio ¾) how to set about the tune for Life itself to dance to: a brief but gloomy brooding, as if the master were plunged in his soul's profoundest dream. One glance has shown him the inner essence of the world again: he wakes, and strikes the strings into a dance the like whereof the world had never heard (Allegro finale). 'Tis the dance of the whole world itself: wild joy, the wail of pain, love's transport, utmost bliss, grief, frenzy, riot, suffering; the lightning flickers, thunders growl: and above it the stupendous fiddler who bans and bends it all, who leads it haughtily from whirlwind into whirlpool, to the brink of the [P. 98] abyss; -- he smiles at himself, for to him the sorcery was the merest play. – And night beckons him. His day is done. –*

(...)

[P. 99] But his aim was to find the archetype of innocence, the ideal 'good man' of his belief, to wed him with his 'God is love.' (...)

[P. 100] At like time (and this apparent digression has an important bearing on our subject) the C-minor Symphony appeals to us, as one of those rarer conceptions of the master's in which a stress of bitter passion, the fundamental note of the commencement, mounts rung by rung through consolation, exaltation, till it breaks into

the joy of conscious victory. Here lyric pathos already verges on the definitely dramatic, in an ideal sense; and though it might be doubted whether the purity of Musical Conception would not ultimately suffer by the pursuance of this path, through its leading to the dragging-in of fancies altogether foreign to the spirit of Music, yet it cannot be denied that the master was in nowise prompted by a truant fit of aesthetic speculation, but simply and solely by an ideal instinct sprung from Music's ownest realm. As shown when we started on this last inquiry, that instinct coincided with the struggle to rescue from every plausible objection raised by his experience of life the conscious belief in human nature's original goodness, or haply to regain it. (...) *From the sadder mood that reappears in certain of his most important works we perhaps have no need to infer a downfall of that inner gladness, since we undoubtedly [P. 101] should make a grave mistake if we thought the Artist could ever conceive save in a state of profound cheerfulness of soul. {SCHOP} The mood expressed in the conception must therefore belong to that world's idea itself which the artist seizes and interprets in his artwork. But, as we have taken for granted that in Music the idea of the whole World reveals itself, the inspired musician must necessarily be included in that Idea, and what he utters is therefore not his personal opinion of the world, but the World itself with all its changing moods of grief and joy, of weal and woe. The conscious doubt of Beethoven the man was included in this World, as well; and thus his doubt is speaking for itself, in nowise as an object of his reflection, when he brings the world to such expression as in his Ninth Symphony, for instance, whose first movement certainly shows us the Idea of the world in its terrible of lights. Elsewhere, however, this very work affords us unmistakable evidence of the purposely ordaining will of its creator; we are brought face to face with it when he stops the frenzy of despair that overwhelms each fresh appeasement, and, with the anguished cry of one awaking from a nightmare, he speaks that actual Word whose ideal sense is none other than: 'Man, despite all, is good!'*

*{FEUER} It has always been a stumbling-block, not only to Criticism, but to the ingenuous Feeling, to see the master here falling of a sudden out of Music, in a manner, as if stepping outside the magic circle he himself had drawn, and appealing to a mental faculty entirely distinct from that of musical conception. In truth this unprecedented stroke of art resembles nothing but the sudden waking from a dream, and we feel its comforting effect upon the tortured dreamer; for never had a musician led us through the torment of the world so relentlessly and without end. So it was with a veritable leap of despair that the divinely naïve master, inspired by nothing save his magic, set foot on that new world of Light from out whose soil the long-sought godlike-sweet and guileless-human melody bloomed forth to greet him with its purity.*

*[P. 102] Thus with even what we have styled the ordaining will that led him to this melody, we find the master still abiding in the realm of Music, the world's Idea; for it is not the meaning of the Word, that really takes us with this entry of the human voice, but the human character of that voice. (...) In fact it is obvious, especially with the chief-melody proper, that Schiller's words have been built in perforce and with no great skill; for this melody had first unrolled its breadth before us as an entity per se, entrusted to the instruments alone, and there had thrilled us with the nameless joy of a paradise regained.*

(...)

Surveying the historical advance which the art of Music made through Beethoven, we may define it as the winning [P. 103] of a faculty withheld from her before: in virtue of that acquisition she mounted far beyond the region of the aesthetically Beautiful, into the sphere of the absolutely Sublime; and here she is freed from all the hampering of traditional or conventional forms, through her filling their every nook and cranny with the life of her ownest spirit. (...) *And this we may sum in a single term, intelligible to everyone: Melody has been emancipated by Beethoven from all influence of the Mode, of shifting taste, and raised to an eternal purely-human type. Beethoven's music will be understood throughout all time, whereas the music of his predecessors will for the most part stay un-understandable save by aid of art-historical Reflection.* –

But, on the path whereon Beethoven arrived at this memorable ennoblement of Melody, there is yet another advance to note: to wit, the new meaning gained by Vocal Music in its relation to purely Instrumental music.

(...) It was reserved for Beethoven's genius to [P. 104] employ the resulting compound [of instrumental music, vocal church music, and Italian operatic song] purely in the sense of an Orchestra of increased resources. In his great *Missa solemnis* we have a strictly Symphonic work, of the truest Beethovenian spirit. Here the vocal parts are handled quite in that sense of human instruments which Schopenhauer very rightly wished to see alone assigned to them: when presented as a musical artwork, the text to which these great church compositions are set is never seized by us according to the letter, but simply serves as material for the singing; and it has no disturbing effect on our musical impressions for simple reason that it starts no train of inductive thought (Vernunftvorstellungen), but affects us solely through well-known symbolic formulae of faith, as indeed is conditioned by its churchly character.

*{SCHOP} {anti-FEUER} Moreover the experience that a piece of music loses nothing of its character even when the most diverse texts are laid beneath it, shows the relation of Music to Poetry to be a sheer illusion: for it transpires that in vocal music it is not the poetic thought one seizes – which in choral singing, in particular, one does not even get intelligibly articulated – but at most the mood that thought aroused in the musician when it moved him to music. The union of Music and Poetry must therefore always end in such a subordination of the latter that we can only wonder above all at our great German poets returning again and again to the problem, to say nothing of the attempt. They evidently were instigated by the effect of music in Opera: and here, at any rate, appeared to lie the only field whereon the problem might be solved at last. Now, whether our poets' hopes were directed more to music's formal symmetry of structure, or more to its profoundly stirring effect on the feelings, they obviously could have only proposed to use the mighty aids it seemed to offer to give their poetic aim alike a more precise expression and a [P. 105] more searching operation. They may have thought that Music would gladly render them this service if, in lieu of the trivial operatic subject and opera-text, they brought her a poetic conception to be taken seriously. What continually held them back from serious attempts in this direction may have been a vague, but legitimate doubt whether Poetry would be noticed at all, as such, in its co-operation with Music. Upon careful consideration it cannot have escaped them that in Opera, beyond the music, only the scenic goings-on, but not the*

*explanatory poetic thought, engrossed attention; that Opera, in fact, merely arrested hearing and sight in turn. That a perfect aesthetic satisfaction was not to be gained for either the one receptive faculty or the other, is fully accounted for by the circumstance noted above, namely that opera-music did not attune us to that devotional state (Andacht) – the only one in keeping with Music – in which vision is so far reduced in power that the eye no longer sees objects with the wonted intensity; on the contrary, as found before, we here were but superficially affected, more excited than filled by the music, and consequently desired to see something too – by no means to think, however, for our whole faculty of thought was stolen from us by just that shuttle-cock desire for entertainment, thrown hither and thither in its distracting battle with tedium.*

Now the foregoing considerations have made us sufficiently familiar with Beethoven's specific nature, to understand at once the master's attitude toward Opera when he categorically refused to ever set an opera-text of frivolous tendency. Ballets, processions, fireworks, amorous intrigues etc., to make music for such as these he declined with horror. His music required a whole, a high-souled, passionate plot, to search it through and through. What poet could have offered him the needful hand? One solitary trial brought him into contact with a dramatic situation that at least had nothing of the hated frivolity about it, and moreover quite harmonised with the master's leading dogma of Humanity through its glorification of [P. 106] wifely troth. And yet *this opera-subject embraced so much that was foreign to Music and unassimilable, that in truth the great Overture to Leonora alone makes really plain to us how Beethoven would have the drama understood. Who can ever hear the thrilling tone-piece without being filled with the conviction that Music includes within itself the most consummate Drama? What is the dramatic action of the librettist's opera 'Leonora' but an almost repulsive watering of the drama we have lived through in its overture, a kind of tedious commentary by Gervinus on a scene of Shakespeare's?*

But the feeling that here occurs to everyone can only be made a matter of clear knowledge by our returning to the philosopher's explanation of Music itself.

*{SCHOP} {FEUER} Seeing that Music does not portray the Ideas inherent in the world's phenomena, but is itself an Idea of the World, and a comprehensive one, it naturally includes the Drama in itself; as Drama, again, expresses only the world's idea proportionate (adaequat) to Music. Drama towers above the bounds of Poetry in exactly the same manner as Music above those of every other art, and especially of plastic art, through its effect residing solely in the Sublime. As a drama does not depict human characters, but lets them display their immediate selves, so a piece of music gives us in its motives the character of all the world's appearances according to their inmost essence (An-sich). Not only are the movement, interchange and evolution of these motives analogous to nothing but the Drama, but a drama representing the [world's] Idea can be understood with perfect clearness through nothing but those moving, evolving and alternating motives of Music's. We consequently should not go far astray, if we defined Music as man's qualification a priori for fashioning the Drama. Just as we construct for ourselves the world of semblances through application of the laws of Time and Space existing a priori in our brain, so this conscious representation of the world's idea in Drama would thus be foreordained by those inner laws of Music, operating in the dramatist equally unconsciously [P. 107] with the laws of*

*Causality we bring into employment for apperception of the phenomenal world.*

It was a presage of precisely this, that occurred to our great German poets; and perhaps in that guess they gave voice withal to the hidden reason of the impossibility of explaining Shakespeare by other methods. This prodigy of a dramatist in fact was comprehensible by no analogy with any poet you please; for which reason, also, all aesthetic judgment of him has remained as yet unbased. *His dramas seem to be so direct a transcript of the world, that the artist's intervention in their portrayal of the Idea is absolutely untraceable, and certainly not demonstrable by criticism. So, marvelled at as products of a superhuman genius, they became to our great poets a study for discovery of the laws of their creation wellnigh in the same manner as the wonders of Nature herself.*

*(...) Nowhere do we meet the 'poet' Shakespeare, save in the inmost heart of the characters that move before us in his dramas. – Shakespeare therefore remained entirely beyond comparison, until in Beethoven the German genius brought forth a being only to be explained through his analogy. – If we take the whole impression left by Shakespeare's world of shapes upon our inner feeling, with the extraordinary relief of every character that moves therein, and uphold to it the sum-total of Beethoven's world of motives, with their ineluctable incisiveness and definition, we cannot but see that the one of these worlds completely covers the other, so that each is contained in each, no matter how remote may seem their orbits.*

*To make this operation easier, let us cite the instance where Beethoven and Shakespeare join hands over the same subject, the Overture to Coriolanus. If we recall to [P. 108] mind the impression made upon us by the figure of Coriolanus in Shakespeare's drama, and from all the details of the complicated plot first single out that which lingered with us through its bearing on the principal character, we shall see one solitary shape loom forth: the defiant Coriolanus in conflict with his inmost voice, that voice which only speaks the more unsilenceably when issuing from his mother's mouth; and of the dramatic development there will remain but that voice's victory over pride, the breaking of the stubbornness of a nature strong beyond all bounds. For his drama Beethoven chooses nothing but these two chief-motives, which make us feel more surely than all abstract exposition the inmost essence of that pair of characters. Then if we devoutly follow the movement developing solely from the opposition of these two motives in strict accordance with their musical character, and allow in turn the purely-musical detail to work upon us – the lights and shades, the meetings and partings of these two motives, -- we shall at like time be following the course of a drama whose own peculiar method of expression embraces all that held our interest, the complex plot and clash of minor characters, in the acted work of the playwright. What gripped us there as an action set immediately before us, almost lived through by ourselves, we here receive as inmost kernel of that action; there set forth by characters with all the might of nature-forces, it here is just as sharply limned by the musician's motives, identical in inmost essence with the motives at work in those characters.*

*(...)*

*{FEUER} We have called Music the revelation of the inner vision of the Essence of the world, and Shakespeare we might term a Beethoven who goes on dreaming though awake. What holds their spheres asunder, are the formal conditions of the laws of apperception obtaining in each. The perfect art-form would therefore have to take its*

*rise from the point where those respective laws could meet.* Now, what makes Shakespeare at once so incomparable and so [P. 109] inexplicable, is this: those forms which bound the plays of great Calderon himself to prim conventionality, and made them strictly artist's-works, he saturated with such life that they seem dissolved away by Nature: no longer do we think we see fictitious men, but real live men before us; and yet they stand so wondrous far from us, that we cannot but deem material contact with them as impossible as if we were looking at ghosts. – seeing, then, that Beethoven is the very counterpart of Shakespeare even in his attitude towards the formal laws of his art, his fulfilling abrogation of them, we perhaps may gain the clearest notion of that point where their two spheres would touch, or melt into each other, if we take our philosopher once more for guide, and proceed to the goal of his Dream-theory, his hypothesis of ghostly apparitions.

{SCHOP} {FEUER} Here our business would lie less with the metaphysical than the physiologic explanation of so-called ‘second sight.’ We have already cited our philosopher’s theory that the Dream-organ is situate in that portion of the brain which responds to impressions received from the operations of the inner organism in profound sleep, and responds in a manner analogous to the effect produced by waking impressions from the outer world on the portion of the brain immediately connected with the organs of sense, now completely at rest. *We have also seen that the dream-message received by this inner organ can be transmitted [to the waking consciousness] only through a second type of dream, a dream that directly precedes our wakening, and which can render in none but an allegoric form the contents of the first; and the reason was, that, even in the preparatory stage of the brain’s awaking to external objects, the forms of perception pertaining to the phenomenal world, such as Space and Time, must already be brought into play, and thus construct an image akin to the experiences of daily life. – Further, we have compared the work of the Musician to the clairvoyante’s hypnotic vision (dem Gesichte der hellsehend gewordenen Somnambule), as the direct transcript of the inmost dream [Wahrtraum – Lit. [p. 110] ‘true-dream’] beheld by her and now imparted, in her most active state of clairvoyance, to those outside; and we have found the channel for this message by following the genesis and evolution of the world of Sound. – Still pursuing our analogy, with this physiologic phenomenon of hypnotic clairvoyance let us couple its fellow, that of ghost-seeing, and borrow from Schopenhauer, again, his hypothesis that it is a state of clairvoyance occurring in the waking brain; that is to say, it results from a temporary reduction in the waking power of sight, whose clouded eyes are now made use of by the inner impulse to impart to the form of consciousness most near to waking the message of the inmost veridical dream. This shape, projected before the eye from within, belongs in nowise to the material world of Appearance; yet it appears to the ghost-seer with all the signs and tokens of actual life. With this projection of the inner image before the waking eye – an act the inner will can accomplish only in rare and extraordinary cases – let us now compare the work of Shakespeare; and we shall find him to be the ghost-seer and spirit-raiser, who from the depths of his own inner consciousness conjures the shapes of men from every age, and sets them before his waking eye and ours in such a fashion that they seem to really live.*

{FEUER} As soon as we have fully grasped the consequences of this analogy we may term Beethoven, whom we have likened to the clairvoyant, the hidden motor

*(den wirkenden Untergrund) of Shakespeare the ghost-seer: what brings forth Beethoven's melodies, projects the spirit-shapes of Shakespeare; and both will blend into one being, if we let the musician enter not only the world of Sound, but at like [P. 111] time that of Light. This would be analogous to the physiologic occurrence that on one side becomes the cause of ghost-seeing, on the other produces somnambulistic clairvoyance; in respect of which it is to be conjectured that an inner stimulus travels through the brain in a similar but inverse fashion to the outer impressions received when awake, and, ultimately arriving at the organs of sense, makes them regard as an external object what has really thrust its way from within. But we have already recorded the indisputable fact that, while we are lost in the hearing of music, our sight is so far paralysed that it no longer perceives objects with any degree of intensity; so this would be the state induced by the innermost Dream-world, the blinding of the eye that it might see the spirit-shape.*

*{FEUER} This hypothetical explanation of a physiologic phenomenon, otherwise inexplicable, we may apply to the solution of our present artistic problem from various sides and arrive at a like result. For instance, Shakespeare's spirit-shapes would be brought to sound through the full awaking of the inner organ of Music: or Beethoven's motives would inspire the palsied sight to see those shapes distinctly, and embodied in those spirit-shapes they now would move before our eyes turned clairvoyant. In either case, identical in essence, the prodigious force here framing appearances from within outwards, against the ordinary laws of Nature, must be engendered by the deepest Want (Noth). And that Want presumably would be the same as finds vent in the common course of life, in the scream of the suddenly awakened from an obsessing vision of profoundest sleep [\* Translator's Footnote: "Cf. Kundry's awakening in Parsifal, acts ii. and iii.]; saving that here, in the extraordinary, the stupendous event which shapes the life of manhood's genius, that Want awakens to a new, a world laid open by such awaking only, a world of clearest knowledge and highest capability.*

*{FEUER} This awaking out of deepest Want we witness in that redoubtable leap from instrumental into vocal music – so offensive to ordinary aesthetic criticism – which has led us from our discussion of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony to [P. 112] the above prolonged digression. What we here experience is a certain overcharge, a vast compulsion to unload without, only to be compared with the stress to waken from an agonising dream; and the important issue for the Art-genius of mankind, is that this special stress called forth an artistic deed whereby that genius gained a novel power, the qualification for begetting the highest Artwork.*

*{FEUER} As to that Artwork itself, we can only conclude that it will be the most perfect Drama, and thus stand high above the work of Poetry. This we may conclude after having recognised the identity of the Shakespearian and the Beethovenian Drama, whilst we may assume on the other hand, that it will bear the same relation to 'Opera' as a play of Shakespeare's to a literature-drama, a Beethovenian symphony to an opera's music.*

*{SCHOP} {FEUER} That Beethoven returns in the course of his Ninth Symphony to the 'choral Cantata with orchestra,' must not mislead our judgment of that eventful leap from instrumental into vocal music; we have already gauged the import of this choral portion of the symphony, and found it pertaining to the*

strictest field of Music: beyond that said ennoblement of Melody, we have in it no formal innovation; it is a Cantata with words, to which the music bears no closer relation than to any other vocal text. *For we know that it is not the verses of a text-writer, and were he a Goethe or Schiller, that can determine Music. Drama alone can do that; and not the dramatic poem, but the drama that moves before our very eyes, the visible counterpart of Music, where word and speech belong no more to the poet's thought, but solely to the action.*

*{FEUER} It is not the work of Beethoven, then, but the unparalleled artistic deed contained therein, that we must stamp on our minds as climax of the musician's genius, when we declare that an artwork founded and modelled throughout on this deed must afford withal the perfect art-form: that form wherein, for Drama as for Music in especial, each vestige of conventionality would be entirely upheaved. And this Form would also be the only one to thoroughly [P. 113] fit the German Spirit, so powerfully individualised in our great Beethoven: the new, the Purely-human art-form made by it, and yet originally immanent in it, the form for which, when likened with the antique world, the new still goes a-lacking.*

Whoever allows him to be influenced by the views I have here expressed in regard of Beethovenian music, will certainly not escape being called fantastic and extravagant; and this reproach will be levelled at him not merely by our educated and uneducated musicians of the day – who for the most part have seen that dream-vision of Music's under no other guise than Bottom's dream in the *Midsummer's-night* – but in particular by our literary poets and even our plastic artists, so far as they ever trouble their heads with questions that seem to lie entirely beyond their sphere. We must make up our minds to tranquilly bear that reproach however, even should it take the form of a high and mighty, nay, a deliberately insulting snub; for to us it is manifest, firstly that these people are downright incapable of seeing what we see, and secondly that any glimmer they may get thereof is only just sufficient to show them their own unproductiveness: that they should recoil in horror from the sight, we need no pains to understand.

(...) [P. 114] ... if we try to set in its proper light the unparalleled importance won by Music for the [future] evolution of our Culture; in conclusion we ... will rise from our plunge into the inner world, with which the preceding inquiry has chiefly concerned us, and take a glance at the outer world in which we live and under whose pressure that inner essence has acquired at last the force to react without.

(...) [P. 115]

(...) *{FEUER}* ... nothing yields us clearer evidence of the French being the ruling race of to-day's Civilisation, than the fact that our fancy promptly falls into the ridiculous if we try to imagine ourselves emancipated from their Mode. At once we recognise that a 'German Mode,' set up as rival to the French, would be something too absurd; and since our feeling nevertheless revolts against that reign, we can only conclude that we are stricken with a veritable curse, from which nothing but a profoundly new-birth can ever redeem us. Our whole root-nature, to wit, would have so thoroughly to change, that the very term *the Mode* would lose all meaning for the outward fashion of our life.

*{FEUER}* In what this new-birth must consist, we should have to argue with the greatest caution, after first discovering the causes of the deep decline of public

art-taste. (...) [P. 116]

*{FEUER} If we would conjure up a paradise of the human spirit's productivity, we must transfer ourselves to the days before the invention of Writing and its preservation on parchment or paper. We cannot but hold that here was born the whole of that Culture which now maintains a halting life as mere object of study or useful adaptation. Here Poesis was nothing other than the actual invention of Myths, i.e. of ideal occurrences in which the various characteristics of the life of man were mirrored with an objective reality like to that of ghostly apparitions. This faculty we see innate in every Folk of noble blood, down to the point when the use of written letters reached it. From then it loses its poetic force; Speech, theretofore in a living flux of natural evolution, now falls into the crystallising stage and stiffens; Poetry becomes the art of decking out the ancient myths, no longer to be new-invented, and ends in Rhetoric and Dialectics. – Let us picture next the leap from Writing into Printing. From the rare hand-written tome the father of the household read before his guests: now everyone reads dumbly to himself the printed book, and for the readers writes the scribbler. (...) Yet the genius of a race might come to terms with the book-printer, however painful it might find the intercourse; but with the invention of the Newspaper, the full unfolding of the flower of Journalism, this good angel of the Folk could [P. 117] not but fly away from life. For now reigns nothing but Opinions, and 'public' ones at that; they're to be had for pay, like the public strumpets: who buys a paper, has procured not only the printed sheet, but its opinion; he needs no more to think, or yet to ponder; there stands all ready-thought for him in black on white what folk are to think of God and the world. (...)*

(...)

[P. 118] One may describe the Frenchman as the product of a special art of expressing, behaving and clothing himself. His law for this is 'Taste,' – a word transferred from the humblest function of the senses to a tendency of the mind ... . (...)

[P. 119] ... 'modern art' becomes a new principle in Aesthetics too: its originality consists in its total want of originality, and its priceless gain in the exchange of every style; all which have now been brought within range of the commonest observation, and can be adapted to the taste of every man. – Also, it is credited with a new humanitarian principle, the Democratising of artistic taste. They tell us to have every hope of the education of the people: for art and its products, you see, are no longer reserved for [P. 120] the privileged classes, but the smallest citizen has now the opportunity of placing the noblest types of art before his eyes upon his chimney-piece, whilst the beggar himself may peep at them in the art-shop windows. One certainly should rest content; for, everything being already laid in a heap at our feet, it would really be impossible to conceive how even the most gifted brain could manage to invent a novel style in either plastic art or literature. --

(...) *'Twere thinkable that these consequences might be blotted out, namely in the foundering of our civilisation; an event to be conceived if all History went by the board as result, let us say, of social Communism imposing itself on the modern world in the guise of a practical religion. At any rate our civilisation has come to the end of true productiveness in respect of its Plastic form ... . (...)*

Far as our eye can roam, the Mode commands us. –

*{FEUER} But coevally with this world of Mode another world has risen for us. As Christianity stepped forth amid the Roman civilisation of the universe, so Music breaks forth from the chaos of modern civilisation. Both say aloud: 'our kingdom is not of this world.' And that means: we come from within, ye from without; we spring from the Essence of things, ye from their Show.*

(...) How [P. 121] were it possible in a modern concert-room (where Turks and Zouaves would assuredly feel at home!) to listen to music with even a modicum of devotion, if our visual surroundings did not vanish from our optic range in manner said above? And, taken in the most earnest sense, it is this effect that Music has on our whole modern civilisation; she effaces it, as the light of day the lamplight.

(...) *{SCHOP} {anti-FEUER} The numbers of Pythagoras are surely only to be understood aright through Music; by the laws of Eurhythmy the architect built, by those of Harmony the sculptor seized the human figure; the laws of Melody made the poet a singer, and from out the choral chant the Drama was projected on the stage. Everywhere we see the inner law, only conceivable as sprung from the spirit of Music, prescribe the outer law that regulates the world of sight: the genuine ancient Doric State which Plato tried to rescue for philosophy, nay, the order of war, the fight itself, the laws of Music led as surely as the dance. – But that paradise was lost: the fount of motion of a world ran dry. Like a ball once thrown, the world span round the curve of its trajectory, but no longer was it driven by a moving soul; and so its very motion must grow faint at last, until the world-soul has been waked again.*

*{FEUER} It was the spirit of Christianity that rewoke to life the soul of Music.* (...) But there came the reign of Mode: as the spirit of the Church fell victim to the [P. 122] artificial nurture of the Jesuits, so plastic art and music each became a soulless artifice.

Now, in our great Beethoven we have followed the wondrous process of emancipating Melody from the tyranny of Mode; and we have seen that, while making unrivalledly individual use of all the material which his glorious forerunners had toilsomely recovered from the influence of this Mode, he restored to Melody its everlasting type, to Music her immortal soul. (...) In the poem of Schiller's which he chose for the marvellous closing section of his Ninth Symphony he recognised the joy of Nature liberated from the rule of 'Mode.' (...)

(...)

[P. 123] *{FEUER} As for our present Civilisation, especially insofar as it influences the artistic man, we certainly may assume that nothing but the spirit of our Music, that music which Beethoven set free from bondage to the Mode, can dower it with a soul again. And the task of giving to the new, more soulful civilisation that haply may arise herefrom, the new Religion to inform it – this task must obviously be reserved for the German Spirit alone, that spirit which we ourselves shall never rightly understand till we cast aside each spurious tendency ascribed thereto.*

Yet how hard of gain is true self-knowledge, above all for an entire nation, we now have learnt to our genuine horror from the case of our once so powerful neighbours the French; and we thence may derive a serious call to self-examination, for which we happily have but to pursue the earnest efforts of our own great poets, with whom, both consciously and unconsciously, this self-examination was the root-endeavour.

To them it must needs have seemed questionable, how [P. 124] the uncouth and heavy-footed German nature could take rank at all advantageously beside the light and supple Form of our neighbours of Romanic descent. **As the German spirit possessed, however, an undeniable advantage in the depth and inwardness of its conception of the world and all that moves therein, with them it was a constant question how this advantage could best be employed in the refining of the national character, and thence exert a beneficial influence on the mind and character of neighbouring peoples; whereas it was manifest that influences of this kind had taken hitherto the opposite route, and wrought on us more harm than good.**

(...) [P. 125] *{FEUER}* *And if as sequel to the analogies we have drawn from likenesses between philosophy and physiology we now may venture to give the profoundest work of poetry an application to ourselves, the ‘Alles Vergaengliche ist nur ein Gleichniss’ (‘All things terrestrial are but a likeness’) we will interpret as the spirit of Plastic art, which Goethe so long and ardently had striven for; whilst ‘Das ewig Weibliche zieht uns dahin’ (‘The Eternal-womanly beckons us hence’) we will read as the spirit of Music, which mounted from the poet’s deepest consciousness, and, soaring over him, led his footsteps to the pathway of redemption. –*

*And by this path, commencing in the inmost of experiences, must the German spirit lead its Folk, if it is to bless the nations in due measure with its calling. (...)*

[P. 126] (...) *And beside its valour’s victories in this wondrous 1870 no loftier trophy can be set, than the memory of our great Beethoven, who was born to the German Folk one hundred years ago. Whither our arms are urging now, to the primal seat of ‘shameless Mode’ (der ‘frechen Mode’), there had his genius begun already the noblest conquest: {FEUER} what our thinkers, our poets, in toilsome transposition, had only touched as with a half-heard word, the Beethovenian Symphony had stirred to its deepest core: the new religion, the world-redeeming gospel of sublimest innocence, was there already understood as by ourselves.*

*So let us celebrate the great path-breaker in the wilderness of a paradise debased! But let us celebrate him worthily, -- and no less worthily than the victories of German valour: for the benefactor of a world may claim still higher rank than the world-conqueror!”*

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[P. 309] *{FEUER}* *“I said it seemed to me that every person, man or woman, had a phase in life in which he was better than during the rest of it. R. replies: ‘Because in every individual all potentialities are contained, just as the whole universe is contained in cellular tissue. This is also why an artist can count on making an overall impression; I dare to maintain that even the most extreme of philistines can feel with Tristan and Isolde, for there has certainly been one hour in his life when he fought shy of falling in love.”*